

I've totally lost track of time. I have no idea how long I've been small, or even what could have possibly caused it. All I know is that, weirdly enough, I've gotten used to my new life as a two-inch-tall bum. At first I missed a lot of things from the normal world, but this height has grown on me. Jen's home has become my entire world. We both agree that I really shouldn't go outside since a random bird or cat wouldn't be nearly as hospitable as Jen was when she found me. It's a simple life, and it can be pretty repetitive, but I've honestly started to like it more than life before I was small.

Our first encounter feels so distant now. That was such a weird night. I never in my life thought I would be inside of another person's mouth, and I especially never thought that I'd like it. Since then, it hasn't ever happened again. As much as I loved every second of it, I get really embarrassed when I try to ask her if we could do it again. I can't just casually bring it up, and I don't know how'd she react if I were to say anything, so I just keep it to myself.

One night, we were watching a movie together on a laptop in her bed. She had her back propped up on the bed frame with the laptop sitting, well, on her lap. I was sitting right above her stomach with my back leaning into one of her breasts. I don't really remember what the movie was about. I really wasn't paying it much attention at all. Most of my attention was on the sounds and the vibrations of her stomach. Alongside watching the movie, she was eating a bag of chips.

I was totally zoned out, entranced by the sensation of being totally surrounded by the gurgles of the stomach and the sound of her swallows coming from behind me. With every groan her stomach let out, I could feel her body shake. Suddenly, my trance-like state was violently interrupted by Jen jolting upwards. "Ow, crap!" she snapped, clenching at her stomach. She reached out with her hand and swatted at the laptop to pause the movie.

I peaked up over her breasts to see her face. "What's wrong?!" I said with worry.

She winced in pain. "I got a ch-..." She paused as she painfully swallowed. "- a chip stuck in my throat." She grabbed a cup that she had sitting beside the bed and drank from it. She swallowed and let out a pained breath. "There was a really thick and hard one that I thought I could just swallow..." She took another swallow of the drink to no avail. "Man, it's really stuck..."

She picked me up and set me down on the bed beside her. "Wow, it's way deep in there. I don't know how I'm gonna get it out." She gripped at the pained area, which was right above her stomach.

"I- I could get it," I said quietly.

"What? You gotta speak up. We've been over this," she said in a slightly raspy voice.

"I could get it out," I said nervously. I was still feeling enticed by the sounds of her stomach and accidentally let my fantasy do the talking.

She looked shocked at what she heard, understandably so. "What? How would you get it?"

I realized this was my chance to finally indulge in my weird fantasies. "You could tie me to a string and swallow me and I could dislodge it, I guess." It was a bit too obvious in my delivery that I didn't just come up with that, but rather that I had clearly put way too much thought into that idea beforehand.

She stared at me with a dumbfounded look. "You're really willing to do that?"

I blushed and nodded.

She thought in silence for a bit before shrugging. "I'm not sure this is a good idea, but-" Her sentence was abruptly cut off as she winced in pain. "...but this hurts too much to leave it this way."

It took a while, but she found a lengthy and strong piece of string as well as a tiny LED light that I could wear like a belt. I tied it around myself very securely, and, after we made sure it wouldn't come loose, we got ready to go through with my crazy plan. She sat on the side of the bed and clasped me in her hand. She looked a bit worried, but anytime the pain stung, her worry would be replaced with annoyance.

"Alright, you ready, little guy?" she asked, holding me right in front of her face.

"Yup," I said, trying to hold back my excitement.

She took a deep breath and then parted her lips, revealing the maw that I had missed so much. Her mouth stretched open wide, presenting a deep view all the way towards the back of her throat. Her warm breath washed over me, smelling of chips and soda. Not nearly as pleasant as last time. She brought her hand closer to her mouth, and, as if I were another chip, she popped me right in. I landed on her tongue, face down. I sprawled across it and let myself sink into the restless muscle, letting myself enjoy the sensation I had missed so much.

My enjoyment was cut short as her tongue quickly started to jolt around. "Are you ready?" she asked, whipping me around wildly, smushing me against the roof of her mouth a few times in the process.

