Author's note, all characters in this story are fictitious, especially the real ones, so if you see me remember, I'm not there.

I tried not to alter any of the source material (save some spelling and grammatical corrections) I merely transcribed what I found. Hope it proves useful.

-M

“You always seem to know the answer to it all,

You seem to cheat the truth and never take the fall,

Your life is hollow and you simplify the rules,

The time will come when you will join the other fools,”

-Ozzy, Black Illusion

\_\_\_

Oishi1's Journal, zero hour. Heading to the airport.

I bought this composition book for the trip. Where I'm going I should find no end of new material. I've never done anything this crazy before. I'm too exited to write!

Tuesday, week one of our vacation.

We got off the plane on Tuesday night. 8 back home 9 here. We did some last minute packing and went to the airport right after work, but there had been a few delays. We were both running on fumes, but after coming all this way I wanted to at least see the place before bed. I asked the cabby to pull around so we could get a good look at it.

I could tell when we were getting close due to the impact it had on the nearby businesses. There were a bunch of law offices with signs offering to draw up last will and testaments and handle other such affairs. Restaurants had signs like, “Make your last slice an authentic Napoli Pizza! You've earned it!” or, “Go out with a bang! Red bracelet special!” Motels and Hotels were offering specials for guests who were going to Forbidden Dish. The area had become more of a speed trap than normal as well. The government wanted in on the action, and the attempt to tax the restaurant extra was a complete failure.

“For every market a sub market grows,” I sang under my breath as I looked around.

“Heh, No kidding,” Audrey said.

“What's that?” the cabby asked.

“Nothing,” we both said. He went back to driving.

After all the buildup and pomp I expected something more extravagant, but Forbidden Dish looked very unassuming. It could be any other fairly high-end restaurant. I don't know what I was expecting, but with the way people were talking about it on the forums I almost thought it would glow and I'd hear an angelic chorus on sight. Oh well, it truly is what's on the inside that counts.

The Motel wasn't far from the restaurant, only two miles. We decided we'd walk there tomorrow and check it out. It would give us a chance to look around and play tourist, but for now it's bedtime.

\_\_\_

Oishi1's Journal,

Wednesday, week one of our vacation.

If you'd ever told me we were going to do what we did today I wouldn't believe you. I walked up to the podium and asked for GulpUgone. The hostess stared at me with a confused expression on her face. It took me a while to realize what the problem was. We had corresponded for a long time, but we never told each other our real names. Since she was now a public figure I knew her name, but still wasn't used to using it.

“Oh, I'm sorry, that was her, um, never mind. I'm here to talk to Megyhn. Please tell her that Oishi1 is here,”

The hostess looked unsure but she delivered the message anyway. Megyhn showed up shortly.

“Finally, you came!” she said smiling, “I take it you are i8oishi1?” Megyhn asked my wife.

“Sure am. Please call me Audrey. I've read some of your stories. I particularly liked “Down you go” We both enjoyed it actually,”

“Thank you, it's flattering to know that even a non vorephile liked my stories,” She stared at me like she was sizing me up, “So, we finally get a chance to meet in person. I'm at a real disadvantage here. Everyone knows my name, and it would feel strange to just address you by your screen name,”

“Oh, sorry, call me Ed. It's great to finally come here,” I said.

She suddenly realized we were still standing at the entrance, “Good heavens, where are my manners? Come in come in! I take it you are here to make your name a reality?” she asked Audrey?”

“Not exactly, but we would like a table,” I said.

“I'll seat you personally,” She said gesturing for us to follow her, “You wouldn't believe how many of our old friends have come to visit,” She said to me.

“That would explain why most of the forums seem kind of dead lately,” I replied.

“I was wondering when you'd finally come,” She said, “I thought you'd be here sooner,”

“Affordability was an issue, then work, then the baby, you know how it is,” I said.

“Not really, but ok,” She brought us to a two top and motioned for us to sit, “So, if you aren't here to visit our booths, what can I get for you?”

“We would like to order a shrunken man,” I said, “That was the deal. She'll try it out as long as I don't go off and shrink myself,” Audrey nodded, but she still looked a bit unsure.

