

As the world goes on, problems arise, and solutions must also arise. In this case, a shrinking epidemic struck the world many years ago. It was a cause of great concern, social upheaval, unrest, and fear. Those days are long since past. Now, society has adjusted to the horrors of potential diminishing returns. After confusion and panic, bureaucracy set in. The diminished peoples were cataloged and grouped based on the ranges of their height. The established ranges of the diminished people capped off at six inches in height and dwindled down to mere specks of matter. Anyone lucky enough to be found and saved was either entrusted to generous caretakers, oftentimes family and friends, or sent to government-run laboratories that observed them, studied them, and hopefully strived to cure them and return them to a somewhat livable stature.

Bridanya Fairson worked with the smallest of the small. Day by day, she would walk by the shelves that housed the most unfortunate of shrunken ones. People so small they were basically motes of dust. They lived in small square containers. Small to her, but to them, they were effectively transparent apartment complexes, several stories tall. The only solid surface was the base and some piping that broke up the walls. The containers, or enclosures as they were called, were marvels of engineering. As the tiny people were too small to easily consume the food of a normal-sized person, their needs were provided by a gray nutrient paste that was pumped through the chambers and had the consistency of split pea soup. The tiny people were not aware, but the nutrient paste came from a generator in the base that recycled their own waste materials and infused it with nutrients before returning it to them in an edible form. Just as the enclosure recycled their air and water.

Godlike beings in lab coats thundered past them, going about their duties. Occasionally, an enclosure would be selected for study. Tiny specimens were removed and subjected to attempted treatments to return them to normal size. Most were neither returned to normal size nor to their enclosure. Early on, some were lost due to errant air currents blowing them away, only to land on the floor or on the body of a lab technician. Some were simply abducted.

Security was much stricter by the time Bridanya came to work at the facility, much to her chagrin.

The colossal blonde had hair as light and skin as fair as her name implied. Her face was soft, pleasant, radiating warmth and affection for all she encountered and cared for. Her Nordic features led to her having sharp features and high cheekbones. This was enhanced by the warm smile that creased her lips as she whispered a cheery “Good morning, lovelies!” to the inhabitants of each enclosure she tended to.

Bridanya was a colossal golden goddess to the tiny people who looked up at her nearly every day of their lives. In their tiny enclosure, her beauty and kindness were among the few highlights of their days. The rest were spent commiserating, chatting, seeking privacy for personal means, and listening to whatever music or radio program the facility cared to play for them. Sometimes, Bridanya would set up her phone so they could see a recent film or TV show. The enclosures accounted for sound and let the tiny people hear what was going on in the outside world, though there was no way for them to make themselves heard at this time. They had no control over what they heard. Any external sound was adjusted for them to hear to a normal extent. Sadly, they could not communicate with the outside world.

When Bridanya was charged with examining an enclosure, she would gently pluck the cube up with her bare thumb and forefinger, hold it up to her face, blow them a kiss, and carry them at eye level to her station for monitoring. The ride was a bit bumpy for the tinies, despite attempts at inertial dampening by the enclosure’s designers, but they appreciated her gentleness. Most lab technicians wore gloves, but she did not. They rather liked seeing the whirls of her massive fingerprints against the transparent walls of their enclosure. It was the closest they came to contact with one of the heavenly beings that cared for them.

Bridanya gently slid her cube into a microscope connected to a computer. It would analyze and examine how people inside the enclosure were faring. She hummed a little tune to herself as the readings came in. Four hundred people in perfect health. Well, as perfect as could

be expected when she could inhale most of them without even feeling it. The thought sent a shudder through Bridanya as she paused and smiled lovingly at the tiny people. They had no way of knowing the thoughts that ran through her pretty blonde head. They only saw a comforting and loving smile.

