

# The Perversion of Alchemy

A short story by textingEdits

“Thanks, everyone for believing in me. I couldn’t have done it without...”

Sydney bounces her leg in the seat next to me, brushing the blonde hair out of her face, her blue eyes scan the script we’d spent all last night writing.

“You know they aren’t going to let you take that script on stage, right? And for god sake don’t forget to thank *both* of your houses!” I coach as we await the principal to begin the ceremony. She anxiously fiddles with the two ribbons in her hair: red and gold, representing each of the arcanist families of which she was the product.

The Arcanist Finishing School for Girls (Arc-Fin for short) auditorium is abuzz with the news. For the first time in ages, the award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of the Arcane was going to someone *other* than a member of the haughty Viper family.

“Have a little faith in me, Jessica! I’ll thank both mom and dad’s houses and then apologize to the Viper house, right?”

“No, don’t apologize! I said *pay respects*. That family is the kind to hold grudges easily, you mustn’t come off like a hothead and offend them!” I chastise.

The ancient auditorium doors creak open, our homeroom teacher Mrs. Thorne enters. Trailing her, a sharp-nosed girl with flame-red hair, her corset bearing a golden serpent insignia.

Sydney elbows me, “Why is Ms. Viper walking with Mrs. Thorne?”

“No clue, I figured she’d already been seated.”

The bulbous Mrs. Thorne scans the auditorium for empty chairs, directing the girl over to the empty seat behind the two of us. She callously eyes Sydney as she sits down.

The tapping of an old microphone commanded silence, the principal has taken her place in front of the student body.

“I hope you all know how amazing it is to see so many bright faces here at the Arcanum Finishing School for Girls. It does this old woman’s heart a great deal of good to recognize such excellence.”

Alana grumbles behind us. Muttering curses at the old woman for not recognizing the power of her *alchemy*. Even though we’re both third years, she demands the sort of respect reserved for professors solely because of her name. Her uniform was the same blue dress and cardigan as mine and Sydney’s, though she accentuates her figure with a black corset bearing the Viper family emblem.

The principal continues her speech, “It is with great honor that I present this award to one of our brightest and youngest stars, Sydney Chambers. Will you please join me on stage?”

The crowd erupts into raucous applause as Sydney takes to her feet. I give her a reassuring pat on the back as she shakily makes her way down to Center Stage.

I had hoped to hear her perform the speech we’d worked so hard on, but could barely hear myself think over the angry grumbling behind me. Despite her short height, Alana Viper makes up for it in spite.

Turning to her, I offer the most polite shush that I can muster. But even this is too much for her majesty.

“Who do you think you’re shushing, Ms. Ashford? I’ve honed my craft for years, I wasn’t born a genetic freak of nature like Ms. Chambers! That award has belonged to Vipers for the past eleven years running, it belongs to me!” She rants.

Doing my best to ignore Alana, I tune back in just in time to see Sydney wrapping up her speech and making her way back to us. Even though she'd been promoted to a third year on the spot due to her innate ability, she couldn't hide that telltale uneasiness of a first year.

Collapsing into the squeaky auditorium chair, she sighs. "How'd I do, Jess? I was so nervous."

I hadn't heard a word of her speech but felt no need to mention it. "You did great!"

"Oh, I can't stand this any longer!" Alana exclaims. "Arc-Fin should recognize talent, not genetics! I've had enough of these foo—"

"Sit down, Alana," Mrs. Thorne commands. "Or you'll be staying after school."

She bristles. "But that's not fair! I'm a role model to these idiots and you're persecuting me?" She complains.

"Then sit down and act as a role model should," Mrs. Thorne chastises.

The flustered girl did as she was told.

The school day concludes after the ceremony. Most of the student body congregates towards the Arc-Fin exits, saying their goodbyes to one another before returning to their dorms. Sydney and I decide to take a late lunch at the cafeteria as we'd spent the evening rehearsing. Of all people, Alana decides to tag along. Heaven knows why, but when she offers to pay for our meals we can hardly refuse.

"Can you believe this is my first award?" Sydney gushes. "Sorry for taking it from you, Ms. Viper. You almost had a three-year streak! I think that's impressive enough!"

“That’s quite alright Mrs. Chambers. We Vipers are resilient if nothing else,” she dismissively remarks, passing out the drinks and confections she’d procured from the cafeteria bakery.

We small talk as we eat. Sydney shares the story about how she’d once fallen into a bog in the countryside during her childhood. How she’d fought off a legion of mutant toads in a cave for three days smelling nothing but foul bog water. The revolting descriptors didn’t make for the most appetizing dinner talk but I smile all the same. For such an even-tempered girl, Sydney certainly has the best stories.

Alana grabs her bags, “Well girls, I believe it’s about time we all headed home? I live over at 1004 Majula Hall, that’s fairly close to you all right? We can walk home together,” Alana was uncharacteristically chipper compared to the tiny ball of indignity that was present during the ceremony.

Sydney smiles and claps her on the back, causing the smaller girl to lurch forward.

“That sounds great! I’ll tell you about the time I freed a couple of fairies from an evil sorceress that was going to eat them!” She looks at me. “You coming, Jessica?”

“Going home sounds lovely, but I promised Mrs. Thorne that I’d help her grade papers after school. Need all the extra credit I can get. You girls go on ahead, I’ll see you both tomorrow!”

“Marvelous, Ms. Ashford. After you, Ms. Chambers.” Alana politely curtseys and leaves with my best friend.

The evening continues without incident as I assist our homeroom teacher. The sun begins to dip as we wrap up. She thanks me for my time and I make my way back to my room across campus under the setting sun.

