

LUCIFER AND LILITH SYND
PRESENT:

Full
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Special

*Giantess
Spa*
REIGN OF WOMEN
Eleventh Issue

Preston's consciousness returned hours later... There were times in which his body forced itself awake because of the brutal treatment he received: he didn't remember much, only images here and there of being carried, stripped and then hosed down with powerful jets of water...

Now he was weak, unable to move a muscle... If it wasn't for the two Valkyries forcefully dragging him, he'd be laying on the floor... But then, brightness as a door opened... And as he looked in front of himself, all of his hatred and rage at the sight of the three Women made him jolt awake.

"Well, hello there, Mr Leader of the Resistance..." started Sadira, while the Valkyries kept their march moving forward.





"S... Sadira..." Preston couldn't recognize his own voice, he almost had none... His throat had been damaged by Liz's ungodly assault.

"Now, now, little male... At least you could show a bit of repentance by calling me with the proper title I deserve... It's GODDESS Sadira to you and to anyone of your inferior gender." continued the silver haired Woman "You caused quite some trouble, didn't you? I mean... Besides taking potential slaves away from us in the beginning, now you even barge in our Gydja administration building and kill one of our best executives? Tsk tsk... I think the public toilets won't be enough of a punishment for you..."

"Hold on a sec, Sadira..." said Freyja then, stepping forward.



The blonde gorgeous Icelandic Woman came in front of Preston and used her hand to lift up his face, moving it side to side as if she was studying him.

"This guy is the Leader of the Resistance? He's just a kid... Hell, he could be my son... How is a little wimp like you able to organize an entire military force and even more get in our city fully armed without being noticed?" asked Freyja, with a full teasing tone of voice.

"Wait... Aren't you Preston? Demonica's boytoy?" asked Elexis then "You're joking... I thought my daughter would have put you in your place when the Women took over..."

"Sur...prise... Bitch..." replied Preston, still defiant.

"Fu fu fu... Valkyries, get him down on the floor." ordered Sadira.



It didn't take any effort for the two Executrices to execute that order. They simply dropped the man they were holding and he fell down almost lifelessly, his legs getting thrown up in the air and the hit stunning him.

"Awww, poor boy... Tired after being shat on by Liz and smothered by my two beautiful girls?" teased Freyja, towering dominant "What you've experienced so far will be just a joke compared to the real torment that awaits you from this day forth..."

"Sshhhht, Freyja... Don't spoil it for him. Let him enjoy it as it comes..." added Elexis, laughing out cruelly afterwards "Hell, I wanted to abuse him since the day Demonica brought him to meet me..."

"Well, now you have the chance to do just that and even more, Elexis dear." commented Sadira "Valkyries... Secure him down. I don't want him moving even a muscle."

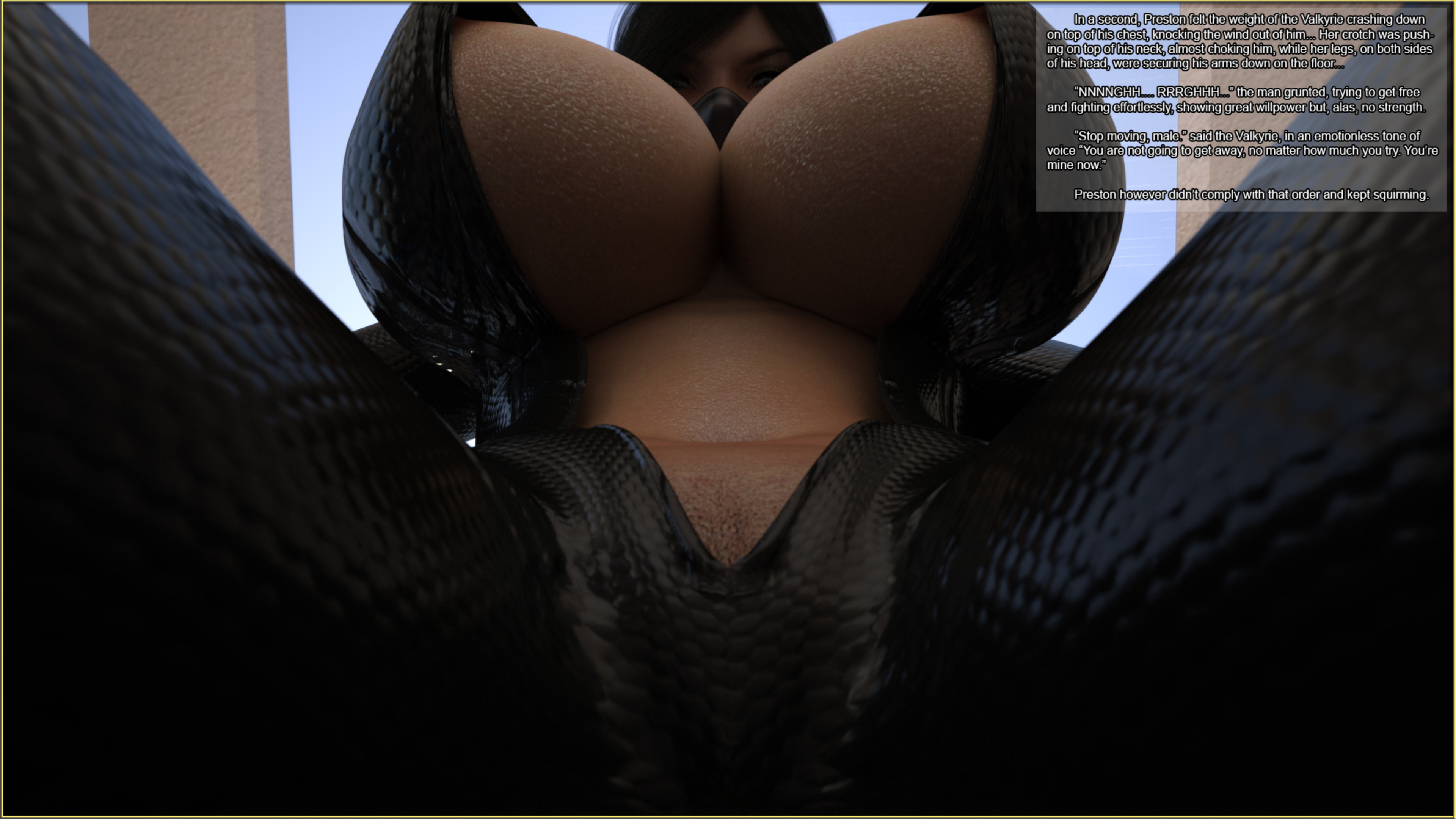


As the order arrived, one of the two leather-wearing Women moved right on top of Preston, with one foot on each side of his head.

Instinctively, the man tried to defend himself by raising his arms against the towering legs of the Valkyrie, but she simply bent down and had her own hands ready if he had managed to do anything...

But needless to be said, the Leader of the Resistance was too weak to actually make a dent.

The other Valkyrie casually strolled towards the main door leading to this room and that was the last Preston was able to see before the Woman on top of him dropped down.



In a second, Preston felt the weight of the Valkyrie crashing down on top of his chest, knocking the wind out of him... Her crotch was pushing on top of his neck, almost choking him, while her legs, on both sides of his head, were securing his arms down on the floor...

"NNNGHH... RRRGHHH..." the man grunted, trying to get free and fighting effortlessly, showing great willpower but, alas, no strength.

"Stop moving, male." said the Valkyrie, in an emotionless tone of voice "You are not going to get away, no matter how much you try. You're mine now."

Preston however didn't comply with that order and kept squirming.

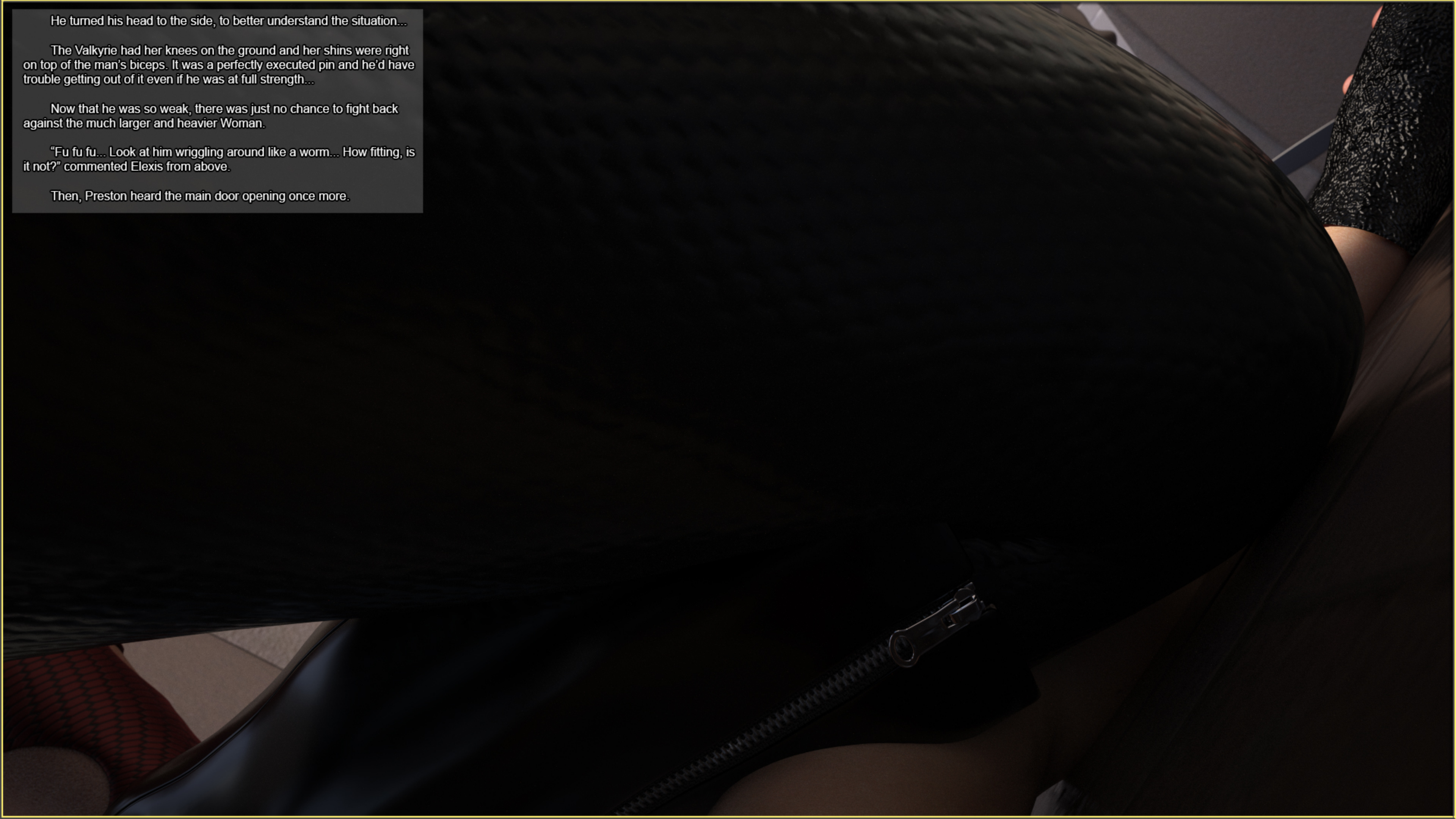
He turned his head to the side, to better understand the situation...

