Jossie strode into the house, with one arm around Ryan and the other round Julia, all but sweeping them along with her as they hurried to match her pace. The tiles of the hallway felt cool under her bare feet, but the warmth of her still full-sized prey seeped pleasantly into her as she held them close. Her white dress rustled into an enjoyably sensuous caress against her legs as she walked.

“Hey, Lindsay!” she called, in high spirits. “Where’ve you got to? I’ve got some treats I want to shrink!”

Julia giggled at that, and gave Jossie’s waist a little squeeze. Lindsay, blond and beautiful and with an amused smirk, appeared through the doorway of a side room.

“In here, girl!” she said. Jossie grinned, released her two prey and followed her through. Julia and Ryan followed her with barely a brief moment’s hesitation.

Whatever the smallish room might initially have been used for, its furniture had been cleared out for the evening and replaced with two tall shrink cylinders. A small table was pushed to one side, with a couple of chairs tucked into it, and loaded with stacks of paper. It also held a bowl, with a few shrinkies in it. Beside Lyndsay, another woman was standing by one of the cylinders – a fairly tall, waifish girl with brown hair and glasses. She was wearing a loose white shirt, ample enough to minimise the curves of her breasts but a little too short for her tall form: It left a thin strip of her midriff bare. Her black jean trousers were a little more form-fitting, but contrasted with the tight black spandex Lindsay was wearing. The name tag atop her left breast identified her as Janice.

“So, what, we’re not providing you enough shrinkies, you have to recruit your own?” Lindsay quipped, grinning.

“Nah, there’s plenty out there in the bowls, still!” Jossie laughed. “It’s just, these two want to go spelunking in my tummy.”

“Right! I think we can get them the right size for that,” Lindsay said cheerfully. She gave them both an encouraging look. “I need you to sign the paperwork first, though. Legal stuff, and all that. Don’t bother reading it if you can’t be bothered, but we do need you to sign it.”

“Basically,” Janice piped in a little awkwardly, “it says all shrinkings are final, and you relinquish all rights once you’re shrunk.” She gave them an earnest look, despite her obvious shyness. “So you have to be really sure this is what you want.”

Lindsay rolled her eyes. “Come on, don’t be a mood-killer,” she said dryly. “It’s all just a bit of fun.” She gave Julia and Ryan a dazzlingly pretty smile. “And you wouldn’t have come in here if you weren’t already sure, right?”

They signed without trouble. There was banter and light-hearted laughs as Ryan stripped naked. Jossie eyed him appreciatively. He had a nice build, on the whole, and she found herself rather wishing she could eat him directly, feel him inside her mouth. He stepped willingly into one of the shrink booths when Janice opened its glass door for him. He already had an erection, of course, and Julia was making no pretence at not looking at it. He grinned at her, while Janice closed the door on him.

“Can I press the button?” Julia asked eagerly. “Is it that big yellow one?”

Janice opened her mouth to reply, but Lindsay beat her to it. “That’s the one!” she said brightly. “Just press it, and that big hunk of guy becomes bite-sized!” She winked, and helped herself to a shrunken man from the bowl on the table.

“Ah, actually I was–” the tiny man said quickly, as Lindsay lifted his tiny form between her fingers. They never found out what he had intended to say; Lindsay popped him casually into her perfectly lovely mouth, her full pink lips sealing him inside her. She began to suck on him, and nodded encouragingly for Julia to activate the shrink booth.

Jossie eyed the remaining shrinkies in the bowl, but resisted the temptation – for now. She wanted to fully enjoy Julia, in a few moments. Turning her attention away from the bowl, she looked Julia up and down appreciatively, then found her gaze travelling over Janice. She almost ignored her; the Dish employee seemed the type to just fade unobtrusively and meekly into the background. Jossie paid her a little more attention, though, trying to remember whether or not she had seen her before. She was usually good with faces, but as she observed the tall thin brown-haired young woman, she was surprised to notice belatedly that Janice was actually very pretty. It was just that her natural beauty was dampened, hidden behind her glasses and her bland haircut, her lack of make-up and her loose unremarkable clothes. Even her jewellery was unremarkable, a light silvery bracelet at her left wrist. Jossie toyed with the idea of talking to her later and giving her a few beauty tips. *Maybe a few pointers about self-confidence, too*, she mused, idly thoughtful.

Julia pressed the button; there was a brief flash of light, and Ryan seemed to disappear. Julia gave a little gasp, while Janice opened the cylinder’s glass door. The booth operator had certainly done this hundreds of times, Jossie thought; to her, it was all routine. But to Julia… Jossie grinned quietly to herself, at the look of glee on the woman’s face.

Janice leaned down, and picked up the tiny, shrunken Ryan with cautious care. She straightened up, slowly enough not to make him dizzy, and held him out for Julia, giving the woman an awkward little smile.

“Oooh, *thank* you!” Julia exclaimed, delighted. She took the shrunken man, and cupped him in the palm of her right hand. Her broad grin, as she gazed down at him elated, displayed her teeth. “Hey, Ryan!” she said, and giggled happily. “How’re you doing? I can’t believe this is real!”

“Well it had *better* be real.” He smiled back, sitting on the palm of her hand. His own hands belatedly hiding his erection. “Feels weird, though! My mind’s kind of spinning, what with not having any normal bearings. Give me a moment, yeah?”

Julia licked her lips, and seemed at first no longer to be listening to him. Then she caught herself, and nodded with a light laugh. “Sure! Take your time.”

Jossie licked her lips too, watching them. She quelled her impatience for them to get on with it, and leaned back casually against the wall. She was already feeling quite aroused, and the anticipation of tasting Julia’s silky curves in her mouth, feeling her glide dream-like down her throat… It was causing a hot moist flutter deep inside her, which she relished quietly as she waited.

Lindsay finally swallowed the very wet man she had been sucking on. An audible *glutch* accompanied his passing down her throat, into the dark hot intimacy of her digestive depths. Jossie realised with a touch of amusement that she couldn’t even remember what he had looked like. He had just been a shrinkie, and she hadn’t really been paying attention. Whoever he had been, during all of these past years, he was now simply… gone. Into Lindsay’s stunningly shapely young feminine body.

“Is this your first time?” Lindsay asked. Julia turned her head to her, and nodded, with a pleased little smile. Lindsay smiled back. “In that case, it might be easier to wash him down with a drink. I’ll get you one. What would you like?”

“Do I get a say?” Ryan asked, amiably enough.

Lindsay’s pretty face flashed them a wicked grin. “I was asking your friend. She’s the one who’ll be drinking it. So: no.”

Julia tittered. “I… guess I’d better make it champagne?” She laughed.

“Good choice! The bubbliness goes well with shrinkies.” Lindsay winked, as she walked past her and out of the small room. “Coming right up!” she called back cheerfully.

Julia raised her hand a little higher, looking over her prey. “You look *adorable* at this size!” she exclaimed, and laughed happily. “And speaking of things that are ‘up’…” She poked very lightly at his erection, and giggled girlishly. “It’s weird, isn’t it?” She glanced over her shoulder at Jossie. “I mean, why do we get turned on by being eaten? It’s not as if it’s a way for us to have sex.”

Jossie shrugged, amused. “Don’t ask me. I’ve no idea, but I’m just glad there are people who want to go down my throat.” She grinned, as she realised what she had just said. “Who want to *literally* go down my throat, I mean.”

