

Just a Little Awkward
a Paramouth Story Commission by Ty

The lights in the adequately sized, single-bedroom apartment were all out, the sunset long abandoning the room to an eerie dark only perturbed by the amber glow from the hall lamps strung throughout the complex and beyond the small balcony overlooking the street. It'd be easy enough to turn some lights on, though Erin hardly cared to get up and do so.

She was currently wrapped up in a series of blankets to fend off the rare summer chill that had settled over the place, her legs and arms tucked in within the sheets with the exception of her hands peeking out to type away on her laptop. The card she'd been struggling with for many hours now was close to some kind of breakthrough; a missing semicolon here, a poorly built order thread. The assignment was to take a completely broken chunk of code and correct it to reset the intended algorithm before her 9am class tomorrow. Granted, it was an online class, so getting herself presentable was a non-issue, giving her more time to work. Though she kept slipping up, missing glaring issues she should've caught right away. The petite redhead huffed, curdling in her makeshift cocoon seeing another error code flash up:

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[<rsp stat="fail" version="1.0">  
    <err code="57">Invalid date entered for field</err>  
</rsp>]
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"Bullshit," she murmured into the fuzzy outer fabric of her upper blanket layering. The glow of the screen on her prescription polarized lenses masked her bright blue irises flitting over every character and numeral she could process at a time. She'd anticipated being done with this much sooner than she was, wondering why the simple assignment was giving her so much trouble.

She had other plans tonight, plans she may not be able to get into now. Hell, she'd probably have to forgo dinner entirely if this couldn't wrap up soon. Her trim, hidden belly let out a low groan only she could hear, though she certainly felt it. Her thin lips pouted, she'd only had breakfast today, and she'd been looking forward to tonight.

A glance at the time showed it was eight forty-two, almost nine. Not so late that things would be closing, but if she wanted to sate her particular craving, most places that delivered it would be closed soon. Her face contorted into a yearning grimace, accentuating the contours on her small, freckled face.

Thinking on it enough, she released a full breath, saved her work, and shut her laptop. Leaning forward to set it on her tea table, she relieved herself of the blanket wrap she'd championed, exposing her short-shorts and tank top clad build to the brisk evening chill. Reaching to her side where her phone was left, she hastily opened up the

first of her many delivery apps and looked for what she wanted.

The first listing to pop up with her query was a Poké Bowl place. Kinda like sushi, but in a rice bowl. It tickled her fancy, so she picked out a medium bowl with white rice and salad base, various toppings and three proteins: salmon, tuna, and tinies. Order set, she switched over to check reddit for a while, looking for anything to pass the time to distract from the butterflies in her stomach.

The violent tremors stopped, letting Franklin finally settle in amongst the perpetually shifting slop. The smell of fish and spicy mayo overwhelmed his reality, along with the nearby cries of his fellow occupants and the blaring sound of a distant radio playing far above beyond their prison. He'd refrained from crying out loud and wasting his energy like the others, there'd been time enough for that after he was first detained. When he was shrunken down.

He hardly had the hydration to produce any more tears. The limited water and food given them while kept in 'storage' was barely enough to meet the bare minimum of the body's needs. Thought there was hardly room to complain, not when he still had the freedom to eat, drink, and sleep while watching others around him get pulled from above and taken away for their intended purpose. A purpose he was now on the way to fulfill himself.

Franklin recognized the restaurant he ended up in once they'd taken him to the serving station up front to be prepared. Poki Poki was a popular stop right across from his old campus, and he even recognized some of the workers while they handled him. Trying to get their attention was no good. They dealt with hundreds of regulars a day. Why would they recognize one beneath their noses. The girl who pulled him from the squirming mess of tinies was the cute phillopinno girl he'd check out when stopping through in the past. Not that there were special feelings in the mix; he just appreciated a cutie when he saw her.

And as the huge, metallic scoop yanked him and five others from the tray, dumping them on a pile of diced fish, rice, and lettuce, then subjecting them to a hail storm of multiple veggies, toppings, and sauces, the realization of his fate only dawned on him when the bowl was already complete. And by the way the worker wasn't addressing a customer while preparing, it was clear this was a delivery order. This became clear when they were bagged and picked up by an unseen male driver. Leaving the store blotted out the fluorescent light that kept them sane, until being placed in the car and thrust into darkness. The others tried finding different ways out. Franklin just sat back, quarreling with the existential dread of his predicament.

Until the car stopped, and the bag was hoisted from it's inclined perch. The handler didn't care much to hold them upright, forcing a few of the prisoners to be flung

across the bowl by gravity, including Franklin, who wound up falling into a mound of sauced up avocado with a dull splat. His limbs ached, he just wanted this to be over with. Though with that hopeful release, the overwhelming terror of what that end would wind up being grabbed his insides and churned them painfully.

Finally, the bag was dropped, and the booming footsteps of their ferrier faded into the distance. A no-contact delivery, it would seem. Maybe this was the rare chance they'd been hoping for to escape? Franklin sensed a few of the other tinies running for the sealed plastic lid, pushing up with all of their might, as insignificant as that was.