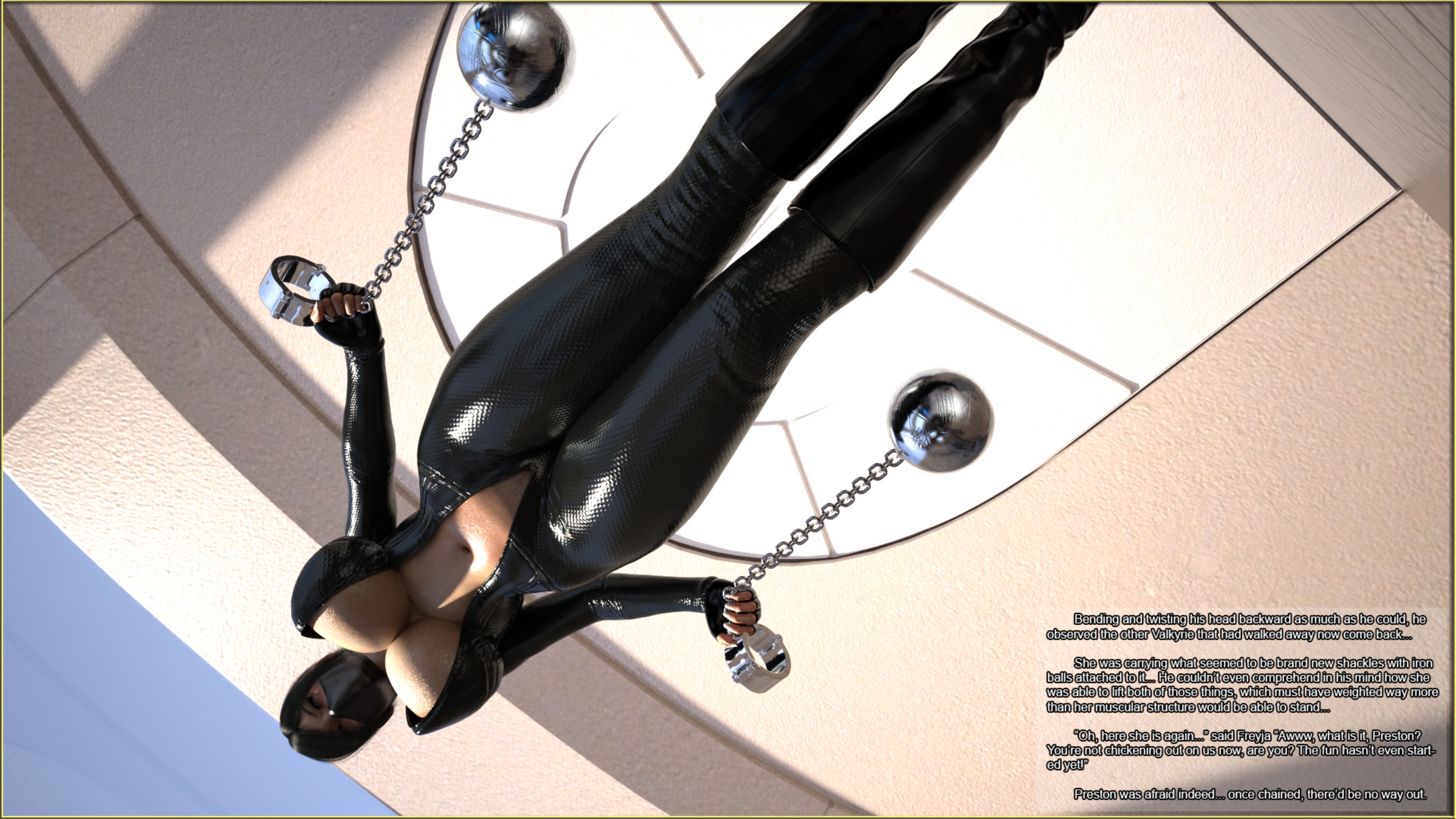
The Valkyrie had her knees on the ground and her shins were right on top of the man's biceps. It was a perfectly executed pin and he'd have trouble getting out of it even if he was at full strength...

Now that he was so weak, there was just no chance to fight back against the much larger and heavier Woman.

"Fu fu fu... Look at him wriggling around like a worm... How fitting, is it not?" commented Elexis from above.

Then, Preston heard the main door opening once more.





Bending and twisting his head backward as much as he could, he observed the other Valkyrie that had walked away now come back...

She was carrying what seemed to be brand new shackles with iron balls attached to it... He couldn't even comprehend in his mind how she was able to lift both of those things, which must have weighted way more than her muscular structure would be able to stand...

"Oh, here she is again..." said Freyja "Awww, what is it, Preston? You're not chickening out on us now, are you? The fun hasn't even started yet!"

Preston was afraid indeed... once chained, there'd be no way out.



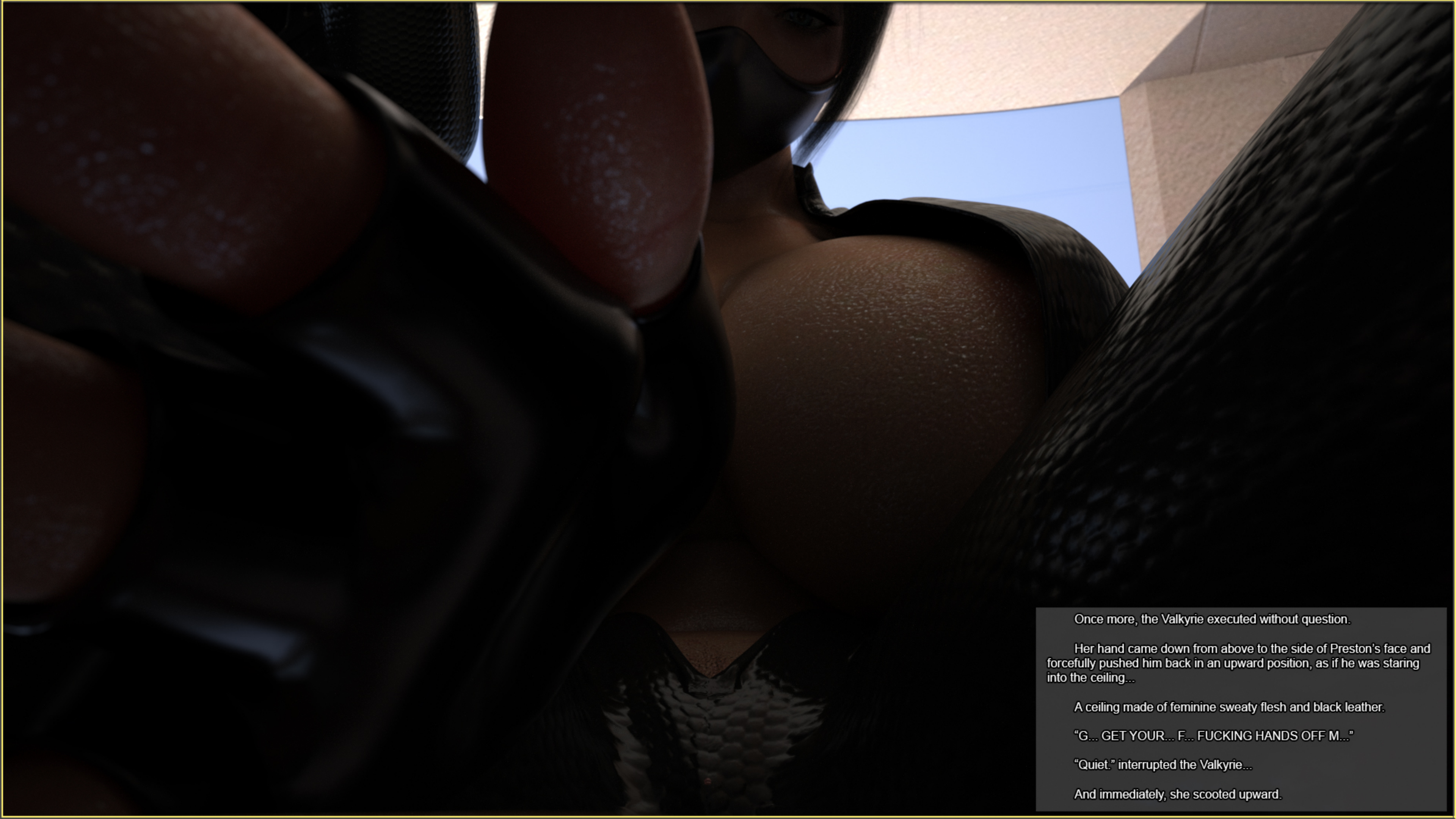
And the worst part?

