

# Late Night Foody Call

*By Ty and the1SwagKing*

"This show's ridiculous."

Emily spoke aloud in her vacant room while watching the exploits of a crazed big cat breeder going haywire on her TV. "There's literally not a single, redeemable person on this show! Well, maybe the one armed girl," She mused, crossing her pale, shapely legs behind her arms, most of her creamy thighs and calves exposed while wearing her teal pajama shorts. A white tank top hung loosely over her petite shoulders, nary a blemish on her lily white skin save for the rare mole or beauty mark, like the one on her right shoulder and left cheek.

Her freshly washed and dried long brown hair was held up in a hasty bun, a good amount of hair falling over the right half of her forehead, finding some healthy mix between elegant and sloppy. That might as well be her aesthetic, dressed in shabby pajamas which betrayed her simple, unreal beauty. Emily always looked young for her age, due to her small features and plump round cheeks, though she made up for it with an innate confidence in her gait. An attitude which showed off how attractive she knew she was, not as a boastful vice, but a basic truth. Aside from that all, she was humble. She loved her friends, her family, and wished more than anything to be with any of them right this second.

But the law was law. And absolutely no one was out and about these days. Not in quarantine, with threats of getting the 'rona around every Target and Taco Bell. She may have missed her commonplace trips to the grocery store the most out of every little routine she took for granted now impossible. Sure, she still could physically go; but all of the masks, social distancing and whatnot made it an ordeal she didn't particularly tolerate.

Not to mention her other habits inhibited by the quarantine. At the thought, her gut growled hollowly from within the cocoon of her limbs. Emily huffed, she'd already had dinner; a kale salad with chicken and avocado. It was meant to be late, so she'd slow the gradual increase in her weight that she feared without the benefit of her trainer and gym to burn off extra calories. Still, she knew what she craved. It'd be tricky to get, but she'd just have to bite the bullet.

Pulling out her iphone, she swiped through her menus to find the app she

needed. Then as her finger was about to hit the red grubhub icon, she stopped over the white, summer-y icon for tinder. She stared at the button for a second in debate, wondering if it was worth it. Another growl from her gut reminded her what she was supposed to be doing.

"...Eh, fuck it." She hit the badge, and the app opened up, immediately presenting her with some rando frat guy. Grimacing, she swiped left, hoping to come across more people of substance as she went. As always, the onslaught of guys was gag worthy, as cute as she had to admit some were. Admittedly, she had to let a few douchebags through her standards once in a while. Just the ridiculously cute ones. Finally, after the first couple of minutes, a small ping popped up in the corner of her screen. Smiling with her pretty, feline lips, she opened up her first match of the evening.

Luna rolled around in bed, knowing that she needed to get to sleep for her morning shift. Despite the lockdown, her position as a manager at the local Home Depot had somehow been deemed as essential, and she was expected to be there at five o' clock sharp, every morning except weekends. She let out a sigh as she sat up, grabbing her phone and unplugging it from it's cable on her nightstand, opening it up to look for something to do. Her insomnia had been caused by stress due to lack of interaction, so in order to self treat this lack of social communication, she opened up the good old Tinder account to try and see if she could find someone nearby willing to talk.

Luna looked at her options for people to match with, knowing that a girl deemed as 'alternative' such as herself was quite popular in her area, as shown by the amount of creepy messages she got as soon as someone matched with her. After blocking a couple of guys asking for feet pics, she started to get to swiping, needing to find that person who she could talk to. As she finished her swiping spree, she had only two matches, both of whom must not have been awake, as they didn't respond like she was hoping.

She took a deep breath as she set the phone down, disappointed in her results for the day, and tried to get at least a little bit of shuteye before the morning came. As she began to shut her eyes, that's when an enlightening ding came over her phone, and she shot to attention, grabbing the device and looking to see who she matched with.

Much to her pleasure, it was a gorgeous young girl named Emily, wearing



could hold her lust in for this woman any longer. Here she was, really turning down a chance to meet a gorgeous young woman, and for what? Some virus? Besides, it wasn't like she was in the age range where she was at risk.

*["Tell me, what would happen if I did, and big IF, I came over to your place tonight?"]*

*["Well..."]* she started, throwing in some light suspense to spice up her response, *["I've just been watching netflix all night. Planning on some light snackage too whenever grub hub pulls thru"]*

*["But it'd be awesome to just have someone over and, uh, 'Watch' netflix ; )"]*

*["I'll pay for the uber and everything?"]*

*["Really? Well I guess a little netflix couldn't hurt..."]* Luna sent the message as she stood up out of bed and got ready for the occasion. She slipped on a black tank top, and a pair of booty shorts she was sure that Emily wouldn't mind.

*["So when can you have this uber on it's way?"]*

*["Yes!!"]* Even over text, her excitement was adorably down to earth, *["Just send an addy I'll have them swing over"]*

When the car picked her up some twenty minutes later, Luna felt slightly ashamed of herself for going over to the booty call, knowing that she probably should have stayed at home and gotten some rest. But then again, just the thought of meeting up with someone tonight made her brain start to feel like it was sprinting all the way through a marathon. She was thrilled, and could hardly keep her excitement in throughout the entire ride, making conversation with the poor driver who didn't want anything to do with it.

Eventually, the car pulled up outside of the destination, and Luna had a grin on her face the entirety of her journey to the door. She stepped out of the car, and trotted upwards, her fancy sandals making a clicking sound on the concrete pavement of the pathway leading up. She knocked on the door, and with a smile simply waited for Emily to answer.

Luna was left waiting in front of the large looking single story home in the

middle of the hilly suburb, starting to worry if she had the right place when she heard a yelp somewhere inside. Concerned, she knocked again, this time getting a muffled response from beyond the dark double door, "Just a second!"

The voice that spoke back was achingly sweet and cheerful, exactly what one would imagine from seeing Emily's pictures. Patiently, Luna gave her the benefit of the doubt and waited outside as another minute went by. Then the sturdy entrance swung inward, a warm light revealing itself to the street behind the silhouette of a lovely young woman pretty much in pajamas. Her dark brown hair ran down to her sternum and shoulder blades, flung over her right shoulder where it pooled appealingly above her modest chest. Her smile beamed proudly into the night, emphasized by her deep brown eyes.

"Hiya!" her grin broadened then furrowed as she rose her brow in question, "Uh, sorry. Luna, right?"

"Yeah! Nice to meet you!" Luna said as she moved in for a hug on the beautiful woman who had been awaiting her arrival. She was a little disappointed that she hadn't bothered to learn her name, but wasn't about to let that ruin the experience she had pumped herself up for. As she withdrew from the hug, she stared at Emily with a warm grin, and started to speak.

"It's so nice seeing someone outside of work. I mean, I haven't had meaningful interaction in who knows how long at this point. Thanks for inviting me over."

"Right?! Feels like being deserted on an island, with messages in a bottle to spare, but everyone else you get in touch with is in the same castaway schtick," she giggled, reaching for Luna's hand and bringing her inside.

"Ooo~ Good grip... where do you work?" she asked, the corners of her lips curling into a lovely, feline smirk while leading her into the wide entryway. Her place was lightly refurbished, a minimalist approach one would expect from someone so young. The lack of decor or furniture just made the messes scattered against the walls and floor more obvious. A few posters of famous artwork here and there, some pictures with friends along a string of lights. For what could've been a house fit for a small family, Emily had managed to make it feel like an oversized college dorm.

"This place is so nice!" Luna said as she gazed over the large home,

intrigued at how such a young woman managed to get into a place like this. She could barely afford a cheap apartment on the sketchy side of town, and this girl if anything seemed to be a few years less aged than herself. She started to feel the sides of one of the posters, running her finger down the slick paper as she admired it.

"I work at Home Depot, what about you? How is it that you can afford a place as big as this?" Luna said intrigued, wondering if there was some way that she could make some quick money that Emily had figured out before everyone else.

"Oh! The one on Holland and Maple? I get some supplies there every once in a blue moon, maybe we've seen each other." Emily assessed Luna from head to toe with a mockingly inquisitive eye, then chirped back to attention, "Naw. If I saw you in the wilds, you probably would've already visited, hehe."

"Now as for me..." she brought her hand to her chin as if contemplating how best to phrase her response, "That's a bit confidential," she smirked, pressing the crook of her pointer finger to her lips. "Though I guess you can say I have some donors that help me not stress while pursuing other passions."

"That's..." Luna paused for a minute as she pulled her shirt down a little, and got closer to the woman who had invited her over. "That's unique..." She said a mere inches from touching lips with the gorgeous stranger. Her warm breath made the top of Emily's lip quiver as she gently touched her lips to hers. It wasn't much, but it showed her that Luna was ready to get right down to the action.

The brunette leaned back to compensate Luna's advance, then smiled into the gentle kiss and wrapped her hands around her guest's back and waist. Her delicate fingers traced around the contours of her clothes, finding her way under the hem of her dark tank top, grazing carefully over the smooth skin above the waistband of her raggedy shorts. When she pulled out of the kiss, there was a twinkling in the chocolate of her eyes.

"Wow~" her breath flushed out in a warm, swirling wash over Luna's well shaped chin down to her sternum, "Let's go to my room. Ya think?"

Luna grew goosebumps over the region on her lower back where Emily had been touching, amazed at how wonderful the first encounter had been. If this woman had that sort of energy in store for just a kiss, she imagined what a full on love making session might entail, simply nodding at her lover and

following her through the house, thrilled to finally be cutting towards the action.

