

# The Tiny Clones

by Zombie Slave

1.

Sunlight streamed through the wall length windows of Karen's seventeenth floor corner office of the Higg's Building. It was a beautiful day and although the morning had been hectic, it was Friday and everyone was in good spirits. Karen sat back in her leather office chair and looked across her wide glass topped desk at her young secretary who was currently rattling off next week's deadlines and agendas from an iPad she held in front of her.

"And then we have two conference calls on Wednesday with the transmutation lab," Jenny, Karen's secretary, said. "Oh, and don't forget about the meeting you have with the Washington Post on Thursday. They want a statement about the recent organized protests of the company's cloning lab."

Karen nodded and smiled. As Jenny continued with her list Karen tried her best to mask her impatience. She kept glancing over at a small metallic box sitting on the corner of her desk next to her phone. She couldn't wait until lunch so she could open the box and get at what was inside. It was a gift from Dr. Sven Jorbold, head researcher of the company's advanced cloning division. The box held one of the most amazing things Karen had ever seen—two tiny women, each no more than four inches tall, grown from a sample of Karen's own DNA.

The clones were taken from the first batch Dr. Jorbold had created. The lab held hundreds of tiny Karens, all being studied and monitored. Karen, as head of the company and admittedly a bit of an egomaniac, only allowed her own DNA to be used in the cloning experiments. There was less paperwork and red tape that way. The lab worked jointly with the transmutation division. Their principle goal was the manipulation of human cells. Their discoveries so far had been monumental. They hoped their success in smaller scale cloning would eventually result in the ability to replicate full size human clones—or even giants. Based on what Karen had seen, nothing was outside the realm of possibility.

Whenever Karen toured the labs, she felt like a god. She would gaze in at the glass cases filled with miniature versions of herself and watch the tiny clones stare up at her in awe. It was during her third tour of the facility that she started having dark fantasies. As Dr. Jorbold led her through the labs and babbled on about genome sequences, Karen's mind had wandered to thoughts of...*doing* things to the tiny clones. She imagined holding one of them in her fist and squeezing. She imagined crushing some beneath her bare feet, or sitting on them. This led her imagination even further into darkness as she imagined keeping the tiny clones as pets, letting them run loose through her 3,000 square foot penthouse apartment. She would chase them and taunt them, make them submit to her and use them as sex toys. Karen didn't know what these fantasies said about her psyche, especially considering the clones were diminutive copies of herself. It would certainly keep a team of psychologists busy.

A grumble rippled through Karen's gut, breaking her from her thoughts and reminding her of her plans. One additional scenario had come to Karen this morning as Dr. Jorbold had presented her with

the gift of the two clones. Karen had skipped breakfast and was famished. As the doctor handed her the metallic box Karen had a flash of inspiration. Why not eat the clones? Karen had smiled broadly, amused with the thought of eating tiny versions of herself. The thought of biting them in half or chewing them was a bit too gruesome—but why not swallow them whole? The thought of feeling a squirming person slide down her throat and into her belly caused an almost electric thrill to flow through her body. The idea that she would trap, digest, and absorb smaller versions of herself was both perverse and arousing at the same time. Karen didn't know why the idea excited her, but she knew as soon as the notion formed in her mind that she was going to make it happen.

The morning had been hectic with phone calls and paperwork. Karen had to settle for eying the metallic box for hours as her stomach rumbled. But now, finally, it was almost noon. Karen took a quick glance at her gold watch and used the opportunity to stop her secretary's laundry list of items.

"That will be good enough for now, Jenny. Don't worry about working through lunch; we have plenty of time today yet to work out the agenda for next week. Why don't you go ahead and get some food and we'll talk after 1 'o clock."

"Oh, right, sure," Jenny said. She nervously adjusted her glasses and got up from the chair in front of Karen's huge desk. She tucked her iPad under her arm and made her way to the door. Karen's stomach grumbled as she watched the young woman leave. She made a mental note to get a DNA sample of her secretary. She couldn't help but think that a small clone of Jenny would make a good snack.

