

WARNING: This story contains M/F Micro Vore, F/M Micro Vore, Underaged Prey, Stuffing, Expansion and Mildly Erotic Content. If any of this disturbs you... Well, read it anyway. And voice your complaints elsewhere.

Jake groaned softly, as he shifted on the cold floor beneath him. He was so uncomfortable...

He opened his eyes groggily and stared at the bars that were in front of him, blankly.

Bars... Metal bars...

Wait... Metal Bars?

He blinked and slowly, pushed himself up into a sitting position, before realizing that the floor beneath him was cold metal as well. He frowned and tapped it a few times. Hm. Solid.

He glanced around in confusion. What was going on here? How did he get here? The last thing he remembered was... was...

How odd... He couldn't remember anything but his name...

He sighed and stood up stretched, before glancing down. He was wearing some thin, papery gown, like a hospital robe. But, unlike those green robes, this one was a dark shade of grey. He paused and patted his body a few times.

Yep. He didn't have anything on underneath.

He turned to take a good look at his surroundings. Hmmm... There seemed to be other kids in this jail with him, wearing a similar uniform. Perhaps, they were all delinquents? He silently counted the number of them... Four kids. Three guys and a girl. Hmmm... Including himself, that was five of them.

He cautiously, made his way over to one of the boys and shook him slowly, "Hey... Bub?"

The kid groaned softly, before opening his eyes and blinked at Jake in confusion, "Who the hell are you?"

Jake nodded, "Oh, I'm Jake. I was just wondering if you knew where we are?"

The Boy glanced around, and his frown deepened, "What the-? Where are we?"

Jake frowned, "That's what I asked you!"

The Boy scowled at Jake, before standing up, and stomping over to the other kids, "Hey! Y'all! Where the hell are we?"

Some of them woke up with sudden jerks, while the others seemed more unwilling, before they began to realize the strangeness of their surroundings.

The girl pipped up, in a rather weak voice, "W-Who are all of you?"

Jake blinked and then nodded at her, "Oh, well, I'm Jake. I don't remember anything else about myself."

The other kids also froze and then gaped in shock. Ah, it appeared that they didn't remember anything either...

One boy moved to the centre of their little group, "Well, I think we should start by trying to remember anything about ourselves."

They all murmured in agreement, and they began to introduce themselves quickly; James, Rob, Mark and Janice. None of them remembered a thing beyond their own names. They had no idea who their families were, or how they ended here. James and Jake seemed about 14 years old, while Rob, Janice and Mark seemed about 13.

Janice pulled at her robe softly, “Are we sick?”

Rob frowned, placing his hand under his chin, “Perhaps... or perhaps, we’re immune to some dangerous disease and they’re using us as guinea pigs to develop a cure?”

Mark blinked in confusion at Rob, “You think?”

Rob raised his hands, in a ‘who-knows’ gesture, “It’s possible.”

James stepped in softly, “I don’t think so. This doesn’t seem like a very... medical facility.”

Jake nodded, “I agree. Perhaps these are alien uniforms, and we were abducted.”

Janice blinked in confusion at Jake, “You think so?”

Jake raised his hands, in a ‘who-knows’ gesture, “It’s possible.”

James sighed, “Repeating ourselves isn’t going to get us anywhere.”

Mark raised his hand, “But it’s getting us somewhere, isn’t it?”

“Not really.”

“Ahh...”

“Awww... Look at you all of you. Bickering like old friends.”

All of them jumped at the new voice. It was extremely loud, and it had a deep quality to it, but it was very effeminate. They all looked around in confusion. Who spoke?

“Ah, you’re all looking in the wrong place. Look up.”

They all looked up and Rob screamed in terror, at the sight above them. A massive woman, the size of a sky-scraper, was smiling kindly down at them.

She waved her hand happily, “I’ve been waiting for you all to wake up for a while now.”

Jake blinked in shock, “W-Who are you?!?!?”

She smiled at the small group, “My name is Clarisse. I’m a toy-maker!”

James frowned, “Toy-maker?”

She shrugged, “Well, magic toy-maker, but *tomato-tomato*” She produced the last word with a distinct emphasis on the ‘A’, like she was trying to speak in a different accent.

Janice stepped forward, “D-Did you make us?”

Clarisse nodded, “Oh yes. You’re the latest batch! You’re all part of my best-selling brand of toys!”

Mark looked mildly unsettled by her words, “We’re toys?”

Clarisse nodded again, “Oh, don’t worry. You’re all made to last! Nothing will happen to you!”

“Well, that’s a relief.”

Clarisse shrugged, “I assumed it would be.”

Jake sighed and sat down in the cage, “Well... Are we going to be sold then?”

She just smiled kindly, “Actually, I’m here to collect one of you right now.”

“Oh?”

She reached inside and gently reached for Rob and held out her hand, “If you don’t mind...”

“Oh. Sure.” Rob blinked and nodded, hopping into her hand.

She smiled and lifted him out, before turning back to the others, “I’ll get some titbits for y’all later! An I’ll make sure you all find good homes! In fact, I have a particular place in mind, and I’m sure you all will get it!”

Janice perked up at her words, “That sounds wonderful!”

Clarisse grinned, “Oh, it’s to die for!”

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Rob felt rather unsteady in the giant woman’s palm. He glanced back at her. She didn’t look very old. In fact, if she was their size, she’d only look a few years older than him. Around 18 to 20.

He smiled at her, “Was I custom product?”

She smiled at him, “All of you are custom.”

He blinked, “But you were saying, that you planned on sending them to specific place...? We’re they all paid for by one person?”

She nodded, “Mh-hm...”

Rob turned forward and blinked at the new surroundings. Their cage had been kept on a shelf, so it had a rather limited view, but he could now see the entire house they were in. A rather nice-looking house. Simple and cosy... Huh.

