

Tsumi Umi Sushi
PRIVILEGED



CHISANA SUSHI

Daily Menu

Story

■ Joyce Julep

Original Story (8,000 Words)

\$ 9

■ Daichi777

Editor / Concept

\$ 9

■ MEMBERS ONLY SPECIAL

All you can eat sushi train with tinies and micros

\$ 14



Illustrations

■ Garrisen

Aria & Mother, Micro Chopsticks POV, Inside Mouth POV

\$ 9

■ Daichi777

Editor / Design / Cover

\$ 9

■ RED DRAGON ROLL

Spicy tuna and avocado topped with tuna, eel sauce and a 1cm tiny

\$ 9



Takeaway

■ MICRO DELUXE

9 pieces of sushi (650* Micros), and 3 pieces of nigiri

\$ 20

■ GUILTY PLEASURE

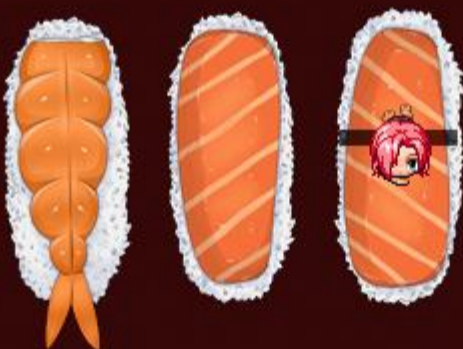
Spicy salmon, pineapple, mango, and topped with a 1cm willing tiny

\$ 9

■ TINY LOVER

11 pieces of sushi (1cm willing tiny), 4 pieces nigiri, and 6 pieces sashimi

\$ 24



* Approximate amount of micros per serving.

Disclaimer: Willing tinies have given their consent to be downsized and consumed. Chisana's does not accept any responsibility for any micros that may have changed their mind. If any have, our waitresses will be happy to provide you with another.

PRIVILEGED

Part 1 – New Phoenix 10:17am

A barraging blare of car horns cut the air like knives. A blue beat-up station wagon was weaving in and out of traffic, just barely managing to avoid a host of collisions. Everyone close by was either honking at them to slow down, or was busy slamming on their brakes to prevent any accidents from happening. The sun was already high in the sky, getting close to noon, and a refreshing breeze contrasted with the chaotic street scene in between the tall buildings. The sun, the breeze, and the brilliant sky were all so vibrant and clear that, from the perspective of the people of New Phoenix, it was almost impossible to tell that the blue sky was an optical illusion, the light breeze came from a giant fan system above, and the sun itself was also a network of specially-designed heat lamps.

Suddenly, a steady, rhythmic rumble shook the ground, and everyone in their cars was reminded that New Phoenix was not, in fact, an ordinary city. A giantess was carefully, almost casually, walking down the street, clacking the pavement mightily in her stylish black heels. An attractive young woman, she wore a tight black skirt that only came a quarter of the way down her full thighs, and her top was a white, button-down blouse that was quite revealing, leaving little of her large, perky breasts to the imagination. Her styled, mid-length wavy blonde hair blew gently in the artificial breeze as she walked. To the inhabitants of New Phoenix, this young giantess looked to be over two thousand feet tall. But they could still see the calm, placid look on her face as she carefully stepped in between the cars, making a point not to crush any of them, as she set her eyes on the runaway blue station wagon she was pursuing.

“It’s Tsumi!” muttered a middle-aged man in his car to his wife, indicating up at the giantess. “She’s going after them!”

“Oh my goodness!” replied the man’s wife, putting her hands up to her mouth as Tsumi gently stepped over their car. “Whoever those people are should quit speeding, stop their car, and just give up – They don’t stand a chance!”

“Yeah, well it looks like they don’t have a choice at this point,” the man said. “She’s caught up to them already.”



Tsumi brushed the hair out of her face as she looked down at the fleeing car. She slowly sighed out and shook her head. Even though she wished that these outlaw tinies wouldn’t force her to intervene in New Phoenix’s affairs, she couldn’t deny that she took a certain pleasure in making sure law and order reigned. She had absolutely no problem doing her part to mete out punishment, and anyway...who was she kidding? Dealing with unruly tinies who had lost their citizenship was one of her guilty pleasures!

Extending out her right foot, Tsumi slowly and carefully kicked the rear end of the fleeing car with the tip of her heel; causing it to spin wildly out of control and crash into the side of a nearby building.

Tsumi blinked and smiled to herself. 'Perfect!' she thought. 'Just a light crash — no one inside the building was hurt. I'm getting good at this!'

She slowly squatted down towards the wreck to examine who was in the car, but as she did so, a man suddenly leapt from the wreckage and started sprinting away as fast as his tiny legs could carry him. Tsumi sighed slightly in exasperation as she tilted her head at the fleeing man. Even after all this time, it was still completely lost on her why a tiny would ever try and run away from her. In the normal sized world, she was only 5'4 (163 cm), but down here in the sub-basement level of Shrinkex corporation, where New Phoenix had been built for the millions of new tinies who had willingly signed up to be shrunk... well, Tsumi was a true giantess. To her, ordinary "tinies" were only a single centimetre tall, and the average New Phoenix skyscraper only came up to her butt, with only a few of them as tall as the bottom of her breasts. The mere thought of a tiny thinking he could escape her was nothing short of lunacy.

"Stop!" called Tsumi in warning. Even though she wasn't even close to shouting, her voice reverberated to and fro off the buildings in the city centre, gently vibrating them with undeniable power. The man didn't seem to heed her call, though, and kept sprinting away in absolute terror.

"Once again, stop!" Tsumi called again, with a bit of annoyance "Or else! This is your final warning!"

There was no question that the man could hear her, but it didn't seem to be making any difference. He continued fleeing, and was getting close to rounding the city block corner, making for the underground subway entrance below. Tsumi wasn't going to let that happen, though, and before the man could escape beneath the street, she swiftly brought the toe tip of her black high heel over his head, and pressed down hard. For a split second he let out a shrill scream before her high heel effortlessly crushes his body into the pavement, ending his life in an instant.

"And I just had my heels cleaned yesterday..." murmured Tsumi, as she ground and twisted her toe tip. Sighing, she took her foot away and looked down at the man's remains, "Quick and easy. No pain. Just like a bug. Hmmmm..." she hummed to herself, looking at the underside of her shoe. The man's body had been reduced to utter paste, which satisfied Tsumi; she always had to make sure that the tinies she had to crush didn't suffer, or damage her very expensive heels.

Looking down, she noticed a small sushi shop next to the subway entrance. Her mind jumps from this little scene in New Phoenix to the normal sized world, out of the Shrinkex basement, and across the street to Chisana's Sushi, the gourmet sushi restaurant she went to nearly every weekday.

‘Humph... Gotta get some finance paperwork done before I head to lunch,’ she thought reluctantly to herself as her stomach growled a little. ‘It’s ok Tsumi... Just a couple hours more to go... Just sort out this little crash and then go upstairs and get back to work.’

A low beating sound of the media helicopter approached, where it hovered close to her left breast. She turns to wave at the news people in the helicopter, who waved back and spoke to her through a loudspeaker, filming as they talked.

“And another plot by the TRF stopped by Tsumi!” said the news anchor through the loudspeaker to the camera. “That’s the third one this week, did you manage to get them all? You know with your beauty, we really do have a guardian angel watching over the city Tsumi!”

Tsumi blushed, smiled, and absentmindedly twirled her hair around her finger at his compliment. “Haha, well — the driver at least,” she said as she looked down at the crushed stain of a man on the pavement. “I’m not sure there was anyone else in the car, but people should know that at least one of them is off the streets... or, actually, ON the street, more like... hehehe, sorry I’m a bit loopy — it’s mid-morning and I’m already hungry for lunch!”

“Well, I’m sure our “thank-yous” go without saying,” replied the news anchor from the helicopter. “You do so much to help us out here, Tsumi!”

