

Dawn of the Giantess (Volume 4)

By Richard C.H. Davies

Warning this story contains: Shrunken Man, Shrunken Woman, giantess, shrunken people in food

Chapter 2 – Dinner for Two

Lena trotted down the stairs singing to herself. She was in a good mood after such a great orgasm.

Her mood swiftly soured as she entered the kitchen diner area. The table was just set for two tonight and that little bitch Katie was on the other side of the table.

Lena sat in her chair in a huff and simply glared at Katie.

“Evening,” Katie said with as much civility as she clearly could summon. Lena didn’t like her and doubted Katie liked her much either, not that she cared.

She looked down at her plate, it was pork and potato tonight. Boring.

She sighed and lifted up her knife and fork.

Katie started to eat in front of Lena. Lena paused to watch the annoying woman grinding her teeth on a piece of pork. She watched the mouth of the other woman with distain as it chewed.

She made up her mind and reached down into her bra and pulled her hand out, it was curled into a fist. She was holding something.

She held her fist out over her dinner plate and opened her fingers.

Two tiny bodies fell out with a yelp, landing on the ceramic plate with a little clatter.

Katie started in surprise, spitting out the pork on her own plate and sliding backwards in her chair.

Wide eyed she looked down at Lena’s plate. She was in shock at the two tiny people sprawled out in front of her. It was a man and a woman. They looked quite young, around mid-twenties. They both looked completely disorientated and terrified. Laying prone, their limbs splayed in different directions like ragdolls.

Both of them had red lines and marks over their bodies as if they had been tied up with something.

"Do you remember that couple from the beach?" Lena asked, slyly. Katie was transfixed on them. They looked completely exhausted. The woman’s hair was all matted, as if she hadn’t been had a wash recently.

There was a light crust of something coating both of them.

They both drew themselves up to a kneeling position and looked around themselves, trembling and terrified.

They both exclaimed in horror when they realised where they were.

Katie watched the woman's expression as she realised that what she was directly in front of her were slices of pork meat. The little woman snapped her head to her right, there was a big mound of mashed potato and to their left was a pile of vegetables.

Then she looked straight up at Katie and they locked gaze, both exchanged looks of horror at each other.

Katie went to reach out for her, trying to rescue the poor helpless little thing.

"Ah ah ah," Lena cut off her intention by wagging her finger, her other hand lightly holding the shrinking device, pointing the muzzle at Katie.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Katie demanded in a shout, rising to her feet and gripping the edge of the table.

"Sit down, bitch!" Lena responded with a shout of her own, lifting and pointing the shrinking device, glaring at Katie. "Just give me a reason to use this on you."

Katie sat back down, staring daggers in return at Lena. She was no longer scared of her, that was evident.

Lena reached out with her free hand and picked up the gravy boat.

She lifted it up, watching Katie's expression.

"Gravy?" She asked Katie nonchalantly. Katie didn't respond she just stared at Lena.

Lena reached over with the gravy boat and poured gravy over Katie's pork and then hovered the gravy spout over her own plate and then poured it on her pork.

Some of the gravy pooled off and washed around the knees of the tiny couple. They whimpered in response, looking down at the warm gravy in terror.

They were astonished and horrified at the fact that they were on a giant dinner plate with food on it, surrounded by huge women.

When they both went to stand Lena prevented them by telling them to stay kneeling.

Then, still looking straight at Lena, she held the spout of the gravy boat over the tiny woman and poured.

"Don't," Katie protested, but it was too late.

The tiny woman's back arched as she felt the warm gravy pour down her back. She was sobbing now, her shoulders quickly jerking up and down. She was pleading for it to stop.

Katie wanted to close her eyes and make this all go away.

Lena moved the spout further up and it poured over the tiny woman's shoulders and started to cover her naked chest with the viscous fluid. It poured around and then over her tiny perky breasts coating them completely. The man watched on in horror.

"Please stop!" The man protested up at Lena.

Katie continued to look at the tiny woman in shock, she was covered in the gravy.

Lena nudged the boat a bit more and the gravy poured over the little face, it screamed out in horror, the tiny mouth a little dark hole surrounded by the brown fluid, bubbles burst out of her mouth as she gurgled and then coughed and spluttered.

Lena gave a low menacing chuckle.

"She looks better like that, don't you think?"

"You're a fucking psycho," Katie growled at her. Lena shrugged in response.

She simply nudged the man to his feet.