He turned back to Clarisse, “So, you’re gonna sell me?”

She laughed brightly, “When did I ever say that?”

Rob frowned, “But... We’re toys... and... you...”

She waved her finger in front of the tiny boy, “Tut-tut-tut. I never once said, I was going to sell you. I said I’m a toy-maker and I made you. I have a home planned for all of you, and you’ll all meet up together in the end.”

Rob stared at her face, a dark fear growing inside him. It was like staring at a hunger snake...

Clarisse glanced past him and smiled, “And we’re here!”

He turned around and paled, when he realized what room this was.

The kitchen.

Clarisse suddenly grabbed Rob, by the scruff of his neck and lifted him in air as he squirmed around, “I don’t know how some people eat you guys like this...”

Rob’s eyes widened, “Eat?!”

She continued to speak aimlessly, “I think you guys are great, when you’re added to something. I’m thinking... Salad?” She nodded, “Yeah, let’s be healthy today.”

“I-I don’t want to be eaten!” He felt his heart rate increase slowly, as the meaning behinds her words burrowed into his mind.

Clarisse laughed and began to tickle his tiny tummy gently, “Oh, I know you don’t! But you don’t have a say in it! You’re going down into my warm safe tummy, and that’s where you’ll stay!”

“P-please!” Sweat was pouring off his body in small rivers. Oh god... he had to... He had to get out somehow...

She ignored his weak pleas and continued to poke him gently, laughing at his soft reactions before slipping his robe off and placing him into a large bowl, and moving away to grab some vegetables.

Crap... Crap! He had to get out!!

He rushed to the edge of the bowl and struggled to reach it, only to realise it was just too high up for him. No... He had to... He couldn’t just end up in her belly!

He squealed when something large and green rained down over his head. Lettuce leaves. He continued to squeal as other items began to fall into the bowl. Chopped onions. Tomatoes. Beetroots and soft clumps of cheese. Then he began to splutter as a thick stream of oil began to pour over the salad and his body. The strong scent of olive oils irritated his nose. Oh god... Oh god, no...

Clarisse grinned down at her creation, before raising a fork, “Wonderful.”

Rob screamed, as the fork descended over him, ready to stab through him and he closed his eyes bracing for impact and-

...

Hm?

He opened his eyes and glanced around. The prongs of the fork, had cleaned moved around his oiled body, stabbing into a large lettuce leaf and a piece of onion below him.

Clarisse frowned at him, “Don’t scream like that. It scared me! You could have been stabbed and I don’t like blood!”

“Please!” He squirmed like a fish, fear torturing his body as he edged closer and closer to that cavernous maw.

She sighed and shook her head, “Down the hatch!” She raised her fork, and Rob squealed as he flew through the air and straight towards her gaping maw. No... He wasn’t ready...

She shoved the fork into her mouth and swallowed quickly without chewing. Rob struggled to breath as he body was squashed by the lettuce and her food-pipe. There was no place to move, let alone breath... Oh god... He couldn’t breathe! T-This couldn’t be it!! He could feel the quick rippling movement, of her body, pushing him deeper, and deeper, until, he felt his body pop through a rather tight opening and...

No... This couldn’t be the end... He felt tears trickle off his face in terror, as his surrounds only seemed to say the opposite.

He struggled to move around in the tight, damp organ. There was a thin, puddle of fluid that was gathering around his legs, and he realized with horror that the fluid was rising up, speedily. He let out a soft cry and continued to squirm in panic as the various vegetables began to fall around and over him.

No... He began to sob softly, as he pushed the various bits of half-chewed food off his body, but the effort he put in did nothing as it only reduced the space he had to move. He let out a cry of fear and panic, as his body was slowly trapped by the rising fluid and falling salad.

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Clarisse sighed softly, when she finished the entire bowl of salad, placing it to the side as she massaged her barely distended belly. She was naturally skinny, so even the smallest amount of food caused her to swell up like this, but she quickly moved back down to her natural skinniness.

Although, she wished that it would last longer.

She rubbed her belly softly, feeling Rob continue to squirm in her gut. How amusing. But... She ate him a bit fast... She wanted to savour the next one more. Hmmm... Oh well... She'd just have to do better with the next one.

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James blinked, "I'm next?"

Clarisse nodded, "Yep! Come on!"

He grinned, "Sure!"

They had been doing very well for the last few days. Clarisse had provided a rather adequate amount of food and they were well rested, so this news was a rather nice surprise, because it changed up their normally monotonous routine of eating and sleeping. In fact, these past few days had resulted in all of them gaining a bit of weight and ending up rather chubby. James pinched a bit of chub from his side. He hoped his knew owners liked chubby toys...

He waved as he was carried away by the Giantess, "Bye all! I hope we can meet again someday!"

She laughed, before closing the door to the room with the cage, "I think you will!"

He smiled at her, "You think?"

She nodded as she moved towards the kitchen, "Oh yes. After all, you're all going to the same place."

He stared at her in amazement, "Well... Why don't we all go together then?"

Clarisse frowned, "Well, I can't eat that much!"

James frowned, "Wait... What?"

She blinked, "Hm? Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm going to eat you all."

James stared at her in horror, "What?!"

She laughed, "Rob reacted in a similar way, when I told him. Although, he didn't taste very special. Perhaps you'll be better."

James paled and turned, looking desperately for some way to escape, only to understand how high up he truly was.

She grinned, as she entered the kitchen, "Well, I had Rob in a salad, so I think I'll do something different with you... Hmmm..."

James gritted his teeth, feeling his heart beat like a drum, "Y-You freak!"

She frowned in mock sadness, "Now is that anyway to speak to your creator?"

“You’re just going to eat me!”

She shrugged, “So?”

“How can you be s-so cruel?!”

She shrugged again, “I dunno. I think it’s just like raising cattle... You guys are just lucky enough to be intelligent so that you know what’s going to happen to you.”

