

# *Alpha's Adventure*

-A Mini Community Voted Choose Your Own Adventure-

-Set in the Meadows Mansion Universe-

(The following is the transcript that the community engaged with over the course of a week.)

((skip to the line break on page 2 to skip the rules.))

★ Welcome to the first Mini Adventure! Since many individuals voted favorably on the most recent feedback poll, I've decided to give this style of gameplay a shot. Initially, the first iterations of this game will be available for all Public Free members. Eventually, depending on interest, it will be implemented into a Patreon Tier as an additional benefit.

The goal of this style of Choose Your Own Adventure is to further the creation of Meadows Mansion's world and add extra interactions outside of the main game between patch launches. These encounters will be smaller and more focused than the Twine game, as well as offering the Community an opportunity to vote on what outcomes they want! My goal is to release a handful of these per week, time permitting, and keep the word count minimal as to not take away from the main game. If this is something you enjoy or rather don't, please do not hesitate to send me DMs with feedback or discuss publicly in the Mini Adventure Discord Channel.

The rules are fairly simple. After each story section, the community will be given 3 days to tally votes in a poll. (Cadence can change over time.) Some story choices will have a chance of success or failure while others will be guaranteed. I will be rolling out of 100 publicly in the Channel to decide outcomes. Initially, I will choreograph the story choices, but if enough interest is garnered, then I wouldn't hesitate to implement community choices if enough people decided on one. Either way, this is a bit of a free form test at the moment and is meant to be just for fun, while expanding the Meadows Mansion world. Enjoy! I had a lot of fun writing this. ★

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**BZZT-**

*\*System Online: M1.0 - MECHANOID\**

*\*Scale: Metric 2.54cm / Imperial 1inch\**

*\*Generation: Alpha\**

*\*Role: Data Collection\**

*\*Battery Life: 100% / approx. 6hrs\**

**Tink!**

“There we go, finally operational.”

Professor Arc wipes a sheen of damp from her brow, straightening as she regards her newest creation.



“Hmph, not too bad. This one at least can stand on its own.” Arc keys in a series of taps on her digital work pad. “Let’s see if you can respond to basic commands.”

With a final tap, your body goes rigid with a jolt of electricity, you have a task at hand and it's time to obey.

"Wave for me, M1 Alpha."

You do as commanded, waving a rigid metallic arm over your featureless head. Your movements are stiff, but you can feel the motions smoothing as more power enters your system.

"Good, good. Excellent even."

The stoic professor, clad in lab coat and spectacles, leans down to regard your miniscule form. Her green eyes, framed by waves of golden locks, analyze you behind slightly smudged lenses. Her plush pink lips remain firmly locked. Straight to business.

"You are my first working generation of Mechanoid. You have a simple task before your body runs out of power." Professor Arc shifts, hand resting upon her chin, the other tapping idly at the desk that you're standing atop.

"Simply put, I need you to gather as much information on the students and faculty that inhabit this premises." The Professor chews her bottom lip, as if holding something back. "More specifically, I need you to be exceptionally thorough, particularly I need data regarding the nervous system of as many individuals as possible." The professor's cheeks flush rosy red. "Urgh, I don't know why I'm dancing around this subject, you're just a soulless machine after all." Arc draws in a long sigh and exhales; her minty breath washing over you.

*\*DATA COLLECTION\**

*\*Human Female: Result Inconclusive.\**

*\*Age: Visually 38 (Lifespan Extended Artificially) \**

*\*Disposition: Flustered, Embarrassed...Aroused?\**

*\*Potential Actions: Ingestion / Insertion into various orifi-\**

“ACK! Sease data collection on Professor Joan Arc immediately.”

*\*DATA COLLECTION – HALTED\**

“Phew...sheesh. Ok, listen here Alpha, head to the main floor and see what you can collect on the students in the hall right now. Try and be discreet, I want to get as much use out of you before I need to get Beta up and running.”