There was no one to help him, nobody who cared about helping him in that room.. All they wanted was to torture him, abuse him sexually and humiliate him.

“S... STOP! F.. FUCKING... STOP!” Preston tried to shout, only to feel his throat burning, which made him cough violently...

The Valkyrie meanwhile was skillfully placing the shackles on... She secured the first lock on the man's wrist while he kept raging.

“Oh, shut him up already...” ordered Sadira.



Once more, the Valkyrie executed without question.

Her hand came down from above to the side of Preston's face and forcefully pushed him back in an upward position, as if he was staring into the ceiling...

A ceiling made of feminine sweaty flesh and black leather.

"G... GET YOUR... F... FUCKING HANDS OFF M..."

"Quiet." interrupted the Valkyrie...

And immediately, she scooted upward.



“WHAT THE FUUUMMMMMPHHHH!!!”

With a humping motion, the leather-covered crotch of the Executrix captured Preston’s face in a airless vice...

She pushed herself down, making the man’s nose push right into her labia and covering his mouth with her large, voluptuous ass... Her eyes were fixed into his, observing and most likely enjoying the expression of shock and pain coming from being suddenly suffocated.

“No more complaining now. Just smother under my pussy and ass for a while, inferior male.” said the Valkyrie, showing no mercy nor compassion.



Trying to move his head side to side did nothing for Preston... The Valkyrie was so firmly seated and had such perfect control of her hips that never, even for once, did his nostrils get free to receive some oxygen.

His head tilted and he raised his eyes up to look at Sadira as she came into the field of view.

“Not so much of a tough guy to me... Just another male being put in its rightful place, beneath a Woman and at her mercy... It's just the natural order of things, Mr Preston... And you better keep silent and still if you want to save the air in your lungs... Fu fu fu...” the Supreme Goddess was teasing him... Further increasing the anger of the young Leader.

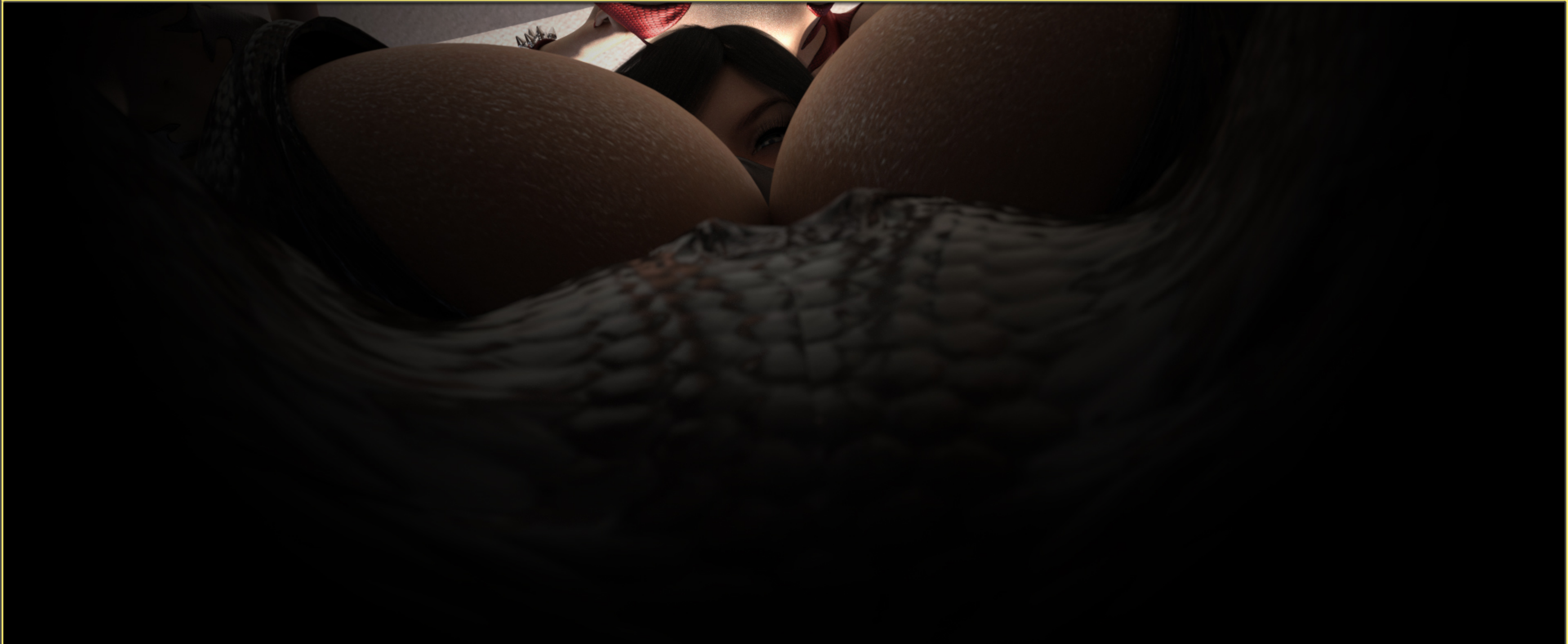


Then even the other Goddesses came into his view... Well, partial view at least... What wasn't covered by the Valkyrie's legs and crotch smothering him was being hidden by her enormous breasts...

"So you know this guy, Elexis?" asked Freyja.

"Sort of. He was presented to me once by my daughter, Démonia. They were together before the Reign was created but from what I know, he knocked my sweet girl out and ran away hiding like the rat he is..." Elexis' voice was full of anger, cold hatred...

"Your daughter was just a victim like many other Women... A victim of these bugs that refused to submit." Added Sadira.



Hearing those words, the Valkyrie pushed even harder on Preston's face and almost at the point of squishing his head down onto the floor...

He had been suffocating for so long now and his sight was starting to fade away, his consciousness falling into the darkness...

"Hey, Valk..." Sadira's voice was muffled to the ears of the man "We need him alive, still... And looks like your sister is finished with the binding."

"Hmmm... Shame... Nothing would have given me more pleasure than suffocating this inferior ballsack to his death..." replied the Executrix, but at last she obeyed the order given by the Supreme Goddess.



“OOOOOOOOPHHH!!! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! AAHHH... AAAHH-HH...” Preston inhaled so loudly and breathed once more oxygen...

It had never seemed so wonderful feeling air actually flowing down to his lungs, as if it was the first time that he had ever experienced it... He thought he was gonna die suffocated and instead now here he was breathing again...

“You survive only because the Goddesses will it, male... Remember that.” said the Valkyrie as she went into a kneeling position and finally got off from the man entirely.

She gave him one final smug stare before standing up.



The Valkyrie that had been smothering him moved to the left side of his body and stood there for a couple more seconds...

The other, which had been busy until now with chaining Preston's arms to the heavy iron balls, was now holding his legs together and joining them with some sort of big shackle that wouldn't have allowed any movement...

He was completely paralyzed now... Any chance of escaping the tortures of the cruel and sadistic Women of the Regime was gone forever.

"Alright, I'm done here. Let's get the box." said the kneeling Valk.



"B...box? What are you freaks talking ab... UUUUNGH!!!"

Before Preston could finish his sentence, the heeled foot of the Red Supreme Goddess came smashing down on top of his chest, knocking the wind out of his lungs...

Elexis twisted her huge platform, burning the skin beneath the hard fabric, making Preston grunt and hiss in pain...

"Nobody gave you permission to speak, slave... Look at that, you even have it tattooed on your chest... Courtesy of Demonica, I assume? She was always such a good girl, knowing how to put her men into the place they belong..." started Elexis.

"E... Elex...is... How am I n...ot surprised... you're one...of them..." said Preston smugly.

"Still defiant in the face of complete submission and humiliation, uh? Don't worry... Me and the other Goddesses have got plenty of methods to break down male spirits and grind them to dust..." she replied.

"G...Goddesses? You're all... Ridiculous..." added the man.

"We'll see how ridiculous you think our methods are once the box is around your head... And our asses will be ready to stink you until you pass out, feed you shit until you're packed as a turkey on Thanksgiving... And let's not forget our pussies, drowning you in pee and squirt... over and over again, for days, weeks... Maybe even months. As long as it will take for you to submit or rot in sickness." Threatened finally Elexis with a cruel smirk.



The three Goddesses then all approached even more... Freyja stood right on top of Preston's head, legs spread showing him her privates with no shame... Sadira approached from the left and Elexis kept her foot on him.

"Y... You're... Disgusting freaks... How can you do this... To people?"

"We can because it's fun... And your rightful place by nature is to be the receivers of all the humiliation us Women can dish out, slave" said Freyja, wiggling her hips side to side to further taunt Preston.

"And what makes this even better? We will broadcast it to the nation, every single time we'll be farting, peeing or shitting down your throat, everyone will see it. Your slow death by sickness will be a real fear inducer to any male that would ever attempt to rise against us in the future! HAHAAHAA!" added Sadira, cruelly "Now, bring it over, girls."