“Very well then,” Megyhn told us,” I'll bring you a shrunken man. Just one? You know they cost less if you buy in bulk?” we nodded,” ok then, it was nice to finally meet the two of you,” She smiled in a courteous but forced way walked off.

I was glad they offered the option of ordering at the table. I'm not comfortable with the thought of other men hitting on my wife (even if she is going to eat them shortly after), and neither of us were comfortable with the whole stranger groping thing. Plus, if you don't get to know them at full size first it's easier to ignore the fact that they are actually humans.

Speaking of uncomfortable we both felt overdressed. The coat check girl had taken her thick hooded jacket (our friends call it her Kenny jacket due to the way the hood looked like it swallowed her face) and my Boondock Saints jacket (sadly it has the logo, prayer, and tattoos on it. Marketing has to ruin everything. Go figure) We were both wearing jeans and t-shirts (hers had a picture of Gir saying, “Someone needs a hug! and mine said “Your skill in reading has increased by one point), but even such casual attire looked stuffy here. I really couldn't get used to this weather. Back home we had a cold front a few weeks ago. Went all the way down to seventy.

“Ed, I know I always say I'll try any food once, but I'm still not sure about this,” she said, “It's still a person,”

“It's not like you have to force him,” I said, “It'll be someone like me who wants this. You'll be doing something good while trying something new,”

“I know, but this is way different than costumes and gummy bears. This is for real,” She said.

“Aren't you curious?” I asked.

“Well, I am a bit, but I don't want to hurt anybody,”

Just then Megyhn showed up with a little black bowl containing a tiny man. She sat him on the table.

“Enjoy,” she said, “Call me if you change your mind about that red band,” She smiled and walked back to her office.

Audrey introduced herself to the tiny man in the bowl and he returned the favor. I don't remember his name. I was too excited to pay attention.

She eyed the tiny man nervously before timidly picking him up between her thumb and forefinger. Something in the way he reacted seemed to thrill her and her confidence grew. She held him better and brought him really close to her face.

“Sorry if I seem nervous” she said, “This is my first time,”

“Hey mine too,” he joked back, “Looks like I lucked out. I was really worried about just going on the open market, but I'm too shy to walk up to anybody,” She smiled and blushed a little. I decided it was ok since it seemed to make things easier for her.

“So, you really want this?” she asked him, “Because if you're not really sure I will send you back,” She stared him down with her big blue eyes. There was something very catlike in the way she examined him. The doubt from earlier was replaced with a certain amount of curiosity. She seemed to be adjusting to the reality of a tiny person surprisingly well.

“I, um, that is, yeah,” the tiny man stammered. He stared at her mouth. A war played out on his face, “You're so beautiful, and this has been a dream for a long time,” he said. I must have made a noise because he tried to turn around, “Who?”

“Don't worry about that,” she said, “Focus on what I'm saying. Do you want me to eat you or not?” she raised him above her head and opened her mouth. His whole body shook. I didn't know if it was excitement, fear, or both, but it sure was exciting me, “I'll give you a good look to help you decide,” She looked like she was finally having fun. His war continued, but one side finally broke the other's defenses. He closed his eyes and braced himself.

“Do it!” he finally said, “Quickly! Before I chicken out!”

She smiled mischievously as she slid him into her mouth head first. She played with him on her tongue for a bit all the while staring deep into my eyes. When she was ready she tilted her head back and swallowed hard then opened her mouth to show me he was gone.

“Woah, that was quite a bit bigger than a gummy bear. I don't think I've ever swallowed anything that,” she said then she gasped, “I can feel him wiggle!” She grabbed my hand and traced the path down her throat, “It stopped right here. That actually felt better than I, oh!” she stopped and put her hand just below her left breast, “The stories were right. I actually can feel a fluttery movement! Put your hand here! Do you feel it?”

“I can't feel anything, but I like hearing how you describe it. Keep talking about it and I'll pretend it's me,” I said.

“I can feel you fluttering. Like a hundred butterflies moving at once. Oh, it's getting faster!” She began to rub the spot with my hand, “I finally see why you wanted this. It actually feels wonderful! If I'd known this I would've done it sooner,” she let go of my hand and laid back smiling, “Your movement is getting weaker now. Don't tire out yet, we're not done,” After a few seconds she looked a bit sad, “Aww, it stopped,” Then reality popped the fantasy bubble, “Does that mean he's?  Oh no!”