Emily chuckled through how receptive Luna was turning out to be, leading her mindfully by the hand deeper into the open floor house to a room in the far back. What might've been a place for an office or workshop was her bedroom, right next to the living room. The room was much more cluttered with clothes and trinkets, with the exception of her bed which only bore the mess of her many pillows and heavy sheets, maybe a remote. The walls were painted a dark red in contrast to the white of the rest of the house, with far more posters, paintings, and pictures lining her walls. To the left of the bed on the adjacent wall to the door was a floor to ceiling window that stretched to each wall, looking over the valley of trees and growing urban developments below the hill her neighborhood was built on.

"My nest! It's not much, but that view. Kinda thing you'd love to see right before kickin it, right?" She remarked, pulling her in toward the bed while giving her ample space to take in the scenery.

Luna looked out the window in complete awe, not understanding how someone could grow so rich off of donations of some sort. What did this stranger's career really look like to garner so much support she could afford a place like this? She was speechless as she crashed onto the bed, and just stared out at the nighttime view of the neighborhood.

"This is all from donations? I really gotta know what your donors are payin' for, get in on that market, yeah?" Luna said, wanting to know how she too could capitalize on the opportunities Emily was enjoying.

The brunette smiled, slipping down along the mattress to close the gap between them, bringing her fingers back to Luna's hip, "Well, if you're cool, I might just give ya the inside scoop later." She mused, settling her body down with her head on Luna's shoulder, pressing her chest and hips into the punk girl's back. "Let's make that a soft 'if'."

Luna just giggled as she felt the curves of Emily's torso press against her spine, playfully rolling around so they were face to face. She giggled as she felt Emily's chest against her own, and wrapped her arms around the brunette's body, latching on just below her waist.

"Ready to get started?" She giggled, pressing her lips into the young woman lying on top of her.

The brunette responded by sneaking a hand under Luna's shirt, worming her way closer to the underside of her breasts while unveiling her firm naval. "I don't see why not... but we might need to start brief, I have food on the way."

"That's fine with me..." Said Luna as she grasped tightly onto the ass of Emily, squishing the soft flesh as she pulled her tighter onto herself. She enjoyed this, and wanted to show her appreciation by kissing her lover's neck, slowly sucking on the sensitive skin.

"Mmmph~" Emily moaned into Luna's ear, the promise in her delicious little suckling lighting her core ablaze. Her hand continued up her shirt, finding Luna's firm tits amidst the wall of muscle and fit femininity. Soon enough, she had eased under the tight bra and began kneading Luna's underboob, working towards greater delights just a few inches up.

"Hmhm, how do I taste?" Emily teased, leaning to her new lover's forehead and planting her own deep kiss on it.

Luna withdrew from her attempts to give Emily a hickey, giggling as she looked deep into her eyes, letting her know that she trusted her. "You taste wonderful. Like a strawberry." She answered with a warm smile, as if to amplify her comfort to Emily. She peaked her attention, hearing something in the other room.

"Did you hear the doorbell?" Luna asked, curious as if she was hearing things, or someone was actually there.

"Wha?" Emily was lost in Luna's playful charm for a moment before what she said registered. "Oh, huh? Oh shit!" She perked up hopping out of bed and smoothing out her shirt.

"Okay, what is that now, five? No! Six. Think that's good," she was mumbling to herself, but not so quiet that Luna couldn't hear what she was saying. Her new flighty mood was a marked contrast from how erotically charged the room had been moments before.

"Is everything ok Emily?" Luna asked, wondering why her partner all of a sudden seemed so jumpy. She had explained that there was a delivery for food earlier, so she didn't understand what the big deal was that had Emily in such a frenzy. "Do you want me to go get it?"

“No no no, it’s fine, I just,” she walked over to her shelf to grab something then turned around slowly. “Okay, I’ll just do this last one quick, yeah? Get right to it. Hey!” Suddenly, her big brown eyes were locked back on Luna, hopping back onto the bed with a tv remote in her hand. “You mind if I we finish up right now?” It was a strange question, no doubt she needed to get the door, right? But she spoke it so sweetly, like a kid asking for permission to stay up late. Her lips formed a precious little pout waiting on Luna’s answer.

"How are we gonna finish that quickly silly? We just started with the foreplay..." Luna said as she let a little giggle escape from her throat, not one of a mocking nature, more of a playful loving kind. She rolled her eyes to kid around, waiting on Emily to go to get the food so they could finish in a minute.

“Just... c’mon, it’s this thing I do. Say yes?” She really was leaning into the childish card, acting much younger than she likely was just to endear herself and get what she wanted. “Pleeeeeease?” Under the act, there was still that air of playfulness that seeped into everything Emily did. For whatever reason, she just needed to get a yes out of Luna, holding the remote in her hands hopefully, biting her pretty plush lips.

Luna laughed, looking at the brunette who held her feeling guilty with puppy dog eyes. With a sigh and a smile, she responded to the innocent girl, saying "If you can find a way to finish in the next twenty seconds, feel free. But otherwise, it's rude to keep them waiting at the door."

She brightened up almost immediately, the world a better place for the smile that blossomed at Luna’s affirmation, “I’ll take that as a yes. Thanks!”

Then the remote she held pushed forward with the end jabbing into Luna’s gut. Before she could react, a strange, uncomfortable pulse issued out from the device into her body. Almost immediately, a change started taking place throughout her being while Emily was already jumping up to the door. She took the remote with her, leaving Luna alone on her bed in a state of growing vertigo.

As Luna lay on the ground, she was incredibly confused as to what was happening. She was kind of irritated as her world went hazy, her vision blinking in and out as she grew more and more dizzy. The sensations were strange, as if the world around her was growing in size as she sat isolated on the bed. Eventually, she was able to regain her feel for the surroundings, and discovered something shocking.

She sat on the same spot on the bed, only now the entire room was larger than before, more so she was much smaller than before. Luckily, her clothing had shrunk with her, so there was no pile surrounding her as she stood atop the sheets, and screamed for help. She had to tell Emily that weird sex toy had this effect, before she ended up down here as well.

A loud thud resounded from the open bedroom door, shifting the air as it was followed by another, louder boom. The impacts only grew in prominence as voices carried in from the distance.

“I’m just down here. And it’s Jason, right?” The sweet, teasing voice was no doubt Emily’s, now sounding at such a high volume that it shook the atmosphere as it drew closer to where Luna huddled in the sheets. Eventually, the crashing stomps which were evidently the footfalls of the homeowner and one other newcomer wound up coming through the doorway.

Emily’s presence was another feat altogether. If seeing the room so gigantic was frightening enough, the absolute colossus the cheery brunette now posed was downright soul crushing. Her light steps made the earth quake, and the air swirled with the even the slightest move from her powerfully beautiful body.

Behind her came a tall man, standing in the doorway and taking in the sight of her room with a similar look of wonderment Luna had likely shared earlier, “Holy shit! How do ya swing a place like this?”

“Oh, I have friends I do favors for. I take care of them, they take care of me.”

“Ah! I see. So sweet little Em’s a ‘lady of the evening’?” Jason guffed, smirking at the much shorter girl while entering the room proper.

“Pfft, what, lil’ ol’ me~?” She struck a pose one might find in a Betty Boop pinup, then snorted with laughter, “Naw man. I’m much more into entrepreneurial work. And *no one* touches me unless I want them to. No matter how much buck they got loaded,” she stepped closer to Jason, standing on her tippy toes to extend her lovely figure in front of him, lifting her face scant inches from his now impressed upon smile.

“Uhhh, wow. I didn’t mean, uh... fuck, you should at least take it as a

compliment.” Jason wasn’t exactly smooth in practice as he must’ve been to get here, but Emily wasn’t as easily antagonized as one would think.

“Really? How so?” She tilted her head, cutely shifting her hair to favor her other shoulder.

“Y-yeah. You’d make bank as an... escort, if you ever thought about it, is all I’m saying.”

“So you’re saying I’m bangin?” She asked with an impish smirk, turning away from him to the shelf and reaching for a large bowl.

Jason brightened up in return, not having quite screwed up his trust yet, “Most definitely! Tellin ya, you’d be a million bucks at one of those fancy penthouse clubs in Vegas!”

“Aww~ you really mean that?” She commented, obvious sarcasm dripping in her remark as she hoisted down the bowl.

“Absolutely! Shit, whatever you’re doing with a guy like me, I’ll never-“ he stopped mid sentence. His eyes having had their fill of the view and trying to look at something other than Emily went to her bed, where his eyes finally landed on a small, indistinguishable flailing figure.

Luna waved her arms up towards the sky, trying to figure out why Emily had invited the GrubHub guy into her home. She desperately tried to garner the attention of the giants who loomed above, screaming with all her might, something that no doubt came off as nothing but little squeaks due to the size difference.

As she climbed to the top of the sheets, she tried to get the attention of this strange man, Jason, yelling as loud as she could while jumping. As she was about to give up and start to climb one of the two, he seemed to have locked eyes with her, a look of bewilderment adorning his face as he saw the miniature woman.

“Uh... Emily?” He started to say, leaning in closer to get a better look, “I think there’s a roach on your bed.” He raised his hand, flattening it out with a firm, steely resolve like he was about to bring it down like a vengeful god. If he thought Luna was a bug, it’d serve to say he’d try and smack her dead on sight.

As he swung back his arm, Emily leaped over to him and stopped his arm, pressing the metal remote into his neck, "No! Don't hurt her!" She yelled, pulling away with the device and bowl tucked in one arm while Jason staggered back. He didn't know why she attacked him, or what she did, but he started stumbling back, growing woozy with each second.

"Wha- but it's a... b-bug...?" He tried clarifying what was happening as a visible ache hit his head, making him fall back to the wall for support.

