“Are you hungry, dear? You want a sandwich to tide you over before dinner? I can make you anything you want, all you have to do is ask. It’s okay if you can’t finish it, because well, let’s face it, you must have the appetite of a mouse.”

She giggled at the last remark and Tom just grit his teeth, holding his tongue as he stared at her through the distorted walls of his jar prison. Actually, he stared at her gut as she stood over him, a huge, drooping blob that stuck out from under her low cut shirt. Looking away, Tom reflected on other things in his life or rather past life. He had been a carpenter, he had owned a house, had a mortgage, driven a car, mowed his lawn, made love to his wife and done a million other small things that he could no longer do. He could also walk away from his mother-in-law when she became too much to deal with.

His life as he knew it ended when he woke up shrunken one morning. His life had nearly ended forever when his wife rolled over and almost crushed him under her ass. He had avoided become a stain on her backside and traveling up the bed to her head to make contact with the sleeping giantess. His ears were still ringing weeks later from how loud her scream upon seeing him had been. They had taken him to doctors, scientists, religious figures, but they were all left clueless about his current state. They hadn’t had much time to worry about what was wrong with him because more pressing matters came up that needed to be taken care of. Naomi and him had just had a little baby boy and with bills piling up they couldn’t afford to live in their own house anymore. None of their friends had enough space for all three of them, even though he could sleep in a dollhouse. There was only one person that could take them in, his mother-in-law, Lynette.

Unlike some men, Tom had always gotten along great with his mother-in-law. She had lived through the seventies and the seventies had never really left her. She was a total hippy, completely relaxed, never getting upset or establishing rules in her house. When he had first met her she handed him a pack of condoms and told him he could have fun with her daughter under her roof just make sure she didn’t get her knocked up. She did have a tendency to embarrass him with inappropriate questions, like how his sex life was, but it was just part of her charm. She was crude, humorous, playful but very nice to him, at least until he came to her door three-inches-tall.

“This is boring, come on, lets go watch some TV,” Lynette unceremoniously decided and grabbed Tom from his jar. His wife worked during the day while Lynette looked after both him and his son, only with him looking after meant stuffing him in a drawer or jar until she felt like messing with him. She told him it was so she could focus more on looking after the baby without worrying about him, but then why did she visit him so often to tease and taunt him?

“Daytime TV is so boring. All that’s ever on is reruns of bad sitcoms and soap operas. I guess we’ll just have to make our own fun while we watch, right?” She peered down at Tom in her hand, winking suggestively as he grumbled to himself. Talking to her was pointless; she never listened to a word he said. He had talked to his wife about it, but she could do nothing. Naomi had trouble with her confidence and could never stand up for herself, especially with her mother. He never understood how such a cool, old lady could intimidate her own daughter, but after a few weeks being her toy he now understood.

“Hold on tight.” Lynette warned him as she fell back onto the couch hard. Tom was jostled around, but she held tightly to him, keeping him from being tossed around. She reclined back and put up her feet, her belly jostling around, as she got comfortable. After she got comfortable, she brought Tom to her belly and dropped him just below her gaping belly button. Sinking into the fat, Tom struggled to keep from tumbling down because he knew where he’d land. The last place he wanted to end up was between his mother-in-laws thighs.

“Comfy?” Lynette cheerfully asked, grinning widely down at her son-in-law.

“Like a bug in a rug,” Tom sarcastically replied as he got himself seated in the middle of her gut before he was thrown into the air. His remark must have been very funny to Lynette because she was laughing her head off. Her fat belly became a turbulent ocean of pale flab that sent Tom tumbling around. Afraid of falling off the reclined woman, he threw himself forwards, past the belly button just beneath his mother-in-law’s big breasts. Catching his breath, he wished she would find a better place to put him when she wanted to spend time together.

