

**Trying New Things**  
***A Commission by Ty***

A ping came up on Erin's android, taking her attention away from checking her twitter feed. Not much news besides random memes and new covid controversy. All these months living under quarantine had provided plenty of these things already. A distraction from the usual distractions was welcome as she quickly picked up her phone. Seeing the alert right away, she froze for a moment. Her door dash order had arrived.

She sighed, fussing with her medium length red hair that fell messily around her jawline. Grabbing her wire-frame glasses which she'd set aside to read her laptop screen, she set them back on her short nose while walking toward the front door. A look through the peephole told her the driver had opted for no-contact delivery, leaving the food on her door mat. She exhaled gratefully, opening the thin door to her small apartment in the city, crouching down in her comfy pajama shorts to grab up her bag from Oniri Sushi.

Part of her felt nervous carrying the food inside, taking care to move slowly and hold it upright, setting it down gently on the coffee table in front of the couch she'd been lounging on for the last two hours. This sushi spot was her favorite, and the fact they still delivered was practically the sole thing keeping her sane during these times.

Even so, her gut curdled over the contents of this order. Along with the hawaiian and dragon rolls she ordered with a side of Miso soup was a particular appetizer she'd never tried. Technically, it was sashimi, but the nature of this menu item had always turned Erin off. She didn't like live food like some people that indulged did. And yet, here she was, obliging her many friend's ridiculous recommendation and giving it a shot.

She removed the small soup container and two takeout boxes with the roles, with one last circular box remaining in the bag. Heavily exhaling, she reached in and picked it up. Right away she felt the contents displace themselves against the lower end of the container, reminding her to quickly straighten it parallel to the table. Swiftly, she replaced it on the flat surface next to her soup, staring at it cautiously.

Should she eat it now? The question weighed on her, despite how eager she was for the rest of her meal. What if it made her sick? She'd hate to waste what she'd spent on dinner if she wound up vomiting. The idea of swallowing a live creature that'd stay alive inside her made her shudder. But if she held it off, there stood the chance she'd just wuss out anyway.

Her shoulders slumped, resigned to get her task over with. If there's one thing she hated, it was trying new things.

Reaching for the container again, she brought it up level with her diaphragm so she could get a good look inside after popping the plastic lid off. The cap had several small holes in it, negating the expected pop that might've come from a vacuum sealed box as she lifted it away. Peering inside with her lens magnified teal eyes, Erin got her first glimpse of her appetizer.

Inside the circular box was a man. Young, blonde haired, very nude, and *very* frightened. He stared up at Erin with pleading dark eyes, his cheeks stained from tears long past. The small eyes setting on her immediately validated her discomfort. It was one thing seeing them through the glass at the sushi bar, she could ignore them there at least. But having one look up at her like she was some kind of monster made her lose some of her appetite.

The silence in the room was palpable, so quiet she could even hear his small panting over the ambience of the city outside her balcony door. Erin coughed, breaking the discomfiting silence and finally spoke, "Uh... hi there."

Her soft, mousy voice cracked only slightly, not having been properly used for sometime since her last work meeting the day before over Zoom. She didn't get a response right away, even wondering if the tiny could even speak. Erin admittedly didn't know much about tinies despite how weird they made her feel. With no sign of an answer, she ventured another attempt to communicate.

"Do-do you know how to talk? Uh... sorry, I'm not used to this." she blushed, embarrassed by her total lack of subtlety when talking with, well, food.

Yet, her question peaked a response from the man, who looked perplexed to be addressed in such a way before shifting against the wall behind him and answering, "...I talk."

Erin's eyes widened, but she quickly held back a small eep from escaping her thin petite lips. Another moment passed before she remembered to answer in return, "Oh, good. I, uh, I didn't know whether or not your kind did."

"W-what?" the tiny started in indignation, "Of course we talk! I'm a person, just like you!!"

"Really?" Erin shrunk back, shaken by the fierce retort she'd never expect from something the size of her pinkie, "Shit, um, I'm sorry! I guess that makes sense. I just, um..."

"Save it!" the guy shouted out, his fear taking the unexpected chance to turn into rage, "we both know what you're gonna do, so fuckin do it!"

"!... I-I, uh-" Erin was flustered, shocked by his biting language, unsure how to proceed really. She was mad at him for yelling at her, but also felt the pressure from her friends emboldened by the resistance from the tiny. Her pale, freckled face cringed, until she gave a meek sigh of resolve, closing her eyes in acceptance, "Fine..."

Her thin fingers reached into the box, feeling around for him, an odd experience when dealing with small, flailing limbs, then gripping one of his legs and pulling him up. She heard him yelp as she lifted him out of the box, and cringed again apologetically, "I'm sorry! Just, it'll be done in a sec."