Professor Arc’s fingers, painted an elegant jade, clasp you with methodical care. You’re carried through the air, your internal gyroscope stabilizing your systems. You’re made to take a bit of a beating, stronger than a normal human at your scale. But you’re not invulnerable, to complete your Creator’s task, you must be smart, tactful and most importantly-

*\*BZZT, INTERNAL FUNCTION ERROR! \**

*\*COLLECT...GATHER...LUST! \**

*\*Harmonic Oxytocin collectors initialized!\**

Most importantly, you must see how you and future generations can please the CREATOR!

Your internal functions seem split. Should you let lust get the better of you and indulge as much as possible, putting your very existence at risk? Or do what you can to gather data and return in one piece back to your Creator? It appears that Arc's own programming has split your computing into two sections, based on her own personal preferences. A struggle to balance both duty and pleasure.

Your computing systems debate these commands, until you are placed within a metal vent.

"Head left and then upwards Alpha, you should reach the Eastern Hall of Meadow's Mansion. Should be some students mulling about there." With a tender tap at your back, you're ushered forward by your Creator into the darkness of the vents.

"Hmph, hopefully that one can come back unscathed, would make future generations that much stronger if I could repurpose Alpha's parts. Heck, maybe I could even salvage its computing so that the AI could keep its memory..." The studious Professor Arc continues mumbling to herself, returning to her desk to work on the next Mechanoid. Housed within the bowels of Meadow's Mansion, the sole woman in charge of shutting down the Manor's faculty puts pen to paper, readying her next project.

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After a dusty crawl through the lengths of ancient venting, you emerge into the sudden warm light of the Manor's Eastern Hallway. Immediately, you notice two potential students that you could analyze. Both are positioned uniquely, allowing for a bevy of opportunities to collect data.

At the far-right end of the hall, a woman clad in torn jeans and a tank top leans against the ornate wainscoting of the Manor's mahogany walls. Her hair is styled and dyed blue with a fashionable undercut on one side of her head. Your computing systems get to work. You have history of this student; Arc must have uploaded some baseline info into your computing. This is Bethany, better known by her peers as Beth. You know her name but not much else. She's scanning the hall, head periodically turning left and right, as if waiting for someone. Her perceptiveness is keen, it would be difficult to approach her without being sighted.



**THUMP!**

Too close, to your left, an excitable girl pounces down onto the floor in a squat. Her petite body still manages to tremble the floor beneath your feet. You right yourself and regard your secondary option. Strawberry blonde hair, fashioned into pigtails, flail about behind her as she scans the baseboards near the floor. Curious baby blue eyes, and a freckled scrunched up nose frame her slightly chubby face with insurmountable cuteness. She traces the floorboards with a dainty peach painted finger.



“Harummm, even this early in the morning, I thought that there’d at least be SOME minimized students walking about in the halls...Sighhhh, guess there aren’t that many tiny honor students that got the Headmaster’s early Gala pass. I just wanna inspect them is all, they’re so unique!”



The inquisitive girl is all but distracted, her pert little rear bouncing up and down in her squatted position. Her excitable nature and eagerness to find tinies like yourself gives you little time to remain in this location, she’ll undoubtedly find you soon if you don’t move. Your internal processors begin to analyze the choices. Many systems are working together to find the best outcome. Regardless, the majority will decide.

*\*SYSTEM PROCESSING! Calculating... (Completion time approx. 3 milliseconds) \**

**1. Head Towards Beth Stealthily (50% Odds of Success)**

92 votes / 27%

**2. Approach the Inquisitive Girl Stealthily (90% Odds of Success)**

206 votes / 61%

**3. Remain in Place (100% Odds of Success)**

37 votes / 11%

*\*System Processing...Complete!\**

*\*Directive: Approach Inquisitive Girl Stealthily\**

*\*Odds of Success: 90%\**

*\*Rolling Odds...21/100...Success Conditions – Optimal.\**

**Bzt!**

Your neuroprocessing completes in but a fraction of a second, summing up the odds and issues that could befall your chosen decision. For now, gathering data from the nearest subject, whilst remaining unseen, is your best approach.

Crouching low and purposefully avoiding the inquisitive girl's gaze, you steer yourself behind her, away from the baseboards. Thankfully, the hall's walkways are vacant, giving you a clear pass closer to the freckled girl. As you get nearer, she mumbles to herself, tapping the wooden walls periodically.