“Oh anytime!” Tsumi responded as she turned to face the camera directly. “Shrinkex is here to protect everyone after all. And these terrorists have no place in New Phoenix! Anyone with citizenship deserves to live happily in peace and without fear. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m needed at the crime scene“. She turned away from the helicopter and looked back down behind her at the car wreckage. The police had arrived on the scene and a long haired blonde middle-aged woman hopped out of one of the cars, and sprinted towards the twisted metal of the station wagon. A moment later, peering down carefully, Tsumi could see her pulling a younger-looking woman out of the wreck.

‘Hmmm,’ thought Tsumi, ‘I wonder who this younger woman is? Was she kidnapped by the driver? Or was she in on the act?’

TRF stood for “Tiny Resistance Force,” a paramilitary resistance force of tinies who resented being born into a shrunken world without a choice, or who regretted downsizing. They were the main antagonistic faction in New Phoenix, and constantly worked to undermine the city’s government, and kill as many normal sized people as they can,... not that they really ever succeeded. As far as ordinary citizens were concerned (both in New Phoenix and in the real world), the TRFs were branded as terrorists, and for Tsumi, she was also paid to deal with them.

Tsumi was already bending down low, having seen the chief of police motioning for her to lower herself so they could talk. As Tsumi lowered herself, the sound of the older woman’s relieved cries met her ears.

“Oh Aria!” the woman was exclaiming, “Are you hurt!? You had me worried sick! What were you doing in a car with... with a terrorist like that!? You know what happens to those kinds of people in this city! The TRF are nothing but trouble!”

“I’m... I’m fine, mom, ok?” Tsumi heard Aria say, before she turned to the chief of police, bending so low now that she was actually crouching on her knees, blocking the entire intersection. One of the cars close by behind her, honked its horn cheekily, causing her to roll her eyes and sigh in disgust.

“Morning, Tsumi,” said the chief of police, tipping his cap up at her.

“Good morning, chief!” replied Tsumi, smiling down at him. “So, uh... what do we have here?”

“Well... um... it’s... gonna be kinda awkward, actually...” said the chief, sidling up to Tsumi and indicating that she should bend her head lower. She obliged, so her head was almost touching the ground. The chief stood on his tiptoes, held a datapad up to her and said in a low voice in her ear:

“The younger one... Aria her daughter... she’s TRF too.”

Tsumi’s left eyebrow raises as she frowns. “Are you sure?” She whispered back, her hand signalling to the news chopper overhead that it should leave the area. Her eyes squinted at the datapad.

“I’m pretty sure, that’s Aria Stepanhade, a known TRF saboteur who’s been wanted by our division for quite some time. That truck full of explosives that nearly knocked you over last month? That was her. The intel comes from the same undercover officer who supplied the information for this bust”.

Tsumi’s frown deepened. “Those designer heels cost me \$3000, and I couldn’t get them repaired!”

“Well, I’m pretty sure that’s her. But we should try get a confession somehow just in case”.

“Hmm” she replied, her eyes turning to fix themselves on Aria. “And her mom’s here? Urgh... this is going to be soooo awkward...” Tsumi’s eyes narrowed as she thought about her previous pair of expensive heels.

“W- Why are you looking at her like that” cried the mother, who was clutching her daughter to her side. “What are you talking about over there??”

“Well, you’re the better one at interrogation,” the chief continued, still speaking directly to Tsumi. “I’ll have the paper work done if she’s TRF. She’s now 19 so this changes things”.

“W..WHAT?! No... no it can’t be!” cried the mother, clutching her daughter even tighter. “Y-you’ve... you’ve got the wrong person! Aria’s not TRF!”

“Sorry ma’m,” replied the chief, shaking his head at her, brandishing the datapad. “We’ve got a whole file on your daughter here for terrorist activity stretching back at least two years. Clandestine organizing against New Phoenix resource allocation, reckless undermining of

New Phoenix infrastructure, targeted attacks against the New Phoenix power grid, kidnapping New Phoenix parliamentary representatives for ransom, countless weapons charges... the list goes on.”

“Aria would never do that! S- She wouldn’t!”

Aria’s eyes met Tsumi’s however, and gave her a look of utter hatred. She knew she was caught. Taking a step forward, she defiantly stared back, not daring to break eye contact. Raising her arm as she pointed at Tsumi.

“You giants think you can do whatever you want to us! We’re people too, and deserve to be treated as such! Not be branded with this stupid citizenship system like animals! A silly electronic status shouldn’t decide that suddenly we’re not people!”

Tsumi calmly listened to Aria’s outburst and sighed. “The citizenship status was the only way for our planet to survive. Tinies are already so overpopulated, and even the normal sized world still is.”

“That doesn’t give you the right to... to...” Aria struggles to find the words, and points to the small blood stain a hundred metres away. “...treat us like insects! We didn’t choose to be born tiny!!!”

Tsumi merely shrugged. “Well, I did warn him sweetie. And as for being born tiny, that choice was up to your parents. They were warned about how some of you may feel-

“W- What?!?!” the mother screeched. “If we want to have children, then you have no right to deny a mother that privilege! Just because we’re smaller doesn’t mean-“

“It is your right to have children”, interjected Tsumi. “However this situation here is exactly what you were warned about before you downsized. You may want children, but letting them grow up in a world where they’re going to feel utterly helpless is something you should’ve considered”.

Aria’s mother silently starts to get tears in her eyes and hugs her daughter tighter.

“Well, so, I guess... umm... there’s nothing more to be said,” declared Tsumi, a touch of wistfulness in her voice as she turned her attention to the young woman. Still from her kneeling position, she stretched out her hand toward Aria. Her mother responded by holding her even tighter.

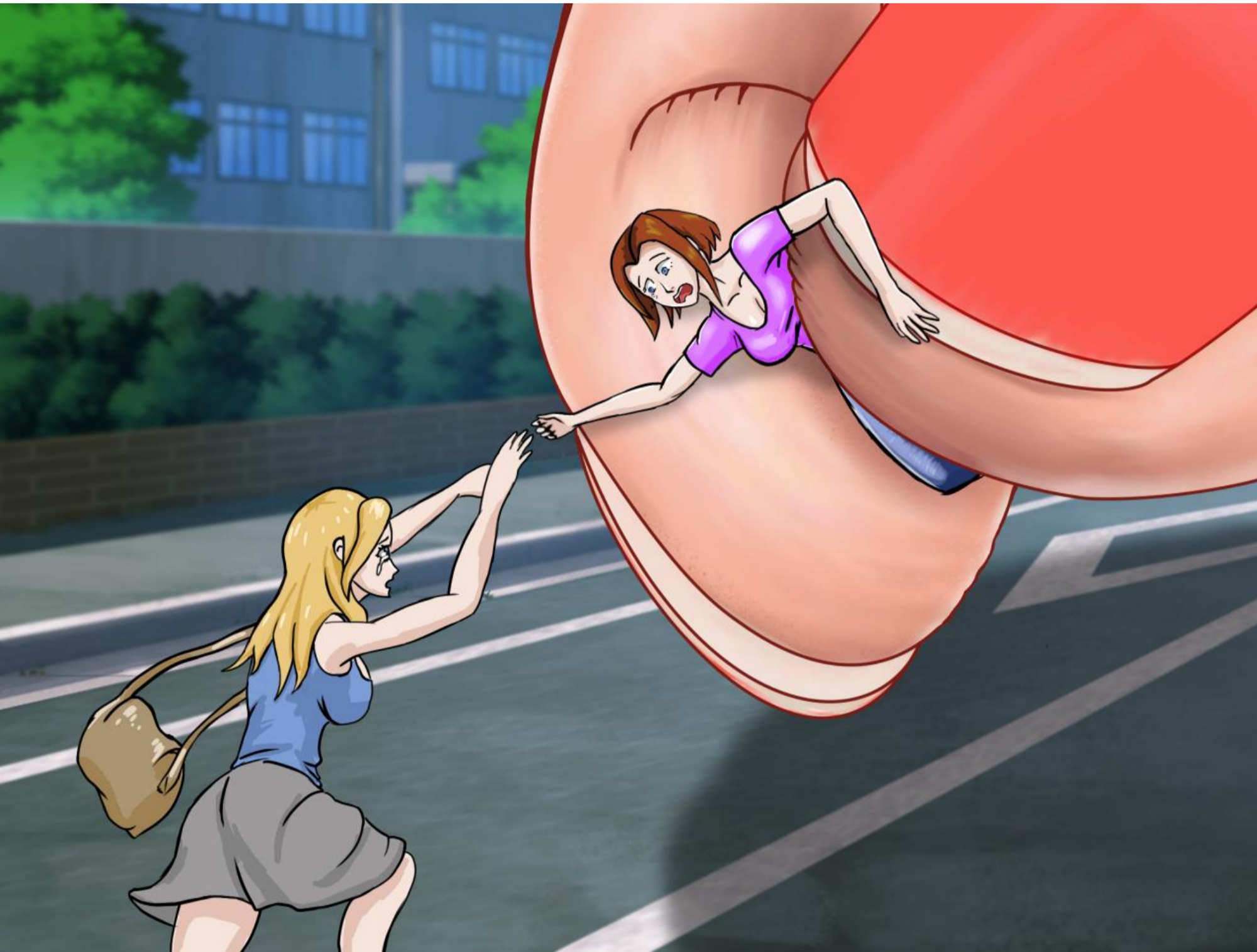
“No!!” screamed the mother. “No!! Y-you... you can’t!! Th-there’s... there’s been a mistake!! Aria’s not TRF!! She’d NEVER be TRF!! No, no please... pleeeaseeee!! PLEASE NOOO!!!!”

