

*A Short Story from the Giantess Anthology*

*New Year's Eve – Version 1*

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*Warning this story contains: Shrunken Man, giantess unaware*

Jamie was desperately excited. He had been nervously anticipating New Year's Eve for a long time. He had been planning this amazing gesture. He knew that his girlfriend, Emma, had a fantasy about shrinking him down, so what better way to propose to her than doing it when shrunk down.

Apparently she loved various sizes but he had decided upon the smaller of the range; for dramatic purposes of course. The size altering device that he had bought from SizeTech allowed a fun range of sizes for either of them to try out. He was very excited to do that with her as well.

But first he had to set it all up. She was just at her parents and two sisters and would be back anytime soon.

He had laid out a lovely dress for her on their bed. Then he set up a coffee table at the end of the bed with a bottle of champagne in a cooler, two glasses, scattered rose petals on the bed and the table. He set up an essential oil diffuser with her favourite relaxing fragrances.

The final touches, he put the ring box down and opened it up, to display the engagement ring. He fussed over the arrangement for a bit and then decided on it just being between both glasses of champagne and the bottle.

He then shrunk down his filled glass of champagne.

He chuckled. She would love that he had a little glass.

He filled the large glass of champagne. Finished.

Ah, he nearly forgot the note.

He pulled out his handwritten note which had a poem that he had written a few weeks ago, and the words 'for better or for worse, regardless of my size, will you marry me?'

He hoped she would like that.

The final touch was himself.

He had tried out the size altering device before on other things. He had tested it on Inanimate objects, then on a series of animals and then finally himself.

They had made him do all of this at the SizeTech showroom, which was also a testing and training centre. It was all part of the regulatory requirements for them to ensure that the customers had received full training, health checks and testing on their products before sale could be completed. It was government regulation requirements now.

He even had a proficiency certificate, he was a licence holder and had signed a series of legal disclaimers.

He suddenly felt a bit nervous, there was no SizeTech technician here to ensure everything went smoothly. But then he shrugged it off. He had tested it enough. He was highly proficient with it and they had checked in advance that his girlfriend wouldn't be shocked by him being size altered.

They had said that it had led to some accidental fatalities or injuries. They always advised making the other person aware in advance.

Nothing for it now, but to go for it and shrink himself.

He ensured that his rope ladder was securely fixed to the rim of the large champagne glass.

He sat on the edge of the coffee table and activated the device, on a tripod in front of him. He used his smartphone app to target himself, the screen showed a video image of him. It targeted his body, face and frame.

The app asked him several questions, sizes, and disclaimers. There were several 'are you sure?' Questions before it could be triggered.

The final touch was a biometric reading which he had to do to use the device. This sent a message back to SizeTech; for their records and tracking of each use. It also ensured that the customer was using the device.

Activate now!

He pressed the button. The display told him to stay very still.

It started. The devices' fan started to whirl, it generated a lot of heat and needed cooling.

It had an invisible beam, but he could feel it warming his whole body, it felt quite pleasant but there was the odd weird tingling sensation. That was all normal.

They had ironed out so many of the problems of the original technology developed over two decades ago. This was now a highly regulated; and theoretically safe product to use.

He looked around in wonder as his whole environment started to get bigger, as he shrunk down. He couldn't move his head until it was over, but his eyes were looking around in amazement.

It took about twenty minutes for the device to complete its work. A chime told him delightfully that it was completed and the device switched off.

He had a wrist strap device that allowed him to reactivate the device and return him to his size. That was his safety blanket.

He could now move freely.

He looked around in utter wonder. He wasn't surprised Emma fantasied about size changing, it was so cool.

Everything was absolutely massive and tall around him. Parts of their bedroom looked so far away.

His phone was on the table next to him. The screen showed a green display that the shrinking had been undertaken successfully. It was huge, he could literally dance over the screen of his own phone if he wanted to.

He looked behind him, the champagne flute looked like a tower to him. He was only about ten millimetres

tall in height.

He had to get moving, she could come back any time. He had to get into position.

Adrenaline pumped through his body. He made his way over to the rope ladder and looked up.

He felt a bit nervous now. It was a long way up. He hadn't really thought that through. It hadn't seemed that much from his original height of 6ft. Oops.

Oh well, he was committed now. He had to go through with his plan.

He grabbed hold of the ladder and gave it a firm tug. It held firmly to the glass. He had been thoughtful enough to leave a large black sponge below the ladder in case he fell.