Her eyes were quivering with him approaching her lips, and against every instinct, she opened her mouth to move him in. He had passed the portal of her teeth when she stopped, hesitating at the last moment. With this opening, he kicked rapidly, knocking his little feet into her teeth and the tip of her tongue while her hot, anxious breath flowed overbearingly around him.

The jarring sensations made her jump, her eyes shooting open and quickly pulling the tiny away from her mouth. "Uggh! I'm sorry, that's just... ew." He hung from her fingers, perplexion masking his relief as she swiftly put him back onto the table.

"I just don't get it! Why is this even a thing? Like, I get with fish and stuff, but why would I eat a squirmy little person? It's like eating a rat, ugh." her outburst was unexpected on both their parts, but for the smaller of the two, it offered something that he hadn't felt since becoming a consumable product: hope.

He stood up from where he'd been thrown on his ass, rubbing the sore spot on his right cheek where the impact hit most, "So, you're not gonna eat me?"

His words struck another chord with her, pulling her from her grossed out frenzy, "N-no! I am!... I don't know. I want to, but... AH!" she crossed her arms, a frustrated crease in her brow denoting her conflict, "I mean, I bought you, so why shouldn't I?"

"...It just seems like you don't really want to." He added, cautiously approaching the edge of the table toward her. He didn't have a death wish, but he knew just running and escaping wouldn't be any better a life than he suffered in captivity. Here though, he saw a girl on the fence about seeing him as food at all. If he played his cards right, he might be able to earn her sympathy, and maybe even get her help.

Erin felt odd being sized up by a tiny person, but his guess was spot on as her shoulders slumped in defeat, "I don't. Not at all. But my friends always get tinies everywhere we go and always tease me about not wanting any. I figured, if I tried one in my own time, I'd get the idea and see what all the hype was."

Looking back to the bite-sized guest in her home, she sighed broadly, “Now that you’re here though, just feels weird.”

“I get that,” he responded, scratching the back of his head over a conversation he’d never thought he’d have, “I never got how people could willingly do this anyway. It’s just inhumane.”

“I guess,” was all she said back, looking over to the side with a downcast expression.

She didn’t add anymore, and the silence left in the wake of her unease led the tiny man, arguably the one who should be more uncomfortable in this situation, to chime in again, “Uh... Yancy.”

“Huh?” she looked back, confused by the odd thing he said.

“My name’s Yancy. I dunno, figured I’d say,” he risked a half smirk, venturing with bolder steps into this new situation.

The redhead smiled gently, her awkward feelings starting to shed away with the friendly gesture, “I’m Erin.” Introductions made, she sat forward, pulling her hair around both sides of her head before letting it fall back, relieving some physical tension she felt. “Would you like some sushi?”

“Oh... sure,” Yancy watched her huge, pale arms swing over his head, reaching for the boxes of food he’d been transported with. When she opened them, the smell of fish and tangy eel sauce filled the space, and he came to remember how long it’d been since he’d enjoyed a legitimately prepared meal. He yelped when the large, lithe fingers came down and gripped him again, but instead of his last ride, they simply conveyed him into the styrofoam takeout container, depositing him gently just to the side of a tuna wrapped roll the size of him.

“Hope that’s okay for you,” Erin remarked, hoping he was at ease.

Yancy’s stomach jumped with joy at the sight of the pink slap of fish and the rice under it, crab meat, cucumber and avocado included. Though his proximity to the total meal still advised some caution considering his expected fate, “Do I have to sit in here?”

Erin’s eyebrows jumped, realizing his issue right as he spoke up, “Oh! Right, sorry. I guess I could get a napkin and-” as she spoke, she brought her fingers back toward him, to which he instinctively cowered away. She held back on seeing this, concern on her face.

“I think I’m good here, then,” he calmed himself, returning to a mostly relaxed

posture, “Sorry, just the whole grabbing thing is... a lot.”

“Of course, don’t worry about it,” she gave him a friendly smirk, then reached over for her unopened chopsticks. Yancy moved to get a bite of the closest piece of sushi, reaching out when Erin cried out.

“No wait!” he stopped right away, turning to her with his hands pulled to his sides anxiously. She’d stopped him because she didn’t realize she’d put next to her preferred of the two rolls. She knew she wanted the whole thing to herself, and wasn’t used to sharing. Still, seeing the position he was in and how little he really needed to eat...

“Sorry, go for it. Still getting used to this,” she laughed in apology once more, splitting her chopsticks and orienting them in her right hand to start digging in while Yancy did the same. She decided to go for the eel based dragon roll first, drizzled in sweet eel sauce that exploded over her taste buds in her first bite. She actively savored the main course of her dinner she’d been anticipating all night, then held back her visible enjoyment remembering she wasn’t alone.

“Heh... *\*gulp\**. So what’s it like being tiny?” she asked, trying not to sound naive regarding her new acquaintance’s predicament.

