

Dawn of the Giantess (Volume 4)

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Warning this story contains: Shrunken Man, giantess, lick, mouthplay, insertion, human dildo, handheld

Chapter 3 – The Life of Howard

Howard was dozing in and out of sleep, disturbed both by nightmares of a giant woman and of his girlfriend. Then his mind drifted to being terrified and alone in the huge room with Lena's nasty cat that he had seen.

He kept seeing the events on the cake again and again. The vicious and terrifying things that Lena had done. He was in her favour right now, but she was not at all mentally stable.

It wouldn't take much for him to become a snack for her, or for her to take her sexual machinations a step too far with him.

He had to escape from this place.

The only problem being that the cat seemed to hover around outside Lena's door. He wasn't quite sure why, cats usually seemed so independent and it was more the habit of a dog to behave like that. Maybe the cat could smell him and was waiting for the opportunity. Maybe she regularly fed the cat.

Perhaps it knew that Lena had a supply of tasty little living treats to play with and eat. That was probably what it was.

He shivered at the thought of having to run away from a giant cat. It truly terrified him. They were good hunters. He wouldn't stand a chance. He didn't want to think about it.

He rolled over again on the soft silk panties; that Lena had folded up for him to provide a comfortable duvet for him to sleep in.

Suddenly his whole world seemed to move, there was a loud grinding sound all around him and light burst into his thoughts and his vision. He covered his face from the glare allowing his eyes to adjust to the light.

He remembered that he was in a drawer at her bedside cupboard and had been kept in pitch black darkness for some hours. Now, he was staring up at the huge naked woman who seemed to plague him when he was awake and in his nightmares when he was asleep.

She was indeed beautiful and she had showed him much more kindness and gentleness than he had seen her showing anyone else.

Her huge round breasts swung over the drawer as she leant over him.

"Hello sweetie," she purred to him with a mischievous grin. He knew that look, he knew what she wanted. She was back for more.

The reek of alcohol drifted down to him. *'Oh no, she's been drinking.'* He desperately hoped that she wouldn't be rough with him, now that she was a bit drunk.

The tips of her fingers and immaculately polished nails appeared at the top of the drawer, and curled themselves around the wood as she lowered herself so that her face was peering to observe him more closely. Her alcoholic breath washed over him.

He wanted to cough but he didn't dare in case it angered her.

He sat, naked on the pink silk material, looking up at her, leaning back on his hands.

"Hmmm," Lena purred, "you look super sexy like that, I just wish I could keep you!" Then she paused and giggled, covering her mouth with both hands. "Oh wait!" her eyes widened, "you are already mine!"

She laughed mischievously, but then her expression sobered. She held her gaze on him, it was discomforting to be so heavily scrutinised by the giant woman, but Howard had no choice.

Lena's expression turned to one of pure lust. She was biting her lip and her fingers had slid back to gripping the top of the drawer. Almost as if she was physically restraining herself.

She was breathing heavily, almost panting and her eyelids were starting to flutter at an increasing rate. More waves of alcoholic breath drifted down to him, and he could actually feel himself getting slightly tipsy from the fumes.

She let out a gasp of pleasure, then another, then her head was tipped backwards, eyes closed and the moans of pleasure increased. He finally realised that not all of her fingers were gripping the drawer, it was only one of her hands that were visible. She was playing with herself down below with her other hand.

He wasn't quite sure what was happening to him, but as the alcoholic breath reached him in greater swathes he was starting to feel slightly light headed and he could feel that his logic was beginning to become distorted, finding himself more and more attracted to the naked woman leaning over him. She spotted it before him.

A wide and lustful smile spread across her mouth.

"Ahh, I see that you've decided to join in the fun," she looked down at his naked body, her eyes focusing on his groin. He looked down in embarrassment at his erect penis.

Before he could react, her slender fingers had approached him and gently touched his feet. He wriggled them away as her touch tickled him, but the fingers continued to slowly stroke their way up his inner thighs.

She was mostly gentle, however, he could feel an underlying pressure and desperation beneath her touch. She wouldn't be allowing him to worm his way out of this.

He looked up at her face, her eyes were widening as her fingertips touched his penis, her mouth open, silently gasping, a strongly lustful expression had taken hold over her face as she looked down at her tiny captive.