It gave him the confidence he needed to clamber up.

It was a weird feeling climbing up the rope ladder completely naked.

It was so cool when he reached the champagne, watching the bubbles snaking their way to the surface as he climbed along the outer face of the flute.

He finally reached the top of the glass rim, pulling himself up with some effort after his climb. He clambered onto the rim of the glass and sat himself on it.

He waved his feet with glee, looking down at the bubbling champagne. This was so cool. Emma was going to love this.

After quite some time, he wondered where she was. It must have been at least an hour. He had spent his time looking around the room, taking in how different everything looked at his size.

He had tasted the champagne from the rim of the glass where he had poured it. It tasted different to normal.

He looked at his wrist strap. It was an hour and a half since shrinking down.

He heard the front door slam shut downstairs. It made him jump. It was quite a loud bang.

Oh dear, she tended to do that when she was drunk. Perhaps her trip to her family had been a bit more boozy than expected.

He had told her father and sisters in advance, but sworn to secrecy. Perhaps they had had a few drinks, without telling her what was happening, to enjoy their own merriment in anticipation of what was about to happen.

He could hear her making her way up the stairs. His heart was thumping with excitement. He unhooked the rope ladder and let it fall with a clatter, it bounced off the sponge and onto their carpeted floor.

She would be surprised as to how he managed to get up here.

"Music and low light," her voice was powerful and loud as she commanded their House AI, as she entered the bedroom. The music was quite loud, it was classical music but still, he hadn't accounted for that.

Jamie watched her enter the room in silent amazement.

She walked in, slightly less gracefully than her usual smooth hip swaying motion. She had clearly drunk a bit.

She looked at the scene in front, she saw the new dress and also the petal display, the champagne. She quickly went over to the bed and picked up the dress. She towered above Jamie.

He simply looked up in awe at her huge size. She was absolutely beautiful. He was definitely in love with her.

This was a great idea.

She was admiring the dress with all the right sounds.

"Wow," she said, it was louder than normal.

Jamie was about to say something when, to his surprise she stripped out of her clothes, completely.

She swayed a bit from the booze. He admired the naked body of his girlfriend, in her glorious huge form.

She dropped her clothes at her feet and then undid her bra, dropping that as well. Her breasts bounced as they were released.

Lastly she lowered her panties and kicked them off.

He felt himself go hard as he watched her huge naked body towering over him. Her breasts were massive and protruded from her chest. Her pubic region was exciting to behold.

This was utterly awesome, why hadn't they done this before?

He knew why, the size adjustment technology was bloody expensive, he had spent much more on it than the ring itself.

She stepped forwards and picked up the dress, looked down and then saw the champagne flute.

He threw his hands up in the air, and shouted out, "will you marry me?"

She didn't seem to hear.

She was suddenly transfixed.

She was looking at the note he had written and picked it up, she read it aloud with excitement in her eyes, he just looked up at her giant fingers that held the note above him. Admiring her elegant fingers and polished nails.

Then she looked down at the engagement ring in the box.

She jumped up in the air in excitement and with a squeal. Her breasts bounced merrily. She staggered backwards slightly; a result of the alcohol no doubt. He chuckled. It looked all the more clumsy at his vantage point, every movement was exaggerated one hundred times.

She steadied herself and reached forwards. Her giant hand descended towards him. Her giant polished nails reached out at him. He puffed out his chest and smiled up at her.

Then the huge hand silently sailed past him and down towards the ring box.

He looked down in disappointment, following her hand. Her fingers wrapped around the ring and she picked it up. He looked back up at her face, she wasn't looking at him, she hadn't seen him.

Her forearm accidentally nudged the side of the champagne flute.

It caught him completely by surprise. His whole environment suddenly jerked.

His brain and body had two instinctive reaction options, either tumble over backwards outside the flute and drop quite far to, hopefully, land on the sponge. Or drop inside the drink in the glass.

It wasn't a conscious decision for him to fall forwards with an uncontrolled roll and splash into the still fizzing champagne.

Jamie's eyes were wide with surprise at suddenly landing in the cool liquid. He turned his body underwater and kicked off the bottom, swimming to the surface as quickly as possible.

He broke the surface with a big splash and took a deep breath of air. He spluttered and splashed around, treading water.

He looked upwards, realising he was now inside the glass, it's sides were tall and smooth.