Yancy finished chewing the chunk of tuna he managed to tear off, swallowing thickly with the rest in his hands to respond, “It’s awful... I mean, right now is alright. Great even! Just, I never thought I’d have real food again.”

“Oh?” Erin reached for another piece, lifting it away above Yancy’s head to her lips, “So, it’s like you guys are made and then sold like other meats? In a factory.”

“N-no! We’re not made! We’re people,” his outrage stemmed up again, but he minded himself to pull it back, “I-I was in college. Got drunk with some asshats and helped rob a Best Buy. Got caught... now I’m here.”

“Oh... oh!” the epiphany dawned on her in a flash, “So you were actually normal once! Shit... that’s crazy.”

“Don’t get me started. Ever since that law passed... fuck man, what more’s there to say?”

Erin’s expression focused on him, sympathetic to his plight but intrigued by this new discovery she’d made, “Oh yeah. I heard about that. Didn’t think it went through the senate though.”

“Well, here I am. That settle it for ya?” he turned away, taking an angry bite of his fish.

Erin had her second roll too, the rich textures and flavor she loved so much rolling around her mouth as she chewed and going down smoothly. The next roll she dipped in the extra sauce that came with it, “So um, what were you studying?”

It took a moment for Yancy to answer, still somewhat unhappy with not receiving the sympathy he expected from the redhead, “...Business.”

“Oh, cool! I’m a senior in comp sci right now.” she offered before her third helping.

“No kidding? Columbia?”

“Mmmf- myeah!” she answered through her mouthful, clearing her mouth to follow this new conversation, “Guess that makes sense they’d keep you local. You live on campus?”

“Naw, I was with Sigma Alpha Mu, and Hampshire Street,” his color was coming back to him, both from the real food in his belly and the honest conversation, “I’m a- was a junior. Funny I haven’t seen you around.”

“Not really,” her face shyed back, feeling odd with the focus on her, “I’m taking mostly online classes. I only come in for certain professors or morning lectures.”

“Uh huh, too bad. Would’ve been nice to meet a piece like you before this,” he said it nonchalantly, taking another bite of his fish before seeing the effect of his wording.

“Excuse me?” her teal eyes narrowed toward him, the lips that were primed to eat her next roll of eel fixed in a pouty frown.

“Excuse me! I didn’t mean... I mean you’re very cute, and really nice. I wished we could’ve met before my life was ruined, is all.”

“Oh...” she blushed, sitting back out of his view as she ate the roll she was holding, mulling it around while she processed his compliment.

Yancy in the meantime was worried he’d offended the first person to show him kindness in weeks, moving close to the side of the box to see her again, “I apologize; I didn’t mean to offend you. I just said what came to mind.” His head bowed, only seeing a glimpse of Erin’s reclined form above the edge of the styrofoam, “I should’ve filtered myself. Forgive me.”

Erin’s blush deepened. He was being so formal with her. Leaning back up, she

reached over the boy for another roll, a soft smile on her face, "You're alright.~"

Yancy felt a flutter in his gut. He knew that blush, had his accidental flirting worked? Might be something to explore later, but for now he'd play it safe, going back to his designated roll.

The normal sized girl remained quiet with her delicate smile, finishing off her dragon roll before moving onto her soup. When she had her spoon in hand, after taking her first sip of the salty side order, she finally spoke up again, "So what did you do for fun, Yance?"

The nickname surprised him, not that he hadn't heard it before from his frat brothers and family. It made him smirk, grabbing a piece of rice from his roll with some crab meat in the other, "Just hung out, mostly. Went to school 'cause my dad wanted it. But I've had good times."

"Like what?" she asked, sipping another spoonful of steaming soup.

"Uh, I guess I did water polo for a bit. Almost made varsity til I started doing more academically. Made the honors program, and those classes really kick your ass, so I took a step back from some things."

"That's cool!" Erin chirped, deciding to simply hold the bowl and drink from it directly, "And your friends?"

"Well, besides my fraternity mates, I did the improv team for a bit."

Erin's eyes bulged mid drink, gulping her mouthful and beaming at him, "No way! I think I've seen you then! I went to the halloween show last year!"

"Oh, way?" he smiled goofily, urged on by her excitement, "That's killer! Too bad, now you know how cringey I am." Yancy laughed at himself, which she happily joined in with her own giggle before he continued, "thought I could put my dark, shameful past behind me."

"What? I thought you were funny! You at least gave a shit," she grinned, raising her bowl to finish off her soup, recovering her spoon to pick out the miso cubes that had floated to the bottom.

"Thanks. I totally wasn't, but nice to meet a fan," he smiled, a fondness in his tone.

"For sure. Probably your biggest fan, now." as the quip left her lips, the amused embarrassment in her eyes betrayed her immediate regret while Yancy broke into a

pleasant grin.

