The lights brightened a bit.

“Miss Maia?” A quiet, synthetic female voice spoke. The redhead stirred slightly, but did not wake. The lights brightened a little more and the voice spoke again, with a higher volume this time, “Miss Maia. As per your instructions, it is time to wake up.”

The redhead’s eyes opened, blinking in rapid succession for a few moments. She let out a muffled groan into her pillow, then closed her eyes again and did not move for a while. Silence returned to the chamber, stretching on before the synthetic voice came again, “Miss Maia. Please, let me-“

“Yes! Yes!” The redhead said, her voice muffled by her pillow. “Thank you Eve! Just… give me a few moments, please?”

"Very well." The synthetic voice said. "My sensors indicate that you've fully awoken now and are unlikely to fall back to sleep knowing that, as per your instructions, I am to persist in-"

"Eve!" The redhead arched up, eyes barely open. "Thank. You. I do not need you to lecture me! Next time remind me to tell you to wake me up in a gentler manner, and not yammer me out of my sleep."

There was a brief pause, and then the synthetic voice spoke again, "Very well. Instruction memorized."

The redhead flopped back onto the bed, sighing deeply.

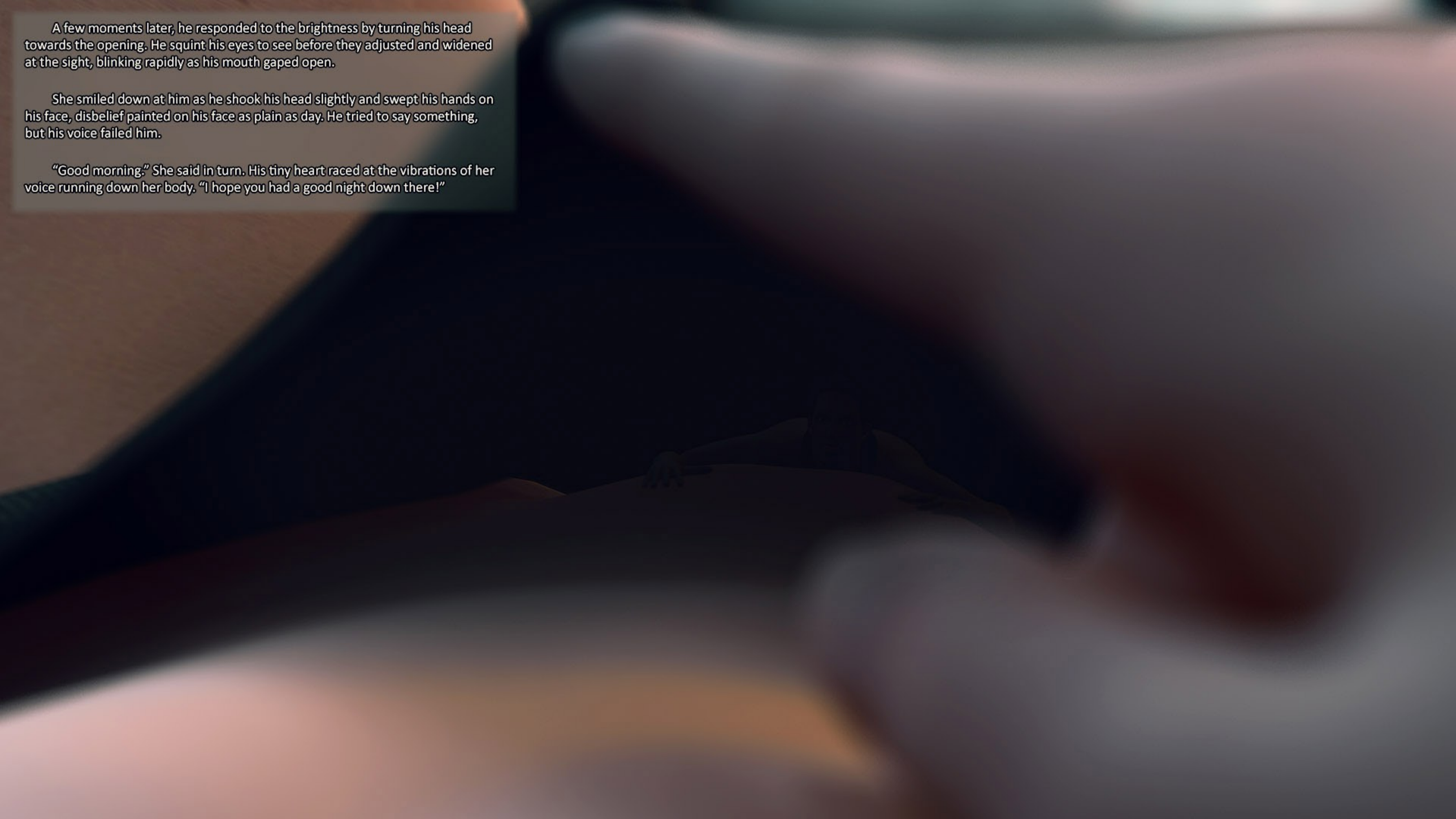
She was in no hurry, she wanted to play. She traced her finger a few more times against his tiny form, inciting even more struggles against the tight fabric, and then tapped on him a few times. She could feel the shape on his tiny body with each tap of her finger, could feel his tiny muscles as they fought against the alien object that invaded his body.