He stumbled, complaining and protesting. He turned round and looked up at her.

"Please!" He pleaded up at her, "Please don't hurt us anymore,"

Lena ignored him and instead placed two fingertips on his back and roughly pushed him towards the mound of mashed potato. He stumbled forwards from the rough push and his feet slipped on the gravy underfoot. He slid, arms wheeling and then crashed into the soft creamy mound of potato, his upper body sinking inside.

He struggled and flapped with his arms and legs, pulling himself out, but Lena merely pressed his little head into the potato with her index finger until he stopped resisting her.

She bit her lower lip as her eyes slowly drifted back to Katie.

The other woman's face was a mask of anger and hatred. That wasn't what Lena was completely going for.

"Have you tasted what they are like when they are covered in gravy?" Lena asked as she picked up the tiny woman with her thumb and forefinger.

Katie shook her head slowly, her right hand was tightening around her dinner knife. Lena knew that she shouldn't push this much further.

"Don't you, fucking, dare!" Katie warned slowly, with a growl.

Lena paused, considering her next move. The woman flopped in her hand, exhausted.

"Fine," she retorted. "You clean them up yourself then." She shoved the woman into the back of the man and drove them both further into the mound of mashed potato until they were completely consumed by it.

Doctor Cook walked into the kitchen at the very instant that the tiny people were out of sight, she saw Katie's hand in the potato.

"Don't play with your food Lena darling," The Doctor stated with a condescending tone, "You're old enough now, behave yourself in front of our guest at the very least."

Katie glanced up at Doctor Cook and caught her eye. The Doctor saw the anger and stress lines on Katie's face, but Katie was very surprised to see the fleeting glimpse of pain and disappointment in the Doctor's eyes.

So the Doctor knew what her daughter does and lets it go unpunished. Katie glanced back at Lena. The pouting young woman wrinkled her face and huffed her chest, stubborn to the end.

"I'm afraid I can't join you both tonight," the Doctor said as she continued through to the lounge, Katie heard the voice of her head of security, Aldin, in the background.

That was when Katie knew that the Doctor would protect her daughter, despite the fact that she was clearly insane. Katie had to get out of this place. She was either going to get implicated in this sick plot, experimented on by the Doctor or shrunken by this psycho woman and god knows what she did to her poor victims.

Lena waited until her mother was out of ear and eyeshot, glancing over her shoulder and then leered back at Katie.

The mound of potato was moving as the tiny people struggled for air.

Lena reached forward with her hand to grab at a slender little arm that appeared out of the mound.

“Stop it,” Katie stated firmly. Lena paused her hand in mid-air, looking directly at Katie. “Please,” Katie implored. Lena’s hand was returned to her lap.

“And what do I get in return?” She asked evenly, sitting back in her chair and slumping slightly, relaxing.

That took Katie by surprise. Lena was suddenly negotiating with her?

“What do you want?” Katie asked, confused, not sure where this was going. Lena paused, considering her options or perhaps how to present what she wanted.

Then a mild smile crossed her face.

“I want you to show me what you did with your friend Danielle,” Katie felt blood rush to her head, “with your little captives that you shrunk,” Lena’s eyes narrowed, she crossed her arms, the mild smile widened into a thin smile that stretched the corners of her lips, the corners slowly drifting up her cheeks as she saw the blood fill Katie’s face.

Katie knew she was visibly blushing but she couldn’t stop it. She was suddenly very hot, she felt a prickly sensation up and down her spine and under her arms and legs.

Lena was smiling at her.

“Yes, I know about what you did. I want to see you do it, that’s what I want,” Lena concluded. Katie shifted in her seat, looking at the mound of potato and the pitiful victims.

She thought it through. She couldn’t shake the memory of that night, they were not good memories.

“No, I won’t ever do what I did again,” she bluntly refused. Lena shrugged, raising her eyebrows and pursing her lips in resignation.

“Well, I tried,” Lena stated as if Katie had just turned down a rational choice. She leaned forwards and picked up her plate.

“I’m going to finish my dinner in my room, I can’t wait to eat it all up,” she said to Katie as she stood up, with her other hand she scooped a lump of mashed potato up with her index finger and placed it in her mouth.

She closed her lips around her finger with a light moan.

“Hmm...”

“Okay, you sick bitch. Can I at least tell you rather than show you?” That made Lena pause and consider. Katie was negotiating now.

