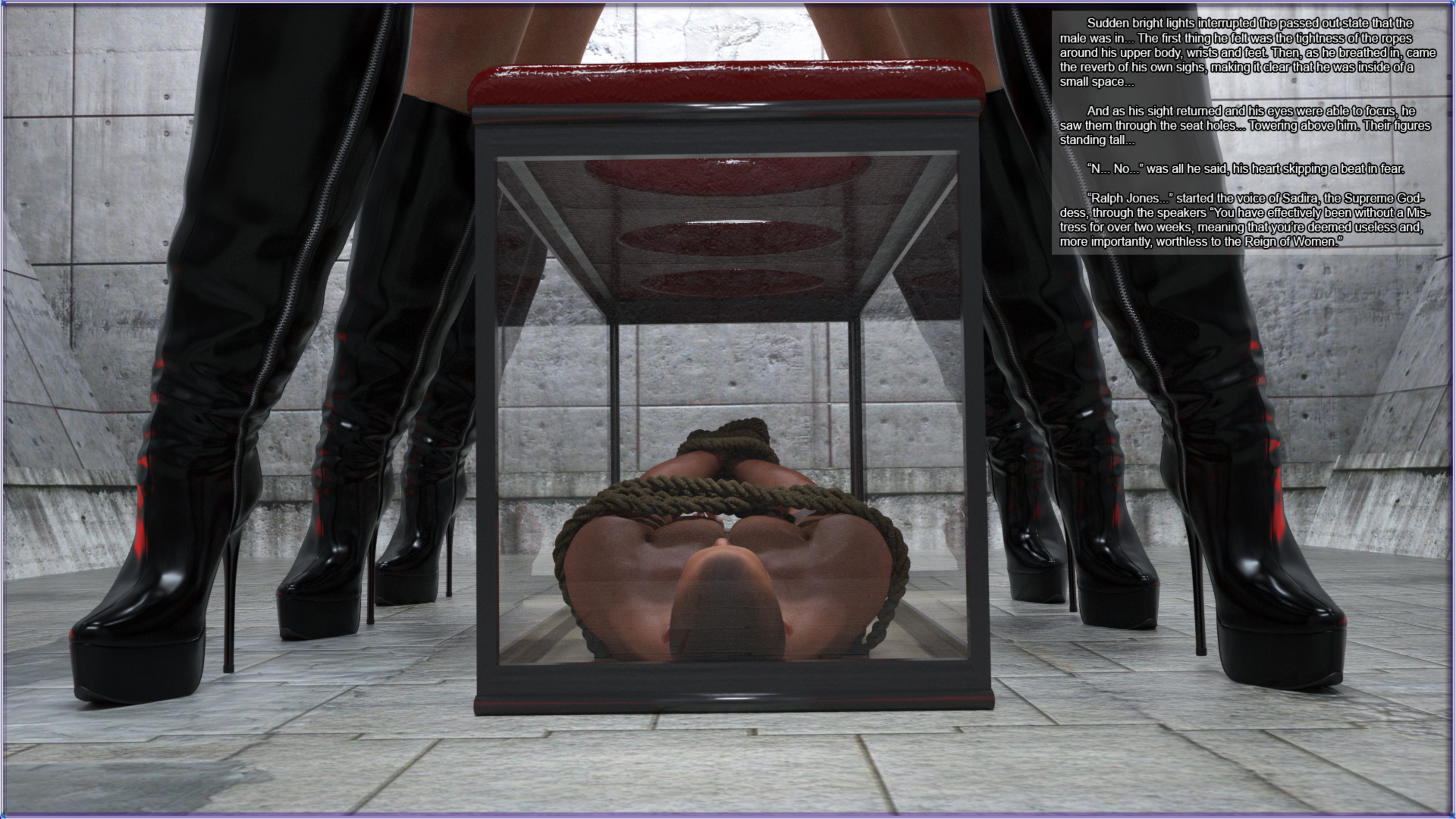


Giantess Spa
Quickie



Valkyries
Second Execution



Sudden bright lights interrupted the passed out state that the male was in... The first thing he felt was the tightness of the ropes around his upper body, wrists and feet. Then, as he breathed in, came the reverb of his own sighs, making it clear that he was inside of a small space...