Exhausted from the day, I collapse into a dreamless sleep in my room. Before I know it, my kitty cat awakens me for breakfast. I feed us both before making my way to class. Sydney and I typically spend the idle moments before homeroom gossiping. So her strange absence hit me immediately. Around five minutes before class, a rather pale-faced Alana enters and takes her seat. I approach from behind.

“Alana? Have you seen Sydney?” I hadn’t intended to frighten the girl, but she bolts upright regardless. Her shoulders go rigid and her entire body clenches.

“She’s... sick. She said her stomach started hurting when we walked home yesterday evening,” recounts Alana.

“Really? She seemed fine when we parted. Maybe it’s something she ate?” I eye her pallid complexion. “Come to think of it, *you’re* looking rather pale today. You even forgot to wear your corset.” It was strange seeing her without it, she almost looked like the rest of us.

Lost in thought, she wiggled her hips back and forth, nibbling her lips the whole time.

Before I can ask again, Mrs. Thorne enters and instructs the class to return to our seats. Throughout homeroom, Alana’s behavior continued to stick out like a sore thumb. She’d taken no less than three bathroom breaks in a single ninety-minute class period and the fidgeting never ceased. At times, even Mrs. Thorne appeared distracted by the girl’s odd behavior.

The moment the bell rang, she bolts out of her seat and into the hall.

I didn’t have a chance to pursue as Mrs. Thorne calls me over, she held her silence till we were alone.

“Ms. Ashford? Do you know where Ms. Chambers is today? It’s unlike her to skip my class.”

I decide to confide my suspicions to the old woman. “Well no, ma’am. But I think Alana might know something. She said she was sick and was the last one to see her yesterday. Normally I’d be okay with that, but her behavior in class today was somewhat... odd. You noticed it too, didn’t you?”

Mrs. Thorne nods, though not without reservation, “Jessica, I know you like to play detective, but Ms. Viper is a private person. With all that fidgeting and the bathroom breaks, I’d say she probably just has an upset tummy. Probably best not to disturb a lady with such questions.”

Stomach trouble? Perhaps she and Sydney *both* have food poisoning? If so, why did I feel right as rain? We all ate the same thing.

Trusting my gut, I decided to look for Alana in the one place she’s been visiting all morning. I spy her peering at her backside in the bathroom mirror. I stifle a giggle. Her posterior is a bit wider than one might expect for a girl her height. It protrudes outward, really adding to her womanly figure. Suffice to say she had plenty of padding should she ever fall. I clear my throat.

“I wanted to ask you about Sydney again? You were the last person seen with her. Are you certain she said she was sick?” I don’t bury my insinuation. If my friend is missing, I’m not about to beat around the bush.

Alana jumps, turning to face me. “Who do you think you are throwing all of these accusations at me, Ms. Ashford? If you won’t address me properly you could at least

show some common decency! Why would I have anything to do with whatever happened to that *mutant*.”

“Don’t call her that!” I snap.

Alana’s eyes twitch. Her body tenses as she darts into the toilet, slamming the stall door behind her and locking herself inside.

“Alana? Are you alright?”

For a brief moment, I could swear I hear someone call my name from inside the stall.

Someone other than Alana.

I knock on the door.

“Go away, you cretin! How dare you disturb a lady when she’s in the toilet!” she yells.

She can’t fool my intuition, “Alana, there’s something you’re not telling me and I’m not leaving till you fess up, you’ve been acting strangely all day!”

“I’m strange!? You’re the one that’s trying to perv on another girl in the bathroom! I’d say you’re the strange one!”

“Oh come off it! It isn’t like that!”

The tick-tock of high heels echoes as Mrs. Thorne enters the girls’ room.

She looks at me, sighing disapprovingly. “Ms. Ashford, I’m going to need to ask you to leave Ms. Viper alone. I could hear you two shouting from my classroom. This is unseemly for a lady, my dear.”

I begrudgingly walk out into the hallway. Something bad had happened to Sydney, my detective’s intuition won’t let me drop it.

It isn’t long before Alana strides outside, not sparing me a second glance. I tail her as she walks to the cafeteria. Perhaps she’ll be willing to talk to me over lunch?

After watching her take a seat, I take my own across from her at the lunch table. “You can’t keep avoiding me you know?”

“Watch me,” She states matter-of-factly as she sips a cup of green tea.

“Did you do something weird to Sydney? Does it have anything to do with why you’re all twitchy?” I drop any sense of politesse and come out with it. I’ve always known Alana as an alchemist but perhaps she’s been dabbling in witchcraft? Their curses typically come at a cost to the caster. Perhaps Alana is suffering from having cursed Sydney?

She seems offended by my bluntness. “I’m not twitchy!” She says, mid twitch.

“Yes, you are. And you keep shifting in your seat. Are you hiding something?”

Alana bites her lip. “It’s of no concern to you,” she stares into her cup.

“I *knew* something was strange about you getting so friendly after you cursed Sydney’s name at the ceremony. What sort of magic did you cast on her?”

“I don’t deal in incantations, idiot. I am an alche—” Her face suddenly turns bright red, her eyes widening to the size of tea saucers. Placing a hand over her mouth she bolts upright. I grab her wrist to prevent her from falling over.

Without warning, a tiny fireball launches directly out of the backside of her dress!

Stunned by the spectacle, I drop her hand. She screams, jolting back. The eyes of everyone in the cafeteria now upon us.

That’s when I see it, there at the back of her dress where the fireball exited.