He was at her complete mercy, utterly powerless to fight her most basic whims. There were so many things she could do to him at that moment, things that ranged from her gentle taps being transformed into bone-breaking pinches to using him to enjoy a playful lazy morning before stuffing him further down and *inside*.

But no. She needed him to know. It was a lot more fun that way.
Her hand retreated, and she slipped a finger beneath her panties, prying the front open. Light flooded the interior at that moment, and she smiled gently as she saw her prisoner to be well positioned within.

He was barely visible.

He lay curled up against her pubis, just above her pudenda. He had spent a significant portion of the night much further down, drenched in her secretions until she had been done with him. Then he'd crawled back up to a more comfortable position and time had done the rest.



A few moments later, he responded to the brightness by turning his head towards the opening. He squint his eyes to see before they adjusted and widened at the sight, blinking rapidly as his mouth gaped open.

She smiled down at him as he shook his head slightly and swept his hands on his face, disbelief painted on his face as plain as day. He tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

“Good morning.” She said in turn. His tiny heart raced at the vibrations of her voice running down her body. “I hope you had a good night down there!”

“You have my permission to come out.” Her deafening voice came, defying his expectations. But he was awarded a means of escape, and grew determined, dragging himself towards the exit.

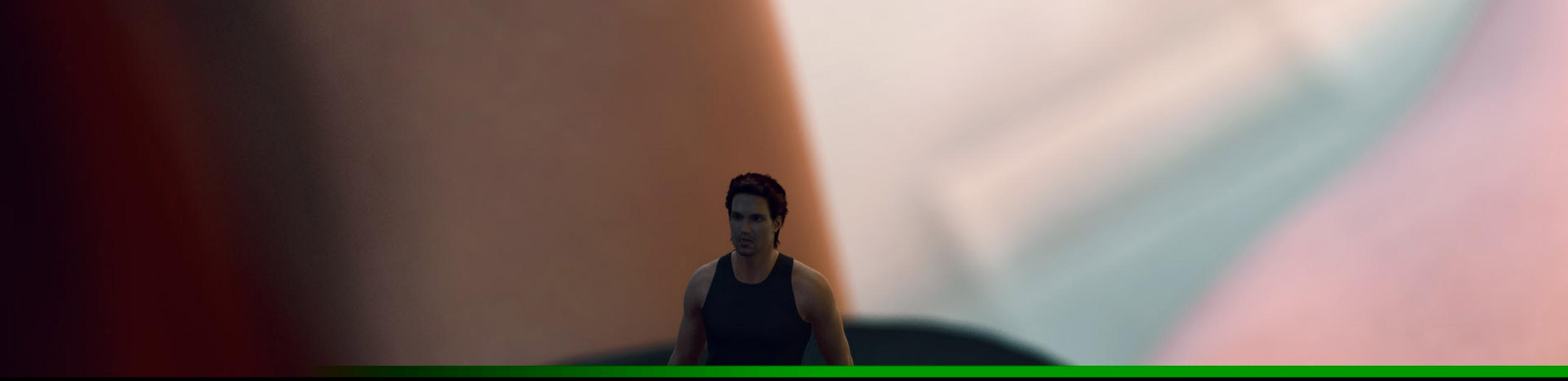
As soon as he reached the exit, a mix of feelings ranging from awe and euphoria to fear and anxiety flooded him. The world into which he emerged was one his mind had difficulty trying to perceive. It was entirely out of proportion and scale, especially the face that loomed in front of him.

