

LUCIFER AND LILITH SYND  
PRESENT:

# Giantess Spa

*Ninth Issue*






The limousine moved slowly on the street. There was no rush for the people using it, whom were in the back seats.

The driver was isolated from what was happening in the back, he had no clue at all nor wanted to know to begin with: he was a simple man, doing his job day by day and carrying around rich and pompous idiots, that is what he thought.

Although the separating glass was thick enough to grant some proper privacy to the guests of the Limo, giggles and loud laughter still succeeded to reach the ears of the driver, much to his annoyance.

Luckily enough, what didn't reach him at all were the moans of discomfort of the sole male passenger...



“Er það já? If you ask me, she sounds like a nutjob from a religious cult...” said Freyja in her native tongue, commenting on what she had just learned about Sadira and her history class in the lab. 

She was apparently not showing any sign of pleasure for the tongue of her latest catch, who was doing a very poor job between his sobs and sighs of pain: he had been pleasuring the blonde Goddess non-stop since they departed from the airport and she never allowed him to rest, his mouth and tongue were on fire from the pain of being constantly used.

“Alveg örugglega... But it doesn't change the fact that she truly is up to something amazing, I have seen plenty of shrunken men in there and it seems like I will be able to do it myself shortly...” replied Vanja, using the man like a footstool, resting her left leg on top of his back.



“M... Miss Freyja... P... Please, my mouth hurts so mUUUHMPH!” as soon as the man started talking, the blonde Goddess grasped his head with her left hand, pushing his whole face harder against her mound and locked him in place with her right leg...

“Shrinking men with farts and body fluids... That sounds like madness to me but...” Freyja had no interest in her struggling victim, only focusing on talking with her dear friend and not caring that he was getting suffocated, it was the most natural thing in the world to her, courtesy of her many years as a Pro Dominatrix “...I can not help but believe that she must be up to something huge if this really came to be... And I can not wait to find out what the big masterplan is all about.”

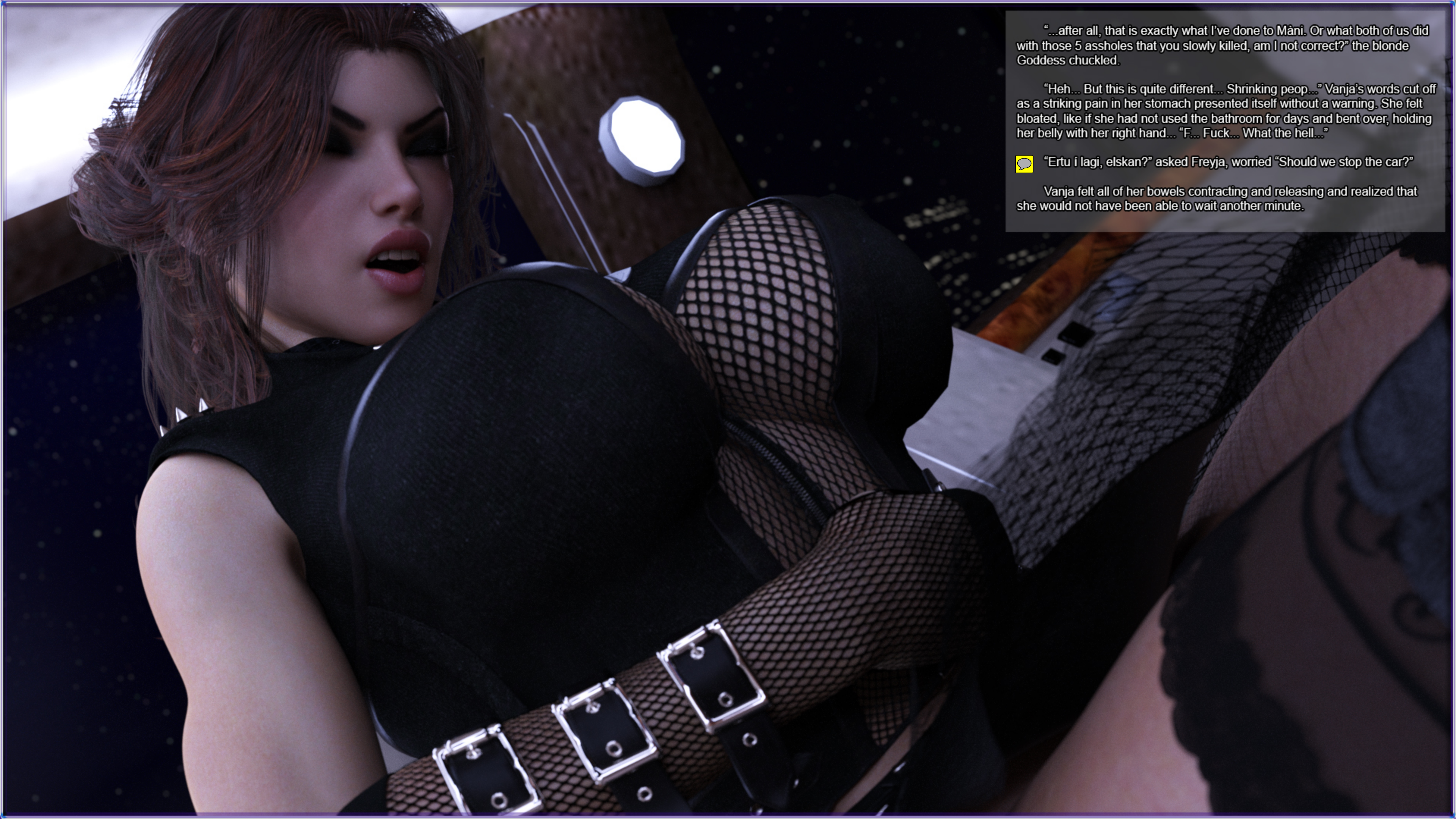
Freyja’s legs tightened and pushed the man even more into her...



“HHMMPH!!! HEEELPHHMMMMPH!!” the man’s screams of pain and cries for help were falling into nothingness. He hoped that at least the other woman would have realized that he was being smothered by the soft and intimate flesh of the blonde Goddess, but she didn’t move at all... was this how he would die? Between a woman’s legs, suffocated by her pussy? He kept asking that to himself and fought to free himself, uselessly, while the two just kept having their chat as if he was nothing more than an object.

💬 “Hvað sem planið er...” said Vanja “I am willing to take part of it. She is nuts, absolutely... But I do believe that she has found the key to a Femdom oriented world. Think about it, Freyja... It is what we always wanted to do: we could kill men for our own pleasure with no consequences...”

“Though it would seem I can do that just fine, my dear...” begun Freyja.



"...after all, that is exactly what I've done to Måni. Or what both of us did with those 5 assholes that you slowly killed, am I not correct?" the blonde Goddess chuckled.