James felt a pale sheen of sweat over his head and he wiped away quickly. Oh fucking hell... He had to get away from here somehow...

Suddenly, Clarisse beamed, “I know! Waffles! It’s been ages since I had a waffle!”

She dropped him on the counter, before looking for the pancake batter, the waffle iron and the other necessities.

James, could feel the blood coursing through his veins, like he was a race-horse. Fuck, fuck, fuck! He had to find some way out! He ran over to the edge of the counter and glanced down, before screaming a curse. For Clarisse, the counter must have been no more than a few feet, but for him, he’d probably die if he fell from here. He glanced around wildly, as Clarisse continued to look for the items, she could not remember where she had left.

He could hide... But where?

He suddenly blinked. There was an apron hanging from the counter, on the other side. If he could make it there... He glanced down. Yeah, he could try to use it to climb down and...

He broke into a sprint as he rushed towards his only hope. Damn this fucking robe. He couldn’t run fast in it... He quickly tore it off and threw it to the ground, let his body move freely. Once he got down, he could see a small crack in the bottom of the counter. If he sucked his gut in, he could hide in there, and then... and then...

He’d have to find the others. He’d find them, and he’d help them escape. They’d get away from this giant monster.

He slid to a stop in front of the apron and glanced at Clarisse, who was muttering in annoyance as she continued to look for the things she needed. Yes...

James took a deep breath and gripped the edge of the apron and jumped. Ahh! Fuck! The cloth was burning his hands, as he slid! Shit, shit, shit! He felt his grip loose, as he fell faster and faster. The pain... shit! He finally let go, and then felt the cold floor bump into his rear. Ahh...

He glanced at his hands and winced at the bright red burn marks from the friction. Damn it... He should have tried climbing down, instead of sliding...

Ah, no time for that! He had to make it to that crack! Once he got to it, he’d be safe!

Clumsily, he got to his feet, without using his hands. Agh, his body was sore. He had never run like this before... his body felt like it’d break apart in seconds. But he had to keep going... He had to... He was almost there... he was...

“Oops! Where are you going?”

James screamed in despair as Clarisse’s massive hand gripped him gently, just a few steps from the crack in counter bottom, and lifted him back onto the counter top and dropped him down. She frowned at him sadly, “What did you do to your hands? I don’t like my food ruined!”

She let out a large moan of discontent, “Don’t you know you’re.... you all are like bananas. No one likes the ruined bits!”

James gulped and smiled weakly, “W-well... M-Maybe you c-could j-just leave me?”

Clarisse sighed, placing her hand under her chin, “Well... I would like to do that... But my parents taught me to never waste my food, so...” She shrugged, “Eh, I’m sure you’ll taste fine. I like smothering my waffles in syrup... Oh!”

She grinned and reached for a gigantic bottle of maple syrup and brought it over to James. It was one of the kinds where you had to squeeze to make the syrup come out of the nozzle.

Using her finger, she gently pushed James down, forcing him to lie down, as he screamed in protest, “Now... Just hold still... Come on...”

She stuck her tongue out in concentration, as she positioned the nozzle directly above his face, before pushing it down into his mouth gently.

James’ cries became muffled, as the nozzle forced his jaws apart. The darkly sweet flavour of syrup began to stain his mouth, as horrifying thoughts ran through his mind. How many other kids had she done this too? How many had she eaten? How many had been digested in her belly? Like Rob?

Clarisse grinned and squeezed the bottle, and James gagged, as a river of syrup was forced down his throat and into his belly. Oh... Oh god! It was so sweet! The pure sweetness seemed to be punching him in the face, as more and more, was forced into his body. He felt his belly slowly expanded outward from the pressure, before he managed to push the nozzle out of his mouth, bursting into damp, sticky coughs, as more syrup fell over his body.

Clarisse frowned in irritation, “Oi... What’s the big idea?”

James groaned in pain, before glancing at his syrup covered body. His belly, was bulging and squishy, with an odd, soft gurgle coming from within. Ohhh... He looked like he was nine-months pregnant...

Clarisse sighed and poked his belly and James struggled not to vomit, from the pressure. She sighed again before nodding, “Alright fine. I don’t wanna over stuff you...”

She left him there, as she continued to prepare her waffles. He couldn’t even move. His stomach was so heavy, he could barely lift it. and it hurt so much... He massaged it gently and let out a moan of relief, as his hands caressed his strained skin. Oh... This was much, much better...

He blinked a few times and then tried to sit up. He didn’t have time to rest... He didn’t want to die here... He had to get away somehow... He rolled over and began to crawl slowly on his swollen gut.

He suddenly felt Clarisse’s fingers wrap around his bulging mid-section, lifting him into the air, before plopping him over a warm waffle, that was covered in cream, syrup and strawberries.

He looked up at her, and stared at her massive grin, “P-Please...” Oh god... Please... His heart... His heart felt like it was going to explode...

She shook her head, and lifted the plate taking it into the living room, before sitting down in front of her massive television and using a fork to cut into the waffle. She cut around him, making sure he was stuck on a rather large piece, before lifting it up to her mouth.

She paused for a second and smiled kindly at him, “I just want you to know... I’m sure you’re going to be delicious.”

“Please-”

She then she shoved the forkful into her mouth. She used her tongue to mash around the waffle, cream, and James. The Waffle quickly turned to mush, and she swallowed James with the mush. His syrup covered body was delicious, but... it concealed his true flavour... Well, she didn't want to taste those bruises... She smiled and nodded, feeling the squirming bulge, that was James, slide down her throat and then into her belly. He was still squirming in her gut, and she giggled with delight. He was fighting more than Rob. How kind of him.

She patted her belly a few times, before returning to her waffles. This had been a good meal.