“The best thing about you, Tom, has always been your sense of humor. You always make me laugh so hard.” He gave no response to that. Before, he had liked hearing Lynette laugh but now it was a shrill, ear-piercing sound that made his teeth hurt. He stayed at the edge of her ballooning belly beneath her breasts, finding it safer than being perched on top of her shifting gut. He glanced at her breasts, his face getting warm as he admired the mountainous chest. Lynette might have a big gut, but her chest was nothing to laugh at either. Huge tits held in tops not nearly big enough to contain their mass. He could admit that when Lynette used to hug him and those puppies squished into his chest he had enjoyed it a little too much. Now though, he worried that if Lynette wanted she could squash him like a bug between those melons.

“Tom are you checking me out?” Lynette’s question wasn’t said in anger, just curiosity. Tom’s blush intensified and before he could stutter out a denial, Lynette picked him up by the back of his tiny shirt. Carrying above her rising mounts, she smiled softly at him. “It’s alright if you were looking. Thousands of eyes have been glued to these babies over the years. I can’t tell you how many drinks I got after these things came in when I was a teen.”

“I wasn’t looking, Lynette. I swear.”

“I remember how I used to show my tits to guys at concerts to score free drugs. I saved so much on weed by flashing these girls.” Lynette didn’t seem to be listening to Tom as she reached down and gave one large breast a hard squeeze. She played with her big, soft chest; happy to feel they were just as firm after all these years. Her eyes turned back to Tom, a question on her mind, “Do you think I’m still sexy, Tom?”

“Sure, sure, any guy would be lucky to have you,” Tom quickly said, knowing any other response would get him sent to the jar or worse. Truth was, Lynette was pretty good looking for her age. Her skin was slightly leathery from spending too much time in the sun, but it still looked nice. She kept her hair long and had it done into a ponytail. She was a little chubby, but most of the fat seemed to be on her belly and bust. Her eyesight was poor so she had to squint unless she was wearing her glasses. When you looked at her face the first thing you always noticed was how wide her mouth was. Lynette was past her prime, but she was still attractive in her own way.

“Prove it, give me a kiss,” Lynette boldly responded and then placed Tom on her collarbone. She titled her head down and puckered up, her pink, puffy lips pushing out towards a very reluctant Tom. This was a new one, she had never asked for a kiss before. Usually she just wanted reassurances that she was still beautiful. Staring at her furrowed lips, Tom moved closer. He had to play along or Lynette would punish him in some humiliating way. Standing just below her chin, he leaned in and gave her upper lip a brief kiss.

“You call that a kiss, put some tongue into it. Like this.” Tom had no time to react as Lynette opened her mouth wide and he peered into her damp, humid maw. Saliva glistened everywhere as he stared at her long, red tongue and the back of her throat where the darkened entrance to her throat lay waiting. Before he could do more than observe the gaping mouth, Lynette’s tongue came out and pushed into his face and chest. It was like someone had thrown a wet waterbed at him as it squished into his puny body. He gasped as it pressed into him, swallowing a mouthful of her thick saliva. Lynette gave him a hard lick, lifting him off his feet. He was nearly pulled into her mouth as her tongue carried him up, but he pushed off the spongy muscle and fell back, tumbling down right into her breast.

“Yum,” Lynette purred and Tom shuddered in revulsion and fear. Dripping with saliva, he watched her lick her lips, enjoying the brief taste of her son-in-law. Her eyes focused on him, and there was a glint in her eyes that he had never seen before. Tom was more afraid in that moment than ever before in her life; he truly thought Lynette was going to eat him. However, before she could do anything, the front door opened up.

“I’m home.”

Hearing the soft, despondent voice of his wife made Tom feel happier than he had been in a long time, and he tried to call out to her, but Lynette simply reached towards him and with two fingers shoved him into her cleavage. Entombed between the massive fleshy boulders, Tom felt everything shake as Lynette got to her feet and went to greet her daughter.