### **Something moved.**

“What in god’s name is that!?” I stammer. Alana breathes heavily as spasms shake her entire body. Her legs weakening as the tremors continue. Biting her lip, she holds back tears.



Backing away from me, she faces the wriggling object in her undergarments away. “No no no, not hear. Not now!” She sprinted out of the cafeteria, the back of her uniform still smoldering.

The only one left standing, the other students begin staring at me for answers I do not possess. I run after her.

I spy her hobbling down the corridor, covering the scorched hole in the seat of her skirt. I can catch her!

A sudden toll, the final bell signaling the end of the school day. In an instant, I lose her amidst the crowd of students heading home.

I pace the courtyard, lost in thought. I need to find Alana’s dorm. That much is certain.

The fireball, Sydney’s disappearance, that strange wriggling thing in her underwear.

They were all related somehow and I now believed time to be of the essence!

“Didn’t she say something about where she lived?” I ponder aloud.

I recall our dinner conversation yesterday.

*“Well girls, I believe it’s about time we all headed home? I live over at 1004*

*Majula Hall, that’s fairly close to you all right? We can walk home together,”*

Majula Hall is on the opposite side of campus from where Sydney and I live! Why hadn’t

I seen through her lie at the time? I feel just awful letting Sydney walk alone with her

now. Being a few years my junior, I’ve always felt like a big sister to her. A big sister that

left her alone with a Viper.

I considered what sort of strange alchemy could manifest a fireball out of someone’s

rear end as I approach Majula. The large stone building had doubled as a fortress a few

hundred years ago due to its thickness and the sheer size of it. Today, only the richest of the student body could afford a Majula dorm.

I climb the grand staircase to the first floor. I needed only to follow the smell of burning garments to find Alana's room, Majula 1004.

I knock on the door.

"Go away," comes a voice from inside.

"Alana, it's me, Jess."

"I know who it is! That's why I said go away, idiot!" She snips through the door.

I sigh. Recalling how she'd embarrassed me in the bathroom in front of Mrs. Thorne.

Two could play at this game.

I raise my voice. "I'm no fool, Alana Viper. Even if it's small, I can recognize a mage's fireball. Want to explain to me how you learned to shoot one out of your butt? Some Viper trick?"

The rapid tapping of bare feet on a wooden floor approaches as the door jerks open.

"Quiet!" she hisses. She'd changed out of her school uniform, donning a grey bathrobe with golden trim.

I barge into her dorm. The acrid smell of alchemy fills the air. Jars and vials sit amongst plants of every shape, color, and size. A large diagram of the human body is ornately depicted on a chart along the walls. It's been labeled with strange alchemical symbols and the names of each organ.

"No more stories, you are many things, Alana Viper. But you aren't a good liar."

She closes the door and faces me. "That little... Yes. I suppose after that little incident I can't very well say all's well," She takes a deep breath as she eyes me.

“Perhaps green tea has a... unique effect on members of the Viper family?” I grin.

“Don’t be crass, Ms. Ashford.” She shakes her head. “Do you know why I’ve received The Outstanding Achievement in the Field of the Arcane award for the last two years, by chance?”

I shake my head.

She waves her hands at the many accolades that cover her walls. “Because I am not *just* an alchemist, I’m the *best* alchemist at this school, perhaps the brightest in the *country*. My newest potion should have won me that award! It could change everything! They’ll have to rewrite our textbooks because of me! But no, Arc-Fin would rather give my reward to the mutant! That girl doesn’t even know how to control her power! Did you know she blew a hole in the wall when they asked her to light a candle? That’s no achievement, that’s a monster!” I try to follow along with her rant this time.

I worried for my friend’s safety. “Alana, what did you do to Sydney?”

“My molecular manipulation potion simply needs a demonstration. Ms. Chambers seemed the perfect guinea pig. When everyone sees even the strongest of mages rendered helpless by my power, they’ll have no choice but to give the award to me!”

She noted the confusion on my face, wrinkling her nose in disdain, “Molecular manipulation, fool. Changing the size of things. Call it a shrinking potion if you prefer simpler terms, Ms. Ashford.”

“A shrinking potion? You invented a shrinking potion?” That sort of technology was thought to be impossible. The alchemist’s guild forbade the wayward distribution of atoms, likening them to the highly taboo teleportation magics.

“So you’re saying you... shrank Sydney?” I begin looking high and low, inspecting the various jars and cages littering the spacious dorm.

“Yes. I shrank your friend. You can stop looking, you won’t find her in any of those jars.”

I’d had enough of her games. “Then tell me where she is, Alana! What did you do to her!?”

Lost in thought, she studied me before opening her mouth.

**“Well... I put her in my ass,”** she blushes.

I was certain I simply misheard her. “You put her on ice?”

Alana sighs and turns her back to me, pointing at her backside. **“No, idiot. My A.S.S. Ass!”**

My tongue catches in my throat.

“No. Why... how in the world would you...?”

“Containment, Ms. Ashford. Your friend Sydney is still a powerful mage regardless of size. Even at 12 centimeters, she was still fully capable of flinging fireballs. So I needed to coat her in Silencing Gel from the alchemy lab to limit her arcane connectivity.”

I can’t believe I’m humoring this lunatic. There’s no way Sydney is in such a foul place!

“Okay? So you silenced her with the gel. What in god’s name does that have to do with shoving her up your-?”

She places her finger on her lips, “Silencing Gel only works if kept at the same temperature as the human body, they teach this in Intro to Alchemy. I won’t bore you with the details but the gel wouldn’t work on your friend as is. So I needed to keep her somewhere that would remain at the proper temperature. Coating her in the stuff and sliding her inside of me meant she couldn’t cast spells and I could keep constant

supervision over her. While initially uncomfortable, this is the most efficient method of handling Ms. Chambers at this time.”

