

Special Agents, Special Meal
(Soft Version)

by Zombie Slave

1.

Special Agent Cynthia Reanna slowed the black Dodge Charger as she surveyed the houses along the quiet suburban street. The bright sunlight glared through the windows, the dark tinting only moderately helped against the glare of the bright daylight. It was hot too, almost unbearably so. Cynthia, not for the first time, wished she didn't have to wear the bulky, hot uniform. Plus, wearing her agency-issue anti-shrink vest didn't help matters either. It was about the size and weight of the average bullet-proof vest that the cops wore, but was enhanced with all sorts of electronic circuitry.

"I think this is the place," Agent Torrie Banks, Cynthia's fresh rookie-in-training, said from the passenger seat. She pointed out the window at a nice looking upper-middle class house with the numbers 1430 prominently displayed in ornate letters above the double-bay garage door.

Cynthia glanced briefly at the computer screen attached between the two front seats of the car and confirmed the address. "Yep, this is the one." She let the car glide to a stop in front of the house, put the transmission in park, and shut off the engine. "Nervous, rookie?"

The young woman looked over at her superior and shrugged her shoulders. "I was last night. I mean, this is my first day actually out on the street instead of at the training center. I was so anxious last night I didn't get much sleep. But now that I'm out here, actually on the job, I feel fine."

"Good," Cynthia said. She was impressed with her new trainee. She had to admit she had her doubts about Agent Banks when she first saw her. Banks was young, petite, athletic. She looked too delicate for this kind of work, not like the usual hefty bruisers that seemed to apply for a job with the agency. But from what she had been told, Agent Banks had taken to the rigorous training without complaint.

"Well for your first assignment I don't think you could ask for anything easier. This should go over nice and smooth," Cynthia said. "We just need to confiscate the unauthorized tech at this house. Intel says the only occupant is a woman, Eliza Trichert, forty-two years old, divorced. She should be no threat and shouldn't offer up any trouble. Still, keep your guard up." The young rookie nodded her head and turned to get out of the car.

Cynthia grabbed a black rubber band she kept around her right wrist. She pulled her long blond hair tightly back behind her head and cinched it in place with the band. She then grabbed the pair of mirrored sunglasses she kept in the cubby near the car's gearshift and put them in position over her eyes. She knew the tight hair and glasses gave her an imposing look. It helped with getting the offenders to turn over their illegal tech without much fuss.

Agent Banks, Torrie as she preferred to be called, was already halfway to the front door. Cynthia got out of the car and swiftly moved to catch up with her young partner. As she walked up a snaking, rocky path up to the front door, Cynthia checked the stun gun she wore at her hip was securely in place. She wasn't allowed to carry an actual firearm, and although she had never had to use the stun-gun, she still liked having it attached to her belt.

The two agents stepped onto the house's front porch and stood in front of a fancy glass storm-door.

"I know it's my first day, but can I do this one?" Torrie asked.

Well aren't you eager. Cynthia thought. She couldn't help but be impressed with the girl's enthusiasm. Usually new hires just stood back and watched for the first few weeks. "Be my guest," Cynthia said. She reached into a pouch of her uniform and handed over the search warrant to the young rookie that she herself had intended to serve.

Torrie took the paper, opened the glass door and knocked solidly on the paneled wooden door beyond.

A few seconds passed. Torrie knocked again. "Ma'am this is the Governmental Agency of Science and Technology," Torrie said, projecting her voice. "We're here to serve a warrant on unlicensed technology at this address. Please open up. If you do not, we have no choice but to summon a police task force to this premises."

Not bad. Cynthia thought. *She sounds young but her voice didn't waver. She did sound pretty authoritative. Good job.*

The two agents heard the sound of muffled footsteps from inside the house. A few moments later there was the click of a deadbolt sliding back and then the door opened.

A woman stood in the doorway. She was taller than Torrie but not as tall as Cynthia. She was slim, attractive, with short, straight black hair that was cut in a sharp line just below her chin. She was wearing dark red lipstick and heavy pink eye-shadow. Her body was wrapped in a dark red satin robe which she held closed over her breasts to hide her ample cleavage. Based on her make-up and state of dress—or undress as it were—Cynthia thought maybe they had interrupted the woman in the middle of a mid-day tryst. She certainly hoped not; this would go a lot smoother if the woman was alone.

"Miss Trichert?" Torrie asked.

The woman eyed the two agents up and down. She didn't look alarmed or frightened. Cynthia wondered why. People always looked frightened when government repo-men, or in this case repo-*women*, came to their door.

"I'm Agent Banks, this is Agent Reanna," Torrie said. Both women reached into their pockets and pulled out their ID's and held them up for Eliza Trichert to inspect.

"What can I do for you, agents?" Eliza said, her voice soft, silky. She was obviously not a woman who was going to be intimidated easily.

"We are authorized by the State, and by Federal Statute 67392 dash 2 to enter your property and repossess a piece of illegal and unauthorized technology," Torrie began. "Specifically a body

transmogrifier, commonly referred to as a shrink-gun. We have a warrant," Torrie lifted the folded packet of papers and held them out to Eliza, "which has been signed by the Governor and the judge elected to this district. If you could step aside please."

The woman, Eliza, took the search warrant offered to her, unfolded it and gave it the briefest of cursory glances before looking up again. She looked straight into Torrie's eyes. "The shrink-gun is mine. I paid for it and registered it as I was required to do by law. It's my property and you have no authority to take it."