Emily, meanwhile, was looking perfectly at attention, watching him with a frown, "One, that's no bug. Two! Would your first instinct really be to just smack the shit out of it? Rude! And third, you might wanna sit down."

Her voice still carried that same joking tone that'd become synonymous with her, and before both girls eyes, Jason started changing.

Proportionally, he was fine. Those proportions, however, were swiftly dwindling in mass in a matter of seconds. In a blink, he was half his height, then he just kept falling like under the effect of some cheesy illusion before disappearing on below Luna's view past the edge of the mattress.

"Hmph, glad you came last, dingus," Emily spoke with a shake of her head, moving swiftly to the bed with her eyes locked on Luna. "Hey there! You okay, cutie?"

Luna sat on the bed, watching Emily make the same mistake as last time, using the strange device on the new man who had come to join them apparently, as opposed to just being a grubhub delivery man. Then it sank upon her, as though it were a metric shit ton of bricks that had collapsed on her head. Emily knew that she wasn't a roach before she even saw her- Emily had shrank her on purpose.

Luna stared up at the giant woman who she deduced had done this to her, and with an angry face started to yell. "How dare you! I trusted you, and you shrank me?! Why would you do such an outrageous thing?! I didn't do anything to you!"(edited)

"Huh? Sorry, can you speak up a bit?" Emily swooped down lower, brushing her hair from the right side of her head and presenting her petite ear.

"Why did you shrink me you dumb bitch?! I wanna be big again! You can't do this to me, grow me back!" Luna hollered as loud as she could, trying her best to communicate with the giant who loomed over her.

Emily heard the small woman's roth, but pulled back and looked at her with a frown, "Jeeze, don't have to be such a sore loser about it. Whatever, come here." As she spoke, her impossibly long arm swung over the sheets in no time at all and reached for Luna, clasping her huge, lithe fingers and wide palm around her diminutive body. Luna was hoisted away, feeling the ground fall away as she was encased in warm, sweaty darkness.

Luna was surrounded by the clammy palms of Emily as she tried her best to escape from the dark chamber, screaming for help with no answers other than the echoes off the walls in the tight room. She could feel the warmth of Emily's palms around her body as she nearly cried, terrified of this woman's intentions for her shrunken toy.

What felt like eternity within the massive girl's fist was only a few seconds, as all too soon Luna had the floor dropped away from under her and slid down along the stretched out fingers before going into free fall for a terrifyingly brief moment. Luna dropped down on top of a tangle of awkward warm masses that, to her fright, were squirming and pushing under her to get her away.

"Christ! Get off get off!!" a shrill, feminine shriek called out at Luna from under her torso, feeling desperate, clawed fingers flailing and groping at her to move off. "Angie, she can't help it, calm down," another masculine voice retorted, "Sorry, could you get off us though?"

Luna rolled off of the people she had landed on, confused at where she was as she recovered from being deposited from so high in the air. She looked around, seeing around six ,give or take, tiny people the same as herself. She looked around, seeing the walls curved upwards in such a way that it made them seem like they were in a bowl.

"What happened to me? Where am I? What is Emily gonna do to us?" She asked in fear, hoping that somehow the fellow tinies would have answers to her questions, since they had obviously been here long enough to get to know each other.

"Beats us," the same masculine voice spoke up, attached to a thin man

with long black hair wearing a suit jacket, light blue button up and matching slacks, "Did she invite you too?"

"No shit, asshole!" a stocky looking, younger man shouted in a floral t-shirt and jeans, "All of us matched with- AHH!!" The small crowd collectively screamed as their prison shifted drastically over to one side, high above the rim, they were able to catch a brief, underside glimpse of Emily's profile far overhead. She was smiling gently, scanning below her before her eyes lit up, and the bowl dropped down as she crouched like the world's worst thrill ride turned nightmare.

"There y'are! Hehe," she chuckled, lifting up another small human body and bringing to the rim of the bowl, releasing it from between her three dominant fingers and letting him drop in with the others. Obviously, it was Jason, who luckily managed to slide down the side of the container and rolled to a stop rather than just falling in.

"I think that's good enough, yeah? Eh, it'll do." Emily shrugged, swinging the bowl away from her and setting it down, tossing the pool of tiny people around the base until coming to a jarring stop.

Jason spoke first after the shouts died down, "What happened!? Who are you? WHERE DID-! Was that?" He was grappling with the same questions all of them were, and none quite had the answers. At the very least, they'd all come to a stop, no longer in the giant's hands. There was no time to breath. For the moment.

Luna sat and contributed her story as they all decided it to be best to explain how they ended up in this predicament themselves. For the most part, they all had the same story, asides from some dude who said he was just jogging outside her front yard.

Unable to figure out exactly what Emily wanted with them, they only agreed on one viewpoint universally. She was a major bitch for what she had decided to do to them all. They sat in fear, as Luna thought about the probable outcome for what was happening.

She came up with the conclusion that more than likely, this Emily chick was just a sicko, who wanted some Exotic Pets, or a few Unique Sex Toys of her own, and if that was the case then they just needed to find the best window of opportunity to escape. But for now, they were trapped, waiting.

“So she matched with all of us on tinder tonight, with the exception of you, Glenn,” the be-speckled man in the suit jacket surmised, referring to the stocky man who’d been jogging as the one exception to their mutual trend. “What else can we find out?”

“Why’d she sh-shrink us?” the mousey girl stammered from where she sat against the slope of the bowl, trembling. She’d barely uttered anything beyond gasps and screams as she was captured and left to watch the others pile in.

“More like how the fuck did she shrink us!?” The shrill, disheveled blonde with long, faux nails blurted out, “What was that thing, that scifi, dildo, whatever!! She used it on all of us, maybe it’s our way out, maybe-!”

“Angie,” the dark haired man stopped her, “that might be something if we had any other advantage. But obviously it’s out there, with her, and we’re in here.”

“Speaking of, where is she?” Jason chimed in, having settled his initial panic into the comfortable pool of anxiety and nerves everyone else shared.

The tense feeling of silence swept over the group as they sat in their places, petrified in fear for what this cruel stranger had in store for them all. They had no idea what her motives were, and were still yet to even come within a mile of the truth. All they could do was sit and wait in terror, wondering what the cruel woman had planned for them.

Luna kept to herself during this time, not participating in any of the crying or self loathing that the others seemed to be doing. In her own corner of the bowl, she was simply curled up into a ball, trying to think the situation over, never quite actually grasping the severity of her circumstance due to the extreme unusualness about it.

After who knows how long, the tremors of thundering footsteps returned, building in intensity until the void was filled with a cheerful holler, “Alright! Rice is ready,” Emily was back, calling out as if to a spouse elsewhere in the house. It was soon apparent she was speaking to them when their bowl was grabbed down from its perch on the shelf they were apparently stashed on, lowered down below the pretty giant’s beaming face.

"You All getting along in there? Hoping you cuties aren't gettin' on each other's nerves. I like to think I have grouping up compatible, diverse cuties down to a science at this point, so you're probably all cool by now." She grinned, met immediately with a wave of cries and questions she had little interest in answering.

"Okay! Everyone make space in the middle. This stuffs hot, so you might want it to cool off first."

The group backed up, nobody wanting to find out what she meant by something hot going in the middle, at least not wanting to take their chances. That was except for the jogger, a man named Glenn, who stood in place. He continued to shout up at the giant, not scared of anything that she might throw at him, his state of anger fueled by the thoughts of him being abducted, wanting to vent it on the woman standing above.

Luna on the other hand was as far back against the ceramic wall as she possibly could be, leaning against it in fear of what Emily might put in the middle. She couldn't imagine what something would feel like against her skin, especially if it was steaming hot.

Emily was aware of the one straggler defying her simple request, "Look man, you really don't want to be standin' there."

"Fuck you you pixie faced cunt!" Glenn raged up against the impossible odds he'd been presented, "You tell us what the fuck's goin on and turn us back! I have strong-- Powerful friends that'll break down your door and end you faster than you could blink!"

Emily rose a brow, but wound up smirking, "Heh, that'd be interesting. Still, if you don't move, I'll just deal with you now."

Her fingers snaked over the rim like huge serpents, striking from beyond and into the pit they were inclosed, grasping swiftly around the angry man and deftly hoisting him away. All eyes were on his kicking legs as he was first to leave their prison and brought up to Emily's furrowed face.

"Hmm... I don't remember you being this greasy lookin'... aw well," she shrugged her shoulders cutely, then pushed him forward to her pink lips. They popped open as he hit them, and his upper half was quickly delivered past them,

clamping around his waist. Down below, the captives watched with horror as Glenn's legs kicked madly, and then thoroughly eclipsed by her pursing lips and a thick slurping sound. When her smile returned, Glenn was gone, disappeared into the massive girl's mouth like a small noodle. Her jaw began softly shifting, getting a taste of the minor mouthful.

"Mmmmm~" her hum, conveyed her enjoyment, and cemented what she had planned for those in the bowl.

"Sh-she's a monster!" Angie shouted as they watched in terror at her cannibalistic act, delivered right in front of their eyes. "She ate that man just for insulting her!" Her shy partner cried, not wanting to think it to be true.

"No." Said Jason, as the light in his eyes faded, a dark realization setting in upon him. "Don't you guys see? Why we're in a bowl instead of a cage? Emily doesn't want to play with us, she wants to- *eat us*" He said as shivers ran down his spine, everyone else's pupils dilating at the conclusion which had been right in front of them the whole time.

Luna didn't want to believe it, instead opting into the mindset that this was just Emily's punishment for dissent, using one poor man to show the rest that her authority was not to be questioned. It was a display of power, nothing but an attempt to set them straight, after all, people couldn't taste good. It was impossible, and even at that, Emily wasn't *that* psychotic.