"Heh... But this is quite different... Shrinking peop..." Vanja's words cut off as a striking pain in her stomach presented itself without a warning. She felt bloated, like if she had not used the bathroom for days and bent over, holding her belly with her right hand... "F... Fuck... What the hell..."

☰ "Ertu í lagi, elskan?" asked Freyja, worried "Should we stop the car?"

Vanja felt all of her bowels contracting and releasing and realized that she would not have been able to wait another minute.



“Fuck that! Just give me this useless piece of shit!” shouted Vanja and in a swift motion removed her skirt by opening the side of it and tossed it away with her left hand.

Immediately, she jolted to grasp the man’s hair, firmly holding the back of his head and pulled him away from Freyja’s intimate flesh.

“AAAAAAHH!!” he cried in pain, even if he was glad that he could now breathe again... But his relief was short lived as Vanja began to drag him on the opposite side of the car.

“Get... the fuck... over here!!!” Ordered the red-headed girl, while Freyja just observed, silent, not complaining that her victim had been stolen from her... Just amused and eager to see what was going on.



"Vanja tossed the young man into the front seat, his head pressed on the soft cushion... Without delay she spread her legs, turned around and sat on his forehead, pinning him down.

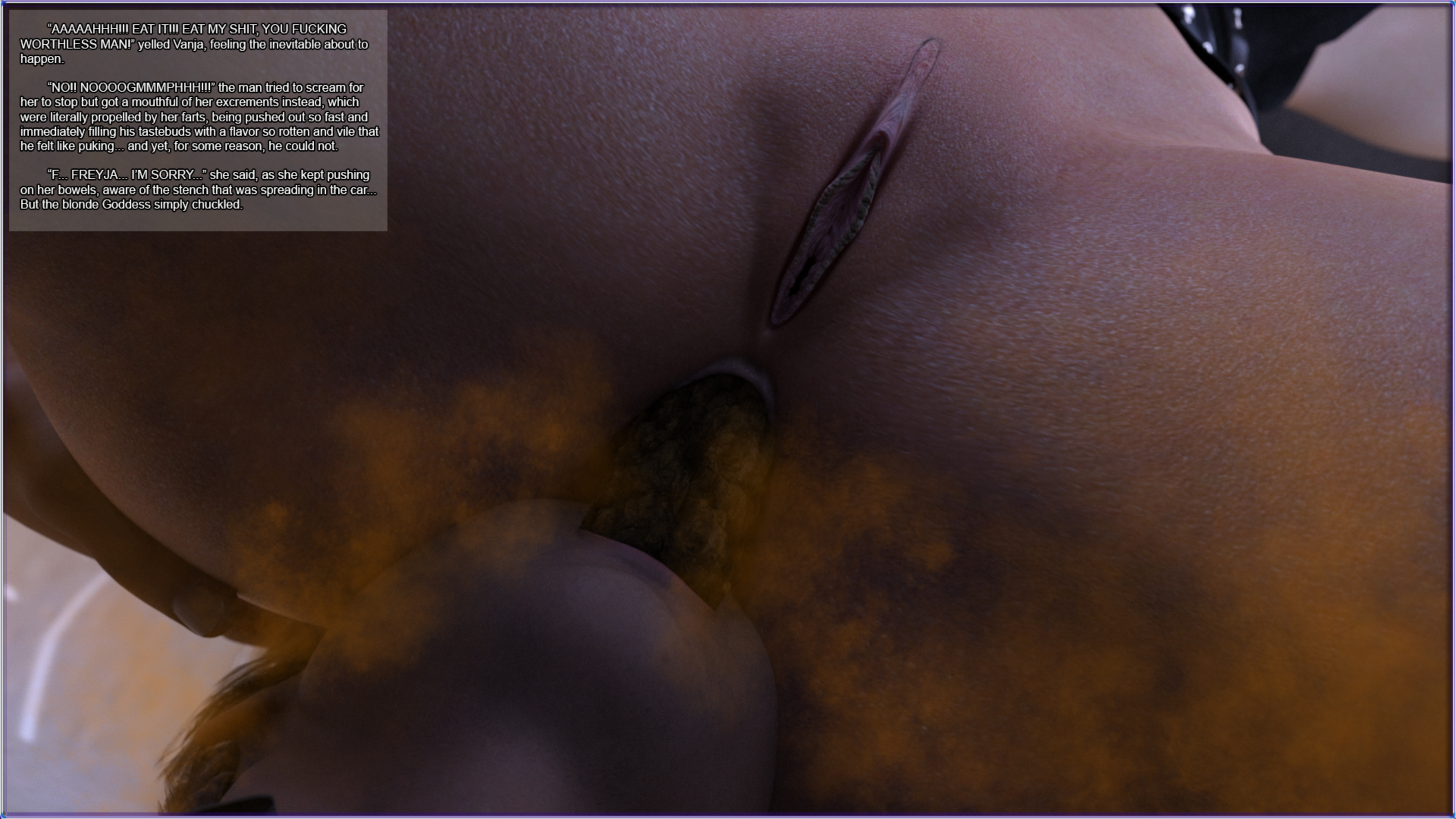
"OH GODS... OH FFFUUUCCKK!!" She yelled, feeling her bowels about to explode... A small push on them and a torrent of ungodly stinking farts erupted from her asshole, blasting the open and screaming mouth of the man below her: immediately, he tried to struggle, to get her off and escape the stench... But Vanja was pressing down with her full weight and using her hands against the roof of the car to inflict even more pressure... he was going nowhere. With another push, her anus opened wider, making an even worse stench fill the car...

