

Bea sat at the small desk against the wall opposite her bed on her side of the small dorm room. It was late. Very late and her roommate Madeline had not returned yet.

“Probably got lucky...” Bea muttered as she scribbled bitterly at her notes.

She sat at her desk with her knees pulled up to her chest and tucked inside of her signature oversized hoody. People joked that she could probably fit two of her inside of it. Others would point out that she was fairly cute and could even be attractive if she put the effort in. But why should she put effort into attracting people? It's not like she could do anything with a partner, even if she got one.

Bea was that unfortunate percentage of a percent of the population who had the shrinking gene. While not as rare as it once was, it was still a bit of a mood killer for partners. The triggers for shrinking vary from person to person. It could be fear, allergies, or even headaches. For Bea, her shrinking was caused by adrenaline related to arousal. Something she discovered in her teen years and hid as well as she could. Whenever she got turned on, she'd shrink.

It could be gradual or slight at times, depending on how aroused she was. The smallest she let herself get during a particularly pleasurable playtime was ten inches. Being so small terrified her. It took an hour for her to regain her height. Yet, something at the back of her mind loved the thrill. Sure, she kept telling herself that she would never purposefully shrink down that small again, yet the odd pleasure session may cause her to lose a little height here and there. Granted, once she gained a roommate in her second year of college, those pleasurable moments became few and far between, despite ample temptations.

Bea knew she was what people considered attractive; her roommate, Madeline Gail, was what people considered gorgeous. The girl was simply everything, at least in Bea's eye. Bea was short, curvaceous and “well-built” as a friend had described her. Meaning she had thick thighs and sizable breasts, both of which she hid under baggy clothing. Madeline, meanwhile, was the opposite. She was tall, about 5'10, very athletic. She had long, straw-blonde hair that came to the small of her back, whereas Bea's raven-black hair came to her shoulders. Bea noticed once when their laundry mixed that while she had Madeline beat in bra size, Madeline was not exactly small herself. Unlike Bea, Madeline was not afraid to showcase her assets. In fact, it drove Bea wild with how much her roommate flaunted her sexuality.

Madeline thought Bea was gorgeous, or could be with some work, and was beyond confused about why her new friend did not also flaunt what she had. Bea would always mumble something about being uncomfortable about showing too much, or something of the like. Still, as the months warmed, and Madeline wore less and less, the more Bea realized that she found her roommate irresistible. This came to a head one night when she had indulged in a friend's THC vape one too many times and had lost some of her many inhibitions. Madeline came home in nothing but a sports bra and boy shorts, having barely beaten her boyfriend, some of his fraternity brothers, and some of her sorority sisters in a game of strip poker. She also came home with two-thirds of a bottle of cupcake vodka.

“C’mon, Bea! You never drink!” Madeline said with that Southern drawl that Bea found irresistible. At least, currently impaired Bea did. Her roommate’s perfectly smooth face beamed as she offered Bea a medicine cup filled with sweetly flavored vodka.

“Uh, okay.” Bea finally gave in after the fifth prompting of the night by her friend. She gagged a little at the burn of the sugared liquid as it chased its way down her throat and made her head swim with each sip. “That’s, ugh, not too bad,” Bea said, choking a third shot down.

Bea was feeling warm and slid her hoodie off, revealing that she was just wearing a grey sleeveless top beneath. She fanned herself for a minute, hating how warm it was getting this time of the year, not thinking the liquor may be a factor.

“You know, you really could have a kicking fit if you tried. I mean, you already have a great bod.” Madeline slurred, sipping her own drink and eyeing Bea’s curves. “I sometimes wish I had curves like you. Don’t know why you hide em.”

Bea blushed a little, surprised by the comments. Was her roommate coming onto her?

“Like, seriously, your tits are fucking amazing.” Madeline said, gesturing to each breast with a slosh of her cup. The last slosh actually hits Bea’s top, saturating the grey, lightly sweat drenched fabric even more. “Oops, sorry. Didn’t mean that. Though I guess they are already kinda sweaty and all.”

Madeline laughs a little as Bea’s face flushes. “Seriously, you should come to the gym with me sometime.”

“I-I don’t think I can.” Bea, muttered, “Adrenaline has an odd effect on me.”

