

DAWN OF THE GIANTESS SERIES

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VOL 2: THE DOWNSIZING –

THE GIANTESS' REVENGE

BY RICHARD C. H. DAVIES

An erotic thriller by Richard C. H. Davies. Sequel to Dawn of the Giantess Vol 1: The Downsizing – Internet Shopping. You do not need to have read the previous book, however it is recommended.

Katie Reed, a college student, has been wrongfully accused of sexual assault by another woman (Lisa), and her group of friends, and has suffered fabricated legal action and claims. She has been bullied ruthlessly for months and now she's had enough. It threatens to destroy her future career and sanity.

Katie has recently discovered and stolen a new technology that grants her the power to shrink her nemeses. She takes the opportunity to tip the scales in her favour.

Katie finds her new power too addictive to resist and finds herself subject to her own hormones and emotions. Once she has used her new power she begins to slide down the slippery slope as she starts to lose control.

People on the campus start to disappear and soon it is brought to the attention of Special Branch Detectives who are investigating the strange occurrences in the area.

Will Katie lose her humanity? How many people will fall victim to her? What will she do with her new found power? Will she be caught? What will happen to her most hated nemesis?

Book list in the Dawn of the Giantess Series

Volume 1 - The Downsizing - Internet Shopping

Volume 2 - The Downsizing - The Giantess' Revenge

Volume 3 - The Downsizing - Purgatory

Volume 4 - The Downsizing - Outcast

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all of the faithful and talented artists in the community.

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The Downsizing – The Giantess' Revenge

Chapter 1 – Downsizing

Katie took the ‘Pizzen’ out from her pocket and examined it one last time. It’s technical name was ‘P One ZZN’. It was a shrinking device that she had stolen and modified with her own mobile, if somewhat cumbersome, battery power supply.

The shrinking device looked like a very strange hand held gun, that was awkwardly attached with a thick power cable to her backpack. Inside her backpack she stored the very large battery unit, she had essentially modified a car battery. Now that she had it on standby she could feel the warmth of the battery ebbing through the fabric of her bag and into her back.

The gun was now secured in her pocket and she had tucked the cabling inside her hoodie so that it wasn’t visible.

She had the settings calibrated to how she wanted, or thought she wanted; it was now just a matter of it working. If it didn’t work she couldn’t even comprehend what kind of trouble it would get her into and she had barely considered the consequences, at this point she was so focused on her objective. Her heart was thumping in her chest; she swallowed a lump in her throat.

It was now or never. Either she was going to take action or roll over and tolerate someone who was making her life a complete misery for the rest of her College career. Or maybe less than a career, she was on her last warning; it could ruin her whole life, just on the whim of a crazy lady.

Her parents wouldn’t understand, and showed that they didn’t want to understand. She saw no other course of action ahead of her than the path she was on.

The locker room was quiet. The echoes from the excitement of women exchanging tales of the previous netball match had faded. Katie stealthily padded on tiptoes across the bumpy non-slip ceramic floor tiles, taking care not to allow the heels of her shoes tap on the floor finish.

She glanced in through the doorway. The floor was still wet from the women after showering. The colourful benches and lockers lined the walls of the room with benches and lockers scattered through the middle in aisles. There was a pungent but not unpleasant odour of female sweat, hormones, deodorant and perfume.

Nobody was around. Katie was sure that she had not seen Katie leave the changing rooms with the other ladies. She had counted out the majority of the team. The football team would be entering soon, her time was running out.

It was then that she heard the shower running off to the side.

Katie reached into the pocket of her hoodie and clasped the thin metal object of the handle of the gun, her heavy backpack weighed her down. The warmth on her back was causing beads of sweat to collect down her spin. She started to feel clammy.

She slowly entered the changing room and looked round the corner. She still couldn’t see anything.

She jumped in surprise as two women suddenly appeared down the end of the changing room. They had white towels wrapped around their bodies and wet hair, they were deep in conversation as they rounded the lockers. One of their heads snapped towards her, it was Jennifer.

“Hey, what are you doing here Lesbo?” She demanded her face a frown of disgust. Chantelle leered from behind Jennifer.

“I...” Katie stammered, she hadn’t been expecting this. She had completely forgotten about them being on the team. They were never far from Lisa’s side. They didn’t seem to have the brain capacity.

“Have you come here to perv over us you sicko?” Chantelle added. “We’ll have to call security and have you arrested again.”

Katie ground her teeth, not this time. She hadn’t come for Lisa’s sidekicks, but they had got in her way.

She reacted and found herself brandishing the device in front of her, with shaking hands, her thumb trembling over the trigger as she pointed it at the two women, now wishing that she had tested it first.

Both women’s eyes widened in surprise at the muzzle of a metal object being pointed at them, a look of shock, then fear crossing their faces. They clutched their towels close to their bodies.

Katie pressed the trigger, gritting her teeth, hoping desperately that it would work.

Nothing happened. She looked down at the Pizzen in dread. She pressed the trigger again.

The two women laughed at her as they approached, their confidence restored.

Katie felt frozen on the spot, she didn’t know how to react. Now that she had pressed the trigger she wasn’t sure if she should move the device.

The two women approached to within two feet and Katie desperately pressed the trigger one last time, it suddenly warmed up in her hands and started to vibrate. Katie looked down at it in alarm, she couldn’t see anything wrong with it.

*

Jennifer approached Katie, ready to wrench the object away from her and hit the silly cow with whatever it was. Katie looked like she was in a desperate panic. She genuinely looked like she thought that what she held was going to do something, what the hell did she think she could do with that toy?

Jennifer noted that Katie was wearing a backpack with a cable emerging from her jumper to the device in her hands, it reminded her of Ghostbusters, and the whole thing looked absurd. She was such a weird person.

Suddenly there was a bright flash of light and Jennifer felt a vice like grip around her body, she bent over double, clutching at her stomach as she felt a stab of agony shoot through her mid-region. It felt like her skin was stretching and her eyeballs were bulging out, it actually felt like her body wanted to burst out of her skin.

The pain travelled to her head, in the background she could hear Chantelle groaning, presumably in the same agony. It seemed to last for ages, she couldn’t concentrate on what was happening, she just felt pain. It was too painful to scream. It was all consuming; it felt like the worst hangover, migraine and muscular pain all over.

Then she was overcome by complete disorientation and dizziness as she felt like she was travelling a huge height at high speed, everything seemed to be swirling around her and it felt as if she was sinking into the ground and then she was thrust into darkness, surrounded by soft fabric which increasingly grew heavier and heavier above her.

She could hear screaming from Chantelle but couldn’t understand what had just happened. She could feel the cold floor beneath her body as she lay naked on the ground.

The air was thick in her lungs, breathing was an effort, and her heart was beating hard and fast. She couldn’t move, the pain and disorientation pounded her body and mind in ever more powerful waves; until she faded into unconsciousness.

*

Katie's jaw was wide open in astonishment; she could hear her heart thumping in her head.

One second the device hadn't been working, and then the two women were literally shrinking in front of her eyes. It had been thrilling to watch, despite the cries of agony they appeared to experience.

If someone had asked her she would have struggled to describe what she saw. The bodies generally appeared to shrink in proportion but it appeared that their skin was stretching as well as contorting and then shrinking around them.

Their twisting naked bodies were still covered with water that reflected the changing room lights, their skin appeared to shimmer and ripple as they reduced in size. Within seconds both women had disappeared beneath the folds of their towels.

It had been much faster than she expected and she wasn't sure if it was the settings or that was how it was supposed to work.

The Pizzen had felt really hot in her hands as it had discharged whatever energy it used, she nearly dropped it as a result, but out of fear of it turning on her she had held it tightly in her grip.

The bodies of the women had started to shrink so quickly at one point that their towels had merely dropped to the floor.

Katie was frozen in place as she stared down at the towels in amazement. Two towels were on the floor in a crumpled heap. No sign of the women. She couldn't believe that it had actually worked.

She exhaled as she realised that she had been holding her breath, also realising that the showers were still running. She looked around in sudden alarm, what if someone had seen this happen?

She had been so transfixed on what was happening to the women that she hadn't thought to check that the front door was shut or that no-one else was around. Clearly someone was still here.

She gave the device a quick check, a red light was flashing on it. She wondered if that meant that it had expended its energy. She wasn't actually sure if it was a one fire device, it would make sense if it was. It looked like a prototype.

She applied the safety catch anyway, she didn't want to be shrunk herself after all, then pocketed the metal device. She looked down at the towels again, were the women still there... or had they just disappeared?

She approached Jennifer's towel and crouched over it. With both hands shaking in anticipation she slowly and carefully lifted the folds of the damp towel. There was nothing inside.

She felt a surge of renewed adrenaline through her veins, she started to panic. Had she killed them? She was sure that she had got the settings right. She hadn't intended on killing them, the thought hadn't even crossed her mind. They weren't even her target. They weren't supposed to be here. Had she shrunk them to nothing?

She started to search more frantically, lifting one of the towels up from the floor, probing intently with her eyes. Then she saw it, a tiny white thing curled up in a ball. She opened her mouth as she gasped in excitement.

She was transfixed again as she slowly cocked her head, examining the tiny woman from above. It was Jennifer.

It was amazing to see the woman that had been bigger than her a few seconds ago, exactly the same features, but now only mere inches in size. She wasn't moving, she appeared to be unconscious.

A door slammed in the distance making Katie jump and quickly reach out towards Jennifer, she clasped the tiny warm body in her hand and thrust her into her hoodie pocket next to the device.

She looked towards the direction of the sound behind her; no-one was there. It had come from further down the corridor, possibly the entrance to the building. If anyone had seen her just now it would have looked very suspicious. Especially once Jennifer and Chantelle were reported as missing. She had to get out of here and not get spotted.

She moved towards Chantelle's towel and found her quicker and also pocketed her.

She had no time to examine them now to check if they were alive and well, she bundled the towels together and threw them into the washing bin.

Her mind was racing. She grabbed the flip flops that the women had used and looked around for inspiration. She couldn't take them with her, so she threw them on top of one of the lockers.

She still hadn't got who she had come for. The shower was still running. With a renewed confidence, determined to achieve her objective and without truly thinking about the risks she found herself walking towards the shower. As she rounded the lockers she was shrouded with warm misty air. She peeked inside the large wet room.

There she was, the horrible woman who had tormented her for so long.

As Katie watched the woman rub her glistening body with soap, she couldn't help the feeling of lust that overcame her. She desperately wanted Lisa in her pocket.

She brandished the device and pressed the trigger. Her heart was thumping in her ears. The light on the device was now a constant amber colour and flashed, she glared at it. Was it out of power?

It can't let her down now. This had to happen.

She looked back up at Lisa, Lisa was looking towards her through the water and mist, her eyes squinting. She reached to switch the water off.

"Who's there?"

Katie reacted by clicking the safety catch on and hiding the device in her pocket. She turned and bolted like a scared cat, straight across the changing room and out the door. The battery backpack swaying from side to side and hitting the door frame on the way out with a loud thud.

*

Jennifer was woken by sudden movement all around her. She was naked; the terror renewed itself as she vaguely remembered what had appeared to have happened to her earlier.

She couldn't recall what had actually happened, because what she remembered didn't make sense. She tried to lift herself up on her elbows, but the movement and soft material kept preventing her from finding purchase, it felt like she was dangling in a giant dark fabric tightly woven hammock. Something hard abruptly poked at her from the side into the fabric lining; she tried to roll away, slightly winded, unsure of what it was.

Light spilled into her enclosure as the top of the long dark fabric tube opened like an umbilical tunnel. Chantelle started to scream at Jennifer's side, it was an ear piercing noise.

A giant fleshy object wriggled through the opening and appeared above Jennifer and she tried to scramble backwards.

Chantelle kept shouting “No! No!”

The creature approached the tall blonde woman and she disappeared from Jennifer’s sight, screaming in protest, from behind what looked for all the world like pink dinosaur skin. It seemed to be slightly scaly or creased, but it didn’t look as hard as a reptile.

Her head thumped in pain, she remembered the pain. She pushed with all of her strength to keep her body away from whatever it was. She must be dreaming.

She could still hear Chantelle, and then the huge object moved towards Jennifer, giant extensions which she now realised looked impossibly like huge human fingers, with giant polished pink fingernails, reached towards her.

This couldn’t be real!

She yelped. She had no more space to retreat to, the fabric was holding her.

She clutched her hands tightly around the fabric walls either side of her and kicked out at the giant eyeless monster, but she was gripped by the fleshy vice around her waist and pulled away, stretching the fabric with her.

Her body rolled into a thrashing Chantelle. She saw Chantelle’s elbow just before it caught her in the face just above her eyebrow.

Jennifer ignored the shot of pain, she turned and firmly gripped her friends’ wrist to prevent further unintended violence.

“Hey, stop it!” she shouted, looking straight into Chantelle’s wide panicking eyes. Her mouth was wide and retracted with fear.

A sudden jerk caused Chantelle’s eyes to widen further and Jennifer felt her heart flutter as they were lifted up and out of their fabric prison.

Bright light surrounded them as they moved at a tremendous speed, their surroundings were such a blur and so bright that it was impossible to make out any detail, and then they were suddenly released, sprawling on a soft springy surface.

Jennifer instantly rolled, stood and turned, rubbing her eyes with clenched fists in the bright light. Before her eyes had fully adjusted; her brain was confronted with a sight before her that she was unable to register.

The giant smiling face of their captor was resting on two huge hands directly in front of them. Jennifer staggered backwards in fear and disbelief. She literally didn’t believe her own eyes.

She recognised the huge face as Katie’s but it couldn’t be possible.

The dark eyes of the giant woman slowly examined them both. This must be some kind of trick, it couldn’t be real.

Unconsciously both women covered their private regions with their hands as they wilted under the powerful stare.

“You’re huge!” Jennifer blurted uncontrollably up at Katie.

The face lifted off the hands and let out a short, sharp laugh, it was nearly loud and powerful enough to throw both women off their feet, as the shockwave hit them.

“No...I’m normal sized,” one of the giant hands lifted up above them and both women cowered as an outstretched thumb approached them. The thumb was pressed fingernail downwards on the mattress next to Jennifer, as if she were being measured against it.

Katie pouted her lips as she spoke the words slowly and softly, her giant eyes flicked between her thumb and Jennifer.

“I’m afraid that you’re the ones that are both tiny,” both women gasped in response and glanced at each other in incredulity.

Jennifer looked at the huge thumbnail which was a few inches from her own body. The pink lacquered nail was huge; she could distinctly make out the pores, creases and wrinkles of the skin on the giant thumb in detail, it was so close and big that her brain struggled to comprehend the sight in front of her. It looked so detailed and real but it couldn’t possibly be real.

She looked up along the thumb to the giant hand that hovered above it, more giant fingers curled towards the palm and then the outstretched arm which spanned a huge distance up to Katie’s shoulder and massive torso above her. The perspective was terrifying.

“This isn’t possible, how are you doing this?” Jennifer demanded. “You’ve drugged us and put us into some kind of Virtual Reality thing.”

The thumb was raised and rotated towards Jennifer. It reached out to gently stroke at her navel, it was warm and firm. In shock Jennifer quickly jumped away from it.

Her body felt like it was responding to her commands. Her vision seemed to be real, the lighting and colour was too realistic to be computer generated. She reached her hands to her face to feel for a headset or cables.

There was nothing there, just her head, her long hair and her face. This couldn’t be possible.

“I have my ways,” Katie pouted at them again then her mouth curled into a thin smile, clearly she was enjoying their utter shock.

“Change us back you bitch!” Chantelle shouted, stamping her foot to no effect against the soft fabric.

“Aww,” Katie cooed down at her, “I’ve never had pets with such attitude. You guys will probably need to have quite a bit of house training.

“We’re not pets!” Jennifer shouted up, her face flushing red in anger. Whatever trickery Katie was using it was definitely humiliating.

Katie merely smiled down at them.

“Of course you are,” she patted Chantelle on the head with her index finger; the blonde woman pushed angrily at the fingertip with both her arms but was unable to move it. She grunted with effort.

“Well... technically, you’re more toys than pets,” Katie continued, completely ignoring the tiny blonde woman trying to resist her.

“What?” both women shouted up at her in unison. Jennifer clenched her hands into fists at her sides by her hips, her vanity forgotten; anger soaring through her.

"I'll show you," the giant face suddenly lifted upwards and the huge hands retracted. Jennifer watched, her heart racing, not sure what was about to happen.

The giant body started to rise above them from the edge of the bed, like a huge sea monster emerging from the ocean, it kept coming. The face and hands soon became more distant but were replaced with a huge naked fleshy vista that was so large and expansive that both women could only stand in awe as they watched the sight above them.

Jennifer stumbled backwards at the sight as two huge breasts appeared and continued to rise, then the navel and finally the hairy mound of the giant womanhood and her vast thighs.

The giant woman towered over them; it was a terrifying sight, the sheer size and enormity of her above them. A human skyscraper stood above them, looking down at them between her breasts, an expression of supreme superiority on her face.

Jennifer felt Chantelle grip her left arm tightly from behind.

"What... the fuck... is happening?" Chantelle stammered. "This can't be real, this can't be fucking real!" Jennifer just looked up at their giant captor, speechless.

It didn't look real, nevertheless it felt too lucid to be a dream, how could this be real though? Surely it wasn't scientifically possible.

This isn't possible, her brain kept telling herself. She kept trying to mentally lurch herself out of whatever mental state she was in.

Had she had a fight and hit her head on the floor? Yes, she remembered being on the changing room floor.

The giant hands both raised and rested themselves on the huge hips; Katie's large face was quite a height above them as it smiled down at the two women. It was definitely her, but Jennifer had never seen such a look on her face, a look of pure power, confidence...and dominance.

Jennifer suddenly felt aware of her surroundings. She realised, as she looked around her, for the first time that they were standing on Katie's bed in her messy dorm room. Everything was massive around them, the door of the room looked like it was kilometres away, the cupboard was the height of a hilltop...

This was too detailed to be a dream.

This was real...

But how?

Without any preamble or warning the giant left thigh raised upwards and the huge knee below it traversed over the top of the two tiny women, their necks craning as they were cast in shadow from the bedroom light.

The knee bent and crossed over above them and placed itself on the bed. It caused the ground around them to suddenly dip hard towards the knee as it pressed into the mattress.

Chantelle immediately started running in the opposite direction, but Jennifer could already see that the other knee was now lifting. Katie was climbing onto her bed above them.

She started to shout towards Chantelle but it was too late. The huge knee nearly landed on top of the tiny woman then it pressed itself into the mattress. Chantelle stumbled and rolled down towards the crater created by the weight of the knee on the mattress. Her body slammed into the fleshy wall. Apart from the shock of it she looked like she was fine.

For the first time Jennifer's nose caught a musty smell and within a second she registered what it was; she looked straight up above her. There were giant, terrifying, folds of flesh, surrounded by dark hair. Katie's labia hovered above her, glistening from her apparent excitement.

Jennifer didn't know what to do; she froze, looking up at the huge sexual organ of the woman that she used to habitually torment.

She didn't appreciate the irony as the huge finger tips appeared, reaching down to the right knee where Chantelle was futilely hammering her fists against the flesh.

The giant fingers grasped the tiny woman and she was effortlessly picked up between thumb and forefinger. The naked woman was screaming and thrashing as she was lifted upwards and out of sight.

Jennifer continued to watch above her as the neatly polished pink fingernails of the other hand slowly felt their way down the huge navel, towards the slit of the massive vagina and then they started to rub it. Jennifer cringed at the sight above her, it was absolutely disgusting to behold. Lisa had been right; Katie really was a dirty dyke.

Jennifer could hear Katie talking to Chantelle above. Now might be her only chance to escape while the huge woman was distracted. She desperately looked around for inspiration.

She made her choice, she would make a break for it below Katie's ass, try and run behind her and then somehow slide off the bed and escape through the bottom of the door. She had to get away; there was no point in hiding in this psycho's room waiting to be found.

Hopefully she could find help or get to Lisa; she would find a way to make her big again.

She tensed her muscles, feeling her heart rate increase further, pumping adrenaline around her body to begin her flight. Her lungs still felt inadequate. Was it her size?

"I wouldn't do that," a female voice warned nearby.

Jennifer's head spun round in surprise to see a naked woman of similar height to her. She looked like an adult, similar age to Jennifer she guessed but her face and body looked so much younger.

Her breasts were really round and perky, her body was athletic in build, and she was very pretty.

She also appeared to hold no embarrassment at her nakedness, unlike Jennifer who held one arm across her chest and the other hand covering privates below.

"Who are you?" Jennifer asked, eyes darting around in panic.

"I'm Eve," the woman answered evenly. She eyes studying Jennifer with interest. "I wouldn't try to escape; it will only make it worse for you,"

"Worse than this?" Jennifer pointed upwards at the horrifying sight above them.

The masturbation above her was starting to make more noise as the juices from the giant pussy started to flow between the giant fingers. They made a wet slopping noise as the fingers accelerated with the excitement; that the giant woman was clearly experiencing. God knows what had happened to Chantelle.

Jennifer turned to run and forced her strong thighs to power her body away as she started to sprint across the bed; she had to get away from this nightmare. She didn't care that her lungs felt constrained.

"She is the only one who can make you big again!" Eve shouted after her.

That brought her to a dead stop, the moving and tumbling mattress around her nearly made her fall over, she stumbled unevenly as she turned back towards Eve.

“What? She can make me big again?” Jennifer called back.

“Yes, but only if you do exactly what she wants you to do,” Jennifer glanced up at the terrifying sight above her, completely unsure as to what that could mean. The pure terror of the situation just made her want to run. Her gut was telling her to run and escape and worry about her size later. She heard a scream from above.

The other giant hand reappeared with a thrashing Chantelle clutched inside. She was putting up much less of a fight now and her face was covered with her matted hair; which was completely sodden. In fact the whole of her body was wet and glistening.

Jennifer’s face wrinkled in disgust.

The other huge hand stopped masturbating the giant vagina and slowly positioned itself down the length of the pussy, and then gradually two of the fingertips lifted away, curling back towards the vaginal opening and then they were slowly pushed inside. There was a horrendous wet noise as they slid inside and pumped in and out a few times. Jennifer winced at the sight.

A moan of pleasure came from the giant woman above as Chantelle was lowered to within, what appeared to be, a few metres from the spectacle. The tiny woman just glared in horror at the giant fingers sliding in and out of the immense vagina.

She started pressing against the giant hand and, clearly pushing with all of her strength of her upper body and arms, against the fingers that held her; to no avail.

From the shadows, cast below the huge behind of the giant woman, Jennifer witnessed the most terrifying sight of her life. The huge fingers emerged, completely covered in juices and slime.

With no hesitation, thin glistening strands of cum spread in a web from the fingers as they separated. The fingers were applied to the face and upper body of the tiny Chantelle.

The tiny woman closed her eyes and squealed in panic, and then it turned to spluttering. She moved her head from side to side in a vain attempt to escape from the treatment that the giant fingers were subjecting her to. She spat and shouted out in horror. Her feet were kicking in protest from below the giant hand.

Jennifer quivered at the sight of her friend being coated in the sexual juices of the giant woman but there was nothing she could do to help or stop it. She felt physically sick.

“Help me,” Chantelle spluttered in a sob as she was adjusted by the fingers that were holding her to enable the other fingers to massage the glistening fluid all over her.

That made her mind up. Jennifer ran as fast as she could, away from the terrifying scene, and straight into a wall of pain. She bent over double as she hit muscle. She fell to her hands and knees winded and gasping for breath.

In a daze Jennifer looked at the ground ahead of her, trying to regain her breath. Her lungs were struggling.

She noticed male feet and muscular calves. She looked up, wincing in pain, to stare into the most handsome chiselled face she had ever seen. He was young looking as well, just like Eve.

She allowed him to gently lift her to her feet; she was transfixed in a surreal spell under his gaze. She was led back under the giant buttocks that were rising and falling above them.

"Please," she pleaded, attempting to dig her heels into the fabric of the mattress cover, pulling against the man, "I don't want to watch..."

"It will be okay," he soothed her. Eve had approached now and helped take Jennifer's other arm, they both held the gasping woman gently under her armpits, allowing her to get her breath back.

"Help me..." the muffled begging of Chantelle could still be heard as she was completely smothered.

She was rotated in the air, her breasts dangling, her wet hair hanging in thick strands. Both giant hands were now manipulating and adjusting the tiny body, the poor woman was completely coated in the sexual fluid of the giant woman. Her long hair was even more of a tangled mess than before.

Once the giant fingers had positioned Chantelle she was then drawn close to the giant vagina.

"Fuck no!" Jennifer gasped. She unconsciously reached her hand towards her face, breaking free of Eve's grasp; as she realised what was about to happen before Chantelle did. Eve soon gripped her again, much harder this time, she had a firm grip.

Chantelle was too busy trying to clear her eyes from the sticky cum and didn't realise until it was too late. With a yelp of renewed desperation her body was pressed by both hands against the wet folds of the giant clitoris and they started to rub the tiny wriggling body up and down.

Jennifer could see the arms and legs thrashing desperately and pushing at every opportunity to escape, there were louder moans from above; Katie was clearly getting a kick out of this sick treatment. Was this some kind of messed up revenge?

Chantelle definitely had a pair of lungs on her. Her screams were still audible, on and off, as she was rubbed up and down and around. Sometimes her face was smothered so hard against the pussy that her screams were blocked out.

Jennifer couldn't block out the penetrating wails of desperation of her friend. There was absolutely nothing she could do to help and she didn't want to watch what was happening to her friend.

Katie's huge buttocks lowered towards Jennifer and the man and woman either side of her.

Jennifer was guided below the giant pussy as it lowered itself towards them. She kept trying to resist them, but they held her firmly.

Then Chantelle was lifted up and away.

Jennifer was standing directly below the giant torso that loomed above. She saw Katie's face for the first time in what seemed like eternity. She was staring down at Chantelle like a Goddess. Her giant breasts were dangling either side of her face as she looked down her chest at her hands.

"You always were a noisy bitch," Katie reprimanded Chantelle. The tiny woman's head was lolling from side to side in exhaustion but her tiny feet were still wriggling from below the fingers as she continued her battle to escape. "I was going to be nice and give you a break, but you have earned this," Katie spoke to her as if she were a teacher punishing a student.

Chantelle was turned around in the hands and lowered back towards the pussy like a dagger. She screamed again as her face was thrust towards the giant dark tunnel. With a wet slopping sound Jennifer watched in paralysing disbelief as her friend was inserted head first into the giant vagina.

The protesting arms of the blonde woman did nothing to slow her insertion. The tiny hands had enough time to press against the lips of the labia either side, but merely slid aside with no resistance as the giant thumb and forefinger pushed her inside. Her arms followed her upper body inside.

The legs were thrashing about wildly but the other hand quickly gripped hold of them at the calves and pushed the tiny body inside with no hesitation.

All that was visible now were the tiny calves and feet of her friend, wriggling and protruding from the giant dark mouth of the vagina. The toes and feet of the tiny woman were tensed as she continued to struggle.

Jennifer could hear Katie's mischievous giggle as her hand lifted away and a single index finger nonchalantly positioned itself above the feet. The fingertip gave the sole of each foot a gentle and playful tap. Each foot wriggled in response. Then two giant fingertips found the sole of a foot each and then there was a little push. Then they pushed a bit harder. The calves and then the feet disappeared inside; the fingers followed them inside with a wet slurp and then reappeared. The glistening folds of skin of the vagina closed.

"Oh fuck!" Jennifer gasped in utter disbelief; Eve and the man were unable to prevent her from collapsing to her knees. She had no idea of what to do. These two psychos either side of her were clearly brainwashed, as they were staring up at Katie in pure devotion, and were clearly not going to let her escape.

The giant fingers recommenced with wetly masturbating from the outside.

"That's it you little bitch, wriggle and kick as much as you can," Katie called down at Chantelle.

The poor woman must be struggling for her life inside that giant pussy. Jennifer couldn't imagine what it was like for her to be in there.

Well, that was not going to happen to her. Jennifer made her mind up.

She managed to shake herself free again from Eve and turned to run. She made it a few strides, the man slowed her progress, and then her foot was caught in a vice like grip that was stronger than they had held her before.

She looked back, and her eyes widened sudden terror. She realised that it was giant fingers that were now holding one of her legs, she was next!

She whimpered in pure fear as she tried to struggle to break free but the huge polished fingertips were clamped on her and started to pull her along. The man let go of her, she fell forward, her arms and hands slapping the mattress and she was dragged along the fabric.

"NO!"

She scabbled desperately for purchase with her hands, the fabric merely stretching and then pinged free as she was lifted past the wet masturbation and her doomed friend.

Held by just one of her legs, dangling face down, she was lifted past a giant belly button and then two massive breasts until she was face to face with her captor.

Katie's giant eyes were shut and her mouth was open as she gasped in pleasure. Jennifer dared not move for fear that the giant woman would notice her, despite the fact that she clearly knew she was holding Jennifer in her hand.

She didn't dare move even with the sensation of dangling headfirst at what seemed like several hundred meters up, and the blood rushing to her head.

Then the giant eyelids, covered in dark eye shadow, opened to reveal huge brown orbs as the eyes looked directly at Jennifer.

A new sense of fear struck Jennifer. She was so close to the giant face, every detail was massive. She was completely at the mercy of the giant woman, and she felt the predatory gaze upon her.

She had never considered humans to have such a predatory aura. Clearly Katie read her thoughts as her huge mouth beamed, pearlescent white teeth glistening as she looked upon Jennifer like she was a tasty piece of chocolate, not a fellow human being.

Jennifer's heart almost stopped. There was nothing to prevent this insane bitch from doing whatever she wanted. She had witnessed what Katie had just done to another human being, without remorse. She had no idea if Chantelle was going to survive her ordeal.

The giant mouth was just a few metres away. Huge pink lips, white teeth and a glistening pink tongue were all that separated Jennifer from the huge stomach. That was when she realised her size, in comparison to Katie, and that she could be swallowed whole.

Katie had clearly picked up on Jennifer's thought stream as she deliberately lowered the tiny dangling woman towards her open mouth, her giant uvula quivering as she gasped in pleasure. Jennifer could feel the moist breath of the huge mouth flowing over her as she looked in terror down the dark, wet throat of the giant woman.

"Please!" She begged, "No!" She outstretched her arms to try and touch the lips to get the attention of the giant woman. "Please don't."

"Don't what?" The air from the words came like a wind. Katie lifted Jennifer up slightly so that the giant eyes could scrutinise her.

"Please don't eat me!" she begged, tears welled up in her eyes and started to drop towards the giant mouth landing on the huge tongue.

"Eat you?" She gave a smile full of malice. "But you look sooo tasty," her huge tongue emerged from her mouth to lick her lips, a huge glistening fleshy muscle. Jennifer shivered as she could hear the wet motion.

"Why shouldn't I?" Katie asked, and then gasped as another wave of pleasure from below apparently took her attention. Jennifer hadn't even been thinking about Chantelle any more, she was now in direct fear for her own life. Her mind was rushing to comprehend what was happening and how to react.

"Because I'm a person..." she wailed at the top of her voice, it trembled with desperation.

"Not to me you're not," Katie replied, Jennifer recoiled in shock. She didn't understand what was happening, this was too much. "You've got to give me a much better reason than that. So... tell me... why shouldn't I eat you, my tiny morsel?"

Jennifer stared down at the giant terrifying mouth. "Because..." she sobbed. The giant brown eyes, surrounded with long dark eyelashes, waited expectantly for the answer. "I don't want to die!" She sobbed again.

"Well that's not a very good reason to give to me," the voice boomed at Jennifer. "Why should I care what you want or feel? You never cared about how I ever felt!"

She realised that this must all be happening because of how she had treated Katie. This was definitely revenge, but she had never done anything remotely like this to her, she couldn't even believe this was happening. It was like being in a horror movie.

The grip to Jennifer's waistline tightened and she gasped and tried to free herself with her tiny hands, pulling at the huge pink fingernails as she was rotated until she was dangling feet first over the huge mouth. She could see it glistening with saliva.

She was glad for the blood not rushing to her head, but the terror continued.

"Please," she begged, between gasping breaths which took great effort. She was starting to get dizzy from the blood rushing from her head. Her brain was desperately searching for the answer, which would please Katie, as she sobbed. So many thoughts ran through her head, random thoughts as her mind went into shock.

"I'll do anything!" She pleaded in desperation.

"I know you will, my little snack," Katie replied, cooing at Jennifer, as if she were a tiny pet.

"Oh god! No, anything... I'll do anything else. Please just let me live!" She begged, staring straight into each one of the giant eyes, her eyes streaming with tears of despair, daring not to look at the giant mouth below. Katie seemed to be pleased by this.

"Say that you don't want to be my snack," Katie ordered. Jennifer paused, sensing a trap.

"I ... don't want to be your snack," her voice wavered as she stammered, Katie's retina's widened in pleasure at the words as it clearly triggered something in her brain.

"Aww... see, now I just want to eat you all the more," the huge tongue appeared and Jennifer screamed as the wet flesh touched the base of her feet. She lifted her legs and feet away from the huge tongue. She was simply lowered towards it. The tongue proceeded to slide itself up her legs.

It was warm and moist and a terrifying sensation to be tasted, Jennifer felt so helpless. She could do nothing to stop the huge tongue from working its way up her legs, it stopped at her bent knees, she would have gone foetal if she could. The tip of the tongue probed at the legs, then it managed to force them open and slithered towards her groin.

In sudden realisation Jennifer squeezed her thighs together as tightly as she could to prevent herself from being violated. The tip of the tongue was trapped in her defences. It was the first time that she had managed to resist Katie.

She was abruptly lifted away from the tongue. However the giant woman didn't seem to be bothered by this act of protest.

"Oh, you're going to be fun," Katie's face glittered with excitement. "It is quite an experience to talk with my food before I eat it." She considered for a moment. "Hmm you taste good."

Jennifer was thrust towards the tongue and was hit with a long wet lick from thigh up to her face. Before she could recover and spit out the saliva that had entered her mouth, the tongue was giving her another deep lick, the fleshy muscle folding around her to encompass her body. All Jennifer could do was to bear the onslaught of the sticky tongue as the giant fingers held her firmly in place.

Katie's moans of pleasure came more frequently; Jennifer could feel the vibrations of the vocal chords through the tongue as it explored her body.

Before she realised that she had unconsciously relaxed her thighs, the tip of the tongue suddenly darted towards her groin as if it had a mind of its own.

Jennifer felt the bumpy papillae of the tongue rub against the insides of her thighs, as the giant muscle forced her legs to separate even further. She looked down, unable to prevent the violation, as she felt the warm, wet muscle rub against her clitoris.

The moisture from the tongue was lubricating her vagina but she felt no pleasure from the experience, only fear, which was enhanced by the volume of Katie's moans of pleasure as they intensified, almost deafening the tiny woman. She couldn't bear the treatment.

The grip of Katie's fingers tightened around Jennifer as she let out a long gasp of her orgasm, it lasted at least ten seconds and was so deafeningly loud that Jennifer had to push her hands hard against her ears to defend them. Then she felt as if she was falling. In actual fact the giant woman was lying down on the bed, clutching the tiny woman to her mouth, still sucking away at her.

There was a pause as Katie lifted Jennifer away from her mouth and scrutinised her soggy victim. The large dark eyes watched every movement Jennifer made. Jennifer was so exhausted from what she had endured that she merely dangled from the hand that held her, barely caring what happened next. She felt completely helpless and violated. She knew she had no way of resisting. But at least, from the look of pleasure on the giant face, she felt briefly like she wasn't going to be eaten.

"Hmm," Katie licked her huge lips. "That was good, and you taste really good, I'm going to enjoy playing with you again later."

Jennifer shuddered at the thought of more of this treatment. She was gently lowered and placed on one of Katie's breasts, the huge erect nipple a clear sign of her pleasure. The giant breast rose and fell from the panting chest.

The giant face looked down at the stunned Jennifer.

"You'd better get your friend out," she suggested. Jennifer merely looked back at her giant torturer, as she sat on her haunches, hatred and anger coursing through her mind and body.

A giant hand appeared from where it had been masturbating, it was sticky and smelled of the sexual juices. Jennifer cowered away from the hand, feeling sick, but the index finger reached out towards her and nudged her right shoulder.

It forced her to stand then continued to nudge her south.

"I don't want to!" She protested.

"You'll do what I tell you," Katie cooed an instruction. "Or I just eat you up right now?" The giant tongue licked the giant lips again.

Jennifer's mind was made up for her. She was careful where she stepped, she made her way down the rib cage that rose and fell with the giant breathing and across the soft skin of the navel and belly button as she was forced towards the hairy pubic mound.

Her terror renewed itself as she approached the deadly scene where she had last seen her friend. She stopped to look back up at Katie's face but the finger gave her another prod, causing her to stumble and sprawl into the pubic hair. Katie chuckled in sick amusement.

Her hands and knees were surrounded by dark tufts of thick hair, they were like thick curly wire.

Jennifer crawled forwards and reached the edge of the human cliff and looked down, the giant fleshy clitoris was on show and the hair around the pussy was matted with cum, she couldn't see Chantelle.

The giant legs started to close to provide her with walls to brace her body against. Before she was forced to, she clutched handfuls of the thick pubic hair and descended. The smell was almost unbearable; there was an overwhelming stench of hormones surrounding her and she was starting to become covered in the rapidly drying, but still viscous, fluids.

The giant fingers followed her as she descended, sliding along the pubis mons and then over the clitoris, presenting her with only one option but to descend further. As she approached the vaginal opening Jennifer stopped her decent, unsure of what to do next. It was the wettest area.

The folds of skin were still wide open, a steady white stream of cum was trickling down to the buttocks. She retched as her stomach threatened to eject its load.

In answer to her question the other giant hand appeared below her, the index and middle fingers outstretching to provide a foothold at the mouth of the vagina. She gingerly lowered her left foot towards a giant finger and tested the surface. The finger held firm.

She followed with her other foot and held on to some hair around her for stability, she dared not let herself fall, below would be the anus of the giant woman, however bad this was, it could get worse. She had no idea how far Katie would go.

She stared directly at the vaginal opening with dread. She had never seen any part of a human body this closely and seeing a giant vagina was immensely terrifying. Her heart was thumping in her chest, her legs trembling. With a shaking hand she slowly reached out towards the slick pink flesh and touched the surface.

It was an unpleasant feeling, the surrounding skin of the giant woman twitched as it felt the tiny hand press against her. Without any warning the huge hand above her descended, two fingers in a downward V. The fingertips pressed either side of the vagina and the skin stretched as the opening was widened for Jennifer.

Jennifer's mouth quivered in fear and disgust.

"Get in and get her," Katie's voice boomed from above her. Without any further forced encouragement Jennifer bent towards the vaginal opening, her face screwed up in trepidation, as if she had just eaten something most sour.

Her hands pressed against the dark flesh as she guided her body in. The heat emanating from inside was very concerning. She didn't know how hot it would be in there but it would definitely be unpleasant, the smell was even worse.

As she entered, she resorted to hands and knees. The second her foot lifted from the hand it moved to press fingertips to the sides of the vaginal opening to provide her with a wider channel, the natural lubricant and sticky fluid squelched around her from the motion.

Jennifer coughed and spluttered as she entered the vagina of the huge woman, detesting every second. She had no idea of how deep Chantelle would be or if she was still alive.

"Yuk," she protested as the sticky flesh formed a tunnel around her and as she passed the giant fingertips the hot tunnel started to close around her. Jennifer's breath shortened and she felt herself in the first stages of panic as she started to hyperventilate, she was going to die in here.

“Chantelle!” She called out; it was eerie that the tunnel of flesh dampened her voice. There was nothing in response, just the sounds of the giant body around her.

She didn’t want to go further but knew she had no choice. As she proceeded to crawl the tunnel grew more constricted and forced her onto her belly, the slippery walls around were hot and claustrophobic. Even worse, the air started to thin and it became even more of an effort to breathe than it was already.

Despite trying not to inhale the disgusting odours she felt herself gasping like a fish, it made her cough. An occasional gust of fresh air drifted in as the giant fingers readjusted to open the vagina further. Jennifer felt it easier to concentrate on what she was doing, crawling through a really squidgy tunnel, rather than thinking about the reality of being inside a giant woman’s vagina.

She started to feel disorientated, it felt as if she was going downwards, but she couldn’t be sure, it could have been up. All she could do was to keep pushing forwards until she found Chantelle. She took in deep gasps of air and slid herself forwards, pressing at the roof of the tunnel with the arch of her back to try and keep it away from her face. The heat was unbearable. Her hand suddenly touched something hard; she automatically retracted in fear and paused, panting and thinking.

After a few seconds her brain finally calculated that it was probably safe, she slowly reached out again and touched it, and it felt like skin, it was probably... hopefully Chantelle. She wasn’t sure how much more of this she could take.

“Chantelle,” she called out again, still no reply. She crawled further forwards on her belly, like a commando, until she could identify which part of Chantelle it was. It felt like an arm. Her hands explored further in front of her, feeling the matted hair of the woman and the muscle and bone of her shoulders.

“Chantelle,” she spoke to her friend and gave her a gentle shake, the woman was curled up into a foetal position. She moaned as she was gently rocked.

“Wake up,” Jennifer kept rocking her with more and more desperation, the tunnel was starting to move and contract around them, she didn’t want to be trapped inside. The woman stirred, Jennifer couldn’t see anything, it was almost pitch black.

“Where... am I?” Chantelle asked as she awoke, she had clearly shut down from the shock.

“You’re safe now,” Jennifer soothed in replied, not alerting her to the reality, “but we’ve got to get out of here,” a renewed sense of urgency hit Jennifer as she realised that they were surrounded by giant muscles, all Katie needed to do on a whim, or even by accident, was to tense her muscles around them and it would surely crush them both. Perhaps that was what had happened to Chantelle when she orgasmed.

Jennifer shuddered at the thought. She needed to get out of here. Jennifer started to pull Chantelle by her arms back in the direction she had arrived from.

“Come on,” Jennifer tugged, Chantelle was heavier than she expected, “get your ass moving,” Chantelle started to aid her by adding motion with her own body as Jennifer rotated round to face back towards the exit.

“It really smells,” Chantelle complained. Jennifer could imagine her wrinkling her nose. “Where the hell are we?” She asked in a groggy voice, it reminded Jennifer of when she had looked after a concussed hockey player.

“Just keep crawling and we’ll be out soon,” Jennifer kept pulling with all her strength to keep Chantelle going, she was sure that she wouldn’t be able to get her out if her friend decided to have a panic attack.

It started to get lighter and more visible around them, the dark pink muscles and flesh glistening in the light. The tunnel started to become less claustrophobic.

“Shut your eyes and keep them shut!” Jennifer shouted.

“Why?” Chantelle protested.

“Just do it!” She growled as she pulled at her friend’s arm.

Jennifer finally saw the giant fingertips still holding the vagina entrance open. Katie had clearly felt their progress as another pair of fingertips forced themselves towards Jennifer like a pincer.

Jennifer reached out to them with her left arm, hoping that Katie was intent on helping them out rather than pushing them back in.

Jennifer looked back at Chantelle and the blonde’s eyes opened. The realisation struck her as she saw the huge fingers, her mind clearly clicked back in place.

The blonde screamed and started to thrash against Jennifer. She kept repeating ‘Oh my god’ over and over again.

The giant fingers felt for them like antennae and closed around Jennifer’s arm and she wrapped her other around the wriggling Chantelle. The muscles of the tunnel around them started to twitch as Chantelle’s legs made impact, but luckily the giant hand started to pull.

Jennifer’s shoulder socket burned as they were pulled through the slick mucus. The opening ahead of them grew closer and closer, but Chantelle’s wriggling hampered the progress and caused additional pain to Jennifer. Her whole upper body burned and she wanted to kick Chantelle for her stupidity.

“Stop it, we’re getting out!” Jennifer shouted at her, it served to calm Chantelle slightly, but she was still trying to get free. They were brought to the opening and the giant fingers let go of Jennifer’s arm. Jennifer retracted it in relief, wincing from the pain. The other hand still held the vagina open around them.

Both women looked at each other in shock. Chantelle was completely coated with the crusted fluids of the giant woman; her body was covered in bruises. From the expression on Chantelle’s face Jennifer gathered that she looked similar.

“I think we’re going to have to jump,” Jennifer looked down towards the mattress. She followed Chantelle’s gaze, the woman was looking out across the legs towards the giant feet in amazement.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” the woman muttered, her face and lips coated in the fluid, her eyes were wide with fear and shock. Her blonde hair was much darker than usual and tangled in a crusty mess.

“We just have to get out of this...” Jennifer couldn’t bring herself to say vagina; she had forced a mental block in her mind to keep check on reality.

“Okay, let’s jump down,” Chantelle agreed reluctantly, clearly as keen to get out of the vagina as Jennifer was.

“Make sure you roll outwards when you get down, you don’t want to roll back towards... her...” Chantelle nodded in agreement, Jennifer hoped she understood what she meant.

They both brought themselves into a crouch, being careful not to slip on the edge; they were both poised as if they were swimmers about to dive into a race.

“On one?” Jennifer asked, Chantelle nodded in agreement. “Three, two, one...” they both jumped down what felt like a few metres and hit the mattress. They both rolled and scrambled away from the giant body.

Both women collapsed in a heap, their naked bodies flopping in exhaustion. Lying on her back Jennifer noticed the giant legs either side of them were moving and a dark shadow was cast over them.

The huge face of Katie appeared above them, looking down at them with a godlike expression on her face, huge locks of hair dangled around the face.

“Well done my little pets,” the voice boomed down towards them. Chantelle rolled over to look up at the source and gasped in fear.

“That was really fun,” Katie smiled as she eyed each of them. “Let’s get you both cleaned up,” giant hands reached towards the two women, they were too exhausted to resist.

Chapter 2 – Missing

Lisa stormed into the campus security office and fixed her gaze on Miguel, the head of security.

He looked up at her from his seat, with dozy eyes. It was around his low period at 3pm, about an hour after his long lunch. The amount of sugar and wheat that he consumed tended to cause him to crash mid-afternoon.

“They’ve gone missing!” She blurted out, her face a mask of worry.

“Who?” He asked, completely confused. She stood over him, hands on her hips. He couldn’t help but notice her breasts, his eyes shamelessly drifted down to them from her face.

“Jennifer and Chantelle,” she stated, looking at him in disgust. She always had an ability to make him feel like he was worthless.

“How long have they been missing?” He reached out with chunky fingers to grab some paper on his desk. It was covered in greasy fingerprints from where he had eaten his lunch in its vicinity. He proudly clicked his ballpoint pen into action; feeling like he was a medieval knight unsheathing his sword.

“Midday yesterday,” she huffed out in frustration. He was clearly not giving her the significant enough attention that she was looking for.

“That’s only just over 24 hours ago, that’s barely long enough to report them as missing,” he murmured, leaning back into the spin of his chair. It creaked in response to his weight, it reverberated in the silent office.

“I know that they’re missing now, you idiot,” she suddenly snapped, her eyes boring down into him. “I don’t need to wait 24 hours to know that or report it.”

“They’re students, they’ve probably just had a boozy night and...”

“Listen you fat shit!” Lisa poked at Miguel’s chest with her index finger, he recoiled slightly, eyes widening. Her fingernail was sharp and her poke hurt him. “You had better find my friends or you’ll never get a handjob from me again. Comprene?” Lisa roared at him, her spittle spraying his face.

He nodded quickly.

“Okay, okay,” he held his hands up in defence.

His eyes were saddened. Her words hurt him, especially the racism. A small part of him had been convinced that she had liked him and enjoyed giving him handjobs. But she was just a mean woman. If nothing else, the handjobs would stop as would their brief and sporadic interactions.

She had clearly been using him to get some kind of revenge on that girl Katie. She had made him doctor CCTV footage and he had let her bullying and violence to Katie go unnoticed.

Nevertheless he couldn’t help himself, despite how she treated him.

“I’ll do my best to find them for you.” Her expression soured even further. She poked into his chest again with her index finger, he winced at the sharp pain from her nail, it hurt even more this time. He couldn’t find it in himself to push her hand away.

"No," she corrected him. "You will find them." He remained silent. Thinking through his options, there was nothing she could do to him anyway. He had more evidence over her than the other way around. He had kept the footage that she had asked him to delete. However, he didn't want their... Liaisons to be over.

Mind you, her demise could mean his mutual destruction, he would at the very least be investigated. He ought to clear his hard drive.

He realised that she was waiting for him to agree to her.

"When did you last see them?" He finally asked with a sigh. Her expression softened slightly.

"Yesterday after hockey practice. We were the last ones in the showers and changing rooms."

"In the pavilion?" He asked quickly.

"Yes."

"I have some cameras covering that building," her eyes lit up. He turned to his computer at his desk, his chair creaking in response as he leaned forwards.

With a chubby hand he grabbed hold of his mouse, which was dwarfed in his grasp, and moved it quickly from side to side to bring the computer screen out of sleep mode.

He typed his password in, noticing that Lisa was standing over his shoulder and quite possibly memorised it. He should probably change it later.

Miguel quickly searched through the list of cameras. One of his security team had recently labelled each one and its location which made it much easier.

The pavilion listing had seven cameras shown. It was quite a large building on the edge of campus by the sport playing fields. It had the added feature of a bar and entertainment hall so there were regular events and alcohol. All of those features justified the generous camera coverage.

When Miguel had pitched the CCTV requirement for the pavilion to the Dean he hadn't thought he would get away with cameras to the changing rooms, so he hadn't asked for it. He didn't want the Dean having any suspicion of what he really was.

He selected the front door camera.

"What time?" he looked up at her.

"Around 12:30." She responded, still looking at the screen. He returned his attention back to the screen and clicked on the recorded time. The camera recording system saved footage for 2 weeks unless specifically saved.

He wound back the footage to 12:20 and then played it forward. He grabbed the time bar with the cursor and slowly slid it forwards. In fast motion a few women left the pavilion entrance doors, long sports bags on their shoulder and carrying their hockey sticks.

It was all normal behaviour and nothing of note.

Lisa leant forwards, Miguel could feel her light breath on the back of his neck and it sent a quiver up his spine.

"Stop," Lisa said abruptly, as some human figures appeared in fast motion entered the building. It made him jump slightly, as he was more focused on her breathing, so he had to rewind the video slightly.

"That's us," Lisa pointed. Three women were entering; he allowed the footage to play in real time now. One of them was clearly Lisa.

"Is that the other two?"

"Chantelle and Jennifer," she had an edge to her voice, "yes, that's my friends, you've seen them before."

The women disappeared from the field of view of the camera and into the changing rooms and some more women exited the building. A few minutes passed with no activity. A lone figure appeared in the frame.

"Stop!" Lisa blurted out; her voice had taken on a different lilt.

Miguel clicked with the mouse to freeze the image. It was blurred and the woman wore a hoodie, with the hood up over her head, concealing her face. It was clearly a female figure. She was mid-step and reaching out for the door handle. She wore a large backpack with both straps over her shoulders.

"What the fuck is she doing there?" Lisa murmured, a curious tone to her voice. She clearly hadn't expected that.

"Who?" He asked in confusion.

"That's Katie Reed you dumb shit," she pointed with a trembling finger, he could sense the hatred spilling out of her. He wasn't sure if it was for him or for Katie, or perhaps both. "Katie Reed," she repeated. "The bitch that tried to rape me. The one I asked you to delete the footage from."