Her lost himself in her beauty for a fleeting moent. Suddenly, the gigantic hand that he forgot was even there moved, releasing a loud snap behind him before it retreated into the

As he watched the terrifyingly huge face in front of him, her lips parted with a level of detail that frightened him to his core. Then her voice came once again, “Hello."

He said nothing. Instead, his head lowered towards the ground he stood upon after the vibrations of her voice carried over. His eyes stopped at the small hole in front of him that was her navel. Then his eyes wandered up once more, shifting between the huge mounds of flesh to each side of her face.

“This... can’t be...” He shook his head.



"Wait," he turned around, looking at the place he emerged from. "I... uh, I spent all these hours... there?"

"Mhm." She hummed. "You were lovely down there, I must admit, squirming delightfully all night. I hope it hasn't been too rough for you."

He stared at the dark fabric in disbelief. Now he understood where the heat had come from, why the soft surface he was pinned against became so slick and smelled so pungent and arousing at the same time. The distant, thundering heart-beat and the rhythmic breathing... it all made sense now.

Except that it couldn't be real. He shook his head again. "No, this isn't real. This is some twisted altern-"

He felt his leg being pinched and yanked in a sudden, tipping his balance off. “I’m not in the mood to play the little game of reality.” She said. “There are better ways to show you just how real this is.”

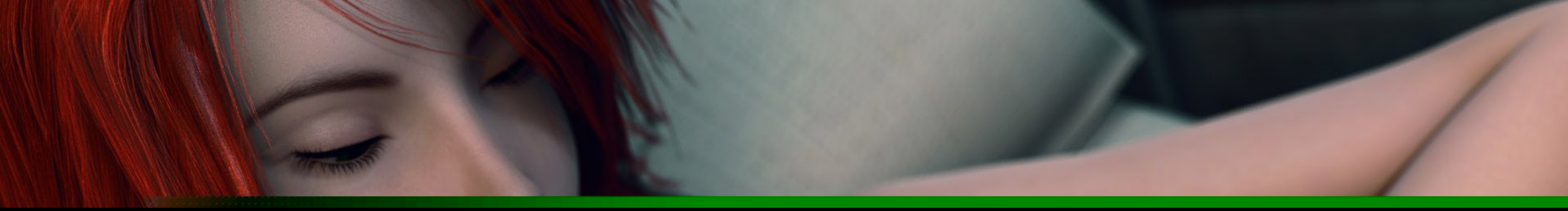
He tried to fight her fingers, tried to hold onto something, but her skin was too smooth. The giant hand was unrelenting in its ascent, not responding even the slightest to his protest. Adrenaline rushed through his veins as his heart pumped furiously. It all felt real enough to him. Too damn real.

There was no time to think, only to scream. It happened too fast, yet seemed to last for an eternity. His limbs flailed wildly, his tank-top flapped in the air, his mind shut down.
His screeching voice was the only thing left.

But instead of a bone-shattering touchdown, he experienced the softest landing he could have imagined. He sank on the flesh of her massive right breast as his body planted itself on her skin before he rebound into the air.

Still disoriented, his second landing saw him plastered against her other breast

Recovering, he looked up at her face, now larger still. He reached a hand out towards her smiling form, pleading once again, “Please! I... where am I? Who are you?”

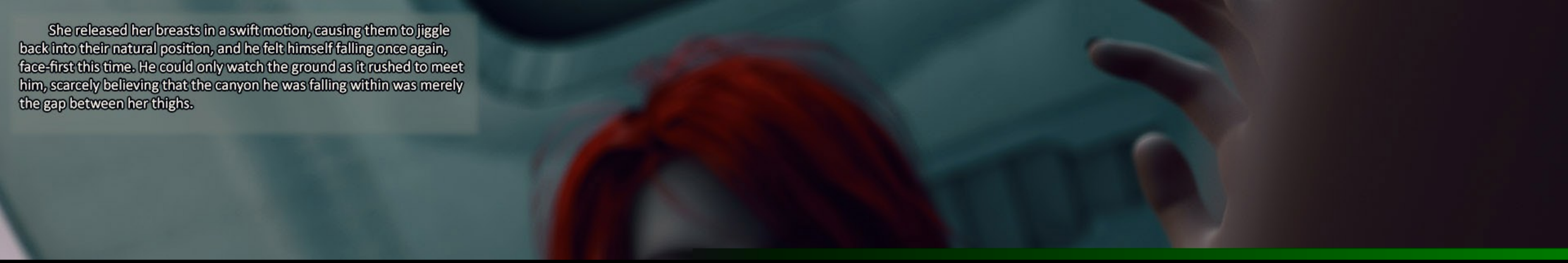


He tried to plead, but his lungs failed. Her breasts were slowly suffocating him, and still she only smiled down at him, a low moan escaping her lips.