Janice shifted her feet, then sighed and put in: “Our natural impulses evolved when we weren’t even human yet, millions of years ago. On the plains of Africa. Shrinking technology didn’t exist, and our bodies are just reacting in old ways to new things.” She stopped, a little embarrassed, as the other three looked at her – including Ryan, on the palm of Julia’s hand. “Sorry,” she mumbled. “I just… There are things I find interesting, like that.”

Jossie gave her a few moments’ vaguely curious attention again. “Have *you* ever eaten someone?” she asked, faintly curious.

Janice inhaled a quick breath, managed a nervous smile, and nodded, her nod shifting the flow of her brown hair. “Yes,” she said simply.

When it seemed she wasn’t going to offer up any more detail, Jossie pressed: “And? Did you like it?”

Janice blushed a little harder. “Yes, it was… It was nice.” She bit her lower lip very softly, and looked away, busying herself with the readings on the shrink booth’s control panels.

Lyndsay sauntered back in with a crystalline champagne flute balanced on a small platter, which she promptly presented to Julia.

“Oh! Thanks. Wow. I guess this is it, then!” Julia was tittering, clearly excited. “I’m actually going to eat you up!” She held her hand, palm upward, up to the level of her face. “This is *so cool!*” she squeaked.

Ryan got up, balancing himself on her hand, and stretched. “What have I let you talk me into?” he smiled.

“Me!” Julia said proudly, and giggled. “You’ve let me talk you into *me!*”

Jossie stayed quiet, hanging back near the wall, as she watched them. Her stomach rumbled very softly. She hadn’t eaten all that much yet – a few healthy-looking savoury pastries, some *delicious* fresh oysters, a few shrinkies… She could feel that small amount of food weighing lightly in the pit of her belly, but she still had an appetite. And these two here would fit in nicely.

She slid her left hand down discreetly to her thigh, feeling the soft warmth of her own skin through the fabric of her dress. She was fairly good at self-control while in public, and was able not to move her fingers closer to the hidden heat of her crotch. She simply kept her eyes on Julia, while the woman lifted Ryan up between her fingers and dangled him excitedly over her mouth.

*The Governor’s son*, Jossie reminded herself, and smiled quietly, with a wicked thrill. Soon he would be all gone, inside Julia and then inside *her*. She wondered naughtily how the Governor would react. She liked to think he would be furious. She grinned to herself. Would he find out that *she* was the one responsible? If so, would she be mentioned for it in the news? That might be fun!

“Ah, the power of women!” Ryan was sighing, contentedly, as he gazed down deep into Julia’s open mouth, the twinkle of excitement in her brown eyes. “The things you can make us do!”

“You’ll be part of one, in a moment!” Julia’s mouth broadened into a teasing grin, and she stuck out the tip of her tongue at him, playfully. Then she lowered him closer – and dropped him in.

Jossie watched with some interest. Julia had closed her lips firmly, with a smile of predatory satisfaction, leaving only Ryan’s tiny forearms and hands sticking out cutely from between her feminine lips. To Jossie’s amusement, he waved his right hand. Then Julia pursed her mouth softly, *sucked* – and he disappeared fully within her.

Jossie had expected her to slosh him around, but in actual fact she lifted her glass, and drank from it. She swallowed a little champagne, and then gulped hard, with effort, and a more sizeable bulge passed down her throat. She winced, inhaled a tight little hiss of breath, and swallowed again as hard as she could, scrunching her face with the effort. A moment later, she brightened, and exhaled a sigh of unmistakable pleasure.

“Your first time!” Lindsay beamed at her. “Yay, you! How did you like it?”

Julia grinned slowly. “I can feel him going down!” she breathed, placing the tips of her fingers to her sternum. Her face was aglow with startled delight. “He’s moving quite slowly. It’s a *little* bit painful, but… It feels amazing!” She looked at the other women, her eyes shining. “I’ve actually *swallowed* him, haven’t I!”

“Welcome to the Dish!” Lindsay grinned, nodding. She spread her arms, like some conjuror dramatising a big revelation. “We make dreams come true!”

Julia laughed. “And this is actually your *job*, right? You’re so lucky! I’m so jealous!” She looked down at herself. “Wait, though, is he OK? I’m not sure I can fee– Oh!” Her eyes widened, and she giggled. “He’s… He’s in my *tummy*!” she squealed, laughing. “I can *feel* him! He’s *tickling* me!” She looked round at them, her eyes bright with wonder. “*He’s tickling inside my tummy!*” She was giggling helplessly, pressing both of her hands to her belly.

Jossie smiled, her smile warmed by the other woman’s delight. “I guess he’s trying to find his balance in there.”

“Or just exploring,” Lindsay said kindly. “Before he settles in.”

“Does it feel the same for *you*?” Julia breathed excitedly. “When *you* eat people?”

“Almost every time!” Lindsay said cheerily.

“I guess our stomach lining is kind of sensitive,” Jossie smiled. Janice, she noticed, had turned quiet again, standing as though invisible by the further of the two booths.

Seeming quite emotional, Julia clasped Lindsay’s hand. “Thank you for making this happen! It’s just… It’s like…”

“Hey, it’s what we do,” Lindsay said, almost gently. “The Dish is, like, on a mission. There are so many people out there who want to feel someone in their tummy, and so many others who want to *be* in a tummy. We just bring some of them happily together. In digestive harmony!” She winked. “Or more like, my boss realised there’s a market for doing this. But you’re lucky; tonight, you get to eat for free!”

“And to be eaten,” Jossie put in. “If you’re ready?”

“Oh, right!” Julia exclaimed. “Yes! Yes, please!” She laughed, and began to wriggle out of her blouse. “I guess I should get undressed?”

Lindsay looked impressed. “I was *wondering* what you got out of this,” she told Jossie in a mock whisper. “Now I know!” Jossie gave her a playful wink.

Julia unfastened her skirt and wiggled her hips, letting it fall down around her ankles. “What do you do with the clothes, afterwards?”

Lindsay shrugged. “Charity.”

Julia nodded, slipped her hands behind herself and unfastened her bra. Jossie refrained from moistening her lips as she looked her over. Julia was tall, for a woman of East Asian descent, and quite a bit taller in fact than Jossie herself. She wasn’t toned or muscular at all, but she was attractively slim, with long lovely smooth bare legs. Jossie’s eyes lingered on her trim, flat bare tummy. Somewhere in there was Ryan, hidden away forever inside this attractive young woman… It was a delicious thought. An appetising thought. She looked up, and realised that Julia was looking her over as well.

To Julia’s eyes, Jossie was the epitome of feminine perfection. Her face was smooth, a pleasant oval shape and classically beautiful. Her blue eyes twinkled with liveliness, and her broad lovely mouth was part-open in a smile that warmed her entire face, while showing a glimpse of flawless white teeth. Her shimmering white dress and sparkling silvery-white high-heel sandals gave her an elegant, glamourous look, while showing off tantalising hints of her young body’s femininity. Her toned, slender arms were bare, all the way up to her shoulders where the elegantly styled flow of her pale blond hair flowed over the thin straps of her dress. Its plunging V-neck gave a teasing view of pushed up, beautifully round breasts, large milky orbs of tempting smoothness. Her airy dress gave her an added air of lightness, as though she were drifting carefree through life, gorgeous and well aware of it. The cut of her dress showed off glimpses of her legs, her smooth full firm female thighs, as she shifted to put her hands with cheerful confidence on her hips.

Julia gulped. Jossie wasn’t just conventionally attractive. She had the poise to go with it. The sassy yet subtly downplayed confident charm. The friendly boldness in her blue eyes, which told the world all games would be played on *her* terms. The fitness and beauty of mind and body. The hint of danger, of taboos breached after dark, behind the pretence of innocence in that so perfectly lovely face.