Whatever point she was trying to make, she nailed it in with a gentle gulp. In the dim glow provided by the string lights along the ceiling, they barely so her throat bulge out for a second, then returning to normal, slender and graceful.

"Ahh~ Okay, now is everyone out of the middle?" She looked in, satisfied her command was heeded, "Awesome! So, again, it's hot. You should let it cool down before going at it, maybe blowing on it will help? I dunno," she turned her attention to the side, her other hand busy with something. Her focus was revealed to be on a pair of chopsticks holding a small mound of rice. She eyed it for a second, then placed the pile in her mouth. She looked thoughtful for a moment, then a pang of discomfort washed over her face, chewing rapidly and swallowing down the small bite.

"Yeah, really hot. Don't say I didn't warn you," as they were left to stew in their fear over what she could've possible meant, she carried over another load

of white rice and lowered it into their bowl. Right in the center, the chopsticks released the rice and let it plop in the middle of the group.

Horrified, Luna felt the depth of their shared crisis crash over her as she stared at the giant lump of rice steaming in the middle of the bowl. She hadn't a clue what she had done wrong to warrant this kind of fate, but she was sure that there must have been something. She refused to believe that Emily had just shrank them all for the hell of it, there must have been some reasoning behind such a terrible thing.

The mound was steaming to the point of burning them all by proximity, radiating heat like a steam bath over the tiny people. The drastic rise in temperature must've been too much for the manic Angie, who started stammering nonsensically, "Nononono!... this isn't- I don't.... AHHHH!!" Her shriek was a god awful noise that forced everyone to cover their ears. Angie had thoroughly broken, and leaped forward to the only means of escape she saw: the chopsticks starting to lift away.

She hopped and latched around one of the wooden beams which carried her out of the bowl, much to the surprise of the one holding them, "Oh? You're not hungry? Wait-" she looked closely at the panicking woman until recognition hit her eyes, "Huh, you were the mean one... alright, just 'cause you're so eager."

Like Glenn before, the chopstick lifted her towards Emily's cute smile and shoved her in between, this time trapping Angie's lower half and allowing her to cry out high above the others.

"JESUS! FUCK FUCK FUCK! NO! NOOO! YOU CAN'T!!!" she reached out futilely to the wooden chopstick, digging her long nails into the wood and actually shaving off some of it with her grip. A last desperate plea to fix her foolish outburst while the wet lips suckled around her waist.

"Mmm?" Emily hummed, looking down to the crying group of five below with the screaming Angie still in her mouth. In order to address them, she removed the blockage feebly beating against her lips with a quick slurp. "Shyou all al'wight?" she spoke around her mouthful, a handful of shrieks permeating from her flexing lips before they sealed in a feigned pout.

"Let her out you bitch!" yelled Jason as they all tried to beg for the giant above them to stop her mad endeavor. Sure Angie had made a bad choice when she attempted escape from the bowl, but this was no way to punish such a

mistake. They were amazed at how quick this giant version of the woman they matched with on Tinder was to turn to homicide, and cannibalism at that.

Luna simply cried, not wanting to accept the fact that she couldn't help but sit and wait to see what Emily had planned for her shrunken people. She was nothing but a plaything to the girl she thought saw something beautiful in her, ending up a catfishing ploy to play some kind of cruel game with.

"Hmm..." she frowned, her eyes scrutinizing the individual who reprimanded her before a fast, thick gulp sent a subtle yet distinct lump down her slender neck, "That's not a very nice name. Are you volunteering next? I was gonna give you all the chance to have some food, but if you all want to be so unruly..." She trailed off, alluding to her obvious intentions if they continued showing dissent.

The panic died down, nobody acknowledging the fact that yet another of their people were just sent to the gut of the madwoman above. Nobody acknowledged anything for that matter as the rice cooled off, the people inside the bowl made their way to the center, grabbing individual grains and eating them.

Luna did the same, knowing that whatever Emily had planned for them, it was best to be fueled up and ready to go. The last thing she wanted to be was slow, and in this case it could mean life or death at the hands of this psychopath she had once thought as a good idea to date.

Seeing their compliance, Emily flashed a winning grin, "See? It's so much easier when we just get along! Okay, I have to go finish the sauce, so get as much as you can in those tiny tums," She giggled to herself, then stood up and briskly left the room, abandoning the lot again to an uncertain period of suspense.

They'd gathered around the pile nearly as tall as them, struggling to find pieces of rice that didn't immediately burn their hands. The first one to speak was the man in glasses, "Blow on them. The outside ones. It'll help," to emphasize, he pulled a large grain half the size of his forearm and brought it to his mouth like a piece of bread.

As they sat around nibbling at their meal, they were gleeful that the giantess was gone for the time being. It was quiet, until the shy girl from before started to speak. "Hi everyone, I'm Tiff. Me and Angie came here together, she

was my girlfriend and we just wanted to try something new by introducing someone else into the equation." She said, struggling not to tear up as Luna made her way to the girl and embraced her.

"I'm so sorry about that Tiff. I promise we'll get out of here, and when we do that bitch will pay for what she put us through. I promise you, we'll avenge Angie." Luna said confidently, covering up her fear that this was it for all of them. If she didn't remain optimistic then everything from here on would be hell, even more so than it had shown to be so far. For the rest of their meal however, everyone was quiet, eerily silent as they awaited their fate at the hands of the beautiful giant.

"You should probably keep eating," the man in the glasses said, "we don't know what she plans for us, but we'll need the carbs."

Jason turned away from watching the two girls with pity to stare down the pragmatist, "Hey asshat, give them a break! Obviously some of us aren't as at ease with the situation as you are."

"Suit yourself. And so you don't feel the need to resort to profanity again, you can call me Rodrick." he spoke bluntly, taking a large bite from his grain.

The cold response angered Jason, who's face grew to match the red of his hair, "Okay, then fuck you Rodrick. We know what she plans to do with us! You saw what happened! Same as us!"

"Consider this then. She had rice to provide, implying that she had a larger bowl for herself. The two she ate had antagonized her, and were thusly punished."

"What are ya, some Sherlock type?"

"Get your head out of pop culture. Considering she's spoken kindly to us, if only in tone, one can assume she has other intentions for us."

Jason's expression was incredulous trying to figure out Rodrick's thinking, "Are you blind man? She just ate two people alive."

Rodrick swallowed a lump of rice, "Sure. And we'll be next if we don't comply. Though she's a murderer, she hasn't treated us with complete malice.

Do as she says, and we might get a better deal than those sorry souls."

"Would you shut up already?!" Yelled Luna at Rodrick angered by his disregard for the lives that had just been ended in the throat of Emily. She was disgusted that he was talking in a way that made it seem favorable to just give in to whatever demands the giant had planned. "She just killed two of us for no reason, and you want us to listen to her? Hell no!" She said as she comforted Tiff, looking at Jason for support.

Jason was quiet, as though he was thinking harder about their predicament, not wanting to say anything to make the bowl more hostile than it already was. He figured that there was no convincing either side otherwise, and for now the best course of action was just to let it cool off for the moment.

Tiff on the other hand softly spoke up, taking what Rodrick had said into consideration. With a sniffle, she started to speak. "Maybe he's right...". Jason and Luna looked at her like she was crazy for a second. "Maybe if we just obey her then she'll grow us back? Maybe she just wants to toy with us a bit..." She finished. For now, one thing was certain. There were two trains of thought, and the victims of Emily's shrink gadget were split down the middle on their viewpoints.

"She was the first. She gets it." Rodrick stated, tossing her a grain that he'd cooled down a bit which she meekly caught in her lap, "Besides, you already did as she said before she'd left. Keep it up, and hopefully she'll treat you favorably. Maybe even let us go."

Jason was done talking, starting to follow Rodrick's logic but not wanting to just accept it. They just kept on eating.

Rodrick chimed in again, "Anyone drive here? Anything that can be tracked down?" Jason shook his head, looking to the girls for their answer. Also negative.

"Well, did anyone at least call their own über?"

"No man," Jason answered, a new realization dawning on him, "She... she offered to call it herself and pay... seemed too good to be true."

The realization that none of them could be traced to this woman's house

made them all nervous. They knew that there was no hope of a search team even thinking of looking here for them, and they were in Emily's possession until either one of two things happened. She let them go, or she decided to put them out of their misery. For now however, all they could do was wait for the giant to come back into the room and address them once again. It was impossible to even come close to predicting their future, and this uneasiness is what ate at them most as they sat in waiting.

They didn't have to wait long. Soon enough, the quakes returned followed by an eerily sing-song voice, "Alright, cool cats and kittens~!" Emily cheered, hopping into the room out of their view, but her visage ever prevalent in their minds while hearing her voice. "Eh, sorry. Even I cringed at that." She shrugged off her entrance, quickly swiping the bowl containing her captives from the shelf and over to her bed. She placed it down, hopping onto her sheets and bouncing the group up violently while she got settled, picking up the bowl and placing it in her lap.

"You've all watched Tiger King, yeah?" She asked, not really expecting any answer, "Shit's crazy. I know it's only blowin up since we're all stuck inside, but it's mesmerizing. Like when ya can't look away from a car crash. Seriously, none of you've watched it?"

"I have." one of them piped up. It turned out to be Rodrick, who was looking directly up at Emily's huge brown eyes, "I think it's a bit tedious."

"Pfft, okay Mr. Pretentious. What about the rest of y'all?" she scoffed and looked to the rest, then chuckled to herself with an amused expression, "Damn, now I'm saying y'all? Hehe, anyway, same question!"