"How can you tell from this image that it's her?" He squinted his eyes and looked as closely at the screen as he could, it didn't help him.

"I just can...She doesn't play any sport at all, why would she be going to the pavilion?"

"Perhaps she is meeting someone else," he replied to the rhetorical question. It was probably a mistake to have done so.

"Of course she wasn't you fat shit," she pushed his head with a jerk from her hand. "Who meets in a fucking changing room?" He half turned to look up at her, frustrated at her insolence and disrespect now. She ignored his body language.

"The whole team have left by now. Have you got any cameras inside?" She asked, clearly expecting that he had.

"Only one in the main corridor," he replied evenly, not letting her see his simmering anger. He was starting to feel a sugar crash coming and it didn't help his mood. He knew he would crash into depression after she had gone.

"Okay then," her reply implied instruction. He left the window open for that camera and opened a new window with the corridor camera. He found the sequence of Katie walking down the corridor.

It was apparent that she was not familiar with the place, as she was looking at the signage on each door as she made her way down the long ground floor corridor.

She eventually found the ladies changing room and entered.

Lisa took a deep breath. He stopped the footage.

"Have you got a camera in there?" She asked.

"In a changing room?" He asked incredulously. "Of course not," it was more of a defensive reply than he had meant.

"Seriously?" She asked, moving to his side slightly to look directly into his eyes. "You sure you don't have any secret cameras in there you sick fuck?"

He looked directly into her piercing gaze. It was a very uncomfortable moment, he didn't like confrontation with women, and he had to look away. She was mildly right and he knew it, but her words and implication were harsh and they hurt him.

How much did Lisa know about what he did...or was she just a mean person?

He knew she wasn't right in the head, that was for sure, but she was very attractive and that made up for it.

For starters she had forced him to delete the footage of her attacking Katie on a number of occasions, it had started out as a friendly relationship between them. She had asked him very sweetly. Then when it was in more public places where there were potential witnesses he had resisted.

Lisa had given him a handjob a few times to help convince him of the cause.

There was definitely a nasty situation between Lisa, her friends, and Katie Reed. Perhaps Katie was getting her revenge on Lisa, somehow.

He didn't really blame her, he had seen what Lisa was capable of. He just thought it was always directed at Katie but recently Lisa had become more and more volatile with him as well.

She had never hit him or hurt him, beyond a sharp poke, but the implication was growing.

He mentally cleared those thoughts from his mind and continued to play the corridor footage. He made a note of the time Katie had entered. Then continued to play the footage.

A few minutes later the changing room door burst open and the same figure emerged in quite a hurry, the backpack hit the door frame, she was almost running. She had her hood down this time. Hands in her pockets. Miguel paused the footage.

They both examined her expression, she looked quite panicked. Looking at the timer she had been in the changing room for just over two minutes.

"Oh god, she must have been the person I saw in the changing rooms. The sick bitch was watching me!" Lisa snarled.

"You saw her?" Miguel asked. "You didn't mention that."

"I could tell someone was there and that it wasn't the girls, but they left. I had soap in my eyes, I was in the shower. It didn't occur to me until just now, I thought it was one of my team mates."

He carried on playing the footage, imagining how she would have looked in the shower. He wished he had a secret camera in the shower.

He followed Katie out with the other camera until she left the field of view completely. She had left in a rush.

He returned back to the footage where she left the arc of the cameras view in the changing room. Five minutes passed and then Lisa emerged through the door. Her hair was still wet; she had a bag over her shoulder and her phone to her ear.

"I was calling them to find out why they had just abandoned me. It wasn't like them to disappear and not answer their phones." She suddenly gasped. He looked up at her in surprise.

"Oh god!" She held her hand to her mouth. "By that time I had completely checked all of the toilet cubicles, showers and changing rooms and there was no sight of them." She paused.

"That's impossible, there is no other exit from the changing rooms." He sent his mouse cursor back to his desktop and searched through some folders, eventually bringing up a pdf drawing in plan of the pavilion. It was a fire strategy and security "as installed" drawing.

"See," he pointed at the changing rooms, "there are no other doors there."

"Isn't that windows though?" Lisa pointed to the east side of the changing rooms.

"They're tiny slot windows. A thin person might be able to get out... But... I've got a camera down that elevation anyway."

He clicked quickly and followed the timings from the previous footage. Some of the windows were open, they were long and thin rectangular windows. They didn't tilt very far. Nothing changed in the image. He went beyond the time of Lisa leaving by twenty minutes.

"That's impossible," Lisa murmured, looking away from the screen, deep in thought. "Katie goes into the changing room and comes out alone, my two friends go missing... they just disappeared." She looked at Miguel in alarm. "How did she do it?" There was alarm on her face.

He shook his head in confusion.

"I haven't a clue, we're going to need to go there and see if there is another way out. I've got a skeleton key for all the lockers as well so we can check each one."

"I bet you do..." Lisa murmured, walking over towards the door. "Just the keys for the female lockers I bet," she said that just out of his earshot.

*

Jennifer awoke with a start. She was cold and shivering. All she could hear was breathing and the chattering of teeth. It was pitch black. She immediately registered that she was naked.

"Chantelle?" She called out in the darkness.

"Yeesss," her friend's voice shakily replied through chattering teeth. Jennifer looked towards the sound. She couldn't see anything. She waited for her eyes to adjust but there was absolutely no light for her retinas to absorb.

"Where are you?" Jennifer called out, rocking herself onto all fours, she started to tentatively crawl towards her friend, she padded forwards gingerly with her hands. The surface was hard but covered in rough weave of some kind.

"Oovver heeeree," Chantelle shivered back, her voice was getting louder as Jennifer approached, Jennifer started to speed up, desperate to be with her friend.

They had been separated after being cleaned. Chantelle had been taken away and Jennifer had been subjected to being examined by the disgusting giant captor. She had been treated like some kind of

specimen. Katie had lifted her up, rotated her, squeezed at bits and studied her closely. She had seemed amazed at the tiny body. Jennifer recalled that Katie did study biology.

Anything that Jennifer had said had been completely ignored as if she was unheard but she knew that Katie had been able to hear. She knew that the crazy giant woman was doing... she was dehumanising them.

Jennifer could hear Chantelle's breathing now, she was close. The breathing was short and clearly audible, as if Chantelle was hyperventilating.

"I'm here," Jennifer spoke softly so as not to cause further distress to Chantelle. She remained on all fours and then slowly reached out with her left hand, tentatively moving it forward a few inches every second. She continued to reach outwards without touching anything.

Jennifer shimmied forward again and conducted the same process. She felt warmth through her hand before she touched smooth skin. Chantelle twitched away from her, Jennifer reached forwards.

"It's okay, it's me," She soothed her friend.

She gently laid her hand flat and established that she was touching the shin of her friend. She slid her hand upwards until she felt her friend's hands.

Chantelle's hands were clasped around her legs. Her knees were folded inwards and she was gripping them tightly with her hands. Jennifer could feel already that the woman was tense and didn't blame her. She was terrified herself.

Jennifer felt up the legs to the top of the knees and then padded her way until she found Chantelle's upper body. She approached and opened her arms, in the complete darkness and embraced Chantelle.

The other woman started to sob. It was a low suffering sob.

"I'm here," Jennifer hugged her friend tightly, but Chantelle remained rigid and tense. Jennifer shifted further forwards and felt a wall that Chantelle was leaning against. Then she felt another and realised that Chantelle had found a corner of the room that they were held captive in.

Jennifer moved up until she was next to Chantelle, pushing her back against the wall. It was quite cold and she shivered again. She wrapped her arms around Chantelle. She could feel the other woman's wet face on her shoulder as the tears streamed.

"I'm here," she said again, they were the only words that she could think to console her with. She couldn't promise that it would all be over or that they would be safe. She had no idea what was going to happen to them. She was resigned to the fact that this was real.

She gently rested her forehead against Chantelle's. The other woman continued to quietly sob.

*

Jennifer awoke abruptly. She could feel Chantelle moving in her arms and released her slightly.

They had both fallen asleep in each other's arms and warmth. Jennifer couldn't tell if it had been 20 minutes, hours or a day that they had been asleep, but she did feel a bit rested.

Her whole body ached like the day after a very violent hockey match. She let go of Chantelle and stretched outwards, with a yawn.

"Where are we?" Chantelle asked from the darkness. Jennifer looked in the direction of the voice, not that it made a difference in the pitch black.

"I don't know," she replied.

"Are we alone?" Chantelle asked.

"I don't know," Jennifer replied again. She felt around herself with her hands, trying to get a gauge of where they were. She could hear Chantelle shifting around and assumed she was doing the same.

She heard a huff of breath and heard a tap above them and then Chantelle landing back on her feet with a light thud.

"Ceiling is only about two foot taller than me," Chantelle remarked. She had clearly jumped up to test their environment.

"Is anyone else here?" Jennifer called out in the darkness.

"We are here," Jennifer jumped at the sudden reply from a male voice. She looked into the darkness at where the voice had come from.

Jennifer jumped again as Chantelle's hand grabbed out at her for security, the blonde woman clung to her arm. She could feel the trembling through her wrist.

"Who are you?" Jennifer asked out towards the direction of the voice.

"Brad," replied the man.

"and Eve," replied a woman.

"I think I saw them before," Jennifer said in Chantelle's direction. "They stopped me from escaping," she heard Chantelle's intake of breath.

"Who the hell are they?" Chantelle asked in a low voice.

"I haven't a clue; I've never seen them before, they didn't seem at all disturbed by what they saw though. You know when Katie was..." She turned back in Chantelle's direction, thinking that she had better not remind Chantelle of what happened.

"Where are you from?" She asked back out into the darkness. There was a slight pause, followed by whispered dialogue between the two strangers.

"We don't know how to describe that," Eve replied eventually, she sounded quite... simple.

"Did Katie shrink you like she did to us?" Chantelle asked suddenly, Jennifer shared the anger that she heard in her friend's voice.

"No," came Eve's reply, there was no emotion to it.

"How did you get here then?" Jennifer challenged.

"Katie owns us, she is our Goddess." There was complete silence for a good ten seconds, that took Jennifer by surprise.

"What... the ... fuck..." Chantelle spoke towards Jennifer.

"What do you mean she owns you?" Jennifer enquired, her face contorting in confusion.

"We belong to her, just like you do now," Eve answered.

"We don't belong to anyone, bitch!" Jennifer bit back at her.

"You belong to our Goddess," Brad responded, from his tone it was clear that it was a non-negotiable statement.

"This is so messed up," Chantelle's voice wavered. "We need to get out of here," she said to Jennifer.

"You can't leave here, you belong to Katie now," Eve stated plainly, there was no anger there, it just sounded like she was stating a fact.

"These guys have clearly been brainwashed," Chantelle lowered her voice so it was only audible to Jennifer.

"How did you get to Katie then?" Jennifer continued the questioning.

"We were put in a box and given to Katie," Brad replied, it couldn't have been any less clear.

"Who put you in the box, who shrunk you?" Jennifer's frustration grew, these guys were getting on her nerves.

"We have always been this size..."

"What size do you think you are?"

"I am 60 mm."

"And I am 120 mm..."

"And you think that is normal?"

"Yes and it is how our Goddess wishes it." Chantelle clutched Jennifer's arm even tighter.

"These guys are clearly messed up, we can't trust them," she murmured at Jennifer.

"What purpose do you serve Katie?" Jennifer continued to ask, cutting off Chantelle.

"Whatever she wants us to do," Eve replied calmly.

"Which is what?" Jennifer asked the question, not sure if she wanted to know the answer.

"We have pleased her sexually," Brad replied evenly.

"Oh..." Chantelle exhaled. "I can't believe this," her voice was muffled and Jennifer guessed that she was covering her face with her hands. "This can't be happening," she started to cry.

"And you don't have a problem with that?" Jennifer asked incredulously into the darkness.

"Not at all, we are happy to do please our Goddess." Jennifer had no follow up question to that. These poor people had been subjected to Katie's treatment for who knew how long and had clearly become indoctrinated. There was no way that anyone would willingly subject themselves to that.

There was also no way that they had been born at that size, surely not?

She shivered as she remembered crawling inside the giant smelly vagina. Absolutely not, there was no way that anyone would voluntarily do that to themselves. Something had to be wrong with those people.

Nevertheless she knew, whether they were faking it or not, that she could not trust them.

She reached out gently to touch Chantelle, the woman jumped slightly at her touch and then relaxed when she realised it was her friend. Jennifer pulled her in closely and the women hugged each other in a vain attempt for comfort.

There was a dull thud from outside the box. Chantelle and Jennifer held their breaths.

“What was that?” Chantelle whispered, clutching tightly to Jennifer.

“It is our Goddess returning,” Eve answered with an excited rasp, she had heard the whisper. Her hearing was very good.

“Oh shit, she’s back,” Jennifer could hear Chantelle start to panic as her breathing intensified and she started to hyperventilate.

“Shh,” Jennifer hissed back and they all waited.

Suddenly they heard a closer thud and a roar like a train moving either side of them accompanied with a rumbling vibration which ran through the entire box, they felt like they were moving.

“What the fuck is happening?” Chantelle spat out.

“She is opening the drawer that we are in,” Brad replied. Jennifer pressed her body as firmly up against the wall as she could. She couldn’t picture their situation, they would likely still be in Katie’s bedroom, she couldn’t remember which drawers they could be in.

“Please don’t let this be real, please don’t let this be real...” Chantelle muttered in the darkness.

There was some scraping to their side outside the wall, Jennifer couldn’t help but turn her head in that direction, but of course she could see nothing in the darkness. Then there was a noise to her front on the far side of the box.

She was suddenly blinded by light; it was so sudden and surprising that it felt like it was burning her retinas. She shielded her face with her forearm, trying to force her eyes to adjust as quickly as possible, squinting at the bright light. She started to panic as she grew disorientated.

*

Katie lifted the lid of the box with baited breath. She had been looking forward to her next session with her new toys.

She beamed as she looked down at the tiny naked Jennifer and Chantelle who both cowered in fear, pressing themselves against the side of the box, desperately hoping that they would not be chosen.

Katie was amused at how helpless they both looked and recalled the countless times that they had joined Lisa in tormenting her. Now she would be their tormentor.

Lisa had been her target, but they would both do nicely.

They clearly both dreaded what Katie had in store for them, but she was even more thrilled at the idea that she didn’t even completely know what she was going to do with them yet. In that case they definitely had no idea what she was going to do.

“Hi my little pets,” she started to reach down towards Chantelle. The tiny blonde with nice round breasts scrambled away as soon as the fingertips reached her.

Katie watched the tiny blonde scramble away as she attempted in vain to escape. Katie simply moved her hand after her as she continued to try and evade it. She moved her hand much slower than she needed to; just to tease the tiny woman. Chantelle eventually scrambled into the other far corner and found herself cornered by the giant hand.

Her face was a mask of terror, her eyes wide, and her back was pressed into the corner, arms outstretched against the walls of the box, trying to push backwards as much as she could.

Katie noticed that Jennifer had rushed to the side closest to Katie but farthest away from her hand and was jumping up the side of the box, trying to escape. She knew it was too tall for her to get out easily, but kept an eye on her. She would deal with her shortly.

She moved her hand slowly towards Chantelle. The tiny blonde made a break for it by trying to slide and roll under the hand. Katie simply slapped her hand down on top of the soft flesh and curled her fingers inwards to grab hold of her. She heard a muffled scream and she felt tiny limbs sticking out through her fist of fingers.

Katie lifted her hand towards her face and admired one of the tiny arms and hands that was sticking outside of her fist, between her fingers. It was waving slightly as it was trying to free itself.

She brought her hand up to her lips and licked at the tiny hand. She heard a squeal of shock from inside her hand. The little hand retracted between her fingers.

She slowly opened her hand, unfurling her fingers with her palm facing upwards. She had her other hand ready in case Chantelle decided to jump.

The blonde didn't decide to jump but she did scramble backwards on the palm towards the fingers, looking back at Katie's giant face in pure fear.

Katie decided that it wasn't as much fun when Chantelle was completely terrified, but the girl still deserved whatever Katie decided for her. She desperately wished that it was Lisa in the palm of her hand right now.

“I'm going out tonight,” she said to Chantelle and then down towards Jennifer who was looking up from the box in terror, holding her knees to her chest as she sat in the corner.

“One of you is coming with me for some fun. I'll let you all decide who it's going to be,” she smiled and then gave Chantelle a long lick. The tiny woman squealed again. Katie smiled down at her.

“You taste good little one,” she simply stated back.

*

Lisa led the way into the changing rooms; she looked around quickly and then came back into the corridor.

“All clear,” Miguel followed her in.

They started in the toilets, there was nothing but two small slot windows to gain access externally and Lisa reinforced that she had definitely checked each cubicle the day before.

They looked at the showers and there was no way out. There were no removable panels, doors or windows. No floor drainage panels that were accessible, just rodding points.

So that left the main changing room.

The changing room had a plasterboard ceiling with spot lights, no access hatches. The floor was a simple bumpy tile with drainage. The room consisted of tiled walls and skirting and was lined with benches and large tall format lockers. Not tall or wide enough for a person to fit into, but they decided to check anyway.

Ten minutes in and they had checked more than half of the lockers. Many of them were empty but a number had people's sports kit, even though they were supposed to be emptied. That was when they found Chantelle's stuff.

"That is definitely Chantelle's bag," Lisa peered in and pulled it out. She opened the bag and it did indeed have all of her belongings. It had her sports kit. Her normal clothes were stuffed in the locker as were her shoes. Her phone and purse were also in there.

Lisa pulled the phone out and brandished it. There were 12 missed calls on it from Lisa.

"If you didn't believe me before, surely you do now. Who would just get up and leave their phone and purse as well?"

"It is very strange, I agree," Miguel muttered.

His mind was desperately searching for a logical reason for all of this. They continued searching and after about five more lockers they found Jennifer's. Exactly the same, all of her stuff was in there.

"I think you're right," Miguel conceded. "We're going to have to get the police involved," Lisa glanced at him sidelong, nodding. Miguel took some photos with his phone.

They searched each locker until the task was completed. Lisa stood in the middle of the room with her hands on her hips, looking around for inspiration. Then she suddenly jumped up on one of the benches and looked on top of the lockers. She jumped back down and then went over to another area and did the same.

She paused. Miguel wondered what she had found. She reached out and stood on tiptoes stretching to grab something.

She hopped down holding two pairs of flip-flops.

"These belong to them as well. They have been thrown up there."

Miguel nodded slowly, showing agreement, but in his head he was starting to grow suspicious. He would never have thought to check that. He gave Lisa a sidelong look.

How did Lisa know? Was she setting Katie up again?

"We've got to get the police involved," Lisa stated.

"I agree, but I'm not sure what they're going to find that we couldn't." He turned to look around one last time. "I suppose they've got the resources for a search..."

"They need to question Katie," Lisa concluded, grabbing his arm. "You need to convince them to."

Chapter 3 – Clubbing

Katie finished her makeup and grabbed her handbag. She approached her desk and sat in her chair, lowering her head towards the two naked cowering women. Katie examined them closely.

“Have you made your mind up on who is coming with me?” both of them shook their heads desperately, shaking in fear. She could hear them pleading but she ignored them, they had never responded to her pleas for mercy, why should she do any different to them now?

“Okay, so you’re leaving it up to me then?” Katie leaned closer toward them, causing them to cower even more. She really enjoyed making the women who used to bully her cower like that.

She pointed her freshly polished, cream coloured, index fingernail at Jennifer. The woman’s eyes widened.

“Eeny,” she moved it to prod at Chantelle in the stomach, “meeny,” then back to Jennifer and so on “miny, moe, catch a tiny woman by the toe,” her index finger landed on Chantelle.

The tiny woman whimpered as the giant hand gripped her and lifted her up. Her eyes were visibly welling up.

Katie stood up, examining Chantelle closely. Chantelle was resting her hands on Katie’s thumbnail and index finger to hold her weight up even though she was being held upright. The tiny woman’s eyes were wide with fear, she had no idea what was happening; or about to happen.

She was pleading something to Katie, but Katie ignored the noise, at least Chantelle had stopped screaming recently. Katie reached out to tenderly play with Chantelle’s breasts with her other hand; she was getting turned on already.

A loud knock caused them both to jump and look at the door.

“Just a minute,” Katie shouted towards the door.

She gave Chantelle one last look

“If you scream you will be severely punished,” she whispered to Chantelle and then opened the waist band of her skirt and knickers and dropped the tiny blonde inside.

She felt the body touch her clitoris after it had bounced back from the fabric and bit her lip, sighing with pleasure as she released the waistband with a snap.

She then looked down at the diminutive form of Jennifer, who was looking back up at her. Her arms were covering her breasts and she was shaking either from the cold, fear, or both.

She brought her head level with Jennifer and whispered to her.

“I’ll be back later,” and then she extended a sloppy tongue out from her glossy lips and gave Jennifer a long wet lick. When she retracted her face the woman was on her knees glistening from Katie’s saliva but still covering her breasts and now sobbing.

“Hmm, you taste good too,” Katie purred then picked the tiny woman up with her hand and dropped her in the box and returned it to its hiding place, shutting the drawer.

She picked her handbag up, quickly adjusting her knickers and Chantelle’s position. The tiny woman was keeping deadly still, possibly for fear of any retribution.

Katie opened the door and was faced with a very tall Danielle; the woman was standing on quite large platform shoes.

“Hi, you look great,” they greeted each other and gave each other a kiss on the cheek. Further pleasantries were exchanged regarding choice of clothes and hair style.

“Taxi’s here,” Danielle finally stated and they started down the corridor.

*

Katie sat down very carefully in the taxi, she wanted to ensure that she didn’t crush Chantelle. She felt the tiny woman squirm a bit as she sat down, it was perhaps a tiny bit too tight for comfort.

Katie imagined what it felt like being pinned against the fabric of her underwear and leather seat and a giant pussy, she couldn’t help but smirk to herself.

“Revolution please,” Danielle gave instructions to the driver. He nodded and the car started towards the town.

“I’ve never been there,” Katie said to Danielle.

“It can be a bit of a cock fest,” Danielle murmured back, examining her lips in her small mirror, “great news for you,” she smiled at Katie. “But the main reason is that the hockey and sporty crowds tend not to go there and that means that bitch Lisa and her little skanks won’t be there.” Katie nodded eagerly in agreement.

“That’s weird about her friends going missing,” Danielle continued. She knew nothing about what Katie had done and she had no idea that Katie had a shrinking device.

“Yeah,” Katie clutched at her handbag on her lap with one hand and surreptitiously held her other hand just under her skirt out of Danielle’s view. “It was like they disappeared out of thin air,” she smiled inwardly as she ran her index finger slowly up her knickers, feeling the body of Chantelle as a bulge in her underwear.

She could feel the tiny body shaking, perhaps she was sobbing, the conversation above would certainly have been easily audible. The bitch was getting what she deserved. The feeling of power in that moment made Katie feel invincible.

“I know, very strange. I wonder what happened to them?” Danielle mused.

“I expect they have probably gone on a bender somewhere, they will turn up. I’m sure.” Danielle nodded thoughtfully, and then smiled briefly.

“Well, I’m not missing them anyway.”

About ten minutes later the taxi pulled up outside Revolution and the women were let straight in by the bouncer, jumping the queue of about fifty people, mostly consisting of men; who stood like cattle. Women were actively encouraged attendees and had free entry.

Katie enjoyed striding past them all and the unrelenting hungry gaze they all gave the two women. The thought of the tiny Chantelle in her underwear only served to excite her even more, she could feel herself getting wet down below.

Katie felt Danielle’s eyes on her.

"You look in your element tonight," Danielle smiled at her, "You've got this glint in your eye."

"I'm looking forward to it," Katie replied, linking her arm with Danielle's, "a good night out with my friend is exactly what I needed." Danielle smiled in agreement and they walked towards the bar.

"You're right about the cock fest," Katie commented as they ordered two vodkas, looking around them.

"Well at least you won't have to worry about quantity, it's just quality you need to worry about now," Danielle chuckled examining her surroundings. Her top lip lifted in a sneer of distaste at the sight of several groups of men that were loitering with intent.

"What's the matter?" Katie asked with concern.

"They're just walking dildos," Danielle replied, causing Katie to nearly choke on her drink.

The comment had caught her completely off-guard. It also caused her pussy below to throb at the thought of all of these men being shrunk to the size of dildos and under her and Danielle's control. Then the thought of Chantelle down below caused even more excitement, too much perhaps.

"I'm just heading to the toilet," Katie stammered, as a sudden wooziness started to overcome her.

"I'll join you," they both downed their drinks and walked into the toilets together. Men were watching them all the way, like predators at a watering hole in the Serengeti. Little did they know that Katie had the true power of being a predator. The shrinking device surely put her at the top of the food chain at the moment.

They each entered a cubicle and Danielle was chattering away about a number of drunken nights that she had enjoyed in the town during the fresher's term. They hadn't met each other then. Katie had only recently met Danielle and the other woman had befriended her. She had taken steps to try and protect her from Lisa's molestations.

The music from the bar provided a louder background noise than just ambience and it got louder occasionally as the toilet door was opened by various women entering or exiting the toilet.

Katie quietly plunged her hand down into her underwear and lifted out Chantelle. The tiny woman looked dozy, she was boiling hot and red all over. She was also completely coated in Katie's sexual mucus. Katie held the tiny woman near her face, watching her as she quietly, but vigorously started to masturbate down below in a desperate bid to fend off the tide of unrelenting horniness that had overcome her.

Her panting breath caused Chantelle to stir as the air was blown over her, the tiny eyes blinked open and then widened in shock at the proximity of the giant face looking down at her.

"Are you okay in there?" Danielle's voice drifted over the cubicle wall. Katie stopped rubbing herself and looked up quickly, suddenly worried that Danielle would get the idea to stand on the toilet seat and look over to check on her. It was the kind of thing that Katie guessed the spontaneous woman would do.

"I'm good," she looked back down at Chantelle.

The tiny woman took in a deep breath and opened her mouth. Before Katie could react Chantelle was screaming at the maximum volume that her tiny lungs would allow. It wasn't loud, particularly with the din of the music in the background, but still audible and definitely louder than a squeak.

"What's that?" Danielle asked. 'Fucking bitch' Katie mouthed at Chantelle as she stuffed her little finger in the tiny mouth. Chantelle was struggling, wide eyed, her arms helplessly batting at Katie's giant fingers. You have brought this on yourself, Katie thought as she lowered the tiny woman down below.

"Just my phone," Katie replied back to Danielle.

"Oh..."

Katie opened her labia with one hand and plunged Chantelle head first inside with her other hand. She could feel the tiny legs struggling. "That's a weird sound your phone makes, I've never heard it before."

"It's screwed," Katie muttered as she pushed Chantelle further inside with her fingers, "I need a new one, it keeps playing random sounds," her mouth gaped open in pleasure at the feeling of the tiny woman kicking and thrashing about inside her.

She gently rested her fingers on her pussy to prevent Chantelle from escaping, her other hand propping herself against the cubicle partition.

Danielle's toilet flushed and Katie could hear the door open and the tap run at the sink. She waited a few more seconds.

"I'll see you at the bar," Katie shouted over her door.

"Okay, I'll get us some more drinks," Danielle replied and then there was the louder sound of the bar music as the entrance door opened and then it faded again.

Katie returned her attention back to herself; she poked her index finger inside her pussy and at the tiny Chantelle. The cheeky bitch had thought it was smart to try and raise the alarm, she would pay for that. Katie squeezed her vaginal muscles inside, gently at first and then a few sharp squeezes. She could feel Chantelle writhing inside until Katie had squeezed hard enough to wind the tiny woman inside there... good, she thought.

Katie braced herself against the cubicle walls and ferociously masturbated with one of her hands until she came. She had to be careful not to be too loud as there were still other women in the toilets.

After finishing, she pulled Chantelle out by her legs and dangled her over the toilet bowl. Chantelle's arms swung limply. Katie examined the tiny woman closely; she looked like she was on the edge of unconsciousness. She was covered in white cum and slime.

Her eyes fluttered open and she looked around her and downwards, recoiling in shock at the toilet water below and then she looked back up at Katie, shaking her head energetically, pleading with her hands, and probably promising various things.

"If you do anything like that again," Katie held Chantelle in front of her face as she whispered angrily, "I'll flush you down the fucking loo like a goldfish." She watched the tiny woman as she sobbed upside down. "Do you understand?" Katie finally asked through gritted teeth. The tiny head slowly nodded upside down.

"Good," Katie shook her slightly, "you will need to learn your place if you want to survive." She allowed those words to sink in. The look of horror on Chantelle's face made it clear that they had.

Katie wiped Chantelle down quickly with some toilet roll, she was still sticky and covered in cum. Katie spat on some toilet roll and wiped at the tiny woman's face. She was slightly surprised that Chantelle permitted the treatment with no resistance or even moving the head away, she just wrinkled her face and took it, sobbing quietly.

She decided to give the tiny woman a break and placed her inside her bra cup instead and then she headed back to the bar, she planned on having a long fun night.

Chapter 4 – A person of interest

Miguel hoisted his belt up to his belly. He was impressed that he had lost about a pound of weight in the last month, that had resulted in one hole less on his belt.

He quickly took the steps down from the Humanities building main entrance. Chantelle and Jennifer both studied Literature and History and he had started his questioning there once he had finished questioning everyone in the hockey and sports teams that the girls played in.

Nobody had been able to give him anything of use, his mind started to drift to where he could direct his attention next. People just couldn't disappear, it just wasn't possible...

"Mr Salvador..." a voice intruded his thoughts. "Mr Salvador!" his head snapped towards the female voice, reality returning to him. He saw the two uniformed police officers. One male and one female, they were both the same height, quite tall, about 6 ft 2 inches.

The man had crows-feet laughter lines at the sides of his eyes and sideburns which stretched to his chin, he was freshly shaven. The woman had creases of a much more serious complexion, she had very little makeup and her whitening blonde hair was tucked in a bun under her uniform hat.

They both wore high vis jackets, there was still a chill in the spring air and their radio sets occasionally gave a garble and scratch of the various units in the area communicating.

"Mr Salvador?" the policewoman asked again.

"Yes, that's me," Miguel responded to her, he felt dwarfed by them both, and also quite inferior in his campus security uniform. He spotted the various truncheons, sprays and other devices on their belts. He held up his ID tag to show them.

"You've come about the missing girls?" He asked the police woman, she seemed to be running the show, she was already studying Miguel to get a gauge of him. She nodded.

The policeman seemed to be more interested in what was happening around them, observing the bustle of students going about their business between lectures and seminars. The police were rarely on campus and always tended to be very intrigued by students.

"I'm Sergeant Mary Harvey," she introduced herself, "and this is Police Constable Paul Watkins," she gestured to the policeman, he tipped his head.

"Good to meet you," Miguel stretched out his hand, "I'm Miguel Salvador, head of campus security," the policeman eagerly took the hand in a shake and Sergeant Harvey followed suit; slightly reluctantly.

"Can you come with us please?" she asked with authority.

He trotted alongside, as they both turned back towards the way they came.

"We've reviewed the documentation you sent us," the Sergeant replied, nothing further added.

"And your thoughts?" He enquired.

"It's probably better for us to discuss when we get to the car," the Sergeant replied.

"How many people are at the University here?" Constable Watkins asked towards Miguel.

"We've got about 16,000 students enrolled this year about 13,000 of which live on campus or nearby in the local neighbourhood and 4,000 academic and support staff.

We have over 100 hectares of open space here and about ten halls of residence," Watkins nodded as Miguel reeled off the facts, he continued to talk about the campus facilities and students until they arrived at a black unmarked 4x4 car with tinted windows.

The police squad car was parked in front and Miguel was confused about the black car. Watkins opened the rear door and gestured for Miguel to enter.

He glanced inside to look straight into the piercing blue eyes of a middle aged man in a suit. He climbed inside and the Sergeant took the passenger seat in front.

Watkins closed the door behind Miguel, once he was seated, and then stayed outside and left them to it. Miguel looked ahead and noticed that there was a man sat in the driver's seat, also in a suit. He looked back at the man next to him uncomfortably.

"I'm Detective Dawson," the man reached out a hand towards Miguel holding his identification up so it was visible. It was a customary gesture which barely gave Miguel enough time to read it but he did notice that it was a Scotland Yard Special Branch identification card.

Why would this involve Special Branch so soon? They didn't even operate in this area?

"I'm Miguel, head of campus security," Miguel reached out his hand to shake the Detective's other hand. The Detective took his hand in a firm but brief shake.

His face relaxed into a warm smile, he was definitely already more approachable than the Sergeant, but there was something about the intelligence and ruthless gaze in his eyes that was slightly unsettling.

Miguel noticed that there was no introduction for the driver. He noticed the Sergeant was watching him through the rear view mirror, which she had deliberately turned towards him.

The whole situation made him very uncomfortable and surprisingly nervous. Was he being investigated for some reason?

"We're here about the missing girls," the Detective finally stated, continuing to observe Miguel.

"Thank you, I called it in, we could do with your assistance," Miguel was glad that they were finally discussing the topic at hand.

"Indeed, the circumstances of them going missing is very puzzling," the Detective replied.

"Do you have any theories?" Miguel asked, starting to relax now.

"We would of course like your permission to investigate the facilities and take photographs and any samples required,"

"Absolutely, whatever you need, I can ensure the sport facilities are cleared," Miguel replied eagerly. "Our facilities and my team are at your disposal."

"Thank you," Detective Dawson gave a thin smile. "We would also like to speak with Miss Lisa Webb."

"Of course, I can set that up." He paused. "What about Katie Reed?" Dawson looked towards the Sergeant's eyes in the mirror and then back at Miguel.

"We've seen your statement, we will get to her, we would like to observe her for a while."

"Is she a suspect?" Miguel was surprised by the indirect approach they were taking.

"At this time, everybody is a suspect, we have not ruled anything out. She is definitely a person of interest."

"What can I do to assist?"

"Use of your security facilities," the Detective started listing out his requirements, "CCTV and your hard drives and permission to observe both Miss Webb and Miss Reed." Miguel nodded agreement.

"As I said my facilities are at your disposal, I would need you to complete some paperwork for the CCTV and it would need to be under my supervision."

He paused, glad that he had sorted through his hard drives earlier. Still, he had never dealt with anyone being observed on his campus, and that made him apprehensive.

"I would need to get permission from the Dean in relation to the observation of the students... I don't," he trailed off when signed paperwork was handed to him by the Detective.

"We already have signed authorisation from the Dean," Miguel looked at the paperwork, it all looked authentic. "You are welcome to double check," he would of course, but he was amazed that the Dean had not consulted him first. There was definitely something strange about this.

"It is of course very serious, the missing girls, but I am surprised that Special Branch is involved this early in the process," Miguel decided to go straight to the point, these people weren't pulling any punches after all; in terms of their directness.

"You may have gathered by now that this is not a usual missing person's case," the Detective replied. "I'm still undertaking my investigations and will not be going into too much detail on this now." He paused. "However I did want to ask whether you are familiar with this man," Miguel glanced at the photograph that the Detective handed to him. The driver kindly switched on the internal car light.

It was a very unusual looking man, what he would describe as a dwarf, but he wasn't sure if that was a politically correct term. The man was dressed very smartly and had a head which was disproportionately large in comparison to his body. He looked middle aged. The background of the photo was clearly one of the campus buildings that he recognised.

"I can't say that I recognise him, or have seen him on campus, I recognise the campus building," Miguel shook his head, racking his brain, he would surely have noticed someone like that. "Is he linked to this somehow?"

"He is another person of interest," Dawson replied. "He also went missing two days ago."

"Did we report he was missing? I don't recognise him at all," Miguel replied in confusion.

Dawson shook his head slowly, glancing at the picture.

"We were tracking his movements around campus and he has disappeared."

"How is he linked to the girls?" Miguel asked, he was slightly frustrated with how little information he was being given.

"He's a person of interest," the Sergeant stated matter-of-factly from the front seat. Dawson held up his hand.

"It's okay Sergeant, we're not here to keep Mr Salvador in the dark," he looked back at Miguel with his thin smile. "We believe that this man, Jonah, is part of a criminal enterprise involved in human trafficking..."

"On my campus?" Miguel's back bolted upright, in shock, and his bloated stomach nearly burst forth through his trousers.

"In town we have had a few cases, quite a few in London and outlying areas, a few other cities that we are investigating, that are... unusual." The Detective continued.

"These are the first reported missing persons on your campus as I understand it... relating to these circumstances," Miguel half nodded, thinking about any previous missing incidents, people were always found in the end and no incidents recently.

It was normally the case where they had an argument with a partner or a friend, the stress of studying on campus or some kind of social engagement caused them to go home for an extended period and usually after a short enquiry later they were found very quickly. He couldn't recall an incident where the parents or any friends didn't even know where they were.

"This is the first incident I can think of for years. We've never had anyone missing while I've been here," he added proudly.

"We've noted that Jonah has been active on this campus for just over a year now," Detective Dawson stated bluntly, perhaps identifying Miguel's lack of knowledge of the visually obvious man as a defect in his record.

"If you can direct me to where he usually goes on campus I can give you the footage from the relevant cameras. The footage is only saved for two weeks though."

"Thank you, that would be much appreciated, but we will be reviewing all of the footage in any case from all cameras." Miguel waited for Dawson to continue, but he did not.

"Should I be concerned for the safety of other students and staff on campus?" Miguel finally asked.

"The Dean is aware. We don't want you to change anything you do here on campus with your routine or security teams. The organisation we are tracking is already aware of our light presence and we don't want to alert them more than necessary. Do not mention our conversation to anyone, perhaps apart from the Dean."

Miguel nodded slowly. He had a bitter taste in his mouth, he didn't like any of this. How would it look for the head of campus security to allow a criminal organisation in human trafficking to operate on his campus? Miguel looked back down at the photo of Jonah.

"I just can't believe that there is a criminal organisation like that operating here..."

"No need for concern Mr Salvador," the Detective gently laid a hand on his arm. Miguel looked up at Detective Dawson's icy blue eyes. "We are going to be here."

"Then how come we have two missing girls?" Miguel snapped back in frustration.

"We will find them," Detective Dawson stated firmly. Then he drew in a deep breath and his thin smile returned. "Thank you for your time Mr Salvador, please keep this information between us for the personal safety of the missing girls, we shall be in touch."

They shook hands and then Constable Watkins was guiding him out of the car and he found himself back in his office staring at his computer screen, completely dumbfounded. If there was a criminal enterprise on campus, would he be blamed?

*

“You revealed quite a bit more than I thought we were going to sir,” Sergeant Harvey glanced back at Detective Dawson in the rear view mirror.

The Detective was resting his head back against the headrest, glancing at his emails on his phone. His eyes flicked up.

“He told him everything we wanted him to know Sergeant,” the driver, Detective Peterson, next to Harvey half turned to her.

Miguel wouldn't have known that he was the more senior of the two detectives. It was a ploy that Sergeant Harvey had noticed that they tended to use over the months that she had been working with them.

“You see Sergeant, Miguel is now going to be the caring but clumsy oaf that he is and start stirring things up around here,” Dawson stated.

“How is that going to help us?” Harvey was confused by the strategy; surely they wanted everything to return to normal so people would slip up.

“It's exactly what we want, it will push people to break routines and that's when they get sloppy.” She nodded in understanding.

“Try to flush them out,” she could see the logic now.

“Of a fashion,” he replied. “I don't believe they're just going to turn tail and run. Sergeant, we need you to run your normal investigations through the list of people we gave you but leave Miss Reed and Mr Salvador to us. If anyone spots Jonah I want to know immediately.”

“Yes sir,” she knew the discussion was over and stepped out of the car, but not before she caught sight of the beige folder on Dawson's lap. The cover had two printed words ‘Operation Gulliver’ and had the Special Branch logo. That was the first time she had seen it in the time she had been attached to their very small unit.

*

The next day Miguel found himself in pause. He looked at the contact details again in front of him. Mrs Cordon and Mr and Mrs Smith contact phone numbers and email addresses the parents for the missing women. This was definitely not appropriate for an email.

He had been dreading making this call and had put it off until after speaking with the police. The Dean had delegated this task to him.

The police didn't seem to question that the girls were missing. He had hoped that it had all been him being over reactive and the police would turn up with something. But no, it was real and the girls were indeed missing.

After 24 hours the parents had been called. They sounded worried but were soothed by the campus administrator stating that this was quite common and students usually appeared back home or had gone on a jaunt.

After a few days people started to get worried, but now it was a week and no-one had seen any sign of them, they were officially missing. So now the task fell on him to contact them.

There was no way to trace the missing women by the usual methods the police employed, their phones and purses had been left behind and therefore their movements could not be tracked from phones or bank cards.

CCTV technology had turned up with nothing except for a very unusual set of circumstances that led to the girls disappearing.

Miguel had revisited the changing rooms often, when they were unoccupied, to ponder how it could have happened. He had hunted and searched through everything.

After he had spoken to the police he had got campus contractors, with police attendance, to pull out some light fittings to look in the ceiling void, no source of escape. He had pulled out some of the lockers, no secret doors. It all came back and pointed to one thing.

One woman, Katie Reed, linked to this all somehow. Her actions had been highly suspicious.

She also had motive, Miguel had spoken to the Dean and her psychiatrist had given her limited intel but reinforced the fact that there had been issues between Lisa's group and Katie.

It had led to Katie being incarcerated for a short period and a criminal record. Miguel wasn't surprised that there would be hard feelings.

He had no doubt that Katie was involved, but how could a student female make two other student female just disappear into thin air, it just didn't make sense.

Then he asked the campus tech support team to see if the CCTV had been tampered with. The tech support team consisted of two cybernetics students who volunteered to assist the campus IT team and were light years ahead of campus IT. They believed that the CCTV had not been touched.

Miguel had mentioned all of these points to the police just in case.

Now, because of all of this he found himself having to call the parents of the missing. He absolutely hated this moment. He hadn't slept last night because of this and the strange conversations he had had with the police in the intervening periods, they had been very limited in giving him any intelligence on what they thought or what they had found.

The worst part about it was that he was head of security and the parents would surely blame him. Even though it wasn't his fault and even the police were clearly stumped as well, it was on his watch. He was used to victims being irrational, but this was different.

He drew in a deep breath and dialled the first number.

*

The campus café was buzzing with activity. Everywhere there was also talk of the missing girls. It seemed to be the main conversation starter that was a pre-cursor to even discussions on the weather which was a very unusual change in conversational dynamic.

Katie hated that; she hadn't considered how much her actions would affect the campus community.

Katie had expected a bit of a stir but this amazed her. After a week of holding Chantelle and Jennifer the news had only escalated, as had speculations and conspiracy theories. Katie had been surprised at how much interest people took on the whole thing, how much the community pulled together.

Jennifer and Chantelle had not been particularly popular before this but now they were famous from their absence. People started to almost create these idealistic personas of the two women that they hadn't even met or known.

Katie found the whole thing bemusing. Especially all of the pity and sympathy people had been giving Lisa and that bitch had lapped it up.

Katie's attention drifted back to the conversation between the women around her.

"I think we should hold off from doing anything to Lisa," Becky stated. "After everything she's going through..."

"This hasn't changed her as a person," Danielle bit back, "you think she's suddenly become a better person out of all of this?"

"Maybe..."

"She's still a bully and continues to torture Katie," Danielle continued. Rita nodded in agreement. Danielle's group of friends had virtually adopted Katie as a friend as well. She had recently been absorbed into their group. She felt like one of them now.

"She's right," Katie finally stated with a sigh. All heads snapped to her, all with looks of surprises as if they had not been aware that she had even been there. They waited for further explanation.

"She's right," Katie said again. "We should back off from Lisa, if nothing else there is loads of attention on her at the moment. There are police on campus now."

"Fair enough," Becky nodded in agreement.

"No," Danielle held her hand up, "hold on, we're just going to let Lisa win and become the victim in all of this?" Nobody had a reply to that.

"We're not letting her win," Katie finally stated.

Before she had been powerless to Lisa's machinations, but now she had the power to do something about it. The last thing she wanted was her new friends getting caught up in all of this.

"I would hate for any of you guys to go missing like Jennifer and Chantelle," she glanced at each of them individually, and noticed that each of them appreciated the sentiment with a relaxation of jaw bones and eyes. "We don't know what's going on out there. We should all keep our distance until the police have sorted it out. Lisa might be more dangerous than we already know she is."

"Well said Katie," Rita murmured, Becky nodded concurring. They all looked at Danielle and she finally conceded by sitting back in her chair, crossing her arms at her chest.

"I know you're just looking out for me," Katie gently laid a hand on her friend's shoulder "and I love that and thank you for your loyalty and..."

"Okay, you don't need to patronise me," Danielle shrugged her off with a mild smirk.

"Talking about police though, I was asked some questions by the head of security, that Miguel guy. He was asking about you Katie," Rita stated, breaking the new silence.

"Hey, me too," Becky stated. Katie felt acid rise from her stomach... oh god... what do they know? She thought to herself.

"Me three," Danielle sat upright again, all looking at Katie.

"What was he asking?" Katie asked innocently.

"About you and your relationship to Lisa, Jennifer and Chantelle," Rita continued.

"He said you were a person of interest," Becky added. Katie raised her eyebrows.

"What the hell does that mean?" Katie asked in surprise. She felt a bit sick.

"I think that either it means that they think you were involved somehow and are investigating you and you are definitely involved... or Lisa is involved in all of this and they're trying to set you up to screw you over for good," Danielle stated, then looked at each of their astonished faces. "I've thought about it quite a bit," she finally added.

"So you think Lisa has set all of this up?" Katie asked, pretending to mull it over.

"All I'm saying is that I wouldn't put it past that bitch," Danielle replied.

"Either way, be careful if security is asking after you, the police might be too," Rita stated.

Chapter 5 – Nemesis

Katie returned from breakfast, took the pill that her campus psychiatrist, Doctor Cook, had prescribed and collected her tiny living toys together and lined them up on her desk.

“We’re having a group outing today,” both Jennifer and Chantelle maintained the terrified look that seemed to plague them since being shrunk. “You’re all going to join me at my seminar.”

Katie couldn’t help her eyes from glancing over each of them. It immediately served to turn her on. She knew it wasn’t a good idea to carry them with her; especially with police on campus. What if she was caught?

She also knew that her condition was getting worse but she couldn’t help herself, it was becoming more than a habit, it was turning into an obsession.

She was turned on by the sight of the tiny naked people, the fact that they were completely at her mercy but ultimately it was what she knew she could use them for that turned her on the most.

She bent forwards towards the desk and looked at each one of them trying to decide how to use each of them. Brad and Eve were always compliant but also very talented at pleasing her, so they deserved positions that fitted their purpose and capabilities. She decided that they would be pleasing her nipples today.

Then her eyes settled on Chantelle, her whole demeanour seemed to break down, the woman was sobbing again. Katie knew it was a ploy to avoid doing any hard work, so she knew what role Chantelle should be performing, she had to be taught.

Jennifer was more composed but still looked absolutely terrified. Katie had made her decision.

She stood upright and pulled off her socks, watching Jennifer and Chantelle as she did. Then she pulled off her top and undid her bra, letting them fall to the floor. Then she dropped her skirt and panties, kicking them away.

Standing tall and naked above her little living sex toys felt so empowering. It was even more fun knowing that her pussy was the same level as them, so when she walked right up to the edge of the desk, where they stood, they all got front row tickets to a full on and up close view of her pussy.

From above Katie could see that Chantelle immediately turned away, Jennifer averted her gaze but Brad and Eve looked ahead evenly, awaiting instruction.

“I want all of you to look at my hand,” she gave a little wave with her fingers up just below her neckline. Three of them looked up. Chantelle didn’t. “All of you!” Katie demanded. Chantelle looked up quickly. Tears wetting her cheeks.

Katie slowly started to run her hand down her chest, letting her fingers trace a smooth line. She moved over to her right breast and gently started to trace a circle, getting closer and closer to her nipple.

Then she gently pressed her fingertips together around her nipple and gave it a squeeze. It sent a little jolt of pleasure through her.

Then she traced her finger down between the middle of her rib cage, slowed down at her navel and then flattened her hand on her belly and she started to slide it downwards to her hairy pubic region.

All faces were obediently watching, two of them were watching in horror though. Katie enjoyed the audience as she very slowly slid her hand further south until she reached her clitoris. She gently rubbed at herself for a few seconds and then slid her hand down further to cover her labia.

She scooped them all up with her hands and carried them over to her bed. None of them moved in their positions. She sat down at the edge of the bed and laid back.

She slowly rotated her hand until they all rolled off and landed on her belly. She felt their tiny warm bodies touching hers.

Katie decided to wait and see what they all did.

Eve and Brad were already making their way down between her legs, they were as eager as ever to please her. Jennifer looked back at them and then up towards Katie's face. Their eyes met and Jennifer made a decision, she jogged up to Katie's right breast. Katie decided to leave her to her task.

Chantelle was slower on the take and could have got away with it if she had immediately gone to Katie's left breast, but her hesitation to please caused Katie to take some action. The helpless tiny woman was plucked up by giant hands and lifted her up and over to the giant vagina. With no further warning she was thrust inside to pleasure her.

*

Katie was patiently listening to the seminar on 'why do many female animals exhibit mate choice', she wasn't engaging as much as she used to.

The discussions tended to be far behind where she was in her studies, but recently she found herself at a loss on many of these discussions in terms of the technical terminology and case examples.

For example she hadn't read about the study of the barn swallow; *Hirundo rustica*. Apparently Anders Møller observed that females prefer to mate with males possessing elongated tail feathers.

It turned out that the long-tailed males were infected with fewer bloodsucking mites than their short-tailed counterparts and thus the females had selected a mate which served them or their offspring better. Most of her classmates seemed to know about this so it must have been in some of their reading or study material.

Lisa, across the room, had taken great pleasure in Katie's lack of knowledge on this subject and had prompted her into the discussion, to which Katie had politely declined but glowered back at Lisa. She wished Danielle was in this module rather than Lisa.

Katie returned to taking her notes and fending off the occasional throbs from her private parts. She deliberately didn't think about what she would do with a shrunken Lisa or the tiny sex toys in her bag for the simple reason that she knew she couldn't control herself anymore. She could not disguise it in a small well lit room full of a lecturer and twelve students.

She didn't want to leave for the toilet every time she had an urge; she was desperate to keep this under control. The medication that Doctor Cook had given her wasn't working as well as she had expected.

Her session with her little toys just before this had been intended to tide her over for the hour and a half seminar. It seemed to be working but as the seminar drew to a close she found that her passions were heightened.

They were given additional recommended reading material and then the students and lecturer swiftly left the room. Katie remained, scribbling notes on her pad and trying to hold off the passions. The corridors outside quietened down and soon were silent as then next period started.

Katie started to stand up but a crippling shot of sexual urge overcame her. She winced and sat back down, she couldn't hold on any longer, and reached inside her bag.

"I know you know about what happened to Jenn and Chantelle," Katie's head snapped up at the voice. "you sick bitch, what did you do with them?" Lisa stormed towards her. Katie's eyes widened in surprise and stood up herself, the sexual urges disappearing temporarily.

Lisa grabbed at her wrists, pulling them both up to shoulder height.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Katie retorted angrily, trying to free herself from the vicelike grip of her tormentor.

"You're messed up in the head!" Lisa shouted at her. She clearly noticed Katie guarding her bag with her elbow.