Bea did not want to admit that she feared she would find the men and women at the gym attractive and get turned on, resulting in her shrinking. Just as she was trying not to look at her disheveled roommate. Madeline did not take the hint and instead drunkenly scooted closer across the floor until she was nearly nose to nose with Bea.

“What? Like it makes you tired or happy? That’s half the point!” Madeline said, not aware of their personal space diminishing. Bea flinched involuntarily at feeling the warmth radiating from Madeline. “What’s wrong? Am I making you...uncomfortable?” Madeline asked.

“Uh, um, uh, no...” Bea replied, meekly.

“Do you like it?”

“I uh-“

“I think you do.” Madeline replied, before slowly leaning down and licking the part of the shirt that her drink had spilled on. Her eyes cut up to Bea as her mouth twisted to a grin.

Bea moaned and closed her eyes as her body shuddered. Then it happened. Bea began to shrink. Madline probably would not have noticed had she not been in the process of placing a kiss on the curve of Bea's breast. Instead, her lips met air. Madeline leaned back and saw that her petite roommate was now looking up at her.

"What?" Madline said in confusion. Bea shrunk down both figuratively and literally in embarrassment. Madline sat up straighter, sticking her chest out, practically looming over the dwindling girl. "Oh. You're one of those?" She asked and Bea nodded. "And getting off... gets you down?" She asked, Bea nodded again.

Madeline sat, looming over a girl who could easily fit in her lap at this point, taking the situation in as well as she could through her drunken haze. She found Bea attractive and her own evening plans were disrupted, leaving her painfully unsatisfied. Bea's newly-revealed secret presented some interesting possibilities. Madeline was a tall gal, and enjoyed that immensely, but she was also attracted to tall men. She had only played around with a few women and loved the height difference between herself and her partners. Now she had a woman literally shrinking before her. The entire situation was painfully erotic and she felt herself flushing with desire.

"Bea, do you like me?"

"I, uh, I, uh, of course I do."

"No," Madline said, her voice getting lower, softer, huskier, that southern accent becoming more tantalizing and teasing as she lowered her face towards the now four foot tall woman. "Do you 'like me' like me, honey?"

Bea couldn't speak but instead nodded breathlessly. Madeline smiled a cheshire grin as she poured both of them another drink. She shot her drink while Bea struggled to shoot hers in three swallows. Madeline reached around and pulled her diminutive roommate closer to her.

"Let's say we have a lil bit of fun, lil one? Would you like that?" Madeline asked, her eyes radiating.

Bea looked up at her friend and nodded, almost hypnotized by the larger woman's beauty and literally intoxicating visage. Madline smiled, and reached her hands around the smaller woman's waist, grasping her firmly but not painfully, and lifted her up onto her bed. Madline gently laid Bea onto her bright orange bedspread, a sharp contrast to Bea's dull blue, and loomed over her, planting an arm on each side. She then slowly leaned down and gently kissed her roommate on the lips. Both tasting the alcohol and lust they shared.

"I don't do this often, Bea, but I think we both are going to enjoy this." With that she lowered herself down onto the smaller woman and embraced her, locking her into a tight kiss and many more fun activities that led to Bea being little more than two feet tall as she lay panting, naked atop the chest of an equally naked and panting Madeline. Bea's head was snugly held between Madeline's glistening, heaving breasts.

"You know, lil Bea, you're probably the best I've had apart from Gregory," she said, gasping a bit, thinking about all of the things she and the dwindling woman had done, referring to her current boyfriend. "I'd love to see what he'd think of this."

That thought filled Bea with a mix of concern and excitement. If Madeline was so accepting of her affliction, would her boyfriend also be as accepting? She would soon find out. That next weekend, actually.

The Friday after their first tryst, Madeline had convinced Bea to give the more ambitious concept of a three-way a try. On Madeline's side, her boyfriend Gregory took little persuasion. In fact, he was quite enthused by the prospect. Madeline, or Maddy as he called her, did not pick up on how interested he was in Bea's unique affliction. When Madeline opened up about how Bea shrunk to two feet tall in her arms during their play, Gregory was surprisingly okay with it. In fact he was encouraging Maddy to engage in future fun. He even graciously offered to aid in such fun.