*Initially?*

“So she’s inside of your... butt? Right now?”

Alana nods.

Suddenly her odd behavior makes slightly more sense. “So the fidgeting in class and the bathroom trips.”

“Your friend caused quite the embarrassing disturbance inside of me earlier, quite the little escape artist. She kept managing to slip out so I had to excuse myself to the ladies’ room to slip her back in.” She reddened at the toilet talk.

I don’t know what to say, was she playing a prank on me?

“If that’s the case, which I highly doubt! She’d have suffocated in your ass! Are you confessing to murdering her?”

Alana waves away my concerns, “She’s fine! Relatively speaking. I mixed a bit of kelp and blackmouth oil into the silencing gel.” She notices my confusion. “That’s the components of a water breathing potion, you should brush up on your alchemical studies, Ms. Ashford. It should last for another ten hours or so till I need to refresh it.”

I stare daggers at Alana. “You’re crazy! I’m not letting you convince me that my friend has become your... your buttplug!”

She shrugs. “What do I care if you believe me? Maybe if I keep her in there I can absorb some of her mutant powers? Maybe I’ll leave her inside of me to see the effect that living in someone’s bowels has on the human psyche.” She sneers at me. “ Or maybe I just like the sound of poor Sydney crying to be let out of my asshole?”

“No. I refuse this. You’re sick Alana. And I’m going to—”

“You’ll what, Ms. Ashford? Tell the Principal on me? Go ahead! I dare you. I’d love to hear you tell him that I have an award-winning mage trapped inside of my ass! No one will believe you, you’ll find the word of a Viper carries far more weight than an Ashford.”

The confusion begins to overwhelm me. Is she telling the truth? Has she captured Sydney inside of her? And if she has, what could I do to help?

“Show her to me.”

Alana raised an eyebrow, “And why would I do that?”

“You’ve done nothing but talk. You could be messing with my head for all I know? Prove it! Prove you’ve invented a shrinking potion!”

Memories of Sydney’s laughing face pop into my head. Her playful boasting and fun stories, her dimples when she smiles. The thought of such a sweet girl in such a disgusting place was preposterous!

“Do you intend to stick your arm inside of me and check for her? Like a farmer with his cow? Is that it, Ms. Ashford?”

“No! You pervert! I need to know if you’re telling the truth or if we need to have you committed!” I shout through my welling frustration.

“Fine, if only to prove the power of my alchemy,” she says, lifting the hem of her bathrobe. Of course, she’s bottomless underneath. The alabaster tones common among Vipers shone incandescently against her rather massive backside.

“Stop admiring it and get on your knees if you’d like to see her. I’m not going to stand on a chair for you, idiot.”

My cheeks grew hot as I kneeled on the floor to get a better look into Alana’s butt.

“If this is just your way of getting your rocks off...” I start.

I cringe as she spreads her cheeks in front of my face. Between them lay nothing but blackness. Tiny scorch marks decorate the inside where the fireball exited. The burns still looked fresh and rather painful. As my eyes adjust to the dark crevice, Alana Viper’s anus comes into focus, and with it... **the miniature arm hanging out of it.**

In abject terror, I watch as it flails around like a trapped rat’s tail. Prompted by a bit of grunting from Alana, a tiny girl claws her way out of the pink anus. Slick and slimy with the viscous residue of Silencing Gel.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Chambers! Look who came to see you,” Alana laughs.

The tiny girl looks up at me. Judging by the length of the top half of her nude torso poking out of Alana, she looks like a child’s doll come to life. From her mouth, a hoarse croak, barely louder than a whisper. “Jessica?” At that moment I knew the tiny naked girl to be Sydney. My Sydney.

I glare up at Alana. “You were telling the truth... Let her go! This is sick!”

She sighs, placing her index finger atop Sydney’s blonde head. Drawing circles into her matted hair, the miniature girl desperately latches onto the giant finger and begins pulling herself out of the orifice.

“Oh poor girl, still haven’t learned from last night? I warned you about pulling my finger!”

Alana grunted as a bassy rumble engulfs Sydney. A sulphuric stench hits me directly in the face. Earthy and sour.

Sydney begins coughing. “Gods! Please Jessi—”

As the sound dissipates Alana regains her composure and presses down on Sydney’s head, with the help of copious amounts of silencing gel, I watch helplessly as my best

friend slides easily back inside of that wretched hole. Her arms still gripping firmly around Alana's index as she plunges her finger deep within the depths of her anus. Upon reaching the second digit she stops and waits a moment before slowly pulling out. Her finger glistened with the translucent gel, but no trace of Sydney.

"That's the most light she's seen in 24 hours." Laughs Alana as she relaxes, letting her cheeks close. She drops the hem of her bathrobe over her bare ass, leaving no sign that anything was amiss. No sign that an entire living human body was forcibly crammed within her.

"Happy now, Ms. Ashford? See? Your friend is fine... technically," Alana steps away as I rock to my feet.

"You're a monster," Disgust and horror drip from my words.

Another fart echoes through the dorm as she steps into her kitchen.

"And that was for ruining a perfectly good pair of panties and burning my ass, Ms. Chambers." She glances at me apologetically. "Sorry for being so unladylike, Ms. Ashford. But you can hardly blame me when *you* barged into my dorm uninvited?" She fiddles with a bottle on the counter.

There's no way I'm letting Sydney be this bitch's buttplug! I may not be a strong girl, but I was bigger than Alana!