When the sound of a door opening was heard, the shouting and escape attempts stopped. Everyone was trying to get a clue as to who their new captor was. The bag was retrieved gently, though still causing the occupants to lurch over and lose their inconstant footing. Franklin had buried himself against the closest wall near the avocado and some pineapple, bracing himself for the worst.

The ride into wherever they'd been delivered was a surprisingly gentle one, as if there was some reverence for its contents. More than the driver at least. When they were removed from the bag and set down on a thankfully flare surface, they all got their first glimpse of their owner. Still, the plastic warped the view they had, only capable of noting a huge moving figure wearing very little clothing. Pale skin, short ginger hair, clearly feminine, it appeared they were purchased by a fairly small girl. Well, small by conventional standards.

Franklin wondered whether it'd be best to hide himself before the bowl was opened. Remembering his own experiences with poké bowls, a good amount of rice always stuck to the sides and never got eaten. Though at half an inch tall he was still bigger than the grains of rice around him, it might still work.

Huge, pale fingers grasped the side of the bowl, shaking the contents just before a loud crack indicated the lid being popped off from the bowl. Franklin stuffed himself as deep as he could go to hide from view, the best recourse to avoid being seen while the others faced their new tormentor.

Erin looked over the colorful assortment of fruits, veggies, and fish along with the tinies she'd added. Her chest fluttered at the sight, all of their eyes aimed up at her, transfixed with various levels of terror. People, little people, caught in her dinner. This time around, she appreciated the whimsy of it all, feeling truly significant to these strange guests she'd soon do away with. She smiled meekly, baring the imperfect whites of her teeth before addressing them.

"Uh... hey," she started, disarming those present with being spoken to for the first time in ages, "So, I think I'll get started, if that's okay..."

While they processed the obvious intent in her vague statement, she reached for the plastic fork and spoon provided from the plastic bag they'd come in, "and heads up, I usually mix everything first."

God, this was all still so weird for her! Talking to her food wasn't quite a habit yet. Should it even be? From the way they started scrambling for the edge of the bowl, she probably should've kept it to herself. Oh well, might as well get to it. She plunged her utensils into the center, away from where the fleeing tinies were futilely trying to climb out, and started scooping up the rice from under the upper layer of toppings to mix everything together.

The booming sweet voice followed by the jolt of her utensils digging in shook Franklin in his hiding place, though he realized too late what she was intending. In an instant, the contents of the bowl were thrust into a constant state of tumult, scooped up globs of fish, sauce, rice, and everything in the mix being evenly distributed throughout the serving. Franklin tried avoiding this frenzy from his bunker against the bowl, but the spoon caught him up with the avocado mound and dragged him away. The others fared no better, flipped, dunked, and tossed every which way until the girl was satisfied.

Erin cringed a bit hearing the tiny shouts below, even easing off on her usual enthusiasm for mixing things thoroughly to not hurt them. Part of her wondered whether it mattered if they got hurt. Another remembered hating the taste of blood, and had no intention of accidentally breaking one. They all looked like healthy men, just like she'd ordered. She wasn't sure if she was comfortable eating a naked woman quite yet, so boys would do fine.

The anticipation was starting to wane now, something she feared might happen if she didn't act fast. So, her fork finally dug in with the intent of eating, pulling up a cluster of rice, radish, and one blond tiny. He had broad shoulders, longer hair, but held a striking resemblance to her first one from a week ago.

"Ooo!" she cooed, hoisting the fork past her lips and closer to her bespeckled, teal eyes, "you guys are smaller than normal? Or is this normal?"

The man in question was barely holding on while being appraised, wondering how to respond if at all, "N-n-no, I don't, uh..." his face was deep, oddly juxtaposing his diminutive stature. Hearing it made her cheeks flush.

"Huh, that's neat though... okay!" she drifted off momentarily before finally bringing the fork to her mouth and sealing it behind her softly smiling lips. Pulling the fork out, she immediately found an issue. Her usual instinct was to chew her food, but with the extra passenger she preferred intact, it presented the issue. Should she swallow it all? Her nerves were getting the better of her, hiding the obvious solution. She shifted him into her cheek while chewing through the rest on the opposite side of her

jaw, working through the crunchy radish and smooth, fleshy tuna. It was delicious, but the little wriggles from the blond man introduced some... complications.

The struggles started to feel weirdly uncomfortable, enough to slightly disrupt her chewing. She'd worked the mouthful into a mush before swallowing, returning the tiny to her tongue where she figured savoring him alone would fix the issue. Even worse, the more succinct squirming put her more out of ease. This was wrong, why didn't this feel like last time? Disappointed, she pushed him back and swallowed with little fanfare, his smaller size a much easier portion for her throat to claim. Was it because they were smaller? No, it was something else, something she'd hopefully shrug off to finish the rest. If anything, she'd avoid scooping them up with other food.

Franklin heard the others respond to their first comrade being eaten.

"CHRIST!"

"Fucking run!"