Once Jenny was gone, Karen got up and locked her office door. She returned to her desk and plopped back down in her lush leather chair. Her stomach grumbled again and her mouth watered in anticipation of what she was about to do. She reached out and picked up the metallic box that held her lunch. She opened the lid, which was made up of a mesh screen to allow airflow, tilted the box, and dumped the contents out onto the glass surface of her desk.

Two women, wrapped in strips of cloth to protect their modesty, tumbled from the box, landing awkwardly on the desk. Karen's lips turned upwards in a huge grin. She watched the two women—four inch tall exact duplicates of herself—slowly stand up and gaze around the office. Their tiny faces, identical to Karen's, were a mask of awe and confusion.

"You won't need those," Karen pointed at the white cloth wrapping the clones' bodies. With agile, delicate fingers, she reached forward and pinched each woman's wrappings and pulled them from their bodies as easily as pulling open a loose bath towel. She discarded the wrappings in the wastepaper basket beneath her desk. Still disoriented, the clones didn't fight back or resist. Karen looked down at the women, admiring their nude physiques. Their thin curvaceous bodies, the slope of their breasts, their faces, eyes, and hair—they were all exact duplicates of Karen. It was an amazing feat. Now if only her labs could perfect the cloning process at the correct scale. But for the moment Karen was glad they hadn't. It afforded her the opportunity for this unique lunch. She playfully licked at the corner of her mouth as she eyed her clones menacingly.

Her stomach rumbled again, so much so that it almost hurt. Karen couldn't wait any longer, it was time to eat.

2.

Karen felt groggy. Her head swam. Her vision was blurry but was slowly coming into focus. *What happened? Where am I?* she thought. She remembered a glass cage and a giant doctor looking in through the glass wall at her. There were others in the cage—people who looked exactly like her. The doctor had reached down into the cage with what looked to be an aerosol can of some kind. He had sprayed a fine mist at one of the women in the cage. The woman crumbled to the floor almost immediately, knocked unconscious by whatever anesthesia the doctor had used. The other women in the cage had scattered. Karen had as well but luck wasn't with her. The doctor, for whatever reason, singled her out and gave her a blast from the can as well.

The next thing she knew, Karen had the sensation of rolling out of bed. She had opened her eyes and saw that she was inside some kind of box. She had tumbled out, her body colliding with someone else who fell beside her. Sunlight streamed through massive windows and caused Karen's eyes to water. She had fallen hard onto a smooth, transparent surface, as if the ground was made of glass. Dizzy, she slowly got to her feet and stood. She massaged an ache in her right shoulder which had taken a heavy hit against the ground as she fell.

Next had come a giant voice, a voice Karen recognized as her own, except the voice was loud, as if coming from all directions at once. Then, through blurry vision, Karen saw massive fingers reaching for her. They gripped the cloth, which wrapped her body like a towel, and pulled it free, leaving Karen standing naked to the world.

She instinctively covered her nipples with her right arm and dropped her left hand to cover her pubis. Looking to her left, her vision clearing, she saw a woman doing the exact same thing—a woman who looked exactly like Karen did. Karen wasn't shocked or surprised at seeing the twin standing in front of her. She had seen many such women back in her glass aquarium back in the lab--dozens of them. She had tried talking to them, but none of her other selves had any insight into why they were held captive, why they were tiny, or why there were so many of them. All of the women's stories seemed to be the same. They all remembered growing up, going to college, and becoming rich and successful when they started their own tech firm. But after that—nothing. They couldn't remember how, when, or why they had found themselves shrunk and captured.

Turning her attention away from her twin, Karen saw that she was in a giant luxurious office. The type of office she always dreamed of working in. The ground she stood on was a modern style desk with a glass top. Its surface was uncluttered and free of dust. The laptop computer, pencil holder, phone, coffee mug, and inbox all seemed to be placed with precision so that nothing appeared disordered or out of place.