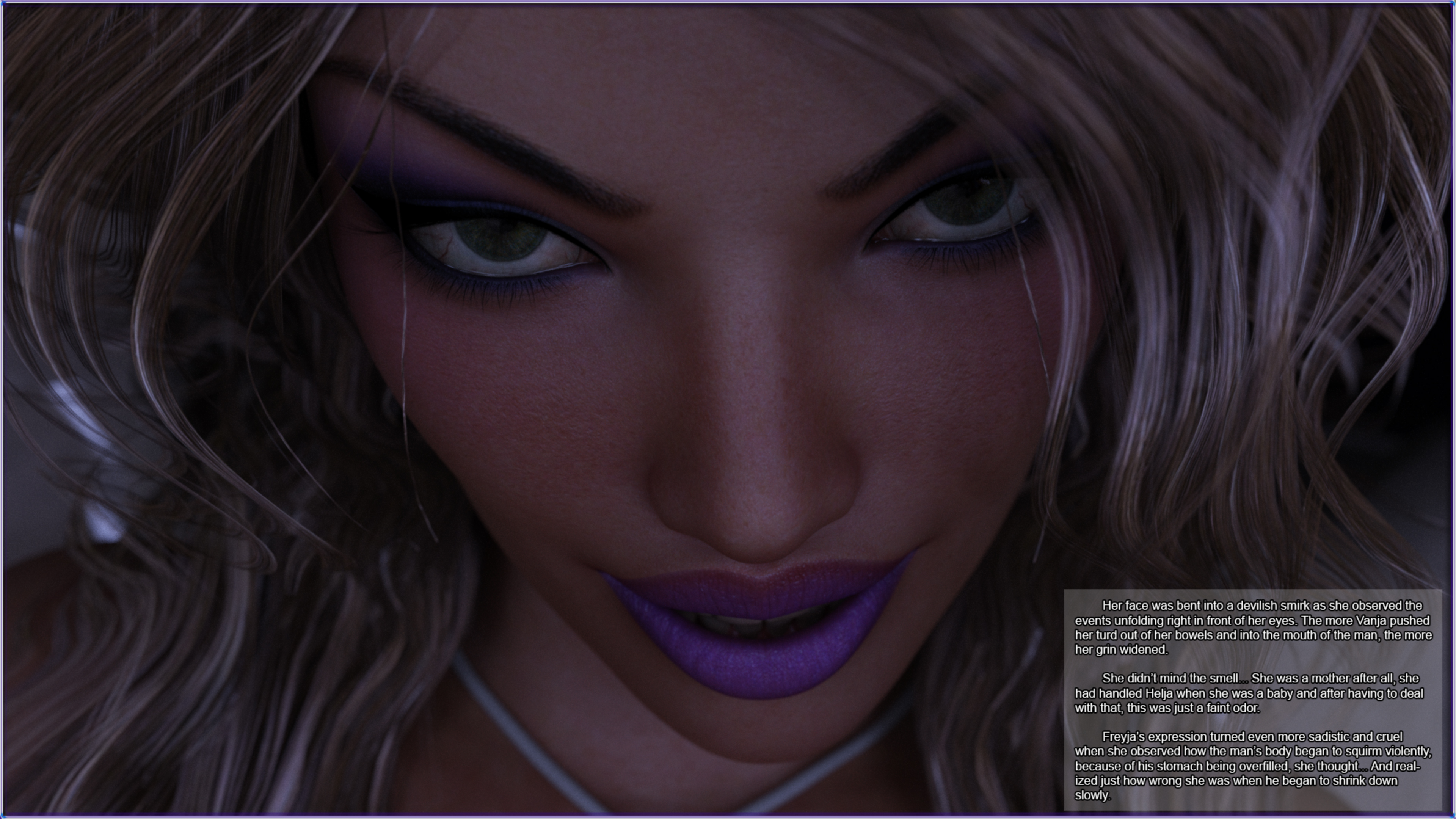


"AAAAHHH!!! EAT IT!!! EAT MY SHIT, YOU FUCKING WORTHLESS MAN!" yelled Vanja, feeling the inevitable about to happen.

"NO!! NOOOOGMMMPHHH!!!" the man tried to scream for her to stop but got a mouthful of her excrements instead, which were literally propelled by her farts, being pushed out so fast and immediately filling his tastebuds with a flavor so rotten and vile that he felt like puking... and yet, for some reason, he could not.

"F... FREYJA... I'M SORRY..." she said, as she kept pushing on her bowels, aware of the stench that was spreading in the car... But the blonde Goddess simply chuckled.





Her face was bent into a devilish smirk as she observed the events unfolding right in front of her eyes. The more Vanja pushed her turd out of her bowels and into the mouth of the man, the more her grin widened.

She didn't mind the smell... She was a mother after all, she had handled Helja when she was a baby and after having to deal with that, this was just a faint odor.

Freyja's expression turned even more sadistic and cruel when she observed how the man's body began to squirm violently, because of his stomach being overfilled, she thought... And realized just how wrong she was when he began to shrink down slowly.



"Aaaahhh..." the grunts of strain from Vanja became moans of pleasure... She couldn't understand why, usually it was only a mental pleasure from torturing people with her bowel movements but now it was physical as well... "F... Fuck yeah... Get buried in my shit!"

The man was now so small that his upper torso was trapped and crushed by the red-headed girl's turds, which kept coming out endlessly, almost as if she had no limit to how much waste she could produce.

The poor guy's legs kicked out, trying to escape from the increasing pressure that kept building up on top of him, every orifice on his head filled with Vanja's shit.



Soon enough, the neverending avalanche of excrements became too much for the shrunken body of the man to handle... Not only for the weight, but since he was being smothered by it and force-fed, he kept losing size at every second that passed.

He was swallowed entirely by the soft consistency of Vanja's turds... His tiny voice produced exclusively muffled screams as his bones were getting crushed by the weight of the waste that trapped him.

"Aaaaaah... Hahaha... Come on... Die already!" said Vanja, moaning out in pleasure... And right on cue, loud cracking noises could be heard, followed by a splash of blood exploding from within the pile of excrements... And Vanja lost consciousness.



Helja felt her body float without any weight, as if she was in complete absence of gravity.

There was absolute silence around her and somehow she was aware of all that even while being still in a state between dream and reality.

Even if naked, the Scandinavian Amazon was not cold...

"Hnnnn..." she moaned gently, stirring awake.

At first, she flailed her legs around, when she realized that there was no floor, then her arms as panic rose up to her heart... But all that turned to surprise as she lifted her torso.



"W...What the..." was all she could say when she observed the sphere of the planet Earth being in front of her... smaller than her entire frame.

At a complete loss for words, she began to wonder if she had grown so much to overtake the world itself... But, like in a dream where logic works only when its rules are doubted, she realized that it would have been impossible: how could she be alive and surviving the void of Space if this was real?

"Am I... Dreaming?" she asked to nobody in particular, probably just to herself.

"Indeed you are..." replied an echoing female voice.

