

Isla sat on her bed, panting heavily as she tried to will herself to stop touching her aching, dripping pussy. Her heart raced, and her skin flushed hotly as she struggled to catch her breath. What had she done? How had she let herself take so much of that new drug, LE55? Ava had warned her to be careful with it, but Isla's shy, bookish nature meant that she had not gone to many parties where people partook of this particular party favor. So, she had gulped down far too much of the potent liquid. She was shocked that it had no flavor.

Now, as a result, she found herself dwindling smaller and smaller, shrinking rapidly as the effects of the drug coursed through her petite body. At the moment, Isla estimated she was around an inch tall, her short brown hair a mess as her naked body writhed atop the surface of her bedsheets. She could feel the rough texture of the fabric growing against her naked skin, the threads of the cotton feeling like cables and cords to her.

Isla felt so foolish. She was going to finger herself to nothing, and no one would know what happened. Ava had gone out hours ago to a party, and in a moment of rashness, Isla had decided to try the mysterious substance. How could she know that a few drops would be more than enough to send her spiraling into this reality-altering experience? She had no idea how much Ava used to shrink with friends. After rapidly shrinking, a difficult Google search on her phone told her that only a few drops were needed to get someone down to pea size for hours. She'd drunk half a bottle. She tried to call for help in between bursts of playing with herself, but was too small for the phone to respond now. And still growing smaller.

As she sat there, trying to regain control of her trembling body, Isla's fingers continued to move of their own accord, sliding through the slick folds of her pussy as if possessed. Each touch sent shockwaves of pleasure through her, and she bit her lip hard to stifle a scream of ecstasy. She couldn't keep doing this, couldn't keep touching herself like this. It was too intense, too overwhelming. She couldn't stop herself.

Isla knew she needed to stop, to get ahold of herself before she shrank any further. But it was a losing battle, and with each passing second, she could feel herself growing smaller,

lighter, more insubstantial. Her thoughts raced as she tried to think of a solution, a way out of this predicament.

That's when it hit her. Ava! Of course, her roommate would be able to help her. Ava was the one who knew about the LE55, the one who could possibly understand what Isla was going through. She had to get to a spot where Ava could see her. She looked over and saw the white desk that sat between their beds. If she could get to the desk, Ava would easily see her against the spotless surface. Unless she shrank too small, of course.

Isla stumbled forward on shaky legs, struggling with each step. Her knees buckled and threatened to give out entirely as she teetered precariously on the edge of the mattress. Still, driven by desperation and a primal urge to escape her shrinking fate, she pushed onward. Her small hands roamed feverishly over her pale skin, squeezing and kneading the soft mounds of her breasts. She pinched and tugged at the stiff peaks crowning each mound, sending jolts of electric pleasure shooting through her diminishing frame. Droplets of arousal trickled down her thighs as she edged closer to the precipice and closer to another orgasm.

By the time Isla reached the very edge of the bed, her height had dwindled to a mere fraction of an inch. She was now a quarter-inch tall at most, her lithe body appearing more like a toy for a model train set than a real person. The bedding stretched out before her like a vast expanse of pristine white snow, marred only by the damp patch marking where she had started playing with herself. That patch of her own juices would probably be like a swamp or bog to her now. She had to fight herself from wandering back over to it, to roll in it. Instead, she turned and looked at the white desk somewhat below the edge of the bed. It was so far. If she shrank much more, she'd never make it.

With a final burst of determination, Isla flung herself forward, tumbling head over heels off the side of the bed. She landed hard on the wooden surface, the impact sending fresh waves of sensation crashing through her hyper-sensitive nerves. She eventually rolled to a stop against a massive pen. For a moment, she lay still, catching her breath and steeling herself for

the journey ahead. Then, with grim resolve etched upon her flushed features, Isla sat up and marveled at what she saw.

As Isla gazed around the desk, she felt like a tiny insect surveying an alien landscape. The desk and its clutter, which had always seemed ordinary and mundane at her normal size, now loomed about her like an immense plane stretching out in all directions. The surface itself resembled a vast expanse of polished white marble, smooth and featureless save for the occasional scratch or scrape that seemed to yawn like canyons to Isla's diminished perspective.