The twin standing next to Karen suddenly gasped. Karen turned her gaze to what her twin was looking at. Karen inhaled sharply. *Now* she was surprised. Sitting at the desk, in a large leather chair was a woman—another exact copy of Karen herself, but this woman was full-size unlike all the other duplicates Karen had met. The full-size version of herself wore professional business attire, her blouse open just enough to expose her cleavage, but not enough to appear trashy. Her long, silky blond hair hung down on her shoulders in the style that Karen liked. The woman also wore make-up, expertly applied, complete with the dark shade of red lipstick. Karen assumed the woman was the same age as herself, forty-three—but how was this possible? Karen looked to her naked twin standing next to her and then back up at her giant twin in turn. *I'm so confused.* She thought. *What's going on?*

"Are you...me?" Karen's twin said.

The giant leaned forward and smiled, stretching her ruby lips and flashing bright white teeth. "It's more like you're *me*," she said. "Don't look so confused. It's very simple. You're both clones. We grew you from my DNA."

"Clones?" Karen said. Her memory was fuzzy but she seemed to think that the concept was familiar, like she'd thought of the idea before. Wasn't that why she wanted to start a tech company in the first place?

"Yes, clones," the giant said. "Exact copies of me. Well, not *exact*. We've had a bit of an issue with size. But that will be fixed eventually."

The giant's words were like a punch to Karen's gut. *I'm a clone? I'm not the real Karen? No. This can't be!* Her mind reeled with the implication of what her giant-self said. As crazy as it was, it would explain a lot—the dozens of duplicate women she'd met, the glass aquarium in the lab, Karen's hazy memories...but why create her? Karen decided to ask.

"If we're clones, why did you create us? Why are we here?"

Giant-Karen shrugged. "We created you because we want to be the company to revolutionize human genes. We can manipulate them and create anything we want. We could grow new organs, create copies of ourselves—in any size, cure diseases. Who knows where it could lead. But as to why you're here. Specifically, lunch."

"Lunch?" Karen's twin said.

"Yes," Giant-Karen said. "It's quite odd to say this out loud but—I'm going to eat myself, meaning both of you, for lunch."

A bubbly squeal punctuated the end of Giant-Karen's sentence. It was the woman's stomach growling. Karen heard it clearly from where she stood on the desk. She felt like she had been drenched in ice water. Had her giant self *really* just said she wanted to eat Karen for lunch? The idea was monstrous. Clones or not, Karen and her twin were still people, not *food*.

"You can't do that," Twin-Karen said. "That's horrible! It's—it's like killing yourself. I'm a copy of you and I know I wouldn't want to eat anybody."

The giant smiled and said nothing. She eyed Karen's diminutive twin and reached out with a well-manicured hand. She gently pinched Twin-Karen underneath her breasts and lifted her from the table. "Mmm, I look delicious," she said. She lifted the mildly squirming woman up to her face and held her in front of her lips. Opening her mouth, the giant unleashed her long, glossy tongue. Twin-Karen squealed and put her hands across her face as if she could ward off the coming attack. She was helpless as her giant-self's tongue, wide and flat, pushed against her body and slid up her legs. The tongue swirled over her hips, across her belly, and then over her breasts and shoulders before finally retreating. Twin-Karen, her skin glistening with dampness, looked into the face of her giant self in shock.

The giant arched an eyebrow and seemed to think for a moment. "Hmm, not bad," she said after a few seconds of savoring the taste she had taken. "Honestly you don't taste like much at all. Just the tiniest bit salty. To really appreciate your flavor I'd have to take a bite and--" The woman between her fingers screamed. "Oh, no need to be frightened of that my dear. I'm not going to do it. The blood, the crunching of bone, the guts--maybe I'll try it someday, but not today. Too gory for my first time."

The woman pinched between her fingers wasn't amused. "You bitch!" she yelled. "I never realized how sick and twisted I was."