As the bowl looked up, the rest of them simply answered with simple yes or no's, Tiff hadn't seen it, so she answered with the negative, while Luna and Jason both quietly said yes and nodded up at the giant. She was really trying to carry out casual conversation with living people currently being churned away in her stomach. They couldn't believe this woman's disregard for human life, disgusted by her failure to even apologize for getting rid of their comrades in such a horrific and brutal way.

"Cool cool~ You guys have enough to eat by the way? I'm sure I left you plenty, but barely looks like you touched it?" Her assessment was accurate, but brushed over what chance they even had to put a dent in the mound of rice with

what little time they had to eat.

"Well, if that's all you're havin'... then gimme!" she smiled gleefully, the chopsticks striking from above in an instant and grabbing the boulder sized pile of steaming grains, whisking it up to her grinning lips. Her movement was deft and exaggerated for comedic effect, depositing the rice in her mouth and sealing her lips around the wooden utensils. She pulled out the rice slowly, amused by the reactions below.

The group didn't know how to react as the chopsticks came down, scratch marks still visible from where Angie had fought to keep on as she was placed in between the same lips that the rice was now being set between. As Emily ate above, she took little caution to avoid leaving a mess, parts of her meal coming down and crashing into the group inside the bowl.

Everyone was silent, except for Rodrick, who casually brushed the grains of rice that stuck to him after coming down from Emily's mouth.

When the bite was thoroughly chewed, she was already moving on to something else by the time the group heard a small gulp resound above. The tension from not knowing what she was getting up to outside their view was torture, especially paired with their only view being her lovely person milling about. Emily bit her lip in concentration while tending to something to the right of their prison, her jaw slightly parted in her focus.

Then her eyes perked up, looking back to the shrunken people, "Oh yeah! Could everyone strip down for me? No rush, buuuuuut now would be good."

They were hesitant, but sooner than later all of their clothes were cast aside. They didn't know what Emily had planned, but they hoped that it was more on the horny side than hungry side of things due to her request to see them all in the nude. Soon, they felt even more vulnerable than before, with not even the dignity of clothing to shield them from the giant woman.

"Be sure to put 'em all in a pile too." Emily casually added, stiff focused away from them, not even watching as they all revealed themselves. Rodrick took it upon himself to step around and offer to collect everyone's clothes. Jason scowled, tossing his shirt, pants, and footwear at the dark haired man, apparently having forgone underwear in anticipation of his one night stand.

As everyone stood naked, Rodrick carried all the clothing in his arms,

looking up at the woman above them. He kneeled at her, before addressing her gigantic form from the bowl where they all rested. "What would you like us to do with these, miss?" He asked, showing them all how much of a simp he had become to their captress.

"Huh? Oh! You," she acknowledged Rodrick with a small smirk, reaching in with her fingers curled upward like a steep platform directly before them, "Just hand 'em to me. I'll get em back to you later." Rodrick did as he was told, dropping the pile of their outfits over the tips of her upturned fingerprints. As soon as they touched down, the hand withdrew instantly, moving around to her opposite side and placing them somewhere far off.

"Okay! We can get started soo- woah ho ho!" Emily had looked back to the bowl, finally taking in their nudity on display, "Look at the lovely specimens we have on display! Oh, sorry, *and* speci-women." Her eyes narrowed as she examined the finer details of her catch, picking up the bowl and hoisting it closer to her face where she could appreciate them clearly.

"Mmm, ya look like you'd put up a good fight Jason. What's your regimen?"

The redhead was perplexed, "Wha-? Why do you care?"

She cutely shrugged, "Eh, guess I don't. Just trying to be polite about how cut you are. I mean damn, right Luna?" Now she'd turned to the punkish woman covered in tattoos, sizing up her shapely form, "Ooo~ You're not so bad yourself! God, if only he'd taken his time getting here, right? We could've had so much more fun, you and I." Emily bit her lip, bouncing her brows with the obvious innuendo.

Jason looked confused looking over to Luna, then he remembered. She was the one he saw on the bed. She'd been freshly shrunk just before he arrived. His face showed regret, like if he'd have acted sooner, maybe he could've done something.

"You still haven't answered the question of why you did this to us! What do you gain from all this?!" Luna said back, angrily but not to the point of disrespect. She wasn't about to test her luck with insults or degrading names, just trying to hold on to her humanity and ask the question that had been going on since the beginning of their entrapment here.

"Oh you don't know?" she raised a brow and tilted her head, "I thought you'd have figured it out by now."

"We know you had to punish the other two for being loathsome," Rodrick contributed, standing up from his kneel to address her, "But please, tell us what you want?"

"Uh, this is awkward. I don't usually have to explain it," her hand rose to scratch the crown of her head as she looked aside bashfully, "Well, if you still don't know, for whatever reason, I'm gonna eat you."

The words came out so normally, and spoken with such innocence that struck a primal, cognitive dissonance within the group. Jason's eyes flared open, and Tiff trembled where she stood, backing up into the slope of the bowl fearfully.

Luna and Jason didn't even have the audacity to tell them "I told you so" as they were just as upset by their correct prediction that this woman had no sympathy for them, regardless of how much they obeyed and listened to her will. For her, this was nothing more than a snack, and they were the main ingredients in it.

"What?! You can't do this to us! We didn't do anything!" cried out Luna, who fell to the ground in horror at the revelation that she would soon be joining the previous two tinies in the pits of Emily's stomach.

Rodrick's face turned a paler shade than it already was, staring up with an almost over dramatic disbelief at the towering girl. Tiff was back to sobbing audibly, clutching onto the slope of the bowl for whatever support she could get. Jason simply moved to console Tiff as she wept, not wanting to escalate the situation any further. At this point, all he could do was try to make their last moments alive better than what Emily had in store for them.

Emily's mood stood in stark contrast to her meal's, smiling warmly over them like she just told them what she got them for Christmas, "I know! It's weird, but fun! And as for whether I can do this or not..." she lowered the bowl, revealing another she had suspended in her other hand while she conversed with the shrunken victims. Her brow bounced, and she began tilting it over above their heads. Soon, they got the chance to see what was in the tilting bowl: an

absolute mountain of white rice.

Immediately, the grains began pouring in over the shouting tinies, submerging them in tons upon tons of steaming, sticky grains! Though the whole mass was just trickling in, Emily at least having the decency not to immediately drown them all, the rising pile of rice was quickly overwhelming the helpless people inside. Rodrick was buried almost immediately, the others watching his incredulous, glasses covered eyes as they were consumed beneath a pile of damp carbs.

Jason screamed as the pillars of grains collapsed all around him, struggling to keep his head above the rising tide of rice as he managed to do so somehow. He freed his arms up as the rest were underneath, pulling himself to the surface and taking a deep breath of air as he recovered his senses, hoping to go back into the pile in a moment to dig out the others. He couldn't believe that she was going this far, making them simply ingredients in some sort of rice snack.

The downfall of rice went on for what felt like several minutes, but was only a handful of seconds. With the pouring deluge complete, the bowl settled into a new norm. Sticky, steaming fibers everywhere they looked. Jason was the highest compared to the others, with Rodrick at the bottom. All were trying with varying degrees of effectiveness to find the surface, though every move to push the piles aside were just as likely to cave in another helping.

Emily set down the initial bowl, smirking at the silenced group. With her hand free, she grabbed for another, smaller bowl she had nearby on the nightstand. This one was filled with a generous helping of a dark, tangy teriyaki sauce she'd prepared.

"Careful in there! This one might still be hot!" She called down, unsure whether she could even be heard as the dark goop dripped down from the dish and over the rice. It seeped into the bed, running between the mounds of grain deeper and deeper into the mix, flavoring the rice and people with its sweet tanginess.

Jason screamed as the hot sauce washed over his body, getting into his mouth and leaving him with the taste of the teriyaki that was being used to season him, making him taste better as he tried to spit it out, but more dripped into his mouth from his head. It was hot, but not scolding or even enough to burn

his skin. His plans of diving back down were thwarted as his body became sticky, catching to multiple grains around him as he lay helpless in the bowl.

When the sauce bowl had fully emptied, Emily returned it to the night stand where she retrieved her chopsticks. "Well, itataka- wait, no. Idatakai.... fuck it." She abandoned the bit and started digging in, pulling up the first clump of rice and quickly consuming it. The sauce made all the difference, turning the bland comfort food into an exotic treat. Not to mention the other addition, the first of which she found under her first haul. She could only see a leg and arm, but no doubt it was the bulky Jason from the look of the musculature.

"Mmm, com'ere, big guy~" she purred, plunging her chopsticks into the rice around the guy and squeezing, feeling the wood halted by the presence of a sturdy mass, "Gotcha~"

As Jason felt the pressure around his sides, he fearfully screamed for help, desperately waiting for one of his fellow tinies to climb out and pull him to safety for at least the moment. But none came, and he was soon raised high into the sky as his entire life flashed before his eyes. Was this really it? Did everything he worked for in life amount to just becoming some snack for this cruel woman he met online? Was he going to be nothing but nutrients for this young girl, who seemed to not have a care in the world for his well being? At this point, all he could do was hope she sneezed and dropped him, or some other highly non probable event to happen.

She was at least careful with him, the pressure on his torso not nearly as painful as she could've made it as he finally reached level with her face. The seductively deceptive smile that lead him here on full display, longer than his new body was tall, "Hehe, I'm sorry guy. I just want to get a closer look first."

Before he could question what she meant, a large pointer finger came up from below and brushed up his groin swinging back down to playfully flick to back and forth as she watched teasingly, "Think you can show me something neat before we settle our business? Def looks like there's more to show~" Her voice was quiet, almost intimate as her lips formed the words tantalizingly close to his waist while her finger still played with his junk.