The moment I'm within arm's reach, she spins around on her heels, revealing a square of white cloth she'd been soaking. A sickeningly sweet ice-cold vapor shoots into my lungs as she presses the damp cloth to my nose.

The world goes black.



My kitty paws at my face as I throw off my covers. He must want breakfast. I look around my dorm, forgetting myself. My pet purrs as I scratch him behind the ears. Was it all a dream? Alana's fidgeting in class, Sydney's tiny face staring up at me, the finger pressing her deep inside Alana's bowels. Perhaps I had food poisoning after all and had dreamt the day away?

I prepare for the morning, change into my uniform, and head to class with a sinking feeling in my gut.

As I approach my classroom I see a girl at my desk. Sydney? Had she returned? Was it all a dream?

Alana sat atop my desk, waving at me as I enter. "Ah, you're finally awake!"

I steal a glance at her bulbous backside, swallowing hard.

She catches my gaze. "**Yep! She's still in there,**" she laughs. "That look of shock on your face is priceless!"

It wasn't a dream! Alana had poisoned Sydney with an experimental shrinking potion and had trapped her within her bowels!

This could not continue!

"Perhaps I *will* treat you like a farmer delivering a calf, Alana," I say through gritted teeth.

She squeals, "Don't threaten me with a good time, Ms. Ashford. But in all seriousness, lay one hand on me and you'll never make it back to your dorm. Daddy would see to that."

I saw red. "Screw you and your stupid award, Alana! Give me back my friend! Give me back my Sydney!"

A few of the other girls in class were staring, they'd caught wind of enough of the conversation that all eyes were on us.

Alana raised an eyebrow. "And if I say no?"

"I'm going to tell Mrs. Thorne!"

"Tell me what?" The old woman enters the classroom, carrying a stack of papers.

Alana chuckles, "This should be good."

Mrs. Thorne approaches, looking tired, "Still harassing Ms. Viper I see? What is it you were going to tell me, dear?"

I prayed my words would reach her, "Alana shrank Sydney down with a shrinking potion and shoved her up her... butt! You have to help Mrs. Thorne! She's in there right now!

We have to get the alchemist's guild involved!"

The plump woman's eyes darkened with disappointment, "Ms. Ashford I simply don't have time for disgusting jokes. There is no such thing as a *shrinking potion*. I don't know what's gotten into you lately but please stop bullying Ms. Viper. Or I'm afraid I'll have to send you to the principal's office." She turns away and plods down to the teacher's podium.

"Sorry for the interruption class, let's begin. Everyone take your seats."

Alana slides off my desk, placing a hand on my shoulder. "I hope Ms. Chambers knows what a good friend she has in you," she smiles, patting her bottom. "Though I suppose if anyone has a friend in them, it's me."

I know I look like a pervert watching Alana's rear as she returns to her desk, cackling at her sick joke. But I feel so helpless, imagining Sydney fighting to get out of the girl's

wretched anus only to find herself poked back inside. If a worse hell exists, I can't imagine it.

I spend the rest of the class in a miserable state. I feel like I am losing my mind, part of me wants to wake up in my warm bed with my kitty to find out this whole ordeal was only a bad dream. Everything is just so bizarre, no one believes me and Mrs. Thorne thinks Alana is the victim!

I've noticed Alana fidgeting less now, only having to go to the bathroom once during class. She still hadn't donned her corset. Upon closer inspection of her stomach, I can see why. It's faint, but a rather obvious lump now exists in her belly. I wanted to vomit when I noticed it move.

Excusing myself to the girls' room, I lock myself in the stall, the tears begin to fall down my cheeks. I can't let Alana see me cry.

Sydney's tiny arm reaching out to me, the panic on her face when Alana started pressing her inside. Hearing her scream my name just before she went in.

I shake the bad thoughts away, I have to save her! No matter what it takes. I can't let my best friend spend the rest of her life cozying up next to Alana's shit!

The bell rings, I listen as a stampede of shoes squeak down the hall for the next period.

There's probably another hour before Alana goes back to her dorm, surely if she has a potion to shrink someone, she must have an antidote?

Tiptoeing past the prefects, I set out for Majula Hall. A short walk from the central building, I check my back all the way to ensure no one notices my absence. I find myself standing in front of Majula 1004 once more. If no one believes me, I'll just have to take matters into my own hands.

Removing one of my hairpins, I begin picking the lock on the door. The rooms in Majula Hall are nigh impenetrable by magical means, but the tumblers work the same.

After a few minutes, the door clicks and I'm able to turn the knob. A familiar entryway stretches before me. I immediately begin searching for anything related to molecular manipulation. The drawers in the kitchen, cabinets, and fridge yield nothing but food and the regular essentials. Jars of various colored liquids line the bottom shelves, none of them labeled. I don't have time to examine them all. I notice a stairwell leading up past the kitchen.

Do the rich kids all have multi-story dorms? I stow my jealousy and climb the stairwell. The second floor leads to a bathroom and heavy iron door. Checking the bathroom medicine cabinet reveals several different types of stimulants, including a few illegal ones. These must be Alana's study drugs, other than that is a newly purchased ointment for burns, but no antidote. Resting next to the toilet, I catch a canister of Silencing Gel out of the corner of my eye. Beneath it, a small notepad.