"I'm sorry ma'am," Cynthia said. "That technology has been made illegal. The fact that you bought it before the current laws is irrelevant. Now please, let us inside and show us where the device is. If you do not--"

The woman didn't wait for Cynthia to finish her threat. She simply took a gliding step backward and opened the door wide. She looked at the two agents on her doorstep and cocked her head towards her living room, as if saying, 'come on in.'

Cynthia removed her mirrored sunglasses and hooked them on the breast pocket of her uniform. She took a step across the threshold and walked past Eliza. A strong perfume penetrated her nostrils as she past. Behind Cynthia, Torrie entered the house as well.

The two agents walked into a large, immaculately clean living room. The floor was hardwood, its surface dark and well polished. A white leather couch and two matching leather recliners were arranged in a semi-circle around a large LCD television that sat on an ornate stand that seemed to be made of twisted metal posts and glass shelves. The walls of the room were decorated with paintings of flowers, and a skylight built into the room's high ceiling allowed fresh sunlight to filter into the room, filling it with natural light. Cynthia had to keep herself from whistling in awe at the spotless room. It looked like a room that would be in a demo-home for a new neighborhood. It was so much better than Cynthia's own cluttered apartment.

"Is there anyone else in the home, ma'am?" Cynthia asked as she turned her gaze back to the woman before her.

"No, just me," Eliza said. She followed the gaze of the agents and looked down at her robed body. "Oh I see. It's the middle of the day and I'm dressed like *this*. Well, a woman can relax in her own home can't she? Usually a girl doesn't have to worry about government agents storming in."

Torrie cleared her throat. "Miss Tritchert, if you could retrieve the transmogrifier please," she said. "Or do we need to search for it?"

Eliza looked bored. "There's no need for that. I don't want you two tearing my house to pieces. It's in the kitchen. I'll get it for you."

"You keep your shrink-gun in the kitchen?" Cynthia asked, raising an eyebrow.

The woman in the satin robe shrugged her slim shoulders. "Why not, that's where I use it the most. Hold on and I'll get it for you." Eliza turned and started walking towards an arched doorway at the back of the living room that must lead to the kitchen. Torrie took a step to follow her, but Cynthia reached up and grabbed the young woman lightly by the shoulder.

"Hold on," Cynthia said, her voice almost a whisper. "Something's wrong here."

"What do you mean?" Torrie asked.

"This is too easy. She didn't put up any kind of fight at all. She's going to try something, be prepared."

"She seems okay to me. You mean this isn't normal?"

Cynthia watched Eliza's lithe form as she glided through the doorway to the kitchen. The woman hadn't looked back to see if the agents were following her. "She's too confident. She doesn't have any intention of giving us the gun. Usually people scream and shout. They rant about their 'rights' and about how we can't take their property. This woman didn't try much of any of that and it's got me worried. Is your vest powered up?"

Torrie looked down at the black vest that fit over the curves of her upper body. "You don't think she'll try to use the gun on us, do you?"

Cynthia nodded. "I'm sure of it. Let's go after her. Just be prepared. We may have to wrestle the gun from her."

The two women walked across the hardwood floor to the doorway high archway and entered a large kitchen. The kitchen had a large oak table, marble counter-tops, and a central island complete with a stove. Large stainless steel freezers and a refrigerator lined one wall. Cynthia had never seen such a large kitchen in a home before.

Eliza was at the far end of one of the counters, bent over an open drawer. She was fishing inside for something. She wasn't holding her robe open anymore, and its sheer fabric flapped open, exposing creamy, smooth skin beneath. She at least seemed to be wearing some kind of lacey red bra and panties, much to Cynthia's relief. She had no desire to see some naked stranger today, although the guys back at the agency would've gotten a good thrill out of this.

Torrie and Cynthia started to walk toward Eliza. "Ma'am if that's where the gun is, we'll take it from here," Cynthia said.

"Stop!" Eliza whirled around. At the same time she pulled her hand from the drawer and pointed a slim metallic device at the two agents. Cynthia recognized the device as the style of transmogrifier they were after.

Cynthia stopped and put a hand out to her partner to indicate for her to hold up as well. "Ma'am please. Don't make this harder than it needs to be. We don't want to call a task force in here. You can't use that gun on us. The vests we wear emit a high intensity repulsor field. It stops any body-transformation ray. Your gun won't work on us."

"Is that right?" Eliza said. She looked amused. "I'll tell you what, Agent Reanna. Do you trust your technology more than mine? If you do, come get me. If you can take the gun from my hand, it's yours. But if your technology fails, you're mine to do with as I please."

Cynthia gritted her teeth in anger. How dare this woman threaten a government agent. The shrink-gun couldn't effect her or Torrie while they had their vests on, so what was this woman playing at?

"Enough of this bullshit," Cynthia said. "Agent Banks, looks like we're doing this the hard way. You are hereby authorized to use force to

retrieve that gun. Miss Trichert, if you resist we will taze you. Agent Banks, get the gun!"

The two agents sprang forward and Eliza Trichert pulled the trigger of the silver device she held in her hand. She shot twice, and two bolts of electric blue energy sprang from the muzzle of the gun like condensed bolts of lightning. A bolt splashed against the chest of Cynthia, another impacted Torrie in the shoulder. There was a loud crackle as the agents' vests tried to repulse the shrink-ray and then...