“I’m sorry, this isn’t easy” said Tsumi genuinely, in that same soft, regretful tone. “The chief has evidence, and from her outburst there she’s TRF. There’s no doubt about it”. Tsumi’s fingers gently pinch Aria’s sides.

Aria starts to silently cry and shake uncontrollably. “Th-then...then spare her, at least!!” cried the mother.

“I’m... I’m really sorry,” Tsumi said apologetically, the embarrassment now bleeding through in her voice, “But... I just can’t. She knew the rules. She is no longer a citizen and the TRF are dangerous. Plus I’m still pissed about what she did to my heels”. She gently tries to tug Aria from her mother’s arms. Both the mother and the daughter were weeping bitterly as Tsumi tugs again gently, pulling Aria away from her mother’s grip. Bringing Aria up to her lips.

‘M-mom...’ wept Aria, her arms still outstretched towards her mother.



Tsumi tilts her head back, and opens her mouth, her tongue slithering out as she inserts her fingers into her mouth.

“Mom, I love —” Tsumi’s lips close around her fingers before Aria could complete her final goodbye to her mother. The older woman collapsed on the road and cried out in agony as Tsumi stood back up, blinking down in contrite embarrassment. She knew it would be best for all of them if she got out of there quickly. She nods knowingly to the chief as she turns around to leave the area.

‘Hmmm,’ she thought to herself, feeling Aria grope and kick in vain against her tongue. She gently rolled the tiny girl from cheek to cheek, coating her in saliva. She took a moment to enjoy the struggles on her tongue before swallowing; sending the poor screaming girl down

her strong throat. ‘Maybe that one’ll keep my tummy content until lunch. Urghhhhhh finance reports... ok, ok you got this. Just get it done before noon’.



As Tsumi gave herself this pep talk, Aria was having quite a different experience. Nothing could have prepared her for the sheer terror of feeling her helpless body squeezed and pulled down, down, down by Tsumi’s unstoppable oesophagus. Everything around Aria was dark, hot, moist, and slimy — she tried to kick and punch at the living, undulating tissue around her, but she already knew that any attempts to save herself would be fruitless. At this point, Aria was acting out of pure instinct; she was crying and yelling out, but no one heard her screams. In every sense, Tsumi’s gigantic body doused and deadened all signs of her as a living, breathing person.

Before Aria knew it, she felt something open up beneath her... her feet weren’t getting squeezed anymore... and now her lower legs, her knees, her thighs — she tried to claw at Tsumi’s slippery oesophagus, trying to get a grip on anything. Aria opened her mouth and let out another hopeless, panicked scream, because she knew what she was falling into. A couple moments later, with a sickening, syrupy slurp, Aria felt her whole body slide free of Tsumi’s oesophagus as the bottom opened up beneath her body. It was nearly pitch-black, but even though she couldn’t see anything, she could feel herself falling into the void... the void of Tsumi’s stomach. Aria barely had any time to register her abject horror before she felt herself splashing down into the lake of half-digested breakfast and coffee. Almost immediately, she felt the stomach groan in delight at its new visitor. The shrunken woman shuddered, not even able to utter another despairing cry, and even though she knew there was nowhere to swim... Aria instinctively started waving and paddling her arms wildly, desperate to stay afloat... to get somewhere. But there was nowhere to escape to. Her feet were frantically kicking underneath her, but the bottom of Tsumi’s stomach was far, far deeper than Aria’s feet could hope to reach. She paddled and swam in tiny little aimless zig-zags as the stomach moved about, Aria bumped up against some floating remnants of the scrambled eggs and toast that Tsumi had eaten for breakfast. The realization that she was about to be digested, just like the eggs, broke Aria’s mind. She clung to a huge boulder of floating scrambled egg, gasping out into the acrid air inside Tsumi’s stomach. Aria could hold on like this for a few minutes, maybe, but as she felt Tsumi’s stomach rumble again, she knew that it was only a matter of time before the end... and that she was now just food.



Tsumi turned to walk out of New Phoenix, but she didn’t leave before pausing and bending down slightly to check on her reflection in a nearby skyscraper. She brushed her hair out of her eyes and stood there for a few moments, evaluating her appearance. Then, seeming to decide on what she needed, she fetched some lip balm out of her purse and put it on, all the while continuing to look at her reflection. She popped her lips together a few times, and then she was ready. She turned a corner and stopped where the road seemed to just disappear into thin air. She waited until a small red light flashed in the sky at chest level, and a moment later she was swiping her security card. The lock beeped green, the huge monitor