Jason simply sat in the grip of her chopsticks, irritated that he was somehow growing aroused by the woman who had no intention but to play with him a little before eating him whole. This strange mixture of fear and arousal was something that he hoped never to experience again, and judging on the look she

was giving towards his now erect penis, something told him that might very well be the case. He couldn't stand it as was locked in place, a rice treat for Emily to toy around with.

"Ooo~ Excellent craftsmanship," she purred, running her huge finger pad along it's relatively short length, though it stood at an impressive size while fully erect, "Too bad we couldn't've had some fun. I guess it's only fair you know something though."

She raised him up, closer to her eyes where he was held before the bridge of her cute nose, "Even if you weren't food, I had no intention of sleeping with you, even knowing what I missed."

Jason didn't know how to process this information when he was whisked back to her plush, slightly parted lips, "After all, what would I tell my boyfriend?"

With that, she thrust Jason forward in her slimy mouth, cutely snapping around the chopsticks and sliding them out as she savored the sauced up tiny. "Mmmmm~ No' ba'."

As Jason processed the fact that he never even stood a chance with this cruel woman, he was tossed into the moist cavern of her mouth, feeling the slimy tongue toss him around, freeing him of some of the rice that had accompanied him up on his journey. That was before he was locked in place, pressure pulling on him from all sides as she sucked on his body to get the best flavor from the helpless man she possibly could. It was dark, with the only light coming in when she parted her lips, part of the television illuminating her mouth slightly. He could only wait as he turned around, seeing the abyss of a throat that his fellow tinies were sent down earlier, surely feeling the same emotions of fear and regret that he was at this point in time.

Emily sucked thoughtfully on the boy, almost lovingly as she relished his flavor. It wasn't so much his taste, that was mostly due to the sauce. No, it was the texture she loved. Savoring the minute wiggles and kicks they made when she played with them, and excitedly keeping track of where his tiny cock was digging into her tongue. It made her blush, wondering if she might even be able to bring him to orgasm by the end of all this.

Then she saw some movement in the rice. Wouldn't do if she was caught giving so much attention, so she slurped the squirming mouthful to the back of

her tongue and let him slip down with a decisive *gluck*.

"Ahh~ okay. I'll try not to just seek you all out now. Try not to get caught too fast though," she said as her chopsticks returned to the bowl, grabbing a mouthful away from where she saw a trace of movement to give them some liberty to get around. She wouldn't want to ruin the game too soon.

Luna grabbed on to Tiff's body as tightly as she could, knowing that the woman needed her support through this tragic event that they were both going through. The best way to get out of this was together, and as the teriyaki drizzled onto them from above, they could hear the screams from Jason above. It was hard to ignore, but they tried nonetheless as rice continued to be shuffled around them, as Tiff lay on top of Luna.

"I-I don't wanna go! Angie! ANGIE! I'm sorry!!" Tiff was in hysterics, tears pouring onto the rice around her face as she clutched onto Luna for dear life. The girl was mistaking Luna for her lost girlfriend in her panic. Her girlfriend who in reality wasn't too far away. Just a couple inches outside of the bowl, behind white cloth, smooth skin, layers of muscle and flesh, and the barrier of her belly.

Nearby, another pile of rice was snatched up, letting in some light onto the two girls, but still obscuring their view of the giant.

"Hang in there Tiff, we'll make it out together. I promise." Luna lied to the poor woman above her. Emily had been so cruel as to murder her girlfriend, and now was taunting Tiff before she was inevitably going to do the same. For now, all they could do was hope to not be spotted, or hope Emily ran out of hunger before that happened.

Luna had spoken too soon. A moment later, a wooden pole burst through the white canopy directly next to the two, nearly skewering them if they'd been just a little more to the left. The wooden beam didn't move again, but the two girls heard movement to their right, closing in where they lay. Tiff and Luna were both in the utensil's wake, and realizing this, Tiff went into a flurry.

"No! NO NO NO, HELP ME ANGIE!!!" she flailed, only serving to push Luna away, deeper into the rice. Unknowingly, Tiff just saved her comrades life, but gave up her chance to do anything about her own as the wooden beams closed around her, squishing her so she lay on her side, the wood pushing into her chest and back.

Then she was gone, pulled into the light. The vacancy left in her wake gave Luna a clear view of Emily's looming profile, smiling at her latest catch.

"Oh! You were the cute one. Sorry about your girlfriend, but I think we both know her attitude wasn't helping anyone, am I right?" her callous banter was clearly lost on the panicking girl held in the air, her painful cries for help inaudible to the others below.

"Eh... sorry? I guess... okay," Emily made an attempt to feign an apology, but shortly dashed the attempt and just slurped the girl up.

Luna was mortified as she crawled deeper into the rice, desperately wanting to escape the giant overhead, knowing that Tiff was as good as dead by this point. The loud sound of slurping didn't help either, as Luna took a deep breath and moved on from the poor girl who would find nothing but the bones of her former lover within Emily's gut. As she reached the bottom of the pile, she could only wait against the cold ceramic.

Emily had enjoyed another few bites since having Tiff, and she was impressed that she hadn't found the others quite yet. She still had one left, right? No! Two. Yeah, they were in there. Maybe they were deep under? With this in mind, she clasped her chopsticks together and dug them in deep, then began stirring the bowl.

Thousands of grains were thrown into a slurry of sauce and stickiness as they were churned and shifted around the bowl, the two people still inside being carried mercilessly along for the ride. When Emily was satisfied she'd shaken things up enough, she resumed pulling bites from the bowl.

Inside, the two people had miraculously found each other, and desperately clung to one other's arms as the last form of security. Hearing Emily resume picking up rice elsewhere and dealing with the shifts in their cavern, Rodrick spoke up first.

"So... I guess I owe you an apology then." His voice carried the same calm, cool tone he'd spoken with earlier, but his sweating, stressed face told the story of his own struggle.

"Fuck you Rodrick! I told you this was going to happen from the start" Luna said as she held on to him, knowing that she might need him for an escape

later on. In her eyes, his ass kissing had not only made Tiff's last moments more miserable, leading the poor girl on to the thought that appeasing the monster above had benefits somehow. That letting the woman who had eaten her girlfriend, and soon the girl herself feel good about herself was good somehow. For now, she could just wait

"Sooo... last minutes on Earth. Anything you want to get off your chest? Maybe try?..." Despite the horror of their predicament, the tone in Rodrick's voice held something offensively unexpected. A hint of flirting. "You know, since logistically it'd be best to induce happier hormones that'd make the experience more bearable..." Even though his words weren't registering with her whatsoever, he still tried pulling in close, trying to impossibly find some kind of intimacy even while hiding from a cannibalistic giantess.

Luna was disgusted by his attempts to flirt with her, especially in such a serious situation such as the one they were in. She tried her best to push away the obnoxious man, only thinking about one thing even as their lives rested upon every single move they made. If she wanted to spend her moments with one person, Rodrick was the last on the list.

"Get off of me creep!" she spat, batting away his limbs from her vicinity.

"Okay, c'mon. Would it really be so bad to-" as he tried reasoning with her, two wooden prongs buried themselves around his waist and clamped down. He clenched up in light pain, then his eyes widened realizing what was happening.

"Uh... nevermind."

Not a second passed before he was yanked away. Since he was still clinging onto Luna's arms, she wound up pulled closer to the surface before she finally slipped through his grip. Rodrick lifted away with a small clump of rice, and Emily turned him around to face her, a quiet grin growing at finally finding her next catch.

"Heh, the greasy guy. Very kind of you to corral your friends for me... hope you'll be as tasty as you were gullible." She sucked him in slowly, stuffing his torso in her mouth and letting him hang with his legs outside for several moments before slurping him in with her dextrous, pink tongue. Her jaw started shifting, chewing the rice and sampling Rodrick's flavor all at once. It'd be a

shock if he somehow escaped the gnashing teeth in there.

While still slurping on the man, her eyes looked down and instantly fell on Luna. The last of the bunch. She smiled fondly, and she saw no harm in giving her last toy some more time. Once again, the chopsticks descended, and she stirred around the tons of rice and single tiny woman, mixing her into the eclectic mass once more before swallowing her mouthful and grabbing another bite. The bowl was half empty now. Even if Luna tried to hide, there wouldn't be many places left for her to burrow soon enough.

Luna was alone, she would have to face the titan of a woman all by herself, relying on nobody else to help her escape the wrath of the monster behind her situation. It was pointless to try to push their interaction back any further, but alas she still hid amongst the rice, or at least the little bit of it that there was left. She was practically seasoning herself as she laid in a puddle of the sweet sauce that Emily decided they went well with, hoping to not be discovered, somehow.

All she could do was wait as the chopsticks gradually rid the bowl of her last bit of shelter, soon looking straight up at the face of Emily, who grew a smile as her mouth was full of rice. Her lips oozed the dark teriyaki sauce as she loomed overhead, knowing that there was no hiding anymore.

The immense lips which had consumed several people on this night were licked clean by a malicious, slick tongue, Emily's brown eyes baring down exclusively onto the last of her catch.

"ou know? Takesh shome effort," her speech was slurred around the food in her mouth still as her chopsticks returned to the bowl, zeroing in on the sole survivor, "but get'ing deliv'ry's alwaysh wort' it~"

The poles dug into the rice, barely clearing a few centimeters before hitting the porcelain base. No where for Luna to burrow and hide as they closed in toward her waist.

As the wood encroached around her, Luna felt it squeeze her tightly so as to not lose their grip at the same time she was losing her morale. By this point it was practically over, and all she could do was yell at the woman responsible, make her feel some sort of guilt for the terrible misdeeds she had enacted on this fateful day.