“He paid for it, remember? Think about all the times we've nearly died in the past year. We had no control over it and worried the whole way. He actually chose a way to go and knew what he was getting into. He even said he was lucky. I wish I could be so lucky,” I told her as I leaned in and kissed her.

In the setting of the restaurant it was hard to feel the same way about what just happened as one normally would. It made it feel more, acceptable, almost normal in its own way. She shifted from a look of worry to a smile, “Oh, you'll get lucky alright. Shall we go?”

I paid the check and we headed out.

\_\_\_

Oishi1's journal, Saturday week one of our vacation.

We just got back from our second trip to Forbidden Dish. We've been playing tourist the last couple of days, but we were both curious to go back, and on a Saturday it was said to be more active. It was probably a bit too crowded for our taste, but we got the same table we had the previous night. A woman named Kara served our table, but Megyhn came by and offered me a red bracelet again. I think she's just joking, but it's hard to tell with her. Maybe I've become her special project of sorts.

Audrey was feeling bold and actually ordered five this time! She didn't really talk to them like the last one, other than playful teasing. She spent most of her focus on me. It was a surprising change to see her just jump right in, but I can't say I'm complaining. Neither of us can wait for our next visit. I think I'll bring my journal and record it as it happens!

\_\_\_

Oishi1's journal Monday, week two of our visit,

Our waitress is a girl named Adela. She has pink hair and is very friendly, or at least she was until I ordered the cheese sticks (I find it odd that she took my wife's order of five men, but my order of five sticks of fried cheese seemed to make her mad.) I ordered tea, but despite my complaints about the weather I asked for ice. Old habits die hard I guess. I tried to make it last. They don't refill here without charging. It feels strange to try writing things down as they happen, but I want them as fresh in my mind as they can be. The last few times I've written anything it was after my wife went to sleep and I was to excited to follow suit.

Didn't get to see Megyhn today. She was too busy. I don't know when someone like that finds time to sleep. I'd be unable to keep up. As we wait I sip my tea and try to look around. The contrast between the classy setting and the scantily clad clientele made the place a bit much to take in. It looked like a strange music video. Even though I knew what I was getting into and it was my fantasy, my mind couldn't wrap around the sight of women swallowing tiny men all around me. It wasn't too long before Adela arrived.

“k, here's your order of five tiny men,” She gently placed the bowl in front of my wife, “And your cheese sticks,” she dropped them in front of me and walked off.

“I wonder what she would've done If I ordered the steak,” I said.

“That reminds me, there's a nice steakhouse down the street I want to try out tomorrow. It's been forever since I've had a nice steak,” (she likes them fairly rare and when she was pregnant she wasn't allowed to have them that way.) She lifted the first tiny man as she talked and casually waved him. She probably wasn't thinking about it. Hand talking is just a natural thing for her. She slid him into her mouth as she finished talking. I was too fascinated to say anything.

“Oh, I'm sorry. Are you ready?” She asked me after she swallowed.

I laughed. “You obviously are,”

She teased the next one a bit before she brought him to her mouth.

"Ready?” she asked.

“I, I guess so,” the tiny man said.

She stared at him confused for a bit.

“Oh, you thought I was talking to you, how cute,” She could tell I was ready and was only talking to the tiny man that way because she knew I'd like it.

Sorry, had to take a break from writing. We ran into a little snag. After she'd teased and swallowed the second guy and picked up the third he began to panic.

“No!” he yelled, “I changed my mind!” he tried to shrink into her hand.

She paused, unsure what to do. She looked at me, but I was too stunned to react. I knew it had to happen here, but I hadn't given thought to what I'd do in this situation. Knowing my story preference I think she took my silence for encouragement. She put him in her mouth and played with him. I could still here some muffled sounds coming from her mouth, but they were not discernable as words. She stared at me. It almost felt like she was daring me to say something, and when I didn't, she gave a mischievous smile and swallowed.

The remaining two began to freak out, but Audrey looked thrilled.