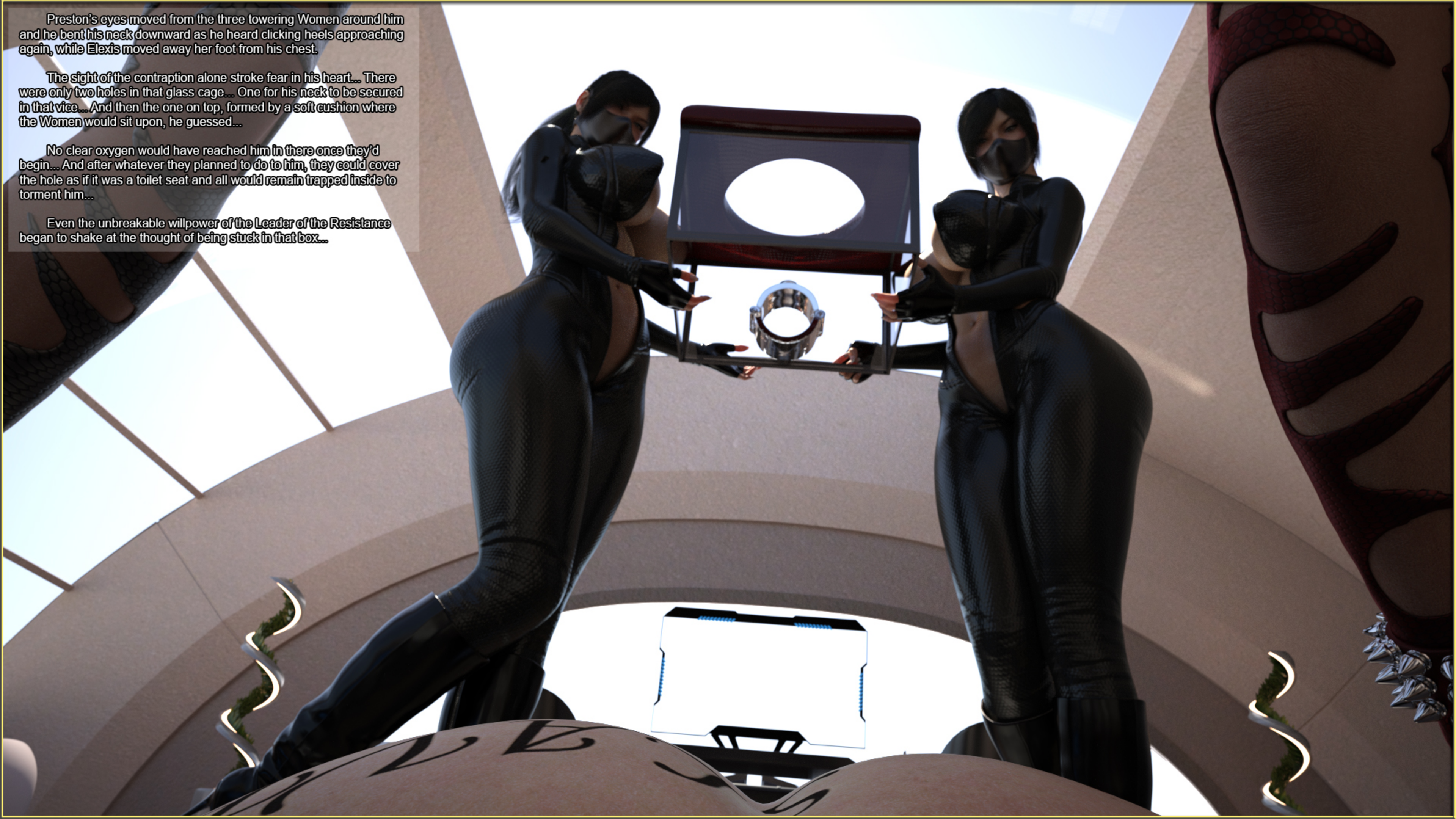


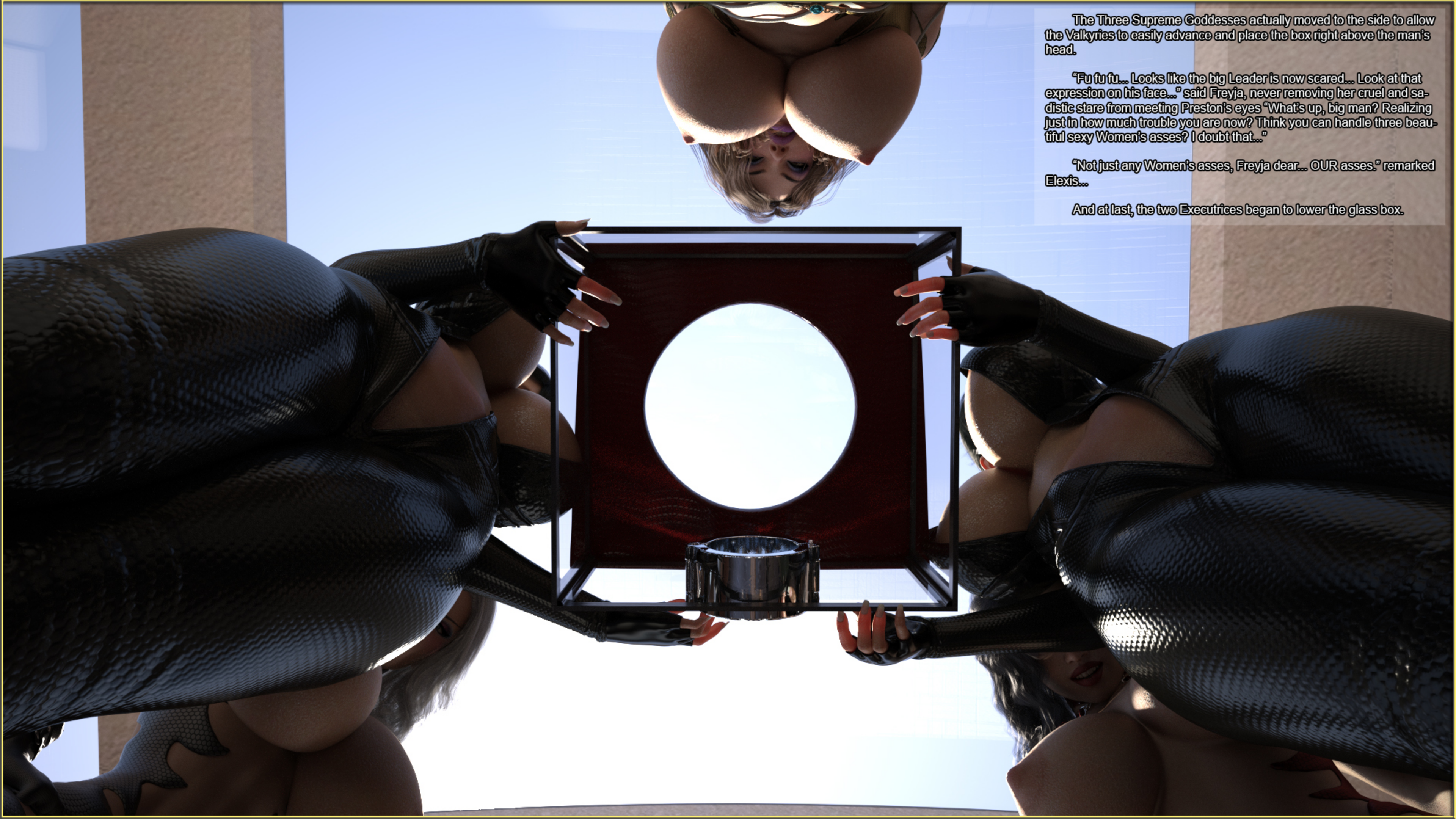
Preston's eyes moved from the three towering Women around him and he bent his neck downward as he heard clicking heels approaching again, while Elexis moved away her foot from his chest.

The sight of the contraption alone stroke fear in his heart... There were only two holes in that glass cage... One for his neck to be secured in that vice... And then the one on top, formed by a soft cushion where the Women would sit upon, he guessed...

No clear oxygen would have reached him in there once they'd begin... And after whatever they planned to do to him, they could cover the hole as if it was a toilet seat and all would remain trapped inside to torment him...

Even the unbreakable willpower of the Leader of the Resistance began to shake at the thought of being stuck in that box...