An impish smile was crossing her face as the fingers of one of her hands gently played with her tiny man, the other hand was clearly still down below her waist, playing with herself.

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Lena looked down at her tiny man in lustful pleasure. She had been thinking about the tiny man shut in her dark drawer. The thought of him powerless to escape, waiting for her to come back to give him momentary release and use him as her sex toy was too much for her.

While she appreciated that she was being cruel to the very man that she was growing slightly fond of, she did promise herself that this would be the last time that she kept him locked away in that drawer.

She would find a more humane place for him, somewhere a bit more becoming of his status as her lover. He wasn't merely one of her sex slaves, or a snack for her or her cat. While she agreed to herself that she would do this for him, she allowed herself the pleasure that evening, of imagining him, stuck in that drawer, waiting for her.

But now despite her dizziness, and the beginning signs of her head starting to spin from the alcohol, she was enjoying the sight of the tiny man, slowly writhing in the pleasure of her thumb and index fingertips rubbing themselves up and down his erect penis.

Howard arched his back in pleasure, he was clearly enjoying this treatment, and that thought pushed Lena over the edge.

She felt the first wave of her orgasm hit her, it was unexpectedly quick and powerful. It nearly caused her to fall over as her hand rubbed at her clitoris. Her head was tossed back as she gasped in pleasure, moaning with the second wave and squealing with the third.

Out of breath, she looked back down at Howard.

She pulled her hand out of her underwear and lifted it towards the drawer.

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Howard could hear the giant woman orgasming above him, the pressure of the fingers was slightly stronger and she released him for the few seconds when she came, her hand outstretched, hovering over him, as if poised to grab him.

Then her hand was joined by the other. This one, however, had the strong smell of Lena's womanhood. Before he could react in defence, the hand covered with Lena's sexual juices was touching his body.

He could feel the warm sticky substance that covered the hand as the fingers gently caressed his whole body. Her scent was definitely strong, but it seemed to turn him on even more, the intoxicating smell was overpowering as he was slowly covered in her slick mucus.

He felt the fingers of both hands gather around him and he was gently lifted upwards and out of the drawer. He was lifted past the huge round breasts and erect nipples, and up to the beautiful giant face. Lena's huge face that filled the whole of the tiny man's vision was lined with satisfaction and gratitude. Her eyes were slightly glazed over, either from the recent orgasm or from her intake of alcohol.

Another waft of alcohol reached him from her luscious red lips. Up close, it was as if being held by a goddess that had entered his dreams. Yet still, he was reminded, more than previously of how precarious his tiny life was. He had seen how she could flip out and casually murder people.

He was being held quite securely by the giant woman, yes indeed but not causing him any discomfort.

He was reminded by her breath that she was drunk and he wasn't entirely confident of her ability or coordination whilst being intoxicated.

He could very well be dropped by her accidentally and fall to his death and she would barely have the reaction time to realise until it was too late.

The lips moved closer to him and parted, as her wet tongue slowly emerged to lick his feet. He felt the warm moist muscle circle and twist around his feet, it was a very arousing sensation, one that he had grown more and more used to and had started to embrace. He thought he might as well embrace the treatment that felt good, as he barely had a choice anyhow.

The warm sensation began to spread to his legs and Howard's whole body vibrated as Lena let out a sigh of pleasure in anticipation, of where her giant tongue was headed. Another waft of alcohol intermixed with perfume reached him. It was beginning to affect him more and more.

He began to feel himself fall under her alluring spell and he grew more and more relaxed in her grasp and he opened his legs wider, invitingly.

He could feel the giant tongue, sliding up and down his thighs and beads of warm saliva were dripping onto his stomach from the top of her mouth, but still she teased him, avoiding his penis, circling her tongue around it on his thighs and tickling his belly.

With his anticipation growing more than he could bear, he grabbed at the giant tongue with both his hands and tried to pull it towards his throbbing, erect manhood in a desperate effort for the release he so wanted. But the tongue slipped from between his grip and he felt himself being pulled away from the mouth.

The drunken eyes of the giant woman, studied him with apparent intent.

"Do you want me to please you Howard?" She asked slowly in a husky voice. He nodded immediately. The alcoholic fumes had taken their grip on him and his mind was whirling, unsure of whether it wanted to be released from, or embrace this sudden addictive pleasure.