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James groaned in pain, as he was surrounded by the dissolving waffles. The liquid slowly secreting from Clarisse's stomach walls, slowly fell over him and into the soup that he was floating in.

He let out a moan of pain, as his own belly groaned alongside the belly he was in. He could feel the thick syrup work its way through his system, and slowly slip off his body. He shifted slowly, as he continued his weak attempt at survival, but he could feel his energy leaving his body... and... and...

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Clarisse decided to have the next one after almost a week.

She had made sure to restrict their feed, so that they didn't gain too much weight. She was rather pleased with the result. All three of the remaining toys were nice and lean, with a healthy amount of fat and muscle over their bodies.

It was so that when she stuffed them, the flavours of the stuffing came through them.

It took her a while to decide on her next one, but she eventually settled on Mark, the youngest of the three. She had a very nice idea planned, but so she prepared everything before pulling him out of the cage, as they said their goodbyes. Hmm... they were getting closer. It did pain her a little to separate them like this, but it made her happier when she understood that they'd be united when they'd become fat on her body.

Mark, was sitting on her palm, silently and sadly, when she decided to speak to him, "You're pretty close to them aren't you?"

He laughed softly, rubbing his head, "We're like family. It's kinda sad to leave family behind..."

She chuckled, "Don't worry about it. You'll all meet up in a few weeks."

He blinked in confusion, "What? How?"

She walked into the kitchen, and began to reach for the piping bag, making sure it was filled with soft, sweet cream, "Well, I am going to eat you all, so... it's more of a metaphorical concept... You're never really going to see them again."

Mark frowned in confusion, "Eat us?"

Clarisse laughed, "Oh my! The last two got it immediately! You're a bit slow, aren't you?" She dropped the bag and poked him a few times gently, tickling him, "But, that makes you cuter, doesn't it?"

He laughed, hesitantly, "Uh-huh... Y-You're joking. Y-You're not going to eat us... Y-You made us..."

Clarisse frowned and tilted her head, as she pulled his robe off, while he cried out weakly, “Why wouldn’t I eat my creations? Farmers breed cows and chickens just to eat them, don’t they?”

He blinked a few times, and then, curled up slowly, as tears began to roll down his face, “P-please... D-Don’t...”

Clarisse sighed and shook her head, “Oh, don’t cry. It’ll all be over soon.”

She pinned him down gently with one finger, before positioning the piping bag over his mouth. Oh, she could feel his tiny heart beating in his chest. Sweat was oozing from his skin slowly... He was so scared... and that only made her hungrier... “Open up, will you?”

“Wha-?”

She pushed the thin nozzle of the bag into his mouth and squeezed hard. Unlike the Syrup and James, the cream, didn’t flow down Mark’s throat easily. Probably, it’s airy consistency. It was spilling out of the corners of his mouth, as he squirmed in pain and shock. Drat... She squeezed hard and placed her fingers around the edge of the nozzle, and his squirming increased, but the results were promising. His belly was slowly bulging outward, was the cream took its place in him.

Perfect. She grinned broadly, as he slowly began to inflate with the sweetened filler. She wanted him to be bigger than James. After all, a cream-filled cupcake, was only good when it was filled to the brim with delicious cream.

She watched, as his tiny little tummy, slowly distended further and further outward, like a tiny balloon. Oh, it was wonderful to watch. His belly, had a slightly red quality to it. His body lacked the masculinity of the other boys. Like he was still trapped in his adolescence. His soft limbs continued to thrash in fear and panic, as he body only became fatter and fatter, as the cream began to take up all the free space in his little stomach, and then some.

She pulled the nozzle out after a few more seconds, and he let out a heavy cough and a groan. She grinned at the amusing sight he was. Unlike James, who had looked like he was pregnant, it was like Mark had a couple of limes shoved into his belly. She gripped his arms and lifted him into the air and poked him a few times, before she noticed the cream dribbling from his mouth.

She frowned in anger, “Oi! Keep that in!”

He swallowed and moaned softly, “I... I can’t... please... help...”

She sighed, “Oh, I’m sorry, but, I’m hungry too...” She paused for a few seconds, “But...”

She grinned, sticking out her tongue and then, running it over Mark’s cream covered body, as he squealed in shock. Her warm saliva made his heart race in shock, when he realized how close he to falling into her maw.

She pulled him away and smirked, “Why, you taste simply delicious... I’d love to just... plop you on a cone and lick away... like my own little ball of cream...” She placed him in the palm of her hand, jiggling him, slowly and gently, as he let out soft cries in shock, “Wouldn’t that be wonderful?”

He blinked in confusion, “W-Wha-? Huh?”

She laughed and tossed him a few inches into the air, causing to cry out in fear, as his stomach shook and rippled with each motion, “You’d be my personal little toy. I’d lick you all over, and stuff you with more cream everyday... everyday you’d get bigger and bigger and softer and softer... my personal little cream puff. Wouldn’t that be wonderful?”

Mark blinked and then glanced at his belly and smiled weakly, "I... I sure think that not being eaten... I-Is a good thing..."

She sighed softly and rubbed the tiny, squishy boy against the side of her face, "Oh, you're so adorable... and maybe that would be a good idea..." She pulled him away and smiled sadly at the cute, morsel, "But, I'm not one for long-term plans... and you look simply scrumptious right now."

She lifted him over the muffin trap and plopped him into a mould that had already been half-filled with muffin batter. He quickly sank inside, as the batter surrounded him, until he was sunken, neck-deep.

He struggled to escape from the mix, but it was like quicksand, and his own weight prevented him from going anywhere, "P-Please!! Don't! Don't cook me!"

Clarisse laughed, "Don't worry! You won't be hurt!" She lifted the tray and shoved it into the pre-heated oven, as tears rolled off his chubby face, "I'll see you in a bit!"