And as his sight returned and his eyes were able to focus, he saw them through the seat holes... Towering above him. Their figures standing tall...

"N... No..." was all he said, his heart skipping a beat in fear.

"Ralph Jones..." started the voice of Sadira, the Supreme Goddess, through the speakers "You have effectively been without a Mistress for over two weeks, meaning that you're deemed useless and, more importantly, worthless to the Reign of Women."



"NO!! PLEASE!!! IT'S NOT MY FAULT!!!" cried out Ralph, while the three Executrices above him just chuckled at his begging and were eagerly moving side to side, as if they couldn't wait to get into the action.

"We have no place in our great country for males like you that are found to be simply unwanted. If no Mistress claims you, if you cannot pleasure the superior Womankind... Then your life is meaningless and the state will not use any resources to keep you alive. Since you're a worthless waste of air, that's how your life will end... Asphyxiated to death by farts. Valkyries... You may begin the execution."

The speaker cut off with a loud buzzing noise and all that remained were the playful and teaseful giggles from the three Valkyries, along with the panicked breathing from Ralph, down below in the glass box.



"I say..." started the second Valkyrie in the line, staring down at the hole that was right above the man's face "...that this worthless male won't last even five minutes smelling our farts."

"Five minutes?" said the first, twisting herself around so she could look beneath herself "I'd be surprised if he makes it to three. Let's make sure he suffers for long inhaling those stinky fumes, shall we?"

"No... No, no, please! Anything but this! I'll accept even being hung, whatever you want but this!" tried to beg Ralph, truly terrified by this humiliating method of execution.

"Nope. That's how you'll die: stunk to death by our asses. Let's get into position, sisters..." said the first Executrix and in unison the three Valkyries began to sit down.



Their perfect bodies made the soft seats of the execution glass box sink down... Darkness covered the man now, all the light coming from the strong neons above had been eclipsed by the asses and bodies of the much taller Women with murderous intentions.

"Being hung... Tsk... Can you believe this guy? Where does he think he is, Britain during the 1600 or something? This is the kind of execution that you lowly males get when you are unworthy of living among us, Womankind..." said the first Valkyrie, the only one who had a good access to staring down to their victim.

"Let's just take it easy at first, shall we?" suggested the third "don't want the fun to end to quickly..."