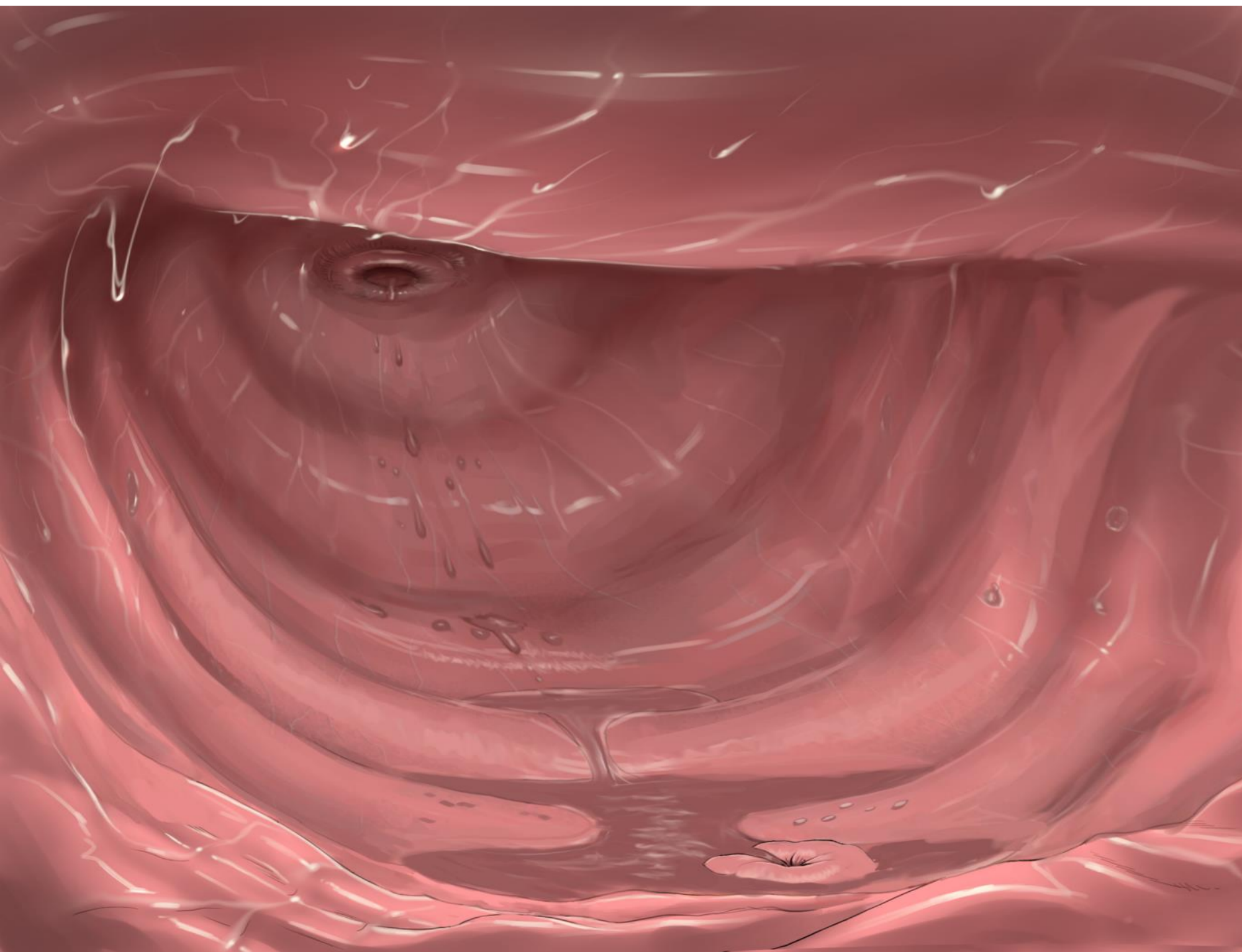
that made up the heavy steel door then slid open. Tsumi strode down the hallway to the elevator. She was grateful that there was no one else on the elevator as she went up, because her stomach was growling loudly.

The elevator dings as it arrives on the 77th floor, Tsumi exits and casually strolls towards her office.

Part 2 – Chisana’s Sushi 12:34pm

A few hours later, Tsumi was breathing out a sigh of relief as she leaned back in her office chair, reaching her arms up and stretching them. Being a Finance Executive was not easy work, let alone being a Director; at any given time, Tsumi always knew that she had five or six different balls in the air, juggling them all at once — profit margins, cash flow statements, budgeting, tax planning, team management, marketing, and on and on. It was definitely hard work, but Tsumi was proud that she had gotten to where she was in the company solely through her hard work and tenacity, and not on the coattails of the wealth that she had inherited when she turned 18.

Still, though, it definitely paid to be rich, especially considering that she could go eat out at Chisana’s every afternoon for lunch without thinking twice about it. She felt her now empty stomach growling as she got up from her chair and started making her way to the elevator.



She heard her phone buzz in her purse and she fished it out, opening up a message from Danielle, her best friend and colleague:

“Will be a little late to sushi today — you get started without me. Bet I’ll still eat more than you too!”

“You wish Dani!” Tsumi messaged back, smiling as she trotted into the elevator.



Lunch at Chisana’s was always one of Tsumi’s favourite parts of the day. It was an exclusive female-only sushi restaurant that Tsumi went to, to help herself unwind after a hectic morning’s work, and its sushi plates were highly sought-after. Many restaurants around the world had slowly started copying Chisana’s claim to fame, but Tsumi and the other female customers knew that their favourite sushi place had been one of the original trailblazers — Chisana’s served micros and tinies along with their regular sushi, which had been the main reason that Tsumi had started going there in the first place. Being a vorophile, eating shrunken people was a guilty pleasure for her, and she didn’t see any reason why she couldn’t indulge in this pleasure every day.

A minute later, she had crossed the street and walked into Chisana’s, which was already starting to get busy with their lunchtime service. Tsumi saw that the restaurant was about a third full, and she immediately waved to Abbie, a good friend and co-worker from the Shrinkex IT Department, and also at Chloe and Stacey, two lawyers who ate there almost every afternoon just like she did. Tsumi looked around for a few moments, deciding where she should sit. She usually ate at the bar, but sometimes she ate in the booths with some of her friends. As her eyes scanned the women, she saw a few groups of women laughing and talking as they lifted tiny pieces of sushi up to their mouths. From where she was standing, Tsumi could just make out the dozens and dozens of micros on the sushi, which looked like little speckled grains of seasoning.

She felt her stomach growl again as she blinked, feeling a wave of expectant pleasure wash over her. This was going to be a good meal; she could feel it. Without wasting any more time deciding where to sit, she made straight for the sushi train. Right before she sat down, the corner of her eye caught a dash of red, and she turned her head to see that her friend Joyce was sitting alone in a booth at the far end of the restaurant. Tsumi almost went over to sit with her, but she saw that Joyce was bending down over her computer screen, apparently hard at work typing one of her stories. Three empty red plates sat next to her, stacked neatly on the edge of the table.

‘Eh, I won’t distract her,’ Tsumi thought to herself, and then sat down at the bar. Eyeing the plates going around on the sushi train in front of it.

“Hey there Miss Tsumi!” said Sora brightly, coming up to her from behind the bar and smiling as she wiped her hands on her apron. Sora was 35, 10 years older than Tsumi, but she was still young enough that she retained her youthful vigour and natural good looks. Tsumi had always admired Sora, who had built her restaurant chain up from nothing.

“Hey!” returned Tsumi, smiling and putting her expensive white purse down on the table, and folding her hands in front of her.

“Mmm, you look just about ready to dive straight in, haha!” laughed Sora.

“Early breakfast, long morning, no real snacks,” sighed Tsumi, shaking her head. “I’m so ready to EAT! Haha.”

“Well alright!” replied Sora, leaning on the counter. “Blue plate first, like usual?”

“Yep, I think so!” chirped Tsumi. The “blue plate” sushi was served with willing micros, usually those who had a giantess vore fetish, and who wanted to be eaten. Tsumi was always so amused and tickled by these micros, and she knew that eating them first would enhance their experience as she continued to eat and digest more. Especially as they normally would give her an inside tummy massage while it happened. While the standard tiny size was 1cm, micros were only nearly 0.2cm big. They were quite an expensive treat usually only available for the wealthy. She cast her eyes past Sora, down toward one of the plastic tubs behind the bar that kept the naked and willing micros.

The micros in this tub were all eagerly gathered up against the plastic, trying to get a look at the woman who was going to eat them. There had been a rumble of activity in the tub ever since lunch service began, and already a good number of them had been scooped up by Sora and her kitchen staff, and prepared on sushi pieces. Most of which were now digesting happily in the bellies of multiple women for lunch.

“Oh my god!” cried one of the micros, “Another blue plate! She ordered a blue plate!”

A rush of excited chatter sprang up among all the willing micros.

“Ooooo, she looks hungry! Maybe she’ll order two plates at once!”

“She’s gorgeous!”

“A Goddess!”

“Oh I wanna be eaten by HER!”

“Hey, out of my way! I’ve been here for two days! I wanna get to the top!”

“No ME! She’s gonna eat ME!”

“No, ME!”

“I can’t believe how amazing she looks!”

“Look at her eyes!”

“Wow! She’s a high-class businesswoman!”

The little voices of the micros all coalesced together in an eager crescendo, and, a couple of moments later, they exploded out all at once when Sora opened the small tub, brandishing her scoop.

“Ok little ones!” she intoned, smiling down at them with wide eyes, “Who wants to end up in Tsumi’s belly? There aren’t any blue plates on the sushi train left so consider yourself lucky!”

“Me!! Me!!!” they all cried, waving their tiny arms and climbing over each other, jostling for a better position towards the top. “I do!! I doooo!!”