Following the daze from being mixed into the mess, he'd only just realized he'd been brought to the top of the pile on a bed of seaweed and sesame seeds. A glob of sticky, tangy eel sauce had sprayed across his face, and it took some effort to wipe it away with his equally sticky hands. When he managed to do so, he was just in time to see the second man disappear into the giant's mouth. He was sent in alone, flailing, screaming something about the devil before the lips sealed, pulling the fork out empty. It was surreal seeing the lips contort and shift as they treated the man like any other food, until a small grimace followed by a dry gulp declared his demise. Well, the descent to his demise.

With the harrowing display over with, Franklin had the clarity to finally get a look at his soon-to-be killer. Looking up from her thin, pink lips he found a small, freckled nose adorned by thin-framed glasses, masking a pair of bright blue eyes that scanned the bowl. On the microcosm, every detail of her face was so innocently remarkable, almost casually awe-inspiring if he weren't in such dire straits.

Then he took it in as a whole, looking at her entirely until he realized...

"E-Erin?" as he spoke, the spoon dropped in, going for the third victim. Out of Frank's view, this tiny was more deft than the others, avoiding Erin's strikes with an ease that disgruntled the young redhead.

"Ugh, come on. You don't have to be so difficult..." her voice sounded dejected, disappointed, a far cry from her cautious enthusiasm from a minute ago. Franklin wondered if she even wanted to do this.

That didn't stop her from having enough and finally just grabbing the man with

her free hand, swiftly pushing him onto her tongue and dealing with him in a matter of seconds. As she swallowed, her face tensed with discomfort. If she wasn't liking it, why was she still eating them?

Then it occurred to him. If he could just get her attention, there might be a way out of this. He didn't think he could feel this hopeful again, but there was no better chance to get out of his coming execution if he played his cards right.

The scrawny, brown haired young man lifted himself from the mush and waved his arms up, "Hey! Erin!! Down here!"

This drew her attention right away, causing her to yelp and jump back, dropping the spoon she'd been idly holding. Her wide eyes locked onto the messy tiny that called to her by name. She leaned forward with trepidation, worried by how this random person knew her name.

Even if this unexpected factor made her core tingle a bit.

"Uhhh... hi?" she risked a response, fearing whether it was worth addressing, "H-how do you know my name?"

She listened! Yes!! He was found! Stumbling forward over a lopsided cube of salmon, he approached the closer edge of the bowl to her, "It's me! Franklin Goldberg! From Discrete Structures, I tutored you!"

His words took a moment to settle in, but recognition eventually bloomed on her pretty, makeupless face, "Oh man! What?" her hand reached down, causing him to flinch before it gingerly grabbed around his waist. The subtle ridges of her fingerprint pressed into his side, squishing into the grease and muck that covered him as she lifted him out of his prison. His gut lurched while being carried until coming to a stop just before her huge left glasses lens. After scanning his appearance closely, her eye widened with joy, her pupil visibly dilating as well, "Holy crap, that's crazy! How are you, Frankie?"

"Uh, been better... give or take," he said weakly, trying to grapple with the freedom to converse, "I'm sure glad you found me though."

"Yeah! Geeze, I would've just eaten you if I didn't... I'm sorry! Here," she swung him back to the table, softly depositing him on a large wood grain while she reached back into the bag. She returned with a huge napkin, placing it right in front of him, "wipe yourself off. Oh! Do you need me to, uh, tear some off, or-?"

"No no, this is fine," he returned, stepping onto the white fabric with his sticky feet.

“What?” she leaned in closer, not having heard what he said.

“I said it’s fine!” he hadn’t accounted for her not hearing him without shouting. Something to keep in mind.

“Oh,” she reacted, “Well, I was saying in case you wanted to... cover up,” she clarified, a blush sprouting on her pale, freckled cheeks.

Frank wondered what she meant until remembering his nudity. Having been forcibly disrobed and handled for so long, he forgot it was indecent. Shamefully, he bent down and pulled up the corner of the napkin to shield himself, at least temporarily, “S-sorry! Forgot about that.” He scratched his neck with his free hand.

“N-no sweat,” she answered, sucking in her lips while looking away, “Just, uh, clean up if you like. We can talk after dinner.

“Of course, thank you!” with her attention elsewhere, Franklin felt a wash of relief flush over him. Just being able to talk to someone, and be treated with some decency, it nearly made the fear he’d lived with for these many weeks shrink away. Obviously being shrunken was still a problem, and likely an irreversible one, but finding a friend in this hellish life was a start to some normalcy.

A shout from above reminded Frank that there was still one person besides him left, and looking up to see his ascent renewed the dread in his gut. The dark-skinned man flailed on the spoon, actually managing to climb over the edge and throw himself to the wind. Erin visibly jumped, her free hand quickly swiping through the air to catch him below.

“Fuck! Don’t scare me like that!” she reprimanded him, moments before raising him up to her mouth and engulfing him on her palm. Her lips shut under his feet, slurping him fully inside while her hand reached over for the napkin.

