

Tanya's Breakfast
By: Zombie Slave

Tanya waited until the steam rising from her bowl of oatmeal slowed to thin tendrils. A few seconds more and the steam dissipated altogether, signaling it was okay for Tanya to add her special ingredient to her breakfast.

"In ya go," Tanya said. She moved her closed right hand over the bowl and let it hover there for a moment. She uncurled her fingers. On her palm were six tiny people, barely one quarter of an inch tall each--four girls and two guys. Tanya smiled as she watched the tiny people look about in horror and confusion at their surroundings. Tanya loved the way it felt to have them crawling around on the palm of her hand, so helpless. It made her feel so powerful to quite literally hold their fate in her hand. With one simple motion she could crush them like bugs--she desperately wanted to--but today Tanya had something different in mind for them. Tanya was addicted to shrinking people and it had been too long since she had devoured any of her unfortunate victims. She didn't know why the urge came upon her every so often but when it did she just couldn't concentrate until she had taken someone into herself, swallowed whole and alive to be digested and absorbed. The thought of sending someone down into the depths of her body to be used as nourishment fascinated her mightily.

Tipping her hand at a sharp angle, Tanya watched the six people in her hand tumble from her palm down into the thick oatmeal below. She listened carefully. She thought she could hear the tiny screams and yells coming from the shrunken people as they swam in the thick muck they found themselves immersed in. They were so tiny it was hard to make out their voices. It was like hearing screams emanating from the end of a long tunnel. Tanya smiled, relishing the shouts coming from her bowl. She wondered what it was like for them down there, desperately trying to stay afloat and not sink into the oatmeal, looking up at a giant woman who was obviously about to eat them.

Did any of them recognize her? Tanya was sure they were students, like she was. Tanya typically didn't like to "hunt" so close to home and especially not from the university she attended. Whenever Tanya shrank people, there was always the inevitable missing person reports and police investigations so Tanya tried to commit her crimes far away from home so that nothing could be traced back to her. But this morning had been different. She hadn't shrank anyone in weeks, hadn't devoured any tiny people in months. Tanya had tried to fight the impulse but lost the battle of wills and had headed out early this morning to find some prey.

She hadn't gone far. She had sworn to herself she would never hunt near campus yet that's exactly where she found herself in the early morning hours. Not many students were out yet, most classes wouldn't start until 8am anyway, but Tanya, sweating and nervous, had hit the jackpot as she rounded the corner of the old Jacob's Center building. The building was an old mansion which had been used to house the registrar office and a few other clerical workers but had since been abandoned when the new student center had been built last year. Around back was a row of picnic tables that had been used for the staff when they wanted to come outside for a smoke break. It was an area that students rarely ventured to anymore, but today Tanya found six students clustered around a picnic table,

backpacks open, comparing notes on some subject or another.

Keeping well back from the group, Tanya hid around the corner of the Jacob's Center. Shaking with anticipation, knowing what she was about to do was pure evil but unable to stop herself, she had popped the top of the cylindrical tube she carried with her. It was a tube meant to carry artist's drawings, but inside Tanya had concealed her most prized possession--her shrink gun. She had quietly slipped the gun out of its container. The gun was silver, long, and sleek. It was like a strange miniature version of a .22 caliber rifle; it even had a little scope on it. Setting the tube down in the grass, Tanya had taken aim through the gun's crosshairs. In the early morning light she fired six shots.

Zap! Zap! Zap! Zap! Zap! Zap!

Beams of laser-light struck each student in turn. Tanya's aim had been perfect. She watched the four women and two men shrink instantly before her eyes. They didn't even cry out. It all happened so fast. They just--shrank.

Tanya had replaced her gun back in the tube and carefully walked over to the picnic table. She found each student she had shrank--they were as tiny as insects!--and hurried home excitedly with her newly captured prey.

Now, Tanya took her bowl of oatmeal and walked over to the kitchen table of her small apartment. She set the bowl down and took a seat. One...two...three...four...five...six...she counted each of the struggling people in her oatmeal, making sure none of them had sank below the gooey surface. Tanya smiled down at them, absently flipped her long glossy hair back over her shoulders, and licked her lips. She picked up her spoon, eager to dig into her meal.