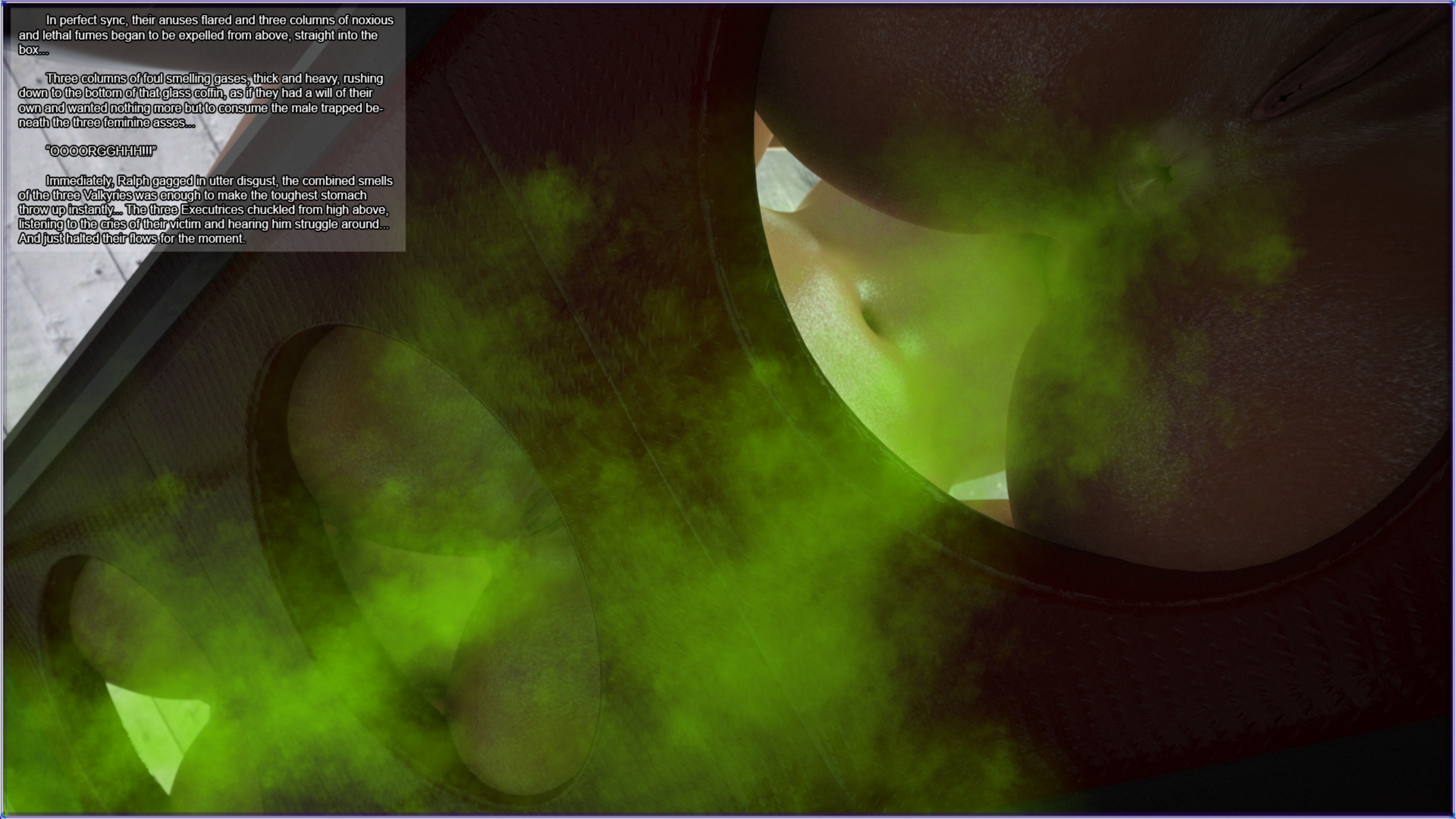
"Fu fu fu... How about a test burst, Mr Ralph? Would you like that?" the Valkyries all chuckled cruelly and pushed on their bowels.

In perfect sync, their anuses flared and three columns of noxious and lethal fumes began to be expelled from above, straight into the box...

Three columns of foul smelling gases, thick and heavy, rushing down to the bottom of that glass coffin, as if they had a will of their own and wanted nothing more but to consume the male trapped beneath the three feminine asses...

"OOOOREGGHH!!!"

Immediately, Ralph gagged in utter disgust, the combined smells of the three Valkyries was enough to make the toughest stomach throw up instantly... The three Executrices chuckled from high above, listening to the cries of their victim and hearing him struggle around... And just halted their flows for the moment.





It was all part of the slow torture that the cruel Women had prepared as the final agony Ralph would have experienced in this world... They let him literally steam in those first farts, that tainted the box with a green haze...

Down below, he was choking and coughing loudly, shaking his head side to side as if he was trying to find a single molecule of oxygen that wasn't filled with the disgusting stench from the Valkyries' asses...

"Fu fu fu... I think he likes it, girls..." said the Executrix sitting above the man's head.

"Well then... Let's not waste time anymore... Let's just go all out on him... Fu fu fu..." said the second "Let's give him a proper gas chamber, what do you say?"



"Let's ask him..." continued the front Valkyrie, looking down through the glass... Beneath her mask she was smirking so evilly and enjoying every second of this slow torture "What do you say, Mr Ralph? Do you want us to keep farting till you die, hmmm?"

"OORGH... RRRGHH..." the man couldn't answer... Even if the Executrices were currently not releasing anymore vile fumes, he was still choking on the hold ones since they had nowhere to go in that glass box...

"Fu fu fu... I think that was a yes... What a good inferior male, at least accepting his death by farts for being a useless ballsack... Well then, let us not make him wait... Goodbye, Mr Ralph... Be sure to squirm and cough your lungs out, hmmm? Make us have some fun watching you suffer... HAHAAHAHA!" and with that, the Valkyries resumed their execution...