“Forbidden candy” sprang to mind. That was what her mother called small, inedible things. As a child, she often caught Bridanya trying to eat things she shouldn’t. Coins, marbles, Lego bricks, tiny dolls. Pieces of plastic. Candy still in the wrapper. Her mother told her that, despite how desirable something may seem, she should not eat it, as it would make her sick. She tried to obey, but felt compelled to indulge those base desires. After years of sneaking baubles to eat, she was finally taken to a doctor who diagnosed her with a “pica” disorder. The doctor did not see it as a concern, so it was never noted on her medical charts. Basically, she was told, she ate tiny things because she couldn’t help herself. Still, she had to try to control it. She was fairly effective at doing so, limiting herself to things that would break down eventually, like part of a pen cap. Her boyfriend had no idea why tiny things, such as the weapons for his miniature figures kept disappearing. He feared it was rats when he should have feared her.

She did not wish to harm anyone; she bore no ill will towards the tiny people in the enclosure that was currently cast in her shadow as she leaned over them, her open labcoat revealing the tight black sweater she wore beneath, giving the tinies a glimpse of her fit form that truly looked godlike to them. She was rather fond of protecting them. Their enclosures, however... they looked delectable. She had to fight the urge every single day not to try to sneak one away. They were cataloged and heavily monitored. Had her condition been known, she would not have been allowed to work at the facility. Every day, her mouth watered, stomach groaned, and loins burned with desire as she looked at the containers containing hundreds of eyes watching her. She honestly did not think she would go through with it. The container was likely too big for her to swallow anyway. Still, perhaps she could lick it, or suck on it like a candy,

and satiate her desires that way? She knew she'd never get that chance, but it was a fantasy that she had nurtured so long that it had gone beyond sexual in nature.

She continued staring down at this particularly enticing enclosure housed in her microscope as the power went out. Auxiliary lights came on, lining the floor of the lab. In a panic, she snatched the enclosure from its housing in the microscope and stuffed it into the pocket of her lab coat as gently as she could. Her protective instincts had taken over, and she feared that the lab was under attack. She may be a small woman, but her instincts compelled her to protect those even smaller than herself.

She rushed out of the sealed lab to a security station and asked what was wrong. The guard assured her that everything was fine. The power was just out. She was ushered back to the lab, the perimeter of which she paced for nearly an hour before the soft, sanitized lighting returned. Security personnel came in and escorted her to the lobby along with many of her coworkers. There, they were informed that a software update had compromised the complex systems that ran and oversaw the facility. Every single bit of data on the servers was gone. Wiped. Lost forever. They would have to start from scratch on their research come Monday. The entire staff groaned at the thought of all of their work being lost forever. Fearing another unintentional lockdown, all personnel were to be escorted from the building.

Twenty minutes later, Bridanya sat in her car in the parking lot of her apartment complex. She leaned back against the headrest and groaned at the thought of having to re-catalog the literal thousands of tinies in her department. She stuffed her hands in the pockets of her lab coat in frustration when she noticed something else she had stuffed in a pocket. A small cube.

Her body shuddered as she realized what had happened. One of the most secure facilities in the world just had its data wiped, unrecoverable forever. That building housed complexes containing tiny people. She now had one of those complex enclosures in her pocket. Said enclosure contained four hundred people. Her palm grew sweaty as it gripped the enclosure.

If she reported that she had it, it would likely be seen as a security violation. She would be arrested, lose her job, and be reported to authorities, who she assumed would prevent her from ever working with the tiny people she loved. At the same time, she had fantasized about consuming one of the forbidden cubes for years. She pulled it from her pocket and brought it to her face.

For the tiny people who had been jostled around in the dark white fabric pocket of her coat for the past few hours, seeing light and the face of their familiar protector was somewhat of a relief. That sense of relief turned to confusion for many of the tiny people as they saw that her face no longer bore the loving look of concern they were used to. Now, she looked at them with a strange mix of mischievous interest, lust, and hunger. That last expression was especially apparent as she licked a pair of lips that the hundreds of people in the cubed enclosure could live on comfortably.