"What have you got there?" Katie's felt her bag being ripped from her grip before she could react. She panicked and scrambled to get it back. Lisa was standing in front of her, holding the bag behind her back.

"Give it back!" Katie demanded, real anger welling up inside her. "Why can't you leave me alone? You're disturbed!"

"Is it a little dildo you've got in here, you sick bitch?" Lisa continued to hold the bag behind her back and started to step backwards towards the door. "I've seen you playing with yourself before."

Katie stood her ground as she stared down her enemy, stepping forward herself.

"Give it back Lisa, I won't tell you again!"

"Not until I see what you're so interested in protecting in there," she whipped the bag around and took a look inside. "What the hell..." the blonde gasped and the bag dropped from her hands.

Katie had to dive to catch it, but only managed to deflect the bag from hitting the ground with full force. It fell on its side; the top pouch opened and spilled its contents.

Two tiny white bodies rolled out of the bag and then sat upright, shaking their heads, stunned.

"What the hell are they?" Lisa looked down at the tiny people in stunned amazement.

Katie ducked to scoop them up but Lisa pushed her away, sending her stumbling into one of the table and a chair. Lisa planted herself between Katie and the tiny bodies.

*

Jennifer was shocked by the sudden drop, she stretched her arms out either side to instinctively defend herself, she was terrified that Katie had dropped the bag. What confused her was that she could have sworn she heard Lisa's voice above her.

All of the occupants of the bag were screaming in fear. They were dropping vertically one second and then they were sent spinning sideways as if something had hit them.

Before she could register what was going on, they stopped dead and she immediately felt herself get thrown out of the bag with such force that she couldn't stop herself.

Jennifer hit the ground and rolled to a stop, vaguely noticing Eve next to her, her brain was spinning. She shook her head quickly to fight off the dizziness and then looked around.

Everything was huge around her, it was so daunting. There were giant shoes and bare skinned ankles and calves nearby.

She looked upwards with a renewed terror. From her vantage point from just below the giant person the legs appeared to stretch upwards for an endless distance. She looked up into the shadow of the skirt and saw the panties and flesh of the thighs and buttocks, then continued to look up.

She could just about make out who it was... Lisa!

Her heart leapt with a sudden hope that she had feared would never return and she hopped up onto her feet, jumping up and down, shouting and waving her arms.

Lisa appeared to be distracted looking out ahead. Jennifer followed the direction that her friend's gaze was fixed on; she was looking at Katie who was just recovering from stumbling into a table and chair.

The sound of the collision of the body and furniture was loud to Jennifer's ears, but she continued to try and get Lisa's attention. Then the giant Lisa looked directly down at Jennifer. Jennifer shouted and waved, desperate to be rescued, feeling slight pain as her naked breasts bounced up and down, but ignoring it. This was her chance to be rescued.

Her giant friend merely stared back at her in complete bemusement.

"What the hell are they?" Lisa's voice projected down towards Jennifer, her gaze locked directly on Jennifer in sudden amazement.

"Lisa, it's me, Jennifer!" She shouted back at the top of her voice. Lisa didn't appear to hear, understand or recognise her. The giant woman leant down towards them; her giant face grew closer and closer.

Jennifer suddenly stopped jumping up and down as an unexpected fear dawned on her. What if Lisa didn't believe her eyes and didn't know what was happening? She might stamp on Jennifer, thinking she was a mouse or some other kind of creature, she remembered that Lisa didn't like small animals.

In that moment she didn't appreciate the irony of someone who studied biology not liking small animals, in that next moment she only thought of self-preservation.

Jennifer unconsciously stepped backwards as the giant woman crouched above her, the giant knees bending above and either side of her, her towering friend cast a complete shadow from the lights of the room over her. The giant skirt billowed around the huge body that descended towards her, sending a gust of air over her body, and causing her to shiver.

Jennifer watched both of Lisa's giant palms descend towards her, they loudly rested either side of Jennifer and Eve. Jennifer quickly looked at one of them, amazed at the size of her friend's hand that was next to her. It really dawned on her how surreal the whole situation was.

The giant woman drew her face even closer to examine them. Her big blue eyes, red lips and face were almost filling Jennifer's vision as they approached, the detail and size was astounding.

Jennifer could feel the giant eyes examining them, the eyes were analysing Eve first and then moved to Jennifer and they widened even further, the retina's enlarged and then the giant woman's mouth opened in a gasp of sudden realisation at what she was looking at.

Lisa's mouth opened to say something but Jennifer saw movement in her peripheral vision and her head snapped towards it.

"Lisa!" She shouted, pointing upwards, trying to warn her friend. "Watch out!"

It was too late, Lisa reacted too slowly, it seemed to happen in slow motion, as she started to look upwards a wooden chair made contact with her temple, Katie was holding the other end of it. An expression of pure hatred across her face.

Jennifer couldn't make out what Katie was shouting at Lisa as she was too busy ducking from Lisa's head as it was knocked towards the ground.

Jennifer managed to dodge away, she was whipped across her body by Lisa's hair as the woman's head hit the ground hard with a loud excruciating crack.

Before Jennifer could react further she was caught by Lisa's hand which unintentionally swiped across and upwards sending her flying across, what felt like, a tremendous distance.

It took the wind out of her and she found herself rolling. She folded her arms in and let her elbows and knees take the impact, wincing in pain as she felt them abrade on the hard floor.

As soon as the momentum was lost, she stood up and spun back towards the giants to gauge the situation. Katie was lunging her left leg towards Lisa after hitting the back of her shoulders with the chair again, with a loud crash. Jennifer flinched at the impact, it looked painful.

One of the chair legs snapped and spun away, landing with a timber clunk nearby. Katie continued with the drive of her motion and kicked her right foot into Lisa's lolling head, she wasn't holding back.

Jennifer watched in despair as Lisa's eyes rolled into the back of her head and it immediately flopped and hit the ground with a dull thud, the giant body was now sprawled in a heap on the bag. She wanted to shout to her to get up.

Jennifer abruptly realised that Chantelle must still be in there and hoped that she hadn't been crushed by her giant friend's body, she was too scared to approach the scene, or intervene, it was too dangerous. There was nothing she could do for Chantelle or Lisa now.

Jennifer looked around frantically, she estimated that she had mere seconds before Katie would start looking for them, rapidly thinking about whether there was a safe escape route for her while Katie was distracted. She made her decision and started to run in the opposite direction to the giant women.

*

Katie looked down at her unconscious nemesis, her mind whirling with emotions. She was shaking from the adrenaline of Lisa spotting the tiny people and then the brief fight, ending with knocking her nemesis out... that bit felt very good. A long time coming.

Now she was trying to think about what to do. If she was found like this standing over the unconscious body of Lisa that would be her College course over and bye bye to any future career.

She spotted Eve nearby, obediently waiting, and scooped the tiny woman up in her hand. She quickly examined her for injuries and then affectionately kissed her naked belly and popped her inside her bra to keep her safe.

She looked around quickly and spotted Jennifer. The cheeky whatsit was making a getaway; she was running towards the external wall of the room, probably heading for the bookcase against the wall to hide under.

Katie effortlessly glided over to the tiny woman and considered how to show some force. She pounced over Jennifer, like a cat catching its prey, landing facing her with her palms slapping the ground loudly in front of her, face hugging the ground.

"I've got you!" she shouted at the tiny woman.

Jennifer stopped dead in her tracks, shocked by the sudden appearance of the giant woman. Her shoulders finally hung limply and her head fell apologetically as she allowed herself to be picked up and placed in the bra. She rolled down until she rested on the giant nipple.

Katie felt Jennifer thump her balled up fist into the flesh of her breast, in frustration, she had been so close to escaping.

Katie made her way back to Lisa and quickly rolled the unconscious woman off her bag and anxiously checked that Chantelle and Brad were unharmed.

Brad was fine, but Chantelle was shaken up. The tiny blonde was wide eyed and terrified, it was clear that she had been close to death, but she had cleverly managed to wedge herself next to Katie's purse which had prevented her from being crushed by Lisa's weight.

She clung for dear life onto Katie's fingers as she was extracted from the bag, glancing over her shoulder at the prone form of her friend. Katie examined her for injuries, gently lifting each limb and spreading the tiny palms and feet over her fingertips.

Satisfied, Katie returned all of them into the bag and swung it over her shoulder. She surveyed the carnage to the furniture and looked back at Lisa. She had to be the priority now, but what could she do with her? She had to do something quick before she regained consciousness.

She ran out into the corridor, panting, looking up and down for inspiration. A sign caught her eye 'Cleaner's Cupboard – Staff Access Only'.

She darted over in desperation, thankfully it was unlocked, she was relieved to find that it wasn't full when she opened the door. It had sufficient space for what she needed to do.

She looked back up and down the corridor. It was clear, so she ran back into the classroom. Groaning with effort she lifted the larger lady up by her armpits. Lisa was heavier than she had thought, the arms flopped and head lolled to the side, covered by her long hair.

Katie had never knocked anyone out before and the body was much heavier than she had expected.

She straightened her arms and dug her heels into the thin carpet, pulling with all her might, after a second the unconscious body started to drag along after her. She gently lowered the torso at the door threshold and glanced up and down the corridor again, it was still clear.

She drew in a deep breath, preparing herself for a final big pull and lifted the torso again, pulling with all her strength, her feet peddling below her, her shoes clattered as they touched the vinyl floor of the corridor, and she wobbled on her heels. She continued dragging the body into the cupboard with such momentum that she slammed into the metal racking inside with a clatter.

She lowered the torso and switched on the light, shutting the door behind her and looked around for something to bind the woman with.

*

Katie gave the unconscious woman one last glance to be sure, then carefully closed the door behind her.

Back outside her thoughts raced for a solution, she started to bite at her thumbnail in anxiety. She nervously looked around to check nobody had seen what was going on. What the hell was she going to do now?

Lisa now knew what Katie had done, she had seen Eve and Jennifer; the stupid bitch had almost killed them all.

It dawned on Katie that she had to take action now; if Lisa escaped she would tell everyone. It wouldn't be long before Katie's life was dissected again like last time, but this time she actually had a big secret... and crime to hide.

'Oh god!' she thought, 'what if she is investigated and they find Jennifer and Chantelle? Isn't that kidnapping? What is even the crime for shrinking someone against their will?'

All the things that she had done to them... It only occurred to her now that she saw it from Lisa's perspective.

She had to do something, she couldn't be caught. There would be no reasoning with Lisa; she had already proven that previously, she couldn't be trusted.

She looked back at the cleaner's cupboard door, blood pulsing hard through her carotid artery feeding oxygen to her brain that was nearing its natural conclusion. A chemical reaction in Katie's head was about to decide Lisa's fate in the name of self-preservation.

She started to run, her mind made up, it was either Lisa or her and she wouldn't let Lisa screw up her life ever again.

She wished that she had worn more practical shoes today, like she had used to, her heels were impeding her speed. Luckily she didn't have to go far.

Along several corridors and up and around several flights of stairs and she reached the biology department common room.

She burst through the double doors, with Georgian wire glazing, sending several people spinning with shouts of anger launched in her direction. She hurled herself through the next set of doors and reached the student locker room. It was a handy area where Biology students could store some of their lab equipment, books and sundries.

Katie fumbled with her key in the lock and it finally clicked, she swung the door open and looked inside at the device. She had hidden the device here, instead of her room, as soon as she had found out that she was a suspect in the investigation of the missing women.

It was less likely to be found here and also harder to connect to Katie, albeit it would be covered with her fingerprints. She made a mental note to sort that out later.

She had charged the battery pack a few days ago and hoped that the large battery pack held the charge well enough.

She had no time to check or test it.

*

Lisa's vision started to clear away the fog, her head was throbbing, and it felt like there was a pulsing lump on the side of it that was trying to burst through her skin.

She felt an alien object in her mouth, she tried to spit it out but it wouldn't budge, it was completely tight around her head and gagging her. She groaned in pain, her eyes were definitely fully open but it was almost pitch black. There was a thin sliver of light near her on the floor.

She rolled onto her side and tried to stand up, feeling another bruise on her hip. That was when she realised that her hands and legs were somehow immobilised. Her hands were held fast behind her back.

She tried to look behind her to see what it was but her head made hard contact with a cold metal object. There was a clatter from whatever she hit and she quickly retracted her head with a wince, she did it so fast and hard that it ended up striking the solid floor. She swore and sucked through her teeth as she felt her head spin.

She rolled over onto her belly in an attempt to stand up, her breath on the floor merely kicking up dust and causing her to sneeze. It was hard to breath in that position and she couldn't get purchase to get up, her knees and ankles appeared to be tied together.

Snot started to gather in her nostrils.

"huummf!" she tried to shout for help, the gag merely muffled her voice and nearly caused her to choke as she strained herself, saliva collected around the edge of the object in her mouth but she couldn't eject it. She had tried rolling her tongue or biting it hard.

Lisa rolled onto her back and tried to curl her feet and legs underneath her body to lift herself up. Every time she attempted to lift her chest her bindings, that held her wrists, pulled her back tight just below her breasts.

That was when she realised that her wrists must be tied to something else that was more solid and it was strapped around her waist.

What had that lunatic Katie done?

She managed to get her legs beneath her body and started to pull away but she felt the metal object next to her start to rattle and wobble. She hesitated with baited breath, listening.

There were rattling sounds all the way up it. She managed to grab part of the object with her hand behind her back. It was a metal frame. She felt up to what felt like the bottom shelf. It was a rack of some sort, she concluded.

She was now concerned about pulling it down on top of herself, she didn't know if it was fixed to the wall, how heavy it was, what was on it or where she was. The last thing she wanted was to be pinned down and trapped further.

Then her mind started to clear on how she arrived in this predicament. The last thing Lisa remembered was getting into a fight with Katie and then she was thrown backwards and that was when she must have been knocked out.

She gasped behind the gag as she remembered what she had seen before that. Katie had two tiny people in her bag; they had definitely been real, one of them had looked exactly like a miniature Jennifer, what the hell were they and what was going on?

The sudden thought of Katie returning goaded Lisa on. She felt a new strength surge through her and she pulled with all of her might with her arms, biting down into the gag and unleashing her lungs on it as she strained.

She released when there was no movement and paused to catch her breath, her nostrils flaring, snot streaming down the sides of her mouth.

Then she started to feel her way around the metal with her hands as best she could. Her hand knocked a loose object and it fell off the bottom shelf with a clatter of a number of metal objects dispersed on the ground with a loud ringing sound.

Her hands scrabbled around to gather whatever it was. The objects were long and sharp with metal thread, they were screws. She picked one up in her fingers and folded her hands back to reach the binding.

Lisa pulled her arms away to stretch the binding so she could try and cut it. She felt despair overcome her as she realised that the binding was wire cable and there was no way that she could get through that with a measly screw.

She shouted into the gag in frustration, it merely sapped the sound of her voice as well as drying out her mouth. She collapsed against the floor, breathing hard, trying to think of an escape. Spittle dribbled down the side of her chin.

Her eyes focused on the sliver of light and she examined it. She could just about see through it. That was when she realised she was looking out into a corridor, it must be a door that she was looking under.

Lisa reached out with her legs and felt the hard surface of a wall. She pushed off hard and felt her bindings restrain her, but not before her head made contact with the door with a dull thud.

She groaned from the pain but did it again anyway and was astounded as light suddenly flooded into the room. Lying on her side she looked up and out, squinting in the bright light.

The door drifted open slowly then reached a stop. Lisa examined her surroundings, it was the Biology lecture hall corridor, she had been moved from the classroom into the little store room but there was nobody to be seen.

She tried shouting through the gag, but she heard how pathetic it was in her own ears. Then the door started to drift back. Lisa squirmed to reach it and it continued to close until it stopped gently against her nose. The top of her head was wedged in the door.

She tried to adjust her weight, feeling the cabinet next to her rattle again and some other objects fell from the shelves, one of them hit her thigh hard and clattered on the floor with a metallic ring, she ignored the stab of pain and continued to pull, hoping it would either release her or the noise would attract attention.

She could hear footsteps and her heart leapt in joy, she started to shout through the gag and pull against the frame as well as trying to nudge the door open.

The door miraculously opened itself and Lisa looked up in anticipation of her rescue.

*

Katie looked down as she stood in the doorway of the cleaner's store. Lisa was looking up at her, wide eyed. The makeshift gag consisting of her sock was covered in saliva and snot. Her heart was racing; she hadn't expected Lisa to get the door open.

Katie looked around, no-one was about.

She switched the light on inside and grabbed at Lisa's armpits and mustered all of her strength to lift the larger woman with the intention of dragging her back inside, but Lisa had other ideas. She flattened her spine and stretched herself out like a child in a tantrum.

The woman kept screaming for help through the sock, it just emerged as a muffled wail, but it was loud enough to elevate Katie's concern of getting caught.

"C'mon!" she jammed her knee into Lisa's stomach and applied pressure to pacify her. The other woman resisted and threw out her head, it hit the door with a dull thud. In response to the noise Katie's head snapped up to see if anyone was there to see the commotion, luckily not.

She considered just grabbing hold of the device and shrinking Lisa now, there and then. As the thought passed through her mind she also realised that she was still holding Lisa, pinning her down and she didn't know how the device worked. Bodily contact might end up shrinking her as well as Lisa. She had to control the situation; she had to succeed in dominating Lisa right now.

Lisa's eyes were bulging, looking upwards and out towards the corridor, desperately searching for aid.

"Stop!" Katie shouted at Lisa as she continued to struggle, "and I'll untie you," that served to subdue her slightly; the eyes were back on Katie.

They were trying to analyse the situation and the threat. They were glistening with tears from the struggle. Lisa's makeup was smudged across her cheeks. The eyes were searching for the truth, there was hope, the desperation to be liberated, but there was also mistrust. "I promise I will untie you, I just want to talk."

Lisa stopped struggling completely and offered up her head for Katie to pull off the makeshift gag. Katie could feel the muscles in Lisa's body relaxing slightly; it was as if she were a corpse losing its rigor mortis.

"You promise you won't scream?" Katie asked, doubting the lie before it even emerged from Lisa, the woman nodded eagerly, mumbling something. Katie lifted herself off of Lisa's body, moving over as if to pull the sock out of her mouth.

Instead she placed her left foot in the door threshold, and with her right hand she grabbed a handful of Lisa's long hair and tugged her inside the cleaner's store with all of her might.

The other woman screamed against the gag, biting down, nostrils flaring with exertion of resistance and anger at the sudden betrayal. The muscles in the body tensed up again, but it was too late, Katie's left hand had already clasped itself around the door handle and had pulled the door shut so hard that both of them fell backwards in a tangle.

Lisa lifted herself up against the wall, probably using her hands and arms behind her back to support her. Katie was just trying to work out how Lisa had managed to get that far away, from the shelf that she had been tied to, when Lisa launched herself from the wall using her right shoulder, slamming her left shoulder into Katie's temple as hard as she could.

Katie was convinced that she had blacked out for a few seconds because her thoughts were a complete jumble and she found herself flat on the floor, her mouth was coated in dust and she tasted something warm, wet and metallic, the world was spinning around her.

It took a few seconds for her vision to clear again. Lisa was trying to shoulder herself against the door to open it, but the catch was holding. Her hands were still restrained behind her back. A part of the metal racking was attached to her restraints.

Lisa glanced back at Katie, her face was illuminated in the dim cupboard lighting, it was a terrifying scene of anger, hatred and a new emotion was there that Katie's mind was just decoding as Lisa's feet slammed into her chest. It would have been her face had she not deflected it with her forearms.

Her forearms and chest burned from the impact. What hurt even more were the results from her decoding of the look in her subconscious. That was a look of hard survival in Lisa's eyes; the woman had decided that there was nothing that Katie could do to prevent her from escaping. She knew that Lisa would go to insane lengths to escape; she had proven that insanity in the past.

In response, adrenaline soared through Katie's body providing her with focus and clarity, as she noticed that Lisa's wrists were starting to get free from the knots that bound them together behind her back. The metal object clattered to the floor.

Another foot kicked out, catching Katie in the shoulder, but this time she struck back. Her arms heaved her upwards to stand and she stumbled as blood rushed to her head.

She felt a warm trickle of what must be blood down the side of her face; she wiped at it and tried to remove as much of the dust as she could as she stepped backwards to the other side of the cupboard, gaining distance from Lisa.

Lisa kicked out again with each leg, aiming at Katie's legs in an effort to disable her. Katie jumped away from them and up to where Lisa's midsection was.

Lisa tried to kick off the wall to spin herself around on a new angle of attack but Katie was at the other side of the cupboard, out of range, and she grasped at the circular cold metal object inside her back-pack. She pointed it directly at Lisa.

Lisa instantly froze upon seeing the muzzle of an unknown object being pointed at her, her eyes analysing the new threat and undertaking a mental assessment, her nostrils were flaring for oxygen, saliva and snot were mixing in an unattractive slime on the surface of the sock, and her eyes were streaming with tears and makeup. Her long hair was matted to her face.

Both of the women were panting for breath but Katie knew that she had the trump card; it was only a matter of time. She had previously wondered in films why they always dragged out the bit where one of the protagonists had the upper hand and there was usually a speech or some kind of display of power to make a point that gave the other protagonist enough time to find a way to best the other.

However now she realised why they did it, the sudden rush of power and victory was captivating, Katie wanted to savour the moment. She wanted both of them to remember this moment forever. Especially as she knew that Lisa had no way out. This would be their last time as equals.

There was no sudden escape from her bindings for Lisa, there was no heavy object conveniently placed nearby for her to grab hold of and use against Katie. This was it and part of Lisa clearly knew it. The woman was frozen like a rabbit in headlights, waiting for the inevitable, even though she had no idea what was in store for her. Katie didn't let it come yet, she wanted to remember this.

Still pointing the muzzle of the device at Lisa she reached backwards and carefully lifted out the small box from her bag. Lisa watched nervously as Katie unclasped the catch with one hand and, after rummaging inside for a few seconds, she lifted out a tiny, naked dangling body. She lifted the tiny person upwards in the light closer to Lisa's face.

Lisa's eyes focused on the tiny person and widened in shock and horror at what she saw. Her voice was muffled but it was clear to Katie as her jawline moved to mouth out the surprised words "Chan-telle?" Katie nodded with satisfaction.

"I also have Jennifer, you saw her earlier," she grinned at Lisa mischievously, "this is all real, and I'm about to add you to my little collection."

Lisa's eyes could not tear themselves away from looking in shock at her tiny friend dangling a few inches in front of her face. The tiny Chantelle merely dangled from one of her arms, hanging limply, looking up at her friend with despair. More tears started to appear at the corners of Lisa's eyes and her nostrils started to flare again as she braced for a final stand.

Chantelle was pulled back and placed into the box. Lisa's eyes slowly slid back towards Katie's face, anger and hatred returned.

"I'm going to shrink you to her size Lisa," Katie told her, looking her nemesis straight in the eyes. "I'm going to keep you as my little toy to do with as I please and no-one will ever find you." Now was when Lisa's eyes darted for objects to aid her escape but it was too late for her.

The hard minded bitch would never plead for her freedom. Over the many times that she had played this moment over in her head before, Katie had kind of hoped that she would plead.

She shrugged to herself as she pressed on the trigger of the device.

Lisa's eyes widened and there was a bright flash which lit up the cleaner's store. Her face creased up into an expression of pure agony. She curled up into a foetal position, shaking the racking behind her, her wails of anguish still muffled by the sock in her mouth.

Katie's heart was thumping with excitement and anticipation; she had been waiting for this moment for so long. She dared't even blink, in case she missed anything, however the moment itself seemed to last forever, so long in fact, that she suddenly grew concerned that nothing was actually happening.

Then she could visibly see as Lisa started to shrink, her body was convulsing with the apparent pain of the process, in a similar way that Jennifer and Chantelle had.

Katie expected that the process of altering someone's molecular structure was very painful and traumatic indeed. She had studied the scientific theory of it further once she had shrunk Chantelle and Jennifer. She didn't particularly revel in the thought of causing pain, but the power and outcome was riveting.

Her eyes studied the scene, keenly sucking in every second of the process and logging the memory forever; she hoped. As Lisa's body shrunk, her bindings and gag loosened, as well as her clothes. Her voice then became louder.

Katie was now concerned that they would be caught. She could never explain this away.

Katie hid the device in the back-pack, noting that the battery was red hot, making sure it didn't touch the box with the tiny women, and turned towards Lisa; the woman was now only a few feet long and was starting to crawl towards Katie, moaning for help. That was weird; it had completely incapacitated the other women before.

Katie watched as the woman shrank smaller and smaller in front of her, convulsing but still continuing to crawl. She felt goosebumps appear across her back at the eerie scene. She knew the anger and anguish on Lisa's face would stay with her for a long time.

The clothes that Lisa was wearing were now baggy and hung off her body, like a child playing fancy dress with its parents' clothes. One of her breasts popped free as her bra fell loose and Katie felt a thrill of excitement at the vulnerability and sudden exposure of the other woman.

Then Katie realised that Lisa wasn't crawling towards her but the door. The woman was clever and determined, she gave her that, even though it was ultimately futile.

The shrinking was really starting to take effect now. Lisa was shrinking by inches every few seconds. Her voice was a shrill cry but no way near as loud as it had been.

Katie wanted to shut her up but dared not touch her yet, she didn't know what might happen until Lisa had stopped shrinking.

She was leaving her clothes in a trail behind her, and she soon became completely naked. Katie admired the naked shrinking body with pure excitement.

Nevertheless Lisa continued to stumble and crawl towards the door, convulsing occasionally. Her eyes were fixed, with determination, on the gap under the door.

Katie moved herself closer until she was squatting nearby. Lisa was still a foot away from the gap at the door threshold. Katie towered over the shrinking body, which was now a mere ten inches long. At her new size Lisa stood a chance of being able to escape under the door, so Katie was watching intently like a preying heron at the side of a lake.

The voice of the tiny woman was high pitched as she continued to battle against what was happening to her and then without any warning she got to her feet and made a sudden dash for the door. She ran in a weaving motion, clearly struggling with her balance.

Despite her surprise at Lisa's sudden burst of energy, Katie effortlessly dropped her hand in front of Lisa's path like a closing castle portcullis. The tiny Lisa slammed into the fleshy wall and collapsed in a heap, her head dipped down as if in defeat and then she looked upwards, first at the giant hand, she slid down Katie's giant palm, her face still contorted in agony.

Then her gaze followed the giant arm along and up to Katie's face and their eyes locked, Katie could see that it was only adrenaline and sheer willpower that kept Lisa going. The tiny mouse sized woman was refusing to allow shock to take hold of her but the realisation of her situation was dawning on her.

She knelt and leaned in closely to her defeated adversary, now her prey, bringing her lips close to the tiny woman until they were a few inches away, allowing her breath to pass over the five inch woman. She had thought about this moment with relish but had always thought it not possible, as she had expected Lisa to pass out like the other women had.

"You're mine now," she whispered to Lisa, her lips enunciated every syllable. She drew her head back to observe Lisa as the tiny woman collapsed into unconsciousness. The tiny naked body rolled over onto its back.

Katie looked down at the tiny form, her mind singing in victory. She finally had her, she finally had Lisa!

Chapter 6 – I’ve Got Her!

“What do you mean she’s disappeared?” Detective John Peterson’s gravelly voice carried his concern.

“She was in the seminar but she never came out,” Detective Richard Dawson replied avoiding eye contact.

“They switched the seminar rooms at last minute so all of the cameras I had installed were useless and I was relying on visual surveillance and I couldn’t get in there.”

“Dammit!” Peterson thumped the steering wheel of the car, the large car shook for an instant. “I thought you were on top of this Dawson,”

“I am... I just... we need more resources and surveillance equipment...”

“We can’t get anything else until we get our funding from head office and we’re getting nothing until we come up with some evidence,” Peterson retorted. “You know that, so why do you keep asking for more resources?”

“Where were you?” Dawson asked, ignoring the question. Peterson raised his eyebrows at the insubordination.

“I was following Jonah...”

“And?”

“And that little shit is good at keeping his cards close to his chest. He’s definitely a dodgy fucker though. He’s very careful about what he’s doing at all times.” Peterson’s gaze drilled into Dawson. “We need to find out what happened to her or we’ve got another missing girl on our hands and this one will be on you this time!”

“There’s one more thing.” Peterson’s eyes narrowed in interest at Dawson’s tone of voice. “Katie Reed was in the same seminar.” That garnered Peterson’s full attention.

“Tell me everything, I want a full debrief on this.”

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Lisa felt herself falling. She screamed as she awoke from her sleep, she had thought it was a dream, but this was definitely real. She landed in a cold, wet, white, gooey substance which slowed her fall before her feet hit a hard surface with a jarring halt.

It was as white as snow but... some entered into her mouth and nose, she spluttered in surprise, it tasted like dairy. Completely covered in the stuff she rotated until she was on all fours and crawled along the floor, holding her head up for air.

Her face made impact with a hard surface, and she recoiled in shock, unable to see through the substance. She sat back on her haunches and wiped at her eyes with her hands.

A large sliver metal object appeared in her peripheral vision; she followed the object with her gaze and suddenly noticed to her amazement what appeared to be giant fingertips holding the long stem. She looked upwards and screamed in shock at the huge beaming face above her.

“Ahh, my little snack has awoken,” the voice boomed down at her.

Lisa couldn't believe it, this must be a nightmare, the huge form above her resembled Katie, but it couldn't be. She looked around in terror, she couldn't see anything around her, just the white substance she was in, she must be in a deep ceramic bowl with high sides.

It was then that she realised that she was completely naked and it was really cold. She was covered in cold yoghurt and the base of the bowl she sat on was also cold. She shivered, feeling goose-bumps spread all over her body.

She covered her upper body with her arms, hugging herself for warmth as she looked up again.

The giant spoon was retracted after scooping some yoghurt and it ascended towards the giant face. Katie was looking back down at Lisa, huge locks of hair framing her face. Her eyes were fixed on Lisa as the tiny woman stared up at her, frozen in awe.

The spoon, with a heap of white yoghurt was lifted towards the giant maw of a mouth as it opened to receive it. Katie continued to look down at Lisa as her mouth closed around the spoon and its contents. Then she slowly swallowed, closing her eyes and moaning in apparent pleasure, running her index finger down her throat, as if following the cold yoghurt.

She then rotated the spoon and her tongue emerged from her mouth to slowly lick the remaining traces of the yoghurt from the spoon, restoring the shiny metal surface.

Lisa was terrified by the scene above her; she looked around desperately for an escape. She started to wade in the opposite direction to the giant woman, towards the edge of the high sided bowl in an attempt to run up to it and grab the top. She could feel the eyes of the giant above her observing her every move.

The rim of the bowl was over a metre above her but possible to be reached with some effort. Her feet slid as she powered her legs, her abilities and fitness from hockey and track paying off, as her feet slipped against the yoghurt and ceramic finish of the bowl they continued to gain some friction and drive her upwards.

She pushed her body into a jump and hit the side of the bowl as she managed to gain a handhold with her left hand over the rim. Her lungs burned with the effort, she suddenly didn't feel as fit as she thought she was.

Clinging tightly Lisa placed her feet against the wall of the bowl and powered her legs in a cycling motion. Despite her feet slipping and sliding against the ceramic she did gain traction and managed to swing her body so her other hand could also grab the rim.

She pulled herself up until her breasts were over the edge and her stomach was lying against the rim and then she swung her legs with enough force to throw her over the side with sufficient momentum to escape and run away.

She yelped out in pain as her left knee hit a hard object almost immediately upon swinging over. She lost all feeling in her leg as her body continued to swing over and she realised in a blur of motion that the giant woman had brought the spoon to the side of the bowl to catch her. Before Lisa could react the spoon was lifted towards her stomach at a wrenching speed and flipped her back into the bowl.

There was a brief sensation of flying as she cartwheeled through the air, then fell with her back facing downwards. The soft yoghurt absorbed her fall with a squelch as it encompassed her body. The white cushioning slowed her to a gentle stop and her feet touched the cold floor again.

She was below the surface of the yoghurt; all she could see was white, the temperature also chilled her to the bone. A memory of skiing off piste in the Alps emerged from her past; she had fallen in a snow drift and had been unable to escape for over twenty minutes until someone had spotted one of her skis on the

surface. Lisa could not restrain the sudden alarm that came over her; the feeling of helplessness and claustrophobia overcame her.

The tiny woman lashed out with her arms and legs at the creamy substance that encompassed her, it was nothing like the snow when her body made contact, it was impossible to push it or herself away from it. In fact her movements merely made it worse for her as her actions caused the yoghurt to flow around her body and face and coating her even more than before.

The hyperventilation instigated by the fear swiftly followed which served to worsen the situation as she inhaled yoghurt into her mouth and oesophagus which forced her to choke and cough as the alarm turned to panic.

Remembering where she was, or at least thought she was, Lisa pushed off the floor of the bowl with both hands and broke the surface of the yoghurt with a gasp; she was unable to inhale to the full capacity of her lungs and coughed up more yoghurt.

She wiped at her eyes to clear them, looking down at her naked body, she was completely coated. Looking upwards, her blurry eyes caught the motion of a dark round object flying down at her.

“Think fast!” boomed the loud voice above her. Her physical reactions and instincts kicked in to catch what looked like a dark red ball. Her hands closed around the smooth, soft surface but the momentum continued forcing her feet to scramble for purchase on the smooth surface below.

Lisa forced her chin upwards, to prevent her face from being submerged again, as she fell backwards onto her behind. The yoghurt absorbed most of the motion and she glided to the bottom of the bowl. Her face and hands, held the mystery object above the surface.

She looked at the object as she stood up again; it was a dark cherry, impossibly big at the size of a netball, yet there it was in her hands, it was actually quite heavy as well.

“Hold it on your head,” the giant voice ordered.

“No way!” Lisa shouted back up at her captor.

She caught the sudden glimpse of anger across Katie’s face. Yesterday she wouldn’t have cared less about what Katie felt, but now Lisa felt a terror overcome her as she finally comprehended her situation. It all started to make sense... well, not sense, but it started to piece together.

Katie’s sudden resistance and power against Lisa of late, her growing confidence and her sick desperation to get Lisa for herself by any means. Her friends disappearing and then seeing the tiny forms before this had happened.

This was still surely impossible, Lisa had never heard of any ability through science, or otherwise, to shrink an object or a person. Especially someone like Katie being able to do this to her, it must be some kind of elaborate trick.

“That wasn’t the response I was looking for Lisa!” Katie frowned down at her. Her eyes shifted to something below the bowl. Lisa was desperate to know what it was. When she did finally see the object come into view it was too late to do anything as the nozzle of the plastic bottle ejected a dark thick fluid directly at her naked upper body.

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Katie looked down at the tiny woman as she squirted the chocolate syrup at her. She had squeezed the bottle pretty hard in her anger at the sheer arrogance of the tiny woman. She couldn't believe the cheek and ignorance of the woman to resist her in her current predicament.

She would clearly have to train Lisa just like Chantelle and Jennifer. It would only be a matter of time, and time was definitely on her side. She owned Lisa now. That thought caused a sudden surge of power and confidence through her body, her mouth rising at the corners into a wide smile.

The sight of the tiny woman attempting to deflect the chocolate syrup, with her outstretched hands, was hilarious and thrilling to watch. Her hands were completely ineffectual, her entire upper body was coated, her face was covered and she spluttered helplessly. She resorted to merely defending her eyes and mouth with her arms as she fell to her knees.

Katie continued to squeeze the syrup bottle over the tiny woman, admiring the sight of the tiny supple breasts as they were completely coated with the oozing chocolate.

The chocolate ran down the athletic body of the tiny woman, who was now almost static. She looked for-all-the-world like a chocolate figurine. Lisa was clearly waiting for the torrent of chocolate to cease, and then as she tried to breathe she spluttered, coughed and collapsed forwards onto her hands, adding a yoghurt coating on top of the chocolate on her little tits.

The chocolate spread outwards from the tiny body and started to mix with the yoghurt. It looked yummy.

Katie placed the bottle on the desk next to her and decided to have a taste of the new mixture that surrounded Lisa. She scooped up a small amount of yoghurt with the spoon and slid the spoon in a gliding motion towards the tiny woman.

The spoon accepted the chocolate coating as the edge was gently pressed against the naval of the tiny woman. Lisa jerked backwards in fright at the touch, flailing backwards, unable to see as a result of her face being caked in chocolate.

Katie giggled as the tiny woman rubbed at her eyes with her tiny hands. She continued to slide the spoon up the belly of the tiny woman and up to her breasts, her pale skin was revealed beneath as the spoon picked up a streak of the chocolate.

Katie lifted the spoon towards her mouth as she continued to watch the writhing woman in the bowl. She moaned in pleasure as she tasted the sweetness of the yoghurt and chocolate, the taste was made all the better from the scene below her, she felt such power and control.

"Hmm, that tasted good," Katie murmured. "I bet it tasted better because of you... nice and salty."

"You crazy bitch!" The tiny woman spurted through her mouth, "What have you done to me?"

Katie flinched slightly in surprise as the tiny voice shouted up at her.

How could this little cow still have the gall to insult her? Katie could do whatever she wanted to Lisa, whenever she wanted.

The tiny woman managed to clear her eyes enough to glare up at Katie, two little light smudges. The tiny woman defiantly raised herself to a standing position, head up high, hands balled up into fists and giving Katie the finger with both hands.

"Fuck you!" She shouted up at Katie. Katie merely laughed at the sight of the tiny woman, completely coated in chocolate, attempting to lay the law down at her.

The angered Lisa even more.

"Fuck you, you giant pig!" Katie bellowed in laughter.

"I've never heard such language from my dessert before," she replied after she had expelled her lungs, still chuckling. The tiny woman appeared to cower slightly at the words.

"What do you want from me?" Lisa demanded back, shouting as loud as she could, in an attempt to claw back the complete loss of power.

"You," Katie merely replied.

Lisa screwed her tiny face up in confusion. Katie concluded that she still clearly didn't understand the situation.

"What the hell does that mean?"

"I wanted you and now I've got you," Katie shrugged nonchalantly. The tiny woman looked up at her with a dumbfounded expression, or what could be deciphered through the chocolate. Katie sighed.

"You see my little thing, I own you now. You're my little..."

"You don't own me you crazy bitch!" Lisa bellowed at her as loud as she could project her voice, but to Katie it was less than impressive.

"Yes, I do..."

"This is kidnapping..."

"-and who is going to find you or even expect you to be a tiny little person?" Katie cut her off.

"...Human rights..."

"You have to be human to have human rights," Katie cut her off again. Lisa withdrew at those words.

"I am human you crazy bitch!" She shouted back insolently.

"Nope, correction, you were human. Now you're just..." Katie considered this, looking Lisa up and down, she still didn't have an answer for the situation, and it was unprecedented in her mind. There was nothing in history except for slavery that could back up this situation. Even then slavery, while a terrible period of human history, was a matter of fate of situation and fortune.

Of course slaves were still humans, still people, the same as their captors. It was just a terrible set of circumstances that led them to being under the control and power of others which was forced on them.

However, Katie decided that she wanted to view the person that stood before her as no longer being Lisa; her body had been transformed to the tiny form in front of her. As far as Katie knew it was permanent. How could Lisa possibly return to her existing life?

At her new size she was now completely helpless to the giant world around her; she was more helpless than a mouse. At least small mammals like rodents had evolved over thousands, if not millions, of years, adapted and honed their survival to their environment.

A tiny thing like Lisa was completely helpless to the new world around her. She was a freak of nature and she was completely reliant on Katie for her survival now. She was completely at Katie's mercy. This would need to be the first lesson.

“Now you’re just my plaything, my pet, my servant, my toy. You are whatever I want you to be, because I own your little body now, permanently. I am your goddess.” That felt great to say to Lisa. Katie felt a surge of power and excitement.

Lisa merely looked up at her, mouth open, arms dangling at her sides, clearly aghast at what she was hearing.

“You...are... fucking crazy!” She shouted up at Katie. Katie merely smiled sympathetically at her.

“It’s fine.” She shook her head, as if in disappointment. “You’ll learn in time, just like the others have. You’ll learn to respect me and my complete power over you. I’ll just have to give you a demonstration of your new position in the world.”

“Do you remember when you pushed my face into my yoghurt in the canteen?”

Before Lisa could react Katie pressed an index finger behind her head and forced the tiny woman face first into the yoghurt. Katie giggled in delight at the tiny woman wiping away the yoghurt in frustration. “I would like to say we’re even... but we’re not.” She reached down towards Lisa with the spoon. “Not even close.”

The tiny woman spotted the metal object and spun away and made for the edge of the bowl. She managed to wade to the edge; Katie deliberately trailed the spoon slowly after her in a slow motion pursuit.

As Lisa reached the wall of the bowl she attempted to jump up and grab the edge, she managed to gain purchase with one hand, smudging chocolate on the ceramic side to the bowl. Katie merely traced her left index finger around the rim of the bowl, forcing the tiny fingers to lose their grip.

The tiny woman slid back down the side of the bowl into the yoghurt, she turned to face the metal spoon. Katie proceeded in approaching Lisa with the spoon. The tiny arms and hands reached out to fend off the metal spoon, attempting to push it away, with only minor success, the spoon was only diverted for a second but still continued to push forward with unbreakable strength.

Lisa’s hands gripped the edge of the spoon as it continued, unrelenting.

“Get on the spoon!” Katie ordered. The tiny woman refused, still attempting to push the spoon away. The obstinate reaction by the tiny form angered Katie further.

She deliberated over whether to keep pushing the spoon just enough to give Lisa the illusion that her efforts to push it away were just successful enough to keep it at bay and slowly exhaust the tiny woman into submission, or...

Katie opted for the latter option which was shock and awe. Lisa had to know that there was absolutely no resistance available to her. Katie reached out with her left hand and, between thumb and forefinger, gripped the tiny woman. She didn't hold her roughly enough to cause harm but just enough to show her that she was completely at the mercy of Katie and that she couldn't struggle or slip out of her grasp.

The tiny woman was unable to resist the giant fingers as they closed around her shoulders and lifted her onto the spoon. She was unceremoniously dumped on the spoon. The tiny woman flopped over the curved metal, stomach facing downwards, her breasts pressing against the gleaming metal and her arms and legs dangling and stretching over the sides. Immediately as the hand started to retract Lisa attempted to launch herself clear of the spoon, the giant hand was quicker and pinned her to it.

Katie lifted the spoon towards her face, the other hand still pinning Lisa to it. As the tiny woman drew nearer Katie could make out the detail of the woman. She had admired the shrunken form immediately

after shrinking her, but she had been in a rush. Now she was transfixed at how she looked covered in yoghurt and chocolate, completely powerless to Katie.

Lisa's limbs were dangling over the side of the spoon as she was lifted towards the face, her head rotated to look up towards Katie.

"Now I'll show you," Katie murmured to Lisa. "Look down," Lisa looked downwards quickly, but snapped her head back, untrusting. "You're at least two hundred metres up from the ground from your perspective," Katie smiled briefly, jiggling her head, "comparatively speaking. If you fall you will probably die."

Lisa's eyes burned towards Katie, she could see the tiny eyes studying her huge face, there was definitely fear there, but there appeared to be more stubbornness about her expression. Even Jennifer had had the sense to realise how powerless she actually was once she was up close to Katie's huge face and mouth.

Yes, she remembered now, her mouth had almost instantly broken Jennifer. Katie would simply have to provide a similar demonstration of power.

"Therefore, it's in your interest to stay on this spoon and do whatever I tell you." Katie slowly lifted the fingertips from Lisa's back and moved her hand to her lap, far enough away to prevent a false sense of security, but within reach to catch the woman if she decided that she preferred death rather than lose her pride.

Lisa chose life for the time being. She gripped the edge of the spoon with both hands and raised her upper body curling her legs beneath her until she sat on them, looking up at the huge face. She sat back, holding the edge of the spoon behind her with both hands.

She was shaking, perhaps through fear, but also possibly due to the cold yoghurt. Lisa was large enough to fill the spoon and Katie had to admit that, while she was no cannibal, the chocolate coated woman did look very tasty and tempting indeed.

"Good girl," Katie rewarded Lisa with praise; it was met with a disdainful look and the tiny woman shouting something about having no choice.

"The sooner you learn that, the better," Katie brought the spoon towards her mouth and slowly and suggestively licked her lips with her tongue. She enjoyed watching the tiny woman grimace in distaste at the sight and noticed that Lisa was starting to show the signs of her anxiety. She was now unable to look away from the predatory gaze of her captor, her eyes were wider from fear.

"What are you going to do with me?" Lisa shouted, uncertainty now creeping into her voice. It was clear to her now that she was sat on a spoon, right next to a giant mouth of her enemy and she was covered in tasty chocolate and yoghurt.

Katie gave her a lasting look, enough to unnerve her tiny victim; she was amazed at how brave the little thing was.

"What should I do with you?" the question was more rhetorical but was taken as a question.

"Let me go!" the tiny woman shouted back. Katie didn't even bother laughing.

"No," she instantly cut the woman off, "You're mine, forever," it was so abrupt and firm that Lisa's eyes grew wide in fear. "To do with how I please," Katie continued, her eyes hungrily studied the tiny form in detail. Lisa clearly picked up on the piercing eyes as she instinctively shuffled her body to the edge of the spoon, clinging on to the edge.

Lisa risked a look downwards to judge the drop; she was clearly calculating whether it was worth the fall. As she looked back she was met with a sloppy pink tongue.

Katie's taste buds immediately registered the sweetness of the chocolate as her tongue covered the upper body of the tiny woman. Her left hand returned to ensure that the woman was unable to escape.

She could hear the complaints and protests of the tiny woman and quite simply didn't care enough to respond. She wanted Lisa to feel exactly what she was at the moment, a living lollipop. Her entire existence at this moment was to serve her giant mistress by being a tasty toy to lick. She was so tasty that Katie had to force herself to remember not to bite this lollipop.

Katie enjoyed her tongue's exploration of Lisa's body. She ran the tip from the lower portion of the navel up the belly and chest to the supple breasts. Her tongue lingered on each of the breasts, her lips closed around each one to enable her to gently suck at them; she could just about feel the nipples, or at least she imagined that she could.

She continued to suck despite the accusations of being a dirty lesbian and a dyke. Then she pulled the spoon away from her mouth to study her lollipop.

Lisa's face was shrivelled in disgust. She was spitting from her mouth, trying to clear the saliva and chocolate from it. The pale skin on the front portion of her body was more visible now after a larger swathe of the chocolate coating had been licked away.

Katie rolled her tongue in her mouth and continued to taste the sweet and salty mixture of the chocolate. She decided that Lisa's body definitely added something to the flavour. She would enjoy doing this again. She suspected that her lollipop would be more compliant next time.

Katie admired the partially covered chocolate breasts. It had always amazed her that Lisa had managed to keep a slim athletic figure and yet her breasts were of ample size and shape. She was much more impressive than Katie's other three female pets. Whilst Eve's body was almost perfect, there was something about Lisa that had always drawn Katie to her. Perhaps it was Lisa's willpower that she was now determined to dominate.

She continued to eye Lisa up, subjected to the occasional abuse by her, which she ignored as the last ditch efforts of resistance of the helpless. The face of the tiny woman was still largely caked in chocolate. Katie decided that she wanted to see that pretty face again and to see the expressions in more detail.

She lifted the spoon towards her mouth again and opened it to receive the tiny woman. Her hand felt the pitiful resistance of the tiny body as it was pushed inside the open mouth. Katie's tongue met the head of the woman and she closed her mouth around the upper body and shoulders. She could feel the head desperately shaking and moving from side to side to escape the warm salivary cavern to no avail.

Katie sucked and rubbed her tongue from side to side and around the tiny head, she felt the long strands of hair and she relished the taste of the living lollipop. She thought she could feel the vibrations of screaming on her tongue, but it might have been her imagination. She definitely felt tiny fists thumping away at her tongue. Despite the fact that it was amusing, the idea of any kind of resistance could not be left to stand. She gave the same amount of quarter that Lisa had always given her...none.

Katie adjusted the grip of her left hand to clamp the tiny arms at the sides, adjusting the body in her mouth, her fingertips crept along each arm until they were truly pinned and disabled.

Once the sensation of the chocolate taste dissipated from her mouth she retracted the tiny body to study it again. She smiled at the tiny shape. Lisa was flopped on the spoon, completely covered and dripping in saliva, her long hair was a large clump behind her head.

She continued to look disdainfully at Katie. She was definitely stronger than Jennifer. Chantelle had simply been pathetic. Chantelle had instantly become what Katie had always thought her to be, her sole purpose in life from now on was a living dildo for Katie's pleasure. She was not even worth being dignified the role of lollipop or caressing Katie's body elsewhere.

The thoughts running through Katie's head gave her a naughty idea. She suddenly thought of something that would really get Lisa angry. She grasped the tiny woman and spoon in her left hand and padded over to her drawer unit. She pulled out the top drawer and carefully lifted out the tiny box that was now home to her little pets, ensuring that she held it flat. She had perforated the lid for air but it remained secure. She would build them something better when she could be bothered.

Returning to the desk she placed the box down, unclasped the lock and gently lifted the lid. She allowed Lisa to look inside.

The tiny woman flinched in shock as she took in the sight of four other tiny people.

"You're fucking crazy!" She shouted back at Katie, "How many of us do you have?"

"Just you five," Katie replied with a sly smile. "For now... until I get bored of you."

All three women reacted to that with similar expressions of unease. Brad and Eve showed no reaction, they really had been bred to please. They were nice enough, but Katie now found their unquestioning compliance quite dull. Lisa was her favourite toy at the moment. Brad and Eve were sooo last week.

"You asked what I was going to do to you earlier," Katie looked back at Lisa. "I've given you a little taster," she chuckled at her joke, Lisa rolled her eyes haughtily. Katie would have taken offence had she not already decided that Lisa could be as haughty as she liked for the time being because she had no choice of what was going to happen next. It was pre-determined by Katie.

"Your two closest friends," Katie pointed out Chantelle and Jennifer. "I'm thinking about giving two of you as a gift to the other." She adored watching the complex expressions and thoughts that were processing in all of the three women's heads. "While I own all of you, I'm going to pick one of you to be my..." she considered for an instant. "Second in command as it were, the other two will be trained to follow the command of both of us. Eventually the three of you will become very efficient at pleasing me, I'm sure."

"You're bloody sick!" Lisa spat out at Katie from her left hand. It was hilarious to witness the tiny woman dangling from the giant hand, imagining that she could resist Katie. Her two friends cowered slightly in fear of retribution, but the lesson of the moment was Lisa's to learn not theirs. They had already received many of the lessons.

"These two have been broken under my will. I will give you a quick demonstration." She lifted and rotated Lisa to provide her with an ample view. "Chantelle, I want you to give Brad a sensual kiss." Chantelle immediately walked over to Brad. He stood up and merely allowed himself to be kissed. Chantelle planted a hand on either side of his face and gave him a full on French kiss.

She kissed him so long and hard that Katie smiled at how effective the demonstration was, she kissed as if her life depended on it.

"Convinced?" She asked Lisa.

"Fuck you sicko," Lisa retorted, still dripping in saliva.

"Okay, have it your way, but their suffering will be on your shoulders. What would you have them do Lisa?" Katie asked, turning Lisa to look at her, "I must say that you're a bit harsh putting them through this just for your own lesson."

"FUCK YOU!" Lisa spat back at Katie as loudly as she could. Katie raised her eyebrows in feigned surprise.