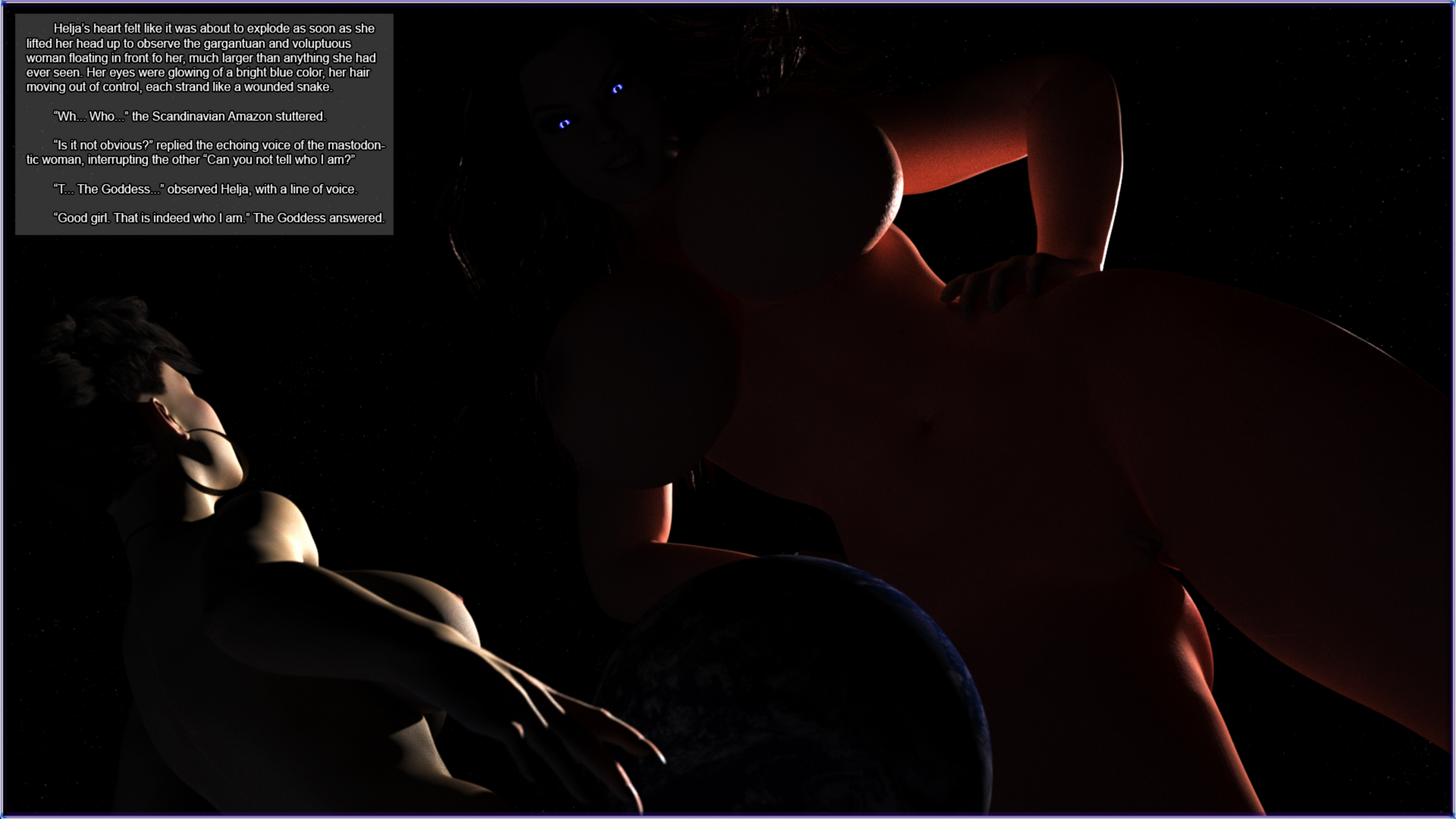
Helja's heart felt like it was about to explode as soon as she lifted her head up to observe the gargantuan and voluptuous woman floating in front of her, much larger than anything she had ever seen. Her eyes were glowing of a bright blue color, her hair moving out of control, each strand like a wounded snake.

"Wh... Who..." the Scandinavian Amazon stuttered.

"Is it not obvious?" replied the echoing voice of the mastodontic woman, interrupting the other "Can you not tell who I am?"

"T... The Goddess..." observed Helja, with a line of voice.

"Good girl. That is indeed who I am." The Goddess answered.





Slowly, the huge Divine being began to lower herself towards Helja, her massive body enshadowing the smaller woman entirely. In a rush of fear, the Scandinavian Amazon tried to back away, only to find herself unable to do so.

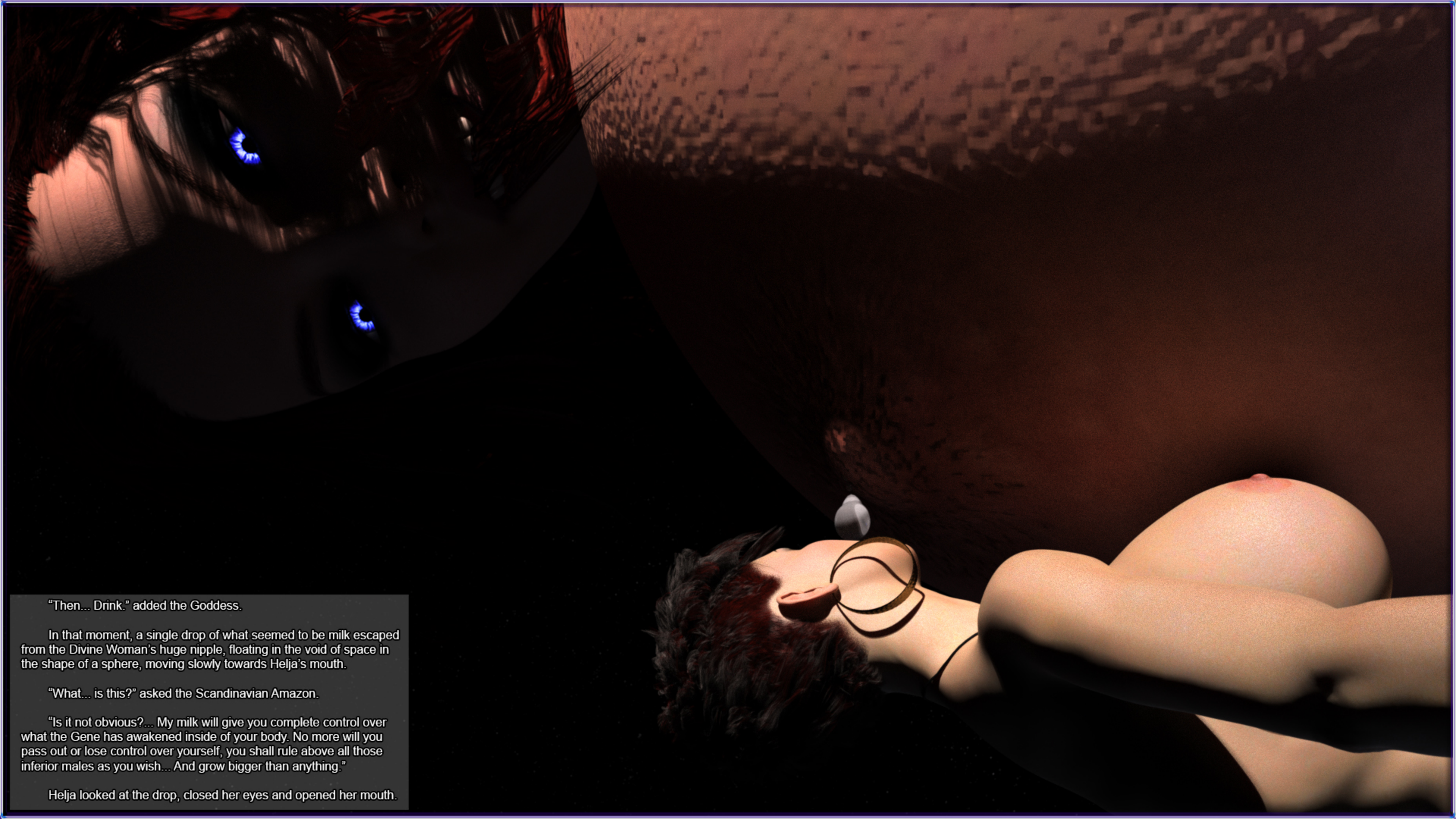
"Do not worry..." said the Goddess, her voice gentle although her expression gave a completely different idea "If I wanted to kill you, I would have done it already."

