Wet. Hot. Dark. This describes the world the shrunken women have entered to play in a dragoness’ game. The tiny women scramble to gather their bearings inside their new mistress’ stomach.

“C-can anyone hear me? Is anyone there?” One of the women calls out into the dark.

“Cindi? Is that you?” another voice calls back.

“Alex! Alex over here!” Cindi calls back, struggling to walk across the slick, squishy stomach lining. She thinks to herself it feels so similar to bounce houses she used to play in as a child, long before she’d been kidnapped to be nothing more than a glorified edible sex toy.

Cindi bumps something in the dark, and calls out, “Alex?” as she reaches out, feeling the soft skin of another person as she squints her eyes. She quickly finds herself embraced tightly, as the other woman hugs her desperately.

“Oh thank god Cindi, I was so worried!” The woman turns out to indeed be Alex, so glad to find someone else in the guts of their new owner. “Can you believe this? Some game through this fat bitch’s guts? What is wrong with these monsters!?” Her voice cracks, on the verge a break down.

Cindi quickly covers her friends mouth. “Shh! You can’t talk about them like that. Who knows what she’d do to us if she found out!”

Alex pries Cindi’s hand from her mouth in anger. “Oh no, whatever might she do! She might eat me! We’re trapped in some scaly slut’s stomach so she can get off to the idea of us running around in here! We’re not just the bottom of the food chain here, we’re LOWER! We’re not even food, just sex toys who happen to be safe to eat. And the big reward for winning her game is just being a sex toy dressed in a maid outfit! I hate this! I hate all of them!”

Cindi holds her friend gently. “Alex…”

The two’s attention diverts as they suddenly hear a scream come from elsewhere in the darkness of the belly, only to quickly go quiet.

Cindi stammers nervously, “W-was that Jolie? Why did she…” but she trails off, as she feels a cold fluid start rising around her ankles, a stark contrast to the heat of the stomach fluids that coated her so far. Then, suddenly she finds herself swept off her feet as a wave of the new fluid overtakes the tiny woman. “A-Alex!”

Alex struggles in the new current, trying to reach out to her friend, but loses her grip. “Cindi!”

“Ohohoho~” laughs a large, naked dragoness in her bathtub. She holds an empty bottle of wine in a hand hanging outside the tub. “That has to be the fastest I’ve drank a bottle yet. Tell me Berry, what would you say?” The dragoness shifts her attention to a servant girl, standing near the tub. Her light blue hair a striking feature on her petite frame.

“Certainly a new record Madame Richter. Most impressive.” The servant girl, Berry, responds, dipping her head lightly.

The dragoness aggressively grips her stomach with her free hand, shaking it up a bit. “That’s certain to mix things up for my little snacks. Certainly an excellent chaser, ohoho!” Her large breasts cause the water in the tub to splash lightly as they jiggle to her laughter.

“An excellent idea to add challenge, Madame Richter.” Berry says, again dipping her head.

“I am certainly full of good ideas. And tasty treats!” more water splashes from the tub as Ms. Richter laughs at her own joke. As she stops laughing, she slowly kneads her soft belly. “Although, I think they shouldn’t be the ones to have all the fun. Berry, take off your uniform.”

The servant girl nods, and undoes her uniform, dropping her skirt and top to the floor. Berry stands there next to the tub, wearing nothing but a lace bra and panties.

“Oh, I forgot how cute your little under garments were. You look so sweet I could just gobble you up.” The dragoness says, a coy grin on her face. “However, that wouldn’t be in the spirit of my little game. Now, climb into the tub with me, I want you on my belly right now, not in it.” The dragoness commands, slapping her tummy to emphasize the statement.

Berry nods in recognition of the command, climbing into the tub. Even as giant as the tub was, the servant girl’s master still took up the vast majority of it, making it difficult to even get in. Berry hands slip and slide along her master’s wet skin, finding little purchase on the slick, plump flesh. After a moment of struggling, the petite servant manages to climb atop her mistress, straddling her massive gut with a leg hanging to each side.

Ms. Richter reaches a hand up, gently caressing her servant’s cheek. “Such an exotic toy. You are definitely my favorite. Which is why I’m granting you this exclusive luxury.” She moves her hands to her own, massive breasts, squeezing them lightly, and bouncing them gently, causing the hoop rings that hang from her nipple piercings to jingle. “Now, I want you to grab on tight, and grind those tasty little hops of yours on my beautiful belly.”

Berry blinks, blushing, the first real emotion she’s shown all evening. “M-m-mistress?”

“Do not make me repeat myself. Feeling these snacks rummaging around in me, I need something on the outside, and since your hands are certainly too small to give me a proper belly massage, you’re going to use your whole body. Besides, I’ve even got handles to make it easier on you.” With that, the dragoness bounces her breasts again, emphasizing her accessories.