“I can't believe I just did that!” She picked up another tiny man. He was struggling to get free from her hand, “You know what?” she asked him, “I can still feel the other guy fighting to get out. He's right here,” She put him against her shirt, “No matter how hard he struggles, he won't get out unless I let him,” She brought the tiny man to her face, “Now, this is really important. It would be no trouble at all for me to let you join him, but seeing as I'm feeling nice I'll let you decide. Do you still want me to eat you?” She stared at him. That same catlike stare she had with her first. I could tell she'd already made up her mind.

“I,” He faltered. I think he lost his voice, “I'm not so sure anymore,” I had to listen hard to hear him.

“Well, I'll make the decision easier for you. I'll put you in my mouth and let you get a feel for it. If you change your mind I'll let you go,” She smiled down at him.

“Ok. I guess,” he said. He still looked worried.

She played with him for a while in her mouth while she picked up the next one. She suddenly swallowed out of nowhere.

“I didn't hear him say he was ready!” the last man yelled.

“Oopse, I got a little excited. I didn't know it would feel so good. Do you have any idea how good it feels to know your food is fighting to get out?” She asked the last tiny man.

“I, uh, can't say that I do,” He said. He looked outright frightened.

“I'll show you,” She said as she popped him into her mouth.

“No you ca,” He didn't finish his sentence before she swallowed him.

“Sorry, Ed” she said, “I got a little carried away,”

“I can't believe that just happened!” I was barely able to speak. I still didn't know if I should be thrilled or scared that she did what she did.

“Are you mad?” she asked. I must have had a strange expression on my face.

“No, I'm still trying to process what I just saw,” I said.

“You know, it felt way ,way better when they didn't want it than when they did,” She said. I couldn't tell if she meant it or was just playing to my fantasies, “I just wish there was a way to order exclusively unwilling ones,”

“You can. It's right here on the menu,” Adela said. We both jumped. We were so into what we were doing that we didn't notice her until she spoke.

“Where?” I asked grabbing the menu. Adela pointed it out. Much to my surprise it was plainly there on the menu.

Unwilling men. It had a price for individuals, orders of five, and orders of ten.

“But if they change their minds don't you normally grow them back?” I asked.

Adela giggled. “Yeah sure,”

I failed to see what was so funny. She whispered something to my wife before handing us the bill and walking off.

“What?” I asked.

“I'll tell you when we get home,” she said, “They don't like people to talk about it here, but since you aren't going to be shrunk we don't have to worry about it,” She looked in the empty bowl and picked something out, “Speaking of which, someone put a red band in our bowl,” I sighed.

“Cute, Megyhn, very cute,”

I finished writing when I got home. I still want to try to write an event as it happens. Maybe when I'm more prepared for the eventuality of people changing their minds it will be easier. Oh by the way, what Adela had told her was that the contracts specifically say that once a man is shrunk he is food no matter what. If the girl that gets him changes her mind she can give him back, but then he's resold.

I wonder how often that happens.

\_\_\_

Wednesday, week two of our vacation,

I can't believe it. I looked away from my composition book for one second and it vanished. Why would someone take my journal? I mean who does that? Really! The motel manager sold me a little steno pad for five bucks. I could've gotten several composition books for that.

We went to forbidden dish again and Adela was our waitress. She's taken to calling me cheese sticks. Audrey ordered five unwilling men this time. Since I knew that they signed up for it I didn't feel as bad about it as I did last time. She enjoyed it and her enthusiasm rubbed off on me. It was great until I noticed my book was gone. I'll have to rewrite everything from memory now. This sucks.

\_\_\_

Saturday, week two of our vacation,

This will probably be our last visit. I feel sad about that, but I never thought I'd get a chance to come here in the first place. We have to be on the plane Tuesday, so we'll have Wednesday to recover. An old friend contacted my wife and she'll be on a girl’s night out with her on Monday before we head out. I'll probably just walk around town until she's done.

She ordered five unwilling men again. She played with the first two, but after that she casually talked to me about packing for the trip back and other things while she ate the other three. In its own way it excited me to see her ignore them and treat this as a normal thing. I still didn't see how she could just ignore their cries. It was very distracting for me.

end of document.