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Clarisse pulled the tray out of the oven, after around 20 minutes and her pleasure was unbridled at the result. She had watched them rise, gently as the heat of the oven cooked them perfectly. She had watched her lovely little morsel, struggle, only to remain trapped within his soft, fluffy prison.

Soft, brown muffins, that smelt of bananas and vanilla. And from one of them, Mark had his head poking out, as he continued to squirm weakly, the soft, golden-brown mounds, restricting him completely. He smelt simply divine... Oh, she was delighted.

She smiled at him kindly and tilted her head, "Well, how was it?"

Mark blinked at her, "I... I..."

Her smile faded and she sighed, "You want to be set free, and not be eaten?"

He nodded.

She shook her head, placing the tray on a cooling rack, "Too bad, bub."

She let it cool for a short while, before pulling out Mark's muffin and staring at it, "Well... You've come out a lot better than I thought you would."

"P-Please..."

She rolled her eyes, "Oh, give up." Before taking a large bite out of the muffin, grazing the edge of Mark's skin as he squealed in fear, "N-No! Don't!"

She sighed, and using her fingers, and carefully plucked the pudgy, cream-filled boy out of the muffin and tossing him in the air, as he screamed in fear, before snapping him up and gulping him down.

Her eyes widened, and she coughed wildly. Oh, that was a bad idea. Swallowing him like that, when he was so big, was not the best idea.

"oohhh..." She paused and glanced down at her slim belly and grinned at the slight bulge from her meal. She patted her stomach and laughed, "Well, enjoy! You'll be with James and Rob soon!"

He was still struggling, as she finished off the rest of the muffin and went inside for a rest.

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Mark sobbed sadly, within his new prison, "I... I don't wanna... Please lemme out!"

There was no reply from outside. He doubted if the monster could even hear him. He glanced at his surroundings. The dark, fleshy walls only seemed to grow tighter by the second, and his gargantuan belly did nothing to help him. The damp bits of muffin were already breaking apart around him, turning into a soupy mix, coating his bloated body.

He sniffled softly, before curling up, or rather... trying to. He couldn't bring his limbs closer to his body, since his massive belly got in the way.

He paused and began to grope his own belly. He was rather soft... He sniffled again and then hugged his tummy gently. It felt warm and comforting... It made him feel... safer, in this dark void.

So nice... And then he decided to sleep. It seemed fitting to do so.

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Clarisse grinned as she hugged her boyfriend, Jacob, "Hey, baby..."

Jacob grinned at her, before kissing her lightly, "Yo, baby girl, what's going on?"

She chuckled softly and nudged him, "I got a treat for you..."

He raised an eyebrow, "A treat?" A toothy grin split his face, "Well, now I'm rather excited..."

She nodded and patted his chest gently, "You wait right here. I'm gonna get prepare it, right now."

His eyebrows went up in amusement, "Something that has to be prepared?"

She nodded, "You're gonna love it."

Clarisse quickly dashed into the kitchen and sighed at the bound Janice, who was lying on the counter, struggling to escape, "You all try so hard... it's endearing, really."

Janice gulped heavily, "I... I won't be eaten by you!"

Clarisse shook her head, "Not by me, no... My Boyfriend, Jacob."

Janice blinked, "What?"

Clarisse nodded sadly, "Yeah... I did want all of you to be together in the end, but..." She raised her arms in a 'what-are-you-going-to-do' gesture, "I love him and he just loves little sweets like you... Oh, I pamper him too much..."

Janice paled and continued to squirm, "I... I can't get eaten!"

Clarisse shrugged, "Well... technically... You can. And you are. So..."

She patted Janice on her nose gently, "Well, you don't have to worry. Jacob is... Well, I love him. And I'm sure he's going to love you... So, let's start!"

She reached other and gripped her piping bag and waved it over Janice, "You know, this thing is very, very useful for stuff you little guys. I used to just enjoy eating you, without stuffings, but, once you get used to it..." She shuddered with delight, "You can't get over it."

Janice blinked in confusion, "S-Stuffing?"

Clarisse nodded, "You know, like... like when you're going to eat a turkey. You stuff it. Same thing."

Janice stared in horror at the bag and at the thin nozzle, that would be forced into her body, "W-What's in that?"

Clarisse shook the bag slightly, “A mixture of pureed cherries and crushed ice. A wonderful, tangy and refreshing mixture!” She poked Janice in her tummy with the tip of the bag, “I’m gonna fill your little tummy, with as much of this stuff as I can, and then some! Your entire body is going to be lovely, sweet and chilling!”

Janice gulped softly, “I-Is there any... Any way t-that I c-could convince you t-to not do this?”

Clarisse paused thinking for a few seconds before shaking her head, “Nope. Now, open up!”

Janice nodded weakly. Her will had utterly crumbled under the strain of the situation. There was no way out of this. She had nothing, and no one would help her. She was... She was only food... and food... could only be food.

She opened her mouth and Clarrise pushed the nozzle in and squeezed the bag, and Janice felt the cold, tangy fluid rush into her belly. Oh, she had been right. It tasted wonderful... It tasted so good. She began to gulp the fluid down, instead of letting it force its way down. She wondered about Mark... and James and Rob... Did they accept their fate? Or did they fight? Were they like her? She felt ashamed, for being weak... and so very afraid. But, was there any other reasonable reaction?

She blinked, when she struggled to swallow more. Too much... too much! She began to gag and splutter, but Clarisse showed no signs of relenting. Janice felt her body twitch in pain, and her breathing became strained, as her belly continued to swell up. N-No... S-Stop... It was t-too big... It was like there was... a baby in her belly... S-Stop...

As if responding to Janice’s thoughts, Clarisse pulled the bag out of her mouth and examined her newly, plumped up girl, poking her soft, strained belly gently, “Hmm... Well, it feels right... But, let’s massage you a bit, hm? Make you a bit softer.”