“Okay,” Lena put the plate down on the table. Katie paused, looking at Lena in shock.

“What, right now?” She asked. Lena nodded emphatically.

“Can’t we at least finish our food?” Lena rolled her eyes, looking down at the tiny people. “And not the people on your plate...” Katie added.

“Fine,” Lena sat down roughly on her chair and dragged out the tiny squealing couple. She put the woman in her mouth and sucked on her and then put her on the table top, repeating the same with the man, as if they were cutlery.

Lena then started eating her food.

The two tiny people sat on their hindquarters, shaking in complete terror, looking back and forth at the two giantesses, frozen in their position.

Katie watched Lena mistrustfully for a few seconds and then picked up her own cutlery and started to eat. A thought occurred to her.

“Oh,” she said with her mouth full of food, “and I’m going to need some drinks,” she stated.

Lena shrugged as she chewed her food eagerly. Katie could tell she was excited.

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They sat in the lounge by the bar, both women sat on sofas at a right angle, nursing vodka and tonics. A litre bottle of vodka and ice sat glistening on the glass table in front of them.

Lena had put the little couple in a steep sided bowl on the table, within eyeshot.

Both women sat there in silence, uncomfortable.

“So...” Lena prompted slowly.

“So what do you want to know?” Katie asked. Lena laid back taking a long drink. *Good, Katie thought, drink as much as possible.*

Katie reluctantly started to tell her story right from the beginning, Lisa bullying her and then causing her to be arrested. Then Katie shrinking people and getting tangled up with Jonah. Then as Lena urged her on she talked about some of the things she did with the people.

It was so embarrassing and shameful to talk about, but she was starting to make sense of it after talking to Steve and Lauren about some of it.

Strangely enough Lena listened to her with only minor interruptions, usually wanting more detail, forcing lurid detail out of Katie.

Lena continued to drink through all of it. It took a few hours for Katie to tell the story.

Lena was most interested about Danielle when she got to that part that Danielle had caught her.

“Oh my god, how did you feel being caught by Danielle?” Lena clutched her hands to her face with excitement.

“Terrible, felt terrible,” Katie blushed. “But I was kind of drunk, so my senses were definitely dialled on that front.”

Lena encouraged Katie to tell her everything that she could remember doing with Danielle, and the tiny captives, and how it all felt. She seemed utterly fascinated by the experience of either a lesbian encounter or two normal sized humans playing with tiny people.

She let Katie finish her story by bringing it forward to her being taken by Doctor Cook and whisked off the mainland in the plane.

After all of it Lena downed her glass of vodka and tonic.

"That is an amazing story," she finally stated with a smile.

"Thank you..." Katie replied uncertainly. She wasn't used to Lena being interested in her or nice. She was suspicious of the inconsistent behaviour.

She sat there watching Katie for a few seconds, it was growing uncomfortable.

"I want you to do all that to me," Lena finally stated. Katie's eyes widened in surprise and shock.

"No!" she protested. "No I will not."

Lena grimaced in frustration. She wasn't used to being refused.

"I'm asking you nicely Katie," she said, looking directly into her eyes.

"Still no," Katie downed her own drink. "Time for bed I think."

"Do it, or..." Lena picked up the bowl, "I don't know what I'll do with these two..."

"You're a sick woman, do you know that?" Katie glared at Lena and spoke through gritted teeth. Lena nodded in agreement.

"I know, I'm damaged goods, so I need you to show me the path to redemption," she said seriously and then burst out laughing. She sobered quickly after that. "No seriously, if you don't I'm going to crush these two under my butt cheeks on this table, right in front of you."

"Manipulation won't work on this occasion Lena. How will your mother take it, you basically threatening me and trying to... rape me,"

"I'm not raping you, I'm not forcing myself on you," Lena started, eyes wide and angry in protest.

"You don't need to physically force yourself on someone to be a rapist, you ignorant shit," Katie spat out at her.

Lena was stopped in her tracks.

"You're just as bad as me, you're such a bitch. You worm your way into my mother's graces," Lena's face was red with fury, "but you've done equally bad shit, you've killed someone in your sexual acts. You've kidnapped people and had your way with them without their will, I didn't accuse you did I?"

Lena sat back crossing her arms, resting her chin on her chest.

Then she stood up in a huff, picked up the bowl and stormed out the room.

"What are you doing with them?" Katie called after her.

"None of your fucking business!" Lena shouted back.