"If she must, I'm surprised that you went for that option..." She shook her head, "it's a bit sick if you ask me." Chantelle had stopped kissing Brad and cowered in fear, eyes wide with terror, shaking her head.

"Wait, what are you going to do?" Lisa blurted out.

*

Jennifer had quietly backed into the corner of the box and had slid her naked body down into a foetal position. Katie made a mental note that she would need to teach them to stand strong when doing her bidding, not cower like animals. If they wanted to be humans and treated as such they would need to earn the respect. Brad and Eve knew what was best; they stood, almost to attention.

Lisa gave Chantelle a fleeting glance. Chantelle looked up at her, her face a cacophony of anger and fear, accusing her best friend.

Katie reached out to the box with her right hand. She was actually looking forward to this, the recent events had made her quite horny and wet down below.

"I would have thought that Chantelle would have enjoyed Brad a little more, he's quite fit isn't he?" She gently gripped the cowering blonde around the waist and lifted the tiny woman up. She was lighter than Lisa and merely dangled in her hand, as opposed to the bundle of resisting muscle that was Lisa in her left hand.

Katie sat at her chair, a tiny woman in each hand. She lifted them both towards her face.

"I never really knew Chantelle when she was a human being," Chantelle sobbed with resignation at the last words. Lisa glanced at her sparingly.

"She was a bit of a bitch," Katie continued, "but I think that was more because of you and Jennifer really. But since she's been my pet she has actually been quite complaint." She looked at Chantelle with pity. "Once she was trained of course."

"Bless her, she's as dumb as a doorstep though, but she does have her uses. She definitely has a pair of lungs on her." She leaned back into her chair. "When I first owned her she was quite an annoyance but I've found the perfect use for her where she can scream her little lungs out to her heart's content." She studied Lisa for a brief moment.

"Her current purpose, that I must admit she quite excels at... would you like to know what it is?" Lisa shrugged stubbornly. "Her new role in life now, her sole purpose and existence..." she watched Lisa's face closely, "...is to be my sex toy." Lisa's face paled in horror, her whole body froze. Katie could feel all of the tiny woman's muscles tensing in her grasp.

Katie just nodded at the point she had made.

"Despite her lack of intelligence she is a very good little dildo. I've got so many options, I can insert her head first and she can use her arms to pleasure me, or I can insert her feet first and use her powerful feet. Or she can pleasure me from the outside."

She lowered her left hand, with Lisa' clutched inside, to her crotch. Lisa's head and shoulders were poking out of Katie's fist, she was tightly held but she tried with all of her might to free herself as she was drawn closer to the giant groin.

Katie opened her waistband and panties with her little finger and, gently started to release her grip on Lisa. She held a dangling Lisa loosely over her now exposed crotch. She was sure that the tiny woman was experiencing the strong aroma of her hormones.

She allowed the tiny woman to mime cycling a bike with her legs as she was dangled over the giant crotch, it was a pleasure to watch her helplessness, there was no abuse being hurled up at her now. Katie lowered Chantelle next to Lisa. She saw the two women exchange some brief heated dialogue, she was sure that she heard Lisa call her a 'lesbian wannabe'.

"Are you sure you want this for Chantelle Lisa?" Katie asked down towards them. Both women shook their heads, but it was too late. She could feel Chantelle sobbing in her hand, the woman would soon learn to appreciate her new role in life.

She continued to hold on to Lisa but dropped Chantelle and felt the satisfying impact and the tiny body rolled down her groin. The little blonde woman tickled Katie as she flailed, trying to stop herself but she continued to roll and then Katie felt the body touch her pussy lips.

She ensured Lisa was getting a good view and smiled in satisfaction and revelled in the sensation of Lisa gripping at the giant thumb in front of her, terrified, the lesson was being well received.

Chantelle had decided not to scream this time, perhaps she realised it was a waste of energy. Katie kind of wished that she had screamed to add effect; the display was impactful enough though. With her right hand Katie reached down to her crotch.

She gently placed her index finger on Chantelle's spine, and briefly stroked it, then she gently adjusted the tiny body so that she was standing on her panties below, facing upright towards her pussy. She started to press the tiny woman against her pussy lips.

Katie could feel the first juices of her pleasure down there, she was sure that Chantelle was already starting to get coated in it, another thing that she would get used to in time. She retracted her right hand, but continued to hold her panties open, the sensation of Chantelle's warm body tickled below.

"Chantelle love," she called down, "I'm a kind owner, I'll give you the choice of how you want to pleasure me, inside or out," with that she released her waistband with her left hand, trapping the tiny blonde inside, and lifted Lisa back up to her face.

The woman's face had paled in shock and disgust.

"You're sick in the head!" She bellowed as loudly as she could at Katie, it wasn't very loud. Katie casually raised her eyebrows.

"I'm amazed at your resilience my little living lollipop," she licked her lips and eyed Lisa up. The tiny woman immediately shut up. "Chantelle, I can't feel anything dear," Lisa cowered as Katie shouted down at Chantelle. She suddenly felt the tiny hands of her little pet start to caress the lips of her pussy. She moaned in pleasure, smiling.

"Ahh, she's chosen outside... fair enough," Lisa screwed her face up, shaking her head in astonishment, Katie looked directly at Lisa "there's always inside for next time," she drew the tiny woman towards her mouth and gave her a long slow lick from pubic mound up to the face. She savoured the salty taste of the tiny woman.

Katie snapped the lid of the box shut to prevent Jennifer from attempting an escape, then she returned her attention to Lisa, now glistening from her saliva.

She gently gripped Lisa's right hand with her thumb and forefinger and lifted the tiny body away from her left hand. The tiny woman dangled helplessly from her outstretched arm, a renewed look of fear on her face, looking up at the giant hand that held her with a vice like grip and then down towards the giant face that she was being lifted over.

Katie held Lisa directly over her head, looking up at the tiny figure. The tiny legs that were dangling towards her were covered in a combination of dried chocolate from below the navel to the upper thighs and yoghurt below that. She slowly and deliberately opened her mouth and extended her tongue outwards, as if to receive the woman as a morsel of food.

Lisa was looking down at the open maw in terror, it was evident that she realised that she was looking down at an open mouth and throat of a potential predator. It was clear to Katie that Lisa was only now starting to realise how helpless she was. Without a word Katie slowly lowered Lisa towards her mouth and felt her start to struggle in objection.

The tiny woman was shouting at her to stop but Katie didn't acknowledge her protests, there was nothing that Lisa could say or do to prevent what was inevitable; once Katie had made the decision. What Katie found so exciting about the whole moment was that Lisa had no choice but to receive whatever treatment Katie had in store for her.

Katie, and only Katie would decide what happened next. For once Lisa's fate was in Katie's hands. How the tables had turned, now and forevermore.

It was lucky for Lisa that Katie was a kind person at heart. Her tongue gently caressed the feet and calves of the tiny woman, drawing the resisting legs into her mouth with some help from her other hand. The taste of the yoghurt and chocolate soon filled Katie's mouth as she carefully and slowly sucked the tiny woman further and further inside her mouth.

The taste of the tiny living lollipop was simply tantalising Katie's taste buds; her mouth was overflowing with saliva, so much so that some dribbled down her chin until she wiped it away.

Once Lisa was firmly up to her waist in Katie's mouth she released her grip on the tiny hand. She felt Lisa's tiny hands immediately press against her upper lip in an attempt to push herself free. She could feel the tiny body straining, with all its might, to no avail.

In response to Lisa's resistance Katie playfully flicked the tip of her tongue against the groin of the tiny woman. The resistance stopped for a mere second as she was evidently shocked by the act, and then Katie felt tiny fists pounding against her top lip.

"Fucking lesbian whore!" she heard the tiny voice shouting abuse at her.

She pressed the tip of her tongue harder against Lisa's labia in an attempt to subdue her, but instead felt a sharp stab of pain in her upper lip. She instantly spat the tiny woman out on the table and drew her right hand to her lip; it was slightly swollen at the top, as if from an insect bite.

"You bit me, you little bitch!" she shouted down at Lisa.

The tiny woman cringed in a puddle of saliva; her body was covered with a goey mixture of saliva, yoghurt and chocolate. She lay back panting for a brief instant as Katie considered how she should be punished.

Before Katie knew it the tiny woman was running across the surface of the desk at a sprint, leaving wet footprints behind, she was definitely an athlete. Katie was so amazed at the speed and gall of the woman that it took her a few seconds to respond.

She reached out with her left hand and slammed it down directly in front of the tiny woman's escape route. Lisa bowled straight into the flesh of the palm and bounced backwards, landing on her backside. She was up instantly running to the right. Katie grabbed one of the tiny legs and effortlessly lifted the naked woman up from the desk, turning her upside down.

Lisa was thrashing about in anger and frustration. Attempting to reach up towards the offending fingers and hit them with her fists.

"You're a violent little thing aren't you?" Katie stated rhetorically at the dangling woman as she examined her up close.

"Just as violent when you're tiny as you used to be when you were a normal sized human being."

Lisa continued unabated. Katie's instinct was to flick the tiny woman hard with her finger to teach her a lesson, but she didn't want to resort to violence, that would have meant that Lisa won. No, this had to be about humiliation.

She dropped the tiny woman back into the yoghurt bowl feet first. Lisa stumbled but maintained her footing and kept her upper body from slapping into the yoghurt.

Katie turned to open the small box and scooped Jennifer up from the corner where she still sat huddled. She noticed that Chantelle had recently stopped her massage below and gave her a gentle prod with her other hand to remind her of her duties, finally satisfied when the tiny hands recommenced. It felt great.

When she directed her attention back to the bowl, as expected, Lisa was already attempting to escape, she had managed to grasp the rim of the bowl and was just lifting herself up until Katie's brushed her off the side of the bowl with her hand. She ungracefully landed in the yoghurt and glowered at the giant woman above her, hurling yet more abuse from her fowl little mouth.

Katie gently lowered Jennifer into the bowl on the opposite side and lowered her face until it was inches away.

"Jennifer, Lisa's not behaving herself, I would like you to show her some discipline."

Chapter 7 – Discipline

“Don’t you fucking dare touch me, you sick bitch!” Lisa shouted with venom, across the bowl, at Jennifer. Her throat was dry from shouting loudly for so long at the crazy giant nutcase that was leering over them.

She was running purely on adrenaline now, the disbelief of the situation had long since passed. What she had been put through, over what seemed like several hours, had exhausted her body.

She hadn’t eaten anything for hours, except for the yoghurt, chocolate and saliva that she had inhaled through her struggles, but that barely counted as sustenance.

Her body felt bruised and tender all over, Katie had been surprisingly gentle, it was more her own struggles and resistance that had caused most of the damage. She panted heavily feeling like she was running out of reserves of energy now that the adrenaline was dissipating.

“Jennifer,” the female voice boomed above them, sending shockwaves which physically whisked Jennifer’s hair, Lisa’s hair was so sodden with saliva that it didn’t move. “You have my permission to do what you need to do.”

“Don’t listen to that crazy bitch!” Lisa warned Jennifer. “She’s trying to turn us into her slaves.” Jennifer stared back at Lisa her eyes wide with fear. She shook her head wildly at the statement.

“She owns us now Lisa, you have to do what she tells you,” Lisa’s naked best friend started to wade towards her through the yoghurt. Despite the shadow, that the giant face was casting over them, the two women were now transfixed on each other; judging each other’s body language.

Lisa noted that the make-up that she had always known Jennifer to wear was no-where in sight, she looked thinner than normal and tired, but still looked healthy, her hair was still shiny and her skin still a healthy oily texture.

“Don’t take another fucking step Jennifer, or I swear...” Lisa gritted her teeth and pumped out her chest. Jennifer stopped and her expression changed, almost to a pleading look.

“You need to do what she says Lisa,” Jennifer took a tentative step forwards, her legs now caked in white yoghurt. They were both shivering now; the bowl and yoghurt were still quite cold.

“You mindless bint, she’s already turned you into her little pet, just like that dumb blonde...”

“Do you think we really have a choice?” Jennifer murmured under her voice through gritted teeth. “Look at what is happening here,” Jennifer opened up her arms, hands splaying outwards. “She owns us now. We’re in a fucking bowl with yoghurt in it.”

Lisa glanced upwards, the dozy giant was grinning stupidly at them, and she wished with all her might that she could punch her in the face right now. If it took her whole life she would get her back for this. If the tables were turned she wouldn’t be so gentle.

Jennifer continued to move towards Lisa.

“I’m warning you, don’t touch me Jennifer,” Lisa growled back at Jennifer. Jennifer finally reached within arm’s length and gripped Lisa’s shoulders with both hands.

“Just do what you’re told and it will be much easier,” she pleaded.

“Fuck you,” Lisa pushed Jennifer backwards. Jennifer’s eyes widened and focused on her, Lisa’s vision suddenly went dark and then light. She felt herself falling and a sharp stab of pain on her left cheek and jaw throwing her to the side.

As her backside hit the bottom of the bowl Lisa reached up to touch her face, it felt hot and was throbbing in pain.

“You hit me you bitch!” Lisa shouted at her, spitting with anger. She stood up and waded towards Jennifer to hit her back in the face. Jennifer blocked the fist with her arm and attempted to hit her again, Lisa blocked back and it turned into a grapple.

Both women were locked in a vicious grip of each other’s arms, attempting to swipe the other’s legs from under them. A giant hand appeared from nowhere and swiped at Lisa’s right leg. The force took her by surprise and she went down in the yoghurt with Jennifer on top of her. She could hear the giant woman giggling in the background.

Lisa’s head was submerged in the yoghurt and she felt her arms gradually getting pinned backwards by Jennifer, her legs were also being pressed against the bowl, Jennifer was strong.

Lisa pushed with all her might, to no avail; her strength was ebbing. Finally she felt completely beaten after her battle with the giant; she had now been betrayed by her own best friend.

The vice-like grip of Jennifer’s hands around her wrists was really starting to hurt and it felt like blood flow to her hands was being restricted, she also felt the fingernails digging into her flesh. Lisa finally gave out, exhausted. Her body flopped, yoghurt surrounded her.

She was held for about thirty more seconds and then she felt herself being lifted up out of the yoghurt by the giant hands. Both women were dipped in warm water and then gently placed on the desk. The giantess looked down at them both with big brown eyes.

“I’ve changed my mind Lisa,” a giant pink fingernail approached towards her, Lisa was too exhausted to bat it away as she sat panting. She allowed it to stroke her belly and then trace up to her breasts. “You now belong to Jennifer and must follow her orders.” Lisa glanced tiredly over at Jennifer; the other woman had a wry smile on her face.

“Traitorous bitch,” Lisa whispered.

“I think more discipline is in order, don’t you Jennifer?” Katie picked up another bottle of something; Lisa looked up, fearing more molestation.

This time the nozzle was pointed at Jennifer. Her eyes widened in surprise. “As your first lesson Lisa, you will show your devotion to Jennifer,” Lisa identified the bottle as honey, “by licking this honey off her.” The bottle was squeezed and a blob of amber nectar was gently squirted over Jennifer’s chest.

“No fucking way am I playing this lesbian game!” Lisa protested amongst panting.

She yelped in pain as she received a hard flick to the back of her head. It made her instantly nauseous and dizzy, her head swimming from the unexpected impact of a fingernail, it had felt like a hard crack on her head. “Ow!” She protested, rubbing her head. The finger nudged her to get up.

Lisa rolled on to her knees reluctantly and then on all fours. The finger gently flicked her bottom; she grimaced in embarrassment, looked towards Jennifer, then yelped as another flick to her bottom stung harder.

Jennifer was sitting back, her legs out straight, her upper body at a 45 degree angle from the desk, with her hands pressed behind her on the desk, supporting her weight.

The honey was starting to coagulate around her breasts as it flowed down her chest to her belly.

“Well come on then,” Jennifer urged Lisa impatiently, her eyes flicked briefly to the giant woman watching over them. Another firm nudge from behind got Lisa crawling quickly towards Jennifer, her bottom was really smarting from the flicks. She reached Jennifer and eyed up the other woman.

“This is fucked up,” she whispered, “We’re being treated like animals-.”

“Just do what you’re told for once,” Jennifer cut her off.

“I’m getting impatient,” Katie prompted with an edge to her voice.

Lisa leant forward and started to half-heartedly lick at the honey between the breasts. She felt sick and humiliated. Her mind was whirring for a solution to this, how could this have happened to them? How could they get out of this? Who were those other two people in the box, would they help her?

Her thoughts were disturbed by Jennifer’s hand directing her head towards one of her breasts. She looked up as she continued to lick; the wry smile was back on Jennifer’s face. Lisa couldn’t understand what she was doing. She knew Jennifer wasn’t a lesbian, but she seemed to be enjoying this.

She started to lick at the breast and then the nipple. Jennifer moaned loudly. Lisa looked up at her as she continued to lick.

‘Lying bitch’, she thought, she had finally worked it out, Jennifer was putting on a show for Katie. The little cow was sucking up to her for approval. She heard a loud moan from Katie behind her. Clearly it was working.

*

Katie was getting so turned on by the scene in front of her. She had one hand inside her panties, gently caressing Chantelle against her labia and clitoris. The tiny woman was completely coated in sticky fluid and she was starting to get so hot that Katie pulled down her panties and pyjamas to give the woman some air.

The blonde was dumb but she was doing a good physical job down there. At some point it felt like one of her arms had accidentally entered the vagina, Katie had instantly pressed Chantelle’s body against her labia to encourage this, she could now feel the tiny hand rubbing her inside. It was a gentle tickle but it sent pulses of pleasure through her body.

Katie decided to intensify this a little bit. She reached out with her hand that was covered in her own bodily fluids towards Lisa. She noticed Jennifer’s face wrinkle slightly from the smell but the woman quickly recovered and the expression of pleasure returned to her face. Katie’s fingers pushed at Lisa’s upper back and head to force her downwards.

The little woman stopped and looked up at Katie, her face screwed up from the smell and she protested at being touched with cum. A quick flick to the shoulder subdued her and she was forced down to Jennifer’s groin.

Jennifer looked down at the head, uncertainty on her face. Her legs tightly closed and she started to pull away.

"Jennifer my dear, I know you're not into women, but I promise that you will like this. I'm not going to force you though," Katie spoke in a soft tone to Jennifer.

The tiny woman looked up at her and considered for a few instants and then slowly and nervously parted her thighs. Lisa did not seem at all impressed; a quick flick to her bottom put her in her place.

Lisa reluctantly started to kiss Jennifer between her legs, they were half hearted rough pecks, Jennifer winced at the treatment and a flick to the back of Lisa's head rectified the behaviour. Lisa started to kiss more sensually.

"Lick," Katie ordered. Lisa promptly obliged her.

Katie watched as Jennifer's expression relaxed, but she continued to watch Lisa's head mistrustfully. Katie moved any objects away that were close to the two women and grabbed hold of her smartphone. She had just thought of a way to quickly bring Lisa into line.

Whilst the tiny woman was still emotionally attached to her old life Katie was going to use that to her advantage, she gripped the side of the table with her hand as Chantelle had suddenly managed to send a pulse of pleasure through her body.

She looked down at the little blonde; she might give her a break as a reward. She would use Lisa if she didn't think the little bitch would bite her down there, she needed more training first.

Jennifer saw the smartphone immediately; Lisa was busy licking and didn't notice. Katie pressed record and held the phone close and slightly to the side of the women so that it would not be apparent that the women were so tiny. She watched through the screen, Jennifer was looking very nervous, unsure of what was about to happen next. She winced occasionally when Lisa caught a sensitive spot of her labia.

Katie recorded about a minute of the oral sex and then changed to photo option and clicked on the button. The phone flashed and took a photo. Lisa instantly spun round, wide eyed. Katie quickly snapped another photo at the naked woman, her face covered in moisture. The tiny woman started hurling abuse at her.

"I wouldn't be so rude," Katie started, rotating the phone to face Lisa; she showed her the clear image of her on all fours pleasuring Jennifer.

Lisa glowered at the photo then at Katie.

"I'm thinking about uploading that on Facebook, and then everyone can see you for what you really are," she giggled at the tiny helpless thing in front of her and brought her face to within a few inches from Lisa. "A dirty lesbian!" Her tongue enunciated every syllable. Lisa was left looking completely helpless. "Actually, I might just upload it anyway, along with the video," The tiny woman shook her head and ran towards the edge of the desk as Katie turned towards her laptop.

"No, you can't fucking do this!" Lisa shouted at the top of her voice. Katie gave her a sidelong glance then looked back at the laptop. She started to type at the keyboard and brought up an upload screen. "No!" Lisa protested as loudly as she could. Katie glanced down at the tiny woman; she was waving to get her attention. Katie would have felt pity for her if she hadn't been a complete bitch that had ruined her life. "Please!" Lisa shouted.

"Hey bitch!" A confident little voice called out. Both Katie and Lisa's heads swung instantly in the direction of Jennifer in surprise. Jennifer was looking at Lisa as she was striding towards her, completely naked, her breasts swinging from the motion, sticky honey glistening over her midsection.

“You didn’t even get close to finishing me off!” She barked at Lisa, Katie noticed Jennifer’s eyes flick up briefly to her face. She wants my approval, she thought with glee, this is going to be fun. Lisa’s chest puffed up in response, her confidence returning slightly.

“The only thing I’m going to finish is you!” Lisa spat back at her, Katie couldn’t help the laughter blurt out from her as she saw the tiny mouse sized woman threatening the other. Both women looked up at her in response to the noise. Katie raised her eyebrows at Lisa.

“Well?” She prompted. “Don’t look at me, do what my second-in-command tells you,”

“What the hell is this?” Lisa held her hands out. Katie raised her left hand, palm flat about ten inches above Lisa.

“This is you doing what you’re told or I’ll squish you like a bug!” Katie growled at her. Lisa cowered slightly below the hand hovering above her. Her eyes darted towards the upload screen on the laptop and made her decision.

“Lie down you lesbian whore,” she turned back to Jennifer. “I’ll get you off you sicko!” She stormed towards the other woman.

*

Jennifer was covered with a sheen of sweat as she gasped, she had propped herself up on her elbows. Lisa was sprawled and head bowed in shame.

“You were right Goddess,” Jennifer panted, smiling, “that was amazing.” Katie smiled in response.

“I told you so,” Katie’s eyes fixed on Lisa, “And look, I’ve uploaded your video for you-”

“What?” Lisa’s head snapped towards the laptop. “I can’t believe you did that, I thought...” She ran towards the laptop, catching sight of the image of her naked form on the video screen. Just as she reached the edge the huge screen slammed shut in front of her. The force and blast of air nearly threw her backwards. Katie’s giant hand was laid on top of the laptop screen.

“You’re many things Lisa, but I thought you were clever. It turns out you’re dumber than Chantelle. Even that dumb blonde has worked out that if she is a good little dildo, who behaves herself; it is much less painless than the alternative.” Her face inched up to the tiny woman. “It’s called the path of least resistance,” her tongue darted out to lick Lisa from the belly upwards.

The woman cringed and jumped away too late as the tongue finished at her face, Katie absorbed the salty taste.

“Hmm, I think I can taste Jennifer on you,” Katie cooed. Jennifer gave a wicked laugh.

“Thanks for Lisa’s password,” Katie smiled down at Jennifer. “As far as the world knows Lisa is just a lesbian... and so proud that she posts it on her own online account.”

“You bitch!” Lisa shouted out at Jennifer. The other woman just shrugged.

“Well,” Katie reached down to her groin and picked up the exhausted Chantelle. She dropped the blonde woman on top of Lisa.

Lisa choked in disgust at the sticky, smelly woman on top of her. "You two are now also under Jennifer's command," Katie looked at the newly appointed second-in-command, basking in the shred of glory. "I expect these two to be well trained," she ordered to Jennifer, receiving an eager nod in response. "Brad and Eve can help you Jennifer; I want the five of you to be the ultimate sex toys for me."

She stood up and started to remove the rest of her clothing. "I need to shower and go to a lecture, but I'll be back later," she descended her face towards the tangle of Lisa and Chantelle looking up at her. "When I get back, I will be very horny for you all."

She licked her lips at the quivering girls, and then between thumb and forefinger she delicately lifted them one by one and placed them gently into the box.

She provided them with some nuts, water and fruit for nourishment. Then she emptied and cleaned their toilet receptacles, in the form of deodorant spray caps, and gave them a few sheets of tissue for their use as they saw fit. She also threw in some wet wipes; she would clean them properly later when she had more time.

She stood over them, a goddess above her minions, as they all looked up at her giant naked form. She smiled down at them and the looks of fear on Chantelle and Lisa's faces said it all, she was finally the giantess of her dreams and she had her nemesis at the mercy of her every whim, her life had just become completely awesome. She snapped the lid of the box shut, locked it and placed it back in the drawer.

*

"You bitch!" an angry voice called out in the darkness. It was pitch black. There was only the sound of several nervous breaths from the various occupants. "You complete bitch!" Lisa repeated. "Where are you Jennifer?"

"Over here," a voice murmured in a monotone reply from the other side of the darkness. "Come and get me," the voice invited menacingly.

Lisa started a slow shuffle towards where the voice had been, her mouth slightly open so that she could hear better, hands searching out in front of her. She wobbled a few times, her arms waving to regain balance, as she struggled with the disorientation of the darkness.

Her eyes were straining to see in the darkness, burning in their sockets, to no avail. She eventually felt the hard surface of the wall of the box; she started to feel along the wall of the box.

"Where are you?" She called out in uncertainty. She felt a hand touch her hip and jumped in reaction.

"Here!" the voice shouted out and then Lisa felt agony burst across her face, her vision was dancing with bright spots as she was slammed headfirst against the wall. She felt Jennifer's hands grip the back of her head and slam it into the wall again. Before she could strike back or defend herself Lisa had collapsed to the floor.

Jennifer was immediately upon the stunned woman scrabbling for her neck and once found placing her knee on it and pressing down with her bodyweight.

Lisa gasped in as much air as she could, stars still spinning in her head, she was struggling to orientate herself and react to what was happening.

“You listen to me Lisa. Don’t try anything like that again,” Jennifer warned through gritted teeth. “Okay?” She paused. Lisa reached up to grip the leg with her hands in an attempt to push it off to no avail. “Okay?” Jennifer shoved more weight onto her leg causing Lisa to rasp in desperation.

“Yes...” she gasped. “Okay.” After a few seconds the knee slowly lifted off. Lisa desperately sucked air into her lungs, feeling a draft from what she assumed to be Jennifer moving away.

“We’re all in this shit together, so don’t make it worse for us!” Jennifer growled at Lisa. “Don’t be a bitch like you usually are.”

*

For the next few hours Chantelle, Jennifer and Lisa spent the time separately in three of the corners of the box, with Brad and Eve in the fourth. Only a mere few hours felt like a whole day, the only noise was the sound of breathing, the occasional sobbing and the sound of someone eating, drinking or going to the toilet.

The time in isolation gave each of them an opportunity to contemplate their situation and none of them reached a positive conclusion.

In the time she had to think about it Lisa experienced the five stages of grief. It was not a tangible series of stages of emotion and thought, but more of a series of swirling emotions and thought processes which tended to circle over themselves until she had exhausted all possible conclusions and then moved on to the next.

She had denied the reality of the situation as impossible, but then after what she had experienced it was impossible to do this for long, it had happened to her, it was real. The proof was her bruised body, she could feel it was real.

Then she was angry at Katie. Angry that Katie had ruined her life by, potentially irreversibly, shrinking her. It was a shocking revelation. It dawned on Lisa that she was potentially destined to be a living toy for a psycho lesbian who was probably her worst enemy.

Despite anything she had done to Katie surely this was the worst thing you could do to a human being short of actual physical torture.

She remembered what Katie had said, that she wasn’t a human any more. That was a scary thought process.

What was classed as human? Would she still be considered a human? If Katie owned them and they were helpless to resist her, despite them claiming that they were still human, if she decided to keep and treat them as pets, toys, or whatever, then what did that make them? Were they still human? Would they eventually forget what life used to be like?

Then Lisa was angry at Jennifer for victimising her and taking advantage of her situation to elevate herself.

This was followed by bargaining as she felt the helplessness and vulnerability overwhelm her.

She thought about when she first met Katie, what if they had never met, what if they had never become friends. Had Lisa been that bad to her? Or was Katie the crazy woman that Lisa thought her to be? Could she have done anything to avoid this?

Jennifer and Chantelle were with her here by association, what were they thinking? Would they blame her and take this out on her? Who were Brad and Eve? What had they done to Katie to be shrunk down?

Depression soon set in as she considered the reality that she had would never get out of this situation and was potentially surrounded by people that might injure or kill her to ensure their own survival, let alone the crazy giant woman who was happy to torture her.

Finally there was acceptance. This was it, this was her life for the foreseeable future. There was no help that would come, nobody would think to search Katie's dorm for tiny people, and it was scientifically unheard of as far as Lisa knew.

Katie had somehow got hold of a secret weapon and used it on them; there was no way to stop her.

Lisa reached the conclusion of her thoughts. She had to do whatever she needed to in order to survive, just like Jennifer was doing.

Chapter 8 - All together now...

Katie filled her breakfast tray with her usual assortment and shuffled over to her table. She was tired after a night of action with her new tiny living toys.

"Morning," Danielle smiled over the spoon of cereal that she was about to scoop into her mouth.

"Morning," Katie replied with a small friendly smile.

"How are you doing today?" Danielle still had the beaming smile on her face, Katie knew her well enough to know that she was holding onto a secret that amused her.

"I'm good thanks, how are you, sleep well?" She asked, starting to probe to push Danielle to spill the secret.

"Yes, very well thanks..." her smile disappeared. "You don't know do you?" Her eyebrows crumpled as her face moved closer to Katie's. "Haven't you heard?" she asked. Katie shook her head, then she started to grow concerned, what should she have heard? Was it about her?

"Lisa and Jennifer have turned up online. Lisa posted a video of them, having gay relations nonetheless," Danielle chuckled, showing Katie the screen of her smart phone.

Katie's eyes widened, she had completely forgotten that she had posted that video of her shrunken toys. She grabbed at the phone; her surprise was plausible enough as she was indeed surprised.

She watched the video that she had taken herself a number of hours ago and posted on Lisa's social network account, after Jennifer had kindly given her the login details.

Had she not been panicking, the video would have turned her on. Instead she was focusing on anything in the video that could incriminate her. How could she have been so stupid as to post it online.

She had done it deliberately to affect Lisa and it had worked. But she hadn't considered the repercussions of posting a video online containing people that she had just kidnapped. Would someone be able to trace the post to her computer?

"Fuck!" She said, exasperated.

"I know," Danielle chuckled.

"Where are they?" Katie asked.

"Don't know, but no-ones seen them around here,"

"They could have been kidnapped and taken in by human traffickers," Rob's voice popped over Katie's shoulder causing her to jump. He was Katie's only other friend, outside of Danielle's group.

"You sick nerd, they're probably just experimenting," Danielle snapped at him.

"So why post it online?" He asked. "Also it doesn't look like Lisa's enjoying it so much."

"Give it here," Danielle grabbed the phone from Katie and slowly nodded. "Geek's got a point. She doesn't seem to like it. In fact she seems distinctly distressed."

*

Detective Peterson watched the video again.

"It's definitely them," he finally stated in agreement, his tone of voice was a mixture of excitement and a touch of apprehension. Dawson nodded, but had the smirk on his face that he always had when he knew something.

"What have you got Dawson?" Peterson finally asked. He hated how Dawson always forced him to ask the question.

"I cleaned up the video," he pulled open his laptop screen and clicked on the video. "Watch it again."

Peterson watched the two minute video again, a third of the way through he slowly looked up at Dawson's face. The other man was smiling, proud of himself.

"That's a fucking pencil," Peterson stated. Dawson was grinning now, nodding eagerly.

"Yep, that's a massive fucking pencil in the background. See the size of the grain of the wood? They're on someone's desk."

"We're finally starting to get warmer, we need more evidence though," Peterson added, he wasn't quite ready for a smile, but after years of working on this he felt like they potentially had a lead for Project Gulliver. He felt a small sense of triumph and heaved a long sigh.

They had both been ostracised in the department for being branded as obsessive detectives, chasing after a theory which was just science fiction at best.

The only thing that had stopped them from being fired was that they were very good detectives at finding missing persons, that was how the whole thing had started.

They had seen evidence similar to this before but couldn't prove it and nobody believed what they saw. The video wasn't enough.

"Prime suspect is Katie Reed though isn't she?" Peterson nodded in reply. "Do we search her room?" Peterson considered the question. He had given it some thought before.

"We need more evidence before we go charging in; she might be under observation. We're closer than ever but if she's got them but not holding them there in her room, then we could lose the girls and also alert the organisation that we're onto them. It could send the whole organisation back into hiding..." He paused and his eyes rolled up to look at Dawson, sorrow in his eyes. "Remember Manchester?"

Dawson nodded. Remembering how close they had got, but they had hit the apartment that had been used as a decoy and it had scared the organisation into hiding. They didn't know what the organisation was called but it was clearly an organisation, it was run by very experienced and motivated individuals with indescribable technology at their fingertips.

They clearly had some heavy funding, resources and backing. Their searches and investigations had turned up with nothing and there was no link to it being a clandestine Government organisation which led them to conclude that it was a privately run operation. Nevertheless both of them had agreed that they didn't rule Government out of this.

"Observe and record," Peterson announced. "Until we've got something concrete we can report upstream, or anything we can go off. If we need a warrant, I've already filled out the forms ready to go."

*

Daylight spilled into the box as the lid was opened above them. They held their hands over their eyes to protect them from the sudden bright light.

“Hello my little pets,” the huge face of their owner loomed above them, with a wide smile. It had felt like more than half a day since Katie had closed the lid. “I have a surprise for you.” She lifted a plywood box over them. “I’ve added rooms in there and a perspex skylight for you, aren’t I such a nice Goddess?” She rotated the box to show them that it had been segregated by walls inside.

The box disappeared and her attention returned to them.

“I’m really horny guys,” she looked at each of them hungrily. They all flinched as she reached her giant hands towards them, scooping each one of them up; Chantelle was the last to be lifted out, trying to wedge herself in the corner.

Chantelle felt the familiar sense of terror as the giant fingertips surrounded her waist and she was lifted out of the box with ease. She gave up struggling after a few seconds. She had learned that it was pointless. The memory from the night at the Club was all too fresh. She was sure that Katie was going to flush her down the toilet, she had seen the pure rage in that giant face and felt the crushing strength of the giant hand.

She looked up at the giant woman above her, Katie’s attentions were directed towards the bed that she was walking them towards. Chantelle’s eyes drifted across to the giant body and instantly noticed that Katie was already naked, her large breasts swaying from the motion.

Dread welled up inside her. She had been huddled in the corner of the box for hours, holding her knees close to her chest, the thoughts of the previous few days running through her head; in particular the words of her new owner. She had said that Chantelle was just her dildo and a sex toy and that this was going to be her life from now on.

Those words had torn through Chantelle’s sanity and continued to plague her. She absolutely hated the idea that she was no better than a sex toy. She definitely didn’t deserve to be treated like that but she was completely powerless to prevent it.

She had started by screaming and struggling, that hadn’t worked, she had just been put straight into the giant hot wet mouth and sucked on until she lost strength and stopped, she had feared for her life then. It had felt like she was being sucked on so hungrily, she was certain she was going to be swallowed.

Then she had been plunged straight into the huge pussy and forced in and out again and again, used to masturbate the giant vagina of her captor. That had broken her, her mind had snapped in there and she had passed out.

If Jennifer hadn’t got her out she didn’t know what would have happened. After that, she had realised that she had no choice and it was better not to resist the giant woman.

Every time she did resist she had either nearly been killed from the anger of the crazy giant woman or she had been squeezed so hard by the giant hand, mouth, pussy or breasts, that it had bruised her so much that she could barely breathe.

Basically, Chantelle had concluded, the quicker Katie was brought to orgasm, the quicker Chantelle could be put back in the box and she could rest. She had decided it was better to do it willingly, than be forced to. It was less painful as well.

That had been fine for a while, but then came the endless boredom, the hours in the darkness. Her mind had drifted to many dark places. She thought about all of the things she was missing, her favourite TV shows, sport, drinking with friends, sex with men... freedom and life itself.

What broke the boredom was actually the task that she had previously hated most in her life, she still hated it, but she was at least doing something with herself. Katie was forcing her to have a single purpose in life, just as she said she was.

Katie reached the bed and sat down on the mattress, all of the occupants in the palms of her hands, held level with her giant breasts, looked up at her expectantly, the only one refusing to make eye contact was Lisa.

“Okay Jennifer, you’re in charge. Time to impress me,” Katie smiled at Jennifer, who smiled back and nodded. Chantelle couldn’t work out why Jennifer was in charge or why she was being such a kiss arse, she hated Katie almost as much as Lisa.

Chantelle looked between Jennifer in the other hand and the giant face above them, and then it dawned on her. Jennifer probably still felt the same about Katie, but she was positioning herself as the good compliant pet. That crafty bitch, no wonder she wasn’t Katie’s dildo like Chantelle was, in fact Chantelle wasn’t even sure that Jennifer had been subjected to the treatment that she had been through.

By the expression on Katie’s face, it was clear that Jennifer had already gone some distance in garnering her approval, probably after doing whatever she had done to anger Lisa so much earlier. There was no way that Chantelle was likely to surpass Jennifer in that position.

For some reason Brad and Eve didn’t seem to ever receive any punishment like the girls had. Chantelle was still mystified as to who they were. They were tremendously athletic but they seemed to be... simple in the mind. They didn’t seem at all fazed by the situation, they quietly did as they were bid and seemed happy and grateful about it and in return Katie didn’t humiliate or torture them.

Chantelle’s gaze drifted to Lisa, she did however have a chance to ensure that she was of more use than Lisa. The solution might be that whilst she couldn’t be at the top of the pecking order, she definitely didn’t want to be at the bottom.

The giant woman held her tiny subjects as she lay down horizontally and then placed them all between her giant breasts. Chantelle froze on all fours, waiting for the inevitable. She noticed Jennifer looking around for inspiration, they made eye contact.

“Please Jennifer,” Chantelle pleaded, “please don’t send me down there,” her expression of desperation softened Jennifer’s gaze.

“Chantelle, you get the left nipple, Eve you get the right.”

“Thank you,” Chantelle felt an outpouring of emotion and happiness, she would give Jennifer a very big grateful hug later. Both women started to climb to their respective posts, as evenly as possible, as the chest below them rose and fell with Katie’s breathing becoming more and more excited.

Chantelle continued to observe below as she reached the erect nipple and sat next to it, waiting. The giant head of their goddess was watching the remaining group between her breasts with a wry smile. Lisa was standing, legs apart, her eyes staring daggers at Jennifer, chest heaving in anger. They all knew what was coming.

“Lisa, you’re going down there,” Jennifer pointed down towards Katie’s legs,”

“Fuck you, traitor,” Lisa responded through gritted teeth, storming over to Jennifer and pushing her hard with both hands. Giant fingers immediately appeared to intervene, pinning the tiny woman’s arms together. She struggled helplessly, sending curses at all of them.

"You might need this, my little pet," Katie murmured to Jennifer, her other hand appeared holding a spool of blue nylon. "I got it for you to use," Jennifer smiled wickedly up towards her Goddess, who smiled back in return.

"Brad, help me with this," Jennifer took possession of the large spool with both hands, holding it out in front of her, then put it down on Katie's chest and found the end of the thread. Lisa was wriggling trying to get free of the giant fingers holding her, calling them all crazy psychos.

Chantelle couldn't understand her behaviour, she was constantly making it worse for herself every time she resisted.

Maybe that was the deal with Brad and Eve; maybe they had learned to be so compliant, because they had found it the most effective method of survival, just as she and Jennifer were learning. God knows how long Brad and Eve had been in Katie's possession. Katie's sole focus appeared on breaking Lisa, the most resistant of the group, she appeared to revel in the power.

"You crazy bitch, you're going to kill me!" Lisa shouted at Jennifer as she walked round behind her with Brad.

Neither responded as they grabbed her wrists and bound them together behind her back. Lisa's eyes widened and she tried to look behind her at what they were doing, the giant fingers held her body firmly in place.

"Please, don't," she started to plead as they wrapped the nylon around her waist binding her arms to her back. Lisa wriggled as much as she could, but with both giant hands holding her she was unable to resist much at all.

"Please, at least tie my hands around my front," Lisa begged.

Jennifer paused, considering, then nodded and she and Brad released her hands and then brought them round to the front. Brad held her forearms as Jennifer forced Lisa to clasp her hands together, then they were bound together. They proceeded to bind her thighs, knees and shins together until she was almost completely immobilised.

The giant fingers released Lisa and she tried to balance on her feet. As she started to lose balance and topple she hopped to try and stay upright but fell backwards and bounced on the soft flesh of Katie's belly.

Chantelle could hear Katie giggling from behind, as she continued to watch Lisa's face, which was now a mask of desperation. The woman she struggled with all her might, wriggling her shoulders and knees as much as she could. Lisa writhed on Katie's belly like a caterpillar which had just been poked.

"Good work my little pets," Katie rewarded them. "I'm going to enjoy my new little dildo."

"Please Jennifer; please don't do this to me!" Lisa wailed from her prone position, Jennifer stepped over to her and there was an exchange between them, neither Katie nor Chantelle could hear what was said, but it resulted in Lisa's expression turning into dismay as Jennifer turned away from her.

"Shall we take her down there for you, Goddess?" Jennifer asked up towards Katie, almost bowing her head to the giant woman in respect.

"No, my pet, if you want to, I want you and Brad up here to give me a show, right where you are, I'm not going to force you though," she reached out with her hand and gently stroked Brad's dangling penis. "I'll deal with this fantastic new dildo that you have made for me," with that a screaming Lisa was lifted up by the giant fingers.

Chantelle watched in silent horror, her heart thumping in her chest, no-one deserved that treatment. At the very least Chantelle's limbs had been free to try and protect herself when she had been inserted into that giant hell hole. Lisa was completely helpless.

The tiny legs were trying to kick themselves free, to no avail. The giant fingers carried the tiny body down towards the pussy and Lisa disappeared from sight, the giant hand held her down below.

Katie let out a long sigh of satisfaction as her hand worked against her pussy.

*

Lisa was close to tears of anger and desperation as she was left powerless to roll on Katie's belly. She was completely tied up from head to foot; all she could do was squirm like a maggot, it was humiliating. She tried to push outwards with her arms, to try and stretch the nylon but it was too tight and she winced in pain as it bit into her skin. It was as thick as rope and so strong.

Suddenly she felt the giant fingers grip her again, she yelped with an outpouring of reluctance for what was about to happen. The giant digits gripped her hips and wrapped around her legs, she was lifted like a cigar. Lisa screamed with pure fear, her lungs burning and feeling like they were going to burst.

Her breasts and hair dangled as she was lifted, facing downwards, her stomach churned at the speed of the ascent.

She was granted a birdseye view of the giant female landscape below and could see the tiny people still standing between and on the giant breasts looking up at her, Katie was grinning with a leer. Jennifer looked almost apologetic and Chantelle just looked relieved that it wasn't her. Brad and Eve had blank looks on their faces. It was all a blur of events now, her brain was struggling to comprehend what was about to happen.

The hand started to move her downwards across the landscape of the body and she looked towards the destination, a dark mound of neatly trimmed hair and then she saw the pink folds of skin which loomed upon her before she could muster a reaction; her mouth was dry from the dread of it.

Another giant hand was already there, preparing the area for her arrival, it was pumping two huge fingers in and out of the crevice, there was a terrifying slick and sticky sound to the whole operation that send shivers through Lisa's body. The fingers were completely coated in a mixture of clear mucus; there were flecks of white starting to coagulate with it.

It all stopped suddenly and the giant fingers were retracted with a squelch. Lisa watched in dread through her dangling hair, suddenly the fingertips darted upwards towards her.

"No, you fuc...." the fingers were slathering her with the sticky substance before she could hurl her full abuse at them. "Sick bitch!" she spat out, the smell of the giant woman's sex was overpowering.

Lisa's eyes and mouth were caked with her hair that was now sticking to her face, she blew bubbles of the giantess's mucus as she tried to breathe and protest.

Then she was being lowered again and she wriggled and screamed as much as her lungs could, then she was being pressed against an incredibly warm, moist and soft wall of dark flesh. She knew what was about to happen.

Lisa was held facing downwards, gripped at her back and sides as she was held by the giant fingertips, the huge folds of skin filled her view and the smell was overpowering.

A thin stream of mucus was dribbling from the labia and down one of the butt cheeks, Lisa felt sick at the sight and sensations.

Before the nausea could intensify she was pressed towards her new worst nightmare.

“Oh god!” she couldn’t help herself from shouting out loud as she was uncontrollably pushed up against the folds of skin, the sticky substance squelched and then she felt herself being slid upwards along it.

She creased up her face keeping her eyes and mouth shut, trying to keep her face away from the disgusting giant sex organ that she was being forced to endure.

Then she was lowered again, her stomach lurched as she was immediately slid upwards again and then down again and she realised that she was now being ground up and down against the labia and clitoris to stimulate her sick giant captor.

*

“Now, for my show,” Katie mumbled towards Jennifer.

Katie cast a passing glance at Chantelle, she took the hint and followed Eve’s suit and started to caress the nipple that stood erect below her. She could hear the occasional scream from between Katie’s legs but tried to shut out the sensation and concentrate on what she was doing as she caressed, licked and bit the nipple.

She tried to block the vivid memory of being used as a dildo herself. It was a horrible eternal experience. It was hot, smelly, sticky, terrifying, painful and utterly demeaning and she truly hoped that she would never have to do it again, even if that meant that Lisa was destined to fulfil that role now.

She nibbled and bit at the nipple, Jennifer had told her that Katie had liked that and it seemed to work as the giant chest below her rose and fell more quickly.

Chantelle looked up from her work as she continued to bite. Jennifer was on her knees, head moving back and forth as she massaged Brad’s penis in her mouth. Katie’s gaze was fixed on them, her mouth open in pleasure as the giant woman drank the sight in.

Chantelle was confused, she thought Katie was a lesbian, but the giant woman appeared to be turned on by all kinds of sexual activity. Her insatiable sexual appetite was terrifying.

“I want you to ride him until he cums,” Katie demanded towards Jennifer in a breathless voice. Jennifer guided Brad into a lying position with his head pointing up towards Katie so she could give her goddess a show. Jennifer straddled her feet either side of him.

Chantelle eyed the large penis, which stood to attention pointing upwards towards Jennifer. She continued to caress the nipple with her hands and biting with her mouth; her jaw was starting to ache.

If this wasn’t such an absurd situation she would have been jealous, it had been a long time since she had had sex or even an orgasm and Brad was a sexy specimen. But here she was, her tiny naked form sitting on the breast of a giant sized woman caressing and biting a nipple, one of her best friends about to be penetrated by a stranger in front of her and the other being used as a living dildo. Could it get any worse?

Jennifer was squatting over Brad’s midsection now as she guided the tip of his penis inside her. She let out a gasp of pleasure and Katie joined her, unusually Chantelle even found the sight slightly arousing herself.

Jennifer's breasts started to bounce as her up and down motion intensified, she reached both arms backwards and braced her hands against Brad's thighs as she thrust her hips downwards towards his groin, biting her bottom lip and then gasping out loud. Whether she was enjoying it or not, she was definitely putting on a good show.

Chantelle jumped as she felt a pressure applied to her own hips. She spun round and realised that she was in the grip of a giant hand. She started to panic, what had she been doing wrong? What was going to happen to her? She looked down between the giant legs in fear of the pussy down there.

"Come up here Chantelle, I want to taste you," Chantelle's heart was suddenly racing as she was lifted by the giant hand. What did that mean? Chantelle limbs dangled over the giant mouth. Chantelle looked down at the giant moist lips in terror, what did she mean 'taste'? No, this couldn't be happening!

A giant tongue emerged from the maw and reached out towards Chantelle. She flinched and attempted to shift her body away, to no avail.

The giant fingers guided her downwards until the tips of her feet were touching the lower lip and the tip of the tongue gently slithered its way up her inner thighs towards her womanhood. Chantelle recoiled but knew from previous recent experience that any kind of resistance would only work against her.

Chantelle suddenly understood what Katie wanted, she heard the moans of Jennifer's pleasure and Brad's grunting in the background, as she reluctantly allowed her legs to part and the giant tongue victoriously pressed against her labia.

She winced at the unusual sensation, intrusive but not unpleasant. The dimpled surface of the tongue actually felt very good and it was strong enough to apply pressure but soft enough not to cause pain. She was lowered, and she reluctantly parted her legs until she sat on the giant lips with her legs straddling either side of the mouth.

Chantelle looked upwards, staring straight up at the giant flaring nostrils of the huge face; she could also see the giant eyes trying to look down towards her, she was probably just out of view, but she could see the giant eyelashes above the cheek line occasionally fluttering from the pleasure.

She could feel the warm moist breath coating her body with a fine layer of condensation; she concluded that it was not a disagreeable sensation compared to some of the alternatives. She allowed the tongue to slide up and down her thighs, gently stroking her labia and coating the lower half of her body in a thin glistening slime of saliva. As long as this was all that Katie was going to do to her, she could tolerate it.

*

The motion increased in speed until she felt completely dizzy and disorientated, the only sound that she could hear was the loud slopping sound. The stench of sex and hormones filled her nasal cavity. Her senses were overloaded. Her sides ached from the bruising of the fingertips clutching her. All she could focus on was trying to keep breathing without sucking in the disgusting fluid that now surrounded her as she was rubbed up and down the outside of the giant labia. It seemed to last forever.

Then it abruptly stopped. Lisa's head and world were spinning, she opened her eyes and she felt herself lowered. She felt more fingertips on her as she was adjusted, her head lolled weakly from the motion as she was reoriented. She wanted to clear her eyes and face from the sexual mucus that clung to her but her hands and arms were tied to her sides.

It now appeared that she was being held horizontally, looking upwards, she could see huge walls of flesh of the thighs either side and the huge mound of sexual organ. She looked down the length of her body towards her feet and a renewed panic set upon her.

Without any further preamble she was thrust feet first towards the now gaping dark pink hole of the vaginal opening. It all happened so quickly, her feet, calves and thighs disappeared inside with no resistance and she was overwhelmed with the warmth around her hips, her knuckles were touching the sides of the cavernous opening. She could hear a very loud gasp of pleasure from above, sick bitch!

The fingers adjusted slightly and she was pushed further inside, Lisa's eyes were wide in panic, she struggled and that appeared to add to the giant sex organ's enjoyment. The fingertips released her and Lisa had a sudden flutter of hope that it was over.

There was a pause of a few seconds and then the vaginal opening widened and slowly squeezed shut, Lisa felt herself being sucked inwards, she stared in disbelieving horror at the giant organ that was slowly pulling her in with its powerful muscles. Her hands and wrists were inside now, the muscles were sucking around her bellybutton like a mystical sea monster.

Without the giant fingers there she attempted her escape. Folding her legs and knees upwards was a mistake, she hit the G-spot, the vaginal muscles squeezed hard around her whole body in response. Her head fell backwards, mouth open in silent agony, winded and out of breath.

Her eyes fixated upwards at the huge looming clitoris above, hating the sight of it. She spluttered as she tasted a salty sticky substance and she sucked in as much air as she could.

She tried to free her arms but the nylon thread was digging into her flesh; which was already raw. She continued regardless, she had to escape, whatever the cost. It was futile, the muscles sucked at her again and she slid a couple more inches inside, she was now up to the top of her abs as the vagina continued to greedily consume her.