It didn't take long for Maddy to want to bring Greg into their fun. She and Bea briefly played around one other time after their initial fun and Bea quickly dropped to three feet before having one of the best orgasms of her life. It was during that post-climax bliss that she agreed to Maddy's suggestion of bringing a third party into things. She even suggested the next Saturday, Maddy's birthday. How could Bea say no to that? Easy, she couldn't and didn't, despite a part of her brain screaming for her to come up with any excuse imaginable.

That screaming part of her brain kept screaming the entire night that Madeline took Bea with her for drinks. Gregory was late due to his work-study job and missed out on the initial rounds of drinks at the local bar that shied away from looking at ID's. Madeline and Bea were properly drunk by the time they were stumbling back to their dorm room. Gregory met them, having grabbed a few drinks from his own roommate before meeting up with them. He also had a small bag in his pocket containing some pre-rolled joints his roommate gave him.

The three of them settled in, sitting on the floor, leaning against the two beds as they smoked a bit with the window cracked open and the small fan Bea kept in the room pointed towards it. The drinks from earlier in the night and the weed served to relax all present. Madeline and Gregory were sitting together, leaning against her bed, arms draped over each other. Madeline looked at Bea with hungry eyes.

"Well, lil Bea, we talked about it. Are you ready for some fun?" She asked, leaning forward and practically crawling across the narrow gap between beds to her roommate. She kissed Bea on the lips, gently at first but growing in firmness and pressure. Bea gasped for air as her roommate broke off the kiss, already having lost four precious inches of height.

"I think you want this too, don't you?" Madeline asked, her voice taking a sultry tone. "Do you want this too?"

With that, Madeline reached back with her left hand and unbuckled Gregory's belt, unbuttoned his pants and unzipped them as well. Bea could easily see his cock, semi-hard, pressing

against his briefs. She gulped a little unintentionally and felt herself lose another few inches. Madeline saw that too.

"We'd better get the fun started if you want to be big enough to actually fit that thing inside of you tonight." Madeline said, caressing her boyfriend's bulge through the fabric.

"How small will she get?" Greg asked, his voice trembling from the pleasure of Maddy's touch.

"Oh, she got small enough to sleep on my chest before."

"Lucky girl."

"We're all going to be lucky tonight." Madeline said, kissing her boyfriend gently and then crawling over to grip Bea's face and lick her cheek. "Very lucky, I hope."

Bea wasn't sure if she felt lucky or scared. Maybe both? They both were eying her like a prize or curiosity. Maddy's eyes were glazed from the weed and alcohol. She looked hungry, lustful. Greg's stare was different, more focused. Bea realized that he wanted her. The look in his eyes was that of an apex predator who had snared its prey. He was looking at her with a raw, primal desire that she'd never felt from someone before. She shuddered under their stares. Maddy made the first move, crawling back to Bea and guiding her onto the bed.

The full-sized mattress could hold the two comfortably, but Gregory would take up far more room. That would not be an issue for much longer, Bea realized as he joined them in the bed. Both partially straddled Bea and began removing her baggy clothes. Her shirt and bra slipped free in a single tug. Maddy sat up and pulled her own shirt off, unbuckling her bra and dropping it on Bea's face. All Bea could smell was Maddy's scent. When the bra was pulled away from her face, she saw that Greg's shirt had also been removed, exposing his fit torso. They took her pants next. It was easy. She was probably close to four feet tall now.

Maddy slipped her own panties down, past her shapely hips. She turned and planted her bare ass on Bea's face as she removed Greg's pants and briefs. Bea was overwhelmed as her fit roommate's taunt ass cut off her air supply. She tried to breathe but once again all she was able to inhale was Madeline's unique scent. She was getting smaller again. She knew it and they knew it.

"If she gets much smaller I may be too big for her." Gregory said with a chuckle.

"Well, we don't want that," Maddy giggled. She raised her hips and slid off the bed to stand beside it, smirking as Bea looked down the length of the bed and saw Greg's cock, standing at full attention. It was nearly the length of her now-reduced forearm. "You want it, don't you, Bea? Well, hop on, cowgirl."