

The Overly-Ambitious Shrinker:

In which we see someone actually seeking out the sorority due to rumors that they shrink people. Will she get what she wants? Or more than she bargained for?

This chapter was commissioned by Raso719 on DeviantArt

Over the past year, Katie had used her shrinking device to slowly warp her sorority to her liking. Either they came around to her way of thinking or they just disappeared. Her family were large donors to the university, so as long as she was remotely attached to a case, the authorities didn't look into it. After all, they couldn't blame the daughter of their most illustrious graduate. He had as great a sense of school pride as she did. It just so happened that he invented the shrink ray.

As shrinking technology became more commonplace, Katie began to establish some new house rules for the sorority. Anyone who breaks these rules or attempts to speak out against them simply...disappears:

- Pledges can be shrunk at random and without warning based on their ranking within the sorority and also based on Katie's whim.
- Size implies consent. If you join or pledge to the sorority, you agree to potentially be shrunk. Smaller girls can be used by larger girls at will.
- An unspoken rule is that: pledges can be snacks or sex toys at will, no questions asked. However you need explicit permission from a high ranking member of the sorority or the victim to eat/crush a member in good standing.

- Out of sight out of mind. Girls who shrink too small to be seen can't be bothered with. Unless they were shrunk microscopic as part of an event or something once a girl is too small to be seen or heard her value is all but exhausted.
- Don't bring anyone to the house whom you don't want to end up getting shrunk unless you explicitly state you do not plan for them to be shrunk.
- Safety is not guaranteed.
- Rule Zero: Katie makes the rules and exceptions as she sees fit

Joanie had heard rumors around campus prior to rush week that the Phi Zeta Mu had a shrinking device and were very discerning towards members. Joanie immediately knew what sorority she wanted to pledge, regardless of if she would make the cut, she wanted to see if the rumors were true. That's how she ended up in front of Katie, the surprisingly short blonde leader of the sorority. Katie looked at her with an unimpressed gaze as she tied her light blonde hair back into a ponytail.

"So, you want to pledge with us?" Katie asked in a bored tone as she finished tying her hair back with a scrunchie. Katie was 5'1 at most, Joanie towered over her at 6'2. Joanie had been accepted to the school on an athletic scholarship for volleyball. Katie instantly got a read on the taller girl. She knew that within her laid a small soul aching to be made small.

"I uh, I do..." Joanie said, awkwardly running her hands through a few locks of her own long brown hair. She was used to being the center of attention, yet this shorter upperclassman held her in near raptured attention.

“You know what happens if I don’t think you’re worth joining us?” Katie asks, overly-enthusiastically drumming her bare toes into the plush carpet below her. Joanie noticed that as Katie said “us” she glanced down at the carpet with a smirk.

“I, I mean. I think I’d be a good fit. I’m a starter for the volleyball team, and all” Joanie stuttered a little.

Katie pulled out an odd looking device and held it with Joanie with a smirk. “Do you know what this is? I think you do.”

Joanie nodded slowly at Katie. Katie’s smirk widened as she leveled the shrinking device on Joanie.

“Well, miss varsity volleyball, you know what this can do.” Katie’s face had the look of the cat that had already eaten the canary and was luring in the canary’s family for a second course. Joanie nodded with a gulp. Katie gestured towards her. “Stand up. I’m going to use this on you. Close your eyes and say when.”

Joanie did as she was told. She stood up, closed her eyes tightly and clenched her fists. She felt nothing. She stood still with her eyes closed, waiting for something to happen. After what felt like an eternity she finally opened her eyes and collapsed to her knees with a gasp. Everything had grown to ludicrous proportions. The fine fibers of the carpet rose above her like highrise apartments. She was in awe of her surroundings and did not know how to react until the world reacted around her.

A great gust of air shorn through the dusty carpet, washing over her with a strange scented gust of air and dust particles nearly as large as her body. The source of this was a continental foot whose toenails were adorned with bright red paint. The big toe’s nail was roughly a millimeter thick. That alone looked to be four times thicker than

Joanie's tiny form as she looked at the towering behemoth that drummed the horizon before her. With each toefall, a rush of air swept her from her feet and blasted her back through the carpet.

Katie looked down from afar, like a goddess judging less than a speck of a mortal.

"Some star you are." She practically spat at the spot in the carpet where the volleyball player once stood. A girl with Olympic aspirations now lost forever at the feet of Katie and her sorority sisters. At least until she died through some means. At that thought Katie's face twisted to a demented grin as she raised her foot high above the spot where the girl who once towered over her once stood. Katie brought it down with as much force as her 5'1 form could muster. Grinding her foot into the carpet as hard as she could.