Her hand stopped mere inches from grasping the wipe when she recalled her friend occupying it, “Oh! Uh, I’m sorry, can I grab one of the extrash from under you?” Her demeanor returned to the gentle, slow pace she’d had when regarding him moments ago. The rate at which she could return to her faster, comfortably efficient speed while performing routine tasks without thinking about was something he’d have to get used to. As well as her speaking around the man in her mouth.

“Y-yeah, hold on,” she likely didn’t hear him, but he took a step off the mound of napkins, covering his shame with his hands while she wiped the second sheet from under his initial perch. She wiped the sauce and spittle from her palm where she ate up the last guy, trying to be courteous to her guest while still sloshing around the last

expendable.

Frank watched with morbid fascination as her jaws shifted while getting back on the napkin and pulling the corner up, a swell of guilt compelling him to speak, “E-Erin?”

She at least recognized her name being said, turning her face back to him now that he’d covered up again. A soft swallow rolled a minute lump down the front of her slender neck, clearing her mouth so she could speak, “Yeah?”

“...Never mind.” Franklin’s eyes sunk back, wishing to shrug off the lasting visual that had imprinted itself in his head.

“Huh?” Erin turned her head, confused at his visible unease. Then she remembered what she was doing, and a jolt of embarrassment welled in her, “Oh, shit. S-sorry. I should’ve realized that, um... are you okay?” Before he could speak, her eyes widened a bit, feeling a burst of pressure roll up her throat and releasing as a small “*urp!*... oh!” she swung her hand to cover her mouth, “uh, ‘xcuse me.”

A light faux pas on her part was a grim reminder of what very well could’ve happened to him had he ended up in any other order, or if he hadn’t been able to get her attention in time, “Y-you’re good...” While she continued eating, he figured it best to put his mind on something constructive. First thing was making some clothes. The napkin wasn’t much for comfort, but it tore easily. Taking just the corner and tearing into a few pieces let him tie it together into a little toga/robe hybrid. It’d do for now, and beat dealing with the chill air at all times. It’d been a few minutes since either spoke while he worked and she ate, the sounds of her steady breathing along with her chewing and swallowing all that cut through the ambience of the apartment.

“So, um,” she was at a loss, trading her spoon for her fork and going for another bite of fish and spinach, “How did you... get tiny?” Erin was genuinely curious, but was momentarily distracted by how good her food was. Finally, a bite she could honestly enjoy without feeling gross. She relished how smooth the salmon felt to chew intermingling with the sauces and swallowed happily, scooping up another helping.

Franklin was forced to watch the colossal girl continue eating, glad that her dinner wasn’t as lively as it had started while still battling with his internal distress, “It’s a long story. Don’t know where to start.”

“Well- **gulp**- last I saw you was the Comp Sci banquet last year, and you graduated, right?” She went in for another bite, her focus now entirely on her friend.

“Yeah. I got a job with a friend of mine in Communications, getting a startup together. Didn’t work out. Took odd jobs here and there programming until I couldn’t pay rent,” he sat down, the napkin robe pooling around his crossed legs while he recounted

his story, something he never thought he'd have the chance to surmise.

"That sucks," she commented, "I thought you were lined up for something at Intel?"

"Right..." he recalled what she was talking about, but couldn't coherently picture that time of his life, "decided to help out my buddy. And look where that got me."

Her brows dropped, sad for the plight of her friend, "Wow... and then?"

"Well, landlord kicked me out of my place in D.C, so I moved home. Then my parents had some sort of debt that was overdue, and we all... well."

"Wait, so your parents are-?"

"I don't know." He cut her off, fighting through the pain he'd thought he locked away weeks ago, "I didn't see them after that night. I didn't even know I was gonna be shrunk until it was happening. It was all so fast."

Erin pouted, feeling sorry for having him open up like this. She swallowed her mouthful, reaching her hand down to hug him. Or pat him, whatever she could do. He immediately flinched at her approach, and she froze, amending her haste. "Sorry! I was gonna say... I'm sorry about your parents. That's horrible what happened..."

Her hand hovered over the table, and she bit her lip in contemplation, "Is it okay if I touch you? You can say no." Her hand pulled back a bit, anticipating his refusal.

He was inclined to say no, but seeing her careful hesitance reminded him how she was trying. That, and being starved of positive human touch for so long... "Yes, please." Frank looked into his lap, hiding the blush on his face.

Erin carefully brought her index finger closer, finding his back and gently stroking it, "It must suck what happens to all of you. Guess I never thought much about it."

He'd hoped her touch would be welcome, but the bulky strokes from the oversized digit just reminded him over and over how small he was. Thankfully, she stopped after a few moments, letting her hand rest around him after sensing his tension, "Sorry. Shit, this is a little awkward."

"Don't worry, I get it," he sighed. She was at least trying to make him feel welcome. He shouldn't be such a sad sack, this was a happy occasion, "What about you? You're in your last year, right?"

"Mhm!" she nodded, happy he put things back on track, "Lockdown delayed

things by a few months, so I'm taking the rest of my courses entirely online."