*And I’m going to become part of her*, she thought, and shivered breathlessly with excitement. Even as she felt Ryan flutter delightfully in her stomach.

“Hop, hop, hop!” Jossie told her with playful impatience. “Get into that shrink booth!” She grinned at her, showing her sharp white little canines in the corners of her mouth. “I’m having you as a mouthful of my *dinner*!”

And nothing more than a mouthful, Julia thought, the thought strangely thrilling. She took a slow breath, turned, and walked into the tall cylinder, Janice quickly opening the glass door for her. She lowered her head a little, the door not quite big enough for her tall slim frame. She had goose pimples on her bare arms, she realised – partly from the cold of being naked, as well as from excitement. She leaned back into the rear of the cylinder, her heart thumping happily while Janice closed the door on her. Through the curved glass surface, she saw a visibly gleeful Jossie lunge towards her, her hand stretched palm outward towards the big yellow button.

*FLASH!*

\* \* \*

Jossie swirled the champagne glass slowly and rather gently between her fingers, with Julia inside it. Julia, tiny and stark naked and waist-deep in bubbly, fizzy champagne, had her arms draped over the edge of the flute glass, and they were looking at each other.

Julia kicked her legs a little inside the drink, as its bubbles tickled their way up her bare legs and against her naked intimacy, and the soles of her feet. Along with the fumes of the alcohol, it was making her giggle. She felt restless with excitement, wanting to *move* and dance, but kept her bare arms and hands steady on the cool curved outer surface of the glass. Gazing up at Jossie, at her thrillingly confident beauty, Julia’s brown eyes shining, Jossie’s blue eyes quietly amused.

Waiting for Jossie to drink her down.

Jossie’s eyes narrowed, warmly expressive still, and she made a little show of slowly licking her lips. Julia shivered happily. *Go on!* she thought. *Go on, drink me! I’m all yours!* She chewed excitedly at her lower lip. She could feel her own tummy tightening with the thrill of it all, and Ryan shifting and moving deep inside her as her stomach squeezed round him a little. She wondered what he was thinking, what he was feeling. Then she wondered what *Jossie* was feeling. She gazed up rapturously into the blond woman’s eyes, the girl younger than her and yet so utterly dominant. She was about to become part of her, and yet Jossie’s was a mind separate from hers. She would never know exactly what this girl was thinking, as she prepared to consume her. Somehow that thought was thrilling, too.

The tip of Jossie’s tongue paused and lingered in the corner of her mouth. Julia, a little breathless, gazed at that too. The tip of Jossie’s tongue was very pink, and very moist. Very… sensual, she thought to herself with a smile. Her eyes travelled along Jossie’s lips, full and broad, their shade an attractive matte pink. She was panting a little, and could feel her own quick breaths stir her chest, shifting and unsettling the tiny Ryan in her stomach. *Go ooon!* she thought, yearning. *I’m your mouthful, I’m your treat! Take me! Take me! Swallow me down!* Jossie was still looking at her with a glimmering amusement in her eyes, a little smile on her pretty mouth.

*Come on, come on!* Then at last, just as Julia thought she might burst with anticipation, Jossie lifted the glass in a fast jolting motion to her lips, tilting her forward in a stomach-lurching, thrilling rush, and opening her mouth.

And drank her.

\* \* \*

From Julia’s perspective, it was a blur of motion and pleasure, dizzying in its intensity. All within fragments of a moment, she saw deep into the dark pinkness of Jossie’s throat, saw her wet pink tongue loom up beneath her, felt the rush of cool fizzy champagne wash past her, washing her legs and bottom and every part of her in stickiness as it flowed with her into Jossie’s wide-open mouth. She felt herself splat and slide and slip on Jossie’s tongue, pinkness and the gold of champagne and the white of hard clean teeth whirling around her until suddenly, suddenly it was all pitch darkness, Jossie had closed her mouth, and Julia was enveloped in dark wet heat, stickiness of saliva and champagne, the moistness and sound of Jossie’s breath.

*Yes! Yes!!* There was a wet, gushing *sggllckt* noise, Jossie’s mouth spurting saliva to wet her, and a *gglllssh* as the sticky tongue beneath her pushed her upwards and tilted her to one side, shifting her, sucking on her, *rubbing* at her wetly and making her squeal and giggle. Ryan was tossed around in her stomach, and fluttered hard. Jossie’s tongue pressed up at her, pinning her to the hard roof of her mouth, and lathered her, hot wet female flesh sliding soaked over her bare breasts. Laughing and squeaking, she wriggled, breathless.

*Gllk*. She heard a soft swallow as most of the champagne drained away from around her, down Jossie’s throat. Then Jossie began to suck at her harder, her tongue thoroughly exploring her texture, her smoothness, her wriggles. Wet sucking sounds boomed in her ears, the heat of the large wet tongue powerfully erotic against her bare body. “*Ah! Ah! Ah!*” she panted, her heavily stimulated body squirming and bucking with hot surges of lust. “*A-aahh!*” Jossie was savouring her – enjoying her! The thought flushed her entire little body with a rosy heat of pleasure, and she squirmed and wriggled harder, uncontrollably, every part of her bathed with sensual fleshy femininity, Jossie’s *mouth*, hot breath, wet flesh and liquid stimuli, sensations pulsing desire through her own helplessly aroused body.

It was the most intense experience *ever*. Ever, ever, ever! she thought happily, as she wriggled around in Jossie’s hot wet mouth.

The sensuous tongue beneath her lurched, pushing her back. She squeaked again, gleefully, and felt herself sliding on its slick surface. Her bare feet and legs slipped into a tight fleshy space, like squishy malleable heat rising around her ankles – and then she was sliding all the way in. She gasped, breathless with excitement, as hot fleshy throat muscles *squeezed* around her body, gripping her tight – claiming her. Taking her. *Gwwrlllutch!* The liquid gulping sound filled her ears, as she was swallowed whole.

“*Eeeeee!*” she exclaimed, wriggling with intense delight, as she slid down the well-lubricated tunnel of flesh, the younger woman’s tight hot gullet. Its fleshiness rubbed up and down her, over and over, providing constant stimulation to her nipples, her sides, her bottom, her legs – every already hot and aroused part of her breathless little self. *I’m being swallowed!* She felt ecstatic, excited even by the steady thumping sound of Jossie’s heart, her own awareness of plunging deeper inside this healthy *beautiful* young woman, the girl who had just eaten her.

She belonged to Jossie now, in the most intimate way that anyone ever could, and she felt happy as could be.

There was another, *breathlessly* tight squeeze, and then she was falling. Somehow, it took her by surprise, and she gasped, inhaling hot acrid air scented with alcohol. The next fraction of an instant, she was landing with a soggy *splat* in a shallow pool of chewed-up food soaked in mingled alcoholic drinks. She lay on her back for a while, panting, trying to catch her breath in the thin air inside Jossie’s stomach. In her own tummy, she could feel Ryan trying to pick himself up and moving around after this fall. She smiled, in the pitch hot darkness, deep within Jossie’s lovely body, and placed her wet sticky hand gently on her own belly.

“Quite a ride, huh?” she whispered to Ryan.

*Wwrrrgggl*. Jossie’s stomach groaned around her, loud and wet and deep. She closed her eyes, panting and grinning – blissfully content.

\* \* \*

“You lucky bitch,” Lyndsay said amiably, as she watched the smooth bulge disappear down Jossie’s throat. “I’m not sure I ever ate one who’d just eaten one.”