"You're sick, you know that? In the head. And I'll be doing my best to make you sick to your stomach as well! Fuck you!" She yelled as she was raised into the air, not expecting to get anything from the giantess who didn't seem to show a wince of pity so far.

"Mmm~, 'ou will?" she asked almost sweetly, brushing over the death sentence she'd be doing unto the poor tiny. Luna was hovered in front of her face for several seconds while her jaw worked around the previous bite. Her gaze stuck onto Luna's small face, trying to capture the little quirks and details as she reacted to the suspenseful lead up. To Emily, it was another meal. To Luna, the end had come. What all living things fear and spend their conscious and unconscious lives putting off had been thrust ahead of schedule. All for the lovely girl's appetite.

It tickled her, as much as knowing how much someone else was getting a kick out of all this. Finished chewing, she lowered Luna down to see her swallow. Hardly exaggerated, it was a commonplace, mechanical process: her larynx jutting out her smooth neck, the small lump jutting out and receding as quickly as it came, and whatever mouthful she'd just finished already disappeared behind her exposed, articulated collarbone and into her stomach to drop down over her victims.

Luna was swung back up to the precious lips that'd be her maker, though was suspended without moving for several seconds. Had Emily changed her mind? The girl could barely hope for mercy now, not as she was swung head and smushed into the perilous smile. Any second now, she'd be slurped inside, tasted, and swallowed away like nothing...

Surprisingly, it wasn't that easy. She was pulled back, enough to see the sparkle in Emily's eyes again. The girl had a glint in her enigmatically attractive irises, clearly intending to play with her last date. Luna could barely mutter her confusion before being pushed into another impossibly soft yet assertive kiss.

As Luna was hovered above the giant lips, having just received her second peck from the lips that served as an entrance to the tunnel which her comrades had been introduced to just moments ago. She didn't know how to feel, but she was smart enough to realize that this could just be some trick Emily had up her sleeve, not trusting anything that the giant might say for now.

She confusedly looked up into the eyes of the woman, past the nose which was nearly three times her size and yelling.

"What games are you playing Emily? Just let me go, or eat me already! I'm sick of you treating us like we're something to be played with, so choose either food or freedom. Because I'm sure as hell not a toy!" Luna finished, taking a deep breath to catch up with the lack of breath her screaming had caused.

The lips bloomed into a gleeful smile, a devilish smile that tried disguising itself as empathetic, human. Perhaps Emily did have some pity for the girl in her clutches? There was nothing gained from these moments she allowed Luna to air her grievances. As a matter of fact, she seemed tickled by the mixed revolt and acceptance the woman demonstrated. Like a matron shaking her head knowingly at a child's antics.

Though as expected, the moment was to be short lived. The electric smile swooped sharply over Luna's shoulders and pulled her out of the chopsticks hold. Her lower half hanging outside kicked against her chin before she slurped her in up to her waist, humming appreciatively.

Inside Emily's mouth, bits of rice and the stench of teriyaki and bad breath blasted over Luna's sense. Sticky drool slopped over her from above, below, all around! And only as soon as the tongue finally surged forward to cup her head, chest, and shoulders did the full liveliness of the cavity become truly apparent.

The mouth wasn't a stagnant cave; it was still Emily. Lively, active, excitable. The way the tongue slathered over Luna had Emily's cheery disposition oozing from every spit gland and taste bud. A harrowing juxtaposition to what was being done to the reduced woman.

Luna knew it was coming, the moment of affection only serving as something used to taunt her before the inevitable. It was no less startling however as she was submerged into the cavern of a mouth, drenched from the start as she was toyed with by the massive tongue laying in the center. She quickly made her way onto the tongue, wanting to avoid the sharp pillars of teeth that lined the entrance, but knew if she was going to make an exit she would have to face her fears.

As saliva oozes onto her from all directions, it seemed as though Emily was toying with her snack, making sure that it knew it's position by the movement

in her tongue. She couldn't get enough of the little woman, and she was sure to let her know how she felt through action. Luna felt violated in so many ways as she was submissive to the will of the pink muscle, trying her best to stay in the middle of the room as to avoid the long fall into the abyss in the back. Surely there was no coming back from that.

Where Emily had only allowed her previous morsels a few seconds in the mouth, Emily was determined to prolong Luna's stay indefinitely. Her tongue surged her against the hard palate, roughly coursing over her with its deceptively slick surface of greedy taste buds. As focused as the seemingly gelatinous muscle could be, it made many attempts to pry between Luna's legs and tease her intimacy and breasts. The small woman didn't have much strength or leverage to defend herself, forced to endure the tongue's suggestive probing. Did Emily seriously want her to get aroused in all this?

Then, through the cacophony of slime and bubbly flesh, Luna picked up a new noise. Not from the throat behind her, but beyond the slightly parted teeth to her right. She forced her head to turn, facing toward the alien sound while still being molested.

It was at that point that the lips decided to part while Emily let out a heavy, content sigh. With the light coming in through her curled lips, the shape of a spit soaked, dark haired man could be seen stuffed between the giantess' teeth and cheek. Rodrick tensed up, with his hand around his cock staring directly at the compromised woman, clearly shocked to be making direct eye contact with someone he was supposed to never see again.

Luna was in shock as she stared upwards at the man she presumed to be nothing but bones rotting away in Emily's belly. He stood there, seemingly untouched asides from the fact that he was just as soaked as her, and obviously had been roughed up a little bit by the forces that floated around within her maw.

There was nothing that she could do to him, pinned in place by the massive tongue which continued to play with her body, as though it was just a jaw breaker or something of the sort within her mouth.

Rodrick was well aware Luna couldn't move, and felt confident enough to start pulling on his cock again. He balanced himself with a hand on Emily's upper jaw while masturbating, and every once in a while, the tongue would bleed over the lower molars and brush across his aching erection, making him gasp in

pleasure. Clearly, he was enjoying this, even though they were all going to die.

That's what was coming for Luna momentarily, as the slathering muscle relaxed in a wave beneath Luna, sliding her down the inline of the huge tongue to the back of the quivering throat barely illuminated at the back of the mouth.

Emily sealed her lips, cutting off the gift of sight and Luna's view of Rodrick, though the sounds of his hand rapidly smacking around the cheek and gums stood out over the slurping madness.

"You're just as fucked as she is, asshole!!!" Luna yelled as she felt her feet dangling off the ledge of the tongue, knowing that there was no floor underneath them except for the belly of the beast who had all but swallowed her. It was disgusting that Rodrick still somehow found a way to make the best of his situation, viewing it as somehow arousing that she was about to die.

Fear gripped her as she prepared to be gulped, knowing that there would be no salvation from the giant who had audible giggles coming up from the throat which lay behind her. She wasn't sure where her own tears began, and the saliva stopped as she wept over her fate, knowing that she'd be taking the secret of her disappearance to her death.

There was no getting out now, all Luna could do was hang on for dear life by the taste buds that provided minimal grip, hoping that she didn't slip. It was terrifying, but not in a way she had ever felt before, so not knowing how to cope only provided more to the scariness.

The sloppy flesh surrounding Luna quivered and heaved with each breath filtered through the immense sinus hanging above her. Emily might not have even been aware of what was happening in her cheek entirely. What she did know was that Luna had slid back as far as she could without blocking her airway. And would have to be dealt with.

The rear of the tongue plunged backward, sealing off Luna's view of the mouth and smacking her into the uvula above. The pressure this created forced her farther back, her arms slipping effortlessly along the bumpy taste buds that preceded the gullet. Once she was far back enough, the body did what was natural, collapsing around Luna in an efficient, oppressive flood of hot, muscular flesh... **GLLURRRNK**

Luna felt the flushing come from underneath her, and she knew it was over. Any hope that she had of somehow climbing from the mouth was gone, and her body was quickly tugged down into the long, fleshy vertical tunnel that went to only one place. As she was being lowered, it wasn't long before her entire body was encased in what she knew to be the esophagus.

She was coated in a slimy liquid she couldn't identify from the darkness, but she knew that it was more than likely the mucus which was in Emily's digestive system. Hoping it was teriyaki, just to save herself from even more disgust that she was already in, she closed her mouth and tried to avoid getting any of it in herself.

The journey was long, with muscles compressing against her body, squeezing her like she was nothing but an oversized piece of chicken as she felt warm against the slick walls, knowing that by this point she was already a decent ways down the throat of the woman responsible for all of them being shrunk in the first place.

As to add an extra layer of humiliation, she felt the familiar bony finger of the young Emily press against the wall, tracing the lump that she must have been making on the exterior of the neck to taunt her snack even further. There was nothing she could do but wait for the gurgling sounds coming from below to amplify even further.

Sickly, squelching ripples ushered her along until her feet hit a tight bottom. This floor, of course, gave her fleeting support before it slurped in her feet and legs, the esophagus slithering her further through the hole and finally popping her out of the throat's vice. She only had a short distance to fall before landing on a mound of mush. The sticky consistency identified it as the masticated rice, and the gurgling symphony that resounded around her told her exactly where she'd ended up.

"That was someone else!"

"I didn't hear any voice!"

"Well it sounded like something whole fell in! Hello!?" a frantic masculine voice called out from farther into the dark gut. Luna's eyes wouldn't help her here, the sound of slimy, pulsating walls and muck were her only means to navigate. Up above, a muffled hum buzzed through the immense body

surrounding them. Evidently, Emily was pleased.

"It's me! Luna! You guys aren't dead?!" She yelled as she listened to the people inside, obviously the same as those who had been with her in the bowl earlier. She couldn't believe that they weren't dead by this point, fully expecting for all of her friends to be nothing but extra mush in the pile.