"Then promise that you'll do what I want afterwards." That made him pause for a second, within the glistening eyes of his beholder, he saw a mischievous sparkle. There was no further detail offered. Then he finally conceded, appreciating he had little choice.

"I promise," he nodded slowly. "But please don't hurt me!" He added quickly.

"Of course not my little one..." She replied, in a hurt voice. "I would never hurt *you*!"

Then he was instantly brought back to her giant mouth, the lips opened, the giant tongue shot outwards and Lena pulled Howard onto her tongue. His legs sank into the warm wet mouth and then he was sucked inside and completely surrounded by the soft, wet, warm muscle and her beautiful lips as they enveloped him.

Saliva surged around him as he was slowly sucked like a gobstopper, he filled her mouth and he felt warm saliva swirl around his face. But it didn't alarm him, it merely heightened the sensation. He was having the best blowjob of his life, it was all for him, and it was by a beautiful giant woman.

The giant tongue was rubbing up and down his whole body, and he felt the full suction effect, it didn't take long for him to ejaculate in her mouth. She continued to toy with him for a few seconds, aware that he had cum, then he felt the large fingers gripping at his sides and light flooded into the mouth as it was opened and he was pulled back outside.

He breathed in fresh air and beheld... an extremely horny giant woman.

He suddenly, and in a momentary panic, realised what he had promised mere seconds ago. It felt like he had made a deal with the devil. He almost anticipated her to say in a thunderous voice, 'Now your soul will be mine!'

Of course, unfortunately, it already was, and he knew it.

The dark bloodshot eyes studied him for a moment, as if weighing up the possibilities.

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In fact, that was exactly what they were doing.

Lena's eyes were taking in every inch of his body, in particular his size. He was the perfect size for what she wanted from him.

She looked down her naked body, her nipples were already erect, she had already had an orgasm and her labia was already wet. There was no need for foreplay. Now, what she felt the urge for, was finality. She wanted an explosive orgasm down below. The second one was always much better.

She lowered the tiny form down to the bed and placed him gently on the duvet cover. She towered over him, the awareness that he was looking directly up at her, from his diminished height, was extremely exciting.

Her pulse raced as she knew that the closest thing to his line of sight, now, was her wet and dripping vagina. That was what was slowly lowered towards him.

But unlike her other slaves, Lena felt Howard deserved a bit more respect. He deserved the opportunity to take it upon himself to please her. So, to entice him, she gave him a final show.

She knelt onto the bed, her vagina directly over him, and slowly her fingers worked their way down to her wet pussy, until they began to rub at her clitoris, then they slid down to the lips of her labia.

She smiled as she felt drips of her sexual juices hanging from her pussy lips.

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Howard laid on his back, panting, looking up at the massive naked giantess towering above him. Her giant knees and thighs spanned either side of him. Directly above was the giant pink pussy spread open. He could see the slimy mucus and cum covering her pussy.

A giant hand was massaging her clitoris, it started to slid down towards her labia. The fingers disturbed some of the mucus and a long silvery strand dripped down from above and landed on his chest with a wet splat.

He looked down at it briefly and touched it with his hand. It was sticky to the touch. He looked back up.

There was a wet squelch as she slid two of her giant fingers inside herself.

Howard watched the show in awe.

Lena smiled down at him, then retracted her fingers and lowered her vagina towards him, but landing inches from him. She looked down at him, regarding her tiny little lover and allowed him his opportunity to prove himself, and his bravery.

Howard watched the huge woman's sexual organ approach him, with a mixture of fear and awe. His heart was pounding with terrified excitement.

The huge vagina lowered itself towards him, as the massive pillars of flesh that were her knees and thighs landed on the bed either side of him. Her huge form kneeling over him cast a shadow from the bedroom light behind, and he could clearly make out her large round breasts and her beautiful face looking down at him.

One of her giant hands was rubbing her breasts, the other hand had been lifted back up and was sliding its way down the beads of sweat on her toned stomach and past her belly button, towards her pubes, and finally back to her womanhood.

She started to rub at herself, and he gasp in pleasure as he heard the squelching of her juices as her slender fingers slid inside herself again.