The people shouted at Bridanya in fear as her lips parted. Her tongue, dainty and small to her boyfriend, was now a massive landmass that tapped, dabbed, and licked at their enclosure. Her saliva coated the walls as they were treated to the uninterrupted sound of her thick tongue and saliva streaking across the walls of their home. Prison would also be a fair descriptor, though they were about to enter a much grander prison as Bridanya Fairson popped the entirety of their enclosure into her mouth. Her lips sealed them into darkness.

Her heart was pounding in her chest. Her pulse raced so mightily that even the tinies trapped in her mouth could hear it over the dripping and squelching of the saliva building up around them in her mouth. The internal lighting for their enclosure came on, illuminating the dark confines of their former caretaker's mouth with a sterile white glow, highlighting the glistening saliva and the backside of her pearly white teeth. The tinies in the rooms closest to the outer walls screamed in terror as the leviathan of her tongue snaked up from below and curled around them as she licked and prodded the new object in her mouth. They gripped their ears in horror as her deafening moans of pleasure echoed around them. They easily would

have been able to tell what it was, even without the audio interface effectively translating it to a loud, sensual moan for them to hear.

She was doing it. She was actually doing it. She couldn't believe that she was doing it! She sucked on the little enclosure, her mind flashing with the images of the tinies within that she had viewed through her microscope for countless hours. A naughty thought occurred to her as she stretched her jaws as wide as she could while keeping her lips sealed tight and slipped the tiny box between her back left teeth. She began grinding on it slightly with her jaws; the tactile feeling of this thing between her teeth sent another shiver through her body. She ground it between her teeth as she rushed up to her apartment.

The tinies were in a further state of panic. They had no idea how strong their enclosure was. As far as they knew, it had never been put through such a stress test. The feeling and sound of her grinding it between massive molars, larger than entire buildings to them. Eventually, this torture ended, and her tongue wrapped around them and slid them partially under it. It was as if the monstrous muscle was trying to prod and examine every micrometer of their prison, which was basically what Bridanya was trying to do.

She was glad to see her apartment was empty, her boyfriend likely at the store. She didn't know how much time she had, so she needed to do it now or never. She took a deep breath as she squeezed one of her breasts in pleasure. Her heart pounded beneath it. She clenched her other hand into a fist so hard that her knuckles cracked loudly. She was practically panting as she moved the tiny box towards her throat. She tilted her head back and moaned in pleasure just from the sensation of it resting just at the back of her throat.

For the tinies, this gave them the last view of natural light, of the outside world, that they would ever see. They looked through the monolithic cave of Bridanya's normally cute mouth to see the skylight of her apartment. The realization of what was about to happen sank in as they sank closer to the dark abyss of her throat. Their enclosure was on its side; they had been tossed around so much due to her play. Walls were floors and ceilings now, not that it mattered,

as there were next to no amenities for them, and everything was translucent anyway. This gave them an unobstructed view of her throat, pulsing greedily, hungrily below them, and of the outside world disappearing above as she closed her lips to swallow.

At least she tried to swallow. This box was the largest thing she had ever tried to swallow in one go. She was lucky that the cube had soft, rounded edges designed for being placed in containers such as her microscope. She had never had this much trouble swallowing something before, certainly not with her boyfriend's cock, she thought as she tried to deepthroat four hundred tiny people. She was straining as she felt her throat try to work it down. She was nearly choking as she struggled to breathe from a mixture of fear, pain, and pleasure. The thought of the fear that the tinies were experiencing warmed her and emboldened her. She could do this.

A cacophony of alien noises surrounded the tinies. They were wedged somewhere in her throat. They could hear powerful muscles straining to work them down. Their captress moaned and gagged around them in a disgustingly terrifying or terrifyingly disgusting display. They were too disgusted and terrified to decide which. People curled up into the fetal position or clung to each other out of fear of what they were experiencing. That had long since stopped screaming as Bridanya's own noises of pain and pleasure drowned theirs out and numbed their senses. A new sound joined the noise. A rushing, destructive wave struck their enclosure, the pressure of which, combined with the ungodly powerful muscles of her throat, jarred them loose and sent them deep into her depths. The muscles pulsed, gripping and releasing their box as it worked them deeper into Bridanya. Then, they fell.