“Welcome home, how was work?” Naomi stared at her mother, bags under her eyes and her skin paler than normal. Naomi was a frail looking girl, with long red hair, freckles and a large forehead. She didn’t have a belly like her mother, which was good, and didn’t have a chest like her mother, which was bad. She had been working at a diner as a waitress the last few weeks, trying to bring money in for her shrunken husband and child. The long shifts and hours on her feet were taking a toll, but she kept going. She stared at her mom, her eyes falling on a tiny arm sticking out of her cleavage.

“Work was…it was…nice,” she stammered, her eyes focused on the arm trying desperately to claw its way out from between her mother’s breasts. Noticing what her daughter was looking at, Lynette shook her chest around, causing her breast to wobble all over and pull Tom deeper into her cleavage. Satisfied that the man was firmly stuck and out of sight, she told her daughter some good news.

“You’ll never guess who I met at the grocery store this morning. Come on, guess! You’ll never figure it out.”

“I…don’t know”

“What, you’re not even going to try?”

“S…sorry.”

“It’s okay, I’ll just tell you. It was your old boyfriend Brad, you know, the one from high school. I told him you were having troubles with your husband and you’d love to see him.”

“I’m…I’m not having trouble with Tom. Everything’s fine,” Naomi explained as she tried to find her confidence, but lost her nerve as her mom just gave her a big smile. “No, I think you are. You need a night away from your son and me. Go meet him and catch up; he’s still living at his parent’s house. See? You already have something in common.”

“But I can’t…I need to…It’s not right…and…” Naomi spluttered and then lowered her head. She wanted to say no, wanted her mother to stop controlling her life, wanted her to stop torturing her husband, but she had never had the confidence to defy her mother. Looking at the older woman, she just nodded and started heading to her room to change. She’d check on her son and then get ready, but before she left she looked one more time at her mom or rather her chest.

“Please don’t hurt Tom.”

Lynette looked offended at the mere notion as she placed her hand on her chest and gasped. “Honey, I would never hurt Tom. He’s family; we’re just having some laughs, nothing to concern yourself with. Now get ready, you have a date.”

Naomi was slow to go, giving one last look at her mom before leaving her alone with her shrunken husband. Without a care in her soul, Lynette walked to her bedroom, a little extra bounce in her step to make Tom’s journey extra fun. Inside her bedroom, she closed the door and fished Tom out of her cleavage. Pinching his arm between two fingers, she pulled him free. Gasping for air and bright red all over, he looked utterly hilarious to Lynette. She just laughed and dropped him into her palm. Getting his bearings, he looked up at her venomously.

“Why?” he demanded to know. He had nearly been crushed between her boulder like tits. They had squeezed and wobbled around him. He was used to her being rough with him, but this was taking it too far. He could still taste the sweat that had gotten into his mouth when he tried to scream for help. He was a man, not a twenty-dollar bill she could stuff into her cleavage.

“Because I thought it would be fun. I get tired of carrying you around all the time and I thought I might as well use my jugs for something productive. Tell me you didn’t have at least a little fun.”

“Not that. I get it, my life is some sick game to you, but why are you trying to break my marriage apart?”

“Oh, you poor baby, you don’t know,” Lynette sighed, looking genuinely distraught. Sitting down on her bed, she smiled supportively at Tom as he glared back at her. “I don’t know how to tell you this, but your marriage is already broken. You’re small enough to be a choking hazard for your son and your wife has bigger tampons then your whole body. You can’t be a husband because you aren’t even a man.”

“I’m still a man!”

“No, you’re not.” Lynette’s said definitively, leaving no room for argument. Clenching his tiny fists, Tom stared at his mother-in-law; never imagining that she could be this cruel. She had pretty much decided he wasn’t a person anymore in her twisted, old mind. He wanted to scream at her that he was the same man that married her daughter, but he was so angry all he could do was glare hatefully with the older woman.

“Oh, you’re just so cute,” Lynette giggled, amused by his little temper tantrum. Giggling for several seconds, she got herself under control and looked slyly at the young man in the palm of her hand. “I almost want to keep you in a little cage and teach you tricks, but there’s something I want to do with you even more. Naomi interrupted us earlier, let’s continue where we left off.”

