

Kaylee looked down at her shrunken friends between her legs. Just staring at them, making them uncomfortable. The silence was interrupted by a soft, low grumbling from her gut.

“Damn, I’m so hungry. Your little stunt made me forget about my takeout,” Kaylee muttered to herself, glancing down at the three shrunken friends between her legs. “And it sounds like my stomach agrees.”

She reached down, and Kari, Marie, and Kyle found themselves suddenly plucked off the floor and dropped into Kaylee’s hand as she stood up. They squirmed and struggled in her grip, but her fingers were like a vice around their tiny bodies. She carried them into the adjoining kitchen, her hand and body shaking them slightly with each step. Marie could only imagine what it was like for tiny Eva and Jon. Kaylee dropped her friends in a high-rimmed bowl before she grabbed the bag of takeout on the counter and rummaged through it, pulling out a large Styrofoam container.

“So, I saw earlier that they got my order wrong again,” she complained, lifting the lid to reveal a steaming bowl of Wonton Soup. “I asked for Lo Mein, not soup. Stupid place, always messing up. Also, Jesus Christ, who needs this many packets of duck sauce? God, these guys suck. If they’d shrunken themselves for me, well, let’s just say I’d still be having Chinese for dinner.” Kaylee chuckled, cutting her eyes down to her friends with a knowing look that made them uncomfortable.

Kari, Marie, and Kyle could see the steam rising from the container, which she’d set near them. They could feel the heat radiating off it. The aroma of hot soup and dumplings filled Kaylee’s hands.

"I guess this will have to do," Kaylee sighed, looking down at the white porcelain prison that held her friends. She upended the Styrofoam container, pouring the hot soup and dumplings into the bowl.

As the liquid and dumplings sloshed in, the three friends were tossed about, struggling to keep their heads above the rising surface. The dumplings were massive to them, most about the size of Marie's three-inch tall body, dwarfing the two-inch Kyle and inch-tall Kari.

"Whoops, sorry about that," Kaylee said, not sounding sorry at all. She set the bowl down on the counter and peered over the side at them, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "Looks like you three are my new appetizers. You guys want some duck sauce? I have plenty to spare."

She grabbed a spoon and stirred the soup, sending waves crashing over the tiny figures. "Don't worry, there's plenty to go around. I'm sure you can share. Right, my tiny friends?"

After being roughly tossed about in the steaming broth, Kari, Marie, and Kyle clung desperately to a large floating wonton, the only solid thing to grab onto amidst the turbulent soup. The wonton was easily as big as Marie's entire body, dwarfing the two smaller figures. Just as they started to feel a bit more secure, a shadow fell over them. They looked up to see the underside of Kaylee's spoon poised above them. With a quick flick of her wrist, she cut the wonton in half with the sharp edge of the spoon.

"Ahh!" Marie cried out as she lost her grip and tumbled back into the hot, fragrant liquid. The force of the cut sent a wave of broth sloshing over their heads, momentarily immersing them. They sputtered and gasped, struggling to right themselves.

Kari and Kyle managed to keep hold of their half, but they could see Marie's larger form disappear beneath the surface for a moment before she resurfaced, coughing and sputtering.

Kari and Kyle pulled her back onto their half-wonton, wrapping their arms around her to help keep her afloat.

Above them, Kaylee peered down, a wicked grin spreading across her face as she plucked up the half-wonton with her spoon. She brought it to her mouth, opening wide. They could see her tongue, her teeth, the back of her throat before she tilted her head back and popped the entire half into her mouth.

“Mmmm, not bad,” she muttered around the mouthful, chewing slowly. They could see the wonton moving in her mouth, could hear the sound of her teeth grinding the dough and filling. After a few agonizing moments, she swallowed hard, the lump traveling down her throat.

The three friends watched in a mix of horror and awe as the half-wonton they’d been on disappeared into Kaylee’s stomach. They were suddenly very aware of their precarious situation, of the size difference between them and their friend-turned-tormentor.

“Sad how few wontons they give you. I may end up hungry later...” Kaylee said with a smirk, eyeing the remaining half of the wonton bobbing in the broth. “Unless you want to be appetizers? I’m going to close my eyes and see if any of you end up as part of my meal. Kay? Kay.” Her voice was light, almost playful, but they knew she was likely serious as she closed her eyes and dropped her spoon down for another scoop of wonton soup.