She gripped Janice, between her thumb and forefinger and began to massage her gently, and Janice could feel the mixture loosening up inside her belly, causing her to let out a moan of relief, and Clarisse chuckled, “I would have stuffed you a lot more, but Jacob prefers his prey to be a bit easier to swallow... Oh well.”

She lifted the bag over Janice again, but this time, she squeezed it right over the girl’s body, before massaging it all over her, with her palms. Janice let out a shriek, as the cold, sticky mixture covered her entire body, as those massive palms nearly squished her.

“Gotta make sure the cherry flavour sticks to you... Now...”

She dropped Janice back on the counter; dazed, confused and stuffed, before moving to the sink and cleaning her hands. After drying up, she gracefully extracted a large scotch glass, and the various bottles of alcohol, to prepare the drink.

Clarrise carefully measured the dark liquids as she added them into the glass, with two small ice cubes, muttering to herself, as she mixed them up, before reaching for Janice and lifting her up gently, “Do you know what drink this is?”

Janice blinked and shook her head slowly. Her belly began to hurt her a lot. The cold paste that covered her body and filled her tummy, was not doing her any favours. She didn’t really care about what drink that was. She just wanted to rest...

Clarisse smirked, “Well, this is a Manhattan! And, well, you’re the garnish!”

Janice frowned, “Garnish...?”

Clarisse nodded, “Yep! Y’know... like the little bit of fruit they dunk in the glass or stick on the side?”

“I don’t...”

Clarisse sighed, “Of course, you don’t get it. Well, just... I’m gonna serve you in this drink. The cherry flavour on you, is what makes this a Manhattan”

“... I... I still don’t...”

“Never mind!”

Clarisse sighed with irritation, as she gently slid the plump, chilled girl into the dark liquid, among the ice cubes. Janice let out a soft cry, as plopped into the drip. The heavy, bitter scent of alcohol, was masking her other senses. There was a vague sweetness floating around her... from something... possibly the cherries...

Oh, god it was cold... It wasn’t like she was in some frozen bath. More like... a swimming pool in the morning. She’d be cold... but... she’d be okay.

She squealed, as the liquid, began to shift, as Clarisse lifted the glass into the air and marched into the living room, towards Jacob, “Here you go!”

Jacob blinked and frowned, “Booze?”

Clarisse laughed and lowered the drink to him, “Not the booze, silly. It’s what’s inside.”

His frown deepened, and he glanced inside and then his eyes widened with delight, “Oh, babe, you shouldn’t have!”

He quickly, gripped the glass and swirled the drink around, as Janice cried out in fear and panic. He held the glass up and sniffed it quickly, “...Manhattan?”

She shrugged, “I didn’t have anything else...”

He laughed and shrugged, “That’s cool. I don’t mind. It’s all booze in the end.”

He quickly reached into the glass, and picked out Janice gently, lifting her up, “Why, hello little lady. What’s your name?”

“J-Janice...”

He blinked and glanced at Clarisse, “Pun?”

Clarisse shook her head, “Nope.”

“Huh.”, He glanced back at Janice, while Clarisse moved over and sat down beside him, “Well, Janice... I am going to eat you. Do you have any last words, other than ‘please don’t eat me?’ or any of that?”

Janice just stared for a few seconds, her body shivering from the cold, before speaking, “W-Why?”

Jacob laughed, “Cause, we can! Anything else?”

“P-Please...”

He brought Janice close to his mouth and she screamed as his tongue emerged from his mouth and slowly, ran up and down her body, wiping off any of the sweet, tart cherry sauce, that had remained over her skin. His tongue moved slowly, massaging her breasts gently. Janice let out a soft, unconscious moan, as his soft, tongue teased her body gently. It was an odd sensation. It wasn’t like touching your own tongue. It was different. There was so much saliva... it smelt weird. Not bad. Just weird. Every bump on his tongue, seemed to caress her body, lovingly.

He pulled the slip-soaked girl away from his mouth and grinned up at her, “Looks like you enjoyed that?”

Clarisse frowned and nudged Jacob, “You know, I’m your girl, right?”

He chuckled softly, “Yeah, I know. I’m just playing with my food.”

He quickly flipped Janice over and began to poke her bum softly, as she squealed. He massaged it gently, running his fingers all over her body, slowly in an almost erotic manner, “...How old is she supposed to be?” He stuck out his tongue again and began to run it over her back, as she continued to squeal.

Clarisse shrugged, “Well, technically, she’s only a few weeks, but... If she was a human, I’d say she’d be around... 13? 14?”

Jacob blinked, “Huh... Try and make her older next time. I like having more fun.” He flipped Janice over again, and began to tease her tiny nipples with his thumb, as she continued to soft noises of pleasure.

Clarisse frowned, “...You got me for all that.”

He smirked at her, “You’re saying you don’t play with your food?”

Clarisse’s frown vanished, and she grinned, “No~~” Her voice came out in a sarcastic sing-song.

He laughed at her answer and held the exhausted Janice up to his mouth, “Wanna share her for a bit?”

Clarisse nodded, and Jacob quickly shoved the girl into his mouth.

Janice screamed softly, inside the warm ‘room’. No... She didn’t want to be... She screamed again, as his tongue, began to toss her around in his mouth. Her entire body was being covered in saliva, and his tongue was gripping to her body, in some rather... inappropriate places.

She suddenly felt everything shift, and she found her body being forced out, of his mouth. Was he spitting...? She felt her body squeeze through the tight opening, and then... into another tight opening... She was in another mouth. It smelt different. Cleaner... Oh... She was in Clarisse’s mouth...

Janice screamed again, when Clarisse began to push around with her tongue. No...! No! No! N-Huh?? She felt herself being pushed out again... Through the opening... through another... Back inside Jacob’s mouth...

Oh... Oh god, they were sharing her...