"But you were doing mostly online already, weren't you?"

"Y-yeah. But now I have a better reason than 'I don't want to talk to people'," she grinned, going for another bite of mostly rice since she was close to done.

"Suits you. You weren't any good at that anyway," he chuckled in turn.

Her eyes bulged, swallowing down her barely chewed mouthful, "What's that supposed to mean?" she asked with mock indignation.

Frank shrugged, amused he'd touched on a playful nerve, "I mean you always had such a way with words. Like when you interrupted class to ask Doctor Schafer how his colonoscopy went."

"Oh god, don't!" she said, hiding her face with her free hand, shooting up and leaving a swirl of air around him in its wake.

"And then the best part!"

"I said don't!"

"You couldn't just let it go. You could've passed it off as an awkward moment we would've forgotten in a week, but you insisted on hearing everything."

"I was trying to be polite!" she pouted angrily, stewing in the lingering embarrassment from years past.

"Well, it got us out of sitting through the rest of the lecture, so kudos?"

"Shut up or I'll eat you too," she chuckled, riffing off the friendly energy they'd struck.

Her comment wasn't as friendly to his ears. Franklin froze, a jolt of nerves reminding him of his perpetual peril, "F-fair enough... Hey, you passed Structures, right?"

"Huh?" she'd already moved on to her next bite, not noticing his moment of doubt.

"I tutored you for that class, right? I don't remember if you passed or not."

"Well no shit man, how else would I be graduating?" she scoffed, taking in her

next forkful.

“Ah, makes sense,” he shrugged, his back starting to get sore from sitting up so attentively, “So our sessions paid off then?”

“Heh, worked like a charm,” she smiled around her mouthful, gulping with a sigh, “Actually taking his other course now. Really has me stumped with today’s task.”

“Oh yeah? Which is it?” he stood up, the need to stretch finally overcoming his limbs.

“Well...” she thought for a second, then reached over for her laptop and opened it up, picking it up and putting it on her lap. “It’s a coding card that he purposely scrambled up. It’s supposed to direct users to different template windows in an isolated program, but all of the function lines are in the wrong... uh, you wanna just look at it?”

“Sure! Sounds familiar, actually,” with his affirmation, she brought her hand down to rest near him, an action she remembered from last week’s encounter, and let him hop on himself. He approached her palm cautiously, though thankful she hadn’t just grabbed him again. Once settled in on top of her smooth palm, he marveled at the intricate details along her skin he couldn’t help but appreciate up close. When he was secure, she slowly carried him to the surface of her laptop to the left of her trackpad. The air rushing by was laced with her natural scent. To his quiet shock, there was a scent of musk on her fingers. This being her right hand, he didn’t want to think too much about what she used it for. When her hand returned to rest, he quickly hopped down and sized up the information onscreen.

“It’s not a lot, it’s just supposed to show us how to correct shit writing. It make sense to you?”

“Yeah! This is the same I worked on last year,” he marveled at the coincidence of it all, piecing together his recollection of the irksome assignment.

Erin was cautiously optimistic, raising a ginger brow skeptically, “Really? He didn’t shake it up a little?”

“Not at all, lazy asshole. Heh, okay, so what are you stuck on so far?”

“Eh-” Erin gritted her teeth behind a strained smile, “Just... I know we’re not supposed to add new lines, just rearrange, but it’s all random. I’ve just been pasting different chunks anywhere that looks viable, but.. Ugh!” she huffed, throwing her head back over the top of the couch in defeat, “Help please!”

Her over dramatic gesture shifted the landscape under Franklin, knocking him to

his side to find purchase on the smooth metallic surface, “Fuck! Careful, Erin!”

“Hm?” she peeked back down, then remembered she wasn’t dealing with her old tutor at his normal size, “Oh, shit, uh-” she leaned forward, forgetting her previous mistake and watching him slide along the top again, this time raising her hand to keep him from slipping over the edge onto her leg, “Sorry! I’ll try to keep still.”

“I-it’s okay,” he responded, picking himself up after knocking into her soft, warm palm. He was admittedly a bit flustered from the shock and contact before righting himself and returning to the task at hand, “Anyway... it’s not as random as you think. Can you restore it as it was?”

“Yeah, but...” she stared at her work, hesitant to undo the hours she’d already put in.”

Franklin took notice of her hesitation, “No worries, just open a duplicate card and start from scratch, keep your old sheet if you need it.”

Erin thought on this for a few seconds. In that time, a quiet, muffled pop broke his attention on her furrowed expression. Looking around the room, another muted groan brought his eyes to her abdomen. He realized now he could hear the subtle workings of her digestive tract, where four men that shared his tragic circumstance were even now being broken down by her uncaring internal mechanisms. His face paled, unable to look away from the almost innocently gurgling beast that was her tank top covered stomach.

She’d come to her decision, unaware of the personal drama happening below her eye line, “Alright, guess it can’t hurt. So what’s your big cheat, Frankie?”