Jossie smiled a little, moistened her lips again delicately with the tip of her tongue, and drank some more champagne. Washing the last remnants of Julia’s silky flavour from her tongue, and down her throat. She paused for a moment, and then summoned up a deliberate little burp – just for the fun of it. She exhaled it as a soft, feminine little *urrwp*, raising her fingertips with exaggerated daintiness to her lips.

Lindsay chuckled. “I wonder if he knows he’s inside *you*, now.”

“Probably,” Jossie said lightly. She felt rather pleased at the thought.

Lindsay dipped her hand into the bowl of shrinkies, helped herself to a petite black woman, and popped her into her mouth. As an afterthought, she picked up the whole bowl, turned, and held it out to Janice. “Hmmn?” she offered, vocalising with her mouth full of shrunken girl. She sucked at the tiny woman, feeling her wriggle on her tongue.

Janice hesitated, clearly tempted, then shook her head shyly. “Oh, n-no, thanks. I’m not sure we should really be eating those. They might be needed.”

Lindsay shrugged, put the bowl back down and swallowed the one in her mouth – a smooth, fluid gulp.

“I might have one later,” Janice added timidly. “If… I mean, if there are one or two left over, when the party’s over.”

“Are you two going to have to stay up all night?” Jossie realised.

“Probably.” Lyndsay grimaced. “We’ll get paid overtime, though. And I’ve brought coffee.” She glanced down, and nodded towards Jossie’s tummy. “Were they anyone famous? Most of the guests here are, but I didn’t recognise them as anyone.”

“Their dads are both big in state politics, apparently.” Jossie gave a pleased grin. “Ryan’s dad is the state governor. I guess I’m going to be in trouble.”

Lyndsay stared at her for a moment, and then laughed out loud.

“You *lucky* bitch!” she said again, and grinned.

\* \* \*

“Come on, Teags! You can do it too!” A decidedly tipsy Lykke, still clad in nothing more than her wet underwear, was grinning encouragingly as she thrust a large mug of beer-and-shrinkies at her girlfriend. “Come on! Come on!” She giggled drunkenly as she bumped the mug against Teagan’s sternum. “It’ll do you good!”

Teagan took a quick, awkward step back, and felt the shrunken people and other food in her stomach shift awkwardly. “Oh, but that… No, that’s too much!” Without quite realising it, though, she had already reached up and put both her hands round the large mug. Lykke let go of it, leaving it in her girlfriend’s hesitant grasp.

“But *look* at them!” she cooed. “They *want* you to swallow them!” She pursed her lips, into a kissy pout, and gave Teagan a doe-like, mock reproachful look. “Out of this cold night air, and into your warm little tummy.”

Teagan’s lips twitched, a quiet little involuntary smile. She could never resist Lykke pouting at her. She looked down into the mug of beer she was now holding. Inside it, three tiny people gazed up at her hopefully. A blond man, somewhere in early middle age, and two brunette women, one perhaps in her late thirties or early forties and the other much younger.

“Hello,” she said to them, with a girlishly nervous smile. It *still* felt a little strange to be looking at, and talking to, people who might soon be inside her stomach. She was feeling fairly full from all that she had already eaten, but she was not completely stuffed. She could probably manage them, but… Well, that was a *lot* of beer.

“Chug! Chug! Chug!” Lykke’s new fan club, celebrities and all, most of whom seemed to have had too much to drink already themselves, started up their chant again cheerfully, this time directing it at Teagan. They were looking at her, and clapping rhythmically. Expecting her to drink.

She tried not to smile, but it was no use. Laughter burbled up and escaped her lips. “You told me… You *promised* me you wouldn’t let me get drunk!” she giggled, turning Lykke’s playfully reproachful gaze back at her.

“You’re not getting drunk, you’re getting drinking!” Lykke retorted, giggling as well. “I mean, you’re ge–… you’re dre–… you’re drinking!” she laughed, her alcohol-fudded mind fumbling giddily for words. “You’re drinking them.” She gave her a bright-eyed look, and tried her best to look adorable. “Come on, Teags, cutie-babe! I want them in your tummy. You’ll be *soooo* sexy with them in your tummy!”

Teagan giggled happily. She knew, in a vague sensible corner of her mind, that she probably should not be feeling so casual, so carefree, so willing to drink more alcohol just because her gorgeous girlfriend wanted her to. But how could she resist? It was so *fun*, swallowing people, the excitement at feeling them slip down her throat, feeling them wiggle lightly in her tummy. The hot moist flutter it made her feel between her legs, and knowing that it made Lykke feel the same. She moaned softly with need, keeping her gaze locked with quiet desire on Lykke’s green eyes as she raised the mug to her lips, still holding it with both her hands.

She steadied herself with a quick breath… and drank.

She tasted the tang of the beer on her tongue, its liquid texture as it flowed into her mouth. With it came one –no, two– solid bits, smooth and warm as they wiggled and slid on her tongue. The onlookers were cheering. Her head was tilted back, and she began to swallow as soon as the drink touched the back of her throat. *Gwulp!* More of the drink flowed into her gullet, and she gave another quick, smaller gulp – then a much bigger *ggyulp!* as one of the shrinkies was carried by the torrent and slid down her throat. She winced a little, and went on swallowing her drink. The remaining shrinkie in her mouth had shifted or slid to the side of her tongue, against her teeth, and wouldn’t be going down just yet.

She was drinking faster than she could swallow, and she paused, lowering the large mug, her cheeks ballooning and her mouth full of beer. She swallowed, and swallowed again, and then swallowed yet again, fairly big gulps, and felt that second shrinkie flow smoothly down her throat. With her mouth empty at last, she exhaled a little gasp, and caught her breath. Some of the cheers faded, her spectators no doubt disappointed that she hadn’t drained the whole mug in one go. She closed her eyes to steady her breathing, while she enjoyed the feel of that tiny sliding deeper down inside her chest. From inside the house, loud peppy pop music was playing.

Lykke moved behind her, smoothly, and slipped her arms round her waist. Her body was wet, but it didn’t matter. The warmth of Lykke’s hands pressed gently on her tummy, through the pleasant silky fabric of her dress. “Finish it…” Lykke murmured to her sensuously, resting her head against her shoulder. A warm presence, enveloping her in her affection. And in her lust.

Teagan smiled softly, and looked down into her mug. Only one tiny man remained in her drink. He waved up at her excitedly. She grinned, and waved back. Soon, he would be in her tummy. The thought caused a warm, pleasant flutter in the pit of her belly.

She lifted the mug again, and resumed drinking. Breathing as steadily as she could through her nose, she let the drink flow into her throat, carrying the tiny man with it in her first swallow, as she gulped it all down. She shivered, with a hot tingle, as Lykke cooed and kissed the side of her neck. She managed to go on drinking, through shaky breaths, while her girlfriend gently but firmly rubbed her tummy with both her hands, a caress that pressed the silkiness of her dress against her sensitive skin. *Gyulp, gwulp*. It flowed smoothly down her throat, filling up her already rather full tummy.

She paused for breath again, gasping a little, her sensitised body all tingly. The shrunken man was gone, inside her – eaten all up. In her full tummy. He was hers now, and she shivered gleefully at the thought. Encouraged by Lykke’s soft little kisses on her neck, the feel of her girlfriend’s hand in her hair, the warm press of those lips she loved, she brought the mug up to her mouth again, flung her head back and swallowed down all that was left. *Gulp, wulp, gyulp, ulp… ulp*. In it came, down her throat and tightening her stomach, which felt heavy now in her belly. She gasped as she finished drinking, her lips wet, and dropped the mug casually onto the grass.