"Luna! Hold on-" the masculine voice called out, closer than they'd been moments ago, "Come this way! Before she swallows more!"

Luna followed the sound of the voice, marching on the mush of the rice to not get her feet wet in the stomach acid, hoping that would suffice for not being digested for now.

"Okay, you're right here, just-"

The voice she could now identify as Jason's was cut off by a thundering quake. The chamber around them tilted forward to a forty-five degree angle, knocking all of the contents inside across. All too soon, the belly oriented itself back upright, throwing the occupants around again, but thankfully knocking Luna directly onto Jason.

"Ah!... H-hey!" Strong arms grabbed her own, suspending her up as he was laid against the slimy stomach floor, "Are you okay? No bites?"

"No. Is everyone still alive?" I asked, anxious about the state of everyone else in Emily's gut. The horrid smell and sounds that came from the walls didn't bode well, but maybe they had a plan for getting out of here.

Jason sighed, crawling out from under her and sitting up against the wall, "Glenn lost his legs and bled out before I got here. Angie's a bit ragged, but at least came down intact."

"Yeah, thank christ!" a sarcastic, shaky cry shot back at Jason from farther down, accompanied by quieter whimpers right near the source.

Jason didn't answer, instead keeping his attention on Luna, "Sorry if I came on strong when you... arrived. I'm waiting on that piece of shit to get down here."

"Yeah... he- he was jerking off."

"What?" Jason asked, dumbfounded.

"She got him before me, but when I was in her m-mouth," she trembled at her own recounting, "He was in her cheek masturbating. To me being... tasted."

"That son of bitch," Jason growled, clenching his slimy fists in the dark.

Luna felt the smallest comfort in sharing the redheads fury, "Yeah, I'd like to drown him before he even lands, personally." Likely, Rodrick was probably still kicking above, if not crushed in between Emily's molars by now.

Meanwhile, she wanted to focus on the innocent victims with her now, keeping them all alive and moving. "Did you guys have any plans to get out of here? We need to move fast, I'm not sure how long we can live down here." She asked Jason, knowing that surely they had at least discussed a course of action, or brainstormed a game plan. They had been here longer, maybe they had talked something out that she couldn't have thought of.

Jason didn't answer immediately, finding her shoulder in the dark and putting his hand on it, "We... we tried the exit. It won't budge." He hesitated to elaborate, but the tone in his voice made it clear. The only way out was up, and Emily wasn't likely to go back on her actions now. "I do agree on the whole drowning thing when he comes down though." his grip squeezed her shoulder, a fond gesture of mutually reluctant acceptance. Jason was trying to be strong in all this, with his one last hope on it's way for him to beat soon enough.

"We've got to try harder! All of us at the same time! There's no way that it's inescapable, there's always a way out!" Luna said in a panic, jumping into the acid and feeling around for the exit in a desperate attempt to stop the inevitable. She cried as she couldn't find it, instead looking up. "Come on, we've all got to try it! There's got to be a way! You ever eat a bunch of living, squirming things? I'm sure we can upset her stomach! C'mon!"

"Luna," Jason's response was strained. Obviously he wanted to help her, but his resolve hindered his will. "Luna, just... just hold on, stop!" He finally had to grab her hands and pull them out of the viscous puddle to focus on him, "It's not a matter of numbers. It's like prying a car out of a vacuum seal. We're not enough. Not to mention... well, with how confident she was, how often do you think she's done this?"

"Th-then what are supposed to do?! Just wait to dissolve like the rice!? We've got to try!" Luna said, though she knew deep down that Jason was right. She just wasn't ready to admit that her final resting place would be wherever Emily decided to next use the restroom. There was no way out, all she could do was wait with the others for the body to take its natural course of action, and dissolve her into nothingness, deep inside of this cunning, cruel-minded monster who ate them.

Jason flung his arms around her, holding her tightly, "I know, I know. Fuck this, fuck her, fuck everything," his voice quavered pitifully, revealing the broken man he was trying to repress, "It just... I'm sorry, but I'm here. We're here together." As he shouted his variably successful comfort, another booming noise resounded above drawing his attention upward, "But the least we can do is kick this guys ass, right?"

"Yeah, I guess. I don't really wanna talk. If I'm about to die, I want some time to myself to think everything over, process my life. From my first memories, to my last. Just give me some space." Luna said as she made her way away from the group, isolating herself to think over stuff.

Jason nodded, then waded closer to the larger space in the gut where the entrance hung overhead, waiting for the sick freak that worsened their last night alive would be plummeting in any second now....

Emily swallowed her mouthful, the rice now entirely gone with her catch of the night. With her guests inside her, she gave them the luxury of sitting up perfectly still and straight up, to not jostle them around so much quite yet. She hummed in satisfaction, fondly recalling which ones had been the tastiest of the bunch. In her last gulp, she'd tasted a little extra saltiness before swallowing, knowing that the dark haired boy had found release by the time the meal was over with. Now her game was done, and her craving satisfied.

She fished her tongue into her cheek and opened wide, bringing up to lithe fingers to grab the soaking man sprawled across her tongue. He was panting in post-orgasmic bliss, dangling from her fingers with a delirious smile on his sopping wet face.

"Hmhm, so how was it tonight, sweetie?" Emily asked, biting her lip at the obvious euphoria she induced simply by eating her meal.

Rodrick needed a moment to catch his breath before answering, taking off his glasses which had by now become non functional from the heavy drool smearing the lenses, "Amazing babe... and that last girl... god damn! You know how to pick 'em."

"Hehe, I liked her too," she grinned, then put on a playful scowl, "You didn't try anything with her while I left you alone, right?"

He knew it was an act, but playing into her exaggerated treatment of him was most of the fun, "Uh, no! Course not!"

She raised a brow, and squeezed his shoulders briefly to emphasize her power. The force caused him to wheeze briefly before backpedaling, "UGH! Uhh, maaaybe I made a move in the rice, but she wasn't receptive.... and you got me too soon."

Emily huffed, a playful noise which also implied some annoyance, "What? I'm not enough for you?"

"Babe, c'mon! You know you'll always be top billing in my book. I mean... I gave you this place for a reason." No matter what he did, it would always be clear he would always value her over any random girl that was lured to their house.

"Besides, after what you pulled with Luna? Are you really in any position to-"

"Not the same!" Emily cut him off, "Obviously I can fool around. I wear the pants here." She winked, giggling at the evident dynamic imbalance she loved to tease him with.

Rodrick only sighed, "Sure, fair enough. You've already made my dreams come true, and then some..."

"Aww~" she smiled fondly, swinging him to her lips for a big smooch, punctuated by a little lick that stirred his emotions like crazy, "Okay Sweetie, back to Tiger King?"

As things went calm in the stomach with the cease of incoming bolus, aside from the gurgling of the immense organic system all around them, the tiny people sat in shifting darkness, not knowing how to live with what had just happened to them. It remained this way, until the sounds of Angie screaming were heard from the entire room, echoing off the fleshy walls for all to hear at an amplified level.

She was the first in, so naturally it was to be that she was the first to go. As she screamed, she felt the acid finally break through her skin, starting to flood her body as she hollered for someone, anyone to help her. Nobody dared to come near, except for Tiff, who stood by her side hoping to somehow convince her to hang on for life.

It was pointless however, as within a minute or so the acids had broken down vital pieces of the woman's organs, and she lay still in the pool, floating for a moment before sinking down into the fluid. Everyone was silent as they realized they too would soon meet a similar fate, painful no doubt from the immense screaming that came from the now deceased member of their alliance.

The only reaction given by Emily, a loud burp that shook the entire structure, throwing them all around, with Luna landing on a mushy pile of what used to be rice. She had no idea what she was to do, except lay there and accept she was destined to be fat on Emily's ass and thighs.

The tv lit the room in a dim glow that juxtaposed nicely with the view of the neighborhood below lit up for the evening. Emily had piled her pillows up to lay against at an angle, placing her miniature lover at the crux of her cleavage where he reclined against her collarbone. Their usual game always took a lot out of him, but being the reason he propositioned all of this to her in the first place, he wouldn't sit aside for the world. And when she started initiating the suggestions to invite new victims over, he knew he'd found a ringer to share his life with.

"Yeah, she definitely fed her husband to the tigers." Emily commented out of the blue. "Huh? Wha-" Rodrick wasn't really watching, just resting on her chest and listening to the sound of her heart, breath, and the quiet gurgles from deeper within.

"The fish oil comment. She one hundred percent fed her husband to the

cats. She's not even being subtle!" she crossed her arms and laughed, putting Rodrick through the one two whammy of being compressed by her modest breasts and shaken by her amusement.

"That's one way to do it I guess," he chuckled with her, brushing her skin as if to reassure her he was in agreement.

"Yeah, but there's an art to this kind of... whatever man. Shit's wild," she shrugged and nestled back in, returning to just blindly enjoying the show. Rodrick had nothing to complain about. Even the sheen of sweat he had to endure while snuggled up to her on such a hot night was a gift in his eyes. She was his monster, his muse. His queen.

"By the way," she chimed in, "I think I'm gonna start getting more things to decorate. Everyone tonight was surprised that I lived in this guy palace. Think I can work on the details if I'm actually gonna be living here, yeah?"

Rodrick nodded, leaning fully against her and sighing happily, "Whatever you want. The world's your oyster, love."

She grinned out of his sight, bringing a finger up to gently stroke his torso in a loving way. Her content air washed over him, laced with the scent of rice, sauce, and the memory of the people she'd consumed tonight.

"Hmm~ Sounds yummy."