Tanya eyed the people in her bowl and picked out her first victim--a girl with long dark hair and a hot pink shirt which was mostly splotched with oatmeal. The girl was waving her arms frantically, her face a mask of horror. It was strange, the girl almost looked familiar. Was she a student in one of Tanya's classes? Tanya couldn't quite tell and frankly didn't want to know. She knew what she was doing was wrong, horrendous, and it helped with the guilt if she just thought of the people as strangers. Besides, if she really wanted to she could almost justify what she was doing in a twisted way. After all, there was no way to reverse what her shrink-gun had done, and the people she captured could hardly live the rest of their lives as tiny insects. Could they? Tanya dipped her spoon into the oatmeal, underneath the girl in the pink shirt.

The tiniest shouts and screams assailed Tanya's ears as she lifted the spoon to her mouth. She did this slowly, deliberately drawing out the fear the poor girl on her spoon must be feeling. Tanya's heart started to race in anticipation of consuming the girl. She opened her mouth, slowly, letting the girl in on her spoon get a good long look at where she was headed. For the thousandth time Tanya wondered what it must be like for the people she ate. How did it feel to be so tiny, to gaze into a cavernous pink mouth filled with gleaming sharp teeth? What was it like to be the size of a bug, staring into the darkness of someone's throat, knowing you're about to disappear beyond the massive uvula and tonsils, down into darkness? The thought was frightening, horrific, but it made Tanya tingle all over. She loved the idea of sending someone sliding down her gullet.

Closing her eyes, Tanya moved the spoon slowly into her mouth, set it on her tongue, then closed her lips around the handle. She extracted the spoon, wiping it clean. She savored the taste of the maple brown sugar oatmeal and

rolled the glob of food gently around her mouth. Several times she felt a tiny object--the girl in the hot pink shirt--squirming and pushing against the roof of her mouth with tiny hands. Resisting the urge to chew, and without sparing a second thought to the girl trapped in her mouth, Tanya used her tongue to move the mouthful of food into her throat and swallowed.

"Mmmm," she said as she felt the food slide down her throat. The girl in the hot pink shirt was gone now, sliding down her esophagus towards Tanya's stomach in a tidal wave of oatmeal and saliva. Tanya shivered, relishing the fact that there was a tiny person inside of her.

Opening her eyes once more, Tanya turned her attention back to her breakfast. She saw a tiny man near the bowl's edge. He was covered in oatmeal and was desperately trying to climb up the side of the bowl to the rim. Tanya used the tip of her spoon to gently poke him. The young man fell back into the oatmeal with a *plop*. Smiling, Tanya dipped her spoon beneath him and lifted him to her mouth. Puckering her lips, Tanya placed the tip of the spoon against their plush surface. Then she started to slurp the oatmeal into her mouth. *Schluk, schluk, shloop!* She felt the tiny student get sucked through the narrow gap of her lips to land, wriggling, on the tip of her tongue amidst the thick oatmeal. She wasted no time. She swallowed, sending the man down to join the young woman she'd already devoured.

The tiny screams seemed to amplify from the tiny people in Tanya's bowl as they saw what had happened to two of their friends. "Let's see now," Tanya said, looking into the bowl. "Whose next?" She saw two girls, a short haired blond and a long haired blond, who were hugging each other in terror as they floated in the oatmeal. "Aww, that's cute. I'll let you both go down the hatch together. How's that?" Tanya dipped her spoon beneath the girls and lifted them from the bowl.

Repeating the process she had done earlier, Tanya slowly moved the spoon towards her face, opening her mouth wide to take in the spoonful of oatmeal along with the embracing women. She distinctly thought she heard the words of the two girls as she brought them closer to her open mouth. They were yelling something along the lines of 'No, no, please don't eat us'. Tanya ignored them, relaxed her tongue so the girls would get a good long look at her exposed throat, and then placed the spoon in her mouth. She heard faint screaming as she closed her mouth and extracted the spoon from between her lips. She rolled the glob of oatmeal around in her mouth, enjoying the taste. Then she used the tip of her tongue to seek out the two girls. Once she found them, she playfully flicked and pushed the girls around in her mouth, sliding them up under her tongue and then back out again, across the slick surface of her cheeks, pushing them gently against the roof of her mouth, and mixing them with the glob of oatmeal on her tongue. When she could stand it no longer and the urge to swallow became unbearable, Tanya did just that--she swallowed.