Scattered across this expansive vista were various objects that appeared monstrous and imposing to the shrunken girl. A few stray pens and pencils littered the scene, each one towering above her like fallen trees from an ancient forest. Nearby, a stack of notebooks and textbooks formed a range of mountains, their spines rising like cliff faces carved by eons of wind and rain. The pages within those bindings represented sheer vertical drops, valleys of knowledge that Isla dared not attempt to traverse lest she plummet to her death. The books loomed over her, their weight crushing, their contents inscrutable at this scale. She imagined that if she ventured too close, the breeze from a simple flip of a page might sweep her away like a leaf in a hurricane.

But the most breathtaking sight was the empty glass sitting on the corner of the desk, near Ava's bed. To Isla, it stood as tall and proud as the Empire State Building, a crystalline spire reaching for the heavens. She had to tilt her head back uncomfortably far to see the top, the lipstick-smudged rim of the glass dominating her view like the band of a magnificent tower overlooking a vast cityscape. Everything here was gargantuan compared to Isla's stature, reminding her how drastically her size had diminished. It was almost enough to make her stop playing with herself. Almost. Yet, somehow, the fear and the scale made her situation all the more arousing and powerful. The scale alone made her feel like she was losing her mind.

Suddenly, a gust of warm air washed over the desk as the heating system in the dormitory kicked on. The sudden draft caught Isla unawares, not that she could do much if she

were aware, and she found herself lifted bodily off the massive desktop. She flailed her arms and legs frantically, but to no avail, as the current carried her aloft and dumped her unceremoniously onto the plush cushion of the office chair beside the desk. Isla bounced and tumbled across the expansive seat, the fabric surprisingly springy beneath her diminutive form. The warmth of the chair enveloped her, a lingering remnant of her own body heat from when she had occupied the space at a normal size mere moments (though it felt like lifetimes) ago. Now, if she continued to shrink, the chair could swallow her whole. She didn't even want to think about what it would be like if she had to claw her way up the tufted material to avoid becoming lost in its depths.

Despite the terror, she was still insanely aroused and continued playing with herself and shrinking further, barely pausing to catch her breath. She perched precariously on the edge of the chair cushion, looking out over the vast expanse of the room that had suddenly become an alien landscape of monumental proportions. The desk loomed before her like an icy wall stretching to the horizon. On either side of the cushioned plateau she was on, her, their beds towered, hers fairly neatly made up, and Ava's with its rumpled blankets and sheets forming a mountain range of tangled cotton. Everywhere she looked, the world had expanded and magnified, dwarfing her and emphasizing her utter insignificance. She was small enough now that she could stand on individual fibers like a thatched rug, she realized to her shock and awe.

Despite the disorientation and fear, however, Isla still felt the relentless ache between her legs, the burning desire that demanded satisfaction. She slipped a hand between her thighs, stroking and caressing her sensitive flesh as she gazed out over this new, enormous world. She knew she should focus on escaping, on finding a way to reverse the effects of the LE55, but the hunger within her would not be denied. Not yet. When would it end? How small would she get? Those thoughts were interrupted by a sight that brought both hope and terror. The door to her dorm was opening. A drunken giggle announced that Ava was home.

Isla watched in stunned amazement and growing dread as her roommate Ava stumbled into their shared dorm room, closing the door behind her. To the rapidly shrinking Isla, Ava appeared as a walking colossus, a Greek goddess come to life. Her roommate's light tanned skin glowed like burnished gold in the dim lamp light, and her cascading curls tumbled down her back in glossy ebony ringlets that swayed hypnotically with each unsteady step.

Ava was a study in contrast for Isla. With her gangly frame, Isla usually stood over her shorter roommate. But from this scale, Ava's voluptuous curves and hourglass figure made Isla feel even more insignificant as she dwindled ever smaller. At 5'4", Ava was hardly tall, but to Isla's minute stature, she loomed like an otherworldly titan, her mere presence filling the room and casting a shadow over the diminutive girl huddled on the chair.

"A-Isla?" Ava called out, her words slurring together in a tipsy drawl. "Are you here?"

Isla tried to cry out, to alert her roommate to her plight, but her voice emerged as a pitiful squeak, drowned out by the rustling of Ava's movements. She watched in a strange, aroused horror as Ava staggered towards the chair where she was perched, the roommate's hips swaying and her ample rear end bouncing with each drunken step. Eventually, Ava was practically straddling the chair. To Isla's shock and awe, she realized Ava's skirt was riding dangerously short, revealing the tantalizing globes of her ass cheeks and the glistening folds of her bare pussy. Apparently, at some point during the night, Ava's underwear had vanished, leaving her intimately exposed. From the looks of things, it seemed like Ava had gotten lucky tonight. Her nethers certainly showed the messy aftermath. The musky scent of her arousal drifted downwards, assaulting Isla's nostrils as Ava drew nearer.

