

“Hey! Want a treat!?” Mandy said, her voice jolting Chloe to attention. She turned and saw that Mandy had a small plate with three steaming Lunchables pepperoni pizzas on it. “It’s your favorite~”

Chloe raised a brow, slightly suspicious about her friend’s sudden burst of generosity. “Oh, thanks... I am kind of hungry.”

Chloe cocked her lip and blew a stray strand of hair out of her face, unknowingly blowing away two tinies who had climbed down her hair to try and get her attention. Chloe reached out to take the tray from Mandy, unaware of the twenty or so tiny people trapped in the warm, cheesy, saucy meal. They were shocked, barely able to move by the overwhelming smell of processed cheese and stale preserved dough. It filled their nostrils and made their tiny heads spin, the artificial aroma a stark contrast to the natural musk the other unfortunate souls experienced on Chloe’s body. They gagged and choked, their miniscule lungs recoiling at the synthetic scent.

As Chloe eagerly tore into the pizza, biting into the rubbery disc of cheese and bread, the tiny people were sent flying. The force of her bite ripped the pizza apart, sending crumbs and chunks of the unnatural food sailing through the cavern of her mouth like gooey meteors. The tinies were caught in the maelstrom, their bodies spinning and tumbling as they were hurled about.

Some of the unlucky ones found themselves caught in the gluey, sticky cheese that clung to Chloe’s teeth and tongue. They struggled and fought, but the processed cheese held them fast, its synthetic tendrils coiling around their limbs and binding them tighter and tighter. The more they struggled, the more the cheese seemed to tighten, until they could barely move at all. Instead they were trapped and jerked about with each rotation of her jaw and rise and drop of her teeth. The impacts rattled them to the bones. Some were turned into paste between pairs of incisors and molars.

For those tiny souls trapped within the churning maw of Chloe’s mouth, the experience was a sensory nightmare unlike any other. The moment they were ingested, they found themselves plunging down a dark, fleshy tunnel, the walls pulsing and undulating around them. The heat was intense, almost unbearable, like being trapped in a sauna that was cranked up to the maximum setting. Sweat poured from their bodies, stinging their eyes and making it difficult to see. The air was thick and humid, filled with a cloying, artificial scent that made their noses burn and their lungs ache.

The stench of the processed cheese was overwhelming, a sickly sweet aroma that clung to the back of their throats and made them gag. It mixed with the tangy, metallic taste of Chloe’s saliva, creating a noxious brew that coated their tongues and filled their mouths with a bitter, acidic taste. Then their worlds would undulate and shift as she swallowed.

As the survivors tumbled and bounced down Chloe's throat, the sounds of her chewing and swallowing surrounded them like a cacophony of thunder. Each bite she took sent shockwaves rippling through the muscular walls of her mouth and throat, slamming the tinies against the slick, pulsing flesh and knocking the wind out of their lungs. They heard the sickening crunch of teeth grinding together, the schlicking sound of her tongue sliding across her teeth, and the guttural, wet noises of her swallowing. Each sound was amplified a thousandfold in the confined space, pounding against their eardrums and making them wince.

The heat intensified as they plunged deeper, the churning walls of Chloe's stomach enveloping them like a fleshy inferno. The acid in her stomach sizzled and bubbled around them, the caustic liquid eating away at their skin and clothing like a corrosive acid. Some of the tinies screamed in agony as the acid burned into their flesh, leaving raw, oozing wounds that throbbed and pulsed with pain. Others were simply dissolved outright, their bodies melting away into a puddle of gooey gore. The heat was like being trapped in the belly of a dragon, the walls of Chloe's stomach churning and squeezing around them like a muscular vice. The acid bubbled and spat, the putrid fumes burning their eyes and lungs, making it impossible to breathe. Those who weren't dissolved by the acid struggled and clawed at the undulating flesh, their nails digging into the slick, burning surface, but finding no purchase. They were trapped in a churning, fleshy hell, the very walls seeming to close in around them, squeezing the air from their lungs and the life from their bodies.

For those who survived the initial plunge and the acid bath of Chloe's stomach by climbing atop chunks of food or clinging to walls, the ordeal was far from over. They were trapped in the sweltering darkness, the heat so intense that it felt like their skin was blistering and peeling away. The stench of the half-digested pizza and the acrid smell of Chloe's stomach acid filled their nostrils, making them gag and retch. Some of the tinies vomited up the meager contents of their own stomachs, only to have it splash back onto them, coating their hair and clothing in the putrid sludge.