I glance at the container, half-empty. Picturing Alana sitting on this toilet as she prepares Sydney with the thick goop makes me gag. Blackened by the flame, the bottom of the notebook had seen better days. The date at the top is from two days ago, that's the evening Sydney went missing when I helped Mrs. Thorne grade papers! Meaning Alana had kept her prisoner for around three days now. I checked the first entry:

*My first successful human trial! I managed to dose the Chamber's girls drink with a delayed reaction version of MMP-026. Luckily her friend didn't walk home with us. I worried about how I would dispose of her body once the subject began reducing.*

*Fortunately, I was able to convince the subject to return home with me and that coating herself in Silencing Gel would return her to normal size, the fool believed me on both counts. At 12 centimeters, she's easy to manage now that the gel has halted her spellcasting. However, the subject's body temperature remains too low to keep the gel in its activated state. Likely a side effect of the frost essence required to concoct MMP-026. I am warming Ms. Chambers between my legs while I work out a permanent solution to this problem.*

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*I'm a genius! I've **successfully inserted the subject into my anus**. I workshopped a few external portable solutions first, but maintaining a stable temperature of 36.6 to 37.2 degrees celsius is far too taxing when the subject requires monitoring 24/7, even for someone of my exceptional skill. I considered consuming the subject orally but have no way of preventing the acids in my stomach from dissolving her and more so no easy way of retrieving her once she is inside of me. I tried submerging her into other orifices first but she's simply too large for a girl of my size and I cannot risk shrinking her further. My anus will serve as her new home for the foreseeable future, it's a tight fit and the subject continues to launch escape attempts but it'll have to do for now. I've modified the silencing gel to serve as a water breathing conduit to prevent the subject from suffocating within me during extended stays. At least until I can work out the kinks in MMP-026 to fix the bloody heat issue. Once remediated, I should be able to stop storing her in such an atypical manner.*

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*The subject's friend, Ms. Jessica Ashford, has become a thorn in my side. She is the only one that knows of my connection to the disappearance of Ms. Chambers. She interrupted me while I was adjusting the subject in the girl's room. Her voice seems to have a troublesome stirring effect on Ms. Chambers, who was able to power through the gel's effects for a moment and launch a fireball out of my anus like an improvised flare gun! The mortification! Worse yet, the Ashford girl followed me home. A pity father forbids me from killing or shrinking any more students unless necessary. Lest our family fall under scrutiny once more. I revealed the subject's location to Ms. Ashford when she doubted my alchemical prowess, how's that for a "necessary" reason, father? I chloroformed the girl and had her returned to her dwelling. I'll dispose of her this weekend once I've received permission, perhaps she could serve as my second pet and help test the next iteration of MMP-026?*

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*The longer I keep the subject within my bowels the more I find the sensation quite stimulating. I've been an anal-retentive girl since childhood so the feeling of holding Ms. Chambers within me is both physically and mentally refreshing. I have begun drafting my dissertation on its effects on both myself and the psychological state of the subject. Perhaps the other Viper women could benefit from this discovery, mother has been complaining about a lazy handmaid as of late...*

"She's planning on killing me!?" I stare in shock at the notebook before pocketing it. I know the Viper family is ruthless but I didn't know the lengths Alana would be willing to go to. This was useful (and horrifying) evidence, but not an antidote.

I turn the canister of gel over in my hands. A laboratory warning on the side states the dangers of consuming it and how prolonged contact could result in permanent silencing. Alana is an alchemist, prolonged contact to the goop wouldn't affect her as she didn't tap into any arcane connectivity. I prayed Sydney hadn't ingested much of the stuff. Now finished searching the bathroom, I venture across the hall to the iron door. Unlocked, but heavy. I groan with the rusty door as I heave. It gives way little by little to a very strange scene.

This room is a laboratory, of this there is no doubt. A desk with plenty of disorganized alchemical equipment and notes crowds one corner of the room. Though the far more interesting piece was the miniature red barn taking up a quarter of the space. It looks like a toy diorama a child might play with. A tiny fence lines its borders. Upon closer inspection, the barn is complete with real living tiny animals! Pigs the size of mice, cows the size of my kitty back home.

"You guys must be test subjects." I pat one of the tiny cows, it looks up at me with sad eyes. A few chickens the size of frogs dart around a henhouse the size of a coffee cup. It'd have been a delightful scene had I not just read about my upcoming disappearance at the hands of Alana.

Turning my attention to the desk. Messy and disorganized papers dot its surface, other books on various scientific topics lay haphazardly with multicolored floral bookmarks.

Tomes on chemistry and physics. Alana took her studies seriously.

Amidst the chemistry notes lay a file titled "Molecular Manipulation Theory".

I skim the notes, quickly realizing that Alana is right about needing to brush up on my alchemy studies. I can't read most of this, let alone understand it. Her artistic renderings of the stages of reduction were all that let me know I had found something important.

Attached to the file is a small half-sheet titled To-Do. I examine the list:

- *Test new formula on plants to see if it can affect them (done)*
- *Test new formula on small mammals; rats, then perhaps a dog (done/failure)*
- ***Test new formula on humans (≈)***

Interlinked red circles ran between "Test new formula on humans" and the "test on small mammals" entries, suggesting she must have made progress on both tasks.

According to Alana's notes, she's still in the animal testing phase and had leaped directly into human testing.

I stuff the notes into my uniform pocket, more evidence that I can deliver to the alchemist's guild and have her arrested when I take my leave.

Another inspection of the lab yielded nothing that looked remotely like an antidote. I was running out of time.

**"Well! You saved me the trouble of having to get you alone at least, Ms. Ashford,"**

The hairs on my neck prick up as her eyes feel heavy on my back.

Shit! I hadn't heard her come in! I wasted too much time! *I'm such an idiot!*

"I'm... lost." I turn to face her. Leaning against the heavy door, she waves to me.