“Mmmm, such an eager little bunch today, huh?” chuckled Sora, and a few moments later she had scooped up several hundred micros, and carefully carried them over to the kitchen bench. Sora lightly brushed the top of six freshly made sushi pieces with a translucent sticky and slightly sweet-smelling paste. Carefully she pinched a few dozen micros at a time and deposited them on each individual sushi, spreading them gently around with a spoon, so they covered the rolls evenly. The micros cried out, squeaking as she ever so gently presses them down into the sticky paste; firmly sticking them to the piece of food.

“Alright Tsumi,” said Sora, bringing the blue plate over, “Here you go — Meshiagare!”

“Itadakimasu!” squeals Tsumi, pulling the plate up close to her and looking down at the sushi rolls as Sora returned to the kitchen. Hundreds of micros stared up at her as she licked her lips, and she felt a slightly self-conscious and embarrassed rush of pleasure. They were all so cute, innocent... and they were all hers.

“Hello little sweeties!” she cooed down at them, “My name is Tsumi, and I’m grateful to all you cuties for my meal today!”

“Hiiii!”

“Enjoy your lunch Tsumi!!”

“I love you Tsumiiii!”

The various cries of all the micros blended together in a high-pitched kind of exaltation, which Tsumi found absolutely adorable. Although she saw them only as food now, she usually talked to them to show her gratitude for the meal. She blinked down at them and continued speaking, a beaming smile on her face:

“You’ve willingly renounced your citizenship, so really, legally I can do anything *I want* to you. Nothing protects you from what I’m going to do to you... and it’s far too late if any of you changed your mind,” she blushed slightly, “now... that being said, I mean... I still feel a *little* guilty, eating sweet, innocent little micros like you, but... well, I’d be lying if I didn’t say it was a guilty pleasure of mine, hehehe... I see you little ones only as food now! And besides, like I said, you all renounced your citizenship, so nothing can really stop me devouring you!”

The micros’ upturned voices again blended together and wound their way into Tsumi’s ears. She blushed again, smiling at all the over-the-top compliments she could pick out. Then, without any further ado, she picked up the first piece of sushi with her chopsticks, dipped it in soy sauce, gave the 80 or so micros on that piece one last smile, and then popped it in her mouth, making sure to chew slowly and carefully before swallowing. The micros were so small that, when eaten with rice like they were now, chewing them didn’t result in them getting hurt unless Tsumi were to chew hard on purpose. But with the blue-plate micros, she was always sure to chew slowly and deliberately, giving them a wonderful and memorable last experience of her huge mouth without hurting them, and emphasizing how they’re now just food to her. A couple moments later, she swiftly swallowed down the sushi and the 80 micros. She didn’t even pause to relish that piece too much, because seconds later, she had

already gulped down the second piece... and then the third and the fourth shortly after. She felt a little guilty for not extending the same pleasure for the micros that had so eagerly given their lives to her, but she was starving! Her stomach now starting to growl at its new visitors.

Tsumi was about to pick up the fifth piece of sushi with her chopsticks when something amusing happened. A bold little micro woman had managed to get free of the sushi, and hop down off it and onto the plate. Tsumi's mouth opened a little in entertained surprise as she bent down toward the tiny woman.

"P- Please don't eat me, Goddess!" cried the woman, "I- I changed my mind! Please let me go!! A genuine look of anxiety plastered across her tiny face as she jumped up and down, both of her hands raised in the air. Tsumi blew out an amused chuckle as she rolled her eyes down at her and shook her head. She reached down carefully with her chopsticks and pinched her up, smaller than a grain of rice.



"I'm sorry little cutie, but you don't seem to have been paying attention to what I said" she breathed down at her, "Besides I'm just an ordinary girl who was privileged enough to be born normal-sized. I'm hardly a goddess. I'm just eating my lunch."

All the same, she popped the tiny screaming woman in her mouth and swallowed her down. The woman felt a rush of terror go through her as she found herself joining hundreds and hundreds of other micros, who were being squeezed and pulled inexorably down Tsumi's oesophagus. Some of them stuck in her saliva, trying to prolong their experience, and others

trapped from the sticky sushi paste. Down in Tsumi's stomach, the energy among them was very different than it had been for Aria just a few hours before. The tiny, ecstatic voices of hundreds of micros could be heard, praising Tsumi and thanking her for eating them. Some of them massaging her stomach, and others splashed about, thrilled they were that their fantasy had finally come true, to be chosen to die like this, to become nourishment for the beautiful woman, who had eaten them.

Back outside her stomach, Tsumi was examining her fifth piece of sushi carefully, holding it up closely to her face with her chopsticks while she licked some rice from her lips. She always had to remind herself not to gobble the blue plates down too quickly, even though it was easy to do such a thing. Many times, Tsumi had found herself stuffed and patting her stomach, satisfied but wishing that she had taken a little more time to enjoy all the cute little blue-plate micros who were always so pleasant.

"You're so pretty, Tsumi!" cried the micros on the sushi.

"It's such a privilege to be eaten by you!"

"Eat your lunch!"

"Swallow us down, Tsumi!"

"Consume us! Please!!"

Tsumi couldn't help but blush again, and she felt her cheeks burning hot as the colour came into her face. She smiled genially down at them, turning her head slightly to the side.

"I mean, haha, uhmm... thank you," she giggled, enjoying all the compliments. She adjusted her skirt slightly with her free hand as she continued speaking. "You're all... haha, you're all so sweet...and very kind... but, uhm, like, I can understand your willingness to get eaten by me and all. It's a submissive thing, I know... a power thing that you all enjoy. To be literally consumed by someone bigger and more powerful. That I understand, eheheh... but... I mean, even after all this time eating you all, I still can't quite believe that you actually want to be the fat on my thighs too, hahaha!"

"Oh but we WANT to become a part of you!" cried the micros, among a whole variety of other adoring exclamations.

"We don't care! You're so beautiful!"

"It's a privilege for your body to digest us, Tsumi!"

"All we ever wanted was to become one with someone like you!"

"Especially someone so gorgeous!"

"It's a dream come true!"

Tsumi felt her blush deepening as she adjusted her skirt again and then put her free hand on her chest, in a motion that conveyed that she was genuinely touched by the micros' outpouring of veneration. It was moments like these that she couldn't quite believe how cute and adorable these tiny little people were. She still felt slightly guilty to be eating them, but at the same time, she just couldn't deny how good it made her feel, to know that each

time she popped a piece in her mouth, she was swallowing anywhere between 60 and 80 micros all at once. It gave her such a rush, such a feeling of pleasure, that it really wasn't possible to overcome it in any meaningful way. And besides, these blue-plate micros WANTED to be eaten — so it was a win-win situation for everyone!

Tsumi smiled warmly down on the little micros, "I love cuisine that understands its *place* in the natural order of things!" She puckered her lips lovingly, planting a quick and earnest kiss on top of all their heads, then teasingly slid her tongue out, licking their faces with the tip and covering them in saliva, before suddenly cramming the fifth sushi piece into her mouth. She made sure to chew this one extra slow, savouring the feeling of all the squirming, writhing and helpless little bodies in her mouth, as they mixed in with the rice and the little dollop of wasabi she had added after. The mass of flavours becoming an overwhelming sensation to her taste buds.

The micros cried out as they all came dropping down into the grand dark cave of Tsumi's stomach, joining their compatriots. Now with the majority of them massaging the stomach walls. Some of them simply relaxing and floating on their backs, bumping up against each other, and against bits of floating rice, wasabi, vegetables, and seaweed, waiting patiently for their inevitable descent into digestion.

Tsumi picked up the sixth and final piece of sushi with her chopsticks and brought them to her lips. Suddenly she let loose a loud burp to tease this last batch of micros before she ate them too. Their hair blew back as their little eyes watered, some of them falling backward onto each other from the force of Tsumi's burp, others passing out from the smell. Laughing amusedly at their effusive cheers and praises, Tsumi dipped them in the soy sauce, and raised the sushi to her lips. "Thank you for the meal my lil sweeties!" she cooed. Slowly her mouth opens wide, her tongue slowly slithers out, and she proceeds to pop this final piece into her mouth, swallowing it down whole quickly after.