To make matters worse, the churning of Chloe's stomach sent shockwaves through the fleshy walls, slamming the tiny people against the muscular surface like rag dolls. Bones snapped and flesh bruised as they bounced and ricocheted off the undulating flesh, the force of the impacts rattling their teeth and leaving them dazed and disoriented. Some of the lucky ones found themselves caught in the folds of the muscular walls as they clenched and squeezed, the pressure crushing the air from their lungs and the life from their bodies. The rest were forced to experience the horrific wonder of nature as Chloe's body set to work digesting and dissolving both the snack and their bodies at it had done their fellows. Their collective lives were barely worth a calorie for their massive, unaware captor.

As Chloe stood up to take her empty plate to the back room, Mandy hopped onto the chair behind the counter, her mind preoccupied with remembering where she might have hidden the remaining tinies. She was so lost in thought that she failed to recall the tiny people she had inadvertently trapped beneath her on the chair cushion. She'd placed them there with the hopes that Chloe would squish them under her cute little bottom. Now, they were being crushed under Mandy's much thicker, but especially cute, bottom.

From the perspective of the trapped tinies, the world suddenly turned dark as a massive, cream-colored and pale expanse descended upon them like a clothed and fleshy avalanche. They had a split second to realize what was happening before Mandy's thick, pale thighs engulfed them, crushing them into the yielding chair cushion.

For the two tiny souls pinned beneath her left thigh, it felt like being trapped under a boulder of warm, doughy marble. The pressure was immense, squeezing the air from their lungs and flattening them like pancakes against the fabric of the chair. They struggled and squirmed, but it was like moving under a mountain of cold, unyielding stone. The heat of Mandy's skin seeped through the thin cream-colored fabric of her short shorts, the warmth suffocating and oppressive. The tinies trapped under her right thigh fared no better. As the vast expanse of pale, soft flesh enveloped them, they felt the oxygen being squeezed from their lungs, replaced by the cloying scent of Mandy. The pressure was incredible, crushing them into the chair cushion until they could barely move, let alone breathe.

Those pinned beneath her plump, round ass had an even worse fate. As the massive, doughy cheeks spread across the chair, engulfing the tiny people completely, they were smothered in the cloying, artificial scent of Mandy's laundry detergent, sweat, and the faint, underlying musk of her skin seeping out from beneath her ample cheeks. The sheer weight and size of her buttocks crushed them into the chair cushion with a force that threatened to crack their bones and rupture their organs.

Some of the more unfortunate tinies found themselves trapped in the warm, humid crevice between Mandy's thighs and her ass. The heat was stifling, like being trapped in a steam room that was cranked up to the maximum setting. As Mandy shifted her weight on the chair, the tinies bounced and jiggled with each movement. The tinies were like rag dolls being tossed about in a washing machine, slamming against the fleshy walls of Mandy's ass and thighs with each shift and squirm of her plush rear. They were pressed and knocked about, the force of the impacts rattling their teeth and leaving them dazed and disoriented. She had sweat just enough in the summer heat that some were trapped on the warm, soft white skin of her thighs, mired there like figures hanging in a gallery.

For those trapped beneath her buttocks, the pressure grew even more overwhelming as she settled in, crushing the air from their lungs and the life from their bodies. The doughy flesh seemed to close in around them, squeezing them from all sides until they could barely breathe. The heat was sweltering, the warmth of Mandy's skin radiating through the thin fabric of her shorts and threatening to suffocate them. Some of the tinies blacked out from the lack of oxygen, their lungs burning and their vision darkening as Mandy's massive ass engulfed them completely. Those who remained conscious could only gasp and choke, their tiny chests heaving as they tried desperately to draw breath.

As Mandy settled her weight fully onto the chair, the tinies felt like they were being crushed by a boulder of warm, yielding flesh. The pressure was immense, squeezing them into the chair cushion until they were little more than thin, breathless slivers of their former selves. Some of

the tinies screamed for help, their tiny voices muffled and distorted by the thick padding of the chair and the doughy expanse of Mandy's ass.

But there was no one to hear their cries for help, no one to save them from the fleshy prison that threatened to smother them completely. They were trapped, helpless and hopeless, at the mercy of a girl who was blissfully unaware of their plight, despite being solely responsible for it. As Mandy shifted and squirmed on the chair, the tinies bounced and jiggled with each movement, the force of her actions slamming them against the slick, humid surface of her skin. Eventually the weight was too much for those beneath her.

Chloe came out of the back, wiping her hands on a paper towel that she tossed into the trashcan nearby. She shook her head as she saw her friend practically rocking on her padded stool behind the counter. Chloe walked over and leaned her back against the counter, crossed her arms and sighed.

"God, it's boring today."