A wave of nausea unlike anything she'd felt before exploded in Cynthia's gut. The room started to spin. She cried out in shock. *What—what the hell?* She thought as she pitched forward, falling to her hands and knees on the tiled kitchen floor. She heard a yelp and a thump as Torrie dropped to the floor next to her.

Cynthia gagged and concentrated on keeping herself from vomiting. Her skin broke out in a clammy sweat. Her vest crackled and smoked, as did the stun-gun at her hip as the electronics fried.

"What's...happening to me?" Torrie said. She was gagging too. Drool hung from her chin from where she had wretched up strands of spittle.

"Isn't it obvious, Agent?" Eliza said. "You're shrinking."

"Im—impossible," Cynthia said. She looked up. Vertigo almost made her shut her eyes tightly closed but she forced herself to keep them open. She saw the kitchen walls and ceiling expanding outwards from her at startli ng speed. Eliza stood a few feet away, and through the dizzying haze Cynthia could see that the woman seemed to be growing taller and taller.

Cold dread slammed into Cynthia's brain causing her body to feel like it had been dunked in ice water. She really was shrinking! Her protective vest had failed!

"H—how?" Torrie said, and wretched again.

Eliza laughed. Her voice boomed and echoed around the kitchen. "My shrink-gun has been modified many times over. Looks like you put your faith in the wrong technology." The woman laughed again, her voice deep and thundering.

"What do we do?" Torrie said, looking over at her superior. Her eyes were desperate. Her face a mask of fear.

Cynthia looked at her partner and just shook her head. There was nothing they could do. There was no stopping the process once it started. All they could do now was wait.

Wait and see what Eliza had in store for them.

2.

It didn't take long for Cynthia and Torrie to fully shrink to the size Eliza had set her gun for—which seemed to be about two-inches as far as Torrie could guess. She was the one to recover first. The nausea and disorientation had been incredibly powerful, but once the actual shrinking had stopped, the symptoms had swiftly melted away. Torrie felt normal

enough now, at least physically. Mentally however was a different story.

Torrie had never been trained for the event of a shrink-gun actually being used on her. She had been told that it was impossible to happen as long as she was wearing her protective vest. And yet it *had* happened. Torrie stood, stunned, on a kitchen tile that was as big as a tennis-court, and gazed up at a giant woman that stood towering over her.

Eliza was so huge, so colossal! Straight ahead Torrie saw a pair of creamy, white, bare feet. Feet with massive toes complete with red painted nails. Torrie's legs felt like jelly. Her body started to quiver. Her heart started to race. The authoritative facade she had worn earlier dropped in an instant. She felt like an insect, helpless. One of those massive feet could take one step forward—just one step!--and squash both herself and Cynthia beneath its sole, grinding them to a bloody pulp on the tile.

Torrie just stood there, frozen in place, looking up at the red-robed giant.

Beside her, Cynthia finally rose to her feet. "Are you okay?"

"Wha—what? Oh...yeah," Torrie said. "I think so."

"Stay calm agent," Cynthia said. She was trying to sound like her normal self, strong and confident, but Torrie could sense the uncertainty in her voice.

"What the hell do we do now?" Torrie said, her eyes still locked on the giant feet in front of her.

"Honestly...I don't know," Cynthia answered. "My stun-gun's dead. So is yours by the look of it. The radio's back in the car. I...I don't know what to do. I guess it's her move now."

The giant woman bent at the knees and knelt down close to the two tiny women on her kitchen floor. A broad smile played across her ruby lips. "Well well my little agents. Looks like my tech won, eh? I guess that means I get to do whatever I want with you. The first thing I want you to do is climb onto my hand." Eliza floated her right hand down in front of the two women and rested it on the floor, palm up. "Go on, climb on. Agent Banks I can see by your face how terrified you are, so just do what I say, or else I'll step on you and smash you between my toes." Eliza laughed. "I saw the way you were looking at my feet."

Torrie looked into the giant's smiling face and her massive glaring eyes. "My God, I think she really means it!" Torrie said. "What do we do?"

"Best do as she says. If we play along maybe we can talk our way out of this."

Torrie looked at the giant hand and slender fingers laid out in front of her. She took a shaky step forward. Cynthia did the same alongside her. The two women walked up to the hand and with some effort, climbed up onto Eliza's soft palm.

"Aiieee!" Torrie cried out as Eliza straightened her body. The hand she and Cynthia sat on rose high into the air as if fired from a rocket. Torrie's stomach lurched as she was carried high above the kitchen floor.

Eliza walked a few steps to the center island of the kitchen and lowered her hand to the glossy, gray marbled surface. Taking this as a cue that they could get off, the two agents quickly scrambled from her hand

and onto the counter. The shrunken women took a moment to regain their balance, then turned to look up at their captor.

The giant woman tucked her left arm under her breasts and tapped the long slender index finger of her right hand against her chin. "Hmmm," she said, tapping her finger against her lower lip as she thought. "No, this won't do."

"What are you going to do with us?" Cynthia shouted up at the giant. "We're State agents under federal oversight. We demand you return us to normal size and--"

"Oh no," Eliza interrupted, her silky voice booming. "I give the orders, Agent Reanna. And right now I want--" Eliza moved her finger from her chin to point down at Torrie, "--*you* to remove that awful uniform."

What the hell? Torrie thought. "You want me to what?"