"You aren't me," Giant-Karen said. "You're just a tiny person who looks like me. You may have some of my thoughts and memories but you're mine to do with as I please. The only reason you can think and speak at all is because Dr. Jorbold was able to extract and imprint brain functions into your body. But know this; I am the original Karen, the alpha-Karen, your creator. As such I can do anything with you I please. Now, enough chatting. I'm hungry. In you go."

The giant lifted Twin-Karen higher into the air. At the same time she tilted her head back. She positioned the wriggling woman above her lips and opened her mouth. She extended her tongue as far as it would go and opened her mouth even wider, stretching her ruby red lips.

"Stop!" Karen said from the desk below. Her heart was pounding. The scene before her was disorienting and frightening at the same time. She was watching a duplicate of herself being held over the open mouth of yet another version of herself. She felt like she was having a strange out of body experience. She felt lightheaded and queasy. Nothing made sense anymore.

Ignoring Karen's outburst, Giant-Karen nimbly twisted the dangling woman between her fingers so that her bare buttocks faced her upturned nostrils. Then she began to lower the woman into her gaping mouth. Twin-Karen began to scream, long and loud.

On the desk, Karen winced at hearing the horrified cries coming from her twin. It was eerie to hear her own voice crying out like that. Her heart raced in her chest. She was helpless; there was nothing she could do but watch. Her twin's creamy legs pressed against the giant's outstretched tongue and slid into the giant's mouth. Her twin's screaming increased as she was lowered down, down, down,

her buttocks and belly disappearing into Giant-Karen's maw. The giant released her fingers. Twin-Karen's screams increased an octave. She pulled and scratched at the wet surface of Giant-Karen's tongue but couldn't get enough grip to attempt an escape. The tip of the giant's tongue curled upward around Twin-Karen's face and retracted downward, pulling Twin-Karen completely into Giant-Karen's mouth.

The screams were muffled now but could still be heard. Giant-Karen kept her head upturned. She closed her mouth, gagged hard, and made loud choking sounds. Her eyes squinted in concentration. She lifted her right hand and gently massaged her slender neck. At four inches long, Karen's twin was going to be tough to swallow, but the giant looked determined. Tears started to well up in the giant's eyes as she gagged again and again. She continued to massage her neck and then, bearing down hard, she swallowed.

Karen saw a large bulge travel down her giant self's neck and disappear between her collarbones. The giant gasped and took a much needed breath of air. She wiped tears from the corners of her eyes.

"That was a lot harder than I thought it would—" Giant-Karen started to say before her body suddenly convulsed as if in orgasm. "Shit I just felt her enter my stomach!" The giant looked like she was in ecstasy. "That was a feeling unlike anything I've ever felt before. I can feel her moving around inside me, her hands and feet probing the walls of my belly. It's—amazing."

Karen shuddered violently at the sight of witnessing herself being eaten alive. An enormous sense of dread fell over her body like a shadow. She knew she should try to run, but she was smart enough to know that her giant self would simply reach out and grab her the second she tried to sprint away. So what was there to do? She thought about reasoning or begging with the giant, but since the giant *was* her, in a way, she knew how the giant version of her would react—without mercy. Karen's shoulders sagged as she realized she was doomed.

"Mmm, she's not quite enough to fill my belly," Giant-Karen said as she patted her taught abdomen with her right hand. "I wish I had three or four of you to eat but since I don't you'll have to do to satisfy my appetite. Come on, your turn."

When the giant hand came for her, Karen drew a deep, frightened breath but didn't run. Fingers gently pinched her waist and lifted her from the table. A moment later she was staring into a giant mirror-image of her own face. Her eyes focused on the set of plush red lips, lips that she remembered applying lipstick to on countless occasions. *No, those aren't even my memories*, she thought. *I'm just a clone. I'm not even real.*

The giant tilted her head back. As she did so, she reached up with her free hand and pinched Karen's feet between her fingers. She let go with the hand that had held Karen around her waist. Karen yelped as she pitched forward and hung, dangling upside-down, her blond hair sagging like silken ropes, her arms likewise hanging toward the giant's painted lips. Her blood immediately rushed into Karen's

head and shoulders, making her face feel warm. Her heart pounded and her stomach felt queasy due to the intense tug of gravity pulling at her.