“R-right, so, start at the bottom, that’s where you’ll find the base...”

“You’re shitting me.”

“Absolutely not, it’s that easy.”

“It was all just backwards!?” Erin raked her hands through her hair, flabbergasted at the hidden simplicity.

“Yeah, I think it’s his idea of a joke since he assumes everyone’ll try looking too deep into the bits and pieces.”

“...I hate that ogre man.” Letting the answer dawn on her left her more frustrated

than anything, crossing her arms over her chest, a sight that gave Franklin a front row view of the masses hidden underneath her tank, "You know how long I was working on this shit? All afternoon man, and it's-"

"Pretty much just a prank, I know. It gets all of us," he couldn't help but chuckle at her misfortune, though he was glad he'd been able to help her finish things up, "Ya know, you might've heard about his infamous ideas for homework if you actually talked with your peers."

"Maybe, but... people," she pouted, softly reclining into the couch cushions, forcing him to look up the plain of her gut and chest to see her distant face, "it never works out, me trying to mingle with other geeks."

"You grew on me well enough," he said, immediately regretting it as he spoke it, "eh, pun not intended."

Erin chuckled, her belly bouncing up and down, shaking the laptop under him, though not enough to knock him away, "Shut up Nerd."

"C'mon, you know what I meant," he scratched his head, playing off the accidental turn of phrase, "You're a lot cooler than you think you are, Erin."

"Me? Cool? Besides physically?" she feigned a goofy expression, grabbing for one of her blankets and tossing it around her shoulders and arms, "You must have me mistaken for another shut-in."

"I'm serious!" he insisted, having sat back down at this point with crossed legs, "Wish we could've seen each other more back at school."

"...Yeah?" her ironic lilt was absent from her voice, replaced by a gentle sincerity as her teal eyes peeked down at Franklin, "I mean... I thought you were cool too. You just always hung out with your clique, and I never felt like..."

She trailed off, her head in deep thought. In the silence, a quiet glorp sounded from her belly. In a moment, her right hand came up over the side of the computer to rest palm up near him, "C-can I pick you up again?"

Her voice was tangibly nervous, an odd tone for someone in her position over him. And yet, his heart fluttered at the hint of earnest want in her request. Despite their immense size disparance, she was still a young woman. A deceptively lovely young woman. Franklin swallowed a nervous lump in his throat, looking over at her objectively petite hand. After thinking about, he answered by standing up, hopping over the ledge of her palm, and sidling towards the center crease. Her warm, sweat-scented skin radiated into his minute being, finding equal parts curiosity and comfort in her touch as her hand

started moving.

He was tenderly carried up closer to her face, her large nose and eyes dominating his view tilted down to see him over her flattened hand. From here, the pores on her nose and cheeks were overtly visible, her freckles dotting across the plane of her cautiously eager expression while her bright blue portals to her soul poured over him. Her free hand came up, removing her glasses to get a better view of him, revealing how much larger her eyes seemed without the lenses blocking them.

Frank tried to maintain his composure, but the light swirl of hot air coming from her obscured nostrils just below her palms edge made it empirically clear how impossibly huge she was compared to him. Since being reduced, he'd never seen another human at this proximity, and the gravity of the encounter made his gut clench around the butterflies it was also dealing with.

She really was beautiful. Kind, quirky, relatable, almost unreal. Her pale skin contrasted strikingly with her neck length ginger hair that draped her cherubic face like a curtain. Seeing her eyes unimpeded by her glasses opened a new world for him to get lost in. Maybe it was the impossible scale from his perspective, but every detail that made her cute at normal size was elevated to an unearthly level of beauty, like she was the star of her own movie up on a huge theater screen.

When her hand dropped down, letting her breath wash over her hand and bringing him down to her lips, he felt a tinge of fear mixed in with his constant, aroused awe. He couldn't hide he liked this closeness, but seeing her mouth so close resurrected the horror he'd narrowly avoided.

"Erin, what are you-?"

"Can I kiss you?" the proposition flowed out from her lips in a hot cascade, rushing around him in its warm embrace before even answering.

This was the last thing he'd expected to come of his predicament. Like most tinies, imagining a future with any kind of romance was either a fools dream or a grim, unwilling reality. He'd heard of people using tinies in intimate ways, a concept that he shuddered to imagine before he'd been affirmatively labeled as food.

To be freed from that fate by such a lovely person, an old friend no less, and to be offered an intimacy he'd long thought impossible, he nodded.

Erin's lips curled slightly, a small smile to his consent before resuming her pout and slowly closing the distance between them. The first sensation he felt was the heat, the unnatural wave of humidity that emanated from the entrance to her body approaching him. A delicate but powerful precursor to what came next. In the span of a breath, her pink, barely pursed lips pressed themselves into his whole body. Really, she

might as well have been kissing her palm more than him, but the significance of her affection was no less lost on him. He sunk, apprehensive at first, then openly into the power of the kiss, like a hot, sun-kissed bounce house being gently pushed over him. He may have suffocated had his mouth not found space to breath in the crevasse between both lips. Here, he felt a moistness stick to his skin that made contact with the inner lining of her kiss, though he was still mostly covered by his makeshift napkin robe.