“Heyo!” he pointed up at her with a goofy pose and voice, doing some kind of impression that didn't land, but wasn't really supposed to.

“Oh my god, shut up shrimp,” she snorted, and he laughed in turn. Whatever tension had pervaded their meeting had been wiped away by now, the two young adults genuinely enjoying the others company. Yancy was feeling high hopes for his future, having met the one person on Earth he'd met that actually refused to see him as just food.

Erin was enjoying herself just as much, a flush appearing in her chest under her loose, low collared pajama top as she smiled down at her guest. Her eyes were half-lidded, staring through Yancy and making his mind turn to other possibilities under her lovely gaze.

“Okay. So, I think I'm gonna try something, and I'm sorry if it's weird, but I can't help it now.” the once shy girl was now lacing her words with excitement, a tone of desire that Yancy caught onto quickly.

“S-sure! Whatever you like!”

The nerdy redhead smiled warmly at his enthusiasm, the red in her cheeks burning hotter... right before her chopsticks reached in and pinched around his waist.

“H-hey! What the hell!” he shouted as she swung him around, flipping him with his head facing down over to the open pot of eel sauce before dunking him in. The goopy, dark slime stuck to his body after holding him in for several seconds before pulling him out, just before he could asphyxiate. He coughed out the muck that was forced into his mouth as she carried up to her mouth. She couldn't wait anymore, and in one seamless motion from sauce to her tongue, she swooped him into her jaws and clamped her lips around the chopsticks, pulling them out with a drawn out slurp and leaving Yancy inside.

Her tongue worked him over, forcing him against the roof of her mouth where she could most effectively suck on him. She was worried about how a person would taste, hoping to mask it with the eel sauce. And yet, as more of his skin met her tongue, she found she enjoyed the unique saltiness on the little man. His wriggles took some getting used to, but wound up adding to her enjoyment. Like small tickles that helped spread his flavor. With the feedback from his frantic movements, she could almost sense every taste bud he slid against, brushing coarsely around his feeble being. It was so easy to shift him from side to side, slipping him into her cheeks to rub him against them. Through it all, she could even feel a tiny little prick poke into her tongue and palate, an intricate detail she took great pleasure in focusing her tasting on for a time.



Feeling some pity for him, she decided best not to use any teeth, suckling on his naked being for a full three minutes before letting his slick form slip into her throat and go down with a large gulp. She wasn't quite used to swallowing large, unchewed mouthfuls, so she had to force another swallow to properly get the struggling form down the length of her neck. When he was gone, it was like an impossible weight was lifted off her shoulders.

She felt refreshed, delighted, mischievous. Perhaps her friend's endorsements were well earned. Erin could certainly see herself doing this again. It was different than she imagined. Before, her fear was that eating tinies was like eating a gross rodent. With her latest experience, this was hardly the case. Every tiny was a living, breathing person that once had a life of their own, all taken away to become food for her. Maybe her friends didn't see it this way, but the thrill of the power trip definitely felt good to her.

Erin yelped and hopped in her seat on feeling a light tickle in her midsection, just below her left breast. It took a second for her to realize it wasn't just an involuntary tick as it continued, blushing deeply knowing that she was feeling the acute, frantic struggles of Yancy... whatever his last name was. Yancy, the comedic, athletic business major with high hopes ahead of him, reduced to a piece of sashimi for the shy computer girl. It tickled her in more places than one.

Still, there was a whole hawaiian roll left to eat. At least, the remainder from what little Yancy had taken from his one piece. She giggled at the tiny imperfections made in the once immaculate cut, then quickly ate his roll first. She chewed it fondly, robustly, as if there was still some of Yancy left on it before she swallowed, releasing a satisfied sigh. Erin continued with the rest of it, dipping them in both eel and soy sauces until all of her food was gone. The little flutters persisted, despite how stuffed her tummy as as she reclined with her head back, hands folded on top of her small gut in satisfaction.

Erin sat like this for another minute, relishing the tiny beating and debating whether she was getting *really* excited enough to head to bed for a bit. Instead, she simply adjusted herself on the couch and grabbed her laptop again, wanting to settle in with some youtube before calling it a night. She put on some warhammer tabletop playthroughs, enjoying the background noise while her twitter feed scrolled by in another window.

After about a half hour, the wriggling had stopped. Erin waited several moments to make sure he wasn't just taking a break, then moved her computer off her lap to lean forward and be sure. She rolled her stomach, even smacking it a few times to get a reaction. Nothing. A powerful thrill ran up her spine, breaking into a wholesome smile amplifying the excitement on her pretty face.

She shut her laptop, standing up and quickly heading to her bedroom to fully

enjoy this moment. Certainly this would be an experience she'd want to have again very soon. Maybe there wasn't anything so wrong with trying new things.