"How about it, Tsumi?" called Sora, from the kitchen.

"Deeeelicious," breathed Tsumi, patting her belly. A moment later, though, it growled out again.

"Hmmm, but I think that was just the appetizer" Tsumi added, giggling over at Sora. She looked past the owner at another tub of micros below her as she prepared more sushi... a red tub. These tubs held micros that were non-citizens. All of them were unwilling, criminals, or just poor.

"I think," said Tsumi, cocking her eyebrow up as she kept her eyes on the red tub, "That I'll take a red plate now."

Part 3 - Chisana's Sushi 12:45pm

Tsumi's stomach growled out again, as she waited patiently for the sushi train. Standing up slightly, her eyes scanning for a red-rimmed plate. She rubbed her belly, almost as an afterthought, letting loose another burp which she quietly contained — it puffed her cheeks a little as she let it out without as much theatre as the one just before, when she had burped openly in the willing micros' little faces. It just wasn't the same without an audience. But she was about to get one... a decidedly different audience than before.

Finally, a red plate on the sushi train came by and Tsumi whisked it up, not even bothering to focus too hard on the micros on top of the 14-piece sushi until she set it down in front of her. Tsumi always looked forward to this part — swallowing down the sushi that had all the poor, and criminal. Most of these criminals were con artists, thieves, murderers, TRF, and so on. These were the micros who had all chosen to downsize themselves, or were born tiny, but who had not lived out their lives wisely. As far as Tsumi was concerned, New Phoenix was just as legitimate of a society as the “real world” out beyond the Shrinkex basement, and these micros on the red plate... well, they were no longer fit for society. And she was doing the world a favour.

Right after she had settled herself back into her seat, Tsumi now made a point to stare down, very purposefully, at the micros on the red plate sushi. There were hundreds of them... thousands... and nearly all of them were staring up at her with looks of pure fear, some with hatred and even malice. Tsumi didn't mind so much — these were non-citizens, after all — what did she expect? The negative opinion of a micro was not going to cause her to lose any sleep, but whenever these red-plate micros stepped over the line and started being mean, that was the equivalent of them crossing a “red line,” so to speak.

Tsumi didn't mind teasing and mocking them before she started eating them, either. These micros had forfeited all their rights, and Tsumi was not going to let them forget.

“Mmmmm, well look at all you little ones!” she teased, smiling down on them as she slowly drew her tongue across her top lip. “Today's your lucky day — you get to atone for being a waste of space in society by being a delicious little addition to my lunch!”

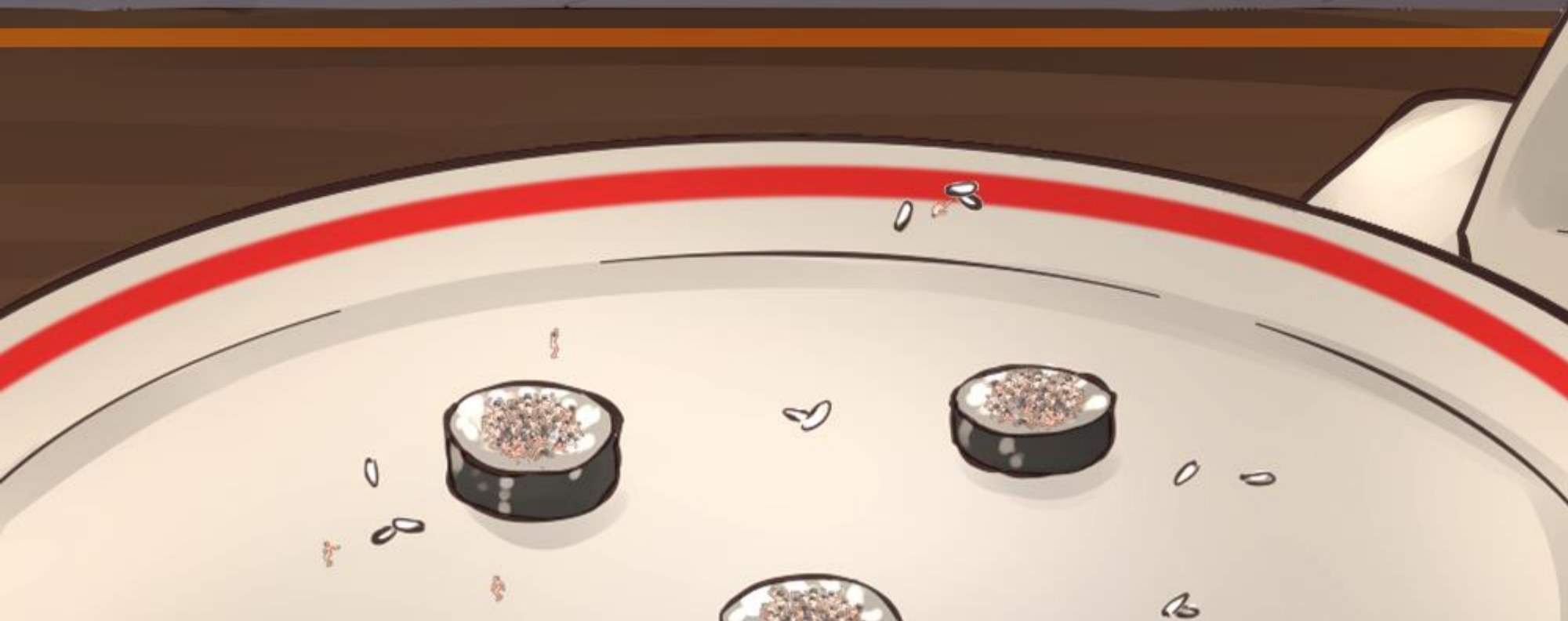
The criminal micros did not take these words well, and a host of angry and terrified cries rose up from the first sushi piece that Tsumi had picked up with her chopsticks:

“Fuck you, you evil bitch!!”

“You can't eat us!! We're people too! You're worse than any of us!!”

“You're a witch!!”

“Eat shit, you awful bitch!!”



“Oh, now hold on just a minute!” Tsumi responded, her brow creasing in affront as she held up the tiny piece of sushi to her face. “I will NOT be spoken to like that, especially by miscreants like yourselves. I understand that you’re upset about the consequences of the poor choices you made in life, but that doesn’t make it ok for you to just be mean! You called me an “evil bitch,” huh? Well, I’ll show you an evil bitch!”

Tsumi proceeded to pop the piece of sushi in her mouth and chew it long and hard, taking great care to make it unpleasant for the micros who had so unwisely hurled abuse at her. She kept her mouth closed, but she could feel the tiny vibrations of the micros flailing and struggling under her long, slow, intense chews. Tsumi could barely hear the tiny screams and cries of a hundred micro voices, all yelling out in pain and despair, but she just smirked a little to herself as she kept chewing. She felt absolutely no remorse whatsoever after what they said.

After a good half-minute of chewing, Tsumi opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out at the other criminal micros on the remaining sushi pieces, displaying the remnants of the first batch. There was nothing but mashed up rice and seaweed, with a few survivors left on her tongue. Some who were crying out for help, in obvious terror and excruciating pain.

“Sthee?” said Tsumi, her words a little inhibited by the fact that she was speaking with her tongue out. “Sthee whaa happenth?”

She chuckled a little to herself at how silly she sounded and withdrew her tongue back into her mouth, the survivors screaming until her lips closed and cut them out. She then chewed and swallowed the rest of the micros down before she resumed talking, this time more normally.

“That’s what happens when you’re mean! Especially to someone a lot bigger than you!” Tsumi declared, looking over the other micros on the red plate. “So are the rest of you going to try take out your frustrations on me, or are you going to be a nice little meal, hmmm?”

The remaining micros all seemed too petrified to answer, which was all Tsumi needed. She smiled, her eyes gleefully looking at the hundreds of helpless little faces.

“That’s what I thought,” she said brightly. “Be nice! Ok, now let’s see... where was I?”