"Here is what's going to happen, little one." She said as his face started turning red. "I will be your end, but I'm going to let you decide how it'll happen. Understood?"

He nodded his head rapidly. He was willing to do anything to get a lungful of air again at that point.

"Alright."



She released her breasts in a swift motion, causing them to jiggle back into their natural position, and he felt himself falling once again, face-first this time. He could only watch the ground as it rushed to meet him, scarcely believing that the canyon he was falling within was merely the gap between her thighs.

The mattress wasn't as forgiving as her breast. He slammed into the depression caused by her massive ass with enough force to knock the wind out of him, but he survived with only a few bruises. His first instinct was to get away, immediately trying to crawl out of the pit in his fours.

Soon enough he understood how utterly futile his efforts were. In almost a minute, he barely got to her knees before stopped, head sunk in defeat. He was completely powerless, and she was only toying with him by giving him the chance of discovering his helplessness himself. He turned around, sitting, unsurprised to see the amusement in her expression.

If only you weren't so beautiful.

"Why?" Was the only word he said.

"Oh," she raised her eyebrows. "You've come to terms with your fate this fast?"

"I've come to terms with nothing!" He screamed, then shuddered and lowered his head. "I don't know who you are, what you are. I don't know where I am or how I got here. How could I come to terms with any of this!"

She smirked. "There's no point in explaining why when you're about to be ended. I'm just giving you the courtesy of your last freedom of choice you have left."

He didn't know what to say. It didn't make sense, none of it made sense. He shook his head, "No. No way. I just can't believe this is happening. There has to be an explanation!"

"Truly?" She said. "You want to call my hand? You are so confident that I'm bluffing?"

He looked at her, dragging himself a little back. "I... uh, I just don't think that you, whatever you may be, are capable of ending someone's life like this."

She eyed him for a few moments, the burst out laughing. "So be it."

Her hand moved to swift from him to believe it was actually possible. He could only muster a wide-eyed stare before she pinched him once more on his leg, but this time dragging him along the mattress instead of lifting him up in the air.

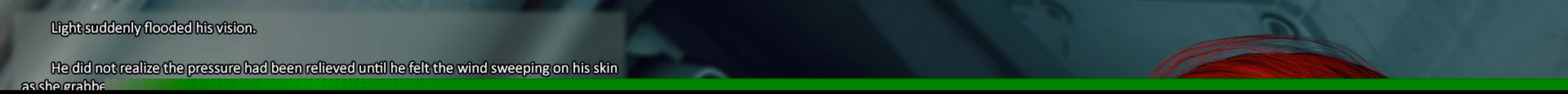
He felt like sliding through a snowy landscape with his leg stuck on a snow-piercing train before she disposed him near the edge of the bed, pressing down a finger on his chest once and denying him of his breath before retreating it. He saw shadows move above him as he recovered from what was a simple gesture to her, and when his eyes focused again, his heart raced faster.

He knew his words had been a mistake the moment he spoke them, but h

He held a hand up, failing to drag himself away in haste. It was instinct, of course, for it was futile to try and resist the unstoppable. Her ass descended like a meteor bent on pulverizing him to oblivion. There was no way this was just a taste.

It made contact, and it buried him beneath what felt like the weight of the entire world.

He couldn’t move a single muscle, and couldn’t breathe a single ounce of air. Perpetual darkness and silence reigned all around him, reminiscent of a dive into the deepest depths of the ocean. The pressure was unrelenting, yet he was surprised that his bones weren’t crushed to their simplest constituents already.
Was she holding off? A glimmer of hope sparked within.


Light suddenly flooded his vision.
He did not realize the pressure had been relieved until he felt the wind sweeping on his skin
as she grabbe

But it wasn't enough.

Her leg lowered, and he slid right along it. He couldn't stop his descent, there wasn't a speck of hair or anything he could hold on to on her skin. It was flawless. This time he rushed towards a hard, metallic floor, and he feared he wouldn't survive without some broken bones.

Just before he fell, her foot arched up a little, enough to slow him down significantly before she lowered it back down again and forced him to tumble into the cold floor beneath.

Grunting, he tried to get back up immediately, but a sudden shadow engulfed him from above.