"Ack!" Tanya gagged slightly. The spoonful of oatmeal had disappeared down her throat normally but she felt something hard and wriggling back there in her throat. She supposed it was one of the women. Sometimes, either by chance or due to her thick saliva, tiny people could get stuck at the back of her throat. Sometimes it took two or three gulps to finally send them down.

Curious, Tanya got up from the table and walked the short distance to her apartment's bathroom. She flicked on the lights and got up close to the large wall-

length mirror over the sink. She leaned in close to the mirror and opened her mouth as wide as she could. Sure enough, there she was, the short haired blond woman was plastered to Tanya's round left tonsil. A combination of saliva and oatmeal remnants held the poor girl's squirming body there like glue. The other blond chick, the long haired one, was nowhere to be seen and had apparently gone down the hatch already.

Tanya was mesmerized watching the tiny girl deep in her mouth. She wondered what it must be like for her, to be suspended above a deep throat, looking out at the world from behind huge teeth and lips. Tanya relaxed and then contracted her throat, making the pink flesh flex and stretch in an attempt to dislodge the girl. The pink, wet arch of her throat heaved. Her uvula bounced up and down. Tanya's heart raced in anticipation of seeing the girl fall down her throat.

The girl didn't budge. Tanya decided to change tactics. She lifted the back of her tongue and began to scrape the tiny insect-sized woman from her tonsil. This worked like a charm. The saliva covered girl fell onto Tanya's tongue and quickly sprang to her feet. Tanya kept her tongue as still as possible and watched to see what the girl would do. The young blond got to her feet but in her terror and desperation she lost her balance. Her arms flailed, she tipped backwards--and fell right over the edge of Tanya's tongue. An almost orgasmic electric tingle ran up Tanya's body as she saw the girl fall between her tonsils, under her uvula, and into darkness. Tanya felt the tickle of the girl as she fell against her epiglottis. Lifting the rear of her tongue to cover her throat, Tanya open-mouth swallowed the her latest victim.

"That was amazing," Tanya told her reflection. She had just discovered a new game, a new way to devour tiny people. She didn't know why she hadn't thought of it before. She could simply toss them into her mouth and watch what they did in the mirror and then swallow them one by one. But that was for another time. Today she had her oatmeal to finish.

Returning to her seat at the table Tanya was sad to see she only had two shrunken people left in her bowl--a man and a woman. Each of them had managed to swim from the middle of the pool to the bowl's edge but neither one could climb from the bowl no matter how hard they tried. Tanya watched them as she continued to eat.

She let the two survivors scream and wave their arms at her as Tanya took away spoonful after spoonful of oatmeal. The contents of the bowl quickly drained until there was only three or four spoonfuls left. The two shrunken students had no chance of climbing out now and yet they still waved their arms up at Tanya. How did they have so much energy? Did they really think after all they'd seen that she'd let them out now? Couldn't they realize they were doomed?

"Okay you two, tell you what," Tanya said. "Let's have a contest. You know my uvula, that hangy-ball thing in the back of my throat? Well, I've got kind of a long one so whichever of you can grab onto it and escape being swallowed, I'll let you go. If you fail you end up in my stomach. Okay so it's not much of a contest really, but it'll be fun, right? Well for me anyway. Who wants to try first?"

Both students seemed to be frozen in horror so Tanya picked the guy. It was hard to tell since he was so small, but he looked athletic. Maybe he could actually do the insane thing Tanya had requested. Tanya didn't know if it was even possible. Could he grab her uvula and escape being swallowed? Surely it was way

too slippery, but the thought of him trying aroused Tanya.

Tanya scraped a small spoonful of oatmeal, along with the athletic looking dude, from the bowl and lifted it to her mouth. She slowly parted her lips and then slid the spoon into her humid mouth. She extracted the spoon and rolled the now lukewarm oatmeal around her mouth. She gave the tiny man inside plenty of time to prepare in whatever way he could for what was to come next. She slowly used her tongue to move the mass of oatmeal towards her throat. She felt tiny fingers tickling her soft palate. He was really trying to do it! He was trying to wrap his arms around her uvula for dear life!

Tanya swallowed wetly. She felt around with her tongue. Nothing. The guy wasn't there. He hadn't managed to hang on. He was in her stomach now, along with all the others.

Leaning close to the bowl, Tanya opened her mouth wide for the woman below. "Ahhh," she said as if being examined by a doctor. "Do you see him in there? No? Well it looks like he didn't win the contest. Guess it's your turn to try."

