

Kyo/Saya's Tiny Buffet (Giantess, Vore, Madoka)

Sayaka's eyebrow rose as she heard the knock at the door. With a frown, she dropped the pans back into the sink, removed her gloves and marched to the entrance just in time to hear a second one. She opened it up.

The deliveryman on the other side threw her a smile and dropped a box into her hands. "Enjoy, ma'am," he said, turning and marching away without another word.

Sayaka frowned. What was—? She looked down at the box, and her eyes lit up as she realized what it was. "Kyoko! Kyoko!" she called, hurrying to the living room. "It finally arrived!"

In the living room, Kyoko stopped flipping channels to fix her with a frown. "What's arrived?" she asked, snapping her stick of pocky. She squinted at the box; her eyes lit up as well. "Wait, no... is that?"

As Kyoko leapt to her feet, Sayaka slammed the box onto the coffee table and hurried to tear it open. In the end, Kyoko grabbed at a pair of scissors and sliced through the tape herself. Sayaka wrenched it apart.

What they found inside was a little glass terrarium the size of a large book yet with infinitely more characters. Bending down, the two found a thousand or more tiny faces staring back at them, their eyes wide in horror. Little people, none bigger than a grain of rice and all utterly naked, filled the floor of the box, crammed so tight it was a wonder they could move.

"Holy crap," said Kyoko, reaching for another stick of pocky. "There's so many of them!"

"I know!" cried Sayaka. "I was expecting there to be a lot, but not *this* many." She laughed. "What do you think we should do with them?"

Kyoko bit her lip in thought. "I have one idea..." she said, popping the lid off the terrarium. Plucking her stick of pocky from her mouth, she made sure it was sufficiently lubricated and stuck it straight into the crowd of terrified tiny humans. They squealed and struggled to run, but the box left no space for them—in the end, all they achieved was trampling their slower members.

Kyoko worked the stick of chocolate around for a few seconds and finally pulled it out. When it emerged, it came covered in tens of tiny humans, their bodies stuck to the chocolate by a mix of its own stickiness and Kyoko's spit. Raising them to her face, she gave a big grin. "Delicious." And with that, she stuffed them straight through her lips.

When she pulled the stick out, most of the chocolate and every stuck to it was gone. Swallowing, Kyoko licked her lips and patted her stomach. "Mmm~," she said. "Yummy."

Sayaka giggled. "Are they really that tasty?"

“Of course they are!” cried Kyoko. “They’re like little living sprinkles! I could eat them for days.”

Shivering in delight, Sayaka bit her lip. “I have the perfect idea.” She said, leaping to her feet. She scurried off.

A few seconds later, Sayaka returned holding in her arms an enormous tub of vanilla ice cream. Slamming it on the coffee table, she wrenched off the lid, produced a spoon, and scooped out an enormous dollop of the stuff.

“Now what comes next?” she asked, grin widening.

Kyoko laughed. “I think I can guess.” Reaching into the terrarium, she grabbed a handful of squirming, struggling humans and sprinkled them all over Sayaka’s ice cream. The little men and women screamed as they slammed into the dessert, instantly sinking far enough that they couldn’t just pull themselves free. Flailing, they cried for help in their ridiculous, squeaky voices.

Kyoko and Sayaka burst into laughter. “Go on,” said Kyoko, watching as one man did something like snow angels in a desperate attempt to escape the vanilla trap. “See what they taste like!”

With a grin, Sayaka raised the dollop of ice cream to her eyes. Looking closely, she could make out the individual humans struggling on its surface. One young woman stared back at her, clearly desperate for mercy, but Sayaka simply laughed. “Okay.” Sticking out her tongue, she took a great lick of the cream and all its human sprinkles. Tens of tiny screams filled the air and then went abruptly silent as she forced her tongue down even harder.

Pulling back, she slurped up some of the cream and let it roll around her mouth a little, cocking her head as she processed the flavor. The taste of vanilla was obvious, of course, but the humans in the mix were a little more subtle. When she chewed, she made out something sweet and metallic she assumed was their blood, but the taste really wasn’t strong enough to tell.

With a shrug, she forced the rest of the spoonful into her mouth and chewed and swallowed without savoring it.

“What’s the matter?” asked Kyoko. “Didn’t you like the taste?”

Sayaka shrugged. “I didn’t dislike it or anything—it just wasn’t very strong.”

Kyoko laughed. “That’s because there weren’t enough of them in there! Come on, I’ve got an idea.” Grabbing the tub of ice cream and the terrarium, she dragged Sayaka into the kitchen.

As Sayaka watched with a frown, Kyoko pulled out their blender. “This should give you something with a stronger taste~.” Ripping off the top, she grabbed the tub of ice cream and started spooning in one dollop after another. Finally, satisfied, she picked up the terrarium

and started to tip its human contents towards the blender's mouth. "How many is too much, do you think?"

Sayaka shrugged.

The terrarium's occupants screamed and struggled to cling on, clambering over each other in their desperation to live, but in the end, gravity won out. Kyoko simply tipped the tank far enough that no one could hold on: screaming, they tumbled into the blender.

With a little chuckle, Kyoko sat it to 'fine' and flicked it on. The screams cut out instantly, silenced by the whirr of the blades.

Finally, she released the switch. A thick fluid, pinkish brown with vague hints of red filled the blender. Taking it, she poured some into a cup.

"Try this," she said, offering it to Sayaka.

Sayaka sipped with an enormous grin.