"H... How is this... Possible?" asked Helja, staring at first at the Goddess' huge nipple, now so close to her face, and then up into her bright blue eyes.

"Don't you know? The ancient Egyptians had already discovered that through a combination of chemicals, they would be able to contact the Gods... And that is why they used to wear make-up." chuckled the gargantuan woman "The same happened to you when you took my gene inside of your body, my dear... And now that you're here with me, don't you want to become what you were always meant to be and dominate supreme over the inferior male toys I created for you, daughters of mine?"

"I... I do, Goddess..." replied Helja.





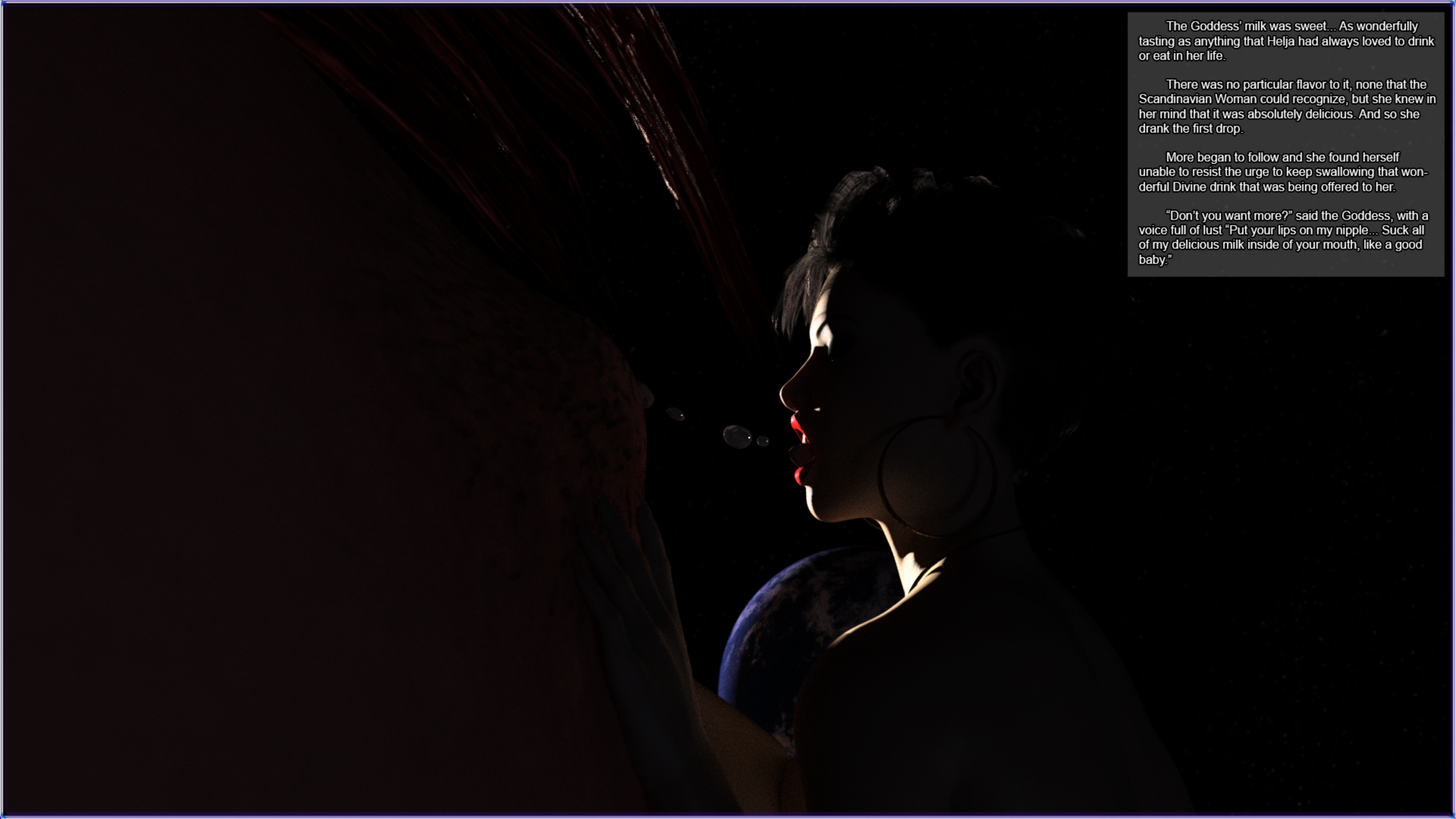
"Then... Drink." added the Goddess.

In that moment, a single drop of what seemed to be milk escaped from the Divine Woman's huge nipple, floating in the void of space in the shape of a sphere, moving slowly towards Helja's mouth.

"What... is this?" asked the Scandinavian Amazon.

"Is it not obvious?... My milk will give you complete control over what the Gene has awakened inside of your body. No more will you pass out or lose control over yourself, you shall rule above all those inferior males as you wish... And grow bigger than anything."

Helja looked at the drop, closed her eyes and opened her mouth.