With loud, echoing rumbles their asses gave birth to a new wave of horrifying and ungodly stench, raining it down on Ralph's helpless body and slowly filling up the glass chamber...

"OOOOOOOORGGHHH!!!"

As the new fumes hit him, the man felt as if his stomach contracted, giving him horrible pain... He had not eaten for over twelve hours, since the Valkyries took him, and that's the only reason why he wasn't throwing up his guts right now...

The farts sunk deep inside of his lungs, starting to poison his blood and replacing the oxygen with fetid flatulence, all of this while the Executrices above him laughed and enjoyed his demise, adding insult to injury... There wasn't a single second in which they weren't releasing more farts...



Ralph's agony was impossible to be described accurately. Saying that every single vein in his body felt as if thorns were running through them would be still an understatement compared to what he was truly feeling.

His head kept darting left and right, gasping and wheezing, eagerly attempting to breathe in clean oxygen... But all he'd find were more farts from the cruel Women above.

"Fu fu fu... Enjoy yourself, Mr Ralph... We have an unlimited supply of farts for you... We're just gonna release them aaaaaall in your special box, so you can breathe them to your heart's content... HAHAAHAHA!!!" the teases from the front Valkyrie kept coming one after the other, just like her flatulence.



As time passed and the Executrices kept their position, farting as hard as they could, the box was gradually getting saturated with their lethal emissions.

By now, there was no longer a single molecule of clean air, anyone being put in there would receive organ damage by just inhaling a bit of that lethal mixture of gases... For Ralph it was already too late, he wouldn't have survived even if he got out of it...

But he had no such luck, he was bound, forced to stare up at the asses of the Valkyries that covered the only way oxygen could get inside of this contraption, with their anuses sputtering, contracting and releasing the very same flatulence that was slowly killing him and causing his whole body to burn in excruciating pain.



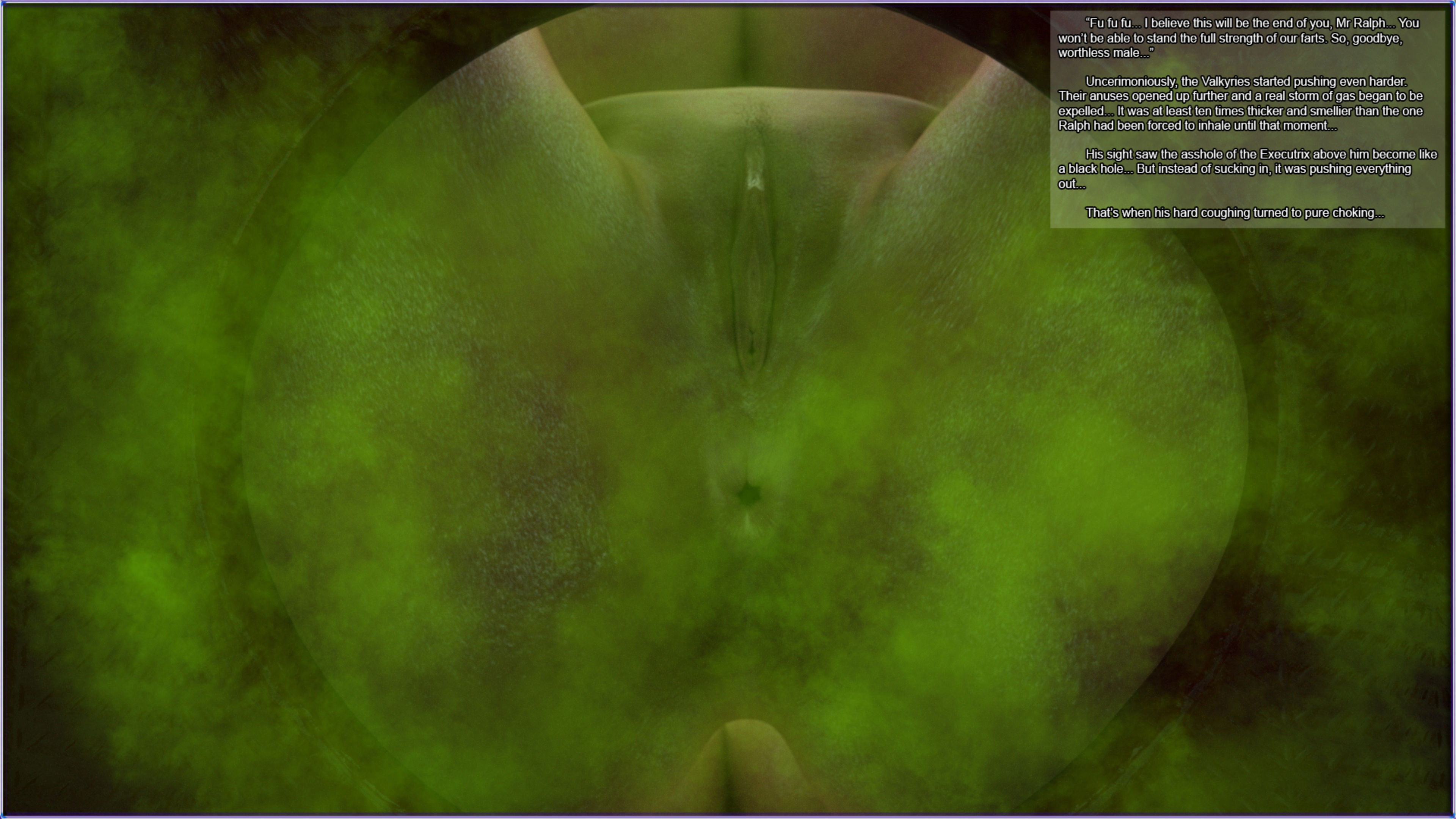
It had been three minutes now...