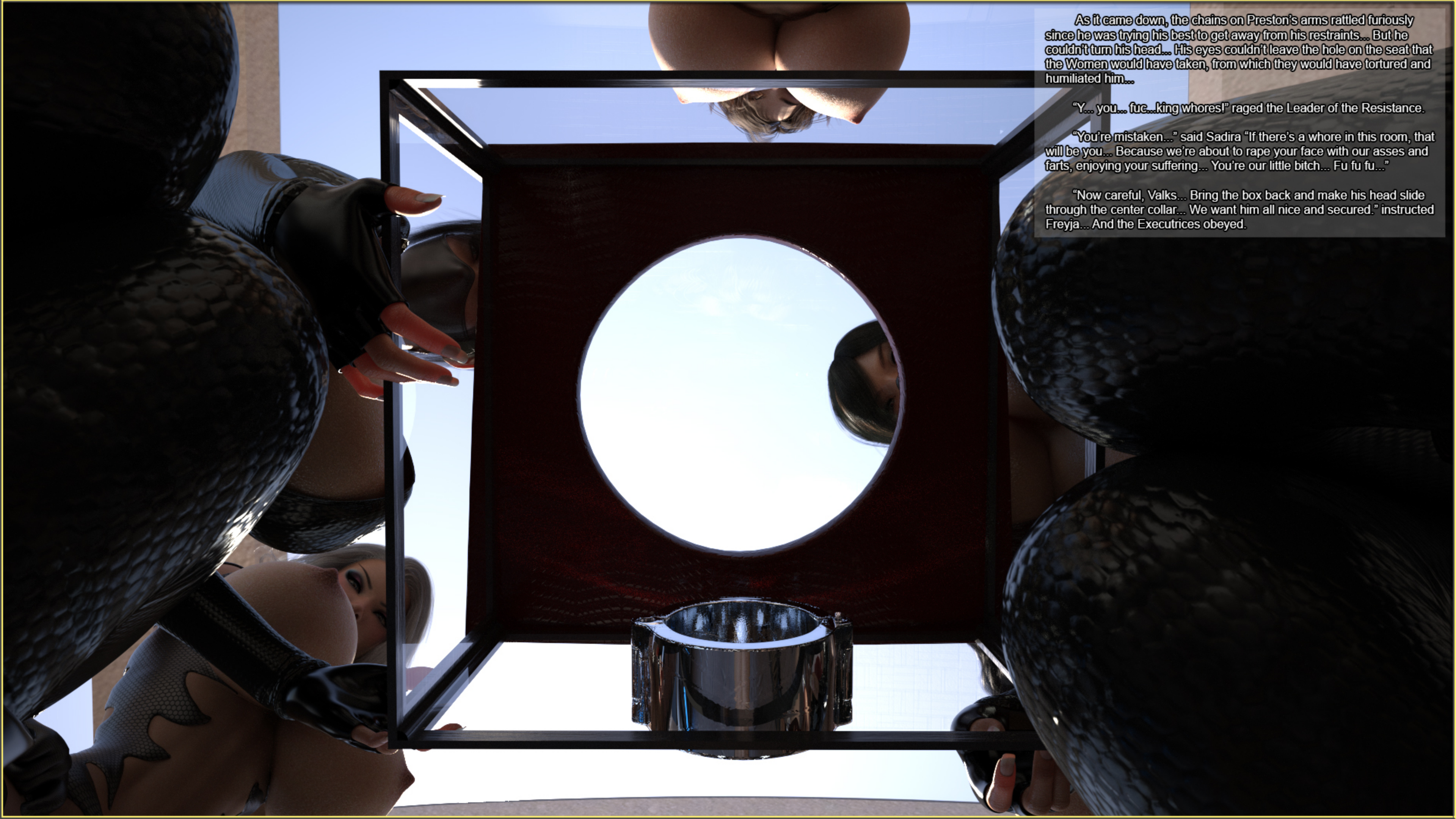


The Three Supreme Goddesses actually moved to the side to allow the Valkyries to easily advance and place the box right above the man's head.

"Fu fu fu... Looks like the big Leader is now scared... Look at that expression on his face..." said Freyja, never removing her cruel and sadistic stare from meeting Preston's eyes "What's up, big man? Realizing just in how much trouble you are now? Think you can handle three beautiful sexy Women's asses? I doubt that..."

"Not just any Women's asses, Freyja dear... OUR asses." remarked Elexis...

And at last, the two Executrices began to lower the glass box.



As it came down, the chains on Preston's arms rattled furiously since he was trying his best to get away from his restraints... But he couldn't turn his head... His eyes couldn't leave the hole on the seat that the Women would have taken, from which they would have tortured and humiliated him...

"Y... you... fuc...king whores!" raged the Leader of the Resistance.

"You're mistaken..." said Sadira "If there's a whore in this room, that will be you... Because we're about to rape your face with our asses and farts, enjoying your suffering... You're our little bitch... Fu fu fu..."

"Now careful, Valks... Bring the box back and make his head slide through the center collar... We want him all nice and secured." instructed Freyja... And the Executrices obeyed.



Finally, everything was in place.

After fitting his head through the neckpiece, the Valkyries tightened it up so that no air could filter through there... Nor anything would escape. The only source of oxygen in the box was now the hole above.

Preston could hear his own breathing echoing through the glass, in the narrow space...

"That will be all for now, dears." said Sadira "Return to your usual duties."

"Very well, Supreme Goddess. Enjoy your torture of the male" replied one of the Valkyries and they both began to walk out of the office room.



The Three Supreme Goddesses approached the box then... All staring into the hole and down into Preston's face... Their presence alone was intimidating and now that he was confined in that tiny space? It was ten times more oppressing.

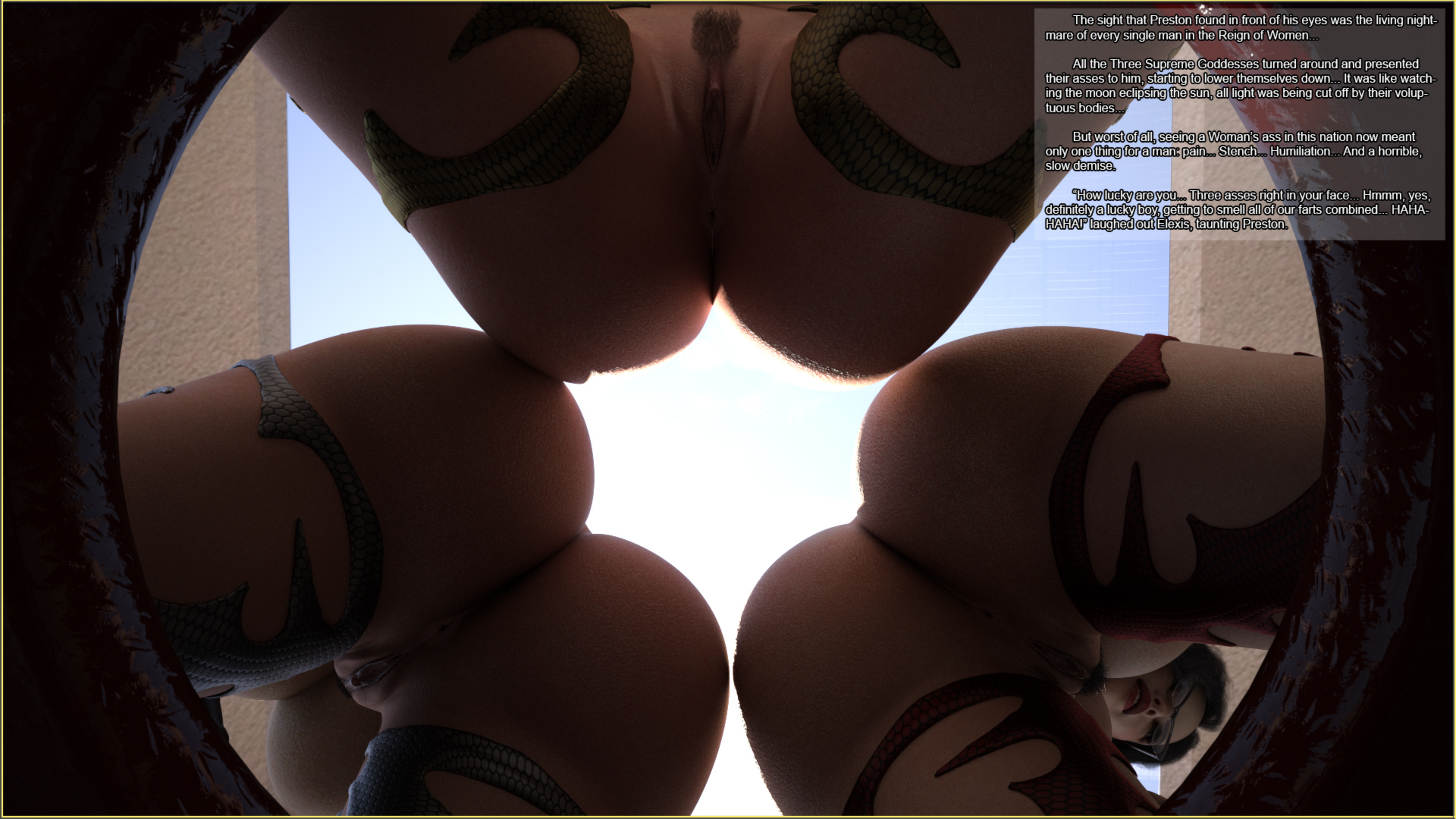
"It's only you and us now, little worm..." said Freyja.

"Hope you're ready for what's coming for you... Wonder if your nose will explode from inhaling our farts combined... Fu fu fu..." added Elexis.

"We may decide to be a bit gentler to you though... If you answer one simple question: where is the hideout of the Resistance? Tell us and maybe, just maybe, we may be merciful." inquired Sadira.

"S...Screw you all..." replied Preston.

"Oh, I was so hoping you'd say that. Let's do this, girls." added Freyja.




The sight that Preston found in front of his eyes was the living nightmare of every single man in the Reign of Women...

All the Three Supreme Goddesses turned around and presented their asses to him, starting to lower themselves down... It was like watching the moon eclipsing the sun, all light was being cut off by their voluptuous bodies...

But worst of all, seeing a Woman's ass in this nation now meant only one thing for a man: pain... Stench... Humiliation... And a horrible, slow demise.

"How lucky are you... Three asses right in your face... Hmmm, yes, definitely a lucky boy, getting to smell all of our farts combined... HAHA-HAHA!" laughed out Elexis, taunting Preston.