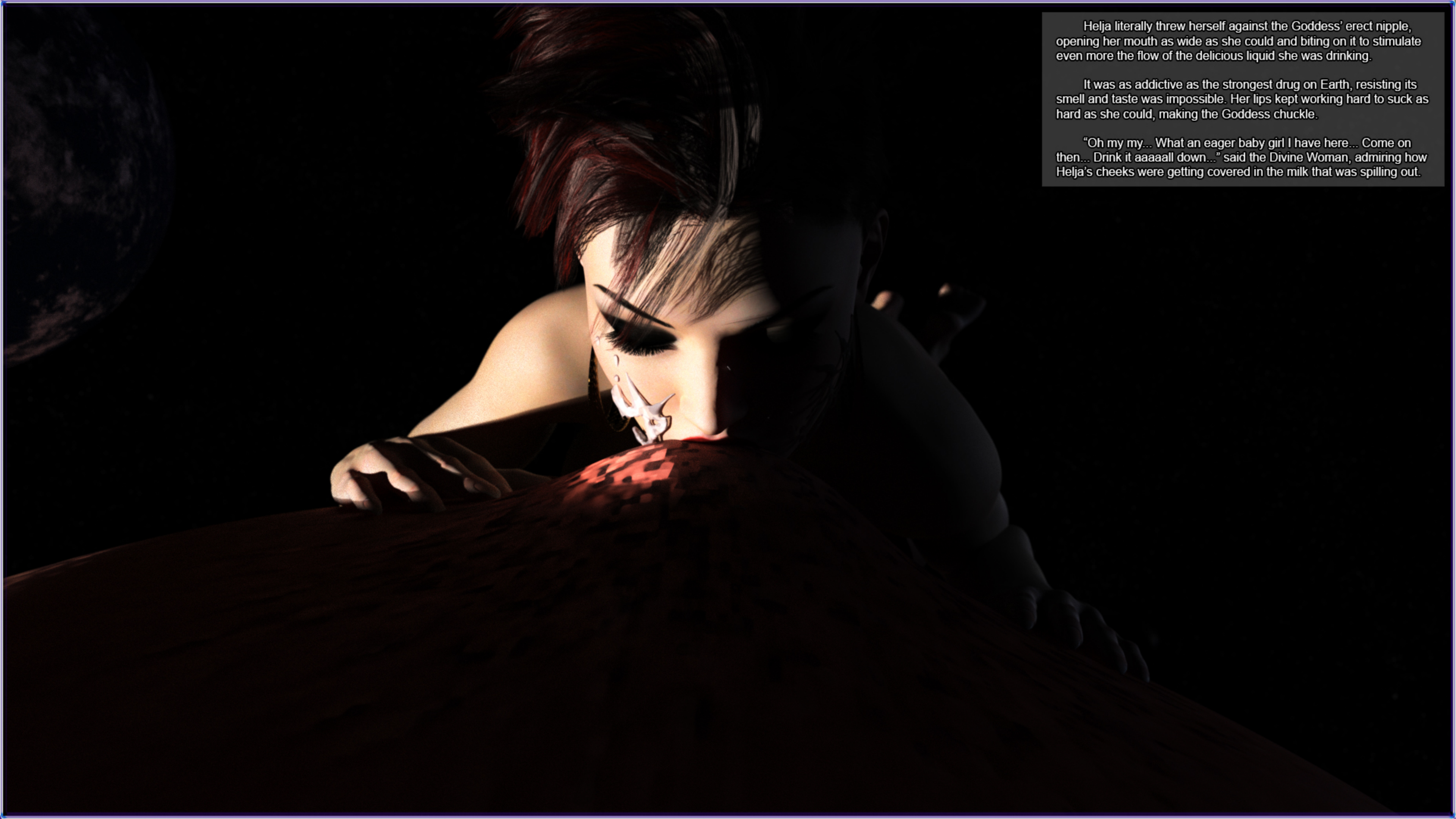


The Goddess' milk was sweet... As wonderfully tasting as anything that Helja had always loved to drink or eat in her life.

There was no particular flavor to it, none that the Scandinavian Woman could recognize, but she knew in her mind that it was absolutely delicious. And so she drank the first drop.

More began to follow and she found herself unable to resist the urge to keep swallowing that wonderful Divine drink that was being offered to her.

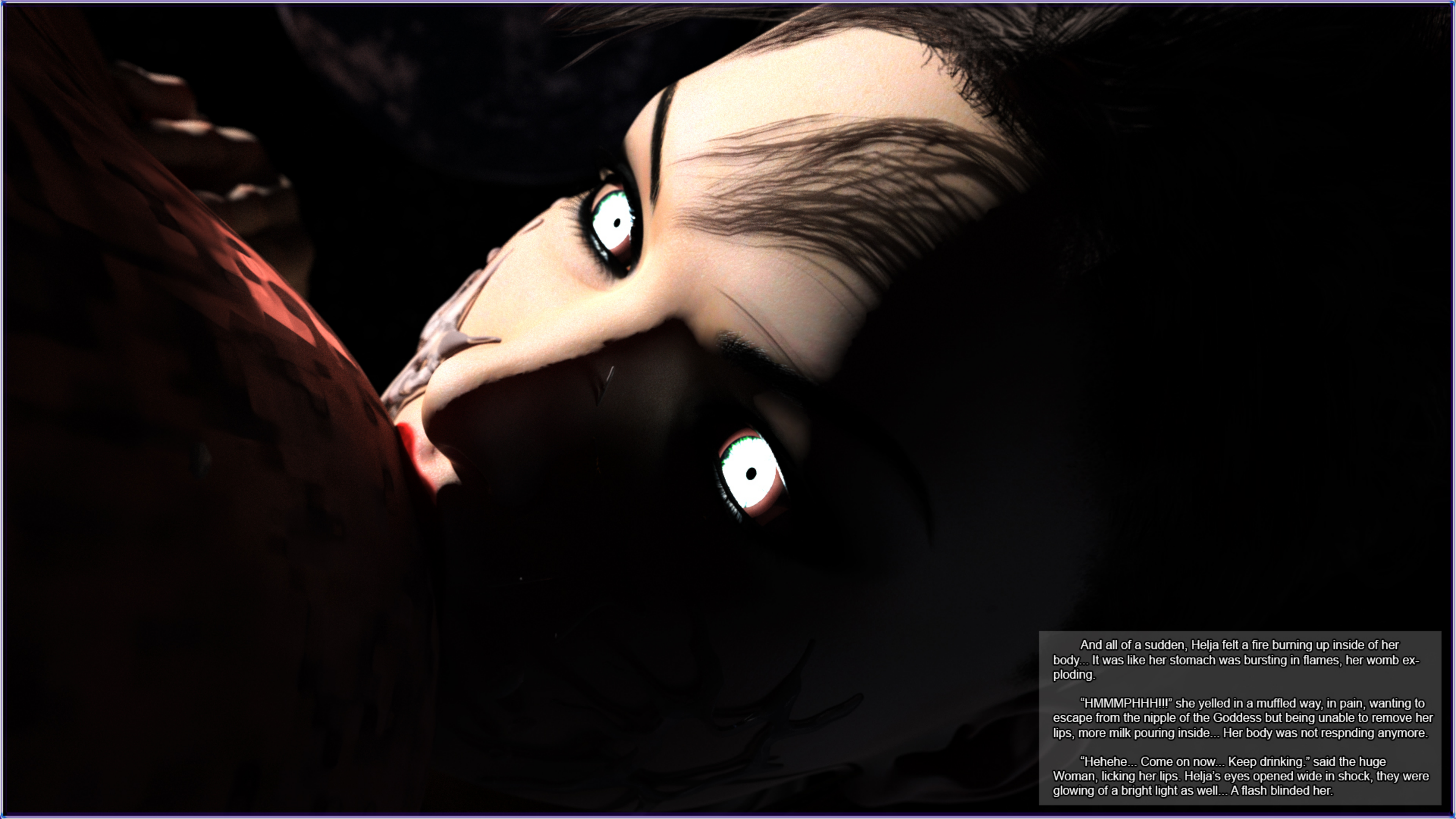
"Don't you want more?" said the Goddess, with a voice full of lust "Put your lips on my nipple... Suck all of my delicious milk inside of your mouth, like a good baby."



Helja literally threw herself against the Goddess' erect nipple, opening her mouth as wide as she could and biting on it to stimulate even more the flow of the delicious liquid she was drinking.