A dark shadow was cast over her, she looked upwards like a rabbit spotting a bird of prey too late. The giant fingertips surrounded her upper body like talons and she could feel a pressure being applied on both of her shoulders.

"No!" she screamed, realising what was about to happen, "please, please don't... please!" she begged over and over again, she couldn't handle this, it was too much, this had to be a nightmare, it wasn't real.

She spat at the giant vagina ahead of her, as her breasts started to disappear inside, it was all she could do to resist the power and might around her. Then the last ounce of control that she felt with her last act of defiance dissipated as she was thrust inside further.

A flood of gooey mucus oozed out from the vagina as she was pressed inside, it flowed between and over her breasts and she pulled her head away as much as possible to avoid it, groaning in distaste. The fluid coated her neck and chin and she sucked in a deep breath as the darkness surrounded her and then she was inside.

It was really hot and terrifying, she was sure that she was going to die in there, she could hear the giant heartbeat of the crazy woman. Her face wrinkled as it was pressed against the hot wet walls around her, then she felt herself being gripped on one of her shoulders and pulled backwards, and there was daylight again as she was pulled out, she gasped in as much air as she could. Desperately hoping this was over, but she knew what was likely to happen.

She waited with baited breath for herself to be thrust inside again but she wasn't.

Instead the giant fingers were occupied directly above, four fingers rubbing the clitoris in a fast circular motion. Lisa could feel her body rising with the giant woman as her hips thrust upwards and then down again and then she felt her chest crushed again as the muscles squeezed, then the squelching fingers above, and upwards with the hips, crushing pain and down again and it continued for an eternity.

The gasps of pleasure from above were coming more frequently and the fingers were masturbating more vigorously. Lisa couldn't feel anything from her hips downwards, her body was numbing from what she was being subjected to, she just wanted this all to be over. All she could do was wait and endure it until it was finished.

*

Chantelle balanced as best she could on the giant tongue which rippled and lifted up and down below her, she didn't know where to put her hands and held her arms out to try and balance as she straddled the giant tongue.

Chantelle gasped as she was caught by surprise, the vibrations of Katie's moaning had transmitted through the lips and tongue up to Chantelle's thighs, and her own labia, the tremors had caused a sudden arc of pleasure to jolt through her body.

It wasn't true pleasure though, psychologically she definitely wasn't in the mood.

Chantelle's mouth suddenly opened wide as she experienced a feeling that she had never felt from any man's penis or tongue, tiny by current comparison, it was all consuming and... to be honest, felt absolutely amazing.

Katie moaned again and more warm breath and vibrations enveloped Chantelle, she could faintly hear Jennifer moaning from her activities with Brad behind and the whole thing just threw her over the edge, it came from nowhere, completely unexpected.

She fell forwards, hands reaching out to the giant top lip to stop herself and she pressed against it with both hands. Her hands folded around the creases of the lips and she ground her hips as hard as she could against the slippery tongue. She was rewarded with another groan from Katie and the tongue lifted to meet her next thrust downwards.

She continued to grind and grind against the tongue, waves of pleasure intensifying. She had been subjected to such fears and tortures recently, the feeling of pleasure, in any form was a tremendous release.

Katie's moans had grown to a din in her ears but then it just turned into background noise and her senses blurred into one swirl of emotions and feeling that was fluid and explosive at the same time.

At some point one of Katie's hands had returned to gently grip Chantelle's body but she didn't remember when that happened, she just felt more weightless than before and the sensation of the tongue was impossible to resist. Her hands were at her sides and she literally rode the waves of the tongue as the orgasm surged through her.

She could feel Katie's whole face squirming below her but didn't really acknowledge anything until several orgasms had passed through her. Beads of sweat poured down her spine.

*

Lisa's mind started to drift and fade with the monotonous motion, then it was brought back to reality as she was crushed harder than ever before, it completely emptied her lungs of air.

When she tried to suck air back in there wasn't any space, the giant muscles continued to squeeze her... and continued... and continued and then she really started to panic again. It had been pulsing before, but this was just squeezing tighter.

Wide eyed, she tried to struggle but she was held firmly in place, dark spots teased her vision and all the sounds turned into a confusing blare around her. She felt her consciousness slipping and then the pressing crush was over.

Lisa sucked air in through her bruised lungs; it was too late for her to react to what happened next.

A whole cascade of cum flowed outwards from the vagina and covered her face. The last thing she remembered was choking on the thick viscous fluid and being unable to breathe.

*

Chantelle flopped against the giant lip, the huge tongue moved below her, curling upwards around her buttocks, as if it was tasting her. If she hadn't just cum she would have been slightly concerned.

She laid forwards, panting, feeling the hot air from the mouth and giant nostrils covering her with condensation, it actually felt quite nice and comforting.

She felt herself being lifted upwards by the giant fingers and she looked down at the tiny Brad and Jennifer, lying next to each other between the giant breasts, both athletic bodies panting.

The whole of Katie's body was covered with a sheen of sweat. The other hand approached both Jennifer, Eve and Brad and scooped them up, then the whole upper body of the giant woman raised itself. Chantelle glanced upwards at the huge face.

Katie smiled down at her; it was a grateful satisfied smile. Chantelle actually found herself feeling glad that she had pleased Katie.

"That was amazing my little pet," Katie cooed at her, "and you two little sex fiends, it looks like you had a good time too," Katie examined the tiny Jennifer and Brad in her other hand.

"Why don't you all check on my little sex toy down there, I'll get some scissors to untie her."

*

Lisa felt a sharp stab of pain shoot through her spine, but it felt numb.

Her eyes snapped open and she cried out, looking desperately around her, completely disorientated.

She realised that it was not her spine but her arms and legs that appeared to be immobilised. She tried to release her right arm and felt a shot of pain. She looked over towards her right wrist and screamed at what she saw.

A large safety pin was pierced through her hand and was pinning it to whatever surface she was on. She frantically looked at her other hand, the same. Blood had trickled out of her hands and congealed and set around the pins. Her hands were covered in pools of her own blood.

She struggled to raise her head and looked down her body; her legs were also pinned through. Her head dropped back to the hard surface in defeat. The pain was starting to intensify as her nervous system was reacting to the reality.

Her mind was whirling with questions; the last thing she remembered was being used as a sex toy by the giant psycho, who she wished she had never even met. What was happening? The world had gone completely crazy. She couldn't seem to make sense of anything, her mind was foggy and slow, was she drugged? Where was she?

She looked back at her right hand and tried to examine what had been done to her. It was a metal pin that had been forced through her hand; she tried to move the hand again and immediately stopped after she felt the agony. She cried out again uncontrollably.

The pin was inserted between her finger bones, she would have to tear her hand apart to get it free.

Before she sacrificed her hand she looked around her as much as possible to gauge where she was, her field of vision was unusually limited and she couldn't make sense of her surroundings, except for a pile of Lisa's course books over to her left. They were the pile of books on the desk in her room. She was in her own room? Not Katie's?

She daren't cry out for help, what had happened to her was clearly deliberate.

Then she saw it, the book entitled 'Anatomy: A Dissection Manual', was lying open, it all clicked into place and then her mind almost broke as it dawned on her.

She started to panic as she heard loud footsteps in the distance, she made the decision to sacrifice her right hand as her left was dominant. She gave it a hard tug and wailed in agony, she felt tearing muscle and flesh but it wasn't free.

A shadow loomed over her; she looked upwards to stare directly up at her captor. Katie was wearing a lab coat and had a look of superiority about her, but she wasn't alone. Lisa realised that Jennifer, Chantelle, Eve, Brad and Danielle were all giant as well and looking down at her dispassionately. There were other faces too, some she recognised and some she didn't. She was a spectacle for all of them. A specimen.

Her hand was throbbing in pain and she looked back at it, it was a mess of blood, she had opened the wound and done little to free herself. There was clearly no way out of this now.

She looked up at the faces looking down at her, begging for mercy and pleading to be released and made promises that she would be nice and would never speak a sour word to any of them ever again.

It was too late; a glint of light caught a metal object in Katie's hand, it was lowered towards Lisa. Lisa couldn't yet acknowledge what it was but her subconscious knew exactly what it was.

She wriggled and screamed as the scalpel descended towards her, ignoring the pain of her limbs, she was about to become a mere science experiment.

Without any kind of warning her face was splashed with water. She spluttered and gasped, confused. The scalpel drew nearer and another splash of water. She heard voices in the distance, a strange outer body sensation; she could hear water around her.

The scalpel was just about to touch her belly, she screamed and her consciousness lurched from the shock, her surroundings were transformed as her eyes opened.

She was suddenly surrounded by people her own size, all looking at her with concern. Her heart was thumping so hard that she thought it was going to erupt. Her mind was close to breaking point, unsure of what was reality.

"It's okay Lisa, you're okay," Jennifer soothed her from the side, "you were having a nightmare." Lisa started to understand what was happening. Her body was covered with a cold sweat but she also caught a strong musty smell.

The sensation of being pinned down was clearly the people around her restraining her. Was the whole thing just a dream? Her heart leapt with hope.

"We had to hold you down as we thought you were having a seizure, it was really worrying." They were all naked around her; she knew it wasn't all a dream, just some of it.

The illusion of freedom and her life back shattered around her as she looked up despairingly at Katie who loomed above her. The giant woman actually had a look of concern across her face. At least she didn't have a scalpel and didn't look intent on cutting Lisa open.

"I'm sorry Lisa, I..." she looked lost for words. "I don't know what is happening with me, I'm probably just stressed about my exam tomorrow... I can't control myself anymore..." They all looked up towards her, looks of shock and confusion.

Katie looked distraught herself. Lisa merely flopped backwards in defeat; the giant woman who owned them had clearly gone crazy. There was no hope for them.

Chapter 9 – Punishment

Miguel had watched the video countless times now. Despite it starring the naked woman that he had fantasised about on so many occasions and had dreamt of seeing naked he could not muster himself to enjoy it. He didn't want to, she looked like she was not enjoying it and it was evident to him that she was a captive somewhere.

He had also noticed that her friend Jennifer was in the video, so perhaps Chantelle was also there. If he could find them he could potentially rescue all three of them. He would be a hero... even more important to him was that he would be Lisa's rescuer. That would surely be worth something to her.

He tried to discern all of the facts on the video and work out where they were. They were on a wooden surface with very large grain and knots and there was a very large pencil in the background. Perhaps they were in some kind of filming studio full of props. That didn't make much sense though.

He started searching and after two days of visiting all local registered film studios he turned up with nothing. All of them had let him see their venues despite him not being a police officer. Straight away a sign of nothing to hide, no suspicious behaviour.

He searched everything and everywhere on campus. Nothing.

He sat in his office, gazing at the photographs of the women. He had watched the video footage of the time period that Jennifer and Chantelle had disappeared in the changing rooms, he desperately looked for clues.

Katie Reed had to know something about this. The way she was running away, she either had to be involved or had been scared off by someone.

He didn't care what he had been told to do in avoiding her. He had to question her. The police didn't seem to be doing anything about this.

He lifted himself unevenly out of his office chair and started to pick up his belongings and personal radio.

A buzz at the door caught his attention.

He opened the door to face Sergeant Harvey and Police Constable Watkins. They both wore their full police uniforms including hats.

"Mr Salvador," she greeted him with a thin but slightly sympathetic smile.

"Sergeant," he returned the greeting.

"May we come in?" She asked, stepping towards the door.

"Actually," Miguel blocked her path with his bulky body, "I was about to head out myself."

"That's partly what we wanted to talk to you about Mr Salvador,"

"Oh?" He asked, looking over their shoulders. The black car with their superiors did not appear to be in sight.

"You were asked to leave this with us but you have been making your own enquiries," her eyes scolded him slightly.

"I couldn't just leave them, Miss Webb has gone missing now. I presume you have seen the video?" they both nodded in return.

"You've been visiting local film studios," the Sergeant asked, "why?"

"Did you not see the props in the background?" they shook their heads in confusion. "You had better see the video again for yourselves, come in."

*

It had all been too strange for Sergeant Harvey to ignore. They had all decided to question Katie Reed themselves. Screw special branch, she hadn't heard from them for about five days, they had just gone off the radar.

They arrived outside Katie's door in her halls of residence.

As head of campus security Miguel was the one to knock on the door. After some scuffling inside and the sound of an aerosol spray the door opened and Katie's head peered through.

Her eyes widened in surprise, probably more surprise than an innocent person would display in Miguel's opinion. His eyes narrowed.

"Miss Reed. Please can we ask you some questions about the disappearance of Lisa Webb, Jennifer Thompson and Chantelle Smith?" His question was more of a statement, the scent of air freshener reached his nostrils.

"Okay... I'm not sure that I can help you..." she looked slightly unnerved, which wasn't unexpected.

"We would appreciate anything that you can tell us," Sergeant Harvey stepped forwards, her voice strangely soothing.

"Now's... not a great time," she replied unevenly.

"Miss Reed this is very important," Miguel insisted.

*

"She's lying," Miguel growled at the Sergeant when the door had shut behind Katie after they had finished questioning her. "She knows something."

The Sergeant nodded as they walked away from her room; down the corridor of the halls of residence.

"You're right, she was definitely hiding something. She generally seemed very nervous about all of it..."

"Hey," Miguel nudged the Sergeant's shoulder. "Nice touch with the whole 'they're scared young ladies with families thing'..."

"Thanks," Harvey's expression softened slightly with a smile. "You weren't bad yourself with the whole questioning routine."

Watkins rolled his eyes at the mild banter between the two of them.

*

Katie continued to lean her back against her dorm room door. Her head was looking up at the ceiling deep in thought.

“Shit, shit, shit!” she finally said quietly. Looking around her room to check that there weren’t any obvious clues. She had heard the police say that they thought she was lying. She kept going over it all in her head. “They knew... they must know... Oh God, what am I going to do?”

She had to find somewhere to hide the shrunken people. If they were found she was screwed. She couldn’t explain that one away.

Then her fear for her own safety transformed into guilt about what she had done. She had just ruined three people’s lives. The policewoman was right, they were three women with families and they were scared.

But they were three really mean women. They had this coming to them...

She pulled open her drawer and pulled out the box. She lifted off the lid to peer down at three tiny terrified naked women and a nonchalant man and woman.

Brad and Eve had never been at all concerned with their situation, in fact they only seemed happy to please Katie. But Jennifer, Chantelle and Lisa were very much the opposite. How could she have done this to them?

The girls quietly started to separate from each other and headed for different corners of the box, hoping not to be the selected one. A day ago she would have reprimanded them for that behaviour and taught them a lesson in discipline but today...

She picked up Jennifer and sealed the box again. She held the tiny woman up to her face.

“I’m sorry about what I’ve done to you. I... I didn’t mean for it to get like this.” Jennifer’s look of fear started to turn in confusion, was this another game that Katie was playing? “I mean it... I’m sorry.”

Jennifer looked into Katie’s eyes. Her expression softened as she realised there was a potential opening for her to get through to Katie.

“Please can you make us big again... we will forget all about all of this...”

Katie shook her head, her eyes welling up.

“I don’t think I can do that. They will lock me up for life...”

“We will promise to keep our word... Please, please help us...” Jennifer begged gently, Katie could see the sudden hope lighting up her face, hope of escape and normality.

“I... I don’t know... I’ll need to think about that...” she looked down at the pitiful naked woman.

“Please,” Jennifer begged. Katie’s thoughts started to drift. Jennifer could see that she was losing her and the opportunity.

“Okay,” Jennifer continued, “what about if you just let me go?” Katie looked back at her. “Just me, keep Lisa, she’s the one you wanted. Keep Chantelle as well if you like. Please just let me go. I want to be normal sized again.” Katie slowly shook her head.

“I...”

“Please,” Jennifer begged.

"Just let me think," Katie said firmly. "In the meantime, is there anything I can get you?" Jennifer paused, thinking. She was carefully considering how much to ask for and whether it would be a negotiation.

"Better food and Clothes?" She asked hopefully, her face creasing expecting it to be declined. She was surprised when Katie nodded quickly.

"Also better bedding... and... and toilet facilities?" Jennifer asked further, hoping she wasn't pushing her luck.

"Okay, I'll sort all of that for you," Katie nodded again, sniffing as she felt herself about to break out into tears. She didn't know how to make this better, there was no one she could turn to. Jennifer's face was in shock at the sudden acquiescence.

"Thank you," She clearly decided not to push her luck. "Goddess..." Jennifer studied Katie's face.

Katie's eyes widened, forcing some tears to slip out of her eyes and trickle down her cheeks.

*

Katie entered Doctor Cook's office after being told she could enter.

"Katie, good to see you," Doctor Cook greeted warmly. It made Katie suddenly feel like everything was okay with the world again. Doctor Cook always had a way of making her feel safe and secure. Whilst she was Katie's psychologist on campus, Katie felt that she was more of a friend and confidant.

"How are you keeping?" Doctor Cook asked as Katie took her usual seat, she had her notepad opened, pen ready at its side and her perfectly manicured nails were clasped together.

"I'm okay thanks..." Katie trailed off, looking down at her lap, disappointed at her own standard reply. "Actually... I'm not okay..."

"Are you feeling unwell?" the Doctor asked, cocking her head in concern.

"I'm... I'm starting to get these uncontrollable urges," Katie started. Doctor Cook's brow creased, trying to establish what Katie meant.

"What do you mean Katie?" She clasped her hands in front of her and leant forwards.

"I... I can't seem to be able to control my emotions..." She looked around the room uncomfortably. "Sexually..."

"Ohh..." Doctor Cook's said quickly and then trailed off, leaning back into her chair. Thinking about her next words. "There is nothing to be ashamed of. Having strong sexual feelings and hormones at your age is perfectly natural," she gave Katie a warm smile.

"I'm not sure what I'm feeling is normal. It's really powerful and comes on really strong."

"Why don't you describe it to me," Doctor Cook started.

*

Katie shut the door to the office slowly and pulled out her mobile phone from her jacket pocket. It had been helpful to talk to Doctor Cook to get her thoughts off her chest, but she didn't feel any better. She

hadn't been able to tell her about the people that she had shrunken and kidnapped, she just couldn't tell her that.

She still needed some other advice.

Jonah had replied to Katie's text that she had sent him earlier. He had introduced her to the whole concept of shrinking, she had stolen the shrinking device from him. He clearly didn't suspect her, otherwise he would have been after her.

'Can't meet on Campus, meet me in town at Bella's café in two days at 4pm' his text said.

She looked at the time on her phone, she needed to pick up her exam results now.

*

The three tiny women sat cross legged in a circle around the small LED keyring light that Katie had given them. They had covered themselves in tissue paper that she had given them to keep themselves warm and maintain a shred of dignity.

Katie soon saw to that every time she opened the box, but it helped restore some sense of humanity to them in the interim.

Eve and Brad were on their own somewhere else in the box. They didn't seem to care about the light, after they had shown some mild curiosity when it had first been lit, and they never spoke to the women without being spoken to first.

Chantelle merely sat shivering, her bottom lip was trembling.

"I can't handle this anymore!" Lisa sat bolt upright, her eyes widened.

"What are you going to do?" Jennifer replied, looking over at Lisa with tired sunken eyes.

"I'm going to get out of here," she looked back at Jennifer with piercing eyes. "I'm not going to wait for that crazy lady to find her conscience. She has clearly gone mad."

"What are you going to do if you do escape? We're tiny..."

"I'll work something out, it will be better than being a sex toy every day for the rest of my life; especially for that crazy bitch," Lisa stood up with intent and started back towards the pile of tissues that they had amalgamated.

She pulled out a long metal object.

"What's that?" Jennifer stood up and walked over to join her.

"It's a safety pin I grabbed hold of when she was distracted," Lisa smiled triumphantly. Jennifer stepped back slightly, shaking her head.

"No... no," she shook her head more adamantly. "She will kill us if she finds that."

"She won't find it, you just keep those two crazy sex robots out of my way," Lisa nodded over to where Brad and Eve were, "and I'm gonna cut out way out of here."

"You can't..." Jennifer grabbed at Lisa's arms, begging her not to get them in trouble.

"She's a crazy bitch... What if she just tops herself without letting us go? We'll be trapped in here, people won't find us until we're dead!"

Jennifer let go of her reluctantly.

Lisa strode over to her usual corner of the box, disappearing away from the light of the LED.

*

Katie traced her finger across the page again, keeping her trembling fingertip as steady as she could considering the circumstances.

38%... F. That wasn't possible. She had never got a grade below 80% before!

"Hey, get out of the way!" Someone said from behind her, she was surrounded by shoving people desperate to see their grades. She turned round from where she had been hunched over and stared daggers at the offending person.

She looked back. The grade was the same, she wasn't imagining it.

"Please just get your result and move on to ensure everyone can see their grade," the department secretary called out.

Katie was trembling from head to toe now. She couldn't understand what had happened. What had changed recently?

Lisa, that bitch had caused her to get the bad grade. She would pay for this.

Katie stormed off and thundered down the department staircase. She headed towards the campus grocery store. She shoved through various angry people on the way, single minded and direct in purpose.

*

Lisa collapsed to her knees, hands clasped together, pleading towards the naked giantess that loomed over her.

Katie had a wild look in her eyes and it terrified Lisa, she knew that she wasn't going to hold anything back this time. The furious giantess towering above her was not going to be gentle.

"Hold her against it!" Katie snapped at them.

She held the carrot, that she had bought from the shop, out towards the tiny people. She had nearly squeezed the life out of Lisa before.

"No!" Lisa protested, shaking her head vigorously "please don't, please, I'm so sorry, but I don't know what I've done."

"You have ruined my life, you little shit!" Katie blared at her; all of the women cowered, covering their ears with their hands. Lisa's eyes and mouth were closed as the spray from Katie's mouth covered her.

"I should just kill you here and now and get rid of you," Jennifer and Chantelle's heads both snapped up at Katie's giant face in alarm.

They both realised that Katie's focus was on Lisa, but still the shock of their friend being threatened was apparent. They hadn't heard her talking quite like that. It sounded like Katie meant it this time.

"Go on then!" Lisa pumped out her naked chest causing her breasts to wobble, instead of challenging the giant woman it was merely a pitiful display in attempted defiance. Katie examined her for a few seconds.

"No...I'm going to do worse than that..." Lisa's eyes widened with concern. "Hold her against it," she ordered again, then looking directly into Lisa's eyes she spoke evenly.

"I'm going to tie you to this carrot and then I'm going to fuck myself with you until I have had so many orgasms that I'm physically exhausted. You're going to be my living dildo forever and there isn't anything you can do about it."

Tears streamed down Lisa's cheeks and she collapsed to her knees again, pleading.

"I'm sorry, please don't, please...pleeease!" Her arms were grasped by Jennifer and Chantelle and Brad and Eve held her wriggling ankles. "I don't want to be your dildo!" She wailed at the top of her voice.

"Tough, you're going to be," Katie's face approached Lisa with a sudden speed as she was held up from all limbs, legs and arms splayed out in a star shape and gave her a long and deliberate lick, feeling the salty quivering woman beneath her tongue. She literally tasted her fear.

Katie held up the thread and Lisa was uncontrollably crying, her chest heaving up and down as her arms and legs were folded around the narrow end of the carrot. Katie decided that she would taunt her victim all the way through this, it made her feel incredibly good.

"I'm going to tie you to this carrot," she held the thread up to the ladies holding the arms, handing it to them, her giant fingernails deliberately brushing Lisa's breasts. "I'm going to lick you until you are completely drenched in my saliva. Then I'm going to rub you up and down against my pussy until I am completely wet and you are covered in my cum." A wicked smile crossed her face.

"Then I'm going to lick you all over like a lollipop, savouring the taste of my cum that's covered all over your body." She paused to drink in Lisa's terror.

"Then you're going to truly become my living dildo as I slowly insert you inside my vagina. I'm going to pump you in and out until I cum even more over you."

Lisa was sobbing, her resistance was gone as she was tied to the carrot.

"Then I'm probably going to do it all over again. Perhaps you'll survive it... who knows," she shrugged, "either way; you deserve what happens to you. The best thing is that I bet no-one will care about what happens to you either way."

"Nice and tight," she instructed all four of her slaves. They all nodded in unison. "It had better be, I can always get more carrots," she glowered threateningly at each of them. Chantelle and Jennifer cowered slightly in response to her glare.

Lisa felt the carrot she was attached to rise into the air, her body hung slightly but stayed tightly wrapped around the long vegetable. She was drawn towards the cavernous mouth of the giantess as it opened and the huge wet tongue emerged to meet her.

"Noooo!" She screamed out as the wet muscle surrounded her body. She could already feel the saliva coating her entire body and it slid upwards to her face. She held her breath and kept her mouth shut.

She was rotated to the side, horizontal to the mouth and darkness surrounded her as the giant mouth enveloped her and the carrot.

She tried to hold her breath in the darkness. She jumped as the warm and wet giant tongue slammed into her chest and roughly licked her from side to side. This continued beyond her limit of holding her breath and she breathed in warm moist air from the mouth. She spluttered from the saliva that surrounded her and entered every crevice.

Light suddenly appeared in the cavernous mouth and she felt giant teeth pressing down on her chest. She yelled in pain as they squeezed together. It was a gentle movement for Katie but to Lisa it was agony. The teeth pressed into her ribcage.

Then she was licked again and again and again, she couldn't even struggle or move she was bound so tightly.

She could feel the teeth release and move away, then she heard the teeth dig and embed themselves into the flesh of the carrot. The tongue bombarded her again and she couldn't help but protest at how invasive and violating it was.

After a while she was extracted from the mouth and held up in front of the giant face.

Katie's lips curved together and she spat directly into Lisa's face.

Lisa screamed in protest at the unexpected and disgusting treatment but it only resulted in her getting a mouthful of the spittle. Her eyes were shut tightly and she spluttered and coughed up a lungful of saliva.

She could feel the sensation of being moved. She felt like she was being lowered. She wanted to escape, she desperately tried to free herself from her restraints but it only cut into her skin. She knew what was going to happen next, Katie had told her and the sick woman did keep to her word.

Lisa couldn't wipe her face clear, every time she opened her eyes it was misty and they stung from the saliva. She shook her head from side to side but the motion of the turning and moving carrot made her feel sick and disorientated.

She suddenly felt warmth against her chest and then she knew where she was from the smell that reached her nostrils.

She could feel the smooth wet skin of the labia that she was being rubbed up and down against. She was being rubbed against the outside of Katie's pussy as the giantess prepared herself to insert her living carrot dildo inside herself.

Lisa merely tried to breathe as evenly as she could. There was nothing she could do. She knew that she was Katie's sex slave. She also knew she was going to be used as one for as long as Katie wanted to use her and as often as she liked.

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Katie examined the tiny woman still strapped to the carrot. She looked completely exhausted. Her chest rose and fell with visible effort. Her head hung loosely and her hair was stuck to her face, neck and shoulders.

She was covered in Katie's cum from head to toe. Katie couldn't count the number of orgasms that she had using Lisa inside and outside of her pussy.

She was feeling a bit sore in her pussy herself so she could only imagine how Lisa felt.

Katie knew that the woman had experienced a pretty severe punishment, but she knew that she would probably be defiant a few days later after this.

She needed to be taught a permanent lesson. Punishing the other girls further wasn't the answer. She had to target something even closer to Lisa... then it occurred to her. She would get at Lisa through her boyfriend.

Chapter 10 – The boyfriend

Katie had spent the last two weeks tracking Christian's movements and a pattern had emerged. She knew his lesson plan by simply connecting his courses with the campus agendas which was a simple task; the tricky bit had been working out a place where she could grab him without any witnesses or security cameras. Wherever it was it needed to have an exit where it was not obvious that two people went in and one comes out.

She knew she had to be patient but the thought of the tiny attractive man in her hands did turn her on so much that she needed to carry at least one or two of her tiny captives with her to sate her sexual passions when they came in the unexpected tidal wave that seemed to be more and more often nowadays.

She finally found her place and it hadn't been where she had expected to do it. Everywhere else Christian went he was surrounded by his guy mates. He occasionally went to campus security, presumably to check on the status of his missing girlfriend. That was the worst place to catch him and Katie kept her distance from that building.

His lectures and seminars weren't the right place either. Whenever he went to the toilet it was always busy in the humanities building, his course modules seemed to always be so busy and over-subscribed. He only had about six hours of contact time per week and he didn't seem to go to the library which would have been a good option.

That frustrated her, apparently colleges were doling out qualifications now. It wasn't comparable to her science courses.

Then she accidentally landed on a gem. She wasn't typically an early riser but she had noticed that Christian opened the campus café on Mondays and Wednesdays in the morning. He had a part time job there on campus to earn a bit of money. In fact that's where Lisa and Katie had originally met him all those months ago, back when Lisa and Katie had been friends.

So she had checked it out. She woke up early and tracked him, she worked out that he opened up alone and set the place up at least an hour before the two other staff members arrived.

He appeared to like to sit and read his tablet. That was perfect as the campus was almost dead at that time in the morning.

She had even worked out that she could slip in through the rear exit of the café that he left open for the other staff members to get in, as they usually left the double main entrance doors locked until the café opened at 8am.

Now she had a plan.

She woke up at 6am on the Wednesday of week three of tracking his movements and dressed in her lowest cut top and skirt and no underwear. It was still cold outside so she wore a hoodie, jogger pants and a baseball cap.

This time she wasn't going to be carrying one of her tiny captives with her, if everything went right today she would have a new one to play with. Lastly she grabbed her backpack with the device stashed inside and fully charged.

The route to the café was quiet, there was a rolling fog which was emerging from the lake as she walked past on the pathway. The ducks were just starting to splash about in the water and nibble at their waxy

feather coats with their slender beaks. Rabbits bounded back and forth startled by her presence and then calmed by her lack of interest in them.

She kept her hands firmly in her pockets, shivering slightly in the cold. It was just starting to get light and the sunrise was skimming across the water and reaching out towards her. The nature around her was oblivious to her intentions to perform an act that was a perversion to its rules.

She suddenly wondered how terrifying it would be to be a shrunken person let loose out here in the wild of nature.

There were plenty of people about on campus but also there were foxes and birds of prey. She smiled at the thought of letting Lisa loose out here and leaving her to fend for herself but then the thought lost its appeal. She didn't have any intentions of killing them, just paying them back for the horrendous ways they tortured her.

Then she revelled at the thought of the look on the tiny Lisa's face when Katie showed her tiny boyfriend to her. That would be fun. She couldn't wait to fuck him in front of Lisa.

Nobody was about on her walk to main campus but she kept her head down and concealed her face under the baseball cap, she wanted to be invisible to campus security cameras. Someone else was about to go missing on campus and it would draw more attention.

Her campus branded hoodie and dark trousers, she wore over her skirt, would be similar to hundreds of others that were worn.

When she reached the main campus it was quiet, there were a few people walking about but she could only count a handful and it was mostly staff or volunteers setting up for the day, Christian would hopefully be one of them.

So she found herself shivering, standing looking at a campus noticeboard and waiting at 6:30am for Christian to appear. He was late today but he did emerge at 6:40am and walked past her and down the alleyway behind the café.

He would be unlocking the door and after a minute he was visible through the café shopfront setting up behind the counter and starting to move the stacked chairs.

Katie pulled the baseball cap further down to cover her face. She wanted to wear her hoodie over her head and cap as well but knew it would restrict her peripheral vision which she needed right now.

Whilst she was a predator herself she still had to take care of being caught. She hoisted the backpack further on her shoulders and tightened the straps at her side. It was a heavy bag with the battery pack and she was cold now from waiting.

Katie glanced around, there were only two people in sight across the courtyard and they were paying her no attention to her whatsoever. She left it five minutes and then casually walked past the café; she slipped into the alley and nudged the rear café door open. Her heartbeat was now starting to accelerate.

She looked left, that was the way into the café. To her right were the toilets, next to where she had tricked the guy into leaving his expensive shrinking device for her to steal, and also the staff office and changing room.

She entered the ladies toilet so she could set up, closing the door behind her slowly so that it was silent.

She left the backpack on the vanity counter and took off her hoodie and joggers, letting her skirt billow out, and stuffing those clothes into her backpack. She lifted the device out and gently placing it on the top so it was accessible.

She flicked the switch and the power light slowly glowed on. She smiled in anticipation.

She gave herself one last look in the mirror. She decided that she did indeed look attractive enough to catch his eye and if nothing else her breasts being more exposed than not would get his attention.

Men were so easy.

She slowly opened the toilet door, peeking out, Christian was in the main café. She slipped into the office and stashed the backpack in there and then tiptoed into the café.

“Hey,” she greeted him. Christian nearly jumped out of his skin in surprise. His wide eyes looked up at her and then relaxed in realisation.

“What the hell are you doing here?” He asked spitting in frustration at her causing him to jump. “It’s not open for another hour.”

“I came to see you,” she gave her voice a suggestive inflection, tilting her hips to show off her short skirt and bare legs.

Katie noticed with satisfaction that Christian was examining her cleavage, if only he knew that shortly he would be small enough to be inside and surrounded by it.

“Do you like what you see?” Katie looked into Christian’s icy blue eyes, slowly running an index finger along the exposed top of her right breast.

“Huh?” He murmured, catching eye contact with her uncomfortably. “I never knew...”

“What?” Katie interrupted with a sensual rasp, drawing him closer to her.

“I never knew you were so...”

“Sexy?” She asked, running her index finger up to her mouth and slowly inserting it inside, gently sucking on it with a wet sound to accompany it.

Christian’s eyes widened with excitement, he made his way over to her in the corridor. She retracted her finger and lowered her hand to his waistline.

“I always thought you were sexy,” she started to slip her fingers inside his waistband; she could hear his breathing grow heavier as his excitement increased. She drew closer still and raised herself on tiptoes, tilting her chin upwards, offering up her lips towards his.

“You were just a tiny bit... big for me,” she squeezed his crotch gently, he groaned in surprise and pleasure. She could feel that he was hardening down there.

“Okay... I’ll be gentle then,” he murmured in return, lowering his lips to meet hers. She chuckled and retracted slightly.

“I didn’t mean that,” she squeezed his crotch again. “I meant you... the whole of you is a bit big for me. I like my men small... really small.” She pulled on his waist band and then released it with a snap, then turned her back to him and walked towards the office.

"Really?" His head retracted in consternation as he started to unconsciously follow her. "Smaller? I've never heard of that before," he spoke to the back of her head.

"You've got to see it to believe it," she replied, backing up against the office door, her eyes locking with his as she pressed against the door, pushing it open. "And even then you might still not believe it," she smiled cheekily.

She felt tremendously powerful in that moment, she was luring him into her trap and he was none the wiser.

He didn't need to be shrunken to be under her control, but she couldn't wait until he was.

He followed her inside.

"But I'm dating Lisa," he murmured, as if in a dream. She gave a wicked chuckle.

"And where is she right now?" She batted her eyelids at him, "I'm here right now aren't I?" She traced her finger over her breasts again; it acted like an imaginary magic wand which was casting her spell on him.

Every second she continued doing it her spell seemed to grow more and more powerful and he was soon going to be hers.

"Why now?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Because I'm horny," she replied bluntly.

His face held a look of pure confusion which soon disappeared as she grabbed his shirt and then grabbed a tuft of his hair at the back of his head and pulled his face down into a powerful kiss, forcefully plunging her tongue deep inside his mouth. His eyes bulged in surprise at her confidence and domination.

She started unbuttoning his jeans and he fumbled to remove her bra.

"You like my cleavage don't you?" She parted from his mouth to ask the question, panting with excitement.

"Yes," he replied, "yes I do..."

"I'm going to rub you up and down between my breasts," she replied, he smiled in anticipation, probably thinking she meant his penis or his face. "I'm going to put you inside my cleavage so you can enjoy it as much as you like..."

She moved his hands away from her body and dropped his trousers. His hands started to undo the buttons on his shirt.

She looked down at his erect penis and tilted her head to its side in a gentle nod of respect at the size of his penis. Lisa had done quite well for herself. Oh well, it didn't really matter anymore, his whole body was basically going to be a living penis very soon.

She gently stroked her index finger along the shaft of his penis and up to the end and then paused and quickly tapped the tip, it was gooey and starting to secrete. A glistening sliver followed her finger as she lifted it away. She rubbed it down his chest.

Katie felt really turned on but she didn't want the guy's penis inside her. Not after it had been inside Lisa, regardless of how long it had been since it had. She had liked him once upon a time, but now he was spoiled goods as far as she was concerned.

It gave her another idea on what to do with Christian. While she planned to add Christian to her shrunken collection and use it to teach Lisa a lesson, she now decided that she would shrink him smaller than even Lisa was, so even if they had sex, in the little box she kept them in, his penis would be much smaller.

She grinned darkly at the thought and reached up with both hands and pressed down on both of his shoulders. He looked up from her exposed breasts to her eyes and then took the hint. He allowed himself to be pressed down to his knees, looking directly at her exposed belly button.

Katie dropped her skirt, he helped her pull it away from her feet and started to slowly trace his fingers up her calves, behind her knees... she grabbed the back of his head and plunged his face into her pussy, he was getting too sensual for her, she wanted to dominate him, this wasn't love making, this was the start of their new relationship of goddess and slave.

She felt his tongue roughly plant itself between her legs, she suddenly felt very unprotected and delicate and grabbed his head with both hands and dug her fingernails in.

The tiny people in her possession were so much more controlled and gentle, too insignificant to inflict any unpleasantness on her anyway.

She felt his tongue fumbling around down there and fidgeted uncomfortably. The potential for pleasure soon turned to aversion. He was clumsy. She looked down at his head and made the decision.

"I think you're only going to be useful to me once you're about six inches tall," she stated. He looked upwards in response, his tongue still bothering her labia. She grabbed his chin with her fingertips and lifted his face to look up at her, preventing his tongue from doing its business.

"I'm going to make you this big," she displayed the measurement with her thumb and forefinger; it was actually going to be less than six inches, half that in fact. The confusion was back on his face.

"What?" his face wrinkled, clearly he thought she was completely crazy, but was willing to put up with it to get lucky, Men!

"I'm going to turn the whole of your body into a living dildo," she responded speaking slowly down to him, he really didn't understand what she was really telling him.

"What are you talking about? Is this some kind of roleplay thing?" She sighed with resignation. He sat back with his rear on the cold floor, looking up at her in confusion, his penis still standing at attention.

"I'll show you," she reached down towards the backpack and grabbed the nozzle of the device, pressing the power button, it was charged and ready. She turned and pointed it straight at him.

"What's that?" He suddenly looked alarmed and stood up to face her, but it was too late.

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Christian heard a pop and a loud whir and a bright light, and then it felt as if a tidal wave had hit his whole body. He looked into Katie's eyes for explanation and then back at the device.

"What is that?" He asked, hearing the concern in his own voice "what did you just do to me?" She smirked as he grabbed at the device. She switched the power button off, his strength was already weaker and she easily removed the power cable to disable it, in case he didn't manage to overpower her in the interim. She allowed him to take it, she didn't feel like having a fight.

He examined the device in his hands.

“What is this?”

“I just changed your life forever,” she purred at him, her eyes sparkled with glee. “You’re about to see your girlfriend again.”

“Lisa?” He blurted out, stepping towards her, “where is she? What have you done to her, you crazy...”

“Ah ah ahhh,” her index finger ticked from side to side like a metronome. “I wouldn’t say anything you’re going to regret.”

Christian winced as he suddenly felt pain spread across his whole body; it started at the skin of his chest and then permeated across his body, then he felt it inside. It seemed to feel like his organs were moving.

It felt like he was having stomach cramps, a migraine and a heart attack all at the same time. Within seconds it felt like every cell in his body was on fire. He started to growl uncontrollably from the pain, his sucked in breath to push through it. He felt her take the gun thing away from his grasp and he couldn’t resist.

“What... have you done... to me?” He looked around for assistance as his lungs started to burn and he started to wheeze, his eyes focussed on the door.

He stood up and tried to stumble over to it, his feet were in agony and his knees were refusing to comply. It ended up in a clumsy diagonal stagger.

He finally reached the door and pulled at the handle, it wouldn’t budge.

He felt much weaker, but knew that the door was locked anyway. She had the key. He turned back towards her and pressed his back against the door as he looked at her in astonishment, she suddenly seemed to be taller. He lifted himself up tall, which caused a stab of pain in itself and still found himself looking slightly up at her face, whereas before she had been shorter than him.

He looked down at her feet, she wasn’t standing on anything and he was standing as upright as he could. What the hell was happening?

“Let me get out of here...I won’t say anything,” he grimaced as a searing pain ran up his spine. “It hurts!”

He lurched backwards into the door, gasping from the pain, feeling winded and out of breath. His whole body was burning now; his brain felt like it had the worst migraine ever, it was throbbing.

Then he realised that even his eyeballs were burning in their sockets, his teeth felt like they were on fire and his ears were starting to ring. He thought he could taste blood in his mouth.

Christian’s eyesight started to coalesce and his thoughts grew confused, strange smells and tastes started to run through his nervous system, was he having a stroke?

His vision returned for an instant and he found he could focus, the pain had subsided slightly and he could draw breath more easily. He found himself lying on the floor, looking up at Katie in desperation.

‘Please’ he tried to say, but it came out as a croak, his throat felt like a dry husk. She seemed much further away from him, even taller now. His mind was clearly playing tricks on him from the poison or drug that she had given him. She seemed to revel in his discomfort as she had a permanent sly grin on her face.

Christian looked down at the floor, he could see Katie’s feet and then his heart almost stopped when he saw his own hand in comparison in front of it.

His hands were bracing his weight, palms facing down and fingers spread, but her foot was at least four times the size of his hand. That couldn't be possible!

He pushed up hard with his arms, using the door to stand up with some effort; it barely brought him up to her waist height. When he looked up and behind him, the door was huge, he realised that she wasn't further away or taller, it was he who was shrinking. At least that was how his mind perceived it, but it wasn't physically possible.

He staggered backwards against the door again, Katie stepped towards him. She towered over him, her large breasts swaying above. She was so big she blocked out the office lighting and cast a shadow over him.

He recoiled as she lifted her large foot upwards in the air, he could see the detail of the sole of her bare foot. He was stunned at what was happening, as he struggled to retain consciousness.

The large foot suddenly lowered towards him and pressed down on his chest, forcing him to his knees. The foot adjusted itself and the big toe hooked over his right shoulder and the second toe on the other, his neck was trapped in between her toes, how was this possible?

He glanced to his side and saw the large wrinkles of skin and pores to the big toe, then the neatly painted toenail. It smelt like it was a real foot and not a dream.

The foot continued to press down on him until he collapsed from the weight.

"Please, stop!" he begged. Trying to grip at the foot and pull it off him. It all felt real.

"Aww, am I too much for you?" she cooed down to him, her voice seemed to be much louder and more authoritative. The foot lifted away and he breathed a sigh of relief as he sat on the floor.

Two large feet appeared either side of him and even more light was blocked out, he looked up in fear as the large woman squatted over him, her large vagina looming towards him.

He saw a large hand reach out for him and he tried to cower. It cupped the back of his head. He tried to evade it but the other hand grabbed his midsection and pulled him up with so little effort that he felt like a doll.

He tried to struggle away but his face was thrust hard into her crotch.

"Now who's in charge?" she asked him. He didn't respond, and wrinkled his face up as it was smothered into her wet pussy; that was as large as his face. He tried to resist but his neck and back were not strong enough. It definitely smelt of a turned on woman, how was this even real?

"Lick me you little slave," she demanded down at him. He tried to resist, pressing both hands against her large thighs and pushing as hard as he could but both of her powerful hands were now pressing his head into her womanhood.

He could feel that she was getting wetter and he screwed his eyes up and shut his mouth, willing this all to be a trippy drug that she had given him.

"Lick me!" She demanded again, pressing his face into her pussy. She retracted his head slightly as if allowing him to make his decision.

He felt the grip on his head loosen for a second and he instantly ducked under her large hands and staggered back towards the door again. He turned and looked up. The handle was about fifteen inches above his head, which to him felt like feet rather than inches, and looked much larger than it had even a minute ago.

This is impossible!

He jumped as he felt her hands grab at his shoulders. He turned back, panic setting in. This wasn't a drug. No experience could be this immersive and lucid unless it was... real.

He looked up at her, she was towering over him, completely naked now. He looked up from her pussy, up her belly, across her large breasts and up to her face that peered down at him.

She had a look of pure power and dominance on her face. Was this what she had done to Lisa and the girls? How the hell could she accomplish this? She was just a student.

His panicked thoughts were cut short as she started to lower her pussy towards him again.

"No!" He protested, struggling against her vice like grip. He tried to kick out at her calves but they were out of reach.

"You're shrinking down to three inches," she simply said. "It can't be stopped now."

"What the hell?" he shouted back. "You can't do that to me!"

"I can... I have the technology to do it and I have..." the large vagina loomed to fill his vision as she squatted down towards him. He tried with all of his strength to escape but she was too strong. "...you now."

He could feel himself being lifted slightly by her hands and he started to scream as his face met with her pussy, it was several times bigger than it had been a few seconds ago and now it was slimy with her excitement and had a very pungent aroma. It was much stronger than he had ever experienced, the smell filled his nostrils.

He screwed his eyes up and closed his mouth again.

He felt her guiding his whole body, and head, upwards and then down again slightly. He suddenly realised that she was using his head to rub up and down the outside of her pussy, up to her clitoris and down again. She was crazy! She was masturbating with his head!

Then without any warning or preamble he felt his head surrounded by a sudden wet heat. He opened his eyes and wished he hadn't. It was wet and dark and his eyes immediately burned as they were covered with her sexual juices. He screamed and wished he hadn't, his mouth was filled with her fluids.

His head was pulled out again and he sucked in a deep breath and then it was plunged straight into the vagina again. He could hear her moan in pleasure as he was plunged up to his shoulders. His arms were pinned at his sides by the large hands.

He twisted and kicked, trying to free himself from the maw, but she gripped him so tightly around his waist and hips, his legs kicked out helplessly in the air.

Then his body was released and he immediately pressed against the sides of her labia and pushed as hard as he could with his hands. His head emerged and he staggered backwards from the sudden release. He hit the door and bounced backwards, falling on his behind, and gasping for breath.

The giant woman was still squatting over him but seemed even bigger than before. Her hands were planted on her thighs that were wide open and projecting either side of him. She looked absolutely huge now. He realised with further dread that it appeared that he had shrunk even more.

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That was interesting; he seemed to be more resilient than the girls, even more than Lisa had been. All of them had eventually passed out from the shrinking process. He was also shrinking much more slowly than they had. Lisa had been relatively slow but Christian was much slower. Was the device wearing out somehow?

Katie examined the tiny shrunken form of Christian below her. He must be about 15 inches tall now, not much further to go. She found herself squatting over his tiny form, admiring his muscular body from her height. He was now like a double height action man.

Her mouth curled into a leer. He was her living and breathing action man, looking up at her in fear and confusion.

She regretted shrinking him the whole way, she would have enjoyed playing with him more like this for a while. She would just have to make the most of it now.

She reached out towards him with one of her hands. His eyes widened in panic and he turned away from her and started to run towards the centre of the office.

She could have caught him, but that would have been too easy. She allowed the small man to sprint as fast as he could until he nearly reached the office chair. He tried to dive underneath the rolling wheels but she simply pushed the chair aside and it spun away.

She reached out quickly with her hand and snatched at him. Her right hand managed to curl around his waist and hold him firmly in place by his waist.

Christian's legs were peddling, desperately trying to scramble free.

Katie lifted him up, turning him around in her hands. He was still quite heavy and filled her hands. She lifted him upwards to examine him.

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Christian felt himself being lifted to a great height as he was held in both hands by the large crazy woman. He looked down at the fingers in disbelief, they were huge. They were definitely real. The detail on them was too great to be virtual reality or a drug induced hallucination.

He could see the pores, creases and wrinkles, he could see the blemishes, hair and the polished finger nails... all giant. She was emitting a heat which felt like a real human, just giant. This was impossible. What was happening?

Her giant face suddenly filled his entire vision. It was definitely Katie's face; she looked terrifying and beautiful at the same time. There was a twinkle in her huge eyes that he had never seen before, they had a predatory coldness to them and it struck fear right through him. Her expression was one of victory over him. He couldn't understand why she was doing this to him... and how?

"Please, what have you done to me?" He asked up at her giant face, desperate for a coherent answer that would explain all of this as a temporary and completely reversible situation.

"I keep telling you," her voice boomed at him, her breath passing over his face and catching his hair, "I'm shrinking you into my little toy, you don't seem to be listening to me little one,"

"But this is impossible, it must be some kind of trick!" he protested.

"Does it feel like a trick?" She asked, her expression darkening slightly. He paused for thought, and then suddenly felt his ribcage being crushed by the giant hands. He gasped as his breath left him, his voice hoarse and then not at all. "How about now?" he heard her ask with her teeth gritted, "Does it still feel like a trick?"

"Pleeease..." he wheezed, feeling a huge pressure being applied to his face and brain, it felt like he was going to pop "stop!" she released the crushing grip.

He sucked in a deep breath, looking down at his chest to see if there was any damage, his midsection was still in agony.

"How..." he panted, "have you done this to me?" he said between pained breaths.

"Does a magician reveal her secrets?" Katie replied with a sly smile, she was clearly enjoying this. Lisa was right, she was a crazy bitch. He shook his head doubtfully, as apparently that was what she wanted him to do.

"You used some kind of magic?" He asked in response, he didn't have a clue how this was possible. There was surely no such thing as magic.

"Not magic," she looked down at something, then back at him. "Science, my little boy toy." He yelped as he felt himself released from the grip of her hands and falling. He hit the ground after a second of flight and collapsed from the shock.

She was squatting over him again and holding the gun, in her hands again; pointing it at him.

"This is what I used to shrink you. Now you're going to shrink to the size I want you at," she stated.

"No more, please!" he pleaded from the floor, "please don't, I'll do anything you want."

"You will what I want anyway," she chuckled, "I don't know why everyone keeps saying that as if it's a bargaining chip with me, it's really not." She reached down towards him with her index finger and poked him hard in his naked chest. "In fact," she poked again and he protested at the painful treatment, "I find it downright insulting," she poked again "and I don't like being insulted by my little toys."

"Please Stop this!" Christian gasped, the pain of the shrinking continued and it coursed through his skin and veins, his lungs grew tight and his bones hurt inside. His head throbbed in pain.

He vaguely felt himself being picked up again and occasionally found enough consciousness to realise that he was shrinking further. His vision faded in and out as did his consciousness.

When his vision and consciousness did fully return he despaired at the sight. Her face was absolutely huge in front of him, as he looked around himself he could see giant fingers curled in a claw around and above him and then he realised that he was lying in the open palm of one of her hands. He was now smaller than a field mouse.

He pulled his knees up to his chest as he looked back up at her and started to shiver, either from fear, shock or cold. He didn't know or care which; he just wanted this to all be over.

"Please stop whatever you're doing to me," he moaned, looking down at the leathery skin of the palm. He found his own tone painfully pitiful but he earnestly wanted to be free of this wicked spell that Katie had cast over him, or drug she had given him.

"I'll stop when I'm good and ready my little sex slave," his head snapped up at the words and he looked directly into the predatory eyes of his captor. Her eyes were piercing and with definite intent. As he felt her breath wafting over him, smelling her human scents, he knew that this was definitely real; yet still impossible.