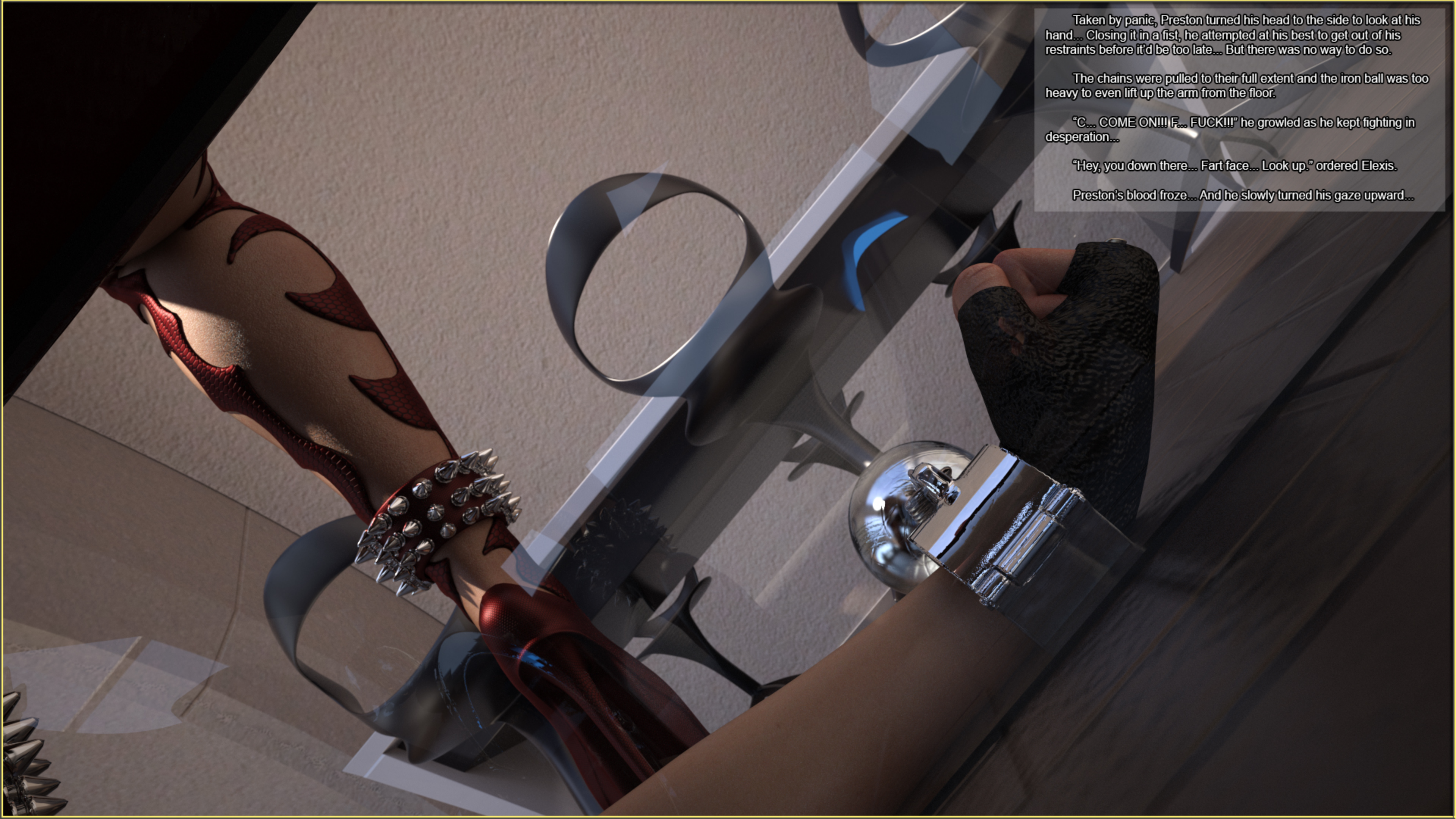
At last they sat...

The Women's cheeks spread wide open to adapt to the seat that was holding them right on top of Preston's face, their anuses coming into view. A powerful, feminine scent of intimate parts spread into the box immediately, tainting the air...

It was pleasant, like soap and pleasure juices... But the Leader of the resistance knew very well that soon enough all the niceness would have been gone, replaced by lethal fumes...

"Oh, remember, darlings..." said Sadira "No shrinking agent. His eyes aren't glowing anymore, I think the effect of his drug is gone... And it would be a bummer to make him already small... I want to watch him fight and think he has hope, just to crush it more..."

"Hahaha, I love that idea..." said Freyja.




Taken by panic, Preston turned his head to the side to look at his hand... Closing it in a fist, he attempted at his best to get out of his restraints before it'd be too late... But there was no way to do so.

The chains were pulled to their full extent and the iron ball was too heavy to even lift up the arm from the floor.

"C... COME ON!!!! F... FUCK!!!!" he growled as he kept fighting in desperation...

"Hey, you down there... Fart face... Look up." ordered Elexis.

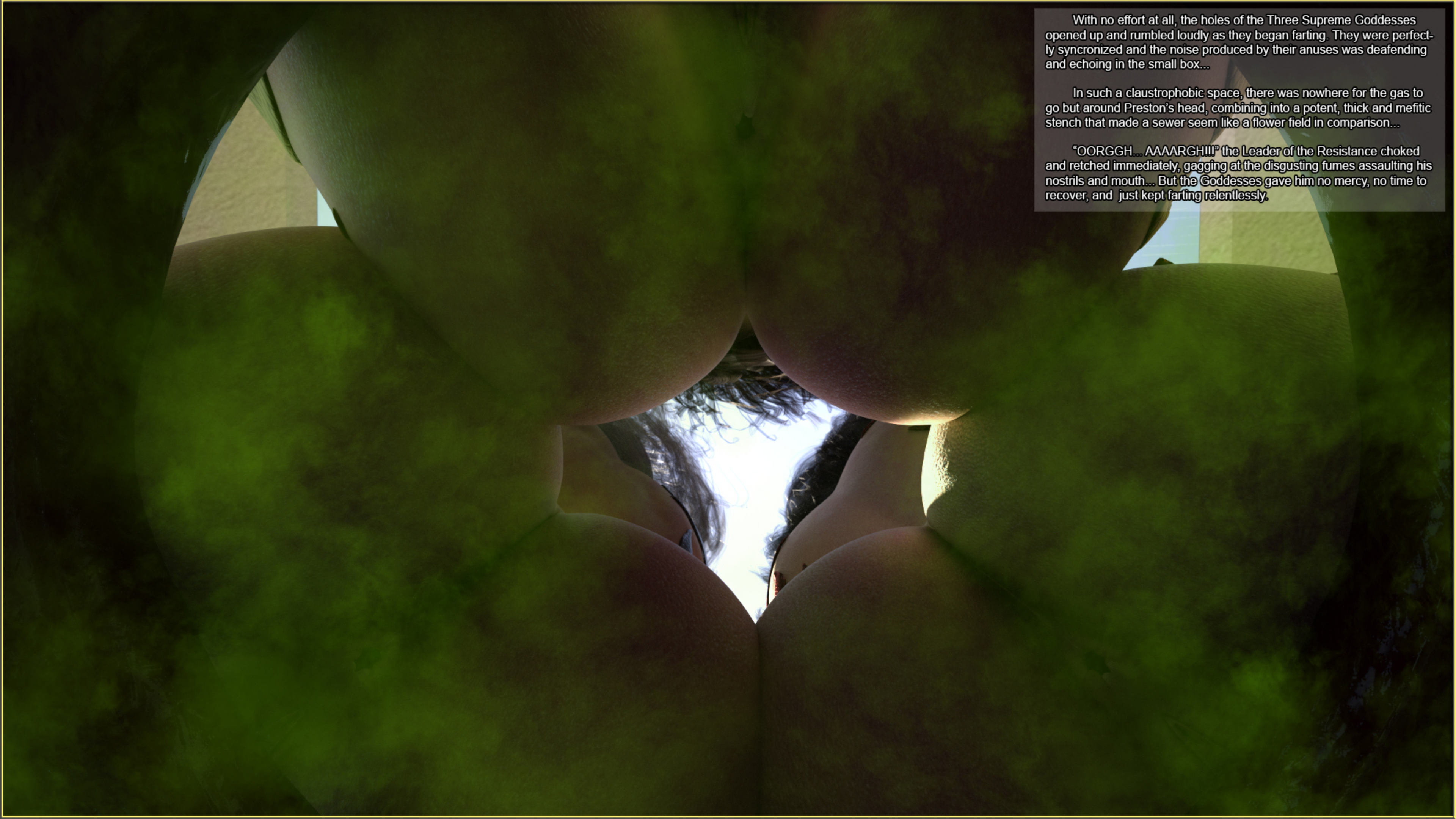
Preston's blood froze... And he slowly turned his gaze upward...



“That’s a good fucking slave...” continued Elexis “I want you to watch our asses... I want you to stare right into our anuses as they open and we start farting on you! HAHAHAHA!”

The Women then wiggled themselves on top of the seat, getting even more comfortable than before... Preston could see their puckered holes starting to pulse, loud gurgles being heard from their intestines as they created flatulence inside their bowels through the Gene of the Goddess, making the man gulp in fear.


“Fu fu fu... Priceless face you’re making... Scared, aren’t you?” continued the Godmother “Here it comes, inferior male... ENJOY OUR GAS RAPING YOUR FACE!!!”



With no effort at all, the holes of the Three Supreme Goddesses opened up and rumbled loudly as they began farting. They were perfectly synchronized and the noise produced by their anuses was deafening and echoing in the small box...

In such a claustrophobic space, there was nowhere for the gas to go but around Preston's head, combining into a potent, thick and mephitic stench that made a sewer seem like a flower field in comparison...

"OORGGH... AAAARGH!!!" the Leader of the Resistance choked and retched immediately, gagging at the disgusting fumes assaulting his nostrils and mouth... But the Goddesses gave him no mercy, no time to recover, and just kept farting relentlessly.