There was a light pop on his chest as she pulled away, distancing herself enough to see him again. His cheeks were bright red, clearly overwhelmed but happy with the experience. Her heart hopped profoundly in her own chest at the sight, quickly leaning down for another kiss. She enveloped him again, pressing slightly harder than before, letting more of the saliva inside rub into her palm and him. When she pulled away again, she felt an odd obstruction stick to her lip. Running her tongue over it, she found a torn, damp piece of napkin. Her eyes bulged, looking down to her tiny friend and confirming her blunder. The front of his robe didn't survive the second round, exposing him again to her, with his small cock growing to attention in plain view.

She should've expected as much, but she couldn't have known how compelled she felt to continue after seeing it. His speaking up was the only thing that stopped her from smothering him again.

"Sh-shit! I'm sorry, I can cover up, just let me-"

"No, no. It's fine," she whispered, an airy exhale that calmed his budding anxiousness, "It's... more than fine."

"...Yeah?" he asked cautiously, clearly hopeful for the best case scenario but not wanting to force anything, "I just, uh, I don't want you to feel pressured."

"I'm not. Are you?" her voice carried a directness he hadn't heard yet.

"N-no! Of course not! It's just a lot, and... well, I don't know how comfortable you are seeing..."

"I've seen penises before, Frankie," she answered bluntly, deflecting his beating around the bush.

"Sure, right. But have you.."

"Relax," she whispered, a secret reassurance between the two of them, "I want this. I want you."

Watching her lips form the syllables every man dreamt of hearing from up close sent him over cloud nine, his erection at full attention while nervously responding,

“Uhm~... I want you too,” he spoke like it was a shameful secret. He’d never have thought he’d wind up breaking his code as a tutor and instructor and wind up fooling around with one of his tutees. Life was funny that way, especially how this remarkable circumstance was only made possible by losing the rest of his life and liberty.

This time, her hand rose up to meet her lips, pressing him assertively into another kiss. This time, the lips didn’t stay still. They flexed and contorted into him, massaging his aching limbs and body while also making first contact with his yearning cock. He spread his arms, trying to return the favor as best he could, but ultimately helpless to contribute to her powerful affection.

A wet mass slipped out from between the lips, slathering up Franklin’s legs and groin before disappearing. It was hotter and wetter than anything he’d felt in his life. When it surged again, he fully appreciated the exponentially moist muscle sliding up his torso as none other than her hot tongue.

It’s slick, budded surface gliding smoothly over him, his legs winding up dragged between her lips as it returned inside. He didn’t mind in the slightest, his building lust was rising to indescribable peaks he’d never imagined in his wildest wet dreams.

With his lower half inside, her lips closed around him, deep enough to seal around his shoulders with his waist still within. Her tongue got to work while her pursed lips kneaded and suckled around him. They were a bit dry, and in need of some chapstick admittedly, but the nirvana he was experiencing won out over the odd rough patch of lip skin that compressed against him.

He didn’t notice when the light faded, replaced by pink, needful flesh that grew wetter the deeper he was pulled in. The attention to his crotch was too much to notice anything else. By the time he had popped out of her lips hold and slid fully onto her tongue, he could hardly register the violent change in humidity before the tongue flipped him over and forced him into the hard palate above. The air nearly knocked out, he found no air to replace what he’d lost when the tongue continued encompassing his whole body into the rigid ceiling of her mouth. Through the obvious pleasure being given to his member, a flash of his old fear resounded in his head. He shouldn’t be here, this wasn’t safe, they were still just playing, right?

Whatever sense he had was being broken down with each passing, slobbery stroke against his front, grunting and moaning through the slithering, oozing mess.

Erin was laying back, her laptop set back on the tea table with one arm across her chest, supporting her other while her freehand was on her cheek. Her jaw and lips shifted meaningfully around the tasty passenger within, caught between treating him gently and getting as much of the smooth flavor out of him as she can. Having Frank in her mouth was an entirely separate experience than the other tinies. He didn’t taste

much different save for the lack of sauces, and his squirms were just as inconsequential. However, the fact it was him, her tutor, her friend, her one time crush...

She was getting bolder with her tongue, letting him slide frantically around her maw into her teeth and gums, under her tongue, into her cheek. It was starting to be less pleasurable than exhausting, though his member still received its due attention for the most part. He was close to climax until she started experimenting, and the lingering concern he tried suppressing now took greater precedence in his head.

"E-Erin! You think we should-" the tongue surged him into her cheek, silencing his concerns. She couldn't hear him, of course. Too caught up in her own, personal enjoyment to focus on the barely perceivable voice in her mouth.

Her hips churned into the cushions, her back flexing in a delighted stretch, releasing the tension she was building with a heavy sigh. Her eyes were close, and she moved to lay down along the couch, facing up at the ceiling, continuously sloshing and sucking on her cute friend.