"You still don't seem to get it, I've shrunk you to the size I want you... you now belong to me,"

"It's not possible!" he protested back at the giant face, refusing to accept what his senses were telling him. This would have been all over the news if this technology existed, it would surely be widely known about.

"Yet here we both are," she paused, studying him.

Then she reached out with a polished fingernail pointing at him and gently started to caress him from his feet and up his legs. He watched her giant finger in terror. "You can continue to deny this reality..." she separated his legs with her fingers and gently slid her index finger between his thighs. "Or you can accept your new reality and fate."

He watched her fingertip approach his penis, unsure of how to react. It touched him and caused a jolt of pleasure, which he hated himself for feeling.

"You can either enjoy your new life with me as your goddess," the fingertip stroked down the length of his stiffening penis, then slowly turned upside down and rested beneath the shaft. Before he knew what was happening her thumb appeared and he felt immense pain as it squeezed. He let out a loud yelp of agony and tried to pry her giant fingers away from his penis with his tiny hands.

"Or you can suffer in your new life with me as your goddess," she released his penis from her pinch and retracted her fingers. He checked to ensure that his penis was still there as it was so painful it felt like it had been ripped off.

"What do you want from me?" he held his penis delicately in his hands, checking that it was still in one piece, looking up at the giant face.

"That's more like it," the giant mouth turned into a thin smile. "But that's not the right question. It's not what I want from you, it's what I want you to do for me."

She studied him further; the predatory look was back again. She licked her lips as she studied him, he felt so exposed and defenceless. He had no idea what she had planned for him.

He felt the palm move below him, it seemed to move him below her chin. The giant face looked down towards him with an expression of supremacy. Before he knew what was happening he could feel the fleshy ground below him tilting to the side and he lunged to the side of the palm to grab at the edge, but he was too late and fell.

He shouted in fear as he fell, but found himself cut short as he landed on a bouncy surface. He realised in consternation that he had landed on one of her breasts.

He couldn't believe that he was standing on a breast, but as he looked downwards at his feet and saw them press into the flesh he couldn't think of anything that looked more real right now.

"I told you I was going to rub you up and down between my breasts," she said down to him. He looked up in fear, but it was too late. Her fingertips had grabbed him below his armpits and he was being lifted up from the breast and moved between both of the giant breasts.

The other giant hand pulled the breasts together creating a cleavage and he felt himself being lowered into the large crack between them.

The heat was intense and he could see large beads of her sweat converging between the giant breasts.

His legs dangled below and before he knew it he was in the dark and claustrophobic space that was between her breasts.

He was rubbed up and down her chest a few times and then the giant woman decided it was funny to squeeze the breasts together with him between them. He spluttered as they were slammed together, bashing his face and crushing his shoulders and chest.

"Please!" he begged up at the giant hand holding him firmly and moving him up and down between the breasts. "Please stop, make me big again!"

The treatment stopped for an instant and he could see the giant face looking down towards him, but from the look in those giant eyes there was no intention of returning him to his normal size.

"Please don't do this!" he begged upwards.

"I'm going to need to lube you up if you're going to be of any use to me, my little dildo," was her only reply down to him.

The beautiful lips moved together, pouting and parted slightly. A glitter of light caught his attention but it all happened too quickly as it sped towards him and he spluttered and his eyes stung and his face was surrounded in a warm wet substance.

Did she just dribble on me? Crazy bitch! His mind screamed out.

Before he could clear his face he felt himself falling again, the giant fingers had suddenly released him. He tried to see but his eyesight was foggy now. He felt himself touch her warm skin and then there was a long sliding sensation. His stomach lurched and he didn't know if he was about to slide to his death off the giant body.

He seemed to slow down and then his feet hit a fleshy wall.

Christian wiped his face clear, saliva dangling from his hands; he slapped it away at his sides in disgust and looked up at the giant torturer.

Her face was far away now, between her giant breasts. He quickly took stock of his surroundings. He was on her belly. She must be sitting upright as it was at an angle; it was only her giant hand below him which prevented him from sliding any further.

"I've got to cover you a bit more," she said down to him. Before he knew what that meant she was sliding two fingers inside her mouth and as they approached him he realised what she meant.

He tried to move away but she was too quick. The giant fingers pressed down on him and rubbed the thick saliva onto his chest.

"What the hell are you doing!" he protested. She ignored him and the giant fingers returned to the mouth and then back again to him. He propped himself up on his arms and received her sick treatment. The giant fingertips were slathering him all over with her wet saliva, it smelled of her mouth.

His mouth turned downwards in hatred at this situation.

"That's better, you're ready now," she said down to him, it was as if she was getting him ready for something... the giant hand below lifted up and he started to slide again.

"Ahhh!" his legs peddled and his heels tried to dig into the skin, it stopped him from speeding up but he could feel two giant fingertips pushing his shoulders from above.

Below were two giant thighs which were open, between was the leather office chair that she sat on, but it was his apparent destination that absolutely terrified him.

Tufts of pubic hair were directly below him. He tried to resist even harder, but it had no effect, it just meant that his feet occasionally slid below his rear and caught below him as he was pushed down.

The giant fingers lifted him up and he struggled, but they rotated him without any pause and he saw the giant pubic area rapidly approach him.

Before he could absorb this new unexpected situation his face was thrust straight into the bulbous clitoris of the giant woman. He spat out in disgust, the smell down there was stronger.

The giant fingers continued to rub his face up and down and around the fleshy mound.

He could hear the sick woman moaning above him in pleasure at the torture. He could sense the giant hips thrusting below him but couldn't think of anything else but waiting this out until it was finished. Clearly she was going to wank herself off with him and hopefully she would cum quickly.

He had to take his breaths in short sharp gulps as his face was rubbed into the flesh.

Then there was a pause, which confused him, it hadn't sounded like she had cum...

His whole body was pinned to the giant fingers and they descended.

"No! Hell no!" he shouted, waving his arms, the giant slits of the female sex organ loomed into view and he could see the giant vaginal opening, gooey sexual juices oozing out.

He pounded out at her flesh with his arms but immediately regretted it when they slapped into the juices.

"Ooooh, yes, do that again!" she demanded from above, in a breathless voice.

"No, fuck you!" he shouted up at her. She held him in place in front of the terrifying sight and overpowering smell. Clearly she hadn't heard him and was waiting.

"Fine, I'll do it myself!" she finally stated down at him.

"AHHH!" He screamed out as he was pressed hard against the fleshy walls of the vagina. He was now being used as a masturbation tool against her pussy.

This was worse than the clitoris; the sexual juices filled his mouth, nostrils and eyes. They coated him completely. He coughed until his lungs burned and felt his whole body being rubbed up and down continually.

There was a constant pressure against his back from the giant fingers. The pussy was slammed into him repetitively and it continued to do so for what felt like forever.

Her sexual juices occasionally oozed over him, but he was already coated, he just wanted this all to be over before it killed him. Her moans reached a crescendo and then suddenly stopped.

He was lifted away from the torturous hot and sticky environment. He tried his best to clear his eyes from the cum to work out what was happening next. Hopefully it was all over.

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He had got his first taste of being used as her dildo; he was now completely covered in her cum. She wasn't quite finished with him yet.

Katie picked him up with her other hand, his legs cycled in the air. His face was a mask of terror and disbelief, he was looking around him to make sense of his surroundings. His face was completely coated in her fluids, it was such a turn on.

Katie stretched him out on her index and forefinger, feet pointing to her fingertips and pinned him in position with her fingers.

"Now, my little Christian," she purred at him, then bit her lip. "I'm going to enjoy masturbating with you...inside me, as a true dildo should be used," his eyes widened and head shook quickly in protest but she lost the detail of his expressions on his face as she swiftly lowered him downwards.

She watched him get further and further away, she widened her legs. Her other hand separated her sex below and before the tiny man acknowledged what was happening or could react she thrust her two fingers, with him firmly attached, inside her pussy.

She gasped in delight as she felt his muscular body thrashing around inside her, then she started to slowly pump inside and out, taking care to carry his body with her fingers and not to crush him inside. She was pressing him up against her G-spot and it felt amazing.

Every movement he made sent explosions of pleasure through her, his head must have been shaking from side to side or he was beating at her with his fists or feet as she could feel something occasionally hitting her G-spot. Sitting where she was she started to masturbate her clitoris furiously with her other hand as she pumped the tiny man in and out of her pussy.

She could feel her warm fluids trickling down her fingers to the palm of her hand as she continued to masturbate with him inside her. Her whole spine was rigid and her legs stiffened, then with a heavy gasp of joy the orgasm swelled through her.

She threw her head back and felt her body wobble from the pleasure. She continued to pump with the tiny man until her cum was flowing out of her and covering her hand in slick fluid and until the waves of pleasure completely passed.

She drew in a deep wavering breath of pleasure as the sensation passed before she slid off the chair. She looked down at the small puddle of her cum on the chair and the floor.

Katie lifted her hand up to her face, it was covered in her white cum and small air bubbles, thin strands of cum stretched between her fingers. She had lost him inside at some point.

She reached back down and gently extracted the tiny man from her pussy.

Katie lifted the man up to her face to examine him. He was completely coated in her thick white cum and it was dripping from his body and her hand. Long glistening strands of cum were drooping down towards the floor.

"I was right," she told the shocked man, he was gasping like a little fish, eyes wide "you made a great little dildo."

She brought the tiny body to her lips and opened her mouth, consuming the legs and lower body, tasting her sexual juices on him with an 'hmm'. She pulled him out and then put him back in her mouth, even deeper until his whole body was inside.

She could hear him screaming and pounding at the roof of her mouth, smiling to herself. She had no intention of swallowing her sexy little sex toy, but it was amusing to wonder how it would feel to swallow him and even more amusing to wonder what he was thinking right now. But the true purpose of this exercise was to punish Lisa even further, she would need to get right onto that but she had to clean up here first, she didn't have long before the other café staff arrived.

Chapter 11 – Reunion of a sort

Katie entered her dorm room triumphantly.

In her hand she held Lisa's tiny boyfriend. He had given up squirming about ten minutes ago, which was a shame, as she had enjoyed squeezing him every so often to remind him who was in complete control. Even so, he was already much more compliant than Lisa.

Her body was trembling with anticipation. She kicked off her shoes and padded over to the drawer unit, where her other captives were stored. She lifted out the box, to which she had previously pierced a number of air holes in and placed it on the bed with her other hand.

She lifted off the lid and enjoyed beholding the tiny people looking directly up at her towering form. They held arms up to their eyes in response to the sudden change from darkness to light, their little naked bodies shivering in fear.

She briefly allowed their eyes to adjust, and then permitted a bit more time for the fear of what she had planned for them to build. She looked at each of them and could see them wilt at her gaze. Even Lisa was much more browbeaten nowadays.

She reached out towards the box. All of the women, except for Eve, flinched. But they knew not to try and run and hide now. They knew it angered her and resulted in more punishment and potentially a demotion to Lisa's current role.

Lisa stood as defiantly as she could, but she couldn't hide the dread on her face, which intensified as she realised that she was the giant hand's current objective.

Katie observed Lisa's body stiffen as she grabbed the tiny woman around her chest and picked her up. The episode with the carrot was surely fresh in her mind; it had clearly shocked her to the core but it hadn't been enough for Katie.

She lifted the tiny woman up to eye level and studied her. Lisa looked back at her, but her eyes no longer defiantly stared back, she swiftly averted her eyes the piercing stare of her captor.

Katie felt such power in that instant. She had nearly broken Lisa, but she wasn't quite there yet. They weren't quite even for everything Lisa had done to her.

She still held the tiny man clutched inside her other hand. Lisa was none the wiser. She probably just thought it would be another sex session, which she appeared to be resigned to.

Katie covered the box with the lid and secured it, and then walked over to her desk and sat down. She held both hands out in front of her, an inch above the surface of the desk. She dropped Lisa.

Lisa found her footing and quickly surveyed her surroundings, then realised that there was a giant fist hovering next to her. She turned to nervously eye up what was in store for her. Katie admired her tiny little breasts as they wobbled with Lisa's every movement.

"I've brought you a little present," Katie spoke for the first time, Lisa jumped slightly at the sudden booming voice. She looked back at the giant face that was watching her like a predatory cat, as it drew level to the desk.

Katie allowed Lisa's imagination to run away with her for a bit, as she looked from the giant face to the giant hand. Unsure of whether to try and escape or accept whatever it would be, she remained feet planted where she was; stubborn as always.

Katie slowly started to unfurl her fist, admiring her perfectly manicured nails as they opened outwards, like a flower opening in time lapse. She tried to gain the perspective that Lisa had, to really comprehend how big everything must look.

The expression of Lisa's face was worth it. It went from nervous anticipation to complete despair as she saw her boyfriend curled up in the giant palm of their captor. He was curled up into a foetal position.

Katie felt the air drying her hand, which had grown very sweaty from clutching him so tightly.

She tilted her palm towards Lisa and continued to tilt it until the tiny man rolled out towards the desk. He squirmed in surprise, his legs and arms flailing wildly to stop himself. He tried to hold onto her hand, he appeared to have no awareness of where he was or what was happening to him.

He managed to grab hold of the bottom of the proximal part of Katie's middle finger. The weight of his body and gravity caused the rest of him to slide downwards towards the desk. Despite her hand being only about an inch above the desk, either he didn't realise or he didn't want to be let go of, as his tiny hands clung to her finger.

Katie could feel his tiny fingers digging into her skin. It didn't cause her any pain but the effort for him was obvious. She watched him as she rotated her palm until it was pretty much facing down towards the desk.

Lisa was also standing back and watching. Her hands were covering her mouth as she watched the scene, she looked distressed. Had she hoped that her boyfriend would eventually rescue her? Tough luck now.

Katie started to get bored of watching him hang. With her other hand she outstretched her index finger and slid it between her knuckles to the left of her middle finger. She could see his tiny hands wrapped around the top of her finger and she started to push her index finger towards one of his hands. As soon as she reached it and touched his hand, he instantly shifted it upwards. His other hand also moved and his body swung below.

She pushed a bit quicker this time and it pushed his tiny hand harder. She gently pressed her fingernail into the hand and he finally released and dropped to the desk. Katie retracted her hands and nodded to allow Lisa to approach him.

The tiny naked woman rushed over and scooped her boyfriend up to hug him. It was then that she clearly realised that he had been shrunk smaller than she was. She looked up at Katie.

"You mean spiteful bitch!" She shouted upwards, enclosing Christian in her arms, almost smothering him. He was about three inches shorter than she was now. Katie found it very amusing.

"You're the mean bitch Lisa, and don't you forget that!" She prodded the woman in her ribs with her index fingertip. Lisa responded with an angry look.

"I suppose if you do have sex," Katie started talking down at them, then considered for an instant. "That's if I allow you to, I suppose his penis will be even smaller than it previously was." Lisa glowered up at her. Christian also looked up at Katie.

"You're crazy!" He shouted up. She shrugged nonchalantly.

"I might well be. But I'm what you made me," she replied, and then continued. "But I don't accept anything you say, or your opinions." She moved her face towards them. "As far as I'm concerned you are no longer human beings and therefore don't have any rights or opinions." He recoiled more than Lisa but despite her hearing it before, it still affected her quite obviously.

"Nobody knows where you are and I doubt they really care. The only reason you're both alive now is because I have allowed it."

"You wouldn't murder us!" Christian's bold statement had the hint of a question to it.

Katie wagged her finger at him.

"You should listen to your Goddess more often. I've already told you that you're no longer human. You can only murder humans."

She sighed, tilting her head to her shoulder as she started to circle them with her index finger on the desk surface. "But I don't intend on killing you, just like I wouldn't want to kill a hamster." She let that sink in. The two tiny people were clutching each other.

"I'm so sorry about this," she could hear Lisa say to Christian. They looked into each other's eyes, both looks of despair. "It'll be okay..."

"Provided you obey me for the rest of your lives," Katie cut in. Their heads snapped up and the realisation was there. They were never getting out of this, but there would still be hope there for them, until their new lives became such a habit and routine that they forgot their previous lives altogether.

Katie had built herself the starting of a small community. She realised that she could only keep them secret in the halls of residence for so long. The risk of discovery grew greater by the day. She knew she needed to find somewhere to live that she rented as her own. Then she could do absolutely what she wanted and whenever she wanted.

"Please make us big again!" Christian suddenly begged up at her. "Whatever we did we're sorry." She had no intention of making them big again, she didn't even know if she could. Even if she could she knew that they would plot against her to prove what she had done to them. Besides the apology didn't seem genuine anyway.

"What's in it for me?" She decided to play with them a bit, she took on a feline expression as her face approached them, eyes watching them intently like a predator.

"Anything, I'll do anything," he replied, sliding down Lisa's body until he rested on his knees begging up at Katie. Lisa watched him, a mixture of disbelief and disgust at her small boyfriend on his knees begging Katie.

"She won't make us big," Lisa murmured down at him, just within earshot of Katie.

"What will you do for me?" Katie purred, ignoring Lisa, growing hornier by the second as she watched him beg. She was genuinely interested.

"Anything, anything you want," he shook his hands together pleading desperately. It was a standard reply that they all seemed to come out with, it wasn't original enough for her. She wanted to probe further.

"Anything?" She asked slowly, purring again, she was enjoying this so much. He nodded quickly, hope entering his expression.

"Yes, yes, anything you want." She pretended to think for a few seconds.

"Well," she started, then slowly slid her tongue out of her mouth and licked it slowly round her lips in a clockwise direction. "I am quite hungry..."

His face dropped, he wasn't quite sure where she was going with this. Her face approached closer and then he got the message.

He fell backwards onto his behind, scrambling with his hands and feet. He stopped dead as he scrambled straight into her giant hand that she had slid behind them without either of them realising.

Lisa had started to distance herself from him.

"Just shut up," she snapped at him, her eyes fixed on Katie's mouth. But it was too late. The cat had decided that it had caught the mouse.

Katie's hand rotated and clutched, grabbing one of his tiny feet.

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Christian felt a clamp on his right foot, looking back in shock he realised it was the giant fingertips of his captor. Before he could react further they lifted him up from his foot.

His whole body left the desk in an instant and he found himself dangling, his arms hanging and his loose leg also free. He didn't struggle too much for fear of being dropped and the grasp of the fingertips to his ankle hurt quite a bit.

Everything was upside down and as the blood started to rush to his head he tried to work out what was happening.

That was when he realised that he was being held right above the huge naked body. The giant face was below, looking up at him, he still just couldn't comprehend how this was happening. She was very beautiful but just massive and clearly had no affection for him anymore.

She seemed to look at him as if he was just an object of interest. Her eyes were fixated on his dangling form. He waited, trying to work out what she wanted.

Then her hand lowered him towards her face. The giant features grew more and more prominent until her face filled his entire vision and he was under no illusion of where he was heading as her huge mouth opened to greet him.

Now he started to flail and panic, he bent upwards, crawling up his right leg with his hands, reaching the giant fingertips at his ankle and desperately trying to free it.

That was when he felt a warm and wet sensation on his back. He looked over his shoulder and realised that he was now being lowered inside her mouth and was being tasted by a giant tongue. He was surrounded by rows of white teeth, giant lips and dark pink flesh. It was truly terrifying. More terrifying than earlier.

It was impossible for him to understand how, about an hour ago, he had been kissing that mouth. He had felt in control, now he was completely inside it and God knew what was about to happen.

"No!" He cried out. "Please don't eat me!" The response he received was the mouth closing around him, everything growing darker and the feeling of being sucked inside the giant maw.

*

Katie felt the tiny man struggle in her mouth and smiled at the pleasure of the sensation. She was exceptionally horny now and she knew only one way that would be suitable in relieving it.

With her mouth now closed and rolling the tiny man around with her tongue, she looked down at Lisa. She was gone.

Katie's eyes widened in surprise as her eyes darted about the desk, looking for her prey. She ignored the sensation of Christian pounding his fists against the upper gum of her front teeth. She moved Christian to the side of her mouth so she could call out to Lisa.

"Where have you gone you little bitch?" Katie called out, as she lifted up some magazines, and moved objects on the desk around, checking under each. Her voice might have deafened Christian in the process.

*

Lisa had managed to shimmy down the cable of the desktop lamp. It had been a terrifying height but she knew it was her only chance to escape and she had to escape before that giant psycho bitch turned her into a permanent sex toy. She knew it would ultimately drive her insane or kill her... Or she would kill herself.

As soon as she had reached the floor she realised that her plan ended there. She looked around, feeling very exposed, and dashed over to the wooden table leg. At least she could hide behind it and work out what to do.

She glanced back and saw Katie's giant feet on the ground, she could see the giant polished toenails and looked up, she could see her long naked legs and quivered, thinking about the giant vagina above them. Then she set about on her escape.

The floor was relatively easy to navigate, it was a timber flooring, but was more uneven on her feet than she had expected. There were no gaps to escape between.

She reached the furthest table leg from Katie, it was set up against the wall of the room, but there was space between the timber skirting and the table leg for her to hide between.

Her heart was racing with excitement, as she spotted the entrance door to the room. It looked like it was miles away but at least it was her freedom. She had no idea about what she was going to do once she had crawled under it, but it had to be better than in here.

"Where have you gone you little bitch?" She heard Katie's voice call out. It sounded like it was next to her and she spun round, her heart froze in her chest. She couldn't see Katie.

Lisa took the chance to peer around the table leg and could still see Katie's feet, she could hear the giant woman searching for her above, her giant feet were moving about in agitation. Lisa had to make a break for it, it was now or never.

She turned and ran as fast as she could. Her arms pumped side to side as her thighs powered her forwards. Her breasts started to hurt a bit as they swung from her running but she ignored it. Escape was the singular thought in her mind right now.

She was surprised at how much effort the running took, she was a fit woman, but she was panting hard within seconds. She daren't look behind her to see where Katie was or what she was doing. Her eyes were fixed on her target, the crack at the bottom of the door. The distance from her target seemed to stretch forever.

Lisa dodged past Katie's panties and socks that were already scattered on the floor. She skirted around a giant pair of black high heels and bra, keeping the door in sight dead ahead of her. Her heart was racing with adrenaline and excitement at the escape.

She neared halfway but her lungs and legs were starting to burn, still she forced herself on as much as she could, she couldn't stop now.

A giant wall appeared in front of her. She didn't have enough time to stop. She managed to half twist her body and throw her arms up in a defensive guard as she slammed hard into the flesh. The impact was softer than expected and she rebounded and fell backwards, her arms reeling and breaking her fall on the floor.

She looked up, working out whether to get up and continue her escape but then collapsed in defeat. Above her was the giantess, she looked right up the naked legs, pussy, belly and the huge round breasts that hung outwards and the glower of her master from high above.

The giant foot gracefully lifted up into the air and tilted until the red polished toenail was pointing ominously down towards her. Lisa started to crawl backwards like a crab, trying to escape, but the giant foot descended on her and she felt the incredible weight and pressure of the big toe as it pressed down onto her stomach.

It seemed that Katie was only applying a very small pressure compared to what she was capable of doing, but Lisa already struggled to breathe under even the smallest amount of pressure, her rib cage felt like it was going to burst. It was burning from her run, but now it felt like she was going to die.

She winced in pain as the foot started to rotate in a half radius around the big toe, as if Katie was putting out a cigarette, she was making a point, a show of force.

"I could just crush you like a bug!" Katie boomed down at Lisa, she didn't disbelieve her.

Then the giant foot lifted off and she took in a deep breath of relief, the upper body folded forwards and downwards towards her, breasts dangling as she bent over. Giant hands reached down towards her. Lisa protested and tried to escape but was in the vicelike grip within a second.

She was lifted up at a dizzying rate until she was level with the giant face.

"Trying to escape my little dildo?" Katie asked, a wicked grin on her face. "I've got just the place for you." She curled her upper lip at Lisa and then Lisa was lowered down past the giant breasts and belly and slowed near the pubic region. She was held in front of the giant pussy.

Tears started to stream from her eyes, uncontrollably. She had been so close to escaping.

The giant thighs started to move and she felt herself being carried. She looked behind her over the brow of the giant hand that held her and spotted the bed. She knew with dismay what Katie had planned next, the giant woman was insatiable. She must have been using them at least twice or three times a day to get herself off.

Lisa was suddenly thrown into the air and her stomach plunged, mouth open in shock, until she landed with a hard bounce on the mattress. She immediately scrambled away from Katie as much as she could as the giant woman joined her on the bed. The mattress tipped towards the giant form as it loomed over her.

Lisa looked up to see Katie's giant mouth. She saw something flapping as the mouth lowered closer to her and realised it was one of Christian's arms and then she saw a leg sticking out of the giant lips, they continued to flail in a bid for freedom. Katie looked for all the world like a giant cat that had caught a fresh mouse.

Katie's head lowered towards Lisa, it loomed closer and closer, very quickly, quick enough to make her think she was about to be gobbled up as well.

The giant lips opened and the huge tongue flicked the tiny Christian outwards and towards Lisa. He landed in a wet slap at her feet. She sat back, panting from the exertion of the recent activities, watching him.

He was writhing, completely drenched in Katie's saliva. Lisa wrinkled up her nose as she watched her boyfriend sobbing. She could see Katie grinning from above but still couldn't understand why Katie was doing all this to them, it was overly sadistic and sick. The woman had to be mentally disturbed to take such pleasure from this.

Thin strings of Katie's saliva stretched from Christian's face as he lifted it from his shoulder to look upwards at Katie.

"Before I use you as my dildo, you little bitch," Katie spoke directly at Lisa, "to punish you for trying to escape I'm afraid I'm going to have to eat your boyfriend."

"What?!" Lisa shouted up at her in utter disbelief.

"Noo," Christian raised an arm weakly in defence, his hand held up in the air for it to cease. "Please don't eat me... Pleeese," his voice was weak and broken.

Lisa didn't want to believe it, Katie couldn't eat him, that was cannibalism... But part of her believed it could happen. She now believed that Katie was insane enough.

Katie's hands appeared either side of Christian, palms facing down towards the mattress and the giant woman laid on her chest, her breasts bulging against the mattress as she stretched forwards. Her face approached them, tongue stretching out towards the bed sheeting.

Lisa scrambled backwards again, as she felt the giant breath sweep over her. She knew she was powerless to help Christian from whatever was going to happen, she didn't want to get hoovered up in the process herself.

The giant mouth opened up again, bottom jaw pointing downwards reaching out to scoop him up, like a pelican sifting its beak through water towards a fish.

"No!" Christian shouted out and staggered to his feet, he turned to run, but was caught by both giant hands.

Lisa could only watch in powerless hopelessness as the huge hands fed her boyfriend inside the giant drooling mouth. She felt sick at the sight in front of her. Christian was bashing at the fingers with his fists and kicking with his legs, shouting and protesting in a desperately terrifying pitch of his voice; that Lisa had never heard before. It was the sound and fight of a man's last resistance. The complete unwillingness to lose, to be devoured and to die; despite whatever seemed to be inevitable.

Lisa knew there was nothing she could say or do now. She held her hands to her mouth in complete shock, her face drained of colour as her boyfriend was literally fed into the giant mouth.

It was legs first as he was rotated inside, the tongue grappled with his legs and defeated them by pressing them hard against the roof of the mouth. Christian screamed in response. Katie chuckled, a low guttural chuckle which emanated through her mouth as she watched Lisa's reaction.

The giant fingers moved to pin his arms to his sides. Then he was pushed inside. Lisa watched in disgust as Katie moaned in pleasure, it was as if Katie was eating a tasty iced bun.

One of Katie's hands remained at the front of her mouth and now her eyes looked directly at Lisa waiting, absorbing the sight of her fear and shock.

The jaw slowly closed, giant teeth closing together and the lips closing around the tiny man. Katie ceremoniously extended her index finger and watched Lisa's reaction as she pushed against Christian's head, pushing him inside her mouth.

The giant lips closed to seal him in, except for two pairs of wrists and hands and half a giant finger. She retracted the finger with a wet slurp and slowly proceeded in pushing each of the tiny hands inside her mouth.

"Oh god!" Was all Lisa could say in a trembling voice.

Katie smiled in response and gave a low 'hmmm' of pleasure.

Then the entire giant woman shifted upwards, lifting like a giant python above Lisa, curving upwards. Katie's hand was still in front of her mouth, but now her navel was lifted from the bed, her giant breasts swayed above Lisa. Katie's hair fell about her shoulders.

Lisa couldn't tear her gaze away, however much she wanted to. She kept watching the mouth, hoping that Katie would find the humanity not to swallow him.

Katie looked down at her and winked and then tilted her head backwards like a lizard swallowing a fly and Lisa watched in horror at the throat bulging as the giant woman swallowed.

Katie reached up to her neck and demonstrated where Christian was travelling by slowly sliding her fingertips down her throat and then her fingertips traced down to between her breasts.

"Oh my god!" Lisa collapsed in shock. Her brain couldn't comprehend what had just happened. She felt broken inside. She could feel her whole body trembling and she felt cold and dead inside.

"Hmmm," Katie moaned in pleasure from above. She was watching Lisa's reaction. Then her whole body lowered towards the mattress. Lisa was sobbing, curled up into a ball. She covered her face in her hands, willing all of this to be the worst nightmare ever and it all to end soon.

She could feel the breath of the giant nostrils sweep over her body and tensed herself to be consumed like her boyfriend. There was clearly no way to resist the giantess. That had been made clear. She just had to accept her fate now.

She heard a muffled shout that she recognised and immediately looked upwards. She recoiled at the sight on the huge maw of a mouth open in front of her. Surrounded by pearlescent teeth, a huge pink tongue and multiple glistening strands of saliva.

There was a large pool of saliva gathering around the tongue and she could hear gurgling from within. She continued to try and work out what was happening. The tongue slowly lifted upwards, causing the saliva to flow over the bottom row of teeth and spill out and over the giant lip and trickle down the chin.

Lisa was more interested in what she saw below the tongue now, her heart leapt in joy, beneath the giant tongue that was lifting away was the tiny Christian. He was curled up and immediately raised his body and flopped over, grabbing hold of the giant teeth and pulling himself away.

Lisa jumped upwards, reaching out towards him. Their hands met and clasped together. He was slimy and hard to hold onto but she was so determined that she wouldn't let go. She heaved with all of her strength, leaning back into it. Nothing happened at first and then he kicked off and fell outwards and towards her.

They both fell in a wet sloppy heap on the mattress, both of them spitting out the giantess' saliva and Christian clearing his lungs.

"Let that be a lesson to you Lisa," Katie bellowed down at them. "It's not just you I can punish..." Lisa looked up in hatred at the giant face, but her expression softened as she saw the expression.

It was willing her to comply and she realised how thankful that she was that Christian was alive, that she felt an overwhelming sense of relief and tribulation.

"Thank you," she said. "For not eating him," that caught Katie off guard, the giant woman visibly absorbed those words.

Lisa took some pleasure in being capable of still being able to have some effect on Katie. It also meant that she had not completely lost her humanity after all and there was still hope. Lisa noted that as a very important moment.

Chapter 12 – Reluctant Cuckquean

Lisa wanted to ask to be made big again but this clearly wasn't the time. Whilst Katie wasn't crazy enough to eat them, Lisa could see the look in her eyes as she looked down on them in a familiar hunger. She didn't want to eat them but she did want to use them for something else.

Following the recent displays Lisa wasn't convinced that Katie could control herself, something was clearly wrong with her.

As if by prompt Lisa noticed that one of Katie's hands had slipped down between her legs to start rubbing at her pussy as she looked down at both of them with an expression of dominance.

"I want you two to fuck," Katie ordered down at them.

Christian, covered in her drying saliva looked over at Lisa. She simply looked back at him, her eyes held a somewhat dead expression. They both knew that they had no choice in the matter; they could either comply or be forced to comply.

"He should have recharged by now, after the session I had with him earlier," Katie gave a wicked leer down at them. Lisa glowered at Christian, he tried to look innocent but it was just an exhausted shrug.

"Let's just get it over with," Lisa murmured, blanking out the thoughts of a normal sized Christian having sex with Katie.

She bent forwards reaching out to his crotch and grabbed his flaccid penis in her hand and started to rub it up and down, his cock was tiny compared to normal.

"I don't want to," Christian whispered to her looking directly up into her eyes, his penis said otherwise, she could feel blood starting to throb inside and the erectile process begin.

Lisa could see Katie above them peering down at them and already starting to breathe more heavily. She would soon lose patience; their window for voluntary compliance was rapidly closing.

"Just do it," she growled at him in a low voice, but smiling as she said it, to prevent Katie from getting the wrong impression.

"But-"

"Just, fucking, do, it," she said in a low voice very slowly. "Before she makes us do it." Christian glanced upwards at Katie; he seemed to shiver slightly as he saw her huge mouth. She was starting to grow impatient.

Christian stood up and straddled Katie's hips. She rolled onto her back and together they rubbed his growing penis against her clitoris to wake her own vagina up. She knew she wouldn't have an orgasm in a situation like this but all they needed to do was give Katie a convincing show.

The giant face appeared very close behind Christian. He was clearly aware of her presence by the hot breath that swept over both of them, but Lisa unfortunately had the unrestricted view of the giant woman's face enjoying the pleasure of the situation.

Lisa gave a short gasp as Christian's penis finally slid inside her and Katie moaned in pleasure from above. Giant fingers appeared and started to caress both of them. Christian leant forward into the missionary position and worked up a rhythm pumping into Lisa. His penis was tiny, as was his body, his head was level with her breasts.

Lisa just had to bear it, hoping that Christian or, more importantly, Katie would cum soon. The giant fingertips reached her breasts and started to caress them. Lisa had to tolerate it, wincing at the occasional roughness of the fingers. Then she was thankful when they made their way around Christian.

Katie's moans grew louder and her breath swept over them more regularly. Lisa ignored what Christian was doing and just prayed for it all to be over. His penis was so small anyway it barely had an effect.

"It's not convincing enough Lisa," Katie murmured from above. Christian started to pump harder. Lisa let out a fake moan of pleasure and arched her back slightly for display, hoping to convince both Christian and Katie.

Under the unbearably hot and humid breath they very quickly grew sweaty, and it wasn't too long before it felt like they were slimy writhing animals.

"It's a shame you're not as good as Jennifer at this," Katie commented, looking down at Lisa in disappointment. Christian didn't seem to register and continued to pump away at Lisa.

"His cock is too small!" Lisa protested. Katie laughed at that, Christian's eyes widened in shock but continued to pump at her, as hard as he could.

The giant face retracted and the tiny people were rocked about a bit on the mattress as the giantess changed position.

Lisa gasped as a shadow was cast over them. The giantess towered over them, kneeling either side. She looked hundreds of feet tall to Lisa, her breasts were huge as they protruded out in front of her. But it was the proximity of the giant vagina that alarmed her the most.

The huge hand was still rubbing at the lips of the labia which had folded apart and the pussy had opened from the excitement.

"Get off," Lisa grabbed at Christian's biceps. He continued to pump but opened his eyes again to look down at her in confusion. First she wanted him to fuck her, now she was telling him to stop. He had no idea of what was happening behind and above him though.

"Get off!" Lisa shouted out in panic as the giant pussy descended towards them. Lisa tried to push him off as hard as she could. Christian looked over his shoulder, but it all seemed to happen in fast forward, it was too late.

The giant vagina pressed against his face and continued to push downwards.

Lisa felt Christian's warm and slimy body being crushed into hers and then there was a wet squelch as the lips of the pussy enfolded them both like flaps. The heat was intense. They were both wailing in protest at the treatment.

Lisa could still see over Christian's shoulder but wished she couldn't. The huge clitoris and pubic region was directly in front of her face as the pussy was planted on them. Lisa tried to unlock herself from Christian but they were pinned together. His penis was still inside her.

"Get off me!" She shouted at his face that was being pressed down over her left breast.

"I can't," he replied with a wince. His arms that had been bracing him up during the sex had collapsed under the colossal weight and were now pinned either side of their bodies. He was completely flattened against Lisa and helpless to resist against the crushing weight above them.

Lisa pushed at his smaller hips with her hands that were at her sides and tried to squirm free.

That was when the giant pussy started to slide upwards. The sound was unbearable as the slick sexual organ moved up and along Christian's body.

They both screamed as their heads were completely enshrouded by the giant pussy. The smell was so strong. Lisa spluttered and coughed as she tasted the sexual juices of the giant woman.

She felt Christian being crushed into her again and it winded her as his ribcage dug into hers, she yelped and he groaned as the pussy ground them into the mattress as it continued its journey upwards.

Lisa was surrounded by oppressive hot darkness. Her breathing took all of her concentration and effort, she had to push Christian up as much as possible with her hips and take a short breath in.

She tried not to choke on the strong pungent hormones that surrounded her but it was very hard. Her eyes stung and her whole body felt like it was on fire. She wanted to wipe at her face but couldn't, her hands and arms were trapped.

Then it stopped and the pussy started to slide down their bodies. Daylight appeared again after a few seconds and the load lightened slightly as it moved down to their legs and beyond. Both of them drew in deep, desperate breaths, trying to fill their lungs before the next onslaught.

Christian's penis was still inside Lisa but it felt very flaccid now and even smaller. She pushed at his shoulders with all her strength and was glad to feel the penis flop out.

Her attention returned to the vast body above them, the clitoris was now down by their legs and was starting to make its way back up to their heads.

Lisa tried to push Christian off, but he didn't move quickly enough. Lisa sucked in another breath as the pussy crushed into their midsection and up towards their heads. Daylight was blotted out and the intolerable smell was stronger than ever.

She could hear the load moans from the giantess above, the sick bitch was having a great time with them, using their body's to masturbate her pussy against.

Lisa wished there was something she could do, but nothing came to her mind. Her thoughts were all directed towards hoping this ordeal would be over soon.

Daylight spilled back over them and they took in deep breaths and it repeated again and again for what was probably only minutes but felt like hours, Lisa could never quite get Christian off in time and their strength started to flag as well.

Suddenly the pussy lifted away from them. It left both tiny people entwined and panting, completely exhausted. Lisa looked upwards in concern. She knew that Katie had not yet orgasmed. She also knew that it was unlikely to stop until the giantess had her fill.

"It's over," Christian sighed and gave Lisa a relieved smile. Lisa looked up at the giant form which looked back down at them with a primal expression.

"It's not over yet..." Lisa unconsciously crawled backwards as giant hands approached them. Christian was unwittingly scooped up in both hands. He shouted out and his gaze was fixed on Lisa's face as he was lifted upwards.

Lisa looked away, she couldn't bear to watch. She had been subjected to this before. She could hear Christian shouting out in protest and presumed he was putting up as much of a fight as he could. Ultimately she knew there was only one conclusion.

There was a wet squelch and she nearly threw up. Katie moaned from above. Lisa heard the wet noises much closer now, she risked a look and wished she hadn't.

Katie's fingers were pushing Christian's tiny body inside her pussy head first. He was already up to his waist and there appeared to be no effort required for Katie's giant fingers as they also plunged inside her vagina, dragging his body inside with them. There was a wet slurp as the fingers were retracted without his body. His feet were the only parts visible and the fingertips slowly pushed them inside as well.

Long strands of glistening sexual mucus stretched from the lips of the closing vagina and the fingertips as they left the scene.

"Your turn, my little dildo," Katie spoke down to Lisa from between her breasts. Lisa shook her head, willing this all to be over.

"Please..." She begged, she really didn't want this to happen to her again. She was literally prepared to do anything else, but she didn't want to give the crazy giantess any idea of needing to think up an alternative form of pleasure for herself or punishment for her tiny victim.

"Please, let me do it..." She continued to look up at Katie's face between the breasts, watching her every movement, as she stood up and slowly approached the colossal vagina that hovered above her.

She glanced at the giant mound of flesh and had to restrain her look of distaste and shudder that accompanied the sight. The smell was overpowering and she caught sight of cum trickling down one of Katie's inner thighs. Her mind was racing for ideas about what her tiny form could do to please this sexually driven female monster and keep her appetites at bay using minimal contact and effort.

The thighs adjusted either side of her and the vast landscape of skin stretched around her as the legs widened to lower the vagina towards her. Lisa paused, watching the terrifying form approach her. Perhaps minimal contact and effort would not be an option.

Both of Katie's giant hands appeared either side of Lisa, straddling her pussy, resting on the tops of her thighs. Her manicured nails were all facing towards her. Lisa knew she was within seconds of being picked up and thrust inside Katie like a tiny dildo. She was determined to avoid that.

She made her decision and approached the vagina, it was now a couple of feet above the mattress. She could feel Katie's eyes watching her from above. She ignored the sense and instead reached out with both hands towards the giant clitoris.

Lisa touched the soft bulbous mound of flesh, it recoiled slightly and then pressed forward towards her invitingly. She grasped it, thinking about what she could do that Katie would both feel and enjoy. She started to rub the clitoris with both her hands. She grasped at it and dug her fingernails in.

Katie started to moan in pleasure. Lisa would have smiled in victory had she not been so disgusted with the situation. Her nose was wrinkled up and she was moaning herself, not out of pleasure, but in revulsion.

The body above her was starting to writhe, one of the giant hands lifted upwards, causing Lisa to jump for fear of being picked up. She soon realised that it had a different purpose as it was raised up hundreds of feet towards one of Katie's giant breasts to tweak the nipple.

The other hand then moved and positioned itself just below the navel. Lisa watched it suspiciously as she continued to rub as hard as she could. The fingernails slid downwards and started to pass through the curly pubic hair above her. The fingers created a loud rustling sound as they passed through the hair on the approach to Lisa.

Lisa started to worry, what could she be doing better or differently? This wasn't fair!

She jumped as the index finger lifted upwards and approached her. She tried to duck, but continued massaging, the fingertip curled behind her head and she felt the pad of the fingertip gently touch on the back of her head.

Lisa started to look behind her and then found her head being pushed forwards... Towards the clitoris until the side of her face pressed against it. It felt sticky and she couldn't help but feel sick.

Then Lisa realised what Katie wanted. 'Sick bitch' she thought as she turned her face to meet the clitoris and reluctantly opened her mouth and bit down hard.

Katie gave a loud gasp of pleasure from above, so Lisa did it again.... And again and again, until the giant pussy started moving again. Lisa stepped backwards, it was moving much more than a minor readjustment.

The whole giant body was moving above her. She glanced with concern at the entrance to the huge pussy, she hadn't seen any signs of life from there. She desperately hoped Christian was alive in there but had no intention of joining him.

Lisa quickly readjusted her attention to the giantess moving above her, with an eye to making sure she wasn't crushed by any intended actions or otherwise.

The giant legs spread out either side of her and the giant torso moved backwards and disappeared from sight but then the huge vagina and anus rapidly approached her, skimming along the top of the mattress. Lisa yelped in fear and was about to spring away until it stopped in front of her and she realised that Katie appeared to be lying down now.

The giant face appeared above her again, accompanied by the giant hands either side of her labia.

"Carry on my little toy," Katie encouraged Lisa. "I'm just getting more comfortable."

Lisa tried to contain her anger and hatred for Katie. She was in such close proximity to Katie's vagina, anus and giant hands that she now knew better than challenging an instruction.

Instead she bit down on her bottom lip as she approached the huge sticky mounds of flesh in front of her. The clitoris was out of reach now, she would need to climb to get to it so she started to stroke the lips of the labia.

Katie rewarded her with moans of pleasure. One of the giant hands joined in the action to gently stroke at the clitoris above.

Lisa shivered as she continued her grim work, trying to block out the noise of the squelching juices around her.

The labia started to react to her treatment and visibly started to inflate as more blood was transported to it, the flesh started to pulse and Lisa couldn't help but step away as the opening to the vagina started to pulse and widen.

Lisa watched in disgust as juices started to trickle out of the opening, run down between the round flesh of Katie's giant buttocks and down to her anus.

A shadow appeared above her but she was too late to react, she felt her whole body being pushed firmly forward. She desperately tried to evade it but the giant fingers surrounded her escape route. She was hemmed in and was being pushed towards the vaginal opening.

She reached out desperately and tried to appease the giantess by rubbing around the opening with both hands, taking care not to touch it too closely but the firm pressure did not abate. She was pushed closer and closer until her upper body was being pressed into the juicy flesh. She grabbed the large flap of skin of part of the labia and bit down hard.

Katie moaned in pleasure but the pressure didn't stop.

Lisa audibly protested but knew that pleading or begging at this point would be a waste of energy. She tried to resist against the hand but it was now applying pressure to her upper body and the back of her head, she felt Katie's thick pubic hairs brush her face and coughed as the humid aroma of Katie's sex really hit her.

She creased up her face and tried to raise it away from what her head was being pressed into, the sticky flesh of the lips of the labia, but her face was pressed into it all the same.

"Eeeerrrrgh," was the only sound she could muster in disgust at the treatment as her head was gently rubbed into the side of the giant labia.

Lisa felt herself being lifted up by the giant hand, the fingertips were pointing towards the bed but had curled inwards slightly, cupping her rear and lifting her upwards.

She hoped it would all be over now, but knew that Katie had not yet had her signature explosive orgasm that she always seemed desperate to have. She glanced up at the huge clitoris in hatred, suddenly thinking about the effort it took to bring this colossal beast of a woman to orgasm. She seemed to consume her little sex slaves.

She felt sick at herself thinking of it like that, but the truth was starting to dawn on her as she continued to be lifted upwards to the clitoris by the giant hand.

She reached outwards to grasp the clitoris, taking the hint. But it wasn't a hint, the pressure suddenly changed from firm to applied pressure. The hand flattened and pressed her hard against the flesh, her face suddenly squished into the spongy clitoris and her body pressed up against the vagina.

Lisa was suddenly very scared that Katie was about to crush her against her pussy in a crazed fit of passion but the pressure didn't intensify. She struggled to breathe and felt the pain in her spine and ribcage.

Then more giant fingers appeared from above and she felt herself being adjusted and suddenly the pressure being applied again and her body being pressed against the pussy.

Then the palm of one of the hands pushed down on her shoulders and she found herself being pushed downwards.

Her body moved in response to the undulations of the flesh of Katie's pussy, much like the suspension of a car over uneven ground. Then as her midsection reached the vaginal opening the fingertips below her started to lift her again, pressure continually applied from the flattened hand.

Lisa now knew that the sick giant bitch was using her tiny body to externally masturbate and the pressure never subsided. All she could do was keep trying to breathe and not inhale the sexual fluids that surrounded her and increased as the motion continued. She had been through this before a number of times.

She could hear Katie's response above, the giant woman was moaning and gasping from the sick pleasure she was clearly experiencing at Lisa's expense.

Lisa kept her body still, kept her arms at her side, head facing to the right and just had to bear it. She started to establish a rhythm when she could breathe and when was not a good time to breathe, that resulted in a mouthful of sexual mucus, followed by coughing and spluttering.

The pressure started to increase on her body as did the speed of the motion, it started to make her feel sick, but the pain of the pressure kept all that in check. The lips of the labia were huge and spread out wide. She hoped that Katie was reaching a climax.

Then the pressure disappeared and she felt both sets of hands roughly grabbing at her ankles below. She took the opportunity to rub the slime away from her face and eyes and then screamed as she was dragged downwards and felt her legs being guided into a very hot environment.

She tried to grab hold of anything to prevent it, but her fingernails just slipped over the flesh. She grabbed hold of a thick pubic hair but it didn't stop her from being stuffed feet first into the giant vagina.

"Noooooo!" She screamed as loud as she could. She didn't want to be used as a living dildo again, she was willing to do anything but that, she wanted Katie to understand that "please! I'll do anything, pleeeeeease!"

There wasn't even a pause for thought or consideration, it wasn't clear if she had even been heard. All she could hear was Katie's moaning and panting as the giant fingers fed her further and further into the giant hungry vagina.

Lisa leant over and took a huge vicious bite at the lip of the flesh at her side. She continued to clamp her jaw down and felt her teeth pressing into the flesh. She could hear Katie's moaning increase in pleasure from the feeling. 'Sick bitch,' she thought. She felt like her teeth were about to break through the flesh but her body was dragged down again by the giant hands.

"Agghhh!" She growled in frustration at the giant living enemy around her. She looked downwards and wished she hadn't. She was now up to her belly in the vagina and was being pushed inside by only one of the hands now. The other was furiously masturbating the clitoris above.

She looked at the giant polished thumbnail which laid across her stomach, just below her breasts, that was continuing to pull her inside.

Then she was suddenly pulled out, her heart leaping with the thought that it was over. But she wasn't that lucky.

She looked down the line of her body in disgust at the white streaks of cum that were sticking to her, she was pulled out up to her ankles and then was suddenly thrust inside again. Then she was dragged out again and then in. She continued to be pumped in and out by the giant hand until she felt nauseous.

All she could do was continue to try and breathe as steadily as possible. Closing her eyes just made it worse as it intensified the sensation, the noise, the smell and the motion made her feel more sick. So she just had to watch as she was used as a living dildo, to pleasure a woman that she now hated more than anything else in her life.

"Kick my little dildo, kick with your legs." Lisa refused the instruction, spoken from Katie as she panted, she felt like she had complied enough. She felt like her last act of defiance said it all.

"Kick or I'll push you all the way inside like your boyfriend," Lisa decided that now would be a good time to kick.

She kicked out with her legs like she was swimming backstroke and really pushed upwards with her knees and kicked out with her feet.

It actually made her feel a bit better about the situation, it gave her a semblance of control but also she had the added pleasure of being able to kick Katie as hard as she liked.

Unfortunately, as the moans intensified from above it was clear that the crazy bitch liked being kicked in the cooch. Lisa continued all the same, aware of Katie's warning.

She had just started to get into a new rhythm when she felt a crushing grasp around her. It came out of nowhere and caught her completely by surprise. Her eyes widened and her arms clamped down on the flesh around her, trying to stabilise herself and potentially push her body out of the opening. But the sensation eased.

Lisa took in a deep breath and saw that Katie was still furiously masturbating above. The squeeze came again, Lisa realised it must be from the vaginal muscles that surrounded her. She hoped that signified that Katie was close to orgasm.

As the muscles continued to squeeze they forced out white fluid onto Lisa's belly. The sticky fluid, jellylike in substance, smelled strongly of cum. It continued to flow towards her as it was squeezed out.

The cum flowed up to her breasts and started to trickle between them. She put her hands out to block it and almost wished that she hadn't. She retched as she felt the sticky substance, turning her face away but continuing to kick as hard as she could.

The cum flowed around her fingers and she was concerned that she couldn't stop it. She felt a déjà vu. The squeezing seemed to cease, as it sucked the cum backwards slightly. Then Lisa was squeezed again not as hard and it was much quicker, then squeezed again and again and again.

The fluid was pushed up her chest and she raised her chin to avoid the fluids touching her face. Luckily it worked and she felt the viscous warm fluid run across her shoulder blades and drip from her shoulders. She whimpered as she sucked in short shallow breaths, desperate not to inhale any of it.

Her buttocks and back also felt warm and wet as well and she could feel more fluid below. Her legs and her lower body were completely coated in the stuff. Tears streamed from her face from her distress.

Then to her relief she heard Katie's loud orgasm from above, but the relief was rapidly converted into fear for her life as there was a bone crushing squeeze from the giant vagina. It completely forced all of the air out of Lisa's lungs.

She started to push against the flesh as hard as she could. She felt a bit of movement but then her hips were firmly locked in by the powerful muscles around her. She wanted to shriek but she didn't have the lung capacity. The contraction felt eternal and she gasped for air in short shallow pants again, but she wasn't getting enough.