“Y-yes ma’am!” Berry stammers out, still blushing as she grabs tightly onto massive woman’s nipple rings, one in each hand. She slowly starts to press her hips into the belly she’d been using as a seat till this point, eliciting a pleasant moan from her owner.

“Harder! Harder dammit! I want you to push until you can feel them against your lips!” A fierce tone of demand from the dragoness’ mouth. The blue haired servant bites her lip. Never had her master involved her so intimately without sending the servant down her gullet. But now, her master has her literally riding her gorgeous body. Berry presses her hips hard against the belly, eager to please her master. She grinds her hips around, tugging on the rings, pulling her master’s breasts for extra leverage. The dragoness moans in pleasure, as she feels her nipple stretched and her stomach pressed.

The servant girl continues, the two losing track of time as they seem to reenact a rodeo in the elaborate tub. She is broken out of her rhythm, a sharp moan slips from her mouth, as she feels something press against her crotch as she presses against the belly.   
  
“Oh, now that’s what I’m talking about! You can feel her can’t you? The last one still stuck in my stomach, struggling away. Don’t stop now, you’ve finally found the sweet spot.” Ms. Richter says, panting, pleasure practically dripping from her lips as she speaks. Berry grips the nipple rings anew, her mind alight from the sensation of her master’s prey. An entirely new feeling, it made her feel powerful. She quivered, and smiling, began thrusting with renewed vigor, rubbing her crotch into the soft stomach, grinding in place every time she felt the squirming sensation touch her pussy through the dragoness’ flesh.

She continues, until she feels a rumble come from the gut. Ms. Richter suddenly burps, but quickly covers her mouth. “Oh, weh, I wuh ethpecting thith” she says, spitting into her hand. Sitting there, basted in wine saliva, sits one of the tiny women.

“Oh, well it looks like you did such a good job, you humped one of the poor girl’s back up my throat! Ohohoho!” The dragoness laughs, bouncing the tiny woman in her palm. “Well now, which one were you? Maria, I believe it was. Well, I suppose I could swallow you back down, and let you continue the game, but, I can feel the rest have already moved onto the rest of their journey in my dungeon. Hrm, what to do, what to do…” the dragoness ponders, looking at her gut, the exhausted servant draped across her form, the petite girl’s head resting in her expansive cleavage. Ms. Richter smiles.

“Berry, can you sit up for a moment?” The dragoness says. The worn out servant, struggles, but eventually sits up. “Ohoho, you poor thing. I’ve run you ragged. Of course, you couldn’t hope to keep up with the libido of a woman like me, but you have done good, and I think you deserve a treat. Open your mouth.”

Berry looks at her master confused, but obeys. She’s far too tired to try to understand what her master spoke of. Now that the heat of the moment had passed, her body was realizing just how exhausted she was. But her attention refocuses as she feels something strange set onto her waiting tongue. Salty, with the faint taste of expensive wine. However, the object was solid, yet soft. And it is squirming. Berry quickly retracts her tongue into her mouth, clamping her lips shut as she looks to her master in surprise. Was she just fed the small woman? Did her master just give up one of her most expensive treats for her?

“Delicious, isn’t she?” Ms. Richter says, in an exceptionally sultry tone. “The sweat of fear seeping off her skin, the struggling as she tries to find her footing on your shifting tongue. It’s why you human women are my favorite snacks. Here…” the dragoness holds a small ring between her fingers, “You can keep this. A little reminder of your first time as a true predator.” She presses the ring into her servant’s hand, before lightly stroking the petite woman’s cheek. “Now, swallow her. Feel her struggle down your throat. Savor her squirming in your stomach.”

Berry’s face is bright red. Practically in shock, she obeys her master, swallowing the frantic girl in her mouth down her throat. While the woman was small enough for her master to swallow multiple at once, the petite woman was nowhere near as large, and the small woman strained her throat, bulging it out as she slipped down. She shivers, feeling the sensation of the living girl struggling in her stomach. Listening closely, she can almost hear the woman screaming in protest deep in her belly, terrified of being eaten by an inexperienced predator. Berry feels something soft pressing against her face, only to realize in her daze, her master had pulled her head into her large bosom, holding her there. Berry thinks for a moment to say something, but stops. This was so uncharacteristic of her master, but she didn’t want it to end. Instead, she found herself falling asleep atop her master’s bathing form. The servant drifted on in pleasure, the heat of her master’s breasts and the struggling in her gut enough to lull her tired body to sleep in no time.

“Definitely my favorite” Ms. Richter says, holding her sleeping servant. “So quick to enjoy her own kind as well. We’ll definitely have more fun later, but for now, rest. After all, it’s going to be a while before any of the rest make it to my exit.” She grins, swishing her tail in the water, feeling the remaining 4 women struggle in her bowels.