The tiny figures clung to the remnants of the wonton, hearts pounding as Kaylee’s spoon plunged into the broth around them again and again. Each time, they managed to dodge the utensil, darting out of the way at the last second. Marie’s athletic reflexes served her well, while Kari and Kyle relied on sheer desperation and luck to avoid being scooped up.

Kaylee pouted each time they evaded her, her lips curling in frustration as each spoonful only brought her broth. “Stupid tiny people,” she grumbled, but kept her eyes closed as promised, determined to catch one of them.

The fifth time her spoon descended, it managed to catch a bit of broth along with Kari and Kyle. They struggled and kicked, but the spoon’s edge held them fast. As it began to ascend, Kyle looked down at the swirling liquid below and then up at the dark cavern of Kaylee’s open mouth looming closer and closer. In a split second, he made his choice. With a shove, he pushed Kari off the spoon, sending her plunging back into the bowl with a small splash. She gasped and sputtered as she surfaced, staring up at the spoon and the tiny figure of Kyle rising to his likely doom.

Kaylee’s lips closed around the spoon, sealing Kyle in darkness and warmth. He could feel the wet heat of her mouth, hear the sound of her tongue moving, her teeth grinding slightly as she savored the taste of the broth and the tiny morsel that clung to the spoon. But she didn’t swallow. Instead, she let out a small moan of enjoyment, holding Kyle in her mouth for a long moment before finally pulling the spoon out, leaving him trapped with her lips and teeth. She peered down at the bowl, a wicked grin on her face.

“Mmmm, looks like I caught a tasty one,” she said, her voice muffled and distorted around Kyle. She saw Kari struggling to keep afloat. “It’s too bad your friend pushed you off. I bet you taste even better, Kari. But don’t worry, I’m not done playing yet.”

Kyle squirmed in the warm, wet prison of Kaylee’s mouth, feeling her tongue slither around him as she played with her new toy. She swirled the muscular organ around him, pressing him against her teeth, which scraped and clicked against his tiny body. Each time she moved him, he felt a mix of pressure and a dull ache, but his maximum durability settings kept him safe from any real harm.

“Mmmm, you’re a feisty one,” Kaylee murmured around him, her voice vibrating through her mouth and chest. She could feel him struggling, could taste the salt of his skin as she licked and prodded at his body. It was a strange sensation, having something so small and alive on her tongue.

She continued to eat the wontons and sip the broth, occasionally letting it gush around Kyle as she slurped. Each time, he would be momentarily immersed in the hot liquid before being spit back onto her tongue or teeth. He panicked much more when it was the latter. She seemed to be enjoying the game immensely, relishing the power she held over him.

“Tell me, tiny man,” she said, her words slightly garbled by his presence, “do you like being my little plaything? I bet you’ve never felt so...insignificant before.” She punctuated her question with a wiggle of her tongue, nearly dislodging him from his spot.

Kari and Marie watched in a mix of horror and awe from the bowl below, seeing only Kaylee’s head and the occasional glimpse of teeth as the spoon entered her mouth. Once, Kari thought she heard Kyle call out her name in terror. They could only imagine what Kyle was going through, trapped at the mercy of their friend’s whims. But they knew they had to find a way to save him. Before Kaylee decided to swallow him whole. Assuming they could even save themselves. The thought made their tiny hearts race with fear.

Once Kaylee had devoured the last of the wontons, she looked down into the bowl, seeing only Kari and Marie floating in the now-warm broth. She could feel Kyle squirming in the space between her cheek and teeth, but she ignored him for now, focusing on her two remaining playthings.

“Mmmm, you know, my favorite part of wonton soup is actually drinking the broth,” she mused, licking her lips. She reached for the bowl, lifting it towards her face.

Kari and Marie's eyes widened in realization of what was about to happen. They started to swim as hard as they could, kicking their legs and stroking their arms, but the current was too strong. The broth sloshed and churned around them as the bowl tipped, the rim now level with Kaylee's lips.

"No, wait!" Marie cried out, but it was too late. The broth started to pour into Kaylee's mouth, and with it, the two tiny girls. They tumbled and spun in the rushing liquid, feeling it pull them forward, towards the dark cavern of Kaylee's mouth.

Kari screamed as she felt Kaylee's lips close around her, the wet heat enveloping her body. Her tongue, so much larger and stronger than them and, pressed against their backs, pushing them towards her throat. They could see nothing but darkness and felt a terrible pressure all around them as Kaylee's throat muscles worked to swallow the broth and potentially them.