"Remove your uniform," Eliza said. "Do it now." Then, with alarming speed Eliza lashed out with her left hand and seized Cynthia from the countertop. She apparently began to squeeze because Cynthia started screaming. "If you don't do it, I'll crush Agent Reanna right now as you watch."

Holy shit! Torrie thought. "Are you insane? Stop! Look I'll do it okay, just stop!" Torrie reached behind her back and unlatched the clasp of her vest—the vest that hadn't saved her from being shrunk. She then lifted the device over her head and let it drop to the counter. She bent over and unlaced her boots, kicked them off, removed her socks, then unbuckled her utility belt and pants and let them fall to the counter in a heap. She unbuttoned the baggy, blue shirt of her uniform and let that fall with the other clothes.

Torrie now stood, her body exposed except for a pair of dark blue panties and matching bra. *Why the hell does she want my clothes off for? What could she possibly be up to?*

"That's good enough," Eliza's voice boomed. "That wasn't so hard was it? My, my, you are quite lovely little Agent Banks." The giant woman then lowered her fist and uncurled her fingers. Cynthia dropped back to the counter. She was breathing heavily, her face still grimacing from the pain of being squeezed.

"Agent Reanna you will sit there, on that spot," Eliza boomed. "You will not move, you will not run. You will sit right there and watch. I've just given you a demonstration of what happens if you disobey. If you move before I tell you, I'll pick you up and crush you until your internal organs ooze through my fingers."

Cynthia was still breathing heavily. She clutched her chest, under her breasts, where her ribcage was probably bruised. "Why? What are you going to do? What do I have to watch?"

Eliza smiled. "You want to know why I keep the gun in the kitchen? Well, it's my favorite room. I do a lot of my favorite activities in here. Just watch, I'll demonstrate on your young partner here."

The giant woman's head swiveled toward Torrie. The two women's eyes locked. Torrie felt her heart leap into her throat. Her arms started to shake. "What are you going to do?"

The giant didn't answer. Eliza simply lifted an enormous hand and

started reaching toward Torrie.

"Answer me!" Torrie yelled, her voice cracking. "What are you going to do with me?"

A thumb and index finger reached out and grabbed Torrie around her waist. A second later Torrie felt her feet leave the counter as she was lifted into the air.

"What are you doing? Put me down! Please!" Torrie shouted. She didn't know what the woman had planned, but it couldn't be good. The giant had a strange look in her eye—a murderous look.

Torrie rose into the air, past the giant's mountainous cleavage, until she was being held in front of Eliza's face.

Lush, red lips parted ever so slightly. The tip of a wet, pink tongue poked out and glided across Eliza's upper lip, leaving a moist trail in its wake. Torrie watched, confused, as it slipped back into the giant woman's mouth.

Torrie's mind was on fire. It felt like alarm bells were going off in her head. Her gut twisted in ice cold dread. There was something tremendously wrong here. *What the hell is she planning? What is she doing?* Torrie thought. *She's eying me like I'm—*Torrie's eyes opened wide as realization struck home—*like I'm a piece of meat!*

"Mmmm you look delicious, Agent Banks," Eliza said. "Such smooth, creamy skin. Such lovely curves. Let's see how you taste." She lifted the tiny woman she held between her fingers higher into the air. At the same time she started to tilt her head back. The broad grin on her face never left her lips.

"No, stop. No!" Torrie kicked with her legs. They dangled uselessly beneath her. She pushed against the thumb that gripped her waist. She pushed against the soft skin as hard as she could. She didn't care if she fell down to the counter-top below, or even all the way down to the kitchen floor. She just knew she had to escape from the grip of Eliza's fingers.

The upward motion stopped. Torrie looked down and screamed. She hovered over Eliza's upturned, smiling face. Specifically she hovered directly above the woman's red-painted lips. Eliza's pink tongue made an appearance once more as she licked her lips again.

Oh my God, Torrie thought. *She wants to eat me. She wants to EAT ME!*

Torrie started to squirm and kick with every ounce of strength she had. "Cynthia! Help me, please! Helllp!"

Eliza's lips parted. Brilliantly white teeth flashed in the light, and then the woman's mouth started to open.

"No, wait, please!" Torrie yelled down at the giant face as she continued to kick and push against the thumb that held her. "You can't do this. Oh my God, stop!"

The woman's mouth opened wider. Wider. Then wider still. It seemed like Eliza was stretching it open as far as she could. Torrie screamed as the woman's maw yawned open into a glistening, pink pit below her.

A pink, glossy tongue gently wriggled and rolled below. Torrie watched in horror as the tongue heaved from side to side, never keeping

still for a moment. Every few seconds it would dip low at its base, exposing the narrow archway of Eliza's throat. When this happened Torrie could see a wet, dangling uvula, and behind that, the smooth red wall of Eliza's throat which descended down into darkness.

Saliva glistened where it coated the pink interior walls of Eliza's mouth. Huge, rock-like molars hung embedded in healthy pink gums. Molars that could crush and grind Torrie to a pulp in a matter of seconds.

Torrie felt like she was going to faint. She stopped squirming, stopped fighting. She was too scared and didn't have the strength left to continue. Tears started to leak from her eyes and run down her cheeks.

"Puh-please don't eat me," Torrie said. "We don't want the shrink-gun. You can keep it. Miss Trichert please, it's just my first day on the job. Please let me go!"

Eliza didn't answer. Instead, her tongue started to move and then extend out past her lips. She had a long tongue, and she stuck it out as far as she could and let it hover, wide and flat, in the air. Then she started to lower Torrie toward it.