“Simple and straightforward.” She said, planting her foot on top of him. “Some would say you are a mere bug after all. And this is what happens to bugs.”

Indeed, he squirmed like a bug while trying to fight her foot to no avail. It flattened him against the shiny floor without any effort, holding him and immobilizing him as she had done many times now.

“I see it differently though.” She continued, increasing the pressure. “There is a certain symbolism in holding someone’s life hostage literally beneath your feet, wouldn’t you agree?”

He was too preoccupied to give a thought about her words. Not so just with her foot, but the surreal world he had found himself in, one that - according to her - would end for him just as fast as he had begun. And of course, there was that certain feeling of humiliation behind all the fear and pain, one he had trouble of confronting his whole life.

Just as blackness started to creep from the periphery of his vision, the pressure lifted entirely and he jolted upwards in a rush, gulping in lungful of deep breaths. Then he looked up, eyes widening for the umpteenth time.

The whole ground shook as her foot smashed just behind him

He obeyed automatically. He walked beneath her foot, and then dropped to his knees once again.

It was a simple gesture on her part when she decided to lower her whole body down, knees on his sides, straddling him and leaving him in utter awe. He only reacted when she slammed her left hand in front of him, causing him to jump and trip backwards.

"I'm sorry?" She seemed angered. "Truly? I'm about to end the only thing you have left and that's all what you're going to say?"

He had disappointed her in the very act of taking his life that she was about to execute, yet he still cowed underneath her. How utterly preposterous it seemed in his mind, bu he was frozen in place, unable to act any other way beneath the apparent goddess that overwhelmed him.

"I'm-" He stopped himself, lowering his head even further, "I apologize."

Shadows shifted around him, and within a fraction of a second he found himself imprisoned within her hand as her fingers scooped him up, transporting him right beneath her looming head. She looked at him like master looked at her misbehaving dog.

"I expected more from one such as you." She said. "Don't you possess any pride? Is there no fight in you?"

He shook his head. "I've lost any ounce of pride I've ever had a long time ago. I, uh, I'm powerless against you. Why should I fight?"

She glared at him even more. "Maybe one as weak as you deserves worse."

She brought him closer to her face. “Maybe I should just eat you whole.”

He pushed himself back against the skin of her hand, her face filling the entire sky. He shivered at the thought of her words. She wouldn’t, would she? Her lips parted at that moment, and her tongue came creeping out of the dark

"Wait..." She said, raising up and keeping him at stomach-level. "Are you some kind of scientist?"

He looked up at her once, nodding rapidly, and then looked back down. She smiled, "Oh my... I've misjudged you entirely." She raised her other hand and pointed her index finger, poking him playfully on his side. "I thought you were so scared that you couldn't think straight. One of those docile ones that would obey very command possible because you're just too fear-stricken and weak to act on your own. But it seems the answer is far simpler. You're shy!"

She laughed at the notion. "Oh my... such a handsome fellow coupled with being an introverted scientist with social anxiety. How does that even happen?"

Her words made him entirely uncomfortable as he fought her repeatedly poking finger.

In a sudden, she moved and sat on the edge of the bed again and dumped him between her thighs without too much care. He rolled around before balancing himself, lying on his back and pushing himself backwards out of the canyon that she created on the mattress. He felt incredibly tiny and helpless while being surrounded by her on every side but the cliff behind him.