Before he knew it though, the giant pussy was closing further down on him, he feared it was going to land on him, when her buttocks landed on the bed in front of him and he faced two smooth fleshy walls of her thighs and buttocks either side of him and the folds of her womanhood in front of him.

He looked up in time to see her face, studying him, waiting for him to make his move. He stood up and stepped forwards, taking the initiative, and the hint, and placed his first hand on her labia.

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Lena felt the tiny hand touch her skin, and waves of pleasure soared through her. Her senses were heightened and it felt like she wanted to explode forth from her vagina.

It took all of her willpower not to grab the tiny man in her hands and thrust him deep inside her pussy. She wanted this one to be different. She wanted this to be special. She felt his other hand touch her, she could feel her own fingernails digging into the flesh of her thighs either side of him, and it was all she could do to keep herself from grabbing him.

She looked down at the tiny man and saw that he was hard at work, she was confident that he knew what he was doing. She gently laid backwards on the bed, and allowed her legs to unfold from beneath her until she was lying flat on the bed.

She closed her eyes and concentrated on the sensation of the tiny man gently stroking her labia with his tiny hands. She could feel him try and lift himself up, then fall back down again.

She lowered one of her hands, trembling with anticipation, and produced an index finger for him to step on. She smiled as she felt him clamber up and then both of his tiny feet step up onto her index finger. It dipped slightly from the weight, but still held him in place as he started to rub at her clitoris.

She sighed as waves of pleasure passed through her, she felt goosebumps begin to form all over her body and the hairs on her head felt like they were standing on end.

A new sensation stretched through her, as he tentatively placed a foot on the mouth of her vagina. She gasped in anticipation. She raised her finger to assist him in balancing. He quickly pulled the finger towards him, turned it round so that the fingertip was touching the top of her vagina.

She waited, then felt him gripping her finger and suddenly she felt him push both of his legs inside her.

Her back arched and she let out a loud moan of pleasure, the surprise of it caught her out. Waves of pleasure were now coming in quick succession, she didn't know what he was doing now, but it was a fantastic feeling... she had to see. She propped herself up on her free elbow and looked down at him.

His arms were wrapped around her index finger, embracing it, and he was using her finger to push himself deep inside her pussy, kick his legs and then pull himself back out again. The sight of the tiny man doing this to her, out of his own will, was overwhelming.

What Katie had told Lena, about the excitement of letting them use their own initiative, was completely right after all.

Lena lost the ability to support herself as stars exploded in front of her eyes, she fell back into the pillow as all of the muscles in her body immediately tightened, her vision disappeared and her heartbeat thudded in her ears so that she could barely hear her scream of pleasure.

As quickly as her muscles had tightened, so they were relaxed and she felt the release wash through her body, any pent up anticipation and stress was washed out with it and she felt entirely ... at peace.

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Howard fought hard to keep up the momentum inside the giant vagina, the muscles inside were contracting and squeezing periodically, and increasing in strength.

It slowed his progress as he found it harder and harder to both push himself inside, then pull himself out, so he opted to attempt to kick out harder. It seemed to work, but he knew he couldn't keep it up for much longer, and he feared that he didn't want to disappoint with an anti-climax.

The giant finger was becoming more and more slippery as Lena had unconsciously brought it closer and closer to her pussy until her fingertip had started to enter her cavernous hole that Howard occupied.

Sexual juices and mucus started to flow and then coagulate around him and the finger making the work slippery and sloppy.

His hands slid in the sloth-like grip technique that he was using, he kept having to hold on tightly with one arm and then feeling the other arm slipping down, he had to renew his grip around the giant finger by hoisting himself back up.

Panting heavily and holding on for dear life, he kicked away at her insides and then pulled himself back out, with a squelch of her juices that were flowing around him.

Her fluids were becoming more and more viscous and whiter in colour; he hoped that meant that this would be over soon.

The smell of her was extremely pungent, it was almost suffocating, adding to that her muscles were getting so tight that he was finding it hard to breath. He heard her moan above him, then the muscles suddenly contracted, with a loud squelch, so much that he yelped in pain, they squeezed at his ribs.

He released the finger and placed his arms either side of the lips of her labia in desperation, gasping for air. He couldn't release the death grip. So he decided that he had to accelerate the orgasm.