She eventually, stopped screaming. There was no point in doing so. All she did was let out small cries like ‘Eep!’ and ‘Wah!’ as she constantly shared her. Her entire body felt... weak. She felt like a piece of chewed up gum. Limp and immobile.

So, when she felt her body slowly passing past the teeth, past the tongue and down the throat, she didn’t resist. Not because, she didn’t want to. But because she couldn’t. She felt her body move, limply, down the constricting food pipe, slowly. She felt those muscles, push her body slowly, forcing her down, and down, into... one of their bellies. She wasn’t even sure anymore. She suspected it was Jacob. Clarisse did say that, Janice was going to be prepared for him...

With a soft plop, she felt her body fall into the damp, cavernous stomach, into the puddle of stomach fluids that had already gathered, before she arrived. She blinked a few times, as she floated on the puddle. Huh...

This place smelt bad.

But it wasn't all bad.

She remained more or less, immobile, as she waited for the end. There was nothing else she could do.

*

Clarisse rubbed Jacob's belly softly, "...She's not moving?"

He shrugged, "I don't mind. We must've tuckered the poor thing out, with all our fun."

Clarisse clicked her tongue in disappointment, "I like my prey a little more active."

Jacob laughed and wrapped his arm around his girlfriend, "I know. So, do I. But, I'm good like this. Prey in my belly and you in my arm. What more could I want?"

Clarisse blushed and snuggled closer to him, "...Fine. But, I'm gonna get you better prey next time. So that we can forget about this disappointment."

She poked his belly a few times and he chuckled, "No meal, you've ever made me is a disappointment. I'll never forget a single one."

Clarisse blushed again and wrapped her arms around, "Oh... I love you."

"Me too, babe. Me too."

*

Jake, sat against the cage wall, humming to himself softly.

Everyone was gone... Janice had been the last one, and she had been taken a few days ago. He tapped one of the thick metal bar of the cage. Hm. He was all alone. No one with him...

He stood and glanced outside of the cage, at the window. In the room, the cage was in, there was one single window. It didn't look very big compared to Clarisse, but to all of them it had been massive.

He could see, the blackness of the night from within his cage... the lights in the room were still on though. He sighed and stepped away slowly. Clarisse, was yet to come and give him dinner. It was sad, eating alone, but he consoled himself, considering he'd be sold someday soon... The rest of them had been sold within days of each other.

He strolled over the water dish, and began to scoop it into his mouth, when Janice strolled into the room, speaking in sing-song, "Oh, Jakey~~"

He jumped at her voice and stared at her, "A-Ah! Dinner?"

She blinked a few times, and then began to laugh, "Oh, yes! Yes, dinner! That's right!"

He smiled up at the giantess, take a few steps back before noticing she was not carrying the usual dish of food. He frowned and glanced back at up her, "Um... Where's dinner?"

Clarisse chuckled softly, before kneeling down and staring straight into the cage, "I'm looking at it."

Looking...

...

Jake's eyes suddenly widened with horror and he took a few steps back, and swallowed deeply, "Y-You're... You're joking..."

Clarisse paused tapping her chin, “You all said something like that... I wonder why... Is it that hard to believe?”

Jake could feel his body tremble with fear and panic. This couldn't be true... He... He wasn't going to be eaten... This was all just a big joke. She was joking! There was no way she'd eat him! He smiled weakly, as he stared at her face, and she smiled back. It was a terribly cold smile, that held no warmth. No kindness. It was the smile of a hungry animal, who had just found its meal. He found his smile had been replaced with a frown of fear and her smile had only widened

Jake took another step back in terror, “Y-you... y-you're g-gonna...”

She nodded, “Eat you. Like I ate the others. Well, my boyfriend ate Janice, but... y'know. Small difference.”

They were all eaten... They had all been eaten. Rob. Mark. James. Janice.

Fucking hell, they were all eaten, by this... this monster. She had tricked them, into being compliant. And she had picked them off one by one. Devouring all of them.

And he was next.

His eyes darted around the cage. There had to be a way out. Something. Anything. A weapon. Something to distract her-

He screamed, as her massive hand closed over his tiny body, gripping him tight, and lifting him up into the air, “Don't worry about escaping. You can't do it. I've been doing this for a long time.”

She strolled out of the room, and through her house, holding Jake up to her face, speaking to him nonchalantly, “You know, sometimes, I have a bit of fun. I let them think they can get away. But actually, I'm always watching them. Do you know, your friend... what was his name... James? Was his name James?”

Jake gritted his teeth, as tears began to stream down his face, “You don't even remember his name?!”

Clarisse smirked, “Well, it's not like I knew him for long. But, his name was James, wasn't it? The second one?”

“Yes!”

Clarisse nodded, “Yeah, well, he was tough. He burnt his hands, trying to escape. Made him taste a little funny. But I covered him in enough syrup to kill off that bad flavour.”

Jake began to hiccup softly, as he mourned his friends, “Don't you have any kindness?”

She nodded, “Of course! I don't bite when I eat you. It's not easy, just swallowing you guys. But, it does feel better, so it's all worth it.”

She walked into the kitchen and dropped James onto the counter and tore off his robe and grinned at the tiny nude boy, “I've been looking forward to eating you.” She poked his tummy gently, “I keep y'all a bit lean, so that the stuffing really comes through. But, I wanted you to have a bit more muscle, cause, the filling, I have for you, goes really well with meats.”

James stumbled back, trying to escape from the carnivorous giantess, “I-I won't let you-”

She flicked his head gently, knocking him to the ground, dazed and confused, “You don't have a choice.”

She pulled out her piping bag, that was filled with a thick, creamy paste, “I used this bag for all your friends. It's only fitting that, you get it too!”

She shoved the nozzle into his mouth and squeezed it, and Jake let out a wordless squeal as the stuffing was forced down his throat, with abnormal pressure. She was working fast. It hurt! It hurt! He could feel his tummy expanding rapidly, struggling to accommodate the sticky fluid that was flowing into it. It had a violently, pungent flavour to it. Like it was punching him in the face, as it moved into his body.