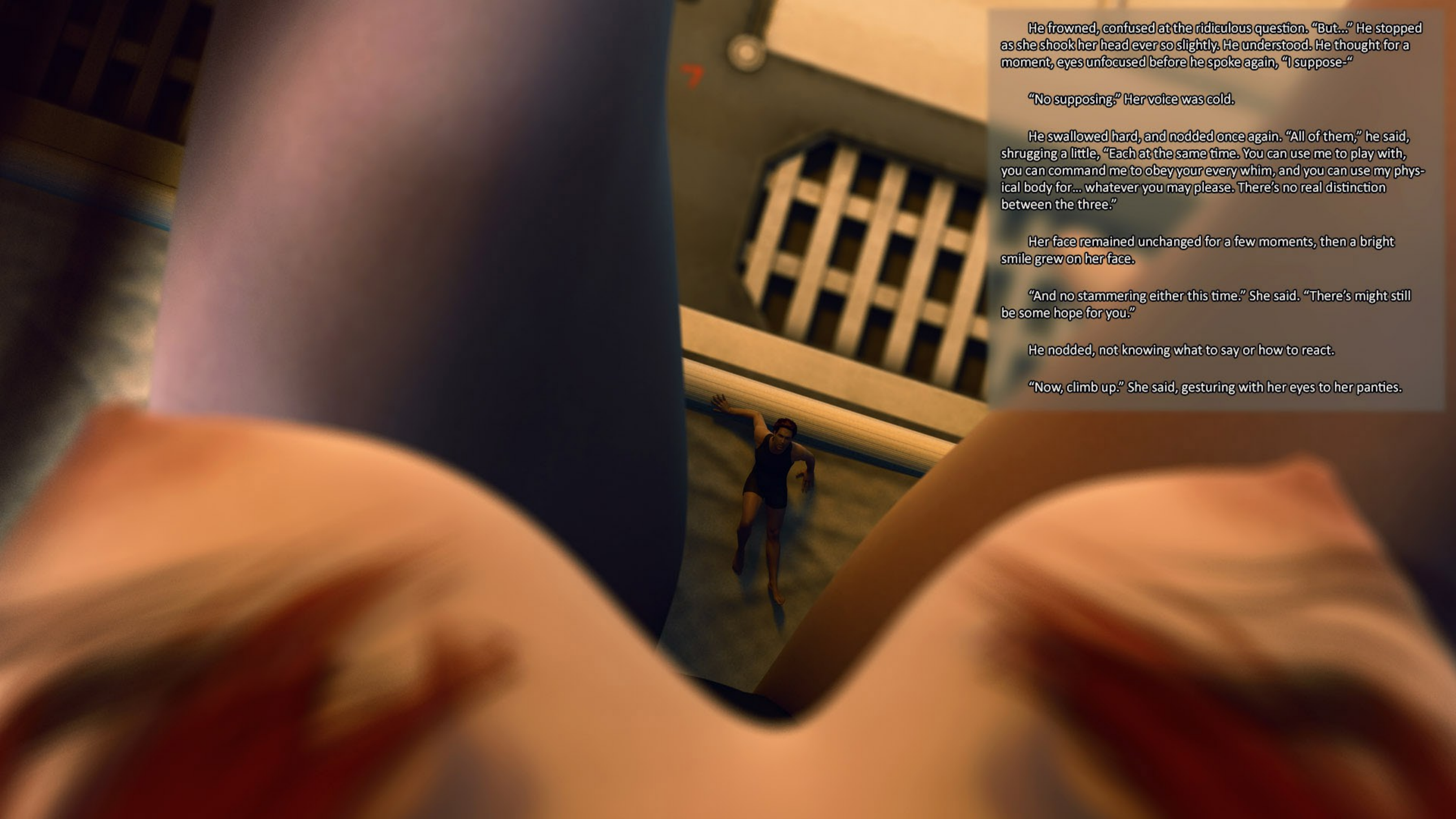
She looked down at him, her expression turning into one of calculation and silent judgment before she spoke, “Do you want to survive?”

He looked up at her, nodding once.

“Then tell me, what are you?”

“What I... I’m-“

“A pet, a toy, or a slave?”



He frowned, confused at the ridiculous question. “But…” He stopped as she shook her head ever so slightly. He understood. He thought for a moment, eyes unfocused before he spoke again, “I suppose-“

“No supposing.” Her voice was cold.

He swallowed hard, and nodded once again. “All of them,” he said, shrugging a little, “Each at the same time. You can use me to play with, you can command me to obey your every whim, and you can use my physical body for… whatever you may please. There’s no real distinction between the three.”

Her face remained unchanged for a few moments, then a bright smile grew on her face.

“And no stammering either this time.” She said. “There’s might still be some hope for you.”

He nodded, not knowing what to say or how to react.

“Now, climb up.” She said, gesturing with her eyes to her panties.

He looked back down, frowning, but then nodded once and rose up, walking beneath the darkness of her crotch. She certainly knew how to make it clear just how insignificantly small and powerless he was compared to her.

He slid his fingers between the threads of her panties' fabric, lifting himself up and, with great effort, making his way to the top. He saw she enjoyed putting him to work his own muscles, and he understood the conditioning she was putting him through very well. Nevertheless he obeyed, there was no other choice.

Once he reached the top of her left thigh, he tried to shift the elastic band of her panties, but found himself too weak to do so. She giggled softly at his efforts, then moved her hand to help him out.

Just as he put one leg over the other side, her voice came, “Tsk tsk! Not like that. Head first this time.”

Once deep inside, he managed to roll himself around once m