He started to hurriedly rub at her slick folds of skin around him with his hands and kicking out hard with his legs.

More fluids slopped into his crotch and then burst through the vagina over his belly, pouring over his chest.

He continued to kick and rub until dark spots danced around his eyes. He hadn't breathed in for a while. He had a vague realisation that this might be how he would die.

He made a point of looking upwards at the giant clitoris and hair pubic mound above him, the giant thighs either side.

Then he heard the scream of the climax and the giant hips rising with him, caught between them in the giant pussy's vice like grip, and then the hips fell back against the bed with a bouncy thump.

His upper body and arms flopped around helplessly. He looked up again and his vision blurred as his face was splattered with cum.

The muscles spasmed and then relaxed. Howard felt the release, he could feel fluids squirting inside the cavern again, around his legs and crotch and then out onto his belly again.

Finally it was over. His arms fell backwards in exhaustion and his head lolled backwards. His face and upper body were completely drenched in cum and sexual juices.

He hoped this had earned him some brownie points, because it was damn hard work. He was lucky to have survived the ordeal.

He wiped sticky cum from his mouth to breathe in.

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It might have been a few minutes later, he wasn't sure.

Howard felt fingers wrapping around his limp body and he was slowly pulled out of the vagina. His eyes fluttered open and he looked around him. He was covered in the drying juices of the woman that now held him. He was lying on his back in the palm of her hands and she was on her front, looking down at him... lovingly?

He could see in her eyes that she was concerned for his well-being, but glad to see that he was conscious and okay.

Her huge mouth formed into a sweet smile.

"Hello," she cooed at him.

"Hi," he gasped back, his ribs were still sore. He groaned. Not broken, just sore. He just about managed a weak wave with his arm. She giggled.

"That was..." her eyes rolled as she searched for the words. "Fucking awesome!" She finally stated, her mouth beaming, her eyes glittering. "The best!"

"The best?" He asked back weakly, in disbelief. She suddenly didn't seem like the monster that he had witnessed merely days before. She seemed like an innocent young woman.

"The best!" She stated with a definitive nod.

He wrinkled his crusty face and studied her face. Her dark hair was sticking to her forehead and it was beginning to curl around her face. She had clearly been sweating ferociously. Perhaps he really had given her a good time.

He wasn't sure that it was worth nearly being killed for, but it gave him some kind of solace.

"Have you ever..." he stopped midsentence, unsure of what her reaction would be.

"Have I ever what?" She prompted gently. He looked into her eyes and saw nothing but compassion and satisfaction.

"Have you ever had sex with a full sized guy?" He finally asked. When she immediately shook her head, he was not surprised. Something about her demeanour had hinted to that fact.

"Boy, do you have a lot to experience!" he stated with a laugh, then curled up in pain in his ribcage. She chuckled back and then paused.

"What do you mean?" She asked with keen interest.

"I tell you what, why do you bring me back to normal size...and I'll show you," he gave her a sincere smile. Her head moved backwards slightly, as if the tiny words had given her a little pinch on the nose. Her eyes drifted from side to side.

"I... I can't..." she finally murmured.

"Sure you can!" He replied. "Anything that can be done can be undone, surely!"

"Well... if it can... I can't..." Lena creased her lips sympathetically. "Only my mother knows that kind of stuff. Well my dad did, but he's gone now, so it's just my mum. She's the lead Doctor..."

"Why don't we ask her..."

"No... no," Lena shook her head, as if like a child. "That won't be a good idea. She wouldn't like that... She wouldn't agree. I don't want to tell her about this."

"Why not?" He asked, unable to conceal his disappointment. He had suddenly felt so close to breaking through to her.

"She has a thing about guys... she always tells me to stay away from normal sized guys... that's kind of why she encourages me to have people your size..."

She tickled his belly playfully with a fingertip. "Let's get you cleaned up." Her fingers wrapped around him and he was suddenly lifted upwards as she stepped off her bed.

"Wait!" he shouted desperately. "WAIT!" He was desperate to finish the conversation that he had started.

While Lena still had these warm and fuzzy feelings for him, he had a chance. But she didn't hear, or she was ignoring him, as she carried him out the room to the bathroom down the corridor.