With her tongue stretched out, Eliza's throat was fully exposed. Torrie stared deep into the giant woman's gullet as it loomed closer...closer. The huge, hanging uvula fluttered in the breeze of the giant woman's breath, which was warm and moist as it gusted out past Torrie's body.

"No. No. NO!" Torrie yelled as she was lowered towards the massive, waiting tongue. She was so close now she could see its taste-buds and slick, carpet-like texture.

Eliza's fingers suddenly released their grip, and Torrie fell the short distance to land on Eliza's wide tongue.

As soon as she landed on the soft, slippery surface, Torrie froze. Saliva soaked into her bra and panties and oozed between her toes and fingers. She was lying on the tongue, her head pointed towards the giant's throat. Her muscles tensed. She stared at the massive teeth, the dripping walls, the smooth hard palate, and the dark throat—and knew she was doomed.

She's really going to do it. She's really going to eat me. She's going to chew me up and swallow me. I'll disappear down her throat, never to be seen again.

"No," Torrie said weakly.

Eliza's tongue began to move, pulling it's morsel into her mouth.

"NO!" Torrie screamed as she passed between the giant woman's dark red lips.

"NOOOOOO!" Torrie screamed one final time as Eliza closed her mouth, trapping the tiny woman inside.

3.

Cynthia leaped to her feet when she saw the giant woman drop her partner onto her outstretched tongue. *My God, she's eating her!* Cynthia thought frantically.

"Stop! Don't! Put her down!" Cynthia yelled. She waved her arms up at the giant woman, not caring that she was disobeying the orders she had been given. If Eliza crushed her, so be it. She couldn't just stand by while Torrie was eaten alive.

But then again what could she do to stop it?

"Heyyyy!" Cynthia yelled. "Leave her alone!"

The giant pulled her tongue back into her mouth, pulling poor Torrie inside. Cynthia could hear the desperate screams of her rookie trainee. Eliza turned her head and looked straight at Cynthia. Her jaws were moving slightly. Cynthia got the horrifying thought that Eliza was chewing Torrie, crushing her to death, but the more she watched, the more she realized that Eliza was simply sucking on the girl, as if Torrie were a piece of hard candy.

Eliza leaned forward, bringing her head and shoulders low to the counter.

"Let her go. Let her out!" Cynthia shouted. She wanted to run and pound her fists on Eliza's lips, anything to force her mouth open in order to get Torrie out of there, but she knew it would be no use. Cynthia had never felt so helpless in her entire life.

Cynthia sank to her knees and let her arms hang limply at her sides. She felt utterly defeated.

And then Eliza opened her mouth, and Cynthia saw the most horrifying scene she had ever seen.

Eliza casually opened her mouth, as if she were opening up for a dentist or doctor. Deep inside her mouth was Torrie, who was only visible from her chest upwards—her lower body had slipped down into Eliza's throat. She hung there, stuck half-in and half-out of the giant's gullet. Torrie was covered in thick, gooey saliva. It coated her body in a heavy coat, plastering her hair to her scalp and making her body shine in the light as if coated in clear-coat paint. A pink, wet uvula bounced up and down on top of Torrie's head and shoulders. Eliza's lustrous tongue wriggled and undulated in front of Torrie's body.

"Torrie!" Cynthia yelled.

Her partner lifted her head and gazed out at Cynthia from the cavernous maw. Her face was a mask of terror and fear. She stretched out a dripping, wet arm—reaching for Cynthia.

"Help me, please! Cynthia!" Torrie yelled. "I think she's about to—to—wait! Nooo!"

Eliza's tongue heaved upwards, cutting off Torrie's words. The archway of Eliza's throat seemed to stretch and open wider. Torrie screamed—and then she slipped fully over the back of Eliza's tongue and disappeared down her throat.

Cynthia stretched out a hand towards her partner as she watched her vanish. "No!" she shouted. Then there was a sudden wet, gurgling sound. Eliza's tongue heaved high in her mouth, blocking off the view of her throat completely.

And then the giant woman swallowed. She hadn't even bothered to close her mouth to do it.

Cynthia could only watch in fright as a large bulge made its way

down Eliza's neck to disappear into her body. Cynthia felt like she'd been kicked in the gut. Torrie was gone—sent down into the depths of the giant woman's stomach.

4.

"Don't be so gloomy," Eliza said as she placed a white china plate down on the counter next to Cynthia.

Cynthia lay on the cold marble counter, curled up in the fetal position. She didn't know how long it had been since Eliza had eaten Torrie. Five minutes? Ten? She didn't know. She felt like she was in a nightmare and was desperate to wake up.

She heard the thundering footsteps of Eliza as she walked away and rummaged around the kitchen for something. Cynthia didn't know what the woman was doing, nor did she care. All she could think about was Torrie, and about how right now at this very moment her young partner was in that evil woman's stomach. Cynthia wondered if Torrie was alive or not. Either way, she was surely being digested. By this time tomorrow there would be nothing left of her. There was no trace of her here in this house except the pile of clothes here on the counter.

The giant returned and set down a package of bread, which was as big as a bus to Cynthia, a head of lettuce, a jar of mayonnaise, and a sealed package of turkey slices.

Cynthia uncurled her body from the fetal position and stood up. "What are you doing?"