After I got my bearings back together from the whiplash, I shouted "Yes!" as loudly as I could. After a second, her lips sealed shut behind me, encasing me in the warm, dark atmosphere of her maw. I sank my face into the soft flesh of her tongue, bracing myself for what was to come. I felt her tilt her head back, causing gravity to pull me towards her throat. I slid down her tongue until I was positioned under her uvula, which grazed my cheek as I slid past. My heart was beating rapidly and my breathing was quickened in anticipation. Her tongue then pressed against the roof of

her mouth, sending my body into her throat. Briefly, I was seated in a space behind her tongue and her throat before I heard the most incredible sound in my life.

-GLURK!-

The fleshy walls opened from under me and I fell into the newly formed gap. Rapidly, the opening above me vanished as I was squeezed into her esophagus. The soft and slimy, yet strong flesh kneaded into my body. I worked my arms down against the walls of her throat and turned on the LED light. Due to the light's position around my waist, it didn't illuminate my view as well as I had hoped, but it was better than pitch black. I was totally encased in pink walls, rhythmically pulsating downwards.

I could hear Jen say something when I turned on the light, but I couldn't make out anything but the vowels. Slowly, the muscles in her throat pulled me deeper and deeper into her body. I could hear the gastric sounds of her stomach growing louder and louder, as well as the busy beating of her heart, which was pounding rather quickly. As crazy as it sounds, the sensation of being pulled and squeezed by her throat was like an all-enveloping hug, and I never wanted it to end. I zoned out heavily, totally enamoured by all of the sensations.

I came to a halt when I pressed against something hard. It was the chip. Her throat kept trying to push me further, but the chip was blocking my progression. I grabbed around the chip and angled it to where it could easily continue its journey to her stomach. As soon as I dislodged the chip, a long relieved moan echoed throughout her body. With the chip out of the way, I continued my way down towards her stomach.

When I came up with this plan, I never put any thought into how I was supposed to let her know when to pull me out. I noticed that I could no longer hear her heart, and that the sounds of her stomach had gotten a lot louder, and a strong acidic smell had filled the air. I felt her throat become tighter and tighter, until my head poked into a very open space. I had made it to her stomach. The rest of my body worked its way into her stomach, but instead of splashing down into the mess of soggy ships and stomach acid below, the string caught me and kept me suspended above it all.

Her stomach was hard at work digesting her snack. The walls of her stomach were churning the food around wildly. I reached up and knocked on the flesh above me. The stomach walls were a lot slimier than that of her throat and were shaped with a ton of twists and folds. After a moment, I felt the string tug from the other end. I was pulled headfirst back into the tight space I had just squeezed through.

Getting out was a lot harder than getting in. It felt like everything was way tighter as I was being dragged against the natural flow. I entered back into her esophagus and continued being hoisted back up. I could feel the muscles in her throat try to pull me back down, but Jen's pull on the string was stronger than the pull of her throat.

I could hear her heart beating again, and the acidic smell started to fade away. Within seconds, I had been pulled all the way back into her mouth. I splayed out across her tongue and gave it a hug. The squeezing of her body's muscles had totally worn me out. After I had a second to breath, I looked ahead and saw her lips part open. On the outside sat her open palm, and very quickly I found myself falling right into it.

"Oh man, dude, I didn't mean for you to go that far. Are you okay? I didn't like digest your leg off or something?" Jen said in a rush of words.

"I'm okay," I said between heavy breaths, "Just really, really worn out."

Jen let out a sigh of relief. She lowered my out of her hand and onto a towel. "So, like, how was it?" she asked, beaming of genuine curiosity.

I racked my brain for words. Slowly and choppily, I began to speak. "It was dark... and slimy... and really tight.... but, like in the best way possible? I don't know it makes no sense, but... somehow I liked it- loved it, even..."

She sat there and processed what I had just said, but then proceeded to giggle. "You know, you're so weird." She grabbed me from the towel and pulled me up towards her lips. She gave me a light kiss, her lips fully covering my head in pillowy flesh. "But," she added, "I like it that way."