Frank felt the orientation drastically shift, now suspended vertically against the tongue over what he knew was her, thankfully sealed, throat. "This isn't safe anymore Erin! Let me out, let's do something else."

Too small, she could feel his voice in her taste buds, but what he was saying was beyond her care. She stretched and sprawled herself along the couch like a lazy cat after a successful hunt. That's what this had become, in a way. She'd made her decision. With the help of simple gravity and relaxing her jaw, she felt the mass that was Frank fall down the length of her tongue.

"ERIN!" he cried out, falling between the larger base of her tongue and the squishier membrane of her soft palate. Dropping past a glob of flesh, the cavern seized around him, collapsing and compressing violently and forcing him further along until he was forced into a tight tube. "ERI---!"

****Glurk~****

A solid gulp ushered him along, the wriggling mass squirming deep, deep, deep into her body. Her feline smile matched as she arched her back, following the satisfying lump mentally as it vanished completely. She hadn't been able to or wanted to focus on the struggles from the four randos earlier. Now, she needed to feel every twitch he could muster. Her hands on her abdomen, she waited for the delightful tickles.

The oppressive, hellish serpent that squeezed him deeper into the girl's body forbade his breath. Denied any sense of up or down. Teased him with the pounding of her beating heart and the swell of her lungs both pushing into and shaking his vessel.

He'd find no kindness here. Only the final surging shove from his prison into a wider chamber would provide him some reprieve, if only for a moment before the realization of his surroundings settled in.

That didn't happen until a pulse from the floor under him knocked him from his precarious perch, forcing him into a skid down the slippery slope of flesh in the packed pile of compact mush. He fell in with a scream, falling flat onto a mass of what smelled like rotting fish and spices. The slime that now drenched him was far thicker than the saliva he'd come down with. Basting him to the congealed mass of masticated, pre-digested seafood.

"Sh-shiiit! ERIN!!" he pushed himself up from the mess, trying to stand up in the slop as the pulsing chamber threatened any attempt at balance he made. Carefully navigating the slop, he stumbled through the muggy, swampy dark until finding a wall. The flesh swelled and receded in tandem with the immense lung above, and he wasted no time beating away at the slimy, giving flesh, "YOU CAN STILL LET ME OUT! PLEASE ERIN!! I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS!?" he cried fruitlessly with every inconsequential fist that beat against the spongy folds. His efforts did little to upset the cavernous gut, and his attempt to stay standing to fight his way out was in constant conflict with the lively organ flexing and churning around him. This would no longer be an issue as the floor finally gave way under him. Being so close to the edge of the digesting mass, he accidentally slipped between the pool of food and the stomach wall. Sliding along a thick fold several inches before coming to a stop, he found himself compressed between a mound of chewed rice and the pink, urging flesh.

Frank cried, unable to speak, move, or even think, encased in this latest prison. The irony of it all wasn't lost on him, thinking he was saved from this end by an unexpected ally. Rather, his mind was too busy barreling through several stages of grief while the sludge and ooze pressed into him. He could feel a small pool building around his feet, a tingling sensation creeping up with the water level, throwing him into a renewed frenzy to escape his oncoming demise...

Erin pressed into her tummy, trying to elicit more kicks from Frankie. She was sad he'd given up so soon, though the fluttering in her core hadn't dissipated just yet. The rose hue in her cheeks spoke to her excitement, forcing her to take a shuddering breath and sit back up on the couch. She wanted to contain herself just a bit longer. Until then, she looked back over her homework, glancing over the rearranged code and deciding to bring it to a close.

She ran the test suite, anxious to have her assignment over with when a familiar error code caused her face to drop, "Are you fuckin' kidding me!?" She smacked her gut in anger, addressing the guy she thought had pulled her through, "Way to go man, it's still bugging! I thought you said this was... oh wait."

Her frustration subsided when she looked at the end of her work, seeing an accidentally entered forward slash she hadn't intended.

"Uh..." she quickly deleted the slipup, then ran it again, finally getting the desired effect.

"Huh, my bad," her demeanor changed just as quickly to apology as her hand returned to rub her stomach, "Sorry for jostlin' ya... you still there?" She knew what would happen to him from the moment she swallowed. Yet, having come down from her lusty high, a pang of guilt rang in her head. She'd liked Frank, and ultimately, he didn't deserve what she did.

And yet, having him inside her... reduced to her food... a gentle smile blossomed from her. She stood up, taking the remains of her dinner to throw away in the kitchen before heading to her bedroom, though she was far from going to sleep.

Unbeknownst to her, her last morsel was still holding on, tormented by her bipolar teasings from outside her gut. The tingling had evolved into a fizzing sting in his legs as the juices reached his chest, and when the world returned to a horizontal position, he shut his eyes, to keep the acids from splashing in too soon. His consciousness receded into dormant horror, mindlessly taking the worst her insides would do with him before passing out. Just before he was fully gone, he could hear her heart's pace accelerate, her breath hike in tempo. A low, cooing moan resonated through her inner world, a somewhat loving sendoff to the dying man...