The tiny captive in the bowl turned and tried to flee through the muck of the remaining oatmeal. Tanya didn't know where the girl thought she could escape to, but she was probably so desperate to escape she'd try anything. Tanya simply used her spoon to scoop her up along with the remaining glob of oatmeal at the bottom of the bowl. She placed the final spoonful of her breakfast in her mouth.

All was silent. There were no more tiny screams coming from the bowl. If the girl inside Tanya's mouth screamed, Tanya didn't hear it. She swished the oatmeal around in her mouth. She felt the woman inside squirming like crazy from time to time. Tanya even opened her mouth slightly to let in some light so that the woman could orient herself and make a grab for her uvula. Then, after giving the woman a full three minutes to prepare, Tanya swallowed. Oatmeal and victim both slid down into her belly. The woman hadn't managed to hang on to Tanya's uvula. She didn't even know if the girl even really tried.

Tanya sat back in her chair and put a hand over her taut abdomen. She felt amazing. There were six people inside of her right now. Her stomach walls would churn and churn, mixing them with the oatmeal and gastric juices and eventually digesting them completely. Then they would be absorbed into her bloodstream and used as nutrients. The thought thrilled Tanya.

Guilt over what she had just done tried to rise up in her mind but Tanya immediately squashed it. She let her mind go blank, uncaring. It was something she could do at will and always worked. She knew she was evil, maybe even a monster, but her obsession with shrinking people and using them for whatever purpose she desired trumped and sense of morality she had. She often thought about what made her this way, what event of her past allowed her to destroy people in this manner, but she could never figure it out. Was it because she hadn't grown up with any religious background? Had her parent's been too overbearing? Was it the constant teasing she had suffered when she was young? Tanya didn't know. She just knew she liked who she was just fine.

An hour later Tanya walked into the lecture hall of Dr. Peterson's physics class. Anyone who saw her would think she was a normal 22 year old young woman, happy, attractive, and carefree. Just a typical student going to a typical class like any other day. Nobody could ever guess that she ate six of her fellow classmates for breakfast that morning. As Tanya took her typical seat she wondered absently

who those students had been. No doubt the missing persons posters would start going up in a few days time.

The day's lesson dragged. Dr. Peterson's monotone voice droned. Tanya hated math, and especially hated physics. She knew she should be interested considering the technology of the shrink gun she had stolen had become her obsession, but she just couldn't concentrate on all the formulas and symbols.

Halfway through the lecture, so bored that her eyes were getting heavy with sleep, Tanya reached into her book-bag and quietly pulled out her iPhone. It was highly frowned upon for students to use their smartphones in class, but in a lecture hall this big the professor wouldn't notice.

Tanya clicked the button to open her email. She hadn't checked it since early yesterday. It would at least kill a few minutes to go through the junk and see if there was anything significant from anyone. She had ten new emails. Tanya clicked through them one by one. Four of them were junk mail newsletters. The rest were just random shout outs from friends back home or seemingly random Facebook notifications.

Then Tanya saw an email from her best friend, Mandy. When Tanya started to read the text, the blood drained from her face. She felt faint. She stood up, shocked at what she was reading.

"No. No, no, NO!" she shouted. Her voice quivered. Tears started to fill her eyes. The entire lecture hall had gone silent. Sixty students turned their heads to stare at Tanya.

"Tanya, are you okay?" Dr. Peterson said.

Tanya was not okay. She knew she would never be okay again. Tears leaked down her face as she read the email from Mandy again. Mandy, her best friend since seventh grade--one of her only real, true friends. They had made it through the trials of high school together, had chosen the same university, and had even been dorm roommate's for a year before Tanya got her own apartment. But now...now...

Tanya, so uncaring for so long, finally allowed herself to feel the pain and anguish of what she'd done to people as she read the email one more time:

TO: tanya@university.edu
FROM: mandy@university.edu

SUBJECT: Come meet us!

Hey Tanya, what up? So me and a some people from my study group are meeting tomorrow morning behind the old Jacob's Center to exchange homework. I know it's early, about 7-ish? but it's a great way to pass around homework and copy what you don't have done. I'm basically surviving chemistry by copying whatever I can from the group, lol. I know it's kinda cheating but you don't care ;) Anyway, hope to see you there. If not, I'll see you on Friday. We need to go out and do some drinkin', girl!

M.

THE END