But she didn't. Not yet. Instead, she held them there, suspended in the tight, warm space, letting them feel the power she held over them. She could taste them, feel their tiny struggles against her tongue and throat. It was a delicious sensation, having such small, helpless creatures at her mercy.

"Mmmm, you're even better than I thought," she said, her voice vibrating around them. "I think I'm going to keep you as my little pets for a while. Would you like that, my tiny friends?" She punctuated her question with a wiggle of her tongue, making them tumble and spin in the tight space. "I didn't hear a yes. Maybe I should just keep you in my belly, hmmm?" She laughed, a low, rumbling sound that shook their tiny bodies. The game of torment was far from over as she took another long sip of broth.

Kari felt the powerful current pulling her forward, dragging her towards the back of Kaylee's mouth. She kicked and struggled, but it was useless against the force of Kaylee's gulp. The world darkened as she was washed towards the gaping entrance of Kaylee's throat, the tight fleshy tunnel looming before her. Just as Kari was about to be pulled in, she felt a hand grab her ankle. Marie, sliding on the slick surface of Kaylee's tongue, had managed to reach out and snatch her friend back from the brink of oblivion. With a strong tug, she hauled Kari back towards the front of her mouth, away from the churning abyss of her throat.

"Hold on, Kari!" Marie yelled, wrapping her arms around her friend in a tight embrace. "I've got you! You're not going to be Kaylee's dinner, not on my watch!"

Behind them, Kaylee's throat muscles clenched and churned, threatening to pull them back in. They could feel the pressure building, could hear the ominous rumbling of Kaylee's digestive system. She seemed to be enjoying the game, the thrill of toying with her tiny prey.

Kari clung to Marie, her heart pounding in her chest as she stared down the dark tunnel of Kaylee's throat. "We have to find a way out of here," she gasped. "Before she changes her mind about keeping us as pets."

They could feel every movement of Kaylee's tongue, every wiggle and press, as she continued to play with them, rolling them around in her mouth. Her saliva coated their bodies, the warm, slightly bitter taste filling their senses. It was a strange, terrifying, and oddly intimate experience, being so completely at the mercy of another person's whims.

"I know," Marie said, her voice tight with tension. "But how? I never thought I would say this but... She's so much bigger and stronger than us. And she has complete control over us in here." She glanced around the dark, fleshy prison, searching for any means of escape. But there was nothing, no way out except through Kaylee's throat or mouth. They had to wait until

she decided to let them out. In the distance, they heard Kyle moan. They'd forgotten about him entirely during the past few minutes.

Kari and Marie clung to each other as Kaylee's tongue swirled and pressed around them, the slick muscle rolling them about like pieces of hard candy. She seemed to be enjoying the texture and sensation of their tiny bodies against her tongue, sucking on them and letting them slide down her throat slightly before pulling them back up.

"Mmmm, you two are like tiny, wriggling mints," Kaylee giggled, her voice vibrating around them. She could feel Marie and Kari squirming in her mouth, could taste their skin and hear their muffled cries. It was delicious, having such small, helpless creatures at her mercy.

As she played with them, Kaylee went about her evening routine, seemingly oblivious to the terror she was inflicting on her tiny prisoners. She carried the bowl to the sink and began to wash the dishes, letting it clatter and bang against the counter. After putting away the last of the dishes, Kaylee stretched languidly and yawned, the sound rumbling through her chest and nearly disorienting the girls. "I think I need a nice, hot bath after that meal," she mused, heading towards the bathroom.

Kari and Marie could only imagine what horrors awaited them in the water, the thought of being played with in the hot, soapy liquid filling them with dread. But Kaylee seemed not to care, dropping a fragrant purple bath bomb into the tub with a plop. As the steam rose around her, filling her nostrils with the scent of lavender, Kaylee began to undress. She reached up and grabbed the hem of her shirt, pulling it over her head. But the fabric caught in her hair slightly, obscuring her vision for a moment.



In that moment, she momentarily remembered the two other tiny friends trapped in her hair, Jon and Eva. She wondered how they were faring, if they had managed to find each other yet in the thick, dark forest of her locks.

“Hmmm, I hope you two are having fun in there,” she called out, a note of amusement in her voice. “Did you find Jon yet, Eva?”