Bridanya stood, leaning against her kitchen counter, pants and panties around her ankles, one hand in her nethers as the other gripped her second water bottle in a row, now empty as well. She had chugged both of them to provide the pressure and lubrication to get the box through her throat. She was hornier than she had ever been as she pulled her shirt up, exposing her flat, small, fit stomach.

“Four hundred people...” she muttered, a funny feeling working its way through her gut. Was it guilt? No, it was more of a fluttering feeling. Elation. Power. Definitely not guilt, for after all, she had only swallowed a box. She worked her way to her bedroom, discarding her clothes as she went.

That was how her boyfriend found her a half hour later, naked in their bed, playing with herself. She beckoned him over. He didn't need to be told twice. What followed was the most intense and powerful sex the two had had in months. He didn't know what had gotten into her, but as she leaned down, doggy style before him, moaning in ecstasy as he railed her from behind, he hoped whatever it was that made her this way would stay. She screamed with pleasure with each thrust. Her mind was a muddled fog of various forms of pleasure. She wanted to be fucked hard as she thought about what she did, what it must be like for those tiny people dissolving within her.

When the enclosure landed inside of her cavernous stomach, the tinies within were treated to a massive, almost ethereal chamber of flesh. A living cathedral of death and digestion. Water surged around them, washing over them along with her stomach acids. They could hear the sounds of her body working to digest the various pieces of food and inanimate objects she'd consumed recently. For instance, the mangled and partially melted cap of her coworker's pen bumped against the box as she thrust her fingers into herself in the outside world. Everything shifted and pivoted. They had no idea what was happening to Bridanya, but they screamed in terror as her screams of pleasure echoed around them. They were tossed and battered about inside her stomach as she was pounded from behind by her boyfriend. This went on for what seemed like an eternity to the tiny people until they felt her drop, flinging them across her stomach with a crash. Eventually, her heartbeat slowed, and she left them with just the natural sounds of her body.

They experienced her life like this. Enduring every drink she drank, every piece of food or debris she swallowed, it all ended up in there with them. When she exercised, and when she

engaged in what they soon came to realize was a very active sex life, were the worst for them. She would toss them about, force them to feel every vibration that she experienced, and many that she wasn't even aware of. When she went down on her boyfriend, his seed spilled onto them from above, though they pretended it was yogurt or some other substance, as their only indications of what it truly was were her moans of pleasure that were inescapable.

For the next three days, she waited to see if any remains passed through her. They were so small, she thought, that nothing likely would survive her mighty gut and intestines. They were lost to her forever. The thought fueled many passionate sessions both with her boyfriend and by herself. The lab was closed for three days due to the computer errors. No one noticed their enclosure was missing; they were just more numbers gone. Bridanya was the only one to regularly keep track of them anyway. When everything was restored at the lab, years of data were lost forever, just like those tinies inside of her. Gone, but certainly not forgotten by their dear caretaker, Bridanya.

They were not gone, however. The enclosure was a self-contained protective unit, effectively indestructible. Its battery cell would run for centuries if need be. The unit required so little effort to power. Its food and waste processors were self-maintaining. The enclosure sat in her stomach, too large to pass through the next sphincter to pass through her body, and it was too durable to be dissolved. They were trapped, safely in Bridanya's stomach for the rest of their lives, and she didn't even know it. Whenever she was feeling bored, she would think of them and smile, feeling a burst of energy, of power, as she rubbed her dainty little stomach. As she lay on the beach in a bikini, her bare belly baking in the sun, no onlooker knew the horror that lay within the small, fit blonde, not even Bridanya herself.