The lips below Karen parted and the giant's mouth stretched open. Karen looked down into her own mouth. She recognized every detail: the gleaming white teeth she had brushed and flossed thousands of times, the pink healthy gums, the smooth lavender colored tongue with a faint fissure running up the middle, and the wide archway of her tonsil-less throat. She knew all of these features personally. She had seen them in the mirror countless times during her life.

It was at that moment that flashes of memory started appearing in Karen's mind. Visions and scenes assaulted her consciousness as she stared down into the pink wetness of the mouth below her.

*Karen remembers becoming the CEO of her technology company. She remembers the day she moved in, the smell of her new office, shaking hands with all the new employees. She remembers the long hours it took to get the company its first government contracts. She remembers the grand opening of the cloning labs.*

More and more images flash through Karen's mind as warm breath wafts out of the giant's mouth below. Years worth of memories slide into Karen's brain. Like suddenly remembering a dream long forgotten, Karen remembers years of hard work to get her company to where it is now. And then, she remembers something else.

*Karen remembers touring the labs. She is led through the facility by Dr. Jorbold. He shows Karen that he has used her DNA sample to clone actual copies of her...although at a much smaller scale. Karen is shocked to see glass aquariums full of tiny versions of herself. Furious, she chastises the doctor for what he's done. Her DNA was supposed to be for testing and sequencing only. No live subjects were to be created yet since they hadn't received the Department of Health's endorsement. The doctor, surprised and taken aback, apologizes profusely. That's when Karen tells him he has to shut the entire project down.*

*The doctor is sweating now. He begs Karen to allow the project to continue. He leads her into the transmutation lab, desperate to show her one of his other advances in technology that will convince her to keep the project running. Karen reluctantly follows, her high heels clicking on the concrete lab floor.*

*In the transmutation lab, the doctor fiddles with strange electronic equipment as he tries to explain the work he's doing on cellular transformation. While Karen is distracted with his techno-babble, the doctor suddenly whirls on her and attacks her. He jams a needle into Karen's arm and forcefully injects something into her bloodstream. Karen pushes him away but she suddenly feels dizzy and ill. Seconds later she notices her clothes are sagging from her body due to the fact that she's shrinking at an alarming rate.*

*"I can't let you shut me down," the doctor says. "I'll put you with all the other clones and I'll...I'll pick one out at random to grow and replace you. Yes that should work. I've noticed the clones are a bit..."*

*unstable, but she'll be practically the same as you. With a few hours of memory therapy I can make the new you believe anything I want. She'll think she is you."*

*Karen screams in horror as she is fished out of her rumpled pile of clothes, taken back to the lab, and placed into an aquarium of duplicates who stare at her numbly. Karen feels groggy. The injection has done something to her mind...she starts to forget who she is. The last thing she remembers is the doctor leaving the lab. Following him is one of Karen's clones, grown to full size and wearing Karen's discarded business suit.*

As Karen regained her memories, the giant below extended her tongue fully from her mouth. It hovered in the air, glistening and wet, like a soft platform leading down into the giant's mouth. Giant-Karen's tongue, extended as far as it was, had the effect of pulling her throat open wide. Karen looked down into the wide circle of her gullet beyond the bumpy rear of her tongue. Her uvula hung lazily over the dark pit. The entrance to her throat looked smooth, silky, and wet. Although it would be a tight fit, it looked to be just big enough for Karen's body to slide into.

The giant started to lower Karen into her mouth.

"No, wait!" Karen yelled. "I'm not the clone. *You* are!"

Her descent continued. Either her giant self didn't hear her or didn't care. Humid breath flowed over Karen's bare skin as her fingers touched the slippery fibrous texture of her duplicate's tongue. The giant lowered her deeper and the front of Karen's body slid against the wide, outstretched tongue. The surface was wet and slippery, soft yet firm. Karen could feel the tiny bumps dotting its surface and grimaced at the thought of being tasted by her own taste-buds.