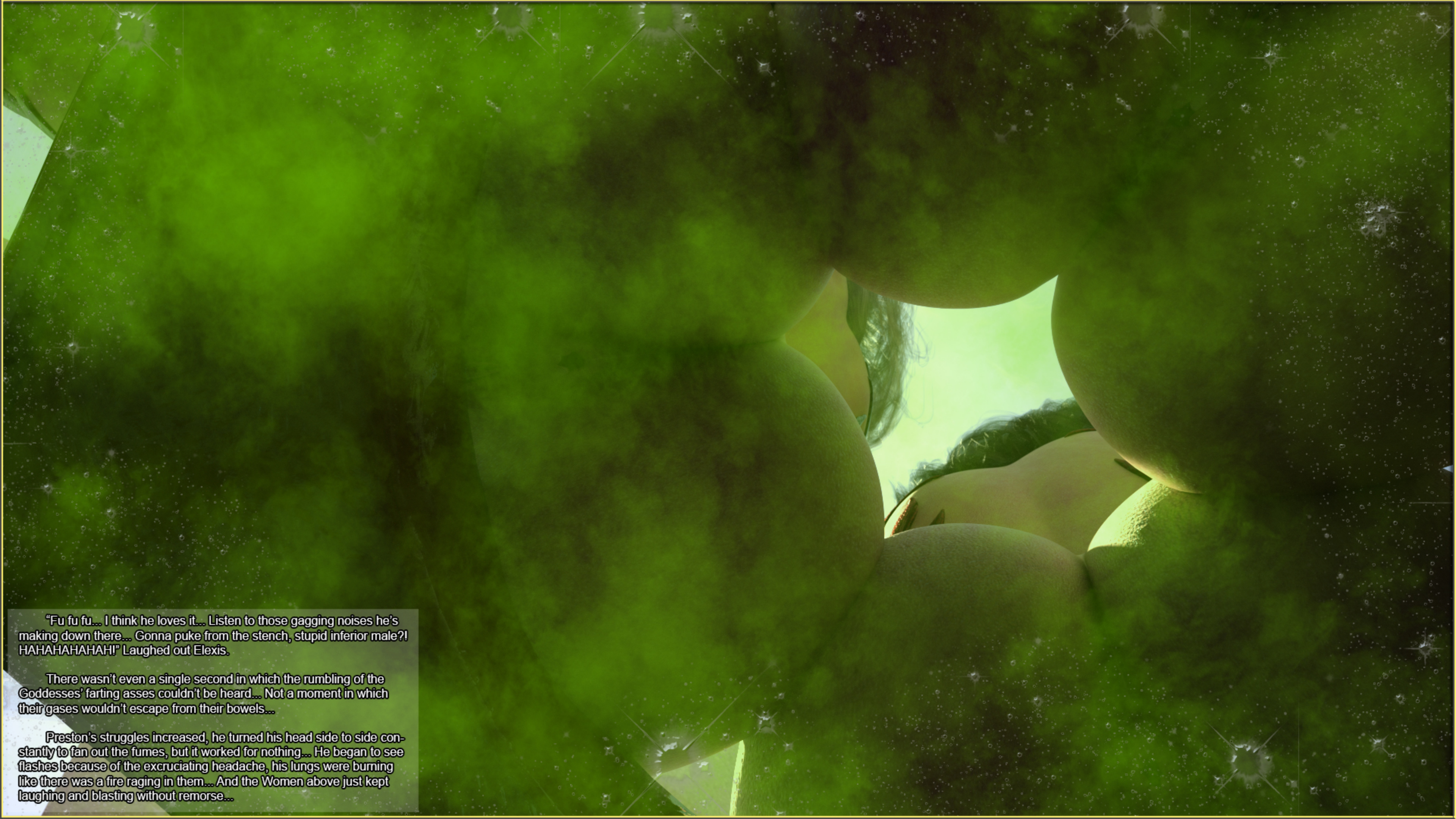


Preston struggled furiously in his binds... The fetid smell was torturing him, making him feel sick in his stomach and giving him a strong headache...

His head twitched around, trying to find a single molecule of fresh oxygen that wasn't tainted by the farts of the Goddesses, but there was none...

"HAHAHAHA!!! Breathe them all in, fucking slave! Suck up those delicious farts! A wonderful feast of stench for you from the Supreme Goddesses themselves!" said Freyja, looking in between her legs.

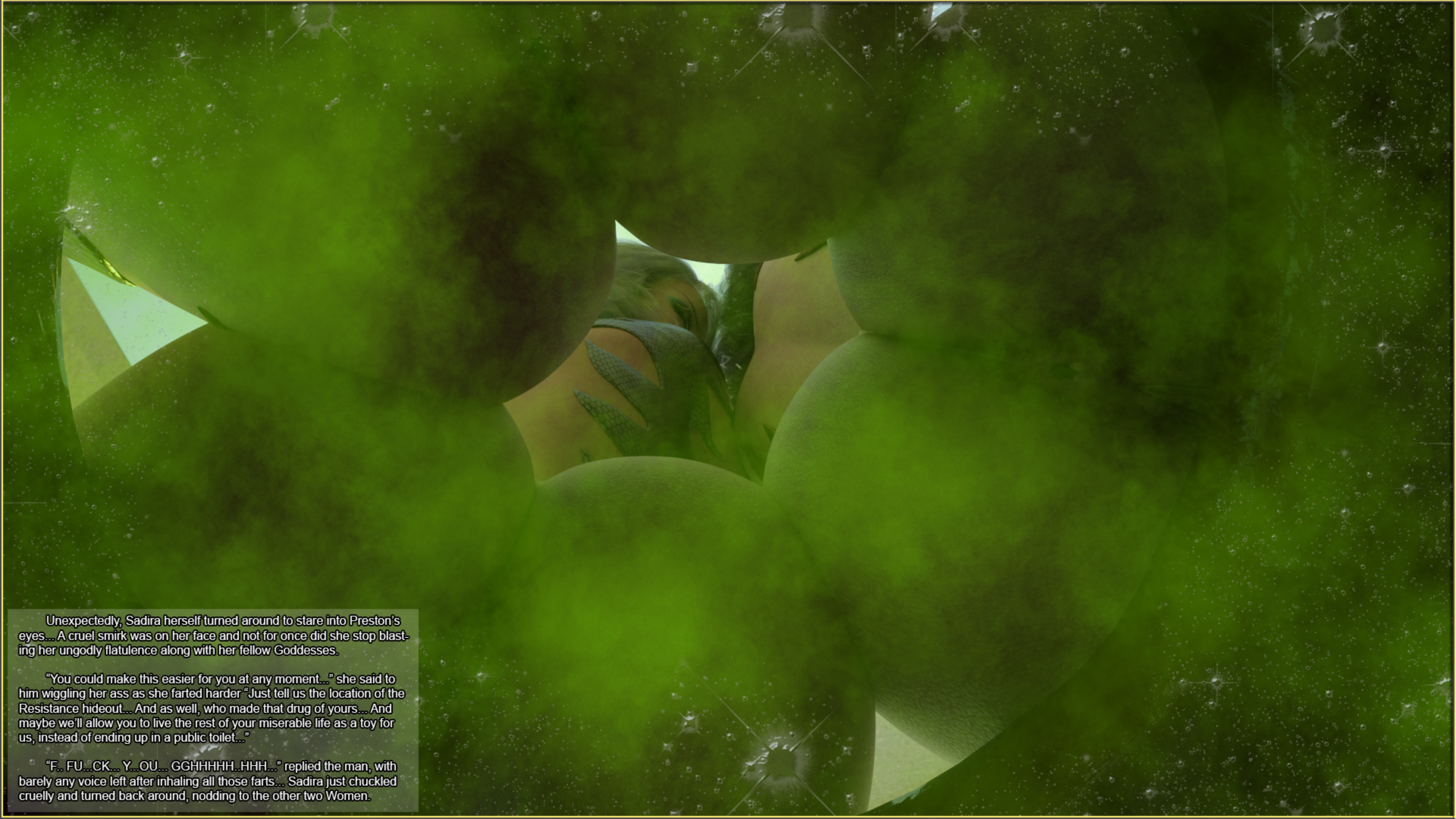
"OORGGH... ST... STOP!!! F... FUCK..." cried out preston, gagging.



"Fu fu fu... I think he loves it... Listen to those gagging noises he's making down there... Gonna puke from the stench, stupid inferior male?! HAHAAHAHAHI!" Laughed out Elexis.

There wasn't even a single second in which the rumbling of the Goddesses' farting asses couldn't be heard... Not a moment in which their gases wouldn't escape from their bowels...