Lykke’s fans applauded her, cheering and whooping. Lykke spun her around, making her squeal and laugh, making her full stomach slosh – making her giggle. She still needed to wee, but that hardly mattered now, as Lykke kissed her hungrily, passionately on the mouth. Teagan giggled again, right into their kiss. Feeling radiant, she melted warmly into her girlfriend’s embrace.

\* \* \*

Late that night, hours after having swallowed Julia, a decidedly drunken Jossie wandered her way with foggy-minded curiosity into the shrink room, on her way back to the garden from the bathroom. She stood unsteadily leaning against the doorframe, and blinked to clear her blurry sight a little as her vision swam into focus. There was Mia Chennamaneni, still looking stunningly attractive in her mauve sequin dress, her right arm bare and slender and lovely, her silver earrings shimmering against her lush dark hair. Their hostess was looking at the shrink booths, while at the small table nearby, Lindsay and Janice had interrupted their game of draughts to watch and wait for any instructions she might give them.

They all noticed Jossie’s arrival, of course. Lindsay gave her a pleased little smile and a nod, while Janice frowned and tensed slightly, looking wary. Mia, though, beamed at her, her face brightening with delight. “Joshie!” she exclaimed, and swayed over to her, her broad grin showing white teeth in her elegantly lovely brown face. She was clearly very drunk. She flung her arms wide open, and embraced Jossie clumsily in a tight hug, almost knocking the two of them over. Jossie gave a little laugh, and took a step back with one foot to steady them both.

“Whoa! Hey there!” she grinned.

“Joshie! You’re jhush the besht! You knowsh that?” Mia stepped back from her in turn, clamped her slender hands on Jossie’s shoulders, and looked her earnestly, drunkenly in the eyes. “You’re fan*tash*-tic,” she hiccoughed, and then giggled. “’scuse me!”

“You’re quite impressive yourself!” Jossie told her, trying not to look too amused. “It’s a fun party.”

Mia looked inordinately touched. “It’s *sho* nice of you to shay that! It’s *sho* nice! You’re a good friend! A good friend.” She embraced her again, hugging her tight with her slim arms.

“Okay, okay!” Jossie laughed, extricating herself gently from the woman’s hold. She glanced down at the shimmering mauve fabric over Mia’s belly. “So… Have you been eating a few more?” she teased.

“Lotsh!” Mia giggled. She patted her tummy proudly with both her hands, and *brurrped* daintily. “I’ve losht count,” she added, giggling. “And they almosht all wiggled when I shwallowed.” She gave Jossie a maudlin look of adoration.

“Well… I’m glad to have helped you discover new pleasures!” Jossie grinned at her prettily.

“You’re great!” Mia gushed at her, her expressive brown eyes glazed but warm. “I’m sho glad I–” *hyic!* “I *like* you! You’re my *friend*!” She pawed at Jossie’s arms again, clumsily. “Whoopsh! I’m a bit… dwunk.” She giggled.

Jossie took her hands, and gave them a warm little squeeze. She managed to hold the older woman’s gaze. “You know, if you like me,” she said playfully, “you should really let me eat you. That would be nice, yeah? For both of us.” She glanced past her briefly towards Lindsay, who grinned broadly with a quiet laugh.

“Oooh, yesh!” Mia agreed, beaming. “Let’sh do that!” They smiled at each other, Jossie’s smile conveying warm friendly encouragement. Mia tittered excitedly.

Janice got up, unfolding her long legs. “I’m not sure we can,” she said quickly. “She’s too drunk to give proper consent.”

Lindsay scowled at her impatiently. “The law only cares there’s her signature on the papers,” she countered firmly. She gathered up a stack of them from the side of the table, and held them out towards Mia. “Okay, we just need you to sign these!” she told her, with her loveliest smile. “Then we can let you and Jossie have fun!”

“Fun sounds good!” Mia walked tipsily over to the table, and Jossie held her arm amiably, steadying her with a friendly smile, as she signed her way briskly enough through the papers.

“Shall I walk you there?” she smiled, her blue eyes twinkling with pleasant promise.

Mia simply giggled, and allowed herself to be led the few steps to the nearest shrink booth. Janice held back, looking uncomfortable, so Jossie opened the glass door herself with her free hand, and guided her hostess gently inside.

“Whoops!” Mia laughed, as she settled against the curving inner wall of the cylinder. “Ish all shpinny!”

“Now, you might feel even a bit dizzier in a moment,” Jossie told her soothingly, “so you might want to close your eyes and hold on to something.” She closed the glass door with a smile, while Mia looked around vaguely for something to grab hold of. Janice opened her mouth as though to speak, then merely fidgeted and sat back down. “Dinner is served!” Jossie proclaimed cheerfully, and pressed the button. There was a brief white flash, and Mia seemed to disappear. “Well, more like a late after-dinner snack,” Jossie amended with a playful smirk, as she opened the door and crouched down in her lovely white dress to retrieve the shrunken actress.

“She’s not too dizzy?” Lindsay asked, amused.

“She seems okay!” Jossie held her up, examining her. “Hey, Mia! You can hear me?” She gave her a pretty smile. “Want to tell me where your bedroom is?”

\* \* \*

Half a minute later, Jossie peered into the room where guests were dancing to the beat of pop music, the glass wall still open onto the cool garden, the indoor buffet now looking much depleted. She spotted a well-built, handsome brown-skinned man leaning against the wall next to her, just by the doorframe, and seeming to catch his breath. He was drinking from a washable cup, and seemed to be watching the dancing with half a mind to delve back into it. Jossie tapped him lightly on the shoulder and gave him her prettiest, dazzling smile. He turned his head, saw how beautiful she was, and smiled back warmly.

“Hi!” he said, over the sound of the music. He had a pleasantly deep, richly honeyed voice. And he looked rather tipsy as well.

“Hi!” Jossie flashed him a smile full of her pretty teeth. She was holding the shrunken Mia in her hand behind her back. “You look familiar. My mind’s all frazzled with drink, though.”

“Matt Wilson. I’m a news anchor on–”

“Ohh, yes, that’s who you are!” Jossie snapped her fingers as it clicked, and she giggled prettily. “You won’t know me, though. I’m Jossie.” She held out her free hand, and the famous African-American newsreader shook it with a friendly laugh.

“Jossie! Nice to meet you.” He was in his early forties, she guessed. Quite a bit older than her, but she definitely liked the look of him. His hazel eyes, his amiably warm masculine face with just the faintest hint of stubble at this late hour. And she had always found it hard to resist that kind of deep mellow voice. “Is there something I can do for you?”

“That,” she told him happily, “is the right question! Come with me.” She slipped her arm through his, and to her delight, he followed her without question, a smile and a questioning look of pleasant anticipation on his handsome face.

It took her no effort at all to lead him up the stairs. Perhaps he had guessed what she wanted of him, or he was hoping it. She followed Mia’s directions to her bedroom, and pushed the white door open with her elbow.

The room was decidedly modern in its design. The walls were mostly horizontal light wooden panelling, albeit with cuboid white stone columns in the corners. The bed was white, and large, and fairly low. The furniture –a low chest of drawers below a wide framed photograph of a sunny mountain vista arranged as a triptych, a curved hyper-modernist chair, and a bedstand with a single drawer– were a sky blue in colour, a shade very close to that of the thick carpet. The lighting came from discreet spotlights tucked into the ceiling.