“Errr, no secret little mouseholes? I swear I’ve seen you lil folks getting into seams and hidden doorways from time to time, I can’t be crazy! Cmon Avery, think, if you were a minimized student, where would you be hiding, better yet, what would you be trying to do at this very moment...”

**THIP!**

Suddenly, your foot catches a small tear in the ruby carpeting beneath. You slip and faceplant into the plush carpet. Hastily, you pull yourself to your knees, staring forward to gauge the girl’s response.

Her mumbling has ceased, bouncing body of curiosity frozen and alert.

Without waiting for her response, you clamor beneath the lip of carpeting, hiding underneath the dusty red edges. Peering from your hiding spot, your processor begins to go into overdrive, as fear clutches your being. You don’t want to fail your mission, and get caught too soon, especially since you’ve yet to gather any tangible information thus far.

**“AH, I HEARD SOMETHING! COULD IT BE...!?”**



The colossal girl, all the more excited now, spins around in her squat, staring in your general direction. Without standing, the inquisitive girl, or as she calls herself, Avery, places her dainty hands onto the ground in front of her. With great force and concentration, she pushes off from the ground, leapfrogging right towards you!

**THOOM!**

**BOOM!**

The ground trembles around you, carpet dust flitting through the air with her landing. The smokescreen is a lucky break for you, giving your hiding spot beneath the carpet an added layer of security...but for how long you wonder?

“Hrrmm, I heard that! There’s got to be one of you minimized students hiding around here somewhere...”

Peering past the edge of carpeting, your internal sensors begin to scan with fervor. Is this your computing working to gather data or the Creator’s perverted programming that is driving you into these lurid circumstances? Either way, above, Avery’s pert little butt hovers directly overhead. Your sensors go into overdrive as you realize that her panties, (ten times too small), have ridden far lower than necessary, leaving her bare asshole exposed to the world. Thankfully, her leapfrog overshoot your hiding spot, leaving you in her blind spot beneath her buttock. Staring past her freckled cheeks, your eyes linger on the swell of her labial lips, thick and puffy, protruding beyond the sides of her panties.



*\*MUSTY!\**

*\*Sensors picking up signs of arousal...\**

*\*Data Acquisition Processing!\**

Avery curiously fingers the tiny tear in the carpeting, the same section that led to your fall. She's starting to piece together the clues of your presence.

She smirks, "Oho, and if you're not an honor student and you're sneaking into the Gala early...well..."

Grrlmmm...

Avery rests a tender hand on her tummy, before patting it hard.

**THWAP!**

“I’ll have to ‘escort’ you to a faculty member. Mhm, that would be the responsible thing to do!”

Escort. Avery undoubtedly plans to consume you if you’re caught. Ingestion. The ultimate way to collect data on the inner workings of this girl above you. But would you be able to survive the ordeal in one piece?

Regardless of your next choices, you start to collect what data is already available. Your eyes fixate on her giant freckled ass, pupils dancing with electric blue code.

*\*DATA COLLECTION\**

*\*Human Female: Confirmed.\**

*\*Name: Avery.\**

*\*Age: Aprox 21-23 years.\**

*\*Disposition: Curious, Responsible...Fanatical? (Requires Further Analysis.)\**

*\*Potential Actions: Immediate Ingestion due to, Quote, “Not being an honor student.” Odds Near Guaranteed. Could be persuaded otherwise?\**

Your options are varied, but some will pose more difficult than others. Firstly, her anus is exposed but high off the ground. Luckily, the hem of her white skirt is not too far out of reach. Climbing the edges would lead you straight to her asshole.

Alternatively, you could scale down the edges of her panties from the skirt and make your way inside towards her vulva. More difficult, but also more secure once completed.

Lastly, you could simply walk forwards into her eyeline. There's no doubt she'd snatch you up in a second and send you straight to her gurgling belly. It'd be a great way to get data from her insides, but the odds of you surviving the trip would be fairly low. You'd most likely end up exiting her asshole eventually, but not while operational...

*\*SYSTEM PROCESSING! Calculating...(Completion time approx.. 1 millisecond)\**

...

