Two little thieves

By Hozomat

Summary: Taylor (PoV) and their partner Phoebe just got shrunken and caught by Charlene. She teases them briefly before eating them both, then proceeds to have a casual phone conversation, ignoring the painful fate of her snacks.

TAGS: Giantess vore, Oral vore, Macro/micro, shrunken prey, F/F, F/PoV, Digestion, Unwilling prey, Casual pred, Prey PoV

[Note: Charlene has a posh English accent with a cold, uptight mannerism.]

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PHOEBE: *(Distraught)* Taylor, wake up! Hey! Wake up! It's me, Phoebe!

There you go! Are you alright? You were gone for a solid minute!

What do you mean "what happened?" You don't remember? We were doing our usual harvest... Y'know, "I distract people with some fake NGO bullshit while you pick their pockets", yeah? Rings a bell?

Alright, you still have a brain, cool. Well, uhm... Do you recall our last target? The tall brunette, freckles, round glasses, in the middle of nowhere at the park? Yeah, so... I don't- uh, I don't know how, but like... She shrank us!

No I'm not shitting you! I'm serious! I approached her as usual, you came from behind, and as soon as she spotted you, she... Look I'm not even sure if it really happened but I clearly remember you and I sitting in the palm of her hand, you were unconscious, and now here we are, inside her handbag!

(Fed up) No, I'm not high either! Just look around you, that's leather, real fucking leather!

(Inhales) Listen. We gotta get out of here. I don't know where we are but she has stopped moving, so now's probably our chance- wait! Watch out!

(Sound of a handbag being opened as a hand reaches in.)

PHOEBE: *(Panic)* No! Don't touch me! Let go of us!!

CHARLENE: *(Cold enthusiasm)* Apologies for the wait, had to find a bench to sit. *(Exhales*)
Anyway! What do we have here? Two little thieves for breakfast.

PHOEBE: *(Defiant)* Breakfa-? W-what? Y-you're kidding, right? We didn't do anything!
CHARLENE: *(Playful)* Sounds like you're volunteering.

PHOEBE: What? N-no! Please, I'll do anything!

CHARLENE: Anything?

PHOEBE: Y-yes!

CHARLENE: Beg for me.

PHOEBE: *(Shaking, trying to find her words)* I… I beg you to… spare my life!… Please?...

CHARLENE: Hm… Too much hesitation, but I appreciate the effort.

PHOEBE: What?! No! Taylor! Help!!

(Phoebe's screams are carried away then muffled inside Charlene's mouth. After some mouth play, Charlene swallows. Phoebe's screams fade as she descends.)

CHARLENE: *(Sighs)* one less chittering nuisance.
(Playful) Now, your turn… What could-
(Phone rings)
Mph, pardon me. Why not have a chat with your friend down there. And stay put, will you.

(Charlene brings Taylor to her midriff.)

PHOEBE: *(Muffled and covered by gurgles)* Taylor! Please! Help me! Anyone?! It's so dark, I'm scared! *(Sobbing)*

CHARLENE: *(Talking over Phoebe)* Yes, hello?
Right! I called you earlier for an appointment. Yes, for a manicure session.
Mh… Shall we settle for next Monday, four o'clock? Wonderful.
The name's Belgrand. Charlene Belgrand.
Yes. Thank you. Goodbye.

(Charlene brings Taylor to her face, away from Phoebe's cries.)

CHARLENE: Apologies. I appreciate your... silent cooperation.

(Disappointed) Hm…You're not talkative at all, are you. No wonder she was the distraction and you the pickpocket. *(Sighs)* Well, I won't get much fun out of you.

(POV gets engulfed, toyed around in the mouth, then swallowed. As Taylor descends, Charlene's heartbeat and gurgles grow louder, so does Phoebe's voice. Eventually, Taylor lands on something wet.)

[Charlene and Phoebe talk at the same time, independently from each other. From Taylor's POV, we hear Charlene's voice, stomach and heartbeat, muffled and booming.]