Tsumi picked up another piece of sushi with her chopsticks, examining the host of micros on top of it. They were all panicking and yelling now, but their cries could only barely be heard. In any case, Tsumi wasn’t interested in humouring them, and she extended her tongue, licking half of the screaming micros off the piece, before pushing the rest of the sushi into her mouth and chewing normally again. She glanced around Chisana’s a little more as she chewed, surveying the lunch crowd. Danielle wasn’t there yet, but Tsumi expected her to be coming in at any time now. She spotted Julia, one of the lawyers from across the street, eating with a friend at the booth next to Joyce, who was apparently still immersed in her writing. Tsumi couldn’t help but feel pleasant tingles go through her body as she continued chewing. She could feel so many helpless tiny bodies squirming as they tried to get a grip on

anything as she chewed. This whole lunch ritual she had really was one of her favourite parts of the day, even though it was a bit of a guilty pleasure.



Far below, a micro tumbled from the corner of Tsumi's mouth, landing on the table on top of a rogue piece of sushi rice, which served to cushion his fall. The micro blinked, his little chest heaving — he was momentarily out of breath, both from the near-death experience he had just endured, and also from the fall from Tsumi's mouth, which had miraculously not ended with his demise. After a few moments of lying there stunned on top of the rice grain, the micro realized his chance. The giantess was looking around the restaurant as she chewed... she was preoccupied! She hadn't seen him fall from her mouth! This was exactly what he had been hoping for, ever since he had been rounded up by the New Phoenix police a few days before for stealing that loaf of bread. The young man had only been trying to survive being poor, but he had suffered the bad luck of getting caught, and he had been sure that his fate was sealed. But now there was a glimmer of hope!

The micro rolled off the grain of rice, springing to his feet on the table, with the rice grain looming up next to him, nearly as tall as he was. He looked around desperately for some kind of shelter — he knew that he had to get as far away from the red plate as possible. The giantess was still shifting her gaze around, and appeared to be smiling. The micro cast his eyes desperately around, and he spied a napkin dispenser on the far end of the table. From his perspective, the dispenser was as big as a skyscraper, and was a mile away. But he knew that this was the only chance he was ever going to get... he needed to somehow hide behind the dispenser, and then take it from there.

Gearing up, the micro took off running across the table as fast as his little legs could carry him. He didn't even dare to look back at the giantess now. He had to hope, to believe, that she wouldn't see him... that he was too small for her to see... that she would somehow be distracted. He had one goal keeping him alive — make it to the napkin dispenser. It was getting closer! He was going to make it! He was going to survi—

Whoosh!!

The man suddenly felt his body get effortlessly whisked up off the table. Tsumi's gaze had returned back to her meal, and she had seen the micro trying to escape across the table. Chuckling to herself, she had swiftly picked him up and held his tiny body up to her face between her chopsticks.

"Oh nooooo sweetie, no there's no escape!" she mocked, "Men shouldn't be running from me hehe" winking at him, before promptly popping him into her mouth. Looking down, Tsumi saw that two other micros had fallen off the plate, and were struggling to run away towards the other end of the table. She didn't even bother mocking them; she simply took her index finger and brought it decisively down on top of one of the micros, crushing him effortlessly into the table. Brandishing the same index finger a moment later, she casually flicked the other one into the air and off the table, sending her plummeting and screaming down to her death.

“So weak... Don’t you all realize how helpless you are?” she mocked at the rest of the micros on the sushi, bringing another piece up to her face with the chopsticks. “You’ve all forfeited all your rights by your own actions, and now you’re all just a waste of space in the world. You all had your chance. You had the opportunity to live out your lives as respectable shrunken entities, but no, you just had to blow it”. Tsumi smiled. “And now just think, your fate is to get eaten by me...”. Tsumi gently swings the sushi piece side to side teasingly; making the micros cry and sway about.

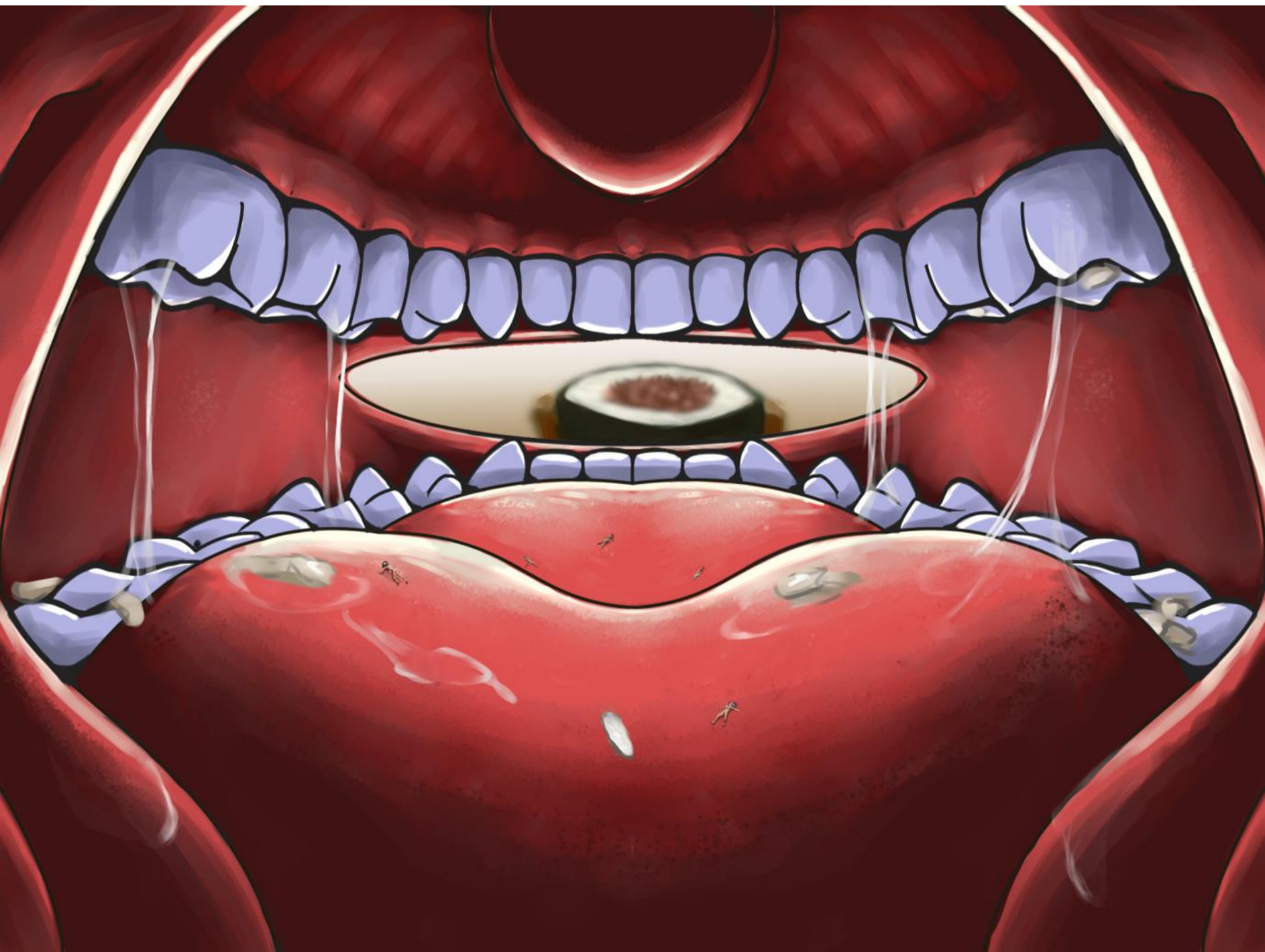
“We’re people too!”

“P- Please don’t do this!!! We’ll do anything you want!!!”

“We have families! Please, the only difference is you’re bigger than us!”

Tsumi paused for a moment at this last comment, and then she smiles widely at the sushi piece.

“No sweeties, the difference between you and me is that I’m rich. I’m so rich that I can afford to eat here every weekday... it’s one of the highlights of the day for me, eating up sad little filth like you... but even filth has a purpose”. Without further ado, Tsumi dipped the sushi piece in soy sauce before popping the screaming micros into her mouth and swallowing it whole.