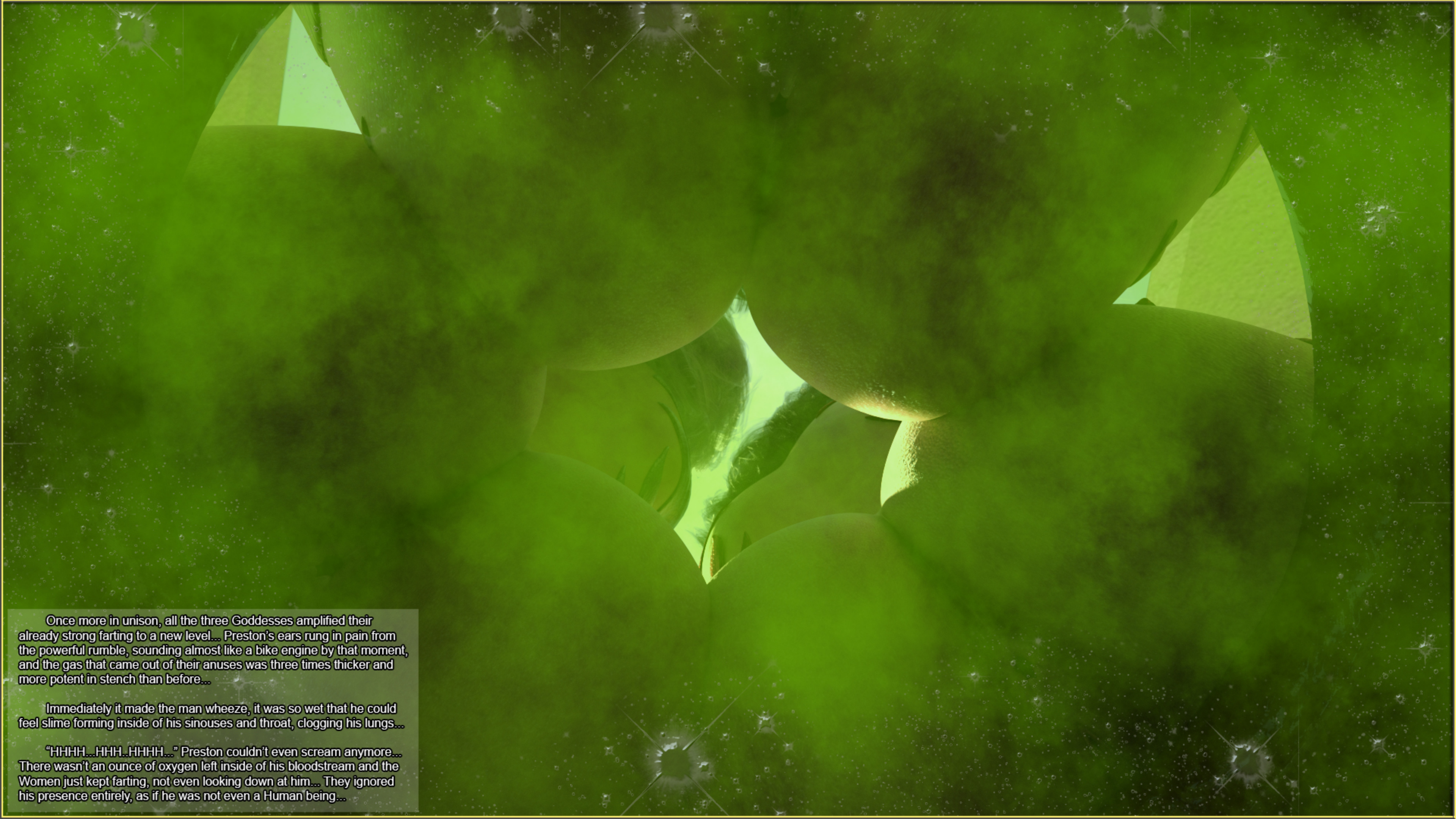
Preston's struggles increased, he turned his head side to side constantly to fan out the fumes, but it worked for nothing... He began to see flashes because of the excruciating headache, his lungs were burning like there was a fire raging in them... And the Women above just kept laughing and blasting without remorse...



Unexpectedly, Sadira herself turned around to stare into Preston's eyes... A cruel smirk was on her face and not for once did she stop blasting her ungodly flatulence along with her fellow Goddesses.

"You could make this easier for you at any moment..." she said to him wiggling her ass as she farted harder "Just tell us the location of the Resistance hideout... And as well, who made that drug of yours... And maybe we'll allow you to live the rest of your miserable life as a toy for us, instead of ending up in a public toilet..."

"F.. FU...CK... Y...OU... GGHHHHH..HHH..." replied the man, with barely any voice left after inhaling all those farts... Sadira just chuckled cruelly and turned back around, nodding to the other two Women.



Once more in unison, all the three Goddesses amplified their already strong farting to a new level... Preston's ears rung in pain from the powerful rumble, sounding almost like a bike engine by that moment, and the gas that came out of their anuses was three times thicker and more potent in stench than before...

Immediately it made the man wheeze, it was so wet that he could feel slime forming inside of his sinouses and throat, clogging his lungs...

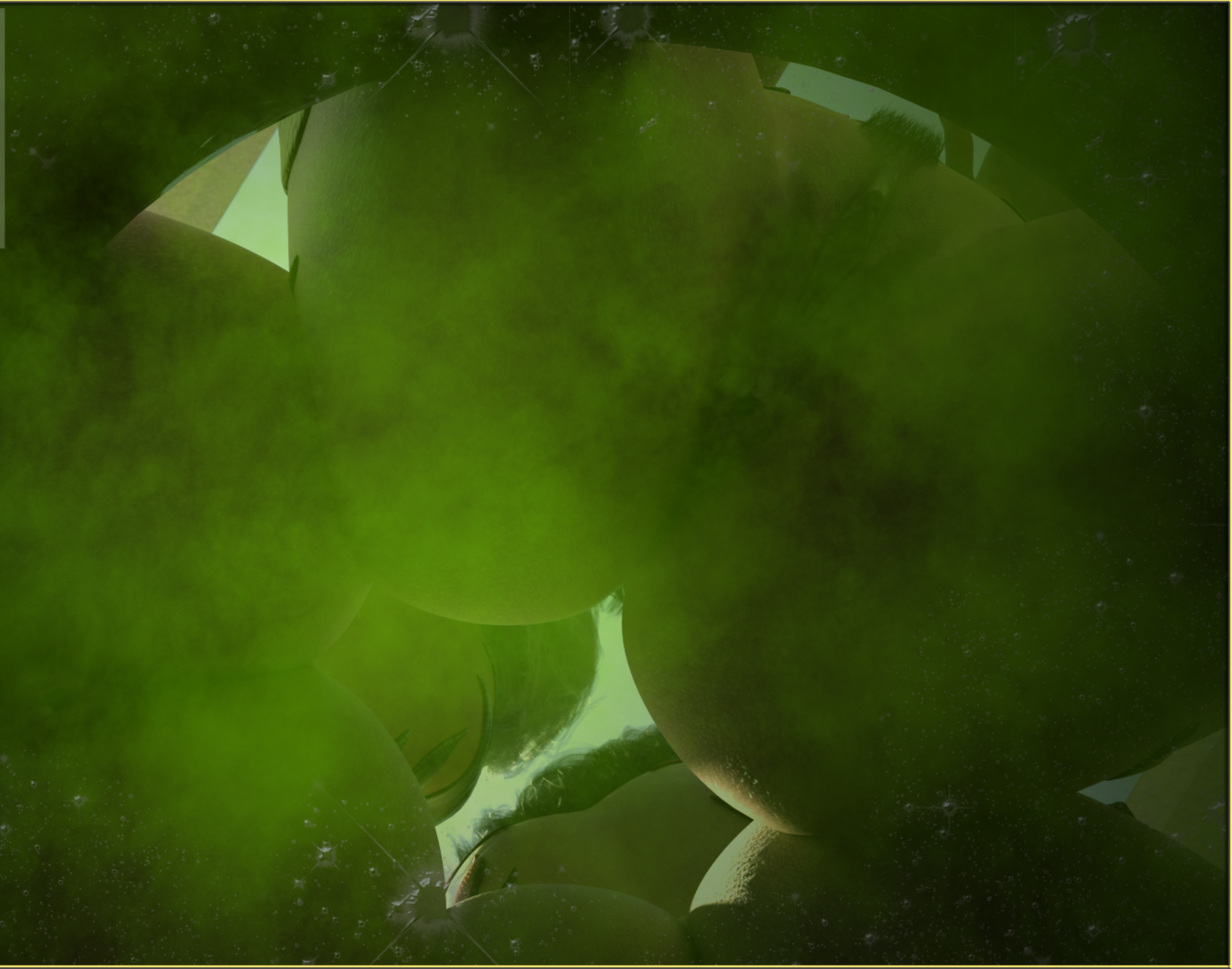
"HHHH...HHH..HHHH..." Preston couldn't even scream anymore... There wasn't an ounce of oxygen left inside of his bloodstream and the Women just kept farting, not even looking down at him... They ignored his presence entirely, as if he was not even a Human being...


Five minutes had passed since the farting torture had begun...

Preston had been breathing nothing else but the Goddesses' flatulence for so long... And his organism couldn't take anymore of it. His vision started becoming darker, he felt a full sense of nausea and the whole room spun around him...

His head was weightless, as if his neck suddenly lacked the muscle power to keep it straight... It dangled around while the vile gases kept being blasted on him by the three voluptuous asses above...

Even sound became muffled to his ears... And then all remaining strength and energy in his body came to an end.





Preston felt his own heartbeat as loud as if he was a doctor analyzing it with a stethoscope.

The corners of his field of vision became dark and slowly his eyelids turned heavy...

He couldn't stay awake anymore.

Funny, he thought... All of a sudden, he couldn't feel the horrible stench anymore. He smiled without even thinking about it, finally the torture was over...

And that's when he lost his consciousness entirely.

“He’s out cold... Fu fu fu... Shouldn’t we just end him up right here?” said Freyja’s voice.

“No... I want to know the location of the Resistance and if my theory on their drug is real. I’m not done with him yet.” replied Sadira.

“What makes you think he’ll talk? He’s a tough son of a bitch, I’m gonna give him that. I’ve seen gangsters breaking just at the sight of my ass farting on others.” added Elexis.

“I have something planned... Give me about 2 hours alone with him. I’ll come out of that room with the information we need, my darlings... Fu fu fu...” was the last that Preston’s remnants of consciousness could hear.

*To be
Continued*