**(80%) Climb towards Avery's Asshole**

173 votes / 48%

**(60%) Climb towards Avery's Vulva & Enter her Panties**

90 votes / 25%

**(100%) Walk forwards and willingly let Avery Capture You**

82 votes / 23%

**(?%) Remain Hidden**

12 votes / 3%

357 votes

*\*System Processing...Complete!\**

*\*Directive: Climb towards Avery's Asshole\**

*\*Odds of Success: 80%\**

*\*Rolling Odds...40/100...Success Conditions – Optimal.\**

**Bing!**

Once more, your collective hivemind of processors completes the assessment in record time. Your eyes lock onto your goal. Avery's puckered pink anus.

Carefully, you peel back the edge of the ruby carpet, shrouded by the cloud of dust. Before you, the inquisitive girl's white skirt flails about as she continues her fervent search for a potential snack. After hearing her yearning stomach calling out for sustenance, you've narrowed your focus on avoiding such a grisly outcome. Returning to the Creator with minimal damage is still a maximum priority. You surmise it'd be best to only linger for a handful of min-

**WINK!**

A damp fleshy sound, nigh imperceivable if not for your scale, squelches from above.



Avery's asshole twitches eagerly overhead. Each shift in her movement causes the sphincter to dilate and clench with her inquisitive search. She pries apart the tear in the carpet, before peering inside.

“Hellooooo? Anyone hiding underneath the rug? I know you lil ones like to be sneaky. But don’t worry, come on out and I promise not to hurt you! It would be against university protocol if I harmed another HONOR student.”

You stare down at your metallic arms and featureless body. There’s no chance you’d pass for a student, even if she was telling the truth. You hesitate, that base programmed fear rising up in your system like an overheating coil. Your HUD marks only 4 hours remaining on your battery. Staring at your prize, your internal processors rev up hotter. Is it fear or desire that drives you forward?

As you contemplate your directive, Avery’s cascading pearlescent skirt flutters to a halt. Now’s your chance.

Crouching low, your synthetic legs crunch together before bounding upwards in a careful yet confident leap. You latch onto the now steady garment with a firm grasp. Success! Yet, you are given milliseconds to revel in your newfound position hanging from Avery’s skirt before a new problem arises.

The added weight of you on her skirt is sending your body careening directly for her peachy left butt cheek. As you sail through the air, your scanners get to work analyzing Avery’s supple backside. This is as close as you’ve gotten thus far and it’s time to get some info before the inevitable impact.

*\*Sensors Scanning...\**

*\*Target: Avery’s Backside.\**

*\*Scale: Petite / Heart Shaped.\**

*\*Scent: Clean, Subtle Natural Musk. (Far Proximity)\**

*\*Texture: Unknown.\**

*\*Taste: Unknown.\**

*\*True Target: Anus. (Requires Closer Proximity)\**

*\*Scan Progress: 30%\**

*\*HD Storage Remaining: 3GB / 10GB\**

Then...

**PLIP!**

Your firm body bounds off Avery's freckled cheek with little fanfare. You hold firm, unmoving against the plush surface. Despite her butt being on the smaller side, her warm cheeks are pleasantly supple. For a moment, her search stops. Have you been discovered? There's no way, you calculated the odds perfectly. Before you can react, a shadow falls over your body as Avery's thin hand reaches back towards her left butt cheek. A manicured finger extends towards a batch of freckles just beside your body.

**SCRITCH SCRITCH!**

Two firm digs of Avery's orange painted nail scratch at the irritation that you just caused.

"Hrm, itchy..."

Then, the hand shifts back towards the carpeting below.

"Err, maybe I am crazy...there's no one here...I should search the other halls."



Your processor settles, your metallic simple body relaxing some. With the immediate threat avoided, you turn to your right to gaze upon your goal. Across a sea of beige freckles and tender peachy skin, Avery's humble left butt cheek dips lower into a segmented divide. From your angle, you can't see her asshole directly but are given an impressive side profile of her cleft and cheeks. Closer still to her orifice, your scan begins to update.

