

The sound of bits of gravel kicking up subsided, and the soft hum of the light silver 2013 Prius came to a stop. It took only a moment for the driver side door to open and shut, as thirty five year old Vivian Marshal got out of her car. She was finally able to check her phone, both texts that had drawn her attention were from her husband Drew.

She held off from texting him back a small message of love, walking around to the cars right side, opening the passenger side. Sitting there, nearly complete smile shining back at the mother was her young daughter by the name of Abby. The little girl was patient, an absolute angel compared to most other Children Vivian was forced to interact with whenever she picked up Abby from school.

The little girl was a near spitting image of her mother, outside of the twenty eight year difference. Both girls had pleasant cream colored skin, soft and caring hazel eyes, and wonderful strawberry blonde hair. Outside of the age discrepancy, the only other difference was the missing tooth that made an adorable and juvenile gap in the girls warm smile.

"We're here Abby, are you going to be a big girl today? Or would you like mommies help?" Vivian was talking about the seatbelt carefully strapped to the small girls flat chest. All Abby did was giggle, and attempt to fiddle with the belt buckle, pressing it down as her pale fingers turned bright pink.

"Sorry mommy... I think I need your help..." Abby's tone was that of defeat, yet excitement, as when Vivian bent down, she planted a soft, warm, gentle kiss onto her daughters forehead, earning a giggle which Vivian reciprocated. After the cool metal clasp clicked out from its hold, Vivian helped Abby carefully down the small drop, as the two of them walked into the red doors of the McDonalds.

"I'm going to go look at the toys mommy!" Abby said, running over to the neat plastic display showcasing what popular and cheaply produced toys might come with her meal. Vivian and her clacking heels made their way to the counter, where a ginger, surprisingly well endowed and freckle heavy teenage girl stood, giving off the best PR smile she could.

"Hello there! Welcome to McDonalds! How can I help you today!" the rehearsed lines came rolling out, Vivian gave off the best friendly smile she could, just wanting to order her food so she could go home. While Vivian loved her daughter, she wasn't a fan of buying her daughter fast food. But after hearing about the latest meal available, 'shrinkies', from another friend at school, it was all Vivian had heard about.

"Yes, I would like two things of shrinkies, please make one a Happy Meal, a large diet Coke, and a medium orange juice please." Vivian said, looking up at the digital screens hung above the smiling employees face, who nodded and tapped away at her screen.

"Anything else? Any sauces?" Vivian shook her head, reaching into her purse to pull her card out. After paying and being given a number, the mother walked over and took a seat next to her daughter, giving her a small seal kiss and a hug, before pulling out her phone to respond to Drew.

The light was blinding, no matter how many times the tiny people were subjected to the fluorescents of the outside world that smelt of fries and cheap meat and sad existences, they never got used to it after a few more handful of moments sitting in the metal boxes darkness.

Each of the tiny humans, stripped of their humanity, were no bigger than maybe an inch at the largest. They were as pathetic as their situation, and all they could do is hope that when they were chosen, that they might be dropped or hidden under napkins.

The screams started again, as the metal scoop was pushed in, and got a hold of the required five pale, wriggling bodies that were needed to make a meal. No extra salt was necessary, as their fear and sweat provided all the extra flavors that fries and nuggets would have needed.

The group of strangers were dumped straight into the cardboard holder, its lid being clasped together, as the box itself was shoved into a paper and plastic bag. No one in either of the two groups knew their fate, outside of the fact that they could hear one of the employees ask for a 'girls toy'.

"Here you go mam! I hope you and your daughter enjoy!" Vivian took the bag, nodded, and held onto Abby's small hand which had grabbed her own. The two girls made their way back to the small suburban car, Abby chatting about her day at school, laughing about the bugs the boys had caught, and gushed about the short animated movie she was allowed to watch in music class.

"Excited to try your 'shrinkies'?" Vivian asked, handing the bag over to Abby, who was practically shaking with excitement. All the little girl could do was nod her head, taking out the cardboard box, and opening it up with wide eyes. Vivian had done the same, but with far less wonder or excitement.

The small bits of living meat looked up in horror as they saw the toothy grin of an extremely young girl beam down at them. They had no hope, they watched the deathly sweet child lick her lips and nearly drool as she glossed her eyes over each of the small people. Abby had gotten lucky, out of her five, only one of them was a young teenage boy. McDonalds did its best to provide only the most delicious and attractive of meals, and Abby had gotten just that.

While Abby devoured the food with her eyes, Vivian didn't pay much mind to her food, grabbing a woman near her own age, she only gave her a small cursory glance, before opening her gigantic lips up to take in the screaming and flailing woman.

"MOM! You're supposed to swallow them whole!" Abby cried out at the loud snapping and crunching of bone, the snapping and tearing of flesh, and the silence of tiny screams that followed. Swallowed the mashed and pulped remains, Vivian looked at Abby who had a frown on her face.

"I'm sorry dear, I didn't know, I'll be more careful with this one." Vivian apologized, grabbing a decently fit and good looking man, who vanished within his next heart beat, and the last reminder of him was the lump that traced down the mother's throat, and the small flutters in her stomach.

"Yeah! See! Isn't it incredibly like Jack said!" Abby beamed, Vivian smiling with confirmation that it was indeed a lot better than biting them. Way less coppery and messy, and it wouldn't leave annoying stains in her fine bleached teeth.

