

Nalin lounged languidly on the plush chaise, her dark almond eyes glinting with mischief as she watched Lacy squirm with anticipation. The Thai beauty extended a perfectly manicured hand, offering her girlfriend a small, glittering capsule. Her sensual, accented voice broke the silence, "Here, my dear. This little treat will make all your naughtiest fantasies come true."

Lacy's blue eyes widened as she accepted the pill, her fingers brushing against Nalin's. She could feel the electric charge between them, the promise of exquisite torment and pleasure. "What is it?" Lacy asked breathlessly, already knowing she would take it no matter what.

"A special aphrodisiac I had made, just for you," Nalin purred, crossing her long legs. Her silk robe slipped open, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of her caramel skin. "I want to watch you shrink until you're nothing more than a speck, Lacy. I want to see you come undone, over and over, until you're too small to be seen."

Lacy's core clenched at the thought, her panties dampening with arousal. She popped the pill into her mouth, the bitter taste exploding on her tongue. Almost instantly, she felt a wave of heat wash over her, her skin tingling. She gasped as she began to shrink, her body compressing in on itself.

Nalin watched with a wicked grin, one hand trailing up Lacy's thigh as she shrank, feeling the blonde girl's muscles and bones shrinking beneath her touch. "Mmm, look at you, getting smaller and smaller. Doesn't it feel wonderful to give yourself over to me completely?"

Lacy could only moan in response, her body now coming up to Nalin's taunt thighs. She writhed on the chaise, her tiny fingers clawing at the fabric as she grew more aroused by the second. The aphrodisiac was affecting her mind, heightening every sensation, every touch, every ache.

Nalin lifted Lacy's shrinking form, like a large doll, bringing her close to her face. "You're my plaything, Lacy. My little fuck toy to use as I please. And right now, I am pleased to watch you come apart until you're nothing but a memory."

She then slips her tongue from between her lips and licks Lacy from her own lower lips up to her face. The tiny woman trembled as pleasure washed over her. She began to shrink even more. Now easily held by her mistress in one hand. Lacy let out a sharp gasp as Nalin's breathy whisper washed over her, the sensation sending electric shivers down her spine. She could feel herself dwindling in her lover's palm, growing smaller and smaller until she was the size of a tiny, delicate thumb. Lacy's heart raced with anticipation and fear, not knowing where Nalin would take this.

As if reading her thoughts, Nalin lifted Lacy by her tiny thumb and carried her over to a large desk. She plucked a microscope slide from a drawer and held it up for Lacy to see with a wicked grin. "I want you to lay on this slide, my dear. And I want you to fuck yourself until you're nothing more than a speck. Until you're too small for even the highest magnification to see."

Lacy's core clenched at the command, a fresh surge of arousal coursing through her. She knew she would obey, and would do anything her goddess commanded. With shaking fingers, she climbed onto the slide, the cold glass a shocking contrast to her overheated skin.

Nalin loomed over Lacy as she settled on the microscope slide, her dark eyes glinting with cruel amusement. She could see the blonde woman trembling and could feel her own power and control. "Go on then, Lacy. Touch yourself. Bring yourself to the brink of oblivion for me."

Lacy whimpered and did as she was told, her tiny fingers stroking and rubbing at her aching sex. She could feel herself shrinking more with each passing second, her body dwindling

due to the intense aphrodisiac and her own desperate touches. As Lacy pleased herself, Nalin stood above her, slowly untying her silk robe. She let it slip off her shoulders and pool on the floor at her feet. Lacy watched, transfixed, as inch after inch of smooth, caramel skin was revealed. She ached to touch, to worship every curve and contour.

Nalin saw the hunger in Lacy's eyes and smirked. "You can look, my little fuck toy, but you can never touch. You never will again. You will never again feel my skin against yours, never again trace the lines of my body with your greedy fingers."

Lacy whimpered, tears of frustrated desire pricking at the corners of her eyes. She was shrinking even faster now, her body dwindling down to the size of a large ant, but she knew that soon she would be flea-sized. Lacy's body tingled and burned with a feverish heat as she felt herself shrinking rapidly, her desperate fingers still stroking and rubbing at her slick folds. Each touch sent a shockwave of sensation through her diminishing form, every nerve ending alight with pleasure bordering on pain.

She looked up at Nalin towering above her, now a nude goddess with expanses of smooth, honey-colored skin stretching out in all directions. Nalin's breasts, full and heavy, loomed like two perfect, round moons. The dark nipples, hard and pointing, seemed to stare down at Lacy accusingly, taunting her with what she could not have. Nalin's toned stomach and wide hips flared out, leading down to the juncture between her thighs where her pussy glistened with arousal, framed by the neat, trimmed edge of her dark curls. The scent of Nalin's excitement filled Lacy's nostrils, musky and intoxicating, making her head swim with lust.