"Stop! I'm the real Karen!" She yelled. She tried to squirm but the tongue beneath her was too slick to get any sort of grip. She yelped as her outstretched hands pushed aside her uvula and glided into the darkness of her own throat. She felt slippery flesh and warm mucus beyond the back of her tongue. Things were happening too fast. She only had seconds to figure out how to escape before being swallowed whole. She twisted, squirmed, and yanked with her legs but her feet were being held too tightly to break free from Giant-Karen's grip.

"Don't eat me! You're the clone, not me! STOP!" Karen yelled desperately. Her head and shoulders plunged down into the duplicate of her own gullet. Warm walls gripped her tightly. Saliva splashed across her face. Giant-Karen, instead of simply lowering Karen's body, began to push Karen forcefully down her throat.

Karen screamed as her clone's gullet expanded to accept her. She was shoved past a rigid epiglottis and down...down...down into a very tight, constricting tunnel. The walls of the tunnel heaved and contracted as Giant-Karen gagged violently. Karen prayed her clone wouldn't be able to swallow her but she knew it was only a slim chance. After all, she had already swallowed one woman.



The giant seemed to concentrate for a moment. She gagged over and over but refused to dislodge the squirming woman in her throat. She gave one final push and shoved Karen's kicking feet over the back of her tongue. She closed her mouth, shut her eyes tightly, and massaged her neck.

Frothy saliva surged around Karen as the walls around her squeezed her so hard she thought her ribs were going to break. Then suddenly she slid downward with the force of water bursting from a broken dam. Swallowed whole, Karen glided swiftly down her clone's smooth esophagus. The journey only took a few seconds. Before Karen could even come to grips with the fact that she'd just been swallowed, she shot into her clone's stomach.

All was darkness as Karen landed in a shallow pool of broiling liquid that stung her exposed skin like scalding water. The air was humid, scorching, and foul. The sounds of an enormous heartbeat, churning liquid, and moaning were all she could hear. Gritting her teeth and enduring the pain of the gastric acids as best she could, Karen made her way towards the sound of the moaning. She felt around in the darkness until she found her twin who had been eaten just a short time ago.

"Karen?" the woman said.

"Yes, Karen, I'm here," Karen said. The two women embraced and leaned against the pulsing wall of the stomach. They held each other tightly, each thankful for the other, thankful they weren't alone. Karen, the real Karen, silently hoped that when she was digested and gone, some part of her essence would transfer to her clone. Maybe some part of her could change the clone for the better. If not...she couldn't bear to think what awaited her remaining clones back in the lab.

### 3.

Karen belched softly. She massaged her sore neck with one hand and patted her belly with the other.

"Mmm, that hit the spot," she said, leaning back in her chair. She felt like she could eat three or four more of her tiny clones but for now she would have to make do with what she'd had. Her belly was not full, but satisfied. Her hungry pains were gone and she had the added benefit of being able to feel the two women's muted movements inside her body. *In a few hours they'll be digested and gone and I'll be hungry again.* She thought. The idea thrilled her and she smiled broadly.

Even though she smiled there was something nagging at her. It was something one of the clones had said as Karen had lowered her into her mouth. 'I'm not the clone! You are!' she'd said. Karen swiveled in her chair and out her office window at the beautiful downtown skyline. She wrinkled her brow and tapped a finger against her red lips. *I'm the clone? Impossible. The woman was just trying to save herself from being eaten, that's all. But if that were so, why didn't the first clone I ate try to use that excuse? If we're all the same, shouldn't we all act the same? What if what she said was true? What if somehow—*

"No!" Karen stood up and faced the window. She could see a faint reflection of herself in the glass. She stood stern, confident. She focused her thoughts and forced any stray thoughts from her mind.

"I am the real Karen," she said to her reflection.

"I am the real Karen."

THE END