“What do you mean by that?” His anger washed away as a fresh wave of fear raced through him. Lynette didn’t respond. She just licked her lips hungrily and that was all Tom needed to know. He jumped, falling towards Lynette’s big belly, which he hoped to bounce off of to make his escape. The second he landed on her soft gut, Lynette snatched him up. Even without her glasses she could still keep track of her tiny son-in-law.

“Don’t be like this, Tom, accept that you’re not a man, not a husband, not anything at all but my snack.” Lynette opened her mouth wide, giving Tom his second good look into her slobbering maw. She lifted Tom high up and titled her head back, keeping her mouth wide open beneath Tom. Sputtering and gasping, he tried to scream, but was too frightened. Without any hesitation, she let Tom go and he plunged down into her greedy mouth. Tom’s stomach shot up his throat as he fell. His short drop ended as he hit her tongue and started rolling down towards the back of her tongue. He scrambled to keep from falling into her throat, clawing at her slippery tongue futilely. Lynette moaned at the taste of Tom, the inside of her mouth vibrating from her speaking. Tom could feel his feet kick off the edge of her tongue, the throat inches from sucking him down. He stared out through Lynette’s open mouth, his last view of light framed by her glistening teeth. The tongue lifted up from under him and he screamed as Lynette swallowed like she was taking a pill.

Slimy, tight muscles began to drag him down Lynette’s esophagus. He reached for her uvula as he passed under it, his last chance to avoid being trapped inside his mother-in-law. He missed. The throat fully opened and pulled in, disappearing completely from the outside world and entering the stifling, throbbing interior of this old woman. The involuntary muscles of the throat take over the last of Tom’s journey. Slippery pulses from his surroundings forced him down towards the belly, crushing him every time they seized up around his body. He couldn’t even struggle, as he was taken to the worst place imaginable.

Lynette had a huge smile on her face as she swallowed, her head still tilted up and her eyes closed tightly. She touched her neck, feeling the lump traveling down and relishing every second of the experience. The bulge vanished under her tits and then she felt it, something big landing in her stomach. Moaning, she fell back onto her bed, rubbing her fat belly.

“So tasty,” she muttered before letting out a loud, echoing belch. Laughing, she rolled over to her side and cradled her belly, listening to it gurgle and groan. It was a beautiful sound that she hoped Tom could fully appreciate.

Tom’s journey ended, but things were far from calm. He dropped into the belly, landing in a pool of thick, gooey liquid. Everything then turned to the side as Lynette laid back and Tom bounced into one of the wrinkled, throbbing walls. He tried to get up, but paused when he heard Lynette’s content voice all around him and then got to experience a belch from the older woman from the inside. He clasped his ears as an explosion of sound came at him from all direction, everything shook violently and the throat opened up, sucking some air out of the already stuffy gut. Tom barely noticed when the world shifted again and he found himself laying face first in digestive juices. Crying, he listened the sounds of the belly rumbling as it tried to digest the tiny morsel inside it.

“That was really great for me Tom. If I knew you were such a tasty snack I would have eaten you the first day you arrived. I know this must be scary for you, but look on the bright side, you have tons of room.” Her belly shook with her loud laughter, flab dancing around as Tom was jostled from one corner of the belly to the other. Lynette’s fingers played across her wide belly, poking around for something solid underneath all that fat. Her finger found Tom and prodded him several times, trying to make him move. Frustrated, Tom pushed at the flesh pressing down on him, but it only got him a soft giggle from his captor.

He was nothing to his mother-in-law but a plaything. She held no malice or love for him, just the curiosity for a new toy. It was a horrifying thought that only made Tom feel worse. This was a new kind of Hell for the shrunken man that he would not be escaping from.

“URP!” Another belch escaped Lynette that she didn’t bother to cover up. Making herself comfortable, she just laid back in bed, listening to her belly bubble and shift when her meal moved around. She didn’t dwell on Tom’s fate or his pain or his fear, she just enjoyed the moment and the best snack she’d had in years.