Joanie only survived due to being blown back through the fibers of the carpet by the air displaced by Katie's toes earlier. She heard a thunderous giggle as Katie chuckled down at where she thought she crushed the tiny woman. Joanie was still cast in the shadow of Katie's massive toes, laying on her back, panting in a mix of fear and arousal at the towering form of the diminutive sorority girl towering over her. Katie was a true goddess to Joanie, and now she was less than dust to the cruel blonde and all of her friends.

With no further comment or effort, Katie simply walked away, already forgetting about the beautiful young woman who was at their school on an athletic scholarship. Joanie would not forget Katie, nor would she forget the dozen other sorority girls who would trod through this room for the next few days as Joanie tried to find a safe place to

hide. So many beautiful women thundered past, unaware of her tiny existence beneath them. These titanic goddesses either did not know or did not care of her existence.

The scale and perspective were unreal to Joanie. She knew there was a hardwood floor less than three feet from where she shrunk. It still took her what she estimated to be two weeks to reach it. She spent the entire time dodging the plodding feet of co-ed goddesses the entire time. Occasionally she saw Katie, what she assumed was at least twice a day. Occasionally she encountered other tiny girls and tinier men. All feral and crazed as she approached. She assumed she was about a sixteenth of an inch tall, yet she was still taller than the tinies she encountered. Some fled at the sight of her, most only came up to her toes in height, yet others flocked to her as a goddess. By the time she reached the span of two of her footfalls, she had five followers in tow. Well, two followers. The other three planted themselves on top of her feet and licked or humped themselves senseless as she walked. Initially she feared she'd throw them off or hurt them, but they were unphased. So she eventually decided to ignore them as she trekked through the dusty landscape of the sorority carpet.

Much to her chagrin, by the time she had reached the cliff face of the hardwood dessert at the edge of the carpeted forest that she previously crossed in three footsteps, she had picked up an additional four "worshipers" or as she came to think of them as, "humpers" that she knew of. She started to realize that Katie was not exactly accurate or consistent with her use of the shrink ray. Joanie currently had a tiny man living under her big toenail who was roughly a millimeter to her, and she wasn't even sure that she

was a millimeter in height herself. The sense of scale got weird once things got as small as she was.

For all she knew, she had people microscopic to her living in the wrinkles of her toes at this point. The entire situation was beyond hot to her. She had a size fetish, it was the reason she sought out these rumors. Hell, these rumors were the reason she agreed to a scholarship at this university. Even she was in awe of the disparity in size. She was a titan, a goddess to the tiny people clinging to her like dust. Meanwhile, actual dust was the size of boulders to her, some dwarfing her, and a woman shorter than her thundered overhead like moving landmasses. She literally had to dodge a falling hair from a redhead who walked by. The titaness was talking to another deity and flipped her hair back in response to something said, causing a kilometer long hair to drop down to the carpeted forest. The hair was nearly as thick as Joanie was tall. She saw this single strand of hair crush a tiny woman who was emphatically saying something to Joanie, but their size difference made it incomprehensible to her.

With a very bewildered sigh, she looked down at the seven tiny people clinging to her feet and back at the two people who appeared to be roughly six inches tall to her. Due to her larger size she felt somewhat responsible to them. They had not really tried to communicate their concerns or intentions to her. All she occasionally heard was babbling sounds that sounded like “goddess” or “savior” to her. The idea of being a goddess to them was somewhat appealing, but she constantly felt humbled by the mere toe thrumming of one of the actual goddesses of the sorority she apparently failed to pledge into. She was massive to these little beings, but was practically dust to women who were all smaller than her original height. Was Katie really this vindictive towards

people taller than her? At 5'1, Katie would have to shrink most of the world to feel superior, Joanie pondered with amusement.

She slowly crawled down the width of the carpet and its base to the barren plain of the hardwood floors of the sorority house and it was a sight. Joanie did not notice it when she entered the house, but this floor was strewn with debris. There were clumps of lint the size of houses dotting the horizon. The surprisingly common mishmash of strands of multicolor hair lay across the landscape of the plain like bridges, each representing the heads of a different sorority sister. She saw blonde hairs, shades of brunette, and red, black hairs of varying textures and consistencies. All of this would be invisible to the naked eye, but they dominated the landscape for this determined girl. She did not know where she was going, but she knew she would not die before seeing the true beauty of a giant woman at this size. For that, she had to reach one of their rooms, no matter how long it took.

