

Mado/Homu's Tiny Massacre (Giantess, Madoka)

A sharp knock at the door roused Homura from her slumber. Disentangling herself from Madoka, she grabbed a dressing gown and made her way downstairs, rubbing the sleep from her eyes as she walked.

Whoever was at the door rapped again sharply as she arrived. "I'm here!" she cried. With a yawn, she took the handle in her hand and pulled.

She'd barely gotten the door open than the man on the other side pressed a box into her hands. "Sign here please," he added, dropping a clipboard on top of it. Leaning in, Homura squinted. What was—?

Recollection blew through her head like a lightning bolt. *Oh! I completely forgot I ordered them!*

Fully awake now, she hurriedly signed the clipboard and slammed the door on the retreating deliveryman. Heart pounding, she rushed back up the stairs, box shaking in her hands. If you listened closely, it sounded as if someone were screaming inside it. Lots of someones. "Madoka! Madoka! It arrived!"

She burst into the bedroom to find Madoka sitting up and rubbing her eyes. "Wh-what?" asked her partner, slipping out of bed to join her.

"The tinies I ordered!" With a wild laugh, Homura slammed the box onto their desk and scrambled for a pair of scissors. As she sliced through the tape holding it shut, the screaming became louder and louder.

Inside the cardboard was a layer of styrofoam, and inside the styrofoam was a glass tank. Tossing aside the rest of the packaging, Homura and Madoka leaned in close. And grinned at what they found inside:

Tinies. At least a hundred or more of them, all barely larger than a centimeter in height. They came in every size and shape and color imaginable, and most important, they were theirs to do with as they pleased.

Grinning, Homura rummaged in a drawer and picked out a pair of tweezers. "What should we do with them first?" she asked, popping the top of the glass tank—inside, the tinies screamed as her shadow swept over them.

"Aren't you supposed to eat them?" asked Madoka.

"You can eat them. But you can do anything you like with them, really. You could stamp on them, or sit on them, or put them through the blender."

"Ooo, that last one sounds fun."

Homura giggled. “Anything you can think of.” Leaning into the box, she slipped the tweezers around a young man’s waist, squeezed tight, and wrenched him squirming out of the container. For some reason, none of the tinies were wearing anything more covering than underwear, which made it especially funny to see him squirming in her grip.

Holding him up in the air above them, Homura leaned in close.

“Aw’s, he’s so cute,” said Madoka.

“What do you wanna do with him?” asked Homura, swinging her pet from side to side and grinning as the little guy screamed.

“Why don’t we build them a cute little home?” asked Madoka, rummaging in a drawer for some empty boxes. We could give them all their own little house, and places to work, and—”

Homura cocked her head.

“—and when we got bored, we could smash the place like Godzilla.”

Homura laughed. “That sounds fun. Let’s start small though.”

“Do you think you can get him in my mouth?” said Madoka, retreating to the far side of the room and opened wide.

Homura laughed. “I can try!” Squeezing the tweezers a little tighter, she drew back as if about to throw a baseball and flung the young man straight across the room. His scream sounded like a gas leak as he sailed through the air and straight into Madoka—slamming her teeth shut, she swallowed with a gulp.

“How did he taste?” asked Homura.

“Kinda salty.”

“That’s the fear.”

As Madoka wiped her mouth, Homura turned back to the box full of tinies, who’d pressed themselves back into the far corner, looking up at her with expressions of utter terror. “What should we do with them next?” she asked.

“Oooh, oooh, I have an idea!” cried Madoka. Disappear into their cupboard, she soon emerged with a smooth, silver object in her hands.

As she realized what it was, Homura burst into laughter. “Is that the CAT?”

“Yeah!”

Working together, they cleared the bedroom floor and locked the door. This done, Homura took the box of tinies and tipped it onto its side, pouring them all over the floor. "Careful not to use them all!" cried Madoka.

"Don't worry, I won't. We should be able to recycle some of them anyway."

Placing the box back on the table, Homura and Madoka stepped back and looked down at the tinies covering on their bedroom floor. "Ready?" asked Homura.

"Ready!" cried Madoka. She placed the CAT on the ground and snapped it on.

As the CAT whirred into life, the twenty or so tinies Homura had tipped out broke into utter panic. Half of them turned and ran for cover, while the rest huddled up in a desperate attempt to achieve safety by numbers.

Mindless as the machine it was, the CAT swept its scanner over the room and rolled forward, aimed directly at the largest group of 'mice' it could detect. As it approached them, the huddled tinies screamed and ran for cover too, but they'd left it too late. Like a tiger, the CAT fell upon them, slurping half of them up outright and crushing several others beneath its spiked wheels, leaving little bloodstains on the floor.

Madoka and Homura burst into giggles. "Look at them run!" cried Homura, pointing to one little woman in particular as she ran, screaming across the floor, the CAT following steadfastly behind her.

"She's going to make it!" cried Homura.

"Not if I can help it." With a smug laugh, Madoka pushed the carpet. The young woman dropped to the floor with a scream, and the CAT rolled straight over her, sucking her up like the little mouse she resembled.

Afterward, it didn't take the CAT long to finish its work. Pinging from one side of the bedroom to another, it caught its mice with the efficiency of its namesake, slurping them all up into its jaws or running them down with its spiked wheels.

In the end, however, it came to a stop, beeping pitifully. "Aw, what's the matter?" said Madoka, bending down to examine it. "Are you full?" The CAT's tank was slick with shredded flesh and blood, but it wasn't full yet. "Oh, I see, you can't reach him, can you?"

Bending down, the pair found one last mouse tucked into a corner beneath the bed, hidden between two boxes that the CAT couldn't move.

Reaching in, Homura snatched him out. "Well, I guess he deserves a reward for being the last one standing..."

Madoka grinned. "Wanna flush him down the toilet?"

"Yeah!"