Eliza opened the package of bread and pulled out two thick, white slices, which she placed on the plate. "Well, since I've had a little appetizer, I realized I'm actually pretty hungry. I'm making a sandwich." Eliza opened the package of turkey, pulled out two thin slices, folded them, and placed them on one of the pieces of bread.

Cynthia looked at the partially made sandwich, then back up at the giant. It wasn't hard to guess what was going to happen.

"You're going to eat me too, aren't you." Cynthia said. She felt lightheaded and distant, as if a puppeteer was controlling her body.

The giant woman looked down. She winked at Cynthia as she tore a piece of lettuce from the larger head she had brought to the counter.

"But why? Why are you doing this to us?"

Eliza placed the leaf of lettuce daintily on top of the folds of turkey. "Because you came for my gun, and because I love it. I can't let anyone take that gun from me. I'm obsessed with it. I love small people, and yes, I love eating them. Agent Reanna you have no idea what it felt like to have your partner's slim, curvy body slide down my throat. And she tasted good too, which is a plus."

"You...you're insane!" Cynthia said.

The giant shrugged her shoulders. "So, I'm almost done here, you know the drill. Strip."

Visions of Torrie's last moments slipped through Cynthia's mind. *No, I can't...fuck, what do I do?*

Eliza had picked up a piece of bread and was busy spreading mayonnaise over its surface. She paused to point the knife down at Cynthia. "I said strip. Now."

Cynthia unclipped her useless vest, pulled it over her head and let it drop to the floor. Then she started unbuttoning her shirt. She wanted to run, to make a desperate attempt to escape—but where could she go? Eliza was right there, and would surely catch her before she only made it a few feet. And if she did manage to dodge the giant's clutches, then what? There was nowhere off the kitchen island except to leap off to land at the floor far below.

Maybe it was better that way. Maybe better to fall to her death than be eaten alive. Yet Cynthia couldn't make her legs move, couldn't summon the courage to make a run for the edge of the counter. Instead she took off her boots, socks, belt and pants. She stood before her captor wearing nothing but her white bra and panties.

Eliza looked down at her. "Ooh, you're a little more full bodied than your partner. You look yummy."

"Fuck you."

Eliza made a *tsk tsk* sound. "Such language, Agent Reanna. Now, climb up on the plate."

"No."

"Do it now. If you don't, I'll think up the most hideous fate I can imagine for you. You saw what I did to your partner so you know what I'm capable of. Why, just in this room I have a myriad of things I can do. Would you like to be frozen in the freezer? How about stuck in the blender, or the microwave? Want a trip to the garbage disposal perhaps?"

Tears started to leak out of Cynthia's eyes. "Fuh—fuck you, you bitch." Cynthia said, blubbing. She reluctantly made her way to the plate and climbed up onto its glossy surface.

She stood next to the giant sandwich and waited.

"Well, go ahead and climb on. Do I have to tell you everything?" Eliza said. In her hand she held a piece of mayonnaise coated bread, ready to place it on top of her sandwich.

Cynthia took a staggering step towards the stack of bread, turkey, and lettuce. The smell of the bread was powerful. It smelled so good, so *normal*. Cynthia never thought such an everyday item could be used for such horror.

She stopped before the open sandwich. "...I can't do this," Cynthia said. "Puh—please, I'm scared."

"Awww," Eliza mocked, her lips pouting. "Don't worry about a thing. Just climb on. I bet it's nice and soft. Get comfortable, and I'll do the rest. Come on, it's the sandwich or the garbage disposal, and I'd hate to waste good food like you."

Cynthia leaned forward and climbed onto the sandwich.

The crisp lettuce crunched loudly as she climbed on top of it. It was wet and cold. Cynthia shivered as she crawled to the center of the sandwich, partly from the cold leaf, but mostly out of fright.

How can this be happening? She thought. How had Eliza modified her gun to penetrate our vests? It was supposed to be impossible, yet it

happened. And now, I'm—I'm nothing but food...nothing but food.

A shadow from above swept across the plate. Cynthia looked up in time to see a massive piece of bread descending towards her. She let out a weak scream and then the bread landed on top of her, trapping her in the sandwich.

Cynthia squirmed. The bread on top of her was surprisingly heavy. Cold, thick mayonnaise slopped over her body, coating her skin completely.

There was the sickening sensation of movement as the sandwich was lifted from the plate. Cynthia kicked, squirmed, and pushed herself forward. She couldn't stand being in the dark, not knowing what was happening. The mayonnaise made everything slippery and it was hard to move, but she did manage, with some effort, to pull her body to the edge of the sandwich.

She pushed against the sloppy bread on top of her and managed to lift it just enough to see where she was. Cynthia screamed. She was directly in front of Eliza's red lips.

Eliza's mouth opened. Cynthia gazed into the pink, shadowed interior, into the maw that had consumed Torrie and was about to consume her. She had to act fast. She rolled to her left just as massive, white teeth bit down and tore through the sandwich near where she had been a moment ago. A large chunk of sandwich was torn away, leaving a ragged, mouth shaped gap in the sandwich's edge. Cynthia watched the giant woman's jaws work up and down as she chewed her mouthful of food.

That was almost me in there. My God she has no intention of swallowing me whole like she did with Torrie. She's going to chew me up!

Eliza swallowed her food and opened her mouth to take another bite. Cynthia saw bits of chewed sandwich stuck here and there between her teeth, and little bits on her tongue that had escaped being swallowed. In a blind panic, Cynthia scrambled backwards, away from the sandwich's edge as another portion entered the giant woman's hungry mouth.