As Lacy shrank down to the size of a grain of sand, she felt the glass slide shudder under Nalin's fingers as the Thai beauty grabbed it. The world tilted and spun as the slide was lifted, the desk and Nalin's nude form receding into the distance. Lacy could feel the slide's cold, smooth surface against her entire body now as she continued to frantically touch herself,

needing to show her goddess she was doing a good job, before she would be too small to be seen.

The slide was moved, and Lacy was carried through the air, the wind rushing past her ears, the ground falling away rapidly. She could see the macroscopic world around her, the edges of the slide's surface stretching out into a blurry expanse, a cold and unforgiving prison. The aphrodisiac still pulsed through her veins, demanding she keep shrinking, keep pleasuring herself until she was nothing more than a mote of dust, a speck of dirt, invisible even under the most powerful of microscopes. Lacy felt the cold glass slide she lay upon begin to vibrate and hum as Nalin's fingers adjusted the microscope, bringing her rapidly shrinking form into sharp focus. The light below the slide flicked on, bathing Lacy in a blinding, otherworldly glow. She blinked and squinted against the brilliance, her heart racing as she continued to frantically pleasure herself, her fingers moving in a blur.

Nalin's voice echoed above her, a distant, amused rumble like a thunderous chuckle. "Look at you, my little speck. So tiny and insignificant. I can see your tiny desperate, lust-crazed face. Every flick of your fingers as you debase yourself for me. You need to be smaller. So I can't "

Lacy whimpered, feeling the heat of her own arousal rising as she shrank down to the size of a speck of dust. She could feel herself growing translucent, her skin glowing like a pinprick of light against the dark backdrop of the glass slide. The aphrodisiac still surged through her, demanding more, pushing her ever smaller.

"Keep going, Lacy. Keep fucking yourself until you're nothing more than a memory. A distant, forgotten mote of dust that I can examine under the microscope like the insignificant thing you are," Nalin taunted, her voice booming like a god's above the tiny woman.

Lacy could feel the air currents rushing past her, the light pressure of Nalin's breath as she spoke, threatening to lift her off the slide and send her tumbling into oblivion. She clung to the glass for dear life, her fingers scrabbling for purchase as she shrank down to a size too small to be seen with the naked eye.

"I bet you wish you could touch me, don't you, Lacy? Wish you could feel my skin, worship my body like the goddess I am. But you never will. You'll be too small, too insignificant. A forgotten speck floating in the abyss of my world," Nalin gloated, her voice a distant, cruel caress. "A single drop of my cum would obliterate you at this size. I could wipe your slide between my ass cheeks and never even know if you were there, drowning in my sweat or smeared to this slide. So small. So pathetic. And you know what's the craziest thing? This is turning me on more than your touch ever did."

"I can no longer see you, my dear. You've shrunk down to a size too small for even my microscope to find. Will you starve or thirst to death down there? Hmm... Maybe I will give you some mercy there."

Nalin leaned down, her expansive cleavage filling Lacy's view as she brought her face closer to the microscope slide. She exhaled softly, a warm, moist gust of air that fogged the glass and engulfed Lacy's minuscule form completely. Just a simple, soft breath, from her perspective. To Nalin, she simply fogged the glass of the slide. To Lacy, it was world-altering.

Lacy gasped and shuddered as the humid, warm air surrounded her, the moisture clinging to her skin like a second layer. The heat of Nalin's breath was intense, oppressive, threatening to smother her utterly. She could feel herself growing smaller still, the slide's surface stretching out into a vast, foggy expanse around her. The air currents buffeted her, rocking her back and forth, threatening to tear her away and send her hurtling into the abyss.

It was disorienting and terrifying, but also strangely arousing. Being so utterly powerless, so completely at the mercy of her goddess' whims. Even powerless to the whim of her breath. The fog grew thicker, the heat more intense, until Lacy could see nothing but the swirling mist and feel nothing but the thick, humid air of her goddess. She clung to the glass, her fingernails scraping against the slick surface as she fought to maintain her precarious perch.

In that moment, as the fog closed in around her and the heat threatened to consume her, Lacy felt herself shrink down, down, down into the very pores of the glass. The microscopic cracks and crevices of the slide's surface loomed like cavernous chasms as her body compressed and shrank, growing smaller with each passing second. The aphrodisiac still pulsed through her, urging her ever smaller, ever more insubstantial. Until at last, with a final gasp and shudder, Lacy felt herself slip down into the crystalline lattice of the glass, the silicate molecules surrounding her like a tomb. She could still hear Nalin's voice, distant and echoing, taunting her even as she vanished from the visible world. It was thunderous, nearly incomprehensible, but Lacy swore she could hear the voice of her distant goddess in the sky say "Good girl."

Then the light went out. Nalin shut off the microscope and looked down at it thoughtfully for a moment. That was a fun session, she thought. Still, she had another sub coming by that evening, so she'd best get ready. She left the room without a second look at the microscope, the raw power she was feeling would fuel her lust and desire for days. Lacy would have loved knowing her sacrifice brought about such pleasure.

Down there in the crystalline maze of the slide, she wondered if she would ever grow back. Was her goddess serious about her staying trapped down here? She probably should have asked that first.