"Quite a feat to end up lost in a locked room." She approaches, one arm concealed behind her back.

"Can't we talk about this?" The pop of a cork sends me on the defensive as I back against the miniature farm.



She splashes me with a strange yellow liquid!

Letting my instincts take control, I scoop a handful of the tiny chickens and fling them into her face! They swarm her like angry bees.

“What on Earth?” She swats at the tiny poultry, momentarily distracted, as I dart past her down the stairs.

I wipe the smelly liquid off of my arms as I descend the staircase. Maybe she meant to get it in my mouth? Reaching for the doorknob, I immediately notice something is wrong. In a flash, my limbs feel like wet noodles and I crumple to the floor. That liquid, a paralysis potion?

“Dammit!” I crawl toward the door but my limbs don’t respond.

The tapping of her flats notes her descent along the stairs.

“You didn’t think I’d just let you walk out of here with all this information you’ve uncovered, did you?” She leans over me, flicking a chicken off of her shoulder.

Reaching into my dress pocket, she retrieves her notebook.

I lift my arms to stop her. But it was useless. My limbs were useless. *I was useless.*

I’m so sorry Sydney.

The paralysis only seems to have affected my limbs, my neck and mouth remain largely unaffected. Perhaps this sort of potion has been modified for interrogation?

“Is Sydney okay?”

Alana strokes my cheek. “She’s alive, Ms. Ashford. She’s given me quite the kegel exercise today.” She pats her hips and laughs.

“You’re sick, I know you’re planning on killing me!”

Ignoring me, she retrieves a bottle of a pinkish liquid from a nearby shelf. A bottle I'd disregarded earlier due to a lack of labeling.

"Kill you? Oh please. After I'm done with you, you'll wish you were dead. You can't imagine the things I'm going to accomplish with this invention," she removes the cork from the bottle.

"You're making tiny farm animals and turning people into buttplugs! These aren't scientific accomplishments. You're a sadist with a height complex!"

"Cute," Alana smirked. "Your friend was simply my first successful human experiment. It's an honor. Not just anyone gets to be so close to a modern-day genius as she is."

She holds up her notebook. "You know, I managed to figure out why it lowers body temperatures, by the way. It's fixed in the newest iteration." She slaps her backside.

"But Sydney likes it in there, don't you, darling?"

She crouches next to me, I can just barely make out a muffled noise coming from beneath her dress.

"See?" Alana smiles.

"One thing still doesn't make sense about all this. How did Sydney manage to cast a fireball from inside of you at lunch yesterday? Didn't you say the gel neutralized her?"

Alana sighs. "After I captured her, she spent the night inside of me. I overestimated the gel's effectiveness and didn't reapply it in the morning. It began to wear off sooner than I expected." She releases a long punishing fart right beside me. Sydney's cries from within increased in volume as the sulfuric stench burns my nostrils. "That little escape attempt almost cost me everything, you know. Now I replace the gel every ten hours."

She blushed. “Or if I have to remove her to use the restroom. Lest poor Sydney finds herself in the Arc-Fin sewers.”

Alana’s notes said I was able to stir Sydney, maybe if I could just get close to her?

Looking at the bottle in her hand, it’s pretty clear if I can’t think of something I’m going to be her guinea pig for life.

“You won’t get away with this.”

“Oh, I think you’ll find I will.” She spits in my face.

Dangling the uncorked glass bottle over my head, she stares down at me.

“Ready to help me test the newest revision?” She teases.

“Wait! Please, can I see her just one more time before you shrink me? I’ll do anything!” I plead.

She scoffed, “Anything is a big word. Are you certain you’ll do *anything*?”

I nod.

She steps over me, nude under her school uniform. “How about you eat my ass?

Constantly fighting with your friend has sparked something within me. Did it excite you too? knowing I had total control over poor Sydney? Did it make you wet thinking about her as it did me?” She spread her cheeks, **I saw a glimmer of blonde hair**. “So how about a taste? Y’know, before I shove you inside of it for the rest of your godforsaken life?” She cackles.

“If I do it, will you let Sydney go? Let me take her place?”

She laughs even harder. “That paralysis potion shouldn’t have affected your brain, did it? No dear, I said you’ll eat my ass, and *then* I’ll shove you inside of it. **Both of you**.

Even if I can’t fit you two in there at once you can just take shifts. Maybe we can go one

in the front and one in the back? You're a bit shorter than her, you might just fit." She muses.

I stared into her exposed privates. Both holes looked like pretty terrible options at the moment, I shook my head and focused on the plan.

"Yes. Please let me eat your ass. There is something so exciting about pleasing a genius such as yourself."

She squeals in delight, hiking up her dress, her flats on either side of my head. Perhaps the selective paralysis potion wasn't a potion for interrogation at all, perhaps Alana was a bigger freak than I thought? I focused on her anus, looking for any signs of movement from Sydney.

"See? I knew you'd learn your place."

Lowering down onto me, her cheeks spread apart. Sydney's panicked head pokes outside of her hole.

"Jessica!" She shouts, relief spreading across her tiny face. Sudden recognition flashes in her eyes as she takes in my predicament.

"Wait, Jess! Get out of here! She's a psychopath!"

I remain silent; not wanting to arouse suspicion.

"Sydney dear, what did I tell you about speaking?" She asks, flexing her asshole. In an instant, my best friend vanishes back inside. Her muffled screams reverberate as her head sinks into Alana's bowels. Finally, her cries cease and all that's left is her long blonde hair seeping out like the world's smallest tail.

"Don't worry about her, Ms. Ashford. You'll be spending plenty of time together soon."