Ava paused before the chair, one hand gripping the backrest for support as she fumbled with the straps of her heels. Isla found herself staring up the short skirt, directly at the drooling slit of Ava's unprotected sex hovering over her like a fleshy cavern. She could see every intimate detail, from the engorged lips glistening with moisture to the throbbing bud of Ava's clit peeking out from beneath its hood.

Ava plopped down onto the chair with a tipsy grunt. Isla felt the plush cushion beneath her lurch and buckle. She tried desperately to cling to the fabric, but the sudden movement sent her tumbling head over heels. The world spun in a dizzying blur of tufted material and warmth before Isla found herself launched skyward, propelled by the force of her roommate's plop.

Isla soared through the air, the vast expanse of Ava's inner thighs rushing up to meet her like a fleshy canyon. To the horrified, minuscule girl, Ava's sex loomed before her like a monstrous, glistening cavern. The engorged lips of her pussy parted slightly as Ava shifted her weight, revealing the slick, pink folds within and the throbbing pearl of her clit, now a grotesquely large and terrifying sight.

Isla was now so small that she could barely make out the individual details of Ava's greater body compared to her intimate anatomy. These rarely seen parts were massive and grotesque to Isla. She was less than the size of a speck of dust, a mote of lint drifting through the air. The strong scent of Ava's arousal filled Isla's nostrils, threatening to overwhelm her. She could feel the heat radiating off her roommate's core, the warmth of her most intimate area enveloping the tiny girl.

Isla had a terrifying realization: she was now so small that she could easily be crushed by the slightest shift of Ava's thighs, the barest brush of her fingers. One wrong move from her roommate could spell disaster for the poor girl. She had to find a way to communicate, to alert Ava to her presence before it was too late. But how could she make herself heard at this scale? How could she possibly escape from this fleshy prison that now surrounded her? The air was thick with the scent of sex and the heat of Ava's core, and Isla felt herself growing dizzy and lightheaded as she flew helplessly towards her roommate's dripping sex, a speck of dust caught in a whirlwind of movement. Then she hit the inner lip of Ava's labia with a wet splat, mired there by the drying cum.

Isla struggled and thrashed as the slick, fleshy walls of Ava's labia closed around her, the drunken roommate's movements trapping the tiny girl within the sweltering confines of her

sex. She could feel the warm, damp heat enveloping her, the air thick with the pungent scent of Ava's arousal. The walls of the vaginal canal seemed to pulse and ripple around Isla, squeezing her from all sides as Ava shifted and grunted above. As Ava drunkenly climbed into bed, her labia clenched and squeezed around Isla, the muscles contracting and relaxing in a rhythm that made the girl feel like she was being crushed in a fleshy vice. That crushing grip lessened with each second as Isla could feel herself growing smaller still, the LE55's effects not yet wearing off as the drug continued to course through her rapidly diminishing body.

The world inside Ava's pussy was a surreal and hard to recognize landscape, with the folds and ridges of the vaginal walls stretching out like a cavernous, glistening ravine. The clit loomed above Isla like a distant, fleshy mountain, while the entrance to the vaginal tunnel appeared as a dark, yawning chasm that she prayed Ava would not seal her inside of. She had no idea how small she would get. Or if the drug would ever fully wear off.

Isla continued to finger herself frantically, the stimulation and the adrenaline of her predicament only serving to heighten her arousal. She could feel her body shrinking. The world around her was a blur of slick, undulating flesh, the heat and humidity making it hard to breathe or think clearly. She was so small. Ava was so big. Nothing seemed real. The world was just becoming a humid, abstract plain to her.

While Ava drifted off into a drunken slumber, Isla found herself trapped, sealed inside her roommate's most intimate and personal space. She had no way of knowing how long she would be stuck there, or if she would ever find a way out. Would Ava wake up and realize she was there, or would Isla be trapped, marinating in her roommate's juices until the drug finally wore off? What would happen if it didn't, and she was stuck here when Ava bathed or fucked someone? The thoughts were terrifying, but also strangely arousing. She didn't know if she would survive this experience, but she knew one thing for certain: she could not stop touching herself, as if she had no choice. She had to keep going, keep shrinking, keep feeling this

intense, all-consuming pleasure, even if it meant she'd be forever trapped in the world of Ava's sex.