Then the giant thighs collapsed to the bed either side of her and she heard a loud gasp of pleasure from Katie.

The muscles released and Lisa took in a deep breath, sucking air into her lungs to abate the dizziness she was starting to feel.

She realised that the hand had stopped masturbating above her and the slimy fingers were resting against the clitoris.

Lisa took the opportunity to press both hands either side of her hips and pushed at the soft flesh. Her hands sank in slightly but she felt movement. She continued to push until she was starting to slide out.

It all happened a bit too quickly for her to react, the momentum she gained and the wet fluids accelerated her exit and she did an unplanned somersault as she dropped from the giant vagina.

She landed on the mattress with a hard impact against her shoulder, feeling the jolt through her neck and spine.

She laid where she fell panting, for an instant, to catch her breath.

She looked upwards and awkwardly and was completely disgusted at the sight. The vagina and anus were completely coated in white cum and slime and it completely stank. Tufts of dark hair surrounded the buttocks. She held the back of her hand to her face and regretted it as her hand was completely covered in cum as well.

She flopped over onto her chest and looked down the very long legs, which seemed to stretch for hundreds of metres, with large toes at the end pointing upwards.

She didn't know what to do and barely had any energy to mount an escape but she felt that she had to try. It wasn't as if Katie could subject her to anything worse, other than actually eating her or crushing her. But Lisa was confident that even Katie wouldn't go that far, she had demonstrated some humanity earlier.

She started to crawl towards the feet, feeling battered and bruised all over; her lungs were in agony with each breath.

Chapter 13 – Playtime isn't over until I say it is

Katie's head hit her pillow. That orgasm had been a powerful one. She let out a long sigh of pleasure as her mind whirled with thoughts and emotions, many were very pleasant.

She felt incredibly relaxed and couldn't think of any worries in the world. She had removed her tormenter from her world, she now no longer had any concerns, and she could lead a normal life on campus.

She had experienced ultimate power over her little people; that she now owned. She had made them do and feel exactly what she wanted. She then realised that she knew exactly what Jonah had been talking about. She finally got all of the cryptic messages Jonah had been trying to impart on her. She actually had become a goddess.

She felt a struggle at the mouth of her vagina and that drew her thoughts back to the present. She felt the sensation of a tiny person sliding out and dropping from her vagina. Her mouth turned into wicked smile. She was interested to see what Lisa and Christian looked like now.

She lifted her upper body from the bed, reluctantly, and bent forwards at the hips to look down between her legs. Lisa had flopped just in front of her anus. She was completely coated in Katie's cum and was surrounded by a damp patch on the mattress.

Katie was suddenly concerned that her passions had killed Lisa. She peered closer and was relieved to see Lisa's ribcage expanding and then contracting. The tiny woman did look exhausted. Katie actually felt pity for her. She looked so pathetic and helpless.

Thinking about that her mind moved to Christian. She hadn't felt him move for a while. The useless man had given up kicking when Lisa had been working Katie from the outside, leading to her having to use Lisa as another dildo.

She was just about to reach down when Lisa started to crawl forward away from her buttocks. Katie watched the tiny woman in interest. Had she learned nothing? Will she always be trying to escape whatever the lesson or situation? Her pity turned to anger at the woman. She was supposed to be treating Katie as a Goddess. Katie concluded that she would need to work harder on her discipline.

She decided to let Lisa work off some of her remaining energy and continued to watch the slow progress. The tiny woman started to crawl on her hands and knees, it was a slow crawl and she appeared to be in pain. When she reached Katie's knees Katie decided to find out what had happened to Christian.

She plunged her thumb and forefinger inside her pussy and pressed her tongue to her top lip, in concentration, her eyes unconsciously looking up at the ceiling as she hunted for his little body, remembering that he was even smaller than Lisa.

Her fingertip brushed on something harder than her soft flesh and she gripped it and felt the object, it felt like a leg in her mind's eye. She started to pull on it and it started to slide out.

Her pussy allowed the small object to be extracted and Katie held it up to her face.

Christian was dangling from a single leg, Katie was gripping him around his calf, his arms hung loosely and his whole body was limp. His eyes were she and he looked dead or unconscious.

She brought him closer to her face and couldn't see him breathing. She started to grow concerned, she had no intention of killing him. She poked at him with her other index finger. His body just swayed. She blew on his body and poked again.

This time the arms twitched, she poked again and the arms jerked, the chest started to move visibly from his breathing. After a few seconds his eyes fluttered open.

The look of shock on his face amused Katie, he must have thought this had all been a nightmare. His eyes widened and he started to scream as he saw the huge face in front of him and realised he was dangling what must have been a few hundred metres to him above a giant naked body.

Katie's attention moved down the bed to Lisa for an instant, the tiny woman had been spooked by the sound of the traumatised man and had managed to get to her feet and was running as fast as she could, she was nearly at the end of the bed by Katie's feet. Problem easily solved.

Katie lifted her right foot up, Lisa instantly reacted by running away from the lifting object, Katie gently lowered it down on the tiny body, carefully to not crush her too hard, but firm enough to make it clear that she was being punished. She felt the tiny body squirm helplessly, there was no escape from underneath her heel.

She shifted her body downwards, bending her knees, bringing her body closer until she could look down at her foot. She saw one of Lisa's legs sticking out and wriggling.

She lifted her foot up slightly, observing Lisa's naked body lying face down. The tiny woman awaited further punishment as she didn't move. When it didn't come, she rolled on her back and they looked into each other's eyes.

"There is no escape my little sex toy," Katie broke the silence. Lisa's face had a look of defeat and exhaustion. Perhaps she was starting to understand now. Katie could see Lisa's attention move to the dangling Christian. Katie glanced at him again, he looked even more exhausted.

She rotated her free hand downwards and wrapped her fingers around him in a fist, letting go of his leg and rotating him back so his head was now pointing upwards. She wanted to examine him, but knew Lisa might make another escape attempt.

Katie looked back down at Lisa, and then lowered her foot downwards, Lisa raised her arms upwards to defend herself, and Katie could hear her protests, but she continued until the sole of her foot was pressing Lisa to the bed.

She giggled as the tiny woman squirmed underneath her sole, her toes wriggled from the tickling sensation. The feeling of her little human pet squirming under the sole of her foot was indescribably empowering. Eventually Lisa gave up struggling as she realised it was expending her remaining energy to no effect, and she had the weight of a giant foot on her, there was no beating it.

Katie let a few seconds go by, examining Christian, she held him firmly in her closed fist. His arms were trapped and it was only his collarbone, shoulders, neck and head visible above her hand. His tiny feet protruded below her hand. He looked at her with distrust; he clearly didn't know what she had in store for him.

He looked so cute; she just wanted to lick him all over. Katie brought the tiny man closer to her face, drawing him between her eyes and examined his face. He was completely coated in her sticky cum. She lowered him to her nostrils and smelled. He had the strong smell of her pussy covering him.

She contemplated just popping him in her mouth, but decided that she would prefer to just to observe him; as much as she liked the taste of her sexual juices on her little sex toys.

Reluctant to remove her foot from Lisa she looked around for inspiration. Her eyes settled on a pint of water at her bedside table from last night. With Christian in one hand she looked back down at her foot and slowly lifted it away from Lisa.

The tiny woman instantly curled up into a ball. Katie curled her toes down and nudged at the little woman, she didn't move.

"Stretch out or I will punish you," Lisa slowly obliged and Katie instantly clasped at the tiny woman with her big and second toe, holding her in a loose grip and lifting her up as she laid backwards on her bed.

Lisa started to scream in terror at the height that she suddenly found herself, clasped between two giant toes and being held in the air above a naked giantess. Katie enjoyed watching her fear, it served her right for all the terrible things she had done to Katie. It also served her right for being a disobedient little whatsit.

She laid her head on her pillow and turned towards the glass of water, grasping it with her left hand, using her left foot to balance her weight on the bed.

She brought the glass of water to her chest and rested it between her breasts. The glass was slightly cold but it would warm up.

Katie held Christian over the glass and opened her hand. There was a short 'Ahhh' as he fell followed by a splash as he was consumed by the water. Little drops sprayed her naked body, causing her to twitch from the sensation.

Lisa started to settle down from above, realising that Katie's attentions were on her boyfriend.

Katie watched the tiny man struggle in the water for an instant, from the sudden shock, and then he reached the surface. It was incredible watching his tiny legs peddling to tread water, his little penis swaying in the water. He kicked hard to reach the edge of the glass, it was quite a reach from the water level and she was impressed at his strength, but she wasn't going to reward it. She wanted to watch him some more, she didn't want him to get out.

He was starting to lift himself out of the glass, raising his upper body out, his belly pressing against the glass and arms wrapping over the rim of the glass. Katie moved the glass to her mouth and positioned the rim just next to him against her lips and tipped the glass.

She felt one of his tiny hands press against her cheek and with her free hand she pushed him back inside the glass as she drank several mouthfuls of water and swallowed. She felt one of his feet lightly touch her lip, he was trying to swim away. It gave her an idea for a fun game she could play with Lisa some time.

She tipped the glass back slightly and looked inside. Christian was still treading water, looking up at her in fear. The water level was at about half pint now, so he had no chance of escaping unless she decided to tip him out or drink him up.

"You get out when I let you out," she spoke down at him. "You only do what I tell you to do, am I clear?" He slowly nodded, arms stroking out to his sides and legs gently treading water. His eyes wide with fear.

Katie lifted the glass up to her face and watched his sexy body in admiration. She still found him very attractive, but hated him just a bit for sleeping with Lisa. She watched for a few minutes, he was visibly starting to get tired and was starting to beg her against the glass to let him out.

Katie looked back up at Lisa. The little bitch was watching from above between the toes, keeping quiet. Katie lifted the glass up towards her foot, holding it below Lisa as much as she could reach, lowering her foot slightly.

"Jump in," she ordered. Lisa shook her head in fear. "Jump in or I will crush you," she demonstrated by squeezing her toes together, Lisa yelped in response. Katie released the grip and Lisa clambered up on her big toe, wobbling slightly.

She clung on looking down at the glass that was several metres below from her perspective but Katie was holding it steady.

“Jump on my count, I’ll catch you,” Katie started. Lisa nodded, fear dominating her face. “Three, two, one, jump,” Lisa plunged down from the toe, in that split instant it was tempting for Katie to move the glass out the way and let her tiny enemy slat on her belly below and throw her remains in the bin or flush her down the toilet.

The tiny woman splashed into the water, Christian had swam to the side out the way at the last second to avoid her.

Katie lowered her leg down to the bed and brought the glass up to her face. She shimmied up the bed until she was sitting upright, examining her aquatic slaves.

“I never owned goldfish,” she commented on them, “I bet you pulled the fins and tails off yours Lisa,” she growled at the little woman. She watched them both tread water for a while. The tiny pair exchanged a few words with each other, which she couldn’t hear and didn’t really care about.

She shook the glass a few times, which amused her a bit as it caused the water to sway from side to side and they looked like tiny fish in stormy water. The water splashed on their faces and sometimes their heads went underwater as a fierce wave caught them, causing them to splutter and gasp for breath.

She wished that she had a bath that she could sit in it and play with them, the sink in her room wouldn’t be the same. Perhaps she would do that at some point.

“Are you nice and clean now?” She asked down into the glass. They both nodded, desperate to be let out. “Great,” she replied and tilted her head back and lifted the glass towards her lips. She heard their screams echoing inside the glass as she lowered it towards her lips and started to drink the remaining water.

She deliberately kept her top lip relatively close to the glass to prevent them from being swallowed immediately, she suddenly realised that she was so lost in the passion of the whole thing that in that moment she didn’t care if she did swallow them.

She felt tiny feet press against her lip and then she could feel the bodies against it as the glass was draining of water. Then she opened her mouth wide and felt one of the screaming bodies hit the back of her throat. She had to restrain her swallowing reflex which was being stimulated. She didn’t know where the other body was, she could feel some weight on her front teeth.

She hopped off the bed, holding her mouth open and approached the mirror over her sink. She looked down her nose at the mirror and smiled slightly as she could see Lisa dangling from her front teeth, holding on for dear life with her hands. Her naked body was hanging inside the mouth.

Katie was tempted to stroke her with her tongue but knew she would swallow Christian. Seeing the little people in the mirror discouraged her from taking it any further in swallowing them, but she knew that she had been close a minute ago.

She spat the tiny bodies out in her hand and put them with the other captives in their new house. She had grown tired and felt like she needed a nap, perhaps she would play with them some more later. She had a few hours until she had to meet with Jonah.

She grabbed the box of medication the Doctor had given her and popped a pill in her mouth.

Chapter 14 – Escalation of a sort

"Okay, this is it, she's heading off," Watkins murmured into the radio. He and the sergeant were dressed in civilian clothing.

They were keeping Miguel at a distance, Katie would recognise him more easily than Watkins who had remained silent when they had questioned her. They concluded that he was the least likely to be recognised.

He watched Katie Reed leave the halls of residence and start towards the exit. He gave her a head start and then followed her at a slow pace but keeping visibility.

He played it as carefully as possible. Whilst she didn't seem to be mindful about being followed, all it needed was for her to look over her shoulder and make eye contact with him. So he made sure to stop at the occasional notice board, or to be looking down at his phone and keeping her movements within his field of vision.

He continued to follow her through campus, keeping the Sergeant abreast of what was happening over the radio with the occasional mumble. He was using a normal phone headset to avoid suspicion, most people around campus had some earpieces in their ears listening to music or talking to someone so he didn't think he looked out of place.

Finally they reached the edge of campus, luckily there were enough students walking back and forth from campus that he could merge in with their numbers.

Katie only looked over her shoulder once, she didn't seem nervous, it was more of a casual look, and she didn't seem to notice him.

Once they left through the main gates they reached the bus stop outside campus, it was the bus stop heading to town. He reported this over the radio.

Katie entered the bus when it arrived. Sergeant Harvey appeared with Miguel's car, he was sat in the back, eagerly watching the bus ahead.

Watkins jumped inside the passenger side and the car sped off after the bus.

Once Katie emerged from the bus Miguel and Watkins jumped out. "I'll join you once I've found a place to park," the Sergeant said through the open window, then drove off.

The two men carefully followed Katie until she went inside Bella's cafe. Watkins sent Miguel round the back to check that she wasn't more aware than she seemed and was just slipping out through the rear to evade them.

He also let Sergeant Harvey know where they were, gave it a few more seconds and then walked inside the cafe.

He grabbed a coffee and a paper, taking care not to look in the direction of Katie or the small man that she was at opposite talking to.

They seemed to be in deep conversation and here to stay. He ordered another coffee for his partner and selected a set of seats far enough away to give them space but close enough to hear them. He sat facing them so that Harvey could sit with her back to them and then he started to listen.

*

Katie entered the cafe, Jonah looked nervous and was fidgeting with his hands and body.

"Were you followed?" He asked, glancing nervously through the glazing to the cafe.

"I don't think so," she glanced over her shoulder at the door.

"It's a bit late to check now my dear. Did you notice anyone following you?" he continued to glance out of the café glazing nervously.

"No," she replied looking around herself, realising that she hadn't really been checking.

"You're going to have to be a lot more certain than that if we are going to continue to meet and do this," he scolded her slightly.

"Jonah, are you okay?" She asked with concern. He seemed very shifty today.

"Not really," he glanced up at the man that entered the cafe, he approached the counter and ordered something then found a seat. Jonah's eyes trailed him but there was no recognition and the man didn't even show any interest in them.

He lowered his voice slightly anyway.

"I'm in trouble," he started, evading Katie's eyes. "I'm afraid that I have messed up terribly. It's completely unlike me. I just feel that I can trust you."

Katie slowly reached out to his hands that were clasped on the table in front of him. He allowed her to cup his hands tenderly in hers. It soothed him.

"What happened?" Katie asked him, sympathy in her eyes.

"I... I've lost one of the Pizzens..."

"One of the, shrinking devices..."

"Shhh," he quietly shushed her, glancing around, "please don't tell the whole world about it. My dear."

"What happened?" Katie seemed to be shocked.

*

Watkins leant back trying to hear more clearly. He was certain about what he heard but couldn't quite understand what he was hearing.

He heard Jonah relay the events that had occurred with him losing the device that was causing his concern. He heard about what Jonah's client was going to do with his wife; he couldn't believe what they were talking about, shrinking people and even killing them or using them.

Then Katie mentioned about some people she called Brad and Eve and it turned out that they were shrunken people that she appeared to own. It was all very strange. Was this some kind of roleplay thing she was involved in?

*

"I've got to ask you my dear..." Jonah winced uncomfortably. Katie squeezed his hands supportively.

"What Jonah?" She asked.

"Do you know what has happened to those three women?" Katie's heart skipped a beat. It was an obvious question that she had expected to be asked but nothing could have prepared her for the moment it was asked.

"Who?" She asked innocently.

"Please don't play coy my dear, the three missing women, Jennifer, Chantelle and... Your nemesis Lisa." Katie noticed that his persona had changed now. He was probing her reaction and analysing her.

Had his whole worried thing being a ploy? She doubted it, he still looked nervous. In fact he looked desperate to redeem himself. He was clearly scared of a higher power that was unknown to her. Whoever he worked for had got him spooked.

"No, nothing," she shook her head innocently. "Why?" She asked. The door to the cafe opened with a ring of the bell.

Jonah's eyes flicked over to the person entering.

*

Sergeant Harvey walked into the cafe as calmly as she could. She had heard everything that they said over Watkins' mobile transmission. It was starting to make some sense but also made no sense at the same time. Special Branch had been following this guy Jonah for a reason.

From what she heard, either they were speaking metaphorically about shrinking people or it was a real thing. Strangely the latter actually made more sense in explaining the disappearance of the women without a trace, but then again she knew that it was complete science fiction.

In fact she remembered a documentary about the history of the Godzilla and King Kong the movies and it had a scientist stating that giant and shrunken animals or humans was an impossibility. Had someone managed to achieve this? Why did it involve some strange dwarf of a man and some random female student?

She glanced over at the counter then at Watkins, he had her coffee. She started over to him and in the corner of her eyes saw Jonah move his chair backwards.

Her eyes flicked over to him. In that instant when their eyes made contact she knew that he had made her. Her eyes had carried just too much interest in them. She scolded herself instantly, it was a rookie mistake. She had been on edge, the whole weird situation had caught her off guard.

Jonah had clearly suspected her and had made a sudden movement, her reactions being faster than a casual customer had clearly been obvious.

In the split second that their eyes met they both knew each other's reality. He knew what she was and he now knew she knew what he was.

She tried to cover it up by giving him a brief casual smile, that someone might make if they accidentally caught someone else's eyes on the train. But it was a redundant exercise. It was too late.

She now had a further conundrum, what to do next. She wanted to arrest him but had no evidence. But then again he could just disappear. She was also between the counter and Watkins but if she sat with Watkins she would implicate him in Jonah's suspicions. He would then know that they had overheard everything.

She had only a few seconds to make up her mind.

So she approached them. Jonah was now suddenly on the back foot he clearly hadn't expected her to approach them.

"Sorry to disturb you," she started, Katie spun round in surprise and looked up.

Sergeant Harvey reached into her pocket. She clicked the cancel call button. Jonah tensed, his eyes growing wide in anticipation, unsure of what she was grabbing.

"Did you drop your phone?" The sergeant pulled out her own mobile phone and gestured towards Katie. "I'm sure I saw you drop it on the street outside."

Jonah's eyes suddenly narrowed doubtfully.

"No, thanks for checking," Katie smiled back at her and then turned back to Jonah.

"Okay, sorry you bother you." Harvey replied and started to turn.

"Hey," Katie spun round again. "Aren't you the policewoman?" Harvey paused mid-step and looked back again with a casual smile. Jonah might as well have been nodding from the expression he had on his face.

"Yes, although I'm off duty now," she replied as sweetly as she could. Katie suddenly took on her own expression of suspicion.

Harvey's eyes flicked over to Jonah's and she gave him the same smile again as she turned to leave. His expression said 'nice try'.

Harvey left the cafe as quickly as she could whilst appearing casual. As soon as she was around the corner she spoke into her comm unit.

"Shit, he made me," she growled.

"Good job boss," Watkins stated sarcastically in a low voice through gritted teeth, he had rested her hand on his mouth to conceal it.

"Keep on him," Harvey ordered. "I've got her, wait until they make their move." She wasn't sure what that meant. But she wanted to see how they reacted. She listened to Watkins' comm.

*

"You weren't followed my dear?" Jonah grimaced at Katie.

"I didn't think I was,"

"Well I don't believe in bad luck or coincidences my dear. I'm now in even worse of a predicament than I was before," Jonah murmured in a low voice.

"How can I help?" Katie asked, she was keen to get out of this as quickly as possible. If Jonah was implicated she needed to get away from him and fast. Why had people been following her, they clearly suspected something. She had thought she was so careful.

"You've done quite enough my dear, but you can leave and try and split their attentions away from me, I'll go out the back." Katie nodded in agreement.

"I know that you were involved in the theft of the device and what happened to those women..."

"I..." He cut her off with his hand in the air.

"For now my dear I don't really care, all I would say is that you should take care, you have brought some attention to yourself from both the authorities and my employer and neither are as forgiving as me." He gave her a sympathetic smile, there was no anger there. "I must ask you to give it back. That's why we're still talking now. You can keep the girls, we have no need for them and there will be no further questions asked. Just don't draw further attention to yourself."

Katie swallowed a lump in her throat, her mind whirling. Who was his employer?

"Think about it, now off you go," he gestured for her to take her leave. There was about twenty seconds of silence as they both looked at each other.

"I'm sorry," she finally said.

"Me too my dear, I'm sorry I got you involved."

"If it helps, I did feel better for a while," she gave him a kind smile. He smiled back. She got up to leave and made her way out of the cafe.

Jonah gave it a few seconds and then left as well, in the opposite direction.

He walked past the toilet and carried on past the kitchen to the back door. He opened it and walked out into the alley.

"Hey, stop," a male voice ordered, he spun round to lock his gaze with the head of campus security, Miguel. Oh dear! He thought. Collateral damage...

*

Miguel felt a sudden intense burst of pain through his body. It was so sudden that he thought he had just been shot and was dying. It went so fast and he felt like his lungs, brain and eyes were about to explode.

Everything around him was suddenly distorted and the brick walls either side of the alley rushed around his sightlines.

The man in front of him suddenly grew to giant size and the ground rushed up to meet him.

The tarmac floor of the alley suddenly grew huge and the craters and cracks and detail to the tarmac grew so large they ended up looking like he was on volcanic rock.

That was when he realised that he was lying on his belly, completely naked.

The pain still coursed through his body but he just about managed to look up. The bright daylight burned his retinas and everything around him was a strange volume and pitch.

The strange man called Jonah was standing over him, but he was huge. Miguel didn't know what was happening but he was gripped with a primal terror at the giant monster standing above him.

Before he could do anything a giant foot appeared above him.

"Noooo!" he shouted out as loud as he could. There was an instant when he wasn't sure whether the giant had seen him, and then he saw the face peering down at him and the intent in the eyes and knew that it was intended.

The giant foot slammed down towards him.

*

"He just disappeared!" Detective Dawson blurted out.

The two detectives sat in their undercover car, looking through the darkened windows, they weren't risk opening the window to get a better view.

They had observed the whole debacle at the café and the alleyway. Their technology had been able to pick up the conversations inside the café and they had positioned themselves to keep an eye on Miguel in the alley.

The two police officers and head of security had gone rogue, slightly more rogue than the Detectives had bargained for. The situation had escalated quickly.

"I saw it, but it's not possible, he can't just have disappeared," Peterson turned to Dawson. "Please tell me you got that on the video cam," his tone identified his desperation.

"I got it boss, it's been filmed, but I don't know if it will help, it was too fast," he shrugged. "We'll have to watch it frame by frame later on, luckily I brought the HD cam."

"It will give us enough, I saw his clothes just fall to the ground. Unless he just disappeared into thin air I think we just saw a man get shrunk."

"Shall we go and pick Jonah up?" Dawson nudged his partner, excited at their victory. Their crusade over many years had been over a theory that was real.

"I think we've got enough to justify that now," Peterson replied in agreement with a sly smirk. It was the first time Dawson had seen a hint of a real smile, from his partner, in a long time. "Let's see where he goes and track him for a bit though, he might lead us to a bigger fish."

"Oh god," Dawson took a deep gasp, watching intently, "I think he just crushed him!"

"Hold on... shit it's that idiot Watkins..." Peterson said.

*

"Stop!" Watkins shouted from the back door of the cafe, but it was too late.

Jonah was already slamming his foot down on the impossibly tiny Miguel. Watkins couldn't believe what he had seen. It was impossible.

The dwarf spun round in surprise, wide eyed and settled his gaze on Watkins, the realisation dawned on him, the other man in the cafe had been one of the team following him.

Watkins suddenly felt anger well up inside him, he wasn't armed, he was undercover and didn't have anything to use, so he charged towards Jonah. He felt pain shoot through his entire body as he made contact.

He caught Jonah's upper body in what, for him, was a low shoulder charge but the dwarf's height disrupted that.

Both of the men went down to the ground, Watkins clutched at his belly, had he just been shot? He was in agony.

It then spread through his entire body. Had he been shot in his spine?

Jonah was rolling around groaning, winded, but Watkins was completely immobilised.

He tried to roll himself away from Jonah but couldn't.

"Serge," he called out to his partner, but it ended in a dry rasp. He realised that she had cancelled his call earlier.

The pain was excruciating now. Everything around him was contorting. He heard Jonah moving and could see him to his side. He suddenly seemed a lot larger. What was happening?

Oh no! He suddenly realised, he was being shrunk like Miguel.

He held his chest with his right arm and then with all of his strength he rolled onto his side, with his left hand he brought himself to his knees. His whole body was trembling in pain; it felt like he was on fire.

He knew he had to get out of this or he would have the same fate as Miguel. He also knew he only had seconds, it had only been about 30 seconds he had waited once Jonah had left the cafe to leave, shrink and crush Miguel.

Jonah was standing as Watkins rose. He curled his arm back and balled up his hand in a fist, slamming it upwards and catching Jonah's wide jaw with a rising uppercut.

The dwarf took the blow on his chin and stumbled into the alleyway wall and bounced off it, crashing loudly into some bins, but he was back on his feet as Watkins bent over to catch his breath. Jonah lurched forwards and dealt a hard blow into Watkins' cheek.

He was floored by the punch, it felt like a club had hit him, his whole world was spinning and he could hear ringing in his left ear. Either Jonah was stronger than he looked or Watkins was weakening.

He noticed the dwarf quickly picking up and pocketing Miguel's tiny body. The man was ruthlessly meticulous. He wiped the ground with his handkerchief.

*

"We've got to help him!" Dawson shouted out, Peterson held his arm.

"Wait, let's not go charging in, we don't know who that guy is or whether he has some heavy backup." Dawson looked back at him. "He's got a shrinking device," Peterson continued.

"We've been working on this for years and now you hold back sir?" Peterson narrowed his eyes in response. Then he nodded.

"Call it in," he ordered and started readying his pistol.

*

Watkins rolled over and kicked out, catching Jonah in his belly. The dwarf bent over double with a hard 'oooff' as his spongy belly took the blow, winding him again.

Watkins was on his feet and realised that they were the same height. In fact, to his terror he realised that Jonah bent over double was his height. He had to end this now.

He punched out again and again, but Jonah stuck out an outstretched hand and caught one of his fists.

Watkins cried out as Jonah clamped down hard on his fist, completely enclosing it in his own hand. Watkins was forced to his knees, the dwarf was towering over him now.

"Cease and desist," the now giant dwarf instructed down at Watkins. Watkins was in complete agony but he couldn't give up, he would be dead like Miguel.

He reached up with his free hand to grab at Jonah's pocket, reaching for the device that had shrunk him. He had to either reverse this somehow or shrink Jonah himself.

Jonah simply pinned his other arm to his side.

He cried out again in frustration.

"Who are you?" He asked.

"I'm just a courier," Jonah replied down at him, it seemed like he genuinely meant the answer. "I'm sorry that you are caught up in this young sir, but you see, it is either you or me and I'm afraid that the answer is me."

Jonah was huge now and Watkins realised that he was only about a foot tall. He collapsed and Jonah released him.

"Stop, police!" He vaguely heard the welcome sound of his Sergeant at the end of the alley. He wasn't sure if it was real or not. "Step away from him!" She ordered, panting.

Watkins looked up at Jonah's confident expression.

"You have no gun sergeant... And I have your partner," he raised his foot above Watkins.

Watkins looked up in dismay, this was it, he was about to be crushed like a mouse by a fricking low level courier.

"Don't..." Her voice appeared to be nearer. She was quite close. "I do have a gun,"

Watkins rolled over slightly to look at her. She was towering above him, she was pointing a 9mm Browning at Jonah... Good girl, she had taken the gun out of the squad car beforehand, good thinking. Special Branch had previously cleared them to carry one. What luck.

"Watch out," he cried up to her, "he's got a shrinking machine," Jonah's foot closed the gap towards Watkins, his heel was now on the tarmac near Watkins' feet, the sole of the shoe was not far away from him now.

His sergeant was looking down at him in complete shock. She clearly couldn't believe seeing her partner in his diminutive form either. To him she looked absolutely huge.

*

"They just keep making it worse," Dawson moaned as he watched the standoff with Sergeant Harvey and Jonah. She had run round the back of the café, the opposite site from Dawson and Peterson. In some ways it might help as it would hopefully drive him towards them.

"Two minutes until backup arrives, local police though," Dawson voiced as he heard an update from control through his earpiece.

"We can't wait, we've got to go now or she's either going to kill our only source or he's going to shrink and kill someone else." Peterson started to get out of the vehicle.

"Wait," Dawson grabbed him, he was now listening through his other earphone connected to his listening equipment, with the microphone pointed towards the alley. "If you get involved now he'll crush Watkins." It was his turn to show restraint.

*

"Don't make a move or I will crush him like a bug," Jonah warned icily.

"Don't you make a move or I will shoot you," Sergeant Harvey said.

"I've got nothing to lose now..."

"Your life," she cut in. Jonah gave a low and slow chuckle.

"Yes, apart from that sergeant," he stated. "But I bet you've never fired one of those at someone before."

"Don't test me, that's my partner you're threatening... Woah hold on what you doing?" Watkins watched from below as Jonah's foot moving slightly above him.

"I'm just bending down to see if he's okay," Jonah replied to the Sergeant.

"Don't move a fucking muscle," she ordered.

"I can only hold my foot like this for so long," he responded.

Suddenly there was more daylight above Watkins but before he knew it he was being roughly grasped in a giant hand. "There you go," he was lifted at a terrifying speed, clasped in a giant hand.

The pain was subsiding now and Watkins morbidly realised that perhaps he had reached his new size.

He peered out over the clenched fist, he was being held out in front of Jonah. Harvey was staring down at him. He looked up at his partner. Even though she was about ten years older than him, at this angle she looked quite pretty, her hair fell around her shoulders, it was rare that he saw her in civilian garb. But she was absolutely huge.

Her eyes were looking at him in complete amazement. He felt like an exhibit in a museum.

"Don't let him shrink you," he shouted up to her, willing her to listen to him.

"I... I can't believe how small you are," she said down to him, her voice cracking. That was when he realised that he was completely naked as well.

"Let me leave or I will crush him in my hand," Jonah warned from behind Watkins.

"You wouldn't dare, I'd shoot you here and now," she counter threatened him.

"I would dare," Jonah stated, he squeezed Watkins and the tiny man yelped in pain.

"Stop!" She shouted out.

"You see my dear, if I don't get back to where I need to be there will be much worse things done to me than you could ever inflict on me."

"What?" She questioned, desperately trying to understand who he was and what was happening.

"You heard me my dear, I'm afraid I must bid you adieu," he gently waved with his other hand.

"We can protect you," she shouted after him as he started to back away from Harvey.

"You can't my dear, you can't,"

"Don't move," she growled at him, raising the pistol, "I'll shoot,"

Jonah shook his head.

"I won't hurt him if you let me go, I promise, but if you shoot me, either I'll crush him or drop him. Neither will do him any good," he said and with that Watkins felt him break into a run. Everything suddenly became a blur as the giant man holding him started to run.

"Dammit!" She shouted after them and he could hear her loud footsteps running in pursuit. Watkins knew she would catch him, she was a fast runner.

Watkins could see that they were at the end of the alleyway which opened out onto the pavement. He just held tightly to the top of the finger and hoped he wouldn't be crushed or dropped.

There was a sudden screech of tyres.

*

A black van appeared ahead, bursting through the red traffic lights, and causing a car to swerve away and then brake hard to avoid a crash. Peterson heard the screech of tires ahead and the revving of a powerful engine.

The dwarf turned around the corner of the pavement and started running towards the railway viaduct.

"In pursuit of suspect, unknown vehicle has appeared, request immediate backup, tracker is active on our location," Peterson barked into his phone as Dawson took the wheel and started to accelerate after the dwarf.

"One minute out!" the reply came through the phone.

The unknown van sped across the crossroads ahead of them and then screeched to a halt by the pavement. Suddenly the dwarf was being dragged, kicking and screaming, into the side sliding door of the van by people in dark suits and balaclavas.

"Hit it, hit it!" Peterson directed, levelling his sidearm and starting to lower the window, getting ready to take aim. Dawson knew he was encouraging him to utilise a standard police tactic when without backup in a car chase. It was best to ram the suspect vehicle and immobilise them as swiftly as possible.

There were mere seconds between the car and the van making impact when the whole world spun in front of them.

Both of them were slammed sideways with such unexpected force and violence and there was a huge loud bang, their bodies were thrown about like dolls, arms flying up in the air, necks flung over to the left. Peterson's sidearm flew out of his hand and smashed into the window.

Then the left side of their car smashed against a brick wall, causing their bodies to fly in the other direction. They both felt the pain of the whiplash injuries they were now suffering as it happened.

Peterson tried to shake off the shock of the unexpected events and looked over to the cause. Another large van had just slammed into their side. He vaguely realised that there must have been two vans.

Peterson felt lightheaded; he glanced over towards the windscreen of the other car and stared straight into the beady eyes of someone wearing a balaclava. They stared back for an instant, an unspoken threat was exchanged and then they left the vehicle, ran over to the other van and it sped off with a screech and spinning of tyres.

He gritted his teeth and groaned from the pain he was now feeling in his back, shoulders and neck. The whiplash injury would intensify over the next few days, he knew that. This wasn't his first time, but he wasn't getting any younger.

The non-damaged door next to him suddenly opened, he nearly sprained his neck further scrabbling for his gun in the footwell. A hand grabbed his wrist and held it.

"It's me," panted Sergeant Harvey, "what the hell are you guys doing?" She was looking back out to the crossroads, holding her pistol ready to defend the position if more intruders arrived.

"We were catching Jonah," Peterson mumbled a response.

"Good job, he got away with my partner," she was still trying to catch her breath. "Were you just watching us?"

"Surveillance," he grimaced, "before you lot charged in like Rambo."

"Well we all fucked up, because he killed Miguel and shrunk and kidnapped my partner." She helped Peterson remove his seatbelt.

"He fucking shrunk people, did you see it?" She was talking quickly and loudly, a clear sign of shock and the after effects of an adrenaline rush. He nodded his head, leaning forward in pain.

Police sirens could be heard in the background.

"Wherever you guys go now, I'm with you," Harvey continued, "we need to get Watkins back..."

"Sergeant, you're only temporarily assigned to us, you're a beat police officer..."

"Get me assigned to you permanently, I'll be an asset." Her gaze was unrelenting; he wasn't in the mood to argue with her. "I know who you are at Special Branch. I saw the folder about Operation Gulliver, I get it now. I thought that was just a stupid fucking name, but it turns out you guys know exactly what is going on." She seethed with anger.

"We don't really know what is going on, today was the first day that we got some solid evidence on these people," he glanced over at his unconscious colleague.

"Help me with him will you? Backup is on the way." He winced as he felt his neck with his hand.

“Look on the bright side, we’re about to get unlimited funding, we’ll find these guys.” Tyres suddenly screeched again and several marked squad cars arrived and the occupants rushed out to help them, creating a defensive perimeter.

“Cavalry on time as usual,” he groaned. They were all unarmed officers and would have been useless even if they had arrived earlier.

Chapter 15 – Caught in the act

Katie staggered into her room. She had drunk far too much, but she was so horny. She was so turned on that her vagina was aching and her nipples were so erect that they had grown sore inside her bra.

She shut the door behind her and peeled off her clothes, there was a hunger inside her that she could barely control.

She had just got back from drinking with Danielle, Rita and Becky in the student bar. It was past 2am when she got back to her room.

She pulled her drawer open; she only wanted to use the women tonight. She couldn't really explain why, and didn't feel she needed to, she just wanted to. Tomorrow perhaps she would have a session with the guys.

She lifted the lid away from her little makeshift house that she had made for her tiny captives.

She had created a separate room for Brad and Eve as they liked to be separate. It had been their only request so far. Katie was continually amazed at how compliant and reliant those two were.

The others were scattered inside the box, but it was Lisa that caught her attention. She was wearing Christian's long doll shirt. The shirt had been baggy on him, but it was huge on her, for all the world like a long dress several times larger than her.

She would need to be punished for this. They had all been under strict instruction that Lisa was to remain naked until Katie permitted it.

Lisa had already been through so much punishment. Either Lisa was too stupid to understand her predicament, or too arrogant to acknowledge the power that Katie held over her.

"I told you all that she was to stay naked!" Katie blared down at them. They all cowered. Even Brad and Eve jumped from the volume and ferocity of Katie's actions.

Chantelle immediately burst into tears, terrified.

"It wasn't us, we promise!" Jennifer pleaded up at Katie, holding Chantelle at her side.

"I still hold you responsible Jennifer, you're supposed to be in charge when I'm not around..." Jennifer visibly swallowed hard, eyes widening in fear that she was about to join Lisa in her punishment. The recent memories of the carrot incident were undoubtedly fresh in her mind.

"I'm all out of carrots," Katie spoke Jennifer's fears aloud. "I'm too horny to think of anything right now..."

She scooped up each of the tiny women, including Eve and clutched them in her hands. She transferred them all into a squirming bunch in one hand as she closed the lid of the box and the drawer.

Katie turned and threw the tiny women on the bed. They landed in a heap and squirmed free of each other, untangling their legs and arms and standing up obediently.

Katie was kneeling on the bed, her breasts swaying as her hands reached out, uncontrollably, to her little tiny sex slaves. She undressed each of them roughly until the rest got the message and threw their clothes off.

They all stood naked in front of her, waiting. Chantelle was still sobbing, but knew better than to cry harder and make a scene. They all also knew better than to cover their private regions.

Good, they were learning something, it was just taking longer than she had expected.

She eyed each of them up in the line, eagerly drinking up their fear and trepidation.

“Time to worship your Goddess,” her alcoholic breath floated over to them and they all visibly reacted to the waves of booze.

Katie stood up on the bed, towering over them, enjoying a brief moment to look down at her tiny captives through the gap between her breasts. Then she clambered over them and laid on her side facing them, propping her head on her left hand.

Her right hand slid down between her legs and started to gently caress her pussy. She lifted her right leg up to forty five degrees and propped it up with her foot resting on her other knee.

She enjoyed the moist feeling between her fingers and relished the thought of shoving one or several of them between her legs. She started to eye each of them up, trying to decide what to do with them.

“Come on, climb up,” Katie demanded, as she rolled onto her back, her breathing getting louder as her masturbation increased in ferocity. She grew even more excited as she could feel tiny hands and feet cambering their way along her left arm that was lying next to her..

The tingling sensation sped up and she realised that Chantelle, Jennifer and Lisa were all running to her breasts.

She chuckled from the amusement of it. The swift movement of the chest caused the women to stagger.

“Don’t worry, there is enough of me to please you all.” The women all rushed to her left nipple. Lisa pushed Chantelle out the way, causing her to stumble and fall. Jennifer was smart enough to move to the right nipple.

“That wasn’t nice Lisa!” Katie stated down to her left breast, noting that Eve was on the scene now. Katie lowered her hand until it was in front of Lisa’s back and gave the tiny woman a very hard flick with her index finger.

The woman was hit with the finger nail, full force, between her shoulder blades and it caused her to almost flip over as she was flicked away from the breast. She rolled into Chantelle.

Eve smoothly took up the mantle and started work on the nipple with such care it was as if she were crafting pottery. Katie’s cupped hand approached the two sprawled women, Lisa was rolling, winded.

“You two should learn to play nicely and get along,” her hand started to push them both down towards her belly. Her masturbation with her other hand intensified further and she thrust two fingers inside herself, gasping in delight. It would soon be both of them inside her.

She lifted her hand so that she could watch the tiny women; they were distraught at being posted in her nether regions again. Katie playfully tapped them along with her thumb and forefinger, nudging them with forceful intent until they were past her navel and into her pubic region.

She paused slightly, giving them a moment to think it was over. Then she extracted her sopping wet fingers from her pussy and slathered them with her juices. They both protested loudly but were instantly pushed down between her thighs.

Katie leant back, closing her eyes and pressed the two tiny women against her wet pussy lips, feeling their arms and legs thrashing. She pressed them harder until she felt some of their limbs enter inside her. She gasped in pleasure and then started to rub the bodies up and down.

“Having fun?” Katie’s eyes burst open, her heart racing; she recognised Danielle’s voice but was in shock as to how she was inside her room.

She jerked her head towards the noise, closing her legs together and trapping Lisa and Chantelle at her crotch.

Danielle was swaying, completely drunk, but there was a look of amazement across her face. She was standing in the middle of Katie’s room.

“Fuck!” Katie shouted, “What are you doing in here Danielle?”

“The door was open-”

“Oh!” Katie exclaimed in exasperation at herself, she remembered now, she had staggered into the room and forgotten to lock her door. She had been so horny that she had forgotten a very simple but vitally important action.

She quickly looked down her own naked body, what could Danielle see? Her legs were closed like a clam, but she had two tiny people on her breasts. Now she was caught, how was she going to explain this?

Her head sank back into her pillow, there was no hiding it.

Danielle lowered herself to her knees at the side of the bed.

“What have we got here?” She drunkenly lowered her head towards Katie’s chest. Katie wanted to snatch the tiny people away and hide them and make all of this go away but knew that there was absolutely no point. Danielle had clearly seen them.

All she could do now was rely on her friend and hope that she would not freak out at Katie.

Why wouldn’t she though? This was madness.

Katie suddenly realised how this situation must look to Danielle.

She was amazed though that Danielle didn’t seem freaked out, was she so drunk that this wasn’t even sinking in?

She was looking down intently at the tiny Eve on Katie’s left breast.

“Woah, it looks so real,” Danielle’s breath washed over Katie’s nipple and caused goosebumps to surface and a quiver of pleasure ran down her spine. She scolded herself for not being able to control her emotions even in a situation like this.

She twitched as Danielle’s hands pressed on her skin either side of her supple breast, surrounding the tiny woman.

Danielle was completely transfixed by the tiny naked woman that was now looking back up at her, blankly. Katie slowly glanced at her other breast where Jennifer was frozen on hands and knees, looking directly at the giant woman anxiously.

She appeared to be perplexed as to what was happening. Apart from seeing the giant Lisa weeks ago Jennifer wouldn’t have seen another normal sized human for quite some time. She probably didn’t yet know if there was more danger or a potential rescue.

Danielle hadn't noticed her yet. Perhaps Katie had a chance to get away with this and explain Eve as a realistic sex toy. Eve would do whatever she instructed, she was reliable. Jennifer suddenly became a wild card.

Danielle was a lesbian so she would surely understand to an extent, if she managed to convince her that they weren't real.

There was a big chance of her recognising Jennifer though. The only thing that remained in Katie's favour was how impossible this all must have looked to Danielle... and the fact that she was as blind drunk as Katie was.

Katie slowly moved her right hand up her stomach approaching Jennifer; if she could grab her perhaps she could hide her before Danielle recognised her.

"Where did you get this from?" Danielle asked, gently and cautiously stroking Eve's spine with her fingertip. "She is so lifelike when she moves... wow, she feels real too... and warm..."

"It's a brand new thing, pretty cool eh?" Katie continued to concentrate on her other hand, she sped it up and snatched at Jennifer's tiny body.

"Help me!" the tiny woman suddenly squealed. Katie could have crushed the little woman in that instant she was so angry at her for her insolence. Had she learned nothing? She was supposed to be the smart one.

Danielle's eyes drunkenly snapped up to Katie's hand.

"Wow, you've got another one!" Danielle's gaze followed the tiny woman in Katie's hand as she pulled her away. "Did it just speak?" Katie quickly hid Jennifer next to her right buttock.

"Hey, let me see it!" Danielle protested playfully.

"Dani, this is private, please can you leave?" Katie stared her friend down.

"Well if it was so private you wouldn't have left your door open would you?" She gave a playful smirk, ignoring Katie's tone. "Come on let me see it," She stood up and reached over to Katie's hand.

"No Dani," Katie pushed Jennifer further below her buttock, squeezing the tiny woman below it as the precursor to the punishment she would be receiving later on.

Danielle playfully grabbed at her wrist and jerked it out. Katie was surprised out how invasive Danielle was being, but she was completely drunk and it exaggerated her emotions and actions more than her typical outgoing self.

Danielle held Katie's hand up to her face, holding her wrist, and then with her other hand tried to peel away Katie's fingers.

"Come on, let me see this, it's amazing," Danielle begged down to Katie. Katie's heart was racing, she had to choose either her friendship with Danielle or being caught with these tiny shrunken people.

Her drunken mind swirled. It muddled through its thoughts. She really liked Danielle and couldn't imagine her time without her now. Would she really freak out? Would she lose her friendship anyway? What if she called the police, like Lisa did when she set Katie up all those months ago?

She slowly unfolded her fingers in reluctant acquiescence. Danielle quickly plucked out the tiny Jennifer.

She clambered over Katie and laid next to her on the bed, leaning her back against the wall. She gently lowered Jennifer to her face to examine her.

Her back snapped bolt upright.

"Katie, she looks just like..." Katie's heart sank as Danielle's stared wide eyed down at her.

"It's not really her," Katie shrugged, "It's just a copy." Danielle returned to examine Jennifer.

"I am real, it is me, I'm Jennifer, please help me, she kidnapped me!" Danielle's head recoiled in shock. Katie glowered threateningly at Jennifer but the tiny woman pretended to ignore her as she pleaded up at Danielle.

"It seems pretty confident that it is her," Danielle's fingers felt different parts of the tiny body, exploring how it felt. "She feels so real... and warm..."

"I am real you stupid woman!" Jennifer squealed up at Danielle.

"She even sounds like that bitch," Danielle looked down at Katie, in disbelief. "What is this Katie?"

She looked back at Jennifer and held the tiny woman with thumb and forefinger at her rib cage on either side of her breasts. The tiny woman's legs dangled and she held on to the fingers for fear of being dropped.

"Please help me," the tiny woman implored to Danielle. "I'm real. She shrunk us and kidnapped us and..."

"Shrunk and kidnapped you?" Danielle asked the tiny woman sceptically.

Katie held Eve as she sat up next to Danielle.

"It's programmed to..."

"Hold on," Danielle stopped Katie from fabricating a story. "Let's hear her out,"

"Who is us?" Danielle asked the tiny Jennifer.

"Me, Chantelle, Lisa and Christian," Danielle slowly looked from Jennifer and across to Katie's eyes. Katie knew that she believed Jennifer now, the realisation was in Danielle's eyes, she was rapidly sobering up.

"I..."

"Well shit Katie, that list of names is exactly the same list of people who have recently gone missing," Danielle was searching Katie's face for the truth. She wasn't freaking out just yet but she was definitely sober and trying to absorb this information.

"How Katie-"

"It was an accident," Katie snapped. Her eyes started to well up as she realised how this must look to her best friend. "I didn't mean to..."

"She's lying, she hunted us down!" Jennifer squealed back. "Please help us; she is using us for her sick sexual pleasure." Danielle glanced back at Jennifer and then Katie again. Tears were starting to stream down Katie's face.

"Is it just them?" Danielle asked calmly. Katie nodded.

"I didn't mean to do it..."

“How did you do it, how is it even possible?” Danielle continued her line of questioning, she couldn’t peel her eyes away from Jennifer, she was looking at her in amazement.

“I used a shrinking device...”

“A... shrinking device?” Danielle’s eyebrows raised and dipping her head doubtfully, Katie nodded and glanced over at her backpack. Danielle would have been able to see the shrinking gun lying next to it under her desk. Danielle’s eyes remained fixed on it.

“That thing did this to them?” Danielle gestured at Jennifer.

“I didn’t know it would work, I was just desperate to...” Danielle drew in a deep breath and looked back at Jennifer.

“Please help us, she’s crazy!” Jennifer shouted up at Danielle. Danielle looked down at the tiny woman in amazement.

“I can’t believe this is real,” she spoke to Jennifer. She held the woman up and examined her again, then looked back at Katie.

“Where are the others?” Katie’s heart sank even further and her head dropped. Danielle’s head remained looking at her but her eyes looked down to Katie’s crotch.

“They’re...”

“They’re between your legs, aren’t they?” Danielle’s face looked like a teacher catching a student in the act of mischief. Katie nodded guiltily.

“Fuck Katie, these are real people!” Danielle put Jennifer on Katie’s lap and sat up and pried Katie’s legs open. Katie didn’t resist, she was caught now, and there was no way around this.

Danielle extracted Lisa and Chantelle. Luckily Katie hadn’t fully inserted them inside herself yet, that would have been even worse, but they were covered in her sexual juices.

“Help us, help us!” Chantelle and Lisa both shouted up at Danielle. “Thank god, please help us!”

“Where is Christian?” Danielle asked Katie as she looked at the tiny women in consternation. Katie sighed.

“He’s in the drawer with Brad,” she gestured over to her bedside cabinet.

“Who the fuck is Brad?!” Danielle exclaimed. “How many people do you have?”

“Six. I have six.” She replied quickly. “Brad and Eve were given to me by this guy who works for an organisation that can shrink people and then I shrunk Jennifer, Chantelle, Lisa and Christian...”

“What organisation?”

“I don’t know, I just know this guy called Jonah,” she suddenly remembered the NDA that she had signed, a lump formed in her throat. She had kept this all a secret for so long she didn’t realise how much it was affecting her.

“Do you realise how mad this all sounds?” Danielle gave Katie a scolding look.

“She’s mad, she’s a lunatic!” Lisa shouted up at Danielle. “Please help us!”

“Quiet time Lisa,” Danielle scolded the tiny woman. Lisa’s jaw dropped in shock.

“What the hell am I supposed to do Katie?” Danielle asked.

“I don’t know... please... I... I don’t know...” She stammered, she didn’t have a clue what to do. “It all happened so fast... I shrunk Jennifer and Chantelle by accident.” She started to explain. “Then Lisa caught me...”

*

Danielle sat back against the wall after Katie had explained everything from the very beginning, right through the start of the rape accusations and lies that Lisa had levied on her, causing Katie to have a criminal record. This was followed by the bullying and alienation and then Katie meeting Jonah, the sessions with Doctor Cook, the medication, then her meeting Danielle.

They had put the tiny people on the bed between them and Danielle had quelled their shouts for rescue until they took the hint. She wanted to hear Katie out.

“You’ve been through it haven’t you?” Danielle was examining the pill box. “Have you considered that one of the reasons for the heightened sexual appetite is these things?”

Katie’s mouth dropped open.