“Oh, cool!” Jossie exclaimed, eyeing it all appreciatively. She had an eye for beautiful things, whether they be clothes or people or interior design, and felt a moment’s kinship with Mia Chennamaneni who had chosen this style of decoration for the most intimate room of her house. She glanced down at the tiny woman in her hand, then turned, the carpet feeling wonderfully soft beneath her bare feet, to face Matt Wilson. “I *really* hope you’re not too drunk to get it up,” she told him saucily, putting her free hand on her shapely hip. The inviting look in her blue eyes echoed the teasing, hungry smile on her pretty face.

He grinned, playing along, and picked her up by the waist. She laughed, as he all but flung her onto the bed.

\* \* \*

A short while later, as the handsome news presenter thrust himself powerfully into her, her sweaty legs twined with his, his panting grunts echoed by her own female little cries, she plucked up Mia from where the tiny woman had eventually dozed off to sleep atop her right breast, curled up cosily and warm beside her nipple. Jossie nibbled at her lower lip, whimpering with sheer simple physical pleasure as she bucked and arced her back to Matt’s penetrating thrusts.

Though breathless, accompanying his motions, she was able to hold up their shrunken little hostess and look at her, holding her above her face. Amazingly, Mia still looked more than half asleep, her eyes closed, making soft little sounds of contentment as she snuggled up to Jossie’s warm thumb.

Jossie smiled to herself. She opened her mouth quickly, and dropped the dozy, boozy woman inside. Her soft moist lips closed round her, and sucked her in fully with a muted *swllp*. Mia Chennamaneni, with a celebrated acting career behind her and (as far as the rest of the world knew) still ahead of her, vanished forever into Jossie’s fit and beautifully feminine young body.

Jossie sucked at her, sloshing contentedly, closing her eyes as she continued to wriggle and arc her body to accompany Matt Wilson’s efforts. She knew she needed to climax before he did, if she wanted to enjoy the full experience, and he seemed close to his own moment of intense release. She sucked at Mia a little harder, relishing the wicked, taboo pleasure of the woman’s warm smooth silkiness in her mouth, and her hands cupped and kneaded at her own big sensitive breasts. She was breathing hard, even with her mouth closed, hyper-attuned to every little sensation in her body. The gentle tickle of her own hair on her shoulders. The softness of the bed under her legs, her bottom, her back, her head. The sweat tingling on the heat of her bare skin. The sharp pleasant contrast brought by the cool night breeze through a part-open window, on her skin too. The *fullness* of the man pumping in and out deep inside her. The ache in her nipples. The faint sloshing of liquid in her stomach. The heat of her closed eyelids. The woman in her mouth. The feel of her own breathing.

She held on to the moment, savoured it, savoured its blissful intensity…

She swallowed, with a deeply satisfying wet gulp, moments before the pleasure burst its dam and tore right through her body.

\* \* \*

The tiny woman gazed down past her own feet and into the pink moistness of this Teagan girl’s mouth. She felt herself shiver with desire, her shrunken body hot in the cool night air.

She was being held firmly between the thumb, index and middle finger of the redhead woman, Lykke, and dangled above the young Oriental woman’s mouth as the two of them made love. They had found a relatively secluded corner of the garden, outside the full glare of the lights, and had settled there on the grass with a bowl of shrunken people Lykke had nabbed from the buffet table. Although “settled” was perhaps not the best word. From within the bowl, she had watched the two of them kiss and fondle each other, pant and whimper and whisper playful heartfelt words of love and lust to each other. She had watched Teagan carefully take her own expensive and lovely red dress off, before they had rolled together on the soft grass, taking off each other’s underwear. And then they had started feeding shrinkies to each other.

She had felt quietly delighted, and more than a little relieved. This late into the night, this late into the party, she had begun to fear she would remain uneaten and forgotten, lingering all night in the bowl until someone came to clear away the table the next morning. But now it seemed she would be eaten up after all.

A short while earlier she had been flexing her legs and trying to jump up, frustrated at not having a better view out of the bowl. Right next to it, the two women had been caressing and kissing each other, their soft intimate passion growing crescendo. Lykke had reached sideways into the bowl without even looking, her slender feminine hand looming gigantic, to the point the tiny men and women had been able to see the whorls of her fingertips along with the ginger nail varnish that matched her fiery hair. She had fished out a shrunken man, and an audible swallow had soon signalled his thrilling fate.

Now at last it was *her* turn, and she trembled softly between Lykke’s fingers, enjoying the latter’s warm press almost as much as her view of Teagan’s face, flushed and breathless with the enjoyment of her lovemaking. Teagan was managing to keep her mouth open, more or less, but her lips quivered, strangely enticing, as she squirmed and bucked beneath her lover’s sensuous ministrations. Lykke was on top, her bare bottom on her lover’s thighs, Teagan lying sprawled on the grass in blissfully helpless waves of pleasure. Turning her head, the shrunken woman saw that the redhead was using her free hand to ever so softly caress around the dark-haired girl’s naked vulva, a tantalising touch on her hot skin, without ever yet brushing her fingers to the most intimate part of her lover’s body. The tiny woman smiled with approval, and her gaze travelled over the lovers’ bare smooth legs, Teagan’s trim little tummy and Lykke’s very slight hint of soft belly pudge, the redhead’s fairly large and faintly freckled breasts, the Asian girl’s cute little boobs, her nipples stiffened with arousal…

*Not bad*, the tiny woman thought happily. *Becoming part of a cute girl like this one*… By tomorrow, perhaps she would be part of the curve of the girl’s hips, or the adorable softness of her lower lip… She bit her own trembling lip, her shrunken body flushed hot with excitement at the thought.

“And here she comes!” Lykke cooed fondly, and the tiny woman felt herself being lowered towards those pretty, girlish lips. She squeaked, wriggling her bare legs in the empty air, the night’s coolness teasing at her own bare nipples. This was it! In she was going! Teagan’s brown eyes looked up at her, warm and shining with mingled pleasure and desire. The cute girl momentarily closed her lips part-way, just long enough to moisten them with her enchanting pink tongue. Then her mouth was wide open again, gaping for her wiggly little treat. Saliva glistened softly on her white teeth, and on the wet pinkness of her tongue. It glistened, too, on the quivering pink darkness of her throat, deep in the back of her mouth.

Teagan exhaled, her warm breath bathing and enveloping the tiny woman’s bare legs.

“Wriggle for my Teagan, yes?” Lykke whispered, playfully sensual. “She wants to feel you *wriggle* down her throat.”

Teagan laughed, with her mouth still open, her dark eyes shining happily, and the tiny woman nodded even as Lykke placed her gently on her girlfriend’s moist tongue. Teagan lifted her head just a little, and shifted her tongue to prevent her shrinkie from just sliding straight down into her throat. The tiny woman felt the wet *warmth* of the live tongue against her back, her legs, her bottom. She looked up, arcing her neck, resting the back of her head on the girl’s slick wet tongue, and looked up, into the night sky. Lykke was watching her.

The redhead winked at her. “Bye-bye!” she whispered teasingly, and waved, giggling. As the tiny woman watched, Lykke placed her fingers gently round Teagan’s jaw, and over her lips, and pressed, closing Teagan’s mouth. Sealing the shrunken woman, forever, inside her lovely girlfriend.

Plunged into darkness, the woman became hyper-aware of the moist heat, the feel of Teagan’s soft flesh pressed wetly against her. The thunderous sound of the girl’s breathing, all around her. Wet little spurting sounds, as saliva built up – helping Teagan to eat her. She wriggled, rubbing herself excitedly over Teagan’s slick slippery tongue.