PHOEBE: Taylor? I-I can't see anything! Is that you? Oh god, she ate you too! That fucking psychopath! *(Kicks into a wall and screams upward)* You fucking bitch! What is wrong with you! Spit us out!	CHARLENE: *(Sighs in pleasure then hums.)* ***(Phone rings again)*** What now…
(Pants) What do you mean, she can't hear us? I can hear her loud and clear! She's just ignoring us!	*(Enthusiastic)* Gaela, dear! Good morning. What brings you?
(Calms down) Y-you're right. We gotta think it through.	Yesterday's date? Why it went wonderfully. The sweet boy invited me to a fancy restaurant, and paid for it all!
(Takes a breath, then coughs) Gosh, the smell is horrendous! What are we even stepping on? It's all sludgy! D-do you have a flashlight? *(Gasps)* Wait, you have your phone! We gotta call someone! …No signals? Really?! *(Upset)* Fine, just turn on that damn light so we can see something!	Let me recall… I had some oysters with some seasoned asparagus as the entry, then, for the main dish, a plate of exceptionally well cooked Boeuf Bourguignon. As for the dessert, some sweet, sweet Crème brulée. I know, it sounds very basic when I describe it, but believe me when I say the cooking and seasoning were marvelous.
Ew, shit, that's gross. I already regret seeing this. Is that… bread? And… fruit jam… *(Hisses in pain)* Agh! It burns! Don't touch it!	Yes, I concur, that is more meat than I usually take, especially when you add *him* on top of that… But he fit in just nicely. *(Vicious tone)* Don't worry, I'll get to that part. Oh! And the wine! He really spoiled me with a bottle of Château Lafitte…
That puddle in the middle… You think it's stomach acid? So, the food is soaked with it, is that it?	*(Friendly sarcasm)* Why of course it doesn't ring a bell. You only care about booze and whiskey.
Hey, there's something shiny over there! Look!	Anyway, I was invited to his place, eventually.

(Scared) That's not what I think it is, right?... Oh god, it *is* a watch. Please don't tell me that's a bone next to it… Fuck… We're not gonna die here, are we?... *(Trying to stay composed)* No, no, just… stay away from the acid, and we'll be fi- ***(The stomach's peristalsis pushes Phoebe with a fleshy sound.)*** *(Phoebe shrieks)* It's trying to push me in!! Th-the walls, they are moving! *(Composing)* O-okay, I'm finding my balance… Oh god, it's still moving so much… I'm gonna be sick. Listen, we gotta hurt her stomach, make her sick! I dunno, just punch it! ***(Grunts and fleshy sounds as they attack the walls)*** C'mon, you fucking, murderous bitch! You're feeling that, huh?! I bet it hurts! *(Frustrated grunts)* Stop ignoring us!! *(Short pause to catch breath)* *(Coughs)* Ugh, the air is so rancid… What if we focus our attacks? C'mon, hit the same spot, here! Ready? One, two… ***(More intense grunts, punches and sloshes.)***	Honestly, there isn't much to say; I teased him a little, then I shrank him. We played hide and seek in his room, and… You can guess the rest. *(Chuckles)* Yes, he tasted sweet. Perfect for a second dessert. And what about you? How's your solicitor from yesterday? *(Amused)* Erased from existence, you say? I'll be the judge of that. *(Indifferent)* Of course Anya got mad at you. What else is new. I just left his place. I am on my way home now. I just had to stop and grab some snacks. *(Snickers)* You guessed right. Two pickpockets. One tried to distract me with some sweet talk and the other came from behind, not so discreetly. *(Gasps in shock and amusement)* Gaela! I mean yes, the second one probably ogled at my wonderful buttocks, but how dare you! Oh yes, they are still lively. In fact I can feel them kicking! I can faintly hear some shrieks as well, but I can't understand a word. *(Surprised)* Beg your pardon? A closer look? As in, put you on video call and show you my midsection? You are a naughty girl, aren't you, Gaela! *(Scoffs, embarrassed)* Fine, you have a point. Give me a second.

(Eventually, in frustration, Phoebe starts battering the wall aimlessly and gives up.) Fuck you! Ow, ow! My arms! The acid… It's dripping from the walls?! *(Despair cracking her voice)* *(Pants and coughs)* Can't breathe… I… Think we're running out of air…	*(Short moment of silence)* So? Did you see anything? Saw the bumps, didn't you? *(Snickers)* It tingles a tad, yes, but I'm used to it. *(Impressed)* Oh, you even heard them? Hard to understand though, right? Probably the usual begging nonsense.

(Charlene gets up and starts walking. Consequently, the stomach swings the preys around violently. With each step, we hear a muffled click of Charlene's heels, mixed with overwhelming sloshes.)

PHOEBE: *(Yelps)* W-why is it shaking so much? She… I think she's walking! Taylor, hold on to someth- ***(A wave of acid splashes on Phoebe)*** *(Screams of pain and panic)* No, no, no, she's sloshing us in the acid! We can't-... W-we have to escape! *(Hits the stomach walls intensively)* GET US OUT YOU BITCH! Somebody, anyone! *(Sobs)* Please! *(Coughs)* ***(Keeps struggling to exhaustion)*** I can't… breathe… Taylor… stay with me.. *(Painful gasp)* Gotta… stay… awake…	CHARLENE: Anyway, I must get going, lest I sit all day on that bench. I'm at the park right now. I should be home in fifteen minutes. Alright, see you. Ta-ta. *(Keeps walking until the end.)*

(After a minute of gurgling, a pocket of air is stirred up and turned into a burp. PoV is still inside the stomach.)

CHARLENE: *(Playful)* Oh, my manners!~

(The gurgles and footsteps continue until the end of the audio and eventually fade.)