"Stop, please stop!" Cynthia yelled as she heard Eliza bite through the sandwich, then begin chewing again.

"Mmm, where are you little one?" Eliza said once she swallowed. "I haven't tasted you yet. It's just a matter of time though. You can't hide in there forever."

Cynthia curled up in a mayonnaise covered ball and screamed, cried, and shouted. The giant woman was right. She couldn't hide. There was nowhere to go. Cynthia heard the wet sound of another chunk of sandwich being bitten through, and knew that the sandwich was rapidly dwindling. It was only a matter of time.

Torrie I'll be with you soon. Cynthia thought. Forgive me but I hope you're not alive—you don't deserve to have what's left of my body raining down on you. I just can't imagine what it's like down there for you. I hope you're at peace. I'm so sorry this happened. I'm just—so sorry.

Cynthia guessed the sandwich was well over half gone by now. The terror and anticipation of her fate was becoming too much to bear. She just wanted it over with. Summoning all the courage she had left, Cynthia

started to pull herself forward, towards the front of the sandwich.

When she reached the edge she managed to poke her arms, head, and shoulders out from between the sandwich layers. There, directly in front of her, was the mouth of the woman who was going to eat her.

"Do it!" Cynthia shouted. Tears dripped from her chin and fell the long distance to the kitchen floor below. "Do it now you bitch, just do it!"

The giant red lips curled in a smirk. "Gladly," they said.

Eliza's mouth opened. Hot breath that smelled of turkey and bread wafted across Cynthia's face. She gritted her teeth, tensed her muscles, and steeled herself to meet her fate.

The portion of sandwich containing Cynthia entered Eliza's mouth. A wet, shiny tongue wriggled below like a giant pink whale. Cynthia looked past it, into Eliza's shadowed throat, knowing that her body would be sent down that dark tunnel, never to be seen again. Shadows started to gather around the pink cave as Eliza started to bite into the sandwich. Cynthia started to whine in terror, she couldn't help it. She turned her gaze from the gleaming pit of Eliza's throat to the massive teeth that surrounded her. They were so big, so sharp.

Cynthia expected the giant teeth above and below her to tear through the sandwich, but instead, lips, soft and moist, came together and surrounded Cynthia's head, arms, and shoulders where they poked out from the sandwich. Cynthia was enveloped in soft flesh—those deadly teeth were just ahead—Cynthia's hands banged up against their solid surface as she thrashed in the grip of the giant woman's lips.

What the hell is she doing? Cynthia thought frantically. It was hard to breath and she couldn't help but squirm while caught between the woman's puckered lips.

There was a sudden change in air pressure. Cynthia's ears popped and suddenly she was *sucked* forward. Her body slid effortlessly from the sandwich and through the portal of Eliza's lips as if it were nothing but a large noodle.

Arms extended out in front of her, Cynthia yelled as she slid fully into Eliza's mouth and onto her warm, undulating tongue, which immediately pushed upwards and pressed Cynthia against the hard roof of Eliza's mouth.

The tongue beneath her rippled. Cynthia pushed against it, as if she could somehow get it away from her—but it was too slippery and too soft. It continued to rock back and forth, to heave up and down. Saliva frothed and flowed across Cynthia's body, washing the mayonnaise that had covered her body away.

Eliza was tasting her. Rolling her around and enjoying the feel of her body on her tongue.

Disgusted, Cynthia reached up with her right hand and placed it against the palate above her. Sticky saliva splattered against her face and into her mouth, causing her to cough and spit it back out. Cynthia pushed. She gritted her teeth and grunted with effort. Her arm started to tremble with the effort of trying to push the ceiling away, trying to force the giant's mouth open.

But it was no use. Cynthia could only stand the pain of pushing at

the roof from her awkward angle for a few moments before she had to quit. She could only lay against the giant tongue, panting out of fear and exhaustion, as she was tasted like a piece of candy.

Cynthia probed with her hands and felt nothing but soft, wet flesh all around her—but she knew those giant molars were nearby. She couldn't see them in the darkness, but she knew they were there. Any second now, Eliza was going to start chewing. Cynthia pulled her legs in towards her chest and curled up as best she could. She hugged her slimy legs close to her chest, closed her eyes, and softly whimpered as she waited for Eliza to bite down.

All motion stopped. The tongue beneath Cynthia ceased its endless quivering.

Oh my God, this is it. Cynthia thought. This is it!

Eliza's tongue tilted, not towards the side of her mouth, but instead it dipped low near its base.

What is she doing? What's going on? Cynthia thought as her slick body started to slide forward. The ceiling above her changed from hard to soft and then something rubbery, like a short, rounded tentacle, bounced against the side of Cynthia's face.

Wait, that—that's her uvula! She's not putting me between her teeth, she's pulling me into her throat!

Cynthia slid forward. She felt the uvula glide across her shoulders and back. Her arms plunged down into a tight, fleshy space. Her head and shoulders followed.

"No!" Cynthia screamed. Her voice sounded muffled as it traveled down into the darkness. She started to kick and squirm. She had been resigned to her fate a few moments ago—but that was when she thought everything was going to happen quickly. She was supposed to be eaten with the sandwich and chewed. As gruesome as that sounded Cynthia preferred it to the fate that had met Torrie—that of being swallowed alive and whole.