Alana coos, pressing her anus onto my lips.

The taste of her ass was vile with the plastic coating of gel oozing out. But I suppose my position is preferable to Sydney's. I place my lips around her hole and begin sucking harder than I've sucked in my life.

"Oh, not bad dear. Get your tongue in there." Alana gyrates on top of me.

I do just that, my tongue presses into the slimy walls of Alana's rectum. The silencing gel tastes worse than it smells. Like a mixture of battery acid and lemon juice. Within that disgusting darkness, my tongue traces Sydney's body, her tiny hands wrap around me. Holding on for dear life, I suck until Sydney's head rams into the back of my throat, nearly gagging me. Her moving arms and legs made it feel like a large bug had crawled into my mouth.

Before she could react, I run my tongue over every crevice of my best friend's naked body, taking every bit of the nasty gel that I could manage into my cheek, doing my damndest not to swallow any of it. Fighting past my gag reflex and the possibility of losing what little arcane power I had, I press on.

"You are quite the little vacuum down there aren't you? I've decided, you're going in my pussy. I'll slide you in feet first so you can suckle on my clit whenever I order you.

Doesn't that sound fun, Ms. Ashford?"

*Hell no!*

A sickening squelching noise signals Sydney's hips popping out of Alana's asshole.

Finally realizing something was wrong, she bolted upright. "What the hell! Did you suck her out of me, don't you dare eat her! I need her for more experiments!"

I stared up at her from the floor, Sydney's legs kicking wildly from the outside of my mouth.

Unfortunately, I have little time to appreciate my success. Alana stomps my stomach, her heels launching Sydney out of my mouth and onto the floor.

“You idiot! What did you do!” She shrieks.

“Saved... her.” I gag out.

I focus on not vomiting while I lay paralyzed on my back. The sounds of furious scrambling and shouting serve as the precursor to an incredible light enveloping the dorm. In that light, I see the world’s tiniest mage levitating before my very eyes.

I spit a mouthful of the silencing gel onto the floor, my prayers worked, I made it in time.

On the floor, I felt the heat of tiny fireballs and the whiff of ozone that comes with casting electrical magic. The accompanying light show cast on the ceiling reminds me of the Aurora Borealis, simply beautiful.

Coming as it went. In a flash, the room goes quiet. No more fireworks and no more screaming. Just silence.

I lie still for what feels like an eternity as the paralysis potion begins to wear off. I shakily roll onto my stomach and throw up what remains of the gel. It feels good to finally get that poison out of me. The numbing sensation permeating my limbs weakens as I drag myself across the floor. The once beautiful dorm, now a scorched wreck. In the epicenter lay a tiny huddled form. If I didn’t know what I happened to be looking for, It’d be easy to mistake it for a lump of ash. Crawling over to it, the ash unfolds into the shape of a girl.

“Are you okay, Sydney?”

She looks up at me, her blue eyes shining like sapphires against the soot. “I thought you were going to eat me!”

“No way. You taste like ass,” We laugh till we ache, which doesn’t take long.

Scooping the tiny girl into my hands, I place her on my shoulder. She hangs onto my hair to keep balance.

I begin looking for another much larger lump. I find her beneath the kitchen table. Tiny lightning burns cover Alana’s body.

She slowly tries to get up but gasps in pain, collapsing back to the ground.

I approach, finally my turn to smile. “It’s over Alana. Just give up.”

She says nothing, instead focusing on her breathing.

“Does this count as another ‘survived a cave’ story? I think I preferred the smell of the bog frogs, to be honest.” Sydney’s tiny voice was like honey next to my ear. It feels nice to hear her again.

“A minor setback. My family can make all of this go away.” Alana manages to spit out.

The door to 1004 Majula Hall blows open. “Stop where you are! Step away from Ms. Viper!” We turn around to a fleet of arcanist enforcers bearing down on us.

I swallow hard. “Um... I can explain?”

My kitty plays with my newly adopted tiny cow as I read the paper. The story about the nameless alchemist at Arc-Fin that had practiced illegal human experimentation was a national headline. Though disappointed that the Viper family was powerful enough to keep Alana’s name from showing up in the report, I found satisfaction that everyone at Arc-Fin knew it was her. Luckily, since Majula Hall was technically a fortress, the upstairs lab was unaffected by the blast and had survived to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt what she was doing in there.

Rumor has it arcanist scouts scooped up Alana before Sydney could testify against her in the trial. We never saw her again. My money is on some higher-ups from the arcanist military picking her up, she was the original inventor of the world's first shrinking potion, after all.

I entered class, Sydney stood next to my desk. The alchemist's guild had been able to decipher Alana's notes and reverse engineer an antidote. It was taking longer than expected. It'd taken her a week and she was still just a little shorter than me. So I'm enjoying being the tall one for once while I can.

Sydney's sworn off spelunking in caves for good, I can't blame her. I suppose spending three days trapped inside of Alana's anus would give anyone a pretty bad case of claustrophobia.

"Did you hear? There's a rumor someone saw Alana in arcanist R&D robes. Think she got a deal with the fed?" Sydney spoke in hushed tones.

After the shrinking incident, Alana Viper had been quietly expelled from the Arcanist Finishing School for Girls and all of her records erased.

I sigh, "It scares me that they'll give someone like that psycho a government job."

"Yeah..." Sydney looks worried. "Let's walk home together, okay?"

I relished resting my elbow on top of her head. "I never thought the most powerful mage in school would ask *me* to protect *her*. I suppose I can walk you home little girl."

She gave me a playful punch in the stomach. "Shut up, Jess."