He looked up for Emma. He could see her through the glass. She was giggling, trying on the ring, admiring the ring on her hand. Completely oblivious to his shrunken state or new predicament.

"Emma, Emma, help me, help me out of here," he spluttered. Then he shouted it again. He shouted and shouted. Between the music and her excitement she was completely unaware.

Giant finger pads suddenly clasped around the outside of the glass. He could see the detail of her fingerprints.

The liquid swilled around with him in it as the glass was suddenly lifted up in the air. Everything seemed to spin a bit, the liquid sloshed from side to side, throwing him about, bobbing in the centre.

He was saved though, he was thankful for that at least.

He looked upwards, expecting to see her grateful and excited face looking down at him.

Her face was above the circular opening of the glass and drawing nearer, but she was looking down at something.

"Emma!" He shouted up, in case she hadn't realised he was in there. "Emma, I'm in the glass, I'm shrunken down!" She didn't look at him.

The glass continued to be lifted towards her face. Her giant eyes were directed at something else. He followed them. She was holding her phone, texting someone. He strained to see. She was texting her sisters. She was engaged!!! Her hand holding the phone had the engagement ring on.

She couldn't really be engaged without her fiancé being physically there, surely, he looked up at the giant face.

Oh god, she's drunk too much, she's got caught up in the moment... He suddenly realised the threat to him

as her giant lips loomed towards the end of the glass flute and pressed against it.

The giant top lip opened upwards, revealing a dark tunnel.

"Noooo!" He shrieked out. "Emma, no, I'm inside the glass. I'm inside the champagne..." He spluttered as the glass was tipped forwards and the champagne suddenly swilled towards the mouth. In her slightly drunken state she tipped it hard. The liquid splashed against her mouth.

He hit her top lip, winding him slightly. He looked upwards. Her giant nostrils were above him. He couldn't see her eyes clearly. He couldn't get her attention with eye contact.

He tried to shout again but another wave of champagne hit him.

He felt a sudden strong pull of tidal pressure beneath him. The level of champagne was lowering, a wet tide mark was forming on her skin above her lip.

He swam quickly and grabbed hold of the creases of her lip.

He gasped and tried to shout again, but the champagne tide tugged at him and dragged him downwards. His fingertips tried to clutch at the surface of the lips but he slipped downwards.

The top lip followed him downwards and he saw the glass move away. The liquid disappeared and he was stuck to her top lip. He cried out, just as he was pressed against the lip by a warm and wet substance.

He looked over his shoulder in shock, and then horror, as he saw the lumpy surface of her giant tongue as it licked over her top lip, it pressed against his back, carrying him with it.

With a cry of panic, he was carried inside the giant mouth on top of the surface of the tongue. He watched in helpless horror as her chalk white teeth sailed past him, and he was retracted inside the giant mouth.

He could hear loud noises of her body, her stomach gurgling, her breathing, her hear. A moan of satisfaction from her, almost deafeningly loud.

Movement caught his eye, he rolled onto his side, got up on all fours and started to run back to the entrance, on the wet squishy tongue, just as the glass was returned to her lips.

A fresh wave of champagne splashed into the mouth. It caught him in the chest and he was carried to the back of the giant mouth, yelping and then spluttering.

He felt his head hit something soft and bouncy and then he was sucked downwards into her throat.

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Emma couldn't believe her sudden joy. What an amazing night.

She took a long sip of champagne as she waited for Jamie to suddenly appear and surprise her. She was texting her sisters the great news.

She had expected Jamie to be there, he had left all of these things out for her. Perhaps he was hiding somewhere?

She felt the champagne really tingling on her top lip. She took the glass away from her mouth and licked her tongue over the top of her lip, savouring the champagne.

She felt the tingling move to her tongue, she enjoyed the sensation. Then decided that she had better go and see where Jamie was, so she opened her mouth again and downed the rest of the glass, swallowing her mouthful with a big gulp.

She felt a bit of a lump hit the back of her throat and travel down her throat, but put it down to how fast she had gulped the champagne down.

She hunted around the house for him, couldn't find him anywhere. His clothes were in the bedroom and his phone was on the table.

She found that to be very strange.

She didn't notice the new tripod size adjustment machine against the wall behind the door.

She did feel a bit giddy though.

She decided it would be best to go to bed, she had quite a lot to drink tonight, Jamie would perhaps come and surprise her. She would happily give him a gift that he would enjoy, but for now, she needed to have a sleep.

She clambered into bed and swiftly fell into a deep sleep.