She heard the sound of muffled kissing, and she felt the young Asian woman buck and squirm with pleasure around her, even as she sucked on her. Though she couldn’t know it, Lykke was licking and kissing round Teagan’s sensitive nipples, her hands squeezing gently at her breasts while she did so. The tiny woman squealed, and giggled, as Teagan began to slosh and suck at her harder, faster, matching the quickening of her breath.

Then the kisses became louder. Lykke was placing soft, playful little kisses on her girlfriend’s closed lips, and caressing her, her hands moving over smooth warm skin, making her squirm with sensual pleasure. The tiny woman in Teagan’s mouth squirmed too, wriggled amidst the enveloping press of the girl’s hot wet tongue, and felt herself slide. She inhaled a quick, gasping breath, by sheer instinct – as she slid down smoothly and wetly into Teagan’s tight throat. Hot muscle *squeezed* round her. *Gwwulp!* The wet sound boomed all around her, echoing in her ears as she was swallowed.

She laughed, breathless with happy excitement. The gullet muscles pulsed over and over around her, hot and fleshy, kneading her nakedness. And pressing her down into Teagan’s digestive system, with no difficulty at all even though the girl was lying on her back. She squirmed delightedly as the warm flesh enveloped and pressed at her in the pitch darkness. It was like some wild fairground ride – the wildest of her life. She half-wished, already, that she could experience it all over again.

*Squeeeeze*… She yelped, as a tight passage forced the breath out of her lungs, then she was falling and– *splat!* She landed in a gooey mess, half-sinking into it, a churned mass of chewed-up soggy food imbued with the heavy scent of alcohol. She gasped, floundering for a moment, worried she would sink into it like quicksand. She was inside Teagan’s stomach, of course. And she had really barely fallen at all, which meant the girl’s tummy was almost completely full up with food… and with drink. She breathed in the fumes of alcohol, despite herself, and felt them whirl around her giddy mind.

A hand fumbled at her head, taking her by surprise, then strong hands lifted her up by the shoulders, steadying her. “Welcome to her belly!” a male voice said, sounding amused and perhaps a little inebriated. “You’re okay? Not too disoriented?” She could hear other people breathing, and chatting, in the sweltering hot darkness. Of course! The other people Teagan had eaten.

“Thanks!” she said, catching her breath. “I’m okay. More than okay!” She grinned, and the man laughed, invisible to her in the pitch blackness.

“She’s certainly got a good appetite, for such a slim girl!”

She giggled. “I guess it’s getting crowded in here.”

“And it’s kind of difficult to dance in here, with all the mush. But we’re having a party, as best we can.” He sounded as if he were smiling.

Her eyes twinkled. “I’ll join you,” she said.

\* \* \*

Teagan wriggled her bare bottom against the grass. Lykke had shifted and was now sitting directly on top of her crotch, grinning down at her domineeringly. Teagan laughed softly, and reached up, offering up the tiny man in her hand. Lykke leaned in, opening her mouth. She gaped wide, a playful show of hunger, and closed her lips half-way up Teagan’s fingers, making her squeak briefly with surprise.

Lykke smirked, and straightened up, her moist lips and mouth wetting her girlfriend’s fingertips as she did so. Her movement plucked the shrunken man from between Teagan’s fingers, trapping him instead in her own mouth. She gazed down meaningfully at her lover, her green eyes teasingly intense while she sloshed and sucked at the tiny man inside her mouth.

After a few moments, she swallowed. She noticed Teagan shiver with pleasure, her dark soft eyes tracking the brief bulge down her throat – gone. The man was eaten, like all the others Lykke had gobbled up hungrily tonight. She could feel them weighing comfortably in her stomach, and squirming like a delicious tickle inside her. She shifted her bottom playfully, swaying it from side to side on top of Teagan’s hot damp vulva. And held her girlfriend’s eyes captive in her gaze.

“You’re a bit like Jossie in some ways, you know,” she remarked lightly, as she trailed her fingertips down Teagan’s slender bare arm. “You manage to look so completely sweet and innocent, when you want to.” She squeezed her thighs round Teagan’s hips, and grinned at her wolfishly.

Teagan smiled up at her demurely. “Maybe I *am* sweet and innocent?”

“Oh, yeah? And how many people are you digesting right now in this little tummy, you naughty girl?” Lykke grinned and placed both her hands on Teagan’s belly, pressing gently.

“*Hhnn!*” Teagan breathed. “Oww! Don’t do that!”

“It does feel full,” Lykke commented adoringly, as she caressed her girlfriend’s smooth soft skin. “And yet there’s only a *very* slight little bump.” She flashed her a delighted smile. “It’s incredibly cute! Your little tummy…”

Teagan blushed, lowered her eyes and purred softly, pleased.

“Have you got room left for one more?” Lykke teased.

Teagan raised her eyes again to her girlfriend, brightening. “Yes, *please!*” she said eagerly. She knew she was perhaps indeed being a little bit wicked. But it felt *so* good, feeling them wiggle in her tummy, and feeling comfortably full. She nibbled with excited anticipation at her lower lip, as Lykke fished into the bowl. The redhead produced a brown-haired shrunken woman who looked vaguely Hispanic, her skin tone sun-kissed and warm. Teagan swallowed a little saliva, and moistened her lips, staring at her with need.

“Open up!” Lykke told her, playfully sing-song. “*Good* girl!” she giggled, as the inebriated Teagan did as she was told. “Annnd… here she comes!” She held the shrunken woman just above Teagan’s lips – and dropped her in.

“N-no, wait!” the shrinkie cried. “I’ve ch-changed my mind!”

“Down you go!” Lykke teased happily. “Into my little Teagan!” With her hands, she pressed her girlfriend’s mouth closed once more. She caressed Teagan’s throat softly with her fingertips, and leaned into her. “Swallow her,” she murmured warmly. “Swallow her down, into your little tummy…”

“Nnn…” Teagan shook her head. She opened her mouth, plunged her fingers in, and removed the screeching, terrified tiny woman. The shrinkie trembled hard between her fingers, taking in deep gulps of breath. Teagan gave Lykke a gently reproachful look.

“Aw, come on, Teags!” Lykke sighed, disappointed. “It’s not as if they’ll re-size her. She’ll be eaten anyway.” She cocked her head at her, rueful. “You’re really not going to eat her?”

“No,” Teagan said, firmly despite the alcohol-induced haze in her mind.

Lykke brightened a little, hopeful. “But you’ll let *me* eat her? I’ve still got room in here.” She patted her soft, lovely bare tummy, encouragingly.

“Lykke…” She laughed gently. “Let’s just let her go.” She turned a little to her left, towards the back of the garden, and placed the shaky little shrunken, naked woman down on the grass. “Off you go,” she whispered to her, kindly. “And good luck!”

Lykke breathed out a deep, dramatic sigh. “You’re a big softie,” she said, as they both spared a moment to watch the tiny woman run off across the lawn as fast as she could go.

“I’d have felt guilty if I’d eaten her,” Teagan said gently.

“I wouldn’t.” Lykke smiled a little, leaned down, and kissed her lips. “Well… Anyway, that was the last one.”

“Was it?” Teagan’s eyes widened a little with disappointment. “Oh.” She pouted.

Lykke grinned. “If you want, I can go after her and catch her.” As though to emphasise her point, she squirmed her bare bottom again over her girlfriend’s hot crotch.

Teagan giggled. “You’re awful! No, just let her go.” She lifted her arms, slipping them round Lykke’s back. “Just kiss me,” she murmured, looking her in the eyes.