“I hadn’t until now... that would explain it... why would Doctor Cook?”

“And I thought you were the scientist ... What are we going to do about all this?” Danielle asked, shaking her head, thinking deeply. Katie realised that whilst they were both still quite drunk they had gained their senses back quite fast.

“I don’t know... I’m so sorry...”

“I kind of don’t blame you for what you did to Lisa... but the others?” Danielle looked down at them. “I mean you could have been sent to prison because of what Lisa accused you of months ago and had a permanent record... but this is...” she looked up at Katie shaking her head, “well, it’s a pretty serious set of crimes in itself. Worse in fact. Much worse... inconceivable...”

Katie nodded slowly, swallowing the lump in her throat. It was like she was waiting her sentencing in court. But it was worse, at least a court would be strangers. This was her best friend passing judgement on her.

“I don’t even know if there are laws about this stuff?” Katie shook her head in reply; her internet searches had brought up nothing. “I bet they would create some laws pretty pronto if this became public knowledge.”

“I would understand if you wanted to turn me in...” Katie looked down at the bed and her tiny captives. They sat waiting with baited breath.

“I know,” Danielle soothed Katie, laying a hand gently on her right hand. “But I’m not going to.” Katie’s head snapped up at that in surprise.

“You’re not?” Katie couldn’t believe it.

“No,” Danielle chuckled, looking deeply into Katie’s eyes.

“What the fuck?!” Lisa shouted up from the bed.

“That organisation and NDA you signed,” Danielle ignored her, “that sounds like some heavy stuff, I wouldn’t want to be the person to publicly speak out about this, would you?” Katie shook her head quickly.

“But the authorities are already investigating...”

“And you are definitely sure nobody else knows or even suspects what you’ve done, apart from Jonah?” Danielle asked Katie firmly. Katie nodded quickly. Danielle grabbed her face with both hands and held it.

“Katie, this is serious, are you 100% sure?” Katie nodded slowly.

“100% sure, no-one else knows.” Danielle breathed a sigh of relief.

“I hope you’re right, because you were careless enough to leave your door unlocked when you were masturbating with these guys.”

“It was the first time, I promise,” Katie stated, the tone of her voice calming. “What about the police?”

“They’re not going to know anything unless you’ve left any evidence...” Danielle’s eyes widened. “What about their clothes?”

“They’re in the bottom drawer,” Katie nodded over to her wardrobe drawers. Danielle released Katie’s face and looked over at them.

“Why the fuck have you still got them, are you crazy?” Danielle reprimanded Katie. “We need to get rid of them permanently and hide any evidence... you need to walk me through where you have been and everything you’ve done.”

Katie’s face relaxed for the first time since Danielle had caught her, into a full beaming smile. Danielle cocked her head to the side, her face taking on a sarcastic look.

“What?” she asked with a slight smile.

“I’m so lucky to have a friend like you,” Katie beamed at Danielle.

“It’s nothing,” Danielle blushed slightly. It was Katie’s turn to grab Danielle’s face in her hands.

“I mean it, you’ve been absolutely awesome since I met you, you’re amazing,” she kissed her on her cheek. Danielle’s eyes followed Katie’s face.

“Just don’t shrink me, okay?” Katie chuckled.

“Of course I won’t.”

“We need to get rid of that thing,” Danielle looked over at the shrinking device nervously. “Jonah’s organisation will not be happy if they find out that you have it.” Katie glanced over at it.

“Thanks Danielle,” she kissed her on the other cheek. “I really mean it.”

She felt so much better, like a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. She felt free again. She hadn’t realised the toll that the last few months had taken.

“You’re,” Katie kissed the other cheek again, “such,” and returned to the other, “an awesome,” and the other again, “friend.” Danielle held Katie’s hands and slowly released her face, blushing.

“It’s okay,” she leant forward and gave Katie a gentle kiss on her lips.

Their eyes locked together and before she knew what was happening they were kissing. Katie felt Danielle's tongue gently slide inside her mouth, she was so delicate.

She had not been kissed by a woman properly before. Her episode with Lisa had been a drunken haze. This felt... awesome.

"I knew they were fucking lesbian dykes," Katie heard Lisa shout up. She slammed her palm down into the mattress on top of Lisa with enough force to make the woman think twice about being smart.

After about two minutes of kissing they stopped and giggled.

"Well that was nice," Danielle murmured, looking over Katie's body.

"So what do we do now?" Katie suddenly realised that she was very exposed and naked. Danielle paused, thinking, her mouth slowly curved into a smile.

"Why... don't you show me how you do it?"

"What?" Katie asked innocently.

"You know," Danielle nodded down at the tiny people. "With them," Katie's head recoiled, eyebrows raised.

"Really?" She asked doubtfully.

"Yeah..." Danielle bit her lip. "I bet it's hot," she smiled devilishly.

"You're naughty," Katie giggled, she couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"Me?" Danielle asked in incredulity. "Coming from you?" Katie smiled and then they both looked down at the tiny people. Chantelle and Jennifer were hugging each other and sobbing in disbelief. Lisa merely hung her head in defeat.

They had clearly thought that they had been so close to freedom and the situation had just got worse for them. Now there were two drunk and horny giantesses.

Chapter 16 – Playtime

Katie rested her head against the pillow. She felt so self-conscious but she couldn't deny Danielle this pleasure, especially after everything she had done for Katie and the fact that she was willing to accept all of her crimes.

She suddenly felt very attracted to Danielle; from the look on her friend's eyes the feeling was mutual. She wondered if this was a new phenomenon for Danielle as it was for her, being with another woman.

She gathered all of the tiny people in her hands, except for the men who remained in her drawer. She dropped them all onto her belly.

Danielle was breathing heavily in anticipation.

"Why don't you choose..." Katie said up to her. Danielle smiled back and lowered herself until her face was level with Katie's belly, looking up close at all of the tiny people.

She examined each one of them with her fingers and eyes. She could see their nervousness, they all remained very quiet, desperate to not draw attention to themselves.

"They're all very sexy, I must admit," she admired them out loud. She finally picked up Eve, the most confident looking.

"I think I should put you back where I found you," she released Eve on Katie's left breast, just on her nipple. Katie's eyelids fluttered as her nipple twitched with excitement.

She then felt Jennifer being gently placed on her other one.

"Please don't!" She heard Lisa shout out. "Please don't do this!"

"Please Danielle," Chantelle begged. Danielle merely looked at them, ignoring their pleas. She separated the two women and then directed her full attention to Lisa.

The tiny woman stubbornly looked back at her with her arms crossed.

"I thought you weren't crazy!" the tiny woman snapped at her. Danielle smiled.

"Off you go, little one," she gently nudged Lisa's back in the direction towards Katie's legs. Lisa protested and pushed against the outstretched finger but continued to be progressively pushed against her will.

Katie grew more and more excited as she felt the tiny feet pad towards her pubic region. It was even more of a turn on than if she or they were doing it themselves, having Danielle control them was a completely new form of pleasure which she was savouring.

Chantelle sat on the spot and clutched her knees to her chest, rocking slightly in despair.

Danielle held Lisa in place with her hand, pressing her flat against Katie's belly with the palm of her hand, then shifted her own body to direct her attention to Katie's breasts.

"Well come on then," she said down to Jennifer and Eve. Eve immediately started work on Katie's nipple. Katie sighed in pleasure. Jennifer hesitated, unsure of this new dynamic but soon started work as well.

"This is so sexy," Danielle sighed at her own pleasure. "I can see why you find this so addictive; I'm getting so turned on..."

“Why don’t you join in,” Katie said between sighs of pleasure. Danielle bit her lip hard, trying to decide what to do. She leant forwards and gently kissed the underside of Katie’s breast. Katie moaned in pleasure.

“That’s nice,” Danielle smiled in return to Katie’s gratitude. She continued to kiss the breast and then started to kiss Katie all over. Katie writhed in pleasure. She was suddenly in heaven.

*

Jennifer was astonished at how quickly Danielle had accepted what Katie had done to them.

Their human rights were being expunged and they were treated as slaves and she was just going along with it. While it was clear that Danielle was drunk, it was even clearer that she fancied Katie and that surely had a large sway over her thought processes.

Jennifer reluctantly nibbled away at Katie’s nipple, trying to inflict as much pleasure as possible by also massaging with her hands around it. She had copied Eve as much as possible; as that strangely compliant woman knew exactly what to do to please Katie.

She jumped as she felt warm breath wash over her and she looked upwards to see Danielle’s giant face approach her. She felt a renewed terror as she didn’t know what kind of giantess this woman would turn out to be. She knew the sick pleasures that Katie appeared to revert to but god knew what this woman was capable of.

The giant lips kissed Katie’s breast just below Jennifer. She relaxed a bit and continued her work on the nipple, keeping an eye on the giant lips and occasionally jumping when strands of Danielle’s hair brushed over her naked body.

The giant face moved about kissing tenderly and then it moved away towards the stomach and belly. Jennifer continued to kiss, lick and squeeze, hoping this would all be over soon.

The warm breath returned and the sound of kissing grew louder and louder. Jennifer kept an eye on it and then started to worry when the approaching face didn’t turn away.

Suddenly the giant lips were upon her upper back pressing down on her into a kiss. She kept as still as she could, waiting for it all to pass by, hoping that it would go no further than a kiss.

“Lick her,” Katie suggested.

The warm lips released and Jennifer glanced upwards. To her terror the giant lips opened to reveal a dark maw inside and a huge wet tongue.

The smell of alcohol washed over Jennifer, the strength made her feel slightly tipsy.

The huge pearlescent teeth glistened as the open mouth approached her.

Jennifer held up a hand to touch one of the lips defensively, to try and shock Danielle out of this.

“Please no!” She shouted out.

The tongue slid out of the mouth and lapped out at her. She was slapped with the warm wet tongue at her midsection and then it licked along and up to her face.

She shrivelled her face in disgust and rolled backwards away from the nipple, pushing with her hands against the tongue.

Lying on her back and looking up she started to sob as the tongue approached again and touched her pubis region, she tried to push it away with her hands but it forced its way through her defences and worked its way up her body to her face.

She was pinned to the giant breast, unable to resist the treatment from the giant mouth, wrestling with the tongue in a losing battle. One giantess had been bad enough, now there were two of them.

*

Danielle finished licking Jennifer and smacked her lips and moaned in pleasure.

“Hmm, you taste good,” Danielle said down to the tiny woman.

“I know, right?” Katie agreed rhetorically. “I’ll show you how to use them properly,” Katie pushed against Danielle’s chest and forced her to lie down.

She scooped up the tiny people and scattered them next to Danielle as she proceeded to sensually undress her friend. Danielle didn’t provide any resistance, her chest rose and fell with her breathing in eager anticipation.

Once Danielle was naked Katie dispersed the tiny people on the giantess’ belly. The blonde looked down at them in anticipation, her stomach was rising and falling quickly and her chest visibly thumping from her excited heart.

Katie grabbed hold of Jennifer and Eve and put them on Danielle’s respective nipples. She moved her face up close to Eve until her lips were level with her tiny face.

“I want you...” then over to Jennifer “to lick and bite her nipples.”

Danielle moaned in sudden pleasure as the tiny women got to work.

“Oh my... wow... that’s amazing!” she gasped. “Keep doing it!” She pleaded.

Katie kissed her friend on the lips and they embraced for a few seconds before she parted and traced her fingers across the breasts and around her stomach and then her navel.

Lisa and Chantelle were waiting in pure terror; they had no doubt as to what the job of the reserve team was. Katie’s eyes locked on to them and they exchanged a silent understanding. It was an accord between a predator and its helpless prey.

She traced her fingers around them playfully, enjoying their concern as they stood together nervously watching the giant fingers dance around them.

Katie wagged her index finger at each of them, as if deciding which one, and then finally picked up Chantelle. The tiny woman started to cry, it was a pitiful scene and Lisa anxiously watched her friend get lifted away.

With her other hand Katie slowly parted Danielle’s legs. She could sense Danielle watch her.

“I’m not sure if I’m ready for...”

“It’s amazing, trust me,” Katie replied in a soothing tone.

She kissed Danielle’s belly button, the woman sighed and her head fell back on to the pillow, she decided to trust Katie.

Katie continued to kiss, moving towards Danielle's neatly shaven pubic region, it was slightly ginger in colour. She found herself admiring it. She had never wondered what it would be like but it was very attractive and appealing now.

In fact she realised that this was the first time that she was seeing a normal sized naked pussy that wasn't her own. It didn't feel strange though, perhaps because she was so horny herself.

"Please don't do this to me," Chantelle begged up to Katie as she was lowered towards the giant vagina. Danielle's legs lifted and her feet kept them propped at forty-five degrees, invitingly.

Katie moved herself round until she was directly below the pussy and between the legs. She could see that Danielle was turned on, her pussy was inflated and the lips of her labia were starting to separate like flower petals, but she wasn't quite turned on enough. Katie was determined to see to that.

She lowered a wriggling Chantelle down and with both hands stretching the tiny body out into a compliant state she slowly started to gently massage the clitoris with Chantelle's breasts. She now realised just how massive the vagina was to the women, no wonder they were terrified.

Danielle gasped in sudden pleasure, her eyelids fluttering.

"That's amazing!"

Katie started to rub the pussy with the full length of Chantelle's body. She was so turned on seeing the tiny woman up close and being used to sexually pleasure her friend.

She pressed Chantelle against the clitoris and labia as she rubbed her body up and down, taking care to ensure her large breasts were stimulating Danielle as much as possible. She knew how it felt.

Danielle was gasping in ecstasy, her body was starting to writhe and her hips rose and fell in pulses as she was pleased. Katie was getting so turned on by all of this; she knew that she needed to accelerate matters with Danielle or she wouldn't be able to control herself.

Chantelle held on to Katie's fingers that clutched her as she was rubbed up and down the outside of the pussy. The tiny woman grew wetter and wetter from Danielle's excitement until she and Katie's hand were completely coated in sexual juices.

Katie glanced over to Lisa. The tiny woman's face was a mask of fear. She stood, covering her breasts with her arms, shaking her head in protest, trying to avert her gaze from Katie's.

Katie continued to rub the tiny Chantelle up and down against Danielle's labia but reached out towards Lisa with her other hand. The tiny woman had no choice but to be scooped up.

She held the tiny Lisa in front of her face. The expression on the tiny Lisa's face was begging her not to do what she was about to do.

Katie looked down at Chantelle and gently released her over Danielle's clitoris. The blonde hesitated on all fours and looked up at her earnestly for instructions. Katie's response was to press the little blonde's head down towards the mound of the clitoris, pressing the tiny face into it.

The little blonde finally got the message and started to kiss, lick and massage the area without further delay and risk of punishment.

"Are you ready to be the best dildo ever?" Katie asked Lisa quietly as she returned her attention to the dangling tiny woman in front of her face.

"Please, don't, I don't want to. Pleeeeeease." Katie smirked at her helplessness.

She lifted the tiny Lisa above her face, tipping her head backwards and with thumb and forefinger holding the tiny woman below her armpits. She admired the tiny naked body, watching the perky breasts as she slowly lowered the kicking and screaming woman down towards her mouth.

"I'm going to need to lubricate you first so that you slide in smoothly first time," she whispered up to the panicking woman. Her eyes slid up in the direction of Danielle's head as she contemplated her next actions, Danielle's eyes were shut and she was writhing in pleasure.

"It's her first time, so you had better be damn good in there," Katie instructed Lisa.

Lisa shook her head and continued to beg, lifting her legs up and away from Katie's mouth as she descended towards it, but Katie ignored the action.

Lisa would eventually realise how pointless it was resisting, it always was. She held the little squirming woman over her mouth and slowly lowered the screaming woman until she was out of Katie's eyesight and inside her mouth.

She slowly closed her lips around her fingers, which held the tiny woman, and started to suck and lick at the tiny warm body. It turned her on even more, feeling the squirming and struggling salty body inside her mouth, with the knowledge that she was prepping her to be a nice lubricated dildo for her friend.

Whilst she was enjoying the moment, she recognised that she needed to keep the pleasure going for Danielle in case her spell was broken and she realised how bizarre the whole situation was.

She pulled Lisa out of her mouth, dripping wet with her saliva, and lowered her towards where Chantelle was rubbing and kissing the clitoris.

Danielle's hands were both down by her hips; one of them was gently stroking Chantelle's back with her index finger. The other was close by, resting on the hips that were rising and falling in pleasure.

Katie lowered her head until it was almost level with Danielle's vagina. She looked at the work that Chantelle was doing. She seemed to be doing a good job.

The tiny blonde was massaging and cupping the clitoris with her tiny hands. Her arms and chest were slick with Danielle's juices which were starting to ooze out of her glands.

Katie's breath grew heavy as she found herself getting more and more turned on by the sight of the pretty little blonde massaging the giant clitoris. She knew she needed to be more considerate to her friend though.

Danielle was gently stroking Chantelle's back and moaning in pleasure from her nipples being played with, she appeared to be eagerly waiting for what was next. That was Katie's cue.

She lowered Lisa towards the vaginal opening. The tiny woman struggled and protested as loudly as she could, violently wriggling and kicking, trying anything to get out of it. Katie merely adjusted the tiny body with both of her hands, stretching out Lisa's naked legs and holding them in place. She started to slide the tiny body feet first inside the vagina until her legs were inside.

Lisa bashed at Katie's fingers with her fists and then bit down as hard as she could on Katie's index finger. Katie felt a little stab of pain and squeezed the tiny woman, causing her to gasp in pain and release her locked jaw.

Katie merely pushed the tiny woman and watched closely in amazement at the sight as the tiny woman's thighs and hips slid inside, causing the vaginal opening to widen around them.

Danielle suddenly gave a loud moan of pleasure as she felt the tiny legs inside her.

“That feels amazing whatever you’re doing!” she gasped. “Are those your fingers?”

Katie didn’t answer, she continued to slowly push the tiny Lisa inside the vagina. The exasperated woman continued to thrash wildly, giving Katie a rotten stare with her tiny dark eyes, but the expression only served to turn Katie on as she watched more and more of Lisa disappear inside.

Lisa was now up to her breasts, they protruded just in front of her and the vagina opening was slick around her chest. Katie admired the sight and was desperate to get involved.

Lisa continued to stare Katie down as much as she could. Katie smiled back at her, lowering her mouth towards the tiny woman and extending her tongue out she lapped at the tiny woman. The tip of her tongue felt the detail of the tiny face, her breasts and then slowly slid up the wet lips of the labia.

“Oh fuck!” Danielle gasped in pleasure. “That’s amazing...” Katie felt Danielle’s hands tug at her shoulders. “I want your pussy up here and your tongue down there...”

Katie smiled up at Danielle from in between her legs, it was working perfectly.

“One minute,” she replied in a soft rasp. Chantelle was at the edge of her vision, working away at the clitoris, hoping it would all be over soon.

Katie retracted her head slightly and picked up the tiny Chantelle. She lowered the tiny woman towards the vaginal opening.

Lisa screamed loudly as she saw the other woman approach her feet first. That set Chantelle off, screaming and kicking.

Luckily Danielle was oblivious and Katie guessed that her hips were now bucking in reaction to Lisa’s kicking legs.

Katie gripped Chantelle with her fingers around the tiny ankles, and kept Lisa from pushing herself out of the vagina by pressing against the tiny woman’s head with her pinkie.

She slid Chantelle’s feet along between Lisa’s breasts and into the pulsing maw of Danielle’s welcoming vagina. The tiny blonde was screaming and thrashing. Lisa was also protesting and trying to escape but Katie applied pressure against both of them with no effort on her part.

She slid Chantelle further inside, enjoying the slick sounds of Danielle’s juices as the tiny woman was slid inside. She turned Chantelle until she was face to face with Lisa.

She levelled her mouth to within a few inches from both of them.

“Now my little sex toys, make me proud or I’ll keep you both in there until you do,” she whispered to them. They were both moaning and whimpering, clutching at each other, Lisa was looking out at her in distress.

Katie took the response to be compliance and pressed against both of their shoulders with her index and middle finger in a v shape, she pushed both of them further inside until they were up to their collarbones.

“Kick and wriggle,” Katie ordered. Danielle was panting with pleasure from above.

“Oh god, it feels amazing whatever you’re doing,” Danielle panted. Katie suddenly felt Danielle tugging at one of her arms again.

“Bring your pussy up here!” Danielle demanded. Katie decided that the two tiny sex toys were settled. She lifted her leg over Danielle’s body as she gladly turned around to offer up her wet vagina.

Danielle roughly grabbed her at the hips and drew Katie's hindquarters down towards her mouth.

Katie's eyes nearly bulged out as she felt Danielle's tongue make contact, she was amazed at how delicate but thorough the tongue was. It was nothing like a man's ignorant tongue, it was a tender and experienced tongue. Danielle had definitely done it before.

Katie exhaled in pleasure and lowered her body against Danielle's as she allowed her friend's tongue to probe her. She closed her eyes and moaned as she enjoyed the sensation. Her eyes were shut tightly as stars started to appear in front of her sight.

It intensified as she felt Danielle's hands start to gently tweak at her nipples, she really liked that and it started to accelerate her orgasm.

She looked down between Danielle's legs, the sight of the two tiny women and Lisa glaring up at her threw her over the edge. She felt the first wave of her orgasm and it was a powerful one, she could feel cum on her inner thighs.

She reached down and started to lick at Danielle's clitoris. She felt the woman's lips tighten slightly around her labia and felt the tongue tremble in pleasure. She could feel Danielle's moans of pleasure vibrating through her pussy.

She then licked down with her tongue and lapped at the tiny heads poking out of the vagina.

Katie reached forward a bit, causing Danielle to strain forward to keep her mouth in contact.

Katie's mouth was directly over the tiny women. She stuck her tongue out and pressed the tip against their heads and pushed.

They both screamed in fear, but it was pointless, the tiny bodies were pushed further inside the vagina. Katie kept pushing until she felt her tongue touch the warmth of Danielle's vaginal opening and continued to press until her tongue was inside.

She felt Danielle's hips writhe and buck as the other giantess experienced her orgasm, the whole sensation sent a second orgasmic wave through Katie and she gasped at the strength and duration of the pleasure. It was an amazing orgasm.

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Katie's eyes fluttered open; she hadn't slept this well for at least a week. Light was spilling through the open curtains in her bedroom; it must have woken her up.

She rolled slightly, trying to shake off the foggiest of the alcohol. She opened and shut her mouth a few times, testing her jaw, rolling her tongue around. Her mouth was dry and the side of her face was crusted with her saliva from her sleep.

She felt warmth next to her and was surprised to see Danielle sleeping peacefully next to her.

She watched her friend for a minute, taking in the peacefulness of it all. Her eyes uncontrollably admired Danielle's breast that was exposed above the bed sheet. The other was covered. Eve and Jennifer were sleeping next to Danielle's side. That was dangerous for them, they could get rolled on.

Katie picked up the tiny flopping bodies and clutched them, examining them to check that they weren't injured. They seemed to be okay as they stirred. They had been exhausted.

Where were the others?

Then she remembered. Panic set in, she didn't remember extracting Lisa and Chantelle from Danielle's vagina. The last thing she remembered was looking down between Danielle's legs and licking at her as an intense orgasm hit her.

Danielle must have turned her around and tucked her in next to her, she didn't remember doing it herself. What if Danielle didn't know about the tiny people inside her?

She lifted the bed sheet swiftly, but gently enough not to cause a draught and wake Danielle.

She carefully separated the thighs and looked down between them. Relief flooded over her as she could see two bodies on the bedsheet.

Lisa was holding Chantelle's body and looked up in anger at Katie.

Katie's eyes widened and she suddenly realised that Chantelle was limp in Lisa's arms.

"Oh my god, is she okay?"

"She's dead you bitch!" Lisa spat up at her.

Katie scooped them both up and brought them out from under the sheet and into daylight. Her heart was thumping in her chest. This couldn't have happened.

"You abandoned us in there all night you crazy bitch!" Lisa shouted up at her accusingly, clutching Chantelle's body to her own chest. "And now she's dead!"

"No..." Katie reached out with her other hand but Lisa flinched and drew Chantelle closer to her. Katie could see that she was dead, her neck was at an unnatural angle.

"I... I don't ..." she stammered, trying to remember. "I... don't remember what happened..."

"You put us inside your lesbian's pussy to die and left us!" Lisa shouted back.

"What?"

"You stopped sucking her off and disappeared and the next we know that giant slut's fingers were pumping in and out of her like a sex pervert and she killed Chantelle."

They both looked down at the peacefully sleeping Danielle. Katie instantly regretted what she had done, this was her fault not Danielle's.

"Danielle did this by accident... its... it's my fault..."

"Whatever you need to say to live with yourself, but you've ruined my life and you've killed my friend!" Lisa blurted. "Where's Jennifer?"

"She's okay, she's down there," Katie gestured down at the bed next to her. She was thinking... what would she do?

Danielle couldn't know about this, she would never forgive herself. What if Danielle awoke and didn't remember what happened and suddenly decided to turn Katie in.

She looked down at her backpack, should she shrink Danielle? Would this woman wake up and accuse Katie of rape and shrinking humans and kidnapping like Lisa had? Would she react differently once she was sober?

Katie shook the thoughts off, she knew she couldn't do that to Danielle, but knew that she desperately needed help before she did something else that she would regret. She knew that if she didn't she was going to go down a path that she couldn't return from... what was she thinking? She had already gone down that path... someone was dead... she needed help.

She grabbed at her phone and quickly typed in a text to Doctor Cook.

'Hi Dr Cook, please can I meet with you urgently, there is something I need to discuss.'

She returned her attention to all of her shrunken people. They were all standing in a line obediently awaiting further instructions. Except for Lisa, who simply glared at her, her eyes hollow and haunted.

She had turned them all into sex slaves. She could see their sunken eyes, they were mere shadows of their former selves. They had not been pleasant people anyway, at least to Katie, but the things she had done to them and made them do would never be forgotten either.... And Chantelle...

Her phone chimed, jarring her from her thoughts, and she pulled it out of her pocket. It was a message from Doctor Cook, that was fast.

'Yes, I'm available any time. I think it would be a good idea to meet as soon as possible at my office.'

Katie knew that before she met the Doctor she needed to hide the shrinking device and backpack, as well as getting rid of Chantelle's body and all of their clothes.

She had a busy morning ahead of her.

Chapter 17 – The Doctor

Katie paused at the door to the Doctor's office. She knew that there was no turning back now. Once she owned up to her crimes her fate was in the Doctor's hands. Was she doing the right thing?

Her mind was whirling for answers. Every conclusion she was reaching was that she had to speak to the Doctor and get her advice on what to do. She knew there was a risk that she would be turned into the authorities, but she just couldn't handle this anymore. Someone was dead because of her, she had never intended or even thought that could happen.

With a trembling and sweating hand she knocked on the office door. It was a very nervous sounding knock, even to Katie's ears. It had the sound of finality to it.

"Come in," the Doctor summoned her from inside.

Katie opened the door and closed it behind her; her quivering hand still holding the door knob. Her hand seemed to lock and seize around the handle, unsure of what to do next. She finally turned to look at the Doctor. This was it...

Doctor Cook sat in her tall chair, hands clasped in front of her on her desk.

"Hello Katie, I'm glad you came so quickly." Doctor Cook's gaze was hard and shred right through her. At that moment she had a sudden fight or flight urge rising up inside her. Did the Doctor already know? She knew something! What did she know?

Katie wanted to flee from the room.

"Please take a seat Katie," the Doctor stated plainly, and gestured to the chair opposite her with an open hand. When Katie hesitated the Doctor's gaze softened slightly, inviting Katie. It served to calm her somewhat. There was no way she knew anything, Katie had been careful, she was clearly just paranoid. Anyway she would know about what Katie had done soon enough; so it didn't matter even if she had known beforehand.

Katie glanced at the empty chair, her feet were planted on the floor, they felt like they had just been nailed into position and her hand was gripping the door knob so hard she was sure that her knuckles were white now.

"I have something to tell you..." she started, "and show you..."

"Okay," the Doctor replied calmly. "Will you have a seat, before you pull the door knob off the door?"

Katie nodded quickly and sluggishly walked over to the chair. It all seemed to happen in slow motion. The Doctor was eyeing every movement she made, analysing her. She could feel every heartbeat in her chest and every intake and exhalation from her lungs.

She could feel her whole world about to change around her as she approached that chair. She suddenly wanted to run but knew that she couldn't, it was as if she was already on a fixed route that she had no choice but to follow. It felt like being locked into a rollercoaster ride, clicking along up a huge steep climb, it was inevitable, the events were fixed.

She eventually found herself in the chair and before she knew it she was speaking again.

"Please don't freak out before I can explain..." She started, then cut herself off, it wasn't a very good start; she realised in hindsight. "I... I've got involved in something and I don't know what to do."

The Doctor nodded her head slowly, inviting Katie to continue.

"I know you won't believe me so I'm going to have to show you something, but please can you let me explain before you... you know... do anything."

"Here, before you start have some water," Doctor Cook gestured to the glass of water in front of Katie. Katie nodded quickly and took a sip. "Relax Katie, you're in a safe environment here, drink some more, it'll settle your nerves."

Doctor Cook looked right into Katie's eyes. She did not seem at all unnerved by Katie's behaviour. Katie drank some more and with a still trembling hand set down the cut crystal glass. The Doctor had a penchant for more traditional taste and fashion.

Katie gingerly reached up and opened a button and grasped into her breast jacket pocket. She felt the tiny warm human body inside and gently clasped it in her fingers and extracted it.

Katie held the tiny Lisa, cupped in her hands and lowered her to the edge of the desk. Lisa looked back at her for permission and Katie nodded. Lisa hopped off the hands and onto the solid oak of the desk.

*

Lisa looked up to see a sight that was such a relief; she felt such joy and a release of all her worries in that single moment.

"Doctor Cook!" She called up to her saviour. Doctor Cook had also been Lisa's therapist for a number of months. She had started going just to upset Katie as she knew how attached she had been to the Doctor.

She pointed back at Katie as she ran towards the Doctor.

"You need to call the police," she panted, feeling the joy well up inside her, she was finally free, the Doctor would help make all of this better.

The tiny naked Lisa stared up at the huge form of the female Doctor; she shivered in the cold as she quickly ran across the red leather writing pad towards her rescuer. Giant hands rested either side of her, the prominent red polished and manicured fingernails on display.

The Doctor was looming over her, looking down at her through her glasses. What amazed Lisa was that she didn't seem to be at all surprised at seeing a human, even more so her patient, in such a diminutive and vulnerable state.

Lisa was covering her private parts as much as possible as she approached the edge of the desk. She stopped, waiting to be scooped up, rescued and the Doctor make all of this go away.

"Hi there Lisa," the Doctor cooed back at her, in a surprisingly measured tone. The Doctor looked back up at Katie.

"What was it that made you want to tell me about this?" the Doctor asked Katie, her tone was even and business-like, rather than concerned, angry, anxious, any of the other emotions Lisa would have expected someone to have in such a situation.

"Hey, you need to help me... call the police!" Lisa waved her arms up at the Doctor, her breasts bouncing as she tried to get her attention. A giant red polished finger reached out towards her and pressed down against her back.

She couldn't believe it, it was like she was in a dream. What the hell was happening, had everyone gone crazy? Is this was normal sized humans were like to any other creature that was slightly smaller or weaker than them?

"Hey!" Lisa stumbled forwards as the finger continued to press her towards the leather.

"Hey, what are you doing?" She protested as the finger continued to push, she felt sudden concern for her safety, pushing against the finger but it continued to push at her back and then forced her into the press-up position and then flat on her stomach the finger kept a gentle but firm pressure on her.

"Quiet time Lisa, I'm still in session with Miss. Reed, you'll be next," the Doctor's voice was loud in Lisa's ears. She held her breath and waited, nothing else followed.

With her face pressed against the leathery surface she could just about look up and see the giant Doctor above her. What the hell was happening?

"So Katie, what was it?" the Doctor asked again evenly.

"I... I don't know," Katie responded weakly. Lisa was glad to be away from that unhinged murderous crazy bitch.

God knows what Katie would have done to her given the time. She didn't want to become a hollow slave like Jennifer had, just mindless sex slaves for their giant goddess... or dead like Chantelle... poor Chantelle. Her eyes welled up at the thought of what had happened just hours ago. The trauma would stay with her, she knew that.

She had felt her friend die as they had been crushed by that other crazy giant woman, Katie's sex friend. Her mind quickly thought through events again.

She had expected Danielle to rescue them last night, why hadn't she? Yes she was drunk, and clearly fancied Katie, but... this wasn't normal, this was inhuman. Why were people being like this?

She just couldn't work out why her Doctor was pinning her to the desk and not helping her and calling the police. Why wasn't she shocked at the impossible sight of a shrunken person?

The giant fingers readjusted and curled around Lisa. She felt her belly being eased up by the long fingernails and then the fingers were enclosing around her.

She was being picked up. Her heart raced again as hope was restored. She was finally being rescued. She was lifted up and held in the Doctor's hand.

"She was your tormentor for so long," the Doctor held Lisa up to Katie. Lisa shook her head in denial. Katie nodded in agreement at the Doctor's statement.

"I know..." she shrugged, "I guess in the end I'm just not as mean as her," she finished. Lisa turned to look at the Doctor.

"I'm not mean... Doctor, tell her!" She demanded. The Doctor continued to ignore her. "She's crazy and messed up in the head, she kidnapped and raped me... she killed..."

"No, you're right Katie, you're not a mean person at heart," the Doctor agreed soothingly. "That is why I have helped guide you for so long. You are a caring person who has been misguided and you need my help to guide you more closely. Our sessions need a much greater focus."

Lisa watched Katie look squarely up at the Doctor, her brown eyes flicked towards Lisa, there was no longer hate in the eyes, just a blank pity.

"I... I can't stop myself with them anymore," Katie stammered apologetically. The Doctor waited for her to continue. "I just get hornier all the time and the only way to stop it is to use them more and more," she shook her head in dismay.

"I can help you Katie," the Doctor said with authority. Katie nodded hopefully, her eyes glistening.

"I know, that's why I came," she agreed. "But why aren't you shocked by all of this?" Katie asked in astonishment, Lisa creased her face up in equal confusion, just as eager to hear the answer.

What the hell was happening? She started to grow impatient, she was so close to being free and normal sized again.

"You need to forget about bullies like Lisa and move on," the Doctor continued, without providing an answer to Katie's question.

"No, don't forget about me... hey!" Lisa shouted out from the Doctor's hand. Both women merely ignored her and Katie nodded in agreement with the Doctor. "I have a special facility that you can help me with, I need a person with your talents,"

"What talents?" Katie asked, that had her interest piqued "Which facility?" The Doctor gave a thin smile.

"Your kindness and curiosity is a great asset to you." Katie sat back in surprise.

"So I'm not in trouble? I'm not going to be arrested?" The Doctor gave a low chuckle, it was almost a childish giggle.

"No, of course not," she raised Lisa and held her by her thumb and forefinger, dangling the naked lady over the table. "If you do exactly what I tell you from now on and follow the simple rules that I give you, you should be fine." Lisa watched the giant Doctor's head turn towards her, her eyes suddenly rolling down to look directly at her. Lisa was lost for words. The giant Doctor was suddenly just as terrifying as Katie or Danielle. Lisa could see the look in those giant eyes, there wasn't apology, compassion or concern.

"She is our little secret, that's how much we trust each other," the Doctor's head turned back to Katie as she spoke, "right?"

"What?" Lisa asked desperately up at the Doctor, "I'm a human person!" she protested frantically. "I'm not a secret, you need to help me, this is kidnapping!" Was she not being heard?

"What... what are we going to do with Lisa?" Katie asked, uncertainly.

"Don't worry about her, she'll be fine," the Doctor replied evenly. Lisa couldn't understand what was happening. "You had best be off and get ready and packed..."

"What?" Katie interrupted.

"Well, you're coming to the facility aren't you? To help me with my work and in return I can help you get better."

"Now?" Katie asked incredulously, quickly wiping the moisture from her eyes.

"Of course now," the Doctor replied with a smile. "I need to sort out Lisa here as well, so best that you get ready to leave."

Katie paused, waiting for the catch in all of this. Lisa noticed that Katie seemed just as confused as Lisa as to how easy the Doctor was making it for Katie to get away with what she had done. Lisa had started to

think that they were collaborating on all of this, but Katie's dumbfounded expression told her that she was just as bemused by the Doctor's reaction to her secrets.

"But I don't want to leave Doctor... I just want help,"

"Look, trust me Katie; this is what is best for you," the Doctor's gaze hardened.

"But I've just started to make friends-"

"A friend, Katie, you have recently made a friend," the Doctor corrected. It was spoken firmly, but not maliciously. "Danielle will still be here when you get back. Also there will always be time to make friends, but you need to heal now,"

"I... I really don't think this is what is best for me, what is this facility all about?"

"It's where I help people like you Katie, I told you."

"I... I should probably get help elsewhere; there must be a specialist who can help me, my parents..."

"Look," the Doctor started. "I'll be blunt with you. You need my help but can't yet see how much."

"I'm not sure..." Katie's forehead was creased with conflict.

"Okay, I'll put it simply," the Doctor sighed. "The authorities are closing in on us, we don't have much time. Your actions have risked everything." She paused to let that sink in to Katie. "That drink of water that you've finished wasn't just water; it had a shrinking formula in it,"

"What?!" Katie gasped at the Doctor, her hands grabbing at the armrests on her chair and her whole body lunging forward.

"Why did you do that? How do you have it?" Katie looked around her in confusion. She looked at her hands, apparently trying to gauge if she was shrinking now, she didn't appear to be.

Lisa was lowered to the table and finally released by the Doctor. She didn't have a clue what was going on. The hands disappeared and left her alone. She looked up at the two giant women either side of her, the sudden tension was palpable.

She suddenly hoped that Katie did shrink to equal size as her so that she could beat the hell out of her.

"Katie, I'm being honest with you, I need your help with my facility. I'm telling you the truth," the Doctor implored.

"But the shrinking formula..."

"I have an antidote; it can start working within the next hour, but I need to get you out of her, before they do."

"Why do you need my help?" Katie's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Who are you? Who is after me?"

"I had to let my previous employee go for his incompetence-"

"Jonah!"

"Good guess," the Doctor looked down at Lisa with a smile. Lisa smiled back uncertainly, she felt real terror looking up at the Doctor now.

The realisation dawned on her that the Doctor was probably behind the shrinking. But Lisa was happy that she was finally receiving some acknowledgement; she desperately hoped that she would be out of this nightmare soon.

“What about Lisa?” Katie asked, as Lisa wondered who Jonah was and what ‘letting go’ meant for Jonah. The Doctor looked down at the tiny naked woman again with a lack of emotion.

“You said it yourself, she is a nasty bitch.” Lisa stood agape, looking up, astounded that this was happening. The Doctor leant down to her side and picked up something.

“Wait!” Lisa shouted up, “You’re my Doctor, you said I was improving, please help me!”

“I have the perfect solution for you Miss Webb,” the Doctor looked down at Lisa as she unscrewed the cap of a matt black metal canister. The cylinder was the size of a pint glass it looked like a hiking flask except that the lid was perforated. The Doctor placed the lid on the table face down, the underside was a shiny stainless steel.

She reached out with one of her hands, fingers outstretched. Lisa yelped as she was grasped in the giant fist before she could react.

Her fists hammered away at the giant hand that held her captive and she squealed at the top of her tiny voice, hoping that the Doctor would snap out of the madness that had suddenly overcome her.

*

Katie watched in surprise as the Doctor lifted her fist up in the air and her other hand brought the matt black canister up to meet it, she nonchalantly dropped the tiny woman inside. The last Katie saw or heard of Lisa was the tinny echo of her shout inside the metal canister before the lid was screwed back on.

She watched, dumbfounded, as the canister was carefully placed inside the Doctor’s large briefcase.

The Doctor closed the briefcase and patted the lid with her hand as if she had just put away some work files. She then looked up at Katie with a satisfied smile.

“We just need to get your other tiny friends and then we can head off to your new life.”

“Do I have a choice... Doctor?” Katie asked, her voice wavering nervously.

The Doctor smiled sweetly at Katie, it was the same smile that she was familiar with, but the calm, patient and professional Doctor was no longer there. Katie now saw the woman in a completely different light. She knew the power and calculating control that this woman clearly exerted and that she was a force to be reckoned with. How much of the events of the last few months had she manipulated?

She suddenly remembered the medication that the Doctor had prescribed for her, and what Danielle had suggested. She recalled the increasing bouts of uncontrollable horniness that had overcome Katie.

“You always have a choice my dear,” the Doctor responded, lifting her briefcase as she rose from her seat, gesturing for Katie to join her.

Katie tried to swallow but her throat was completely dry; her heart was hammering in her chest and brain searching for a solution. She could only think of one choice at this current time, the Doctor had been behind all of this all along, for all Katie knew she had even manipulated Lisa into driving Katie this far.

She had to go with her and hopefully she would find a way out of this, otherwise she might find herself in one of those metal canisters... It was checkmate and she knew it.

THE END

To be continued.

Katie Reed and Doctor Cook will return...

A note from the Author

Thanks for reading. I do hope that you have enjoyed reading Volume 2 of the Dawn of the Giantess Series. I'm a fan of the Giantess Fetish and the various aspects of it and can only hope that this is a reasonable contribution to the genre. I do hope that you will help support my work and consider taking a few moments to return to where you purchased this book and leave a brief review. Reviews helps my work gain visibility and also provides me with valuable feedback about what my readers enjoyed and didn't enjoy about the story,

I have an exciting series planned out and the next volumes are being planned out.

The next volume...

The next volume explores the story not just from Katie's point of view, as the protagonist, but also a number of other characters. In the next volume another few giantess' will be introduced, some of them are even less restrained than Katie.

Following immediately after the events of 'Volume 2 The Downsizing – The Giantess' Revenge comes 'Volume 3: The Downsizing – Purgatory'. Katie is now at the mercy of her mentor. It appears that Doctor Cook has been behind most of what has happened over the last few months to Katie.

Katie now has to pay penance for her theft of the device and her actions and is taken away to Doctor Cook's secret location where she meets another giantess that is... unhinged.

As we go down the rabbit hole Katie finds herself getting drawn deeper and deeper into the Doctor's plans and operation. She finds herself doing things that she never wanted or meant to do. Who can she turn to?

Special Branch continue to pursue Katie but the trail runs cold, until witness statements and evidence pops up in a different and unexpected location.

What will happen to Katie's victims? Does Danielle find the shrinking device that Katie has left behind? Will Katie escape from purgatory?

Volume 3: The Downsizing – Purgatory extract:

Lena looked down at her tiny victims with a leer.

She held all four of the tiny toys in a pint glass. They were completely trapped. It didn't have any liquid in it, just four tiny naked men. They were bracing themselves against the bottom of the glass and sides as best they could when being held at an angle.

They were simply there for her own pleasure, nothing more. They had no need for names or identities anymore, names were the privilege of humans and the pets of humans, these little things were slaves and toys, nothing more.

She leant forwards towards her desk and curled her right hand around the other side of the glass and watched with amusement as the tiny men looked behind them in terror, unsure of where to direct their petrified eyes. They braced themselves with their hands spread against the sides of the glass.

Her leer transformed into a wicked wide smile as she drew her face level with them. She moved closer and slowly slid her tongue outwards from her mouth, which gently parted her lips. It slid outwards and then she curled it down towards her chin. She gave them all a very clear view of her glistening tongue and then she opened her maw wide and allowed them a view of her dark pink throat.

She opened her mouth even wider, her lips stretching and retracting away from her pearlescent teeth. She could see the reflection of her tongue and mouth in the glass.

Long glimmering strands of her saliva stretched from the top of her mouth to her tongue, dancing in her bedroom light.

Seeing their terror behind the glass and the reflection of her mouth in front of their tiny faces was such a turn on. It always was and she never grew bored of it.

Her green eyes glistened with excitement in the reflection of the glass. She knew that she was a very pretty woman and that would have surely caused more awe from her victims. She wondered exactly what they were thinking right now. Were they getting turned on? Could they guess what she had planned for them?

She stretched her neck forwards and her face drew close to the glass. Her next breath caused the outer side of the glass to fog up. She didn't want their view to be obstructed.

The tip of her tongue touched the base of the glass and she continued to press more of her tongue against the glass until half of it was pressed up against it.

She moved her head upwards, slowly, dragging her tongue up through the patch of fogged glass. She looked up at the ceiling as she did so, smiling through her open mouth at the thought of the sight that they were being subjected to; a giant tongue sliding up the glass in front of them; the large papillae would have looked all-the-world like the suckers on an octopus' tentacle.

Only a few millimetres of glass separated them from her giant wet tongue that was larger than each of them.

She could hear their frightened murmuring echo from outside the glass cylinder. Good. It was the reaction that she had been looking to receive from them. She wanted them to realise their insignificance and the power that she wielded over them.

She looked back down at the glass; it was shiny with her saliva.

She gently lifted the glass upwards slightly. They all stumbled in fear, trying to keep their footing as she tilted the glass ever so slightly. She looked down into the glass from above.

They were all looking up at her, the huge giantess face above them. All of their tiny faces were masks of fear but one of them was even pleading with clasped hands together.

He was going to be first. She had no time for wimps, she had seen it plenty of times and the weakest ones usually needed to be weeded out quickly as their fear and weakness was infectious to the others. She liked a bit of fight left in them.

With her left hand she slowly reached inside the pint glass, her fingertips outstretched. Her long polished fingernails would be huge as they approached the tiny men.

She watched their panicked reaction with pleasure. They tried to scuttle out of the way, but with no space to escape to it ended up with them being pressed up against the glass.

Her fingertips wiggled and then arched into a pincer movement as she observed closely through the glass and closed her fingertips around the upper half of the first tiny man.

He yelped as the fingertips closed around him. He tried to squirm and struggle away. The other men scrambled away, unwilling to help him or get caught up by the giant fingers.

She held him there, letting him struggle and squirm. He managed to grab hold of the wrist of another man in desperation, he smacked the arm back, breaking his grip loose.

She watched closely, the fear on his face. He was not aware of her giant face looking at him, his immediate attention was focused on the giant fingers that held him fast. Her grip was tight enough to show him who had control but not too tight as to crush him.

She enjoyed the sensation of the tiny intelligent living thing squirming to escape her. He was pressing down against her fingers with both hands, trying to push himself free, his legs were scrambling to escape. He didn't move a millimetre.

Finally she slowly lifted him out. His legs were writhing and he was still trying to escape her clutches, screaming down at his helpless companions.

She continued to lift him until he was far above her head, looking up at his tiny squirming body. He was shouting something but she hadn't the slightest inclination to listen or care. They usually had something desperate and inconsequential to beg for or say.

There was no bargaining or treating to be done. The only thing they left had of value in their minuscule lives was their bodies and they were Lena's bodies to do with as she pleased.

Her stomach rumbled in response. It was warming itself up; her brain had clearly been sending it the signals. She was very hungry and impatient now. Her lips were salivating at the tiny little morsel above her.

Her eyes flicked down at the glass, as she considered how to proceed. She had three more to play with and she was desperately hungry.

She finally made up her mind and looked back up at the tiny terrified man in her hand. He was trying to push his tiny hands and fingers against her polished fingertips. It was completely pointless.

Her hand made slight adjustments to its position above her mouth and she slowly opened her lips and mouth wide. To him it would have looked like the doors opening to a missile silo.

She watched him squirm for about thirty seconds and then she released the tiny warm body.

There was a second of anticipation and the sound of his terrified scream getting closer to her face and then she felt something hit her top two teeth as the tiny body cartwheeled into them and then it flopped onto her tongue.

There was a pause as it clearly reeled from the shock then she could feel the tiny helpless thing thrash around in her mouth. Her saliva poured out of her glands spraying the tiny body. She savoured the wonderfully salty taste of her victim for a brief instant, and then suddenly remembered her hunger.

She snapped her mouth shut around him, wondering about the terror that he must be experiencing, seeing daylight being closed out for possibly the last time. Surrounded by the incredibly warm and moist environment of her mouth. The last things he would have seen would be the ceiling of her bedroom, the contents of her mouth, the back of her teeth and the tip of her tongue curling in as her mouth engulfed him.

She gave it one last thought, she was feeling the vibrations of his screams through her mouth and jaw. She could feel his tiny fingers prying at her teeth and gums, then she squeezed his body to the roof of her mouth with her tongue.

His hands were pulled away from her teeth, she felt him squirm and struggle. She increased the pressure, then released. Then she slammed him to the roof of her mouth again.

Her tongue wagged to the right side, slamming his body into her teeth, it scooped him up from behind and circled him round her mouth to the left side.

Then she swallowed the tiny body.

She moaned in pleasure as she felt his tiny squirming man slide down her tongue and into her throat. Peristalsis then took over and transported the tiny body, now her food, towards her stomach.

She was so turned on in that instant, but knew that she had to be patient. It had taken her quite some time and a number of victims to learn to control herself.

Her left hand was down at her crotch and she couldn't help but start to rub at her clitoris from the outside of her underwear as she felt the tiny body moving inside her throat as it was continually moving downwards. She could feel it struggle, but the forces of her body were too strong to resist.

She thought she could feel the body suddenly drop out from the oesophagus and into her stomach. She was never sure if that was just her imagination though.

Her hand slipped underneath her panties and her masturbation grew more vigorous as she rubbed herself in rapid circles.

Her orgasm was intense but quick. She was used to those. Her first orgasm always seemed to be a short warm up episode.

She gave a final gasp and retracted her fingers.

Lena lifted her fingers up to her face. They were covered in her mucus and cum, glistening in spider web strands that stretched as she separated her fingers.

Her eyes flicked down towards her three remaining toys. They were absolutely terrified now, looking up at her in shock and disbelief at what they had just witnessed.

She lowered her cum covered hand down towards them and hovered it just above them inside the glass. Lena enjoyed the look of distaste on their tiny faces.

"Ohh, sorry, I had better clean up," she pouted down at them.

She lifted the glass up near her face and proceeded in slowly licking the mucus and cum off from her fingers. Moaning in pleasure at what she thought they were thinking and seeing. It was such an amazing power trip.

She lowered the glass and gently tipped it down towards the desk. The three remaining tiny naked bodies rolled out and laid sprawling on the wooden surface.

Their sole purpose now in life was to please her. She was their goddess and they were her slaves, they would lay down their lives to please her, if that was her wish. Not that they had any choice in the matter.

They each stood up in their own time. She watched their movements in fascination. She looked at each of their tiny penis', wondering whether they were at all turned on.

She reached below her armpits with crossed arms and gently lifted her top up, sliding it upwards from her midsection and over her head. She threw it in a heap on her bed and looked back at the tiny men. Her breasts swayed from being disturbed by the removal of the top.

They stared up at the naked giantess that sat in front of them. Her breasts must have looked huge to them. One of the penis' was showing some signs of interest.

She moved the glass down away from them and slid a small plate of cherries next to them, there was a dollop of cherry jam on it as well, and a few sweet crackers.

"I'm hungry, feed me with these cherries, before I feed on you," she demanded. Two of her tiny slaves were instantly rushing over to the cherries and it took the third one a slightly longer instant. His hesitation might be to his disadvantage... or perhaps not. She hadn't decided, but his actions marked him.

They hurried to the plate and each picked up a cherry. Katie lowered her head towards the table and opened her jaw, lowering her tongue to allow her tiny slaves to feed her.

To be continued...