Far below, the giant woman's stomach waited, churning with deadly acids. It would take Cynthia in and absorb her, turning her into nutrients that would be passed into Eliza's bloodstream—and Cynthia would feel every bit of agony as she was digested alive.

"Please don't swallow me!" Cynthia screamed as she slid further into Eliza's throat. Wet, warm saliva flowed across her body. "Don't swallow. Just—juh...just chew me! Anything, just don't--"

Suddenly Eliza's tongue pushed and at the same time it dropped like a trap door. Cynthia felt soft, slimy flesh envelop her on all sides, holding her so tightly she could hardly breath.

There was an incredibly push from above. Eliza swallowed hard.

Cynthia squirmed and wriggled as she slipped into a tight, slick tunnel. The force of gravity combined with the rippling muscles of Eliza's esophagus pulled Cynthia down...down Eliza's neck...past her massive, beating heart...past her powerful lungs. She slid, squirming, screaming, in a rush of frothing saliva, down into Eliza's giant body.

A moment later the tunnel ended and Cynthia fell into the confines of Eliza's hot stomach.

The devoured woman landed in a soupy mixture consisting of half a turkey sandwich--and stomach acids. The pool was thick like sludge and hot like near scalding bathwater. Cynthia started to thrash around in a panic. It was pitch black. She couldn't tell which way was up.

Sudden searing pain lanced across Cynthia's skin as she writhed in the pool of Eliza's half-eaten lunch. It felt like Cynthia's skin was on fire. *Aww God!* She thought as she gritted her teeth and arched her back in pain. *It hurts! Nnn-ahhh, it's happening so fast!*

Cynthia knew what was happening. Eliza's body was wasting no time in attacking her. She was being digested.

She rolled, kicked, swam through the muck. She beat her fists against the hot, thick folds of the stomach walls. She yelled and cried to be let out as acids coated her body, eating away at her skin.

Five minutes passed. Cynthia pounded on the stomach walls as a massive heart beat somewhere high above.

Ten minutes passed. Cynthia stopped screaming. She couldn't do anything now but grit her teeth in pain. She wanted desperately to get away from the thick pool of deadly acid but there was nowhere for her to go.

After fifteen minutes, the thick globs of sandwich had started to melt away. Cynthia's strength was fading. She leaned against the hot stomach wall and focused on the burning sensation tormenting her skin. She felt her panties dissolve and tear away from her body, followed by her bra. Nearby, there was a wet, gloopy, plopping sound as Eliza swallowed more mouthfuls of chewed food. Cynthia smelled bread and turkey; Eliza had evidently decided to finish her sandwich.

After twenty minutes Cynthia was delirious. She could hardly breath—but at least she couldn't feel her legs anymore. She wasn't exactly sure she still had legs, but was too afraid to reach down and check.

"Tuh...Torrie?" Cynthia said, her voice barely audible. Pain wracked her body, she could almost feel her skin splitting open. "Torrie are you st..still here?"

"Yeah boss, I'm here," a voice said from the darkness.

Cynthia grunted in pain and forced her eyes wide open. There in the darkness she thought she could make out the outline of her partner. "Torrie is that you? You look strange. Are you real?"

Torrie, hardly more than a silhouette, seemed to smile. "No boss, I'm just a figment of your imagination. You're hallucinating."

Warm acids sloshed across Cynthia's body. "Ughnnn! I'm suh..sorry Torrie. I should have been stronger. It was only your fuh...first day."

"Shhh now," the Torrie-ghost said. "It's done; all over now. There's nothing you can do. Just know that she.../forgive you."

Cynthia felt the strength leaving her body. "I..I feel strange," she said. She reached down with a trembling hand and felt her belly. Her flesh felt soft, and her fingers seemed to sink effortlessly into her skin. "Oh my God!" she screamed. "I'm—I'm--!"

"No don't think it," the Torrie-figment said. "Don't focus on what's happening to you. Focus on me. Just look at me and go to sleep."

"Go to sleep, boss."

Cynthia listened to the voice of her young partner, the voice her mind had conjured to help cope with the pain and delirium. She gave up the last of her strength and let her body sink into the thick pool of deadly liquid. She wondered if the giant woman who had eaten her would ever think about her again. She wondered how many more people would end up down here in this hell.

The pain suddenly stopped. Cynthia felt numb. She smiled as she floated in the muck, glad to finally be free of the searing pain. She closed her eyes and felt her body drift away in all directions.

Cynthia knew no more. Her body melted and mixed with the remains of the turkey sandwich. Hungry stomach walls churned, pulling and absorbing what was left of agent Reanna into its surface, and then passing whatever it didn't use down through a hole in the floor to be processed by the intestines.

An hour later the stomach sat empty, growling to be filled once again. No trace of Torrie or Cynthia could be found. It was as if they were never there.

5.

Eliza finished her sandwich and washed it down with a bottle of water from the refrigerator. Then she swept the tiny pile of clothes laying on the counter into the palm of her hand, took them to the waste-basket, and dumped them inside. She knew she would have to dispose of the agent's car which was parked outside, but a quick zap with the shrink-gun would take care of that.

More agents would come. They would come looking for agents Reanna and Banks. Eliza would simply deny they had ever shown up. But if any more agents demanded to come inside her home...she knew exactly how to handle them.

Smiling, Eliza licked her lips and headed out of the kitchen, her red satin robe billowing around her.

THE END