Three minutes of neverending farts, getting thicker, more potent and definitely more vile smelling as the time passed...

The glass was even starting to form condensation by the horrible atmosphere that the Valkyries were creating in the box with all of that flatulence.

"Fu fu fu... Still resisting... Nice... Don't go down easy, inferior male... Let us have our good fun with you!" said the front Valkyrie, still observing the reactions from Ralph...

"Hahaha... Let's amp up the dose then!" said the third Woman.



“Fu fu fu... I believe this will be the end of you, Mr Ralph... You won't be able to stand the full strength of our farts. So, goodbye, worthless male...”

Uncerimoniously, the Valkyries started pushing even harder. Their anuses opened up further and a real storm of gas began to be expelled... It was at least ten times thicker and smellier than the one Ralph had been forced to inhale until that moment...

His sight saw the asshole of the Executrix above him become like a black hole... But instead of sucking in, it was pushing everything out...

That's when his hard coughing turned to pure choking...



Putrid gases kept cascading from the three asses, overfilling the small chamber where the man was trapped...

Ralph attempted to scream, to beg for mercy... But how could he, when all the oxygen had vanished entirely in his small space? The man was taking now big breaths of pure panic, further inhaling the horrendous and lethal mixture of ass gas that the Women sadistically kept releasing without an end...

At last came the gasps...