One of the sushi pieces to the side let out a shrill shriek, catching Tsumi's attention. So she picked it up and examined it as she still gulped the other one down. Looking closer, she noticed that this particular sushi was an all-women piece. Ignoring their plea's and screams, Tsumi popped it in her mouth, and mused out loud as she chewed:

"Hmmm... yeah, women definitely taste better than the men, I think. Sweeter, more flavourful... mmmmm, yeah, no doubt." Tsumi swallows. "There's plenty of tiny females now, but I am sooooo glad that 83% of normal-sized people are women now. It's been... quite the breath of fresh air, let me tell you too! God, I couldn't stand how many stupid fucking men there were before... with their constant cringey and uncalled for messages like I give a fuck what they think." Tsumi puts on a whiny mocking voice. "How tall are you? What do you like about being a giantess? Sit on me goddess! Urgh! Not to mention how many times they pretended to try be friends when it's so obvious they only want one thing. You know, I used to get harassed all the time for simply having a vagina and loving vore. It shouldn't be this hard to find friends in this community. You little ones get what I'm saying don't you?". The remaining micros stared up at her in bewilderment and shrieked as she lowered her chopsticks again.

This time as Tsumi held up another piece of sushi to her gaze (since she loved it when the red-plate micros begged and pleaded for mercy), she was actually able to recognize one of her former clients, who had downsized into a micro a few months ago. Her eyes narrowing at his desperate cries:

"Waitttt!!! Please Tsumi!! Pleeeeease! I was your client!! W-we...we were equals then!! Please... please have mercy on me!! Let me go! I- I'm sorry! I- I didn't realize that things were so inflated!".

As an incentive to try lower overpopulation, if someone normal size chose to be downsized by the government then they would get \$1400 for every dollar they had. Unfortunately this meant a lot of people becoming instant millionaires and buying things they never would have otherwise had... And because of tiny overpopulation, inflation was rife in the tiny world. Bankruptcy was an easy trap to fall into and lose citizenship quickly.

"Well sorry, Jerry," replied Tsumi, blinking and shaking her head, "But I made sure that you were well aware of the potential consequences. You signed the contract, not me. Perhaps you would've read it better if you weren't so occupied by staring at my cleavage back then!".

Jerry's cries were immediately silenced as Tsumi carelessly popped the entire piece into her mouth and chewed thoughtfully, swallowing the whole thing down a few moments later. Her stomach suddenly groaned out, and Tsumi could feel it labouring and churning to digest all that she had already eaten. Her current meal was filling up her stomach quickly; the roiling and churning became more pronounced, and Tsumi even bashfully put her hand on her belly. She gently rubbed it as she drunk some of her soda, attempting to calm down the laborious activity going on inside. The willing tinies no longer massaging inside due to the amount of food processing with them.

"Got a bit of a head start, huh?" came a humorous voice, and Tsumi looked up to see that Danielle had just come in and sat down next to her. Danielle had two blue plates of sushi her

hands — she was a vegetarian as she didn't believe animals want to die to become her food, but willing micros on the other hand are another thing... She also had a soft spot for the little people calling her "Goddess" and loved devouring micros.

"Heheh, you could say that," giggled Tsumi, rubbing her groaning belly.

"So you had wanted to talk with me about wanting some drafts done for the promotional material?" asked Danielle, tucking into her first blue plate.

"To advertise downsizing, yes," nodded Tsumi, still rubbing her stomach. "If you can, and... haha, I know you just got started eating... but it'd be great if you could have the draft of that brochure on my desk before I go back to work this afternoon. I have to report to Jiayi before I leave today with it."

"Oh that's no problem," answered Danielle briskly, eating rapidly. "I knew I wasn't going to have much time for lunch today, and I'm a fast eater, anyway."

"If I had your appetite, I think I would be too" smiled Tsumi as Danielle picked up her 4th piece.

"No, that's just because you like to talk to your food," teased Danielle, winking at her and brandishing the sushi piece. "As far as I'm concerned, my food can talk to me as much as it wants to... but that doesn't mean we're going to have a conversation!" Dani lifts her chopsticks to eye level and inspects the happy waving micros. "They wanted to be my food, so they'll be treated like food!"

"To each her own, right?" laughed Tsumi as Danielle devoured the squealing sushi. Tsumi watched as Julia got up from her booth and headed past Joyce to the bathroom; brushing her wavy long blonde hair out from the back of her short black skirt. Another groan came up from within Tsumi's bowels. Deep inside, the first batch of micros she had eaten, the willing ones, were now almost all gone — they had been totally buried by all the other food that Tsumi had eaten. Tsumi's stomach churned and groaned loudly as it digested her lunch, loud enough to drown out the screams of thousands of unwilling micros as they tried helplessly to stay above the digesting mush. One of them was Sasha, a young woman and red-plate micro who had become bankrupt. She cast her eyes up in a kind of surreal, paralysing dismay; it was like she couldn't even believe what was happening. Far beneath the layers-upon-layers of food and people, the mush was starting to enter Tsumi's intestines. Her stomach gave a great groan once more as Tsumi rubbed it, bubbling and churning with the activity of digestion; causing her to burp cutely again.

After finishing all 14 pieces of sushi, Tsumi reached over and grabbed another red plate passing by on the sushi train.



Two red-rimmed plates now laid stacked neatly on top of a third blue one, as Tsumi skimming through the news feed on her phone. Gently caressing her slightly bulging food baby as it gurgled.

Tsumi's stomach suddenly rumbled loudly and a particularly long gurgle caused her to blush with embarrassment. Danielle glanced up from her meal with a little smirk on her face.

"Maybe I'll have a little more time than I thought, huh?" she teased.

"Um, yeah... haha, I think I had a bit too much to eat," admitted Tsumi, still blushing. She quickly crammed the last two pieces of sushi into her mouth as an afterthought and stacked the 4th red plate on top of the others. Waving to Sora, she left a small tip on the table, leaned over, and pinched up a 1 cm tall woman from a small container next to the napkin dispenser. The container was labelled 'TRF – Free to use'.

"I'll see you back at work Dani!" called Tsumi as she dropped the tiny woman into her bra, against her nipple. She then made her way to the restroom at the back of the establishment.

A few moments later, she was hanging up her handbag behind the cubicle door. She bent down and cleaned the toilet seat with some tissue paper before finally sitting down, sighing as she started to urinate heavily into the bowl. Tsumi took out her phone and thumbed through some executive emails before, suddenly, she heard Julia complaining as she flushed and angrily left the cubicle beside her.

"H- Hey! Stop squirming around so much down there! For fucks sake great! Now I'm late for my client because of you! You better hope I'm in a good mood tonight for your sake!"

Tsumi made a 'grossed-out' face to herself, even as she tried to keep from giggling. She waited for the tap to stop running and the 'tok tok tok' sound of Julia's heels to recede as she left the restroom.

She ripped some tissue from the roll and wiped her vagina, then folded the tissue back over on itself and wiped her backside dry with the other end before discarding it in the bowl.

Straightening up, she fetched the 1 cm TRF woman from her breast and held her down close to her puckering asshole. Tsumi could hear the woman yelling and begging "No!" but Tsumi was not going to be swayed. She smiled as she inserted the tiny into her asshole, which puckered and sucked the crying woman up into oblivion. Tsumi then flushed, got her handbag, left the stall, and washed her hands. Pausing only to check her make-up in the mirror, and spray a bit of perfume. Drying her hands with a paper towel, she peeked at the clock on her phone. It was 1:23pm. Time to go back to the office for her afternoon work. She had lots of clients to meet with who were thinking about downsizing. Her cheeks flushed with a light pink tinge as she felt her tiny prisoner struggle deep inside her, and she smiled to herself.

The restroom echoed with the 'tok tok tok' sound from her expensive heels as Tsumi casually walks back out.

PRIVILEGED



Kumi Umi Sushi

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