While Vivian saved her three remaining morsels and started the car, Abby returned her salivating attention back to her frozen stiff bite sized treats. Wasting no time, Abby snatched up a shrinky who looked a lot like her teacher Ms. Blake, and plopped the screeching older woman right into her drooling and gummy mouth.

Inside the child's mouth was absolute Hell for Jennifer Samson, a realtor agent who had woken up inside with the rest of the shrunken people. Her entire nude body was being molested by the massive pink organ that belonged to a very young girl. Jennifer's hair was pasted down with globs of pulpy sweat, the mouth stunk, and her muscles were sore within seconds as each time the tongue made impact with her, it was worse than a punch from a full grown man.

She would soon wish for the tongue's abuse, as with a quick swallow, she was thrown down the tight, cramped, and crushing throat, where she trailed down to the wretched hive that was the giantess girl's stomach. Abby let out a pleased sigh, shivering a little. She had waited all week to try these, and they were absolutely perfect.

Not knowing patience or self control like most little kids, Abby grabbed the other shrunken people and shoved the ball of struggling humanity into her mouth, wanting to see what their different flavors would be like mixed.

Pain, that's all the people deemed as 'food' felt. The lucky few managed to be crammed inside without any injury past the fresh bruises, but poor Tony Nuckles had his head bashed against the giant brat's front two teeth. Blood cascaded from his torn wound, his screams more animal and defeated, as the tidal wave of tongue wrapped all around the mess of souls.

With one final smash, their screams were cut short as they too were sent down to the stomach below, some of their limbs being bent the wrong way, nearing their braking, but thankfully outside of Tony's fractured skull, they remained in one piece.

"Mmmmmmm!" Abby moaned, rubbing the large lump that trailed down her throat, vanishing as the last of her meal splashed down in her smooth tummy. Grabbing her juice, Abby took a long sip on her orange drink, enjoying the sweetness that washed out the coppery taste of blood.

"Thank you mommy! They tasted so good!" Abby beamed up at Vivian, lifting her shirt to poke at her tummy where the tiny people were subjected to the tortuous death by digestion. Vivian looked in her rear mirror quickly, giving her daughter a smile.

"I'm glad to hear, but make sure to leave room for dinner, okay? Daddy said he has some fun stuff planned!" Abby clapped her hands at the news that daddy was doing the cooking, as she grabbed her backpack to pull out her sketch book and crayons.

None of the small people knew what they had done to deserve the fate they were facing. Not a single one of them. Before they had found themselves the size of bug, they had all been fairly alright people, but now, now they were going to be melted down into nothing more than nourishment for a growing girl, and brown waste that would be forgotten about in no time.

The acids were rising, no one knew what to do. The heat, the claustrophobia, and the smell were all getting to them, as they did their best to climb, claw, or whatever else they thought might help. Nothing did, and Tony, whose vision was producing the obvious signs of a concussion was the first to feel the burning.

"O-Oh God, please! You guys have to help me!" He weakly choked out, as he could no longer feel his now cold stumps where his fit lower half had been. This prompted screams as he reached for one of the girls closer to his age, who quickly kicked him in the face, prompting the boy to splash back into the acid.

This was a mistake, as the second his head made contact with the clear, reddening liquid, a massive splash of bile hit the girls leg, fizzing it until it was nothing but yellow and red mush that slopped off her leg.

“What are we going to do?! I want to see my daughter again!” a mother in her mid twenties sobbed as she watched the girl who had been next to her stumble and fall into the all consuming acid, immediately being mulched away much like the boy had been previously seconds ago.

“W-We are going to die aren’t we?” Jennifer asked, her voice a terrifying understanding. Before she could get a reply, her face was hit with a cold, tangy splash from a near non-stop stream of orange juice. The three remaining women were forced back into the acid, the citrus and stomach juices quickly peeling them apart, their skin being rendered from their bone, as they meshed right into the gory ball of soup that was once five human beings.

The second Vivian’s car pulled into her houses driveway, Abby was doing her best to rush out of the car door and into her home. She had to poop, and badly, a whimpering fart leaking from her dress pants covered bottom.

“Sorry daddy, I need to go to the potty!” Abby apologized as she shoved past her fathers hug, her face red, and her legs nearly crossed. All Drew could do was scratch his head with embarrassment and give his wife a ‘welcome home’ hug and kiss.

Planting her tush right onto the cold, white seat, Abby let out a sigh as a long stream of light yellow piss sprayed out from her right into the clear cool water below. As she relieved her bladder, she gripped the seat sides, curving her feet up, and squinted, as a loud fart signalled the beginning of log production.

The first bit of bone speckled shit splashed down loudly with a wet thud, earning a sigh of release as another bit of brown landed on top of the first bit of shit. After two more well sized turds formed the last bit of the graveyard, a ripe rip of ass signalled the finale and stopping of the restroom break.

While Abby hummed and washed her hands, the doorbell rung, getting Vivian and Drew’s attention. While their daughter went to go get ready for dinner, the married couple moved over to greet whoever might be visiting them, as it was quick the safe neighborhood. The second they opened the door, they were greeted by a bright flash. One of many they would come to see for a while.