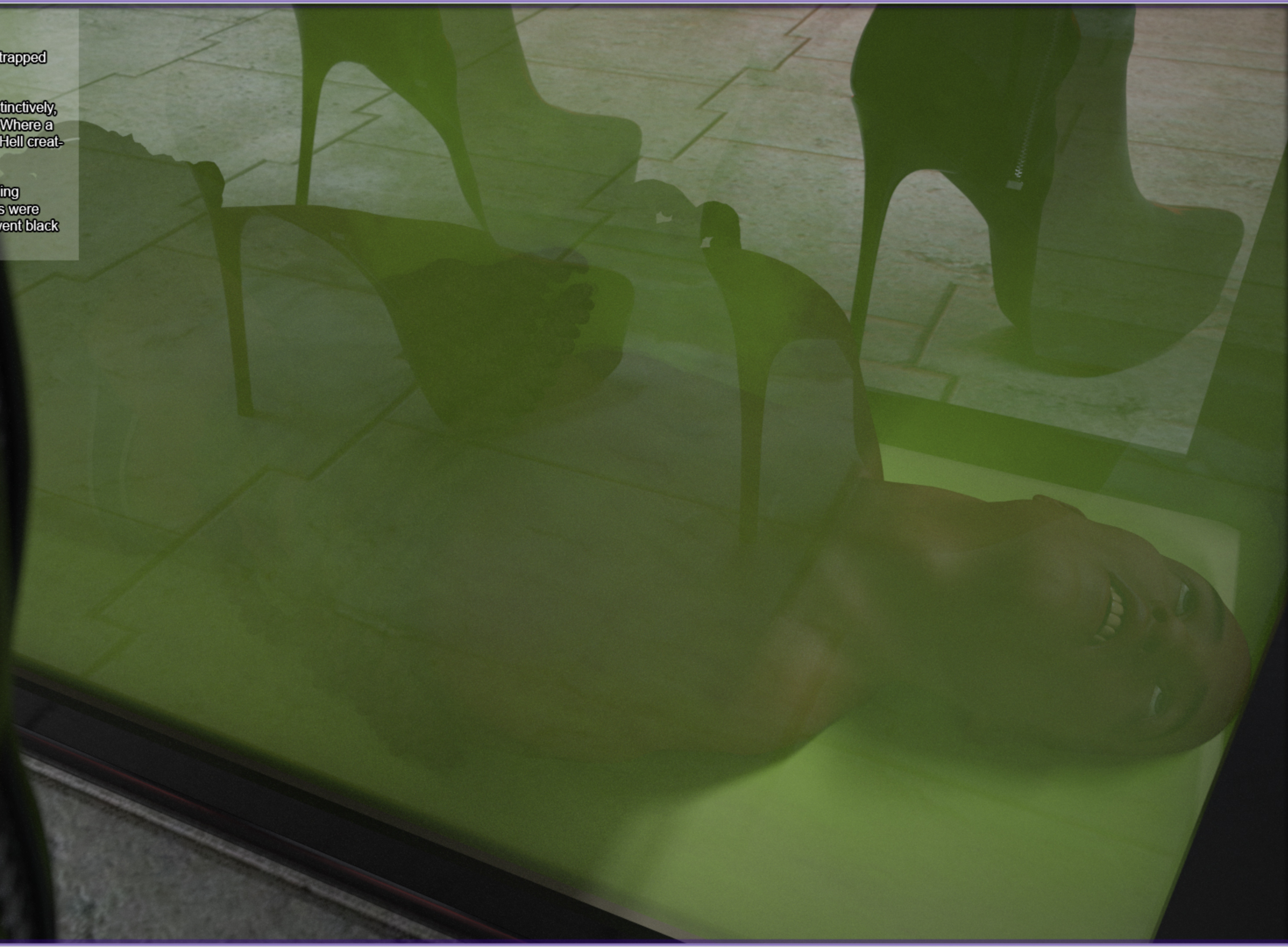
The only thing that he could do anymore... His whole body went limp exception made for his head, which twitched wildly, his lips trembling in agony...

“hh...h...hhh...”

Nothing but empty choked screeches came out of the trapped male’s mouth...

His eyes started to roll to the back of his head and, instinctively, he turned his head to look towards the outside of the box... Where a simple layer of glass separated him from the world and the Hell created by the Valkyries and their asses...

More and more flatulence exploded from above, rumbling loudly... But to Ralph, now all was getting quiet... The noises were becoming just whispers in his ears... And at last his vision went black and his chest stopped twitching... It all went limp.






"Fu fu fu... I think he croaked alright... Any movement from your spots, sisters?" asked the head of the line.

The two remaining Valkyries moved just enough to see in between their legs but without letting any oxygen filter through their flesh, to make sure that the gas chamber wouldn't have been broken.

"Nothing here." said the second one.

"Not even his toes are wriggling. He's dead." concluded the third.

"Fu fu fu... What an easy prey... Way too easy." chuckled cruelly the first Valkyrie "Which leaves us now with only one big dilemma, my dear sisters..."



"How long did this fucker last, in the end? It wasn't for sure the three minutes that you said..." the first Valkyrie turned to face the second.

"Yeah, but not even the five that you've been betting on." confirmed the other.

"Well, then I guess it's a tie! Maybe we can solve it with the next male, uh?" concluded the third, causing massive laughter to be heard coming from the Executrices...

That's what they thought of the life they had just destroyed in such a horrible way: he was already no longer a human being, but a simple bet... Long live the Reign of Women.

The End