After what felt like hours, she pulled the nozzle, from his mouth and he let out a row of heavy coughs and gags, as the thick white liquid dripped out of his mouth. He groaned in pain, gripping his massively distended belly. It was groaning softly, and he could hear a vague slosh from the liquid within... Ohhh...

Clarisse smirked down at him, "Hmm... You look wonderful... Don't you agree?"

Jake didn't reply. It hurt too much...

"but, I think we can do better."

Huh?

He stared up at her in confusion, as she readied her bag again, before flipping him over, exposing his round, plump rear, "There's still plenty of space that hasn't been taken up yet!"

N-No! W-Wait-

He let out a screech like a stuck pig, as the nozzle was forced into his rear, and then he groaned, when he felt the warm, thick stuffing flow into his body again, under that terrible pressure. N-No...

He felt his body expand, more and more and more. He felt like a balloon. His skin was bright red, stretching under strain. He was too big... too... too...

He was going to burst...

Then, the nozzle was pulled out, and he groaned with relief, feeling some of the stuffing flow out, relieving the pressure... Ohhh...

Clarisse paused inspecting him carefully, "Hmmm... Yes. I think this is good. You're bigger than Mark and he was the biggest of the others! Oh, yes, you're the perfect way to close this set."

Jake didn't reply. He felt so exhausted. His belly hurt... it was groaning and gurgling softly, as it struggled to deal with the massive amounts of stuffing inside it. Ohh...

He felt Clarisse's hand grip him gently and lift in the air, like a vegetable, before plopping him over something soft and rather fragrant. He blinked a few times, wondering what it was. He reached out weakly and touched it.

...It was soft... and sort of moist and dry... a strange texture... but familiar... He sniffed it deeply. A kind of sweet and sour scent... what was...

He let out a heavy squeal, when something thick and cold was layered over his massive tummy. What-?!

Clarisse blinked at his reaction, "Oh, I'm sorry. I should have warned you..."

Jake gritted his teeth and force the words out of his throat, "W-What... What is... this?"

She blinked in confusion, "Um... Sour cream? Beef and pork?"

He frowned in confusion, "What... are you...?"

Understanding dawned on her face, “Ohhh... You want to know... okay.” She laughed lightly, “A burrito! I’m make a burrito. You’re going to be on one half, and the other half is going to have rice, but the entire thing is gonna be layered with beef, pork, pickled onions, tomatos, salsa and sour cream! I make this every time, I finish off a set of you lil’ guys! It’s my favourite!”

...A burrito.

She was making a burrito and he’d consist of half of the stuffing, along side fucking rice. He was lowered to food like rice. He squirmed softly, trying to get away.

He felt the salsa being dropped over his body, its sharp odour sting his nose.

...No use. His own weight, was his enemy. He couldn’t move.

He felt the rings of pickled onion being dropped over his body. The scent of the onions was softer than the salsa and more pleasing.

Jake felt tears drip from his face. He didn’t want to be eaten.

The light was dimming... She was wrapping the burrito skin around him. He squeaked, as the entire thing began to roll, as she wrapped it tightly, making sure nothing could escape.

This was the end for him. This was the end of his short, stupid life.

*

Clarisse carefully, prepared her position. In front of her, was her TV. On it was playing her favourite sitcom. Between herself and her TV, was a small table, holding several cans of beer, one of which was open and a simple plate, holding her burrito. It was a massive thing. Almost twice as thick as her arm, it would be insane for most people to even try and eat it.

Luckily, she wasn’t most people.

She grinned and lifted it up towards her mouth. Jake had stopped squirming a while back, but she could feel his warmth inside the burrito. He was still breathing. He was so afraid. And that would only make him taste better.

Opening her massive mouth, she shoved half of the massive burrito into her mouth, and bit down hard, severing the halves. Her cheeks were bulging, struggling to contain the sheer massive of food. She couldn’t chew it. Any movement, would cause her to barf up the entire thing. And she had no intention of doing that.

Closing her eyes briefly, she forced the mass of dough, meat and vegetables down her throat. She let out a soft moan of pleasure, as the mass moved slowly. She could feel it bulging in her throat, forcing it to change its shape to accommodate it.

Ohh...

She felt it move past her throat and through her chest before... She shivered with pleasure, when it fell heavily into the pit of her stomach.

She grinned and pulled up her shirt, and stared at the small distended bump, rubbing it gently, “Hey, Jakey... You were delicious...”

She chuckled softly to herself, before reaching for her beer.

*

Jake sobbed softly, in Clarrise's belly. He was surrounded by mushy, and slowly dissolving food. Like himself. He couldn't even move. His body felt so weak.

A small stream of bitter fluid fell from Clarisse's throat... Beer... Ugh...

He closed his eyes slowly. There was no way for him for to escape now...

Food slowly began to fall around him now, as she continued to eat the rest of her burrito, as if burying the tiny boy's body.

*

Clarisse sighed softly, relaxing in her sofa, as the credits of her sitcom were rolling. She gripped her second beer and lifted it to her lips and downed the last drops that were in it, before glancing down at her belly.

It was bigger than it had ever been in these past few weeks. She might be able to pass off as someone who was a few months pregnant. She chuckled and began to slap and massage her belly gently, "Hey, Jakey. You in there?"

Nothing. Hm. He must be half-mush by now. Oh well.

She groaned and rose from her seat, stretching her limbs gently. This had been a good batch. They had tasted very, very good. Yes, they did.

She quickly pressed a button on the TV remote and the screen went black, as she wandered to her bed.

Hmmm...

She'd have to work hard to make sure the next batch was better than this one. She chuckled again. She had a lot to look forward to in the future.

THE END