It was as addictive as the strongest drug on Earth, resisting its smell and taste was impossible. Her lips kept working hard to suck as hard as she could, making the Goddess chuckle.

"Oh my my... What an eager baby girl I have here... Come on then... Drink it aaaaall down..." said the Divine Woman, admiring how Helja's cheeks were getting covered in the milk that was spilling out.



And all of a sudden, Helja felt a fire burning up inside of her body... It was like her stomach was bursting in flames, her womb exploding.

"HMMMPHHH!!!" she yelled in a muffled way, in pain, wanting to escape from the nipple of the Goddess but being unable to remove her lips, more milk pouring inside... Her body was not respnding anymore.

"Hehehe... Come on now... Keep drinking." said the huge Woman, licking her lips. Helja's eyes opened wide in shock, they were glowing of a bright light as well... A flash blinded her.



“AAAAHI” Helja rose from the hospital bed inside of the Spa with a startle, her legs kicking around before she finally calmed down and started to breathe in.

“...” she was at loss for words, the fire inside of her still burned but it was not painful as in the vision she had... it was a warm feeling, the same one she always felt when getting excited from the tortures she delivered to the inferior males.

Recomposing herself and catching her breath, the Scandinavian Amazon decided she had slept enough.



"F... Fucking hell..." she began to say to herself as she swung her long and powerful legs out of the bed, touching the cold ground with her feet "That was... Insane..."

She was trying to recollect her thoughts: had it been just some kind of strange dream? Had it been real? She couldn't really know for sure but she felt, deep inside of her, with that fire raging in her womb, that it couldn't have been just an illusion.

"I... I gotta find Sadira... I need to talk to her." she ordered herself and stood up from the bed.



Down below her, unnoticed, four shrunken men shouted out from the top of their lungs as they observed the mastodontic foot of the Scandinavian Goddess coming down on top of them.

They tried to scramble, to run away and get to safety as quickly as they could, one tripping and falling to the ground... But it didn't matter at all how fast they were: there was no way to outrun such a massive foot at their size.

Their screams and cries for mercy never reached Helja's ears and were silenced as her weight fell upon them.



Microscopic bloodstains began to spread from under Helja's toes and foot ball, along with some squishing noises that she didn't notice at all.

All the bodies of those shrunken males were reduced to nothing but a paste of blood, crushed bones and mauled flesh in less than an instant, without opposing any resistance against the gargantuan foot of the Woman.

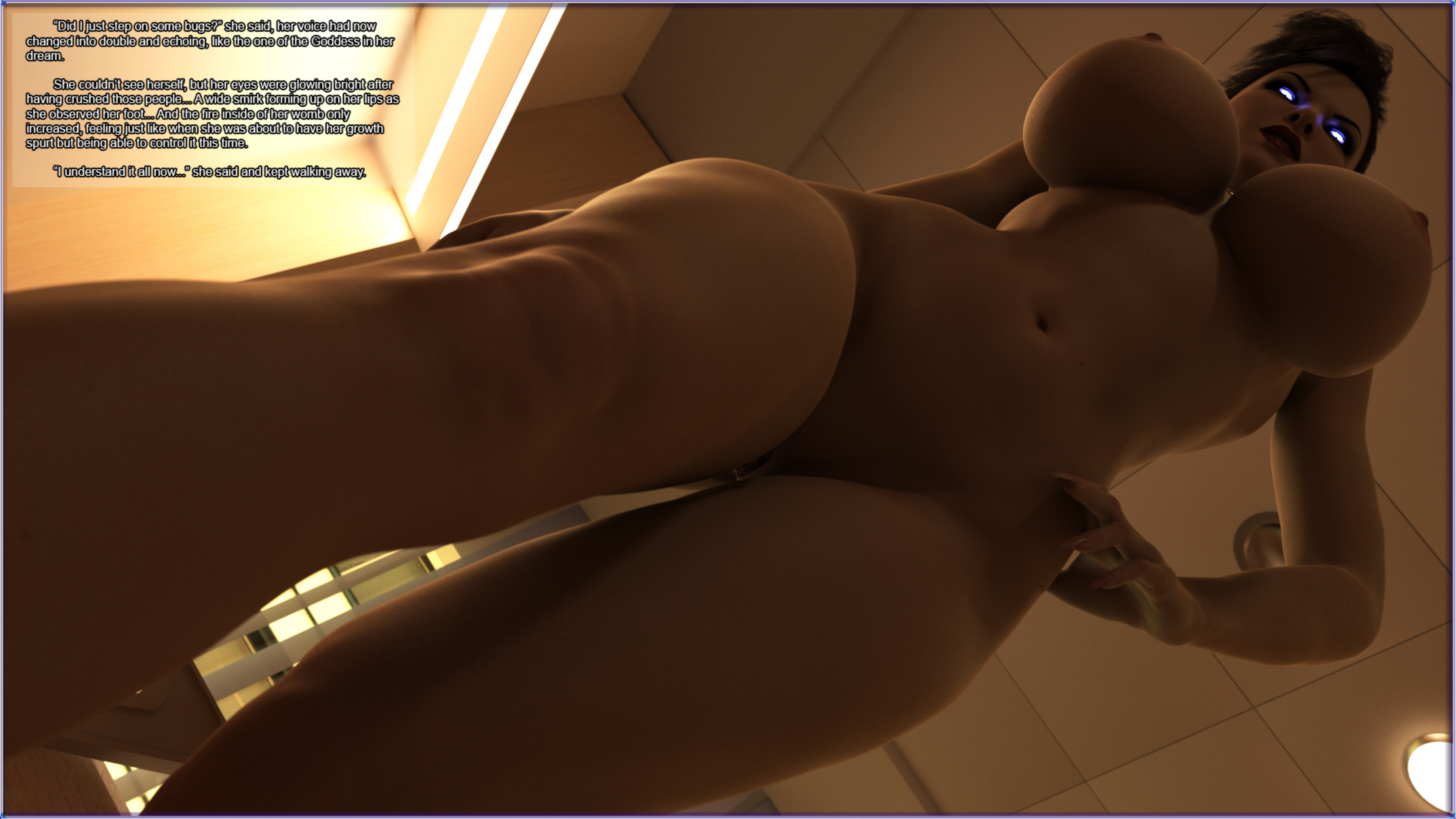
"Hmmm..." moaned Helja to herself, feeling a sudden rush of pleasure in her body.




"Did I just step on some bugs?" she said, her voice had now changed into double and echoing, like the one of the Goddess in her dream.

She couldn't see herself, but her eyes were glowing bright after having crushed those people... A wide smirk forming up on her lips as she observed her foot... And the fire inside of her womb only increased, feeling just like when she was about to have her growth spurt but being able to control it this time.

"I understand it all now..." she said and kept walking away.





"A Femdom oriented society? And you gotta ask?" said Sylvia sarcastically.