It took six weeks.

Fortunately for Joanie, the sorority sisters were a somewhat messy lot. Drops of water, crumbs of food, and other useful resources practically rained from their bodies. She and her increasingly growing flock of tinies needed these to survive. The number of tinies following and clinging to her now numbered in the dozens. She eventually gave into temptation and found herself using some of them for pleasure whenever she found herself in a safe place, such as a crack in a floorboard or the crease under an easement into a doorway. She suspected that her own vagina contained at least three tiny people at all times. She at least felt that much stimulation. She was amazed that the poor little

things didn't drown and weren't crushed as they kept her in a constant state of arousal. The idea of their scale constantly turned her on. She was beneath notice for the sorority sisters, yet these people were mere centimeters to her in size. They were trapped within a woman the size of dust. That alone made her knees quiver and her pussy quake with arousal.

Finally, she and her miniature congregation reach their destination. One of the girls' bedrooms. It was the first room that she had made it to that wasn't part of the living room or foyer. Once she passed under a doorsill taller than an aircraft hanger, she felt a thooming in the distance. A deep reverberating pulse or thunder. Once inside this garishly pink room, she encountered an odd object. It was a corrugated metal wall just a bit taller than she was. She walked around it and saw that it was circular in shape. She decided to try and climb it. After some struggle finding handholds, and an accidentally squished follower, she clambered to the top and realized she was a speck standing on a dime. At the center of it was a woman ten times smaller than her size. The redhead she recognized from earlier. A woman who had nearly crushed her many times over the past weeks. A woman now small enough for Joanie to crush.

For some reason Katie shrunk down one of her sorority sisters and left her stranded the size of a speck on a dime. Naked. The girl was naked, fondling herself and seemingly oblivious of Joanie climbing up the dime and now looming over her. As the tiny ginger hit her climax, she collapsed back to the cold metal surface of the coin and opened her eyes with a gasp of pleasure. Once her vision focused, she saw that her gaze upwards was straddle by the feet, legs, and brown-haired crotch of a fit brunette goddess straddling her tiny form.

“Well, well, well,” Joanie began with a smirk, “Looks like someone isn’t as big as she once was. And why are you tiny on a...dime?” Joanie asked, her confidence being betrayed by genuine confusion and interest.

The redhead scrambled to turn around, only presenting her with Joanie’s thick thighs and fuzzy pussy from a different angle.

“I-I-I was shrunk and put in horny jail?” The tiny, formerly titanic, redhead sputtered, almost seeming as though she was questioning her own answer.

“And horny jail is masturbating on a dime?” Joanie asked as she tried to ignore the tiny people humping her own ankles, thighs and toes. She refused to let any of them get higher than her thighs. One woman clung to her left thigh like Spider-Man, despite Joanie’s best efforts, so at this point she honestly felt the little latina deserved it.

“I mean, wouldn’t you, if you saw THAT?” The tiny redhead said, gesturing behind her into the distance. It was at that point that Joanie understood why the air felt thunderous.

The tiny woman was pointing to a massive bed, spanning a seemingly never ending horizon. There, on the bed was a dark skinned African American woman, who fit every description of the word goddess, and the tanned skin of the varsity quarterback as he pounded her ass from above. They were mites in the room of the head cheerleader and her boyfriend, and the titans were engaging in sex that would literally reshape the Earth had they proportionately been giants. The cheerleader moaned in a soul-quakingly deep sound. Joanie sank to her knees in awe, accidentally straddling the tiny redhead who looked up at Joanie’s own moist pussy and saw a microscopic couple clinging to Joanie’s now unkept pubic hair. The redhead plucked the pair from the pubes

and licked her lips as she tossed the couple into her mouth, sucking and playing with them with her tongue, before being buried by Joanie's unkempt pussy as she collapsed atop the dime in awe of what she was witnessing above.

This was Joanie's first time seeing sex from this perspective and it was beyond humbling. For the first time in weeks she was not aware of her own tinies who trailed and clung to her. Nor was she aware of the lusty redhead who was struggling to breathe beneath her own pussylips, lips that were threatening to drown the ginger who had nearly unknowingly crushed her a dozen times. She was a speck, being humbled in the presence of true gods as they fucked with wild abandon, not aware or not caring that parasites may watch them enjoying their passion.

Chapter End Notes:

I hope you enjoyed! We may come back to Joanie in the future. There will definitely be more stories in this house.

Leave a review and a comment and let me know what you thought!