Later, as they lay cuddled together after making love, Lykke planted soft, tender little kisses down Teagan’s arm, making her giggle sleepily.

“That feels *nice*…” Teagan sighed, happily. She hummed gently, and snuggled closer, resting her head on Lykke’s bare tummy. She felt pleasantly tired, and full, and sexually satiated, and allowed herself to bask peacefully in the warmth of her lover’s affection, her blanket against the cool night air. She closed her eyes, enjoying the warm softness of Lykke’s tummy.

She breathed in and out softly, and listened to it gurgle and *grwwllt*, gentle and soothing, while Lykke just as gently caressed her hair.

Feeling quite perfectly content, she drifted into a deep, peaceful sleep.

\* \* \*

When she awoke, Jossie assumed she was in her own bed. Her mind was blurry with sleep, and heavy with a mild hangover. It was dark, which meant it was still the middle of the night. She groaned softly, and looked to see what time it was. She seemed to be facing away from her bedside alarm clock with its digital display, so she turned over, the light bedcover rustling around her naked body.

It was then she became aware of several things. First, her bladder was painfully full, and sloshed very uncomfortably as she turned over; it was probably, in fact, what had woken her. Second, she felt sticky, congealed sweat clinging to her skin. Third, there was a man in bed with her, fast asleep and snoring very softly. And fourth, this wasn’t her bed. It felt subtly different, and there was a cold night breeze entering the room through a part-open window where no window should be.

She blinked, and breathed slowly, trying to focus. The events of the evening and night came swimming in a blurred torrent to her mind, before settling into a steadier picture. Mia Chennamaneni’s invitation to her. Celebrity-spotting at the party. Delicious wine and food. Shrinkies in drinks. Her teaching Mia how to drink them. Mia, the actress she had seen so many times on screen… *I ate her*. She smiled slowly to herself, her lips curling in a quiet grin of satisfaction over her white teeth, as she lay there on her side in the comfortable bed, *Mia’s* bed, in the silent cool middle of the night.

The pressure in her bladder was insistent, forbidding her from dozing cosily in this nice bed. She sighed wearily to herself, and extricated herself quietly from the bedcover, careful not to wake Matt. She swung her long, lovely bare legs off the side of the bed, forgetting for a moment how low it was, compared to her own. She fought off the momentary dizziness, and got up.

The thick carpet made her footfall utterly silent as she walked to the door, struggling to find it in the very, very faint glow of moonlight. She opened it quietly, and slipped out stark naked into the corridor.

Everything was quiet. There was no music any more from downstairs. She walked around, barefoot on the panelled floorboards, and tried a couple of doors before she found the upstairs bathroom. She locked the door behind her, sat her bare bottom on the toilet seat, and breathed out a deep quiet sigh of relief as she allowed her bladder to empty. Her belly *wrrrllged*, and she scratched idly at her thigh, where the hardened sweat was making her itch. Though the bathroom fittings were a clean porcelain white, the walls were a warm pale pastel yellow, and the towels and bathmat a pleasant peach colour – cheering, without being too bright.

Jossie nodded in quiet approval, as she finished weeing and dabbed herself dry. Her own bathroom, back home, was fully white and she liked the elegant simplicity of its design – but the colours here did complement one another nicely. She glanced down at her trim, flat tummy. “You have good taste,” she whispered, to whatever might be left of Mia inside her body. She smiled predatorily to herself, amused by her own little play on words.

She stood up, flushed, and stretched, yawning. It probably wouldn’t be a good idea to stay around here too long. She didn’t exactly fancy being around when people started to wonder where their hostess had got to. But nor did she fancy putting her clothes back on over her sweaty body. She moistened her dried lips, drank a few leisurely swallows of water from the tap to ease the alcohol-induced dryness in her throat, then stepped into the bath. Much as she would have liked to run herself a hot bubble bath and soak in it luxuriously, she opted instead for a relatively cold shower. She treated herself to Mia’s rose-scented soap, rubbing and frothing it over every part of her body, cleansing herself of the sticky after-effects of sex. The cold water washed over her, refreshing and helping her wake up fully. She resisted the urge to hum to herself, mindful not to wake anyone up in the silent, sleeping house. Her stomach *rrrwumbled*, very quietly.

She stepped out, dripping water onto the bathmat and tiled floor, and dried herself off with the largest of Mia’s peach-coloured towels. She brushed and tidied her hair nicely and, because she would be going outdoors, applied a little of Mia’s make-up to her face, freshening up her discreet touches of lipstick and eyeliner. That done, she stretched, rising onto her tiptoes and raising her arms high above her head, interlocking her fingers. Her motions pulled at her toned muscles. “Hnnnph,” she breathed, pleasantly.

Clean and dry, she slipped back out of the bathroom, switching the light off behind her, and returned to the bedroom. She found her scattered underwear and her dress, and got dressed silently in the dark. Matt was still snoring softly, deep in his slumber and dreams.

Jossie made her way quietly back out of the room, closing the door softly behind her. Barefoot, she made her way downstairs. In the hallway, she glanced into the room where the party had been. The lights were out, and a few people were asleep on roll-out mattresses. There was leftover food still on the buffet table. The glass door had been pulled shut, and beyond it, the garden was in pitch darkness, moonlight glinting just very softly off the water in the outdoor swimming pool. She peeked in on the shrink room, and found Janice asleep there as well, curled up on herself on a thin foam mattress, beneath a light blanket. Lindsay was nowhere to be seen. She had probably gone home.

Jossie picked up her elegant, sparkle-studded silver-white high-heel sandals, opened the front door, and stepped out into the cool night air on the front porch. She sat down on the steps that led down to the gate, and put her sandals on. Having done so, she checked her phone. There were no missed calls, no messages from Lykke or Teagan. Perhaps they too had gone home. Or perhaps Lykke was asleep somewhere inside the house, digesting Teagan. She smiled affectionately at the thought, and slipped her phone back into her handbag. She would text them in the morning, and see how they were doing.

She got up, and made her way swiftly down the marble steps, nimble even on her high heels. In the dark, it took her a few moments to find the button to open the gate, and then she was outside, alone in the deserted street.

Well. Alone, apart from all the people *somewhere* in her digestive system.

She still had no idea what time it was, and couldn’t feel bothered to switch her phone on again to look. All she knew was that it was the pitch depth of night, without the faintest glimmer of dawn yet on the horizon.

She would have to call a taxi. But before that, she really felt like walking. Breathing in the night air, and feeling its coolness on her face. She would have jogged, even, had she not been wearing high-heeled shoes. She made her way down the street, with the palm leaves above rustling in a soft breeze, and the ocean at the far end of the street behind her.

She felt fresh and energised, lovely and glamorous in her exquisite white dress. She glanced down at herself, slowing her pace a little, admiring anew the light airy white fabric, the way her blond hair complemented it over her shoulders, the smooth curve of her calves below the hem of her dress, and the plunging push-up V-neck that showed off the big beautiful orbs of her breasts. She felt desirable, and powerful. With just the tips of her fingers, she touched her dress over her hidden tummy. “Don’t worry,” she whispered with a little giggle. “When we get home, I’ll go back to bed, and I’ll let you be digested peacefully while I sleep.”

There was no answer, of course. Not even the faintest little gurgle, as her digestive system continued to process what she had eaten tonight, nourishing her healthy young body. She grinned, feeling particularly pleased with herself.

She stretched one more time, comfortably, then took a deep filling breath and walked off contentedly. Into the quiet, street-lit night.

END