"Of course we are with you!" added Morgana, both the girls feeling a rush of excitement after discovering what the masterplan had been all along, in Sadira's mind. "We are going to cover our entire market over the city, don't worry!"

"No, my dear Morgana..." replied the silver haired woman "We are not talking about the city... We are going to spread our new brand of cosmetics all around America! Every single Woman in the United States should be able to enjoy the gift of the Goddess! And after we take over here, we will aim even to the rest of the World!"

But at those words, Morgana seemed to get sad...

"Sadira... I am sorry but... This is not going to work in the way you think." started saying the blonde Ceo.

"Morgy?" asked Sylvia, not understanding what was going on.

"We faced one hell of a crisis with my company. Our stocks were falling into the ground and we do not have the kind of money you need to cover the entire American market..."

"I understand..." replied Sadira, sounding quite concerned "That is a problem... The plan will not work unless we sell in every single store in America: the chemicals could be found and the product retired... To not even talk about those males who know about the past attempts of the other Women: they would hunt us down immediately."

"Hmmm..." said a voice from the entrance of the room "Perhaps I could help."





Another Woman was now walking inside of the office, completely unknown to the ones that were already inside of it. Sadira turned her head towards the direction the voice came from and her tone became immediately more authoritative.

"I am sorry, this is a private establishment. You cannot be here without an authorization." said the CEO of the Spa.

"Oh, but I believe I do have one... Considering that Vanja just came to pick me up at the airport and my daughter is already one of your staff. Sadira, I presume?" said the blonde Goddess.

"My apologies, then..." replied the platinum haired woman "You must be Freyja..."

"In the flesh..." replied the blonde gorgeous Woman as she kept walking inside the room "I see that my reputation precedes me... That is good, we will not waste any time with nonsense."

A sarcastic chuckle followed by a smirk and Freyja finally got completely inside of Sadira's office, whom didn't stop staring at her for the entire time.

"But before we get to business... I need someone to do me a big favor here. I need your help..." concluded Freyja.

"Help with what?" Asked at that point Sylvia.





"With Vanja... She passed out, in the car, after the so called 'Gene of the Goddess' made her unload a week's worth of shit in our Limo..."

"W... WHAT?!" said both of the girls at the same time, in a mixture of surprise and disgust.

☞ "Jamm. So... I stunned the driver, he's all yours if you help Vanja to get out of that situation and destroy the car. How does that work for you two gals?" concluded Freyja, indicating behind herself with her thumb while Morgana and Sylvia stared at each other, grinning.

"What I say..." began Sylvia as she walked towards the desk, where Corey was still kneeling "...is that I will not pass an opportunity to kill another inferior male. Now that I tasted the sweet joy of shrinking and murdering, I want even more..."

A brief pause, in which she looked down at her old slave, whom gulped in fear as he observed the towering sensual body of the blonde cruel Mistress.

"But I am not going to leave you here, shit for brains. You are coming with me. I believe it is my pussy's turn to have you, trapping you in my panties..."





Sylvia's enormous hand enshadowed Corey's minuscule body as it came down upon him, ready to grasp his entire frame with the tight embrace of the Goddess' slender fingers.

"Call it a nice reunion, uh? A very up-close and personal meeting with the same labias that suffocated your brain into oblivion... Aren't you utterly eager for it?"

A glacial laughter overtook the young man's screams of fear as he fell to the wooden surface of the desk, frozen in horror at the sole thought of being once again close to the very same womanhood that caused him his phobia... Then darkness came.





Holding Corey tightly in her fist, Sylvia began to walk away, speaking to him once more.

"Stop struggling, it won't help you... Save your energies for later, you will need them to survive my smothering labias, trust me. Let's go, Morgy."

"Right behind you, honey." replied the blonde CEO.

"Off you go, children. Take care of Vanja, please. Let these two old women talk to one another. Have your fun with the driver!" added Freyja.



As soon as Morgana and Sylvia exited even the outer door that led to the corridor, the blonde Goddess moved towards the glass door and closed it, using the key to lock it.

"Very well... Now we're alone, you can drop down your mask..." said Sadira, with an evil and sadistic tone in her voice "You may convince those kids, but definitely not me."

"Mask?" was the first word that Freyja used to answer "I have no mask at all, I am exactly as you see me... Differently from you, actually..." she concluded, with a glacial laughter and she turned around slowly.



“Isn’t that true, Sadira?” Freyja’s expression was now a devilish smirk, her face low and her eyes locked into the ones of the silver haired Woman “Come on now... You cannot fool me with this act of yours.”

“What act are you talking about? What is it that you believe I am doing?” was the reply from Sadira.

“Oh come on now... Freely gifting all of these girls this so called ‘Gene of the Goddess’... Calling it ‘complete’ when you are already planning to release an inferior version to the public to take control of the country...”

“And? What is that you’re implying here?”

“What is it that makes you lie to these girls? Perhaps you are keeping an even superior batch to yourself?” Freyja chuckled.



"Aren't you the intelligent one... And what personal gain would I have from lying to the people that are to help me get the power I so much crave?" asked Sadira.

"Nothing stops one of these girls from rebelling and taking your place, once they can grow. You must have calculated that... Or do you really want me to believe that you are so naive?" answered Freyja.

A brief moment of silence, in which the two Goddesses stared at each other with sharp eyes and evil grins.

"Fine... You got me. So, what is it you want hmm? Share it with everybody so you won't rat me out?" asked again the CEO.

"None of that. I offered myself to help you realize this Femdom Society with my personal finances as soon as I walked through that door... But it comes with a price..." began Freyja.



“Let us hear it...” said Sadira, smiling.

“It is very simple. I will get your same batch of Gene of the Goddess and I will be the only one to have it other than you. We will be absolutely equal in what we can do and I will help you murder eventual traitors, should they come to the surface, even if they will be the people closest to me, like my daughter or Vanja...”

A moment in which Freyja walked closer to the desk.

“You will not speak to anyone about this superior batch and you will name me your Vice, once the Society will be active. Should anything happen to you, I will be the one to take your place and no one else. Do this, and you will have all the money you need to make the Femdom Regime come true.” concluded the blonde Goddess.

Sadira smirked widely at those words and nodded with her head. “Anything else you may need?” asked the Ceo.

“Now that you mention it...” began Freyja “Your same outfit, but colored golden would be perfect.” and both the Women laughed out loudly, sealing their deal.

*To be  
Continued*

# SPECIAL THANKS



## TIER 5 PATRONS

- BISHOP RED
- STUART THEODORE  
GALLAHAN
- TRENT LEWIS

## TIER 4 PATRONS

- MATTHEW
- OWNT
- LORENZO
- BJORN OLSSON
- DAVID HANHAMS
- VINCEWALLACE
- GERALD ERICKSON
- ARRON GRIFFIN
- PAT75
- THAT TSUNNY BITCH
- NOBU
- XC
- WADEWILSONE