*\*Sensors Scanning...\**

*\*Scent Update: Clean, Musk Increasing, Subtle Soap Aroma. (Far Proximity)\**

*\*Texture: Plush. \**

*\*True Target: Anus. (Requires Closer Proximity)\**

*\*Scan Progress: 50%\**

*\*HD Storage Remaining: 5GB / 10GB\**

Carefully, you shimmy across the edge of Avery's skirt, using the hem as a handhold while carefully dancing your feet across her cheek without arousing suspicion. Soon, your feet begin to draw away from her backside as the cleft of her asshole comes front and center. There you hang, idly now with your face before Avery's massive butthole; the thing must be at least twice your height.



Her pink orifice clenches in tandem with her breathing, giving it an almost living presence. With dubious curiosity, you notice the pleated hole is smooth and uniform,

delicate like the petals of a blooming rose. Avery's anus is exceptionally pink and devoid of hair completely. Either she tidies up her bits regularly or lacks any modicum of noticeable body hair. Even the elusive blonde baby hairs that minimized beings can aptly discern are all but absent. In summary, Avery's asshole is a work of meticulous perfection.

**BZT!**

Huh? How long were you staring for? The scan! What came over your functions just now? You refocus and begin the analysis.

**SHIFT! Fwooom...**

Beneath, Avery's legs begin to straighten out and before you, her massive cheeks start to close! Her asshole is now completely out of your sightline. You need to decide how to proceed here carefully.

You've gathered a good chunk of data, enough to bring back to the Creator, but it'd merely be an acceptable amount, nowhere near exceptional. Dropping from here wouldn't be dangerous and escape would be nigh guaranteed if you were tactful enough with your retreat.

Alternatively, you could dive headlong towards Avery's sphincter before her cheeks close it up for good. Hopefully, there's still enough space for you to get through. The odds of you being discovered though...

Lastly, you could remain clinging to her skirt, but your mechanical grip is already causing the fabric to fray. Who knows how long it would last or if Avery's movement would jostle you against her skin once again.

*\*SYSTEM PROCESSING! Calculating...(Completion time approx... 2-3 milliseconds)\**

**(95%) Drop Down and Return to the Creator**

**42 votes / 13%**

**(30%) Dive Towards Avery's Sphinxter**

**226 votes / 72%**

**(50%) Hang On and Hope for the Best**

**48 votes/ 15%**

316 votes

System Processing...Complete!

Directive: Return to Creato- BZT!

...

*[A block of highly stylized, complex, and mostly illegible text, possibly representing a corrupted or encoded message.]*

ERROR...

Corruption Detected: System Reboot.

...

New Directive: Dive Towards Avery's Sphinxter.

Odds of Success: 30%

Rolling Odds...5/100...Success Conditions – Sub Optimal.

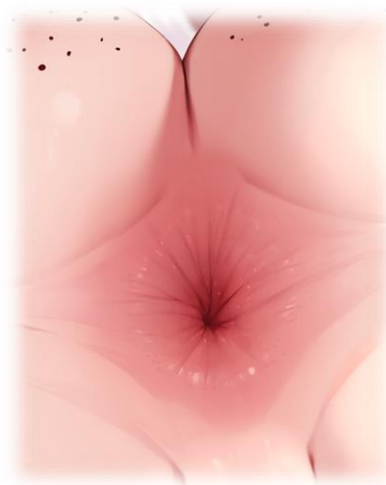
*Cataclysmic Failure Detected...!*

*SOS: ACTIVE*

**BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!**

The hivemind, your processors, have chosen. Despite the logic base of your programming urging you towards the near relative safety of retreat, something deeper within your makeup has driven you towards desire...and near guaranteed fatality.

Before you, the pink puckered donut that is Avery's asshole swells into your direct view. In slow motion, your optical receptors take in every last detail before your inevitable end. It's not long enough to form a proper scan, but just enough visual stimulus to ascertain the details for your own pleasure. This close, the heat of her rectal region is stifling. A blast furnace of pheromones and soapy scents waft into your body. It's hypnotizing, watching Avery's anus react to your sudden intrusive force. Still, in but a fraction of a second, you see her puckered orifice flex inwards defensively as you finally make direct contact.



**BOING!**

It's soft, impossibly so. The peachy flesh gives ever so gently, the warmth of her pleated skin blessing you with a sense of comfort and desire. The scent is clean and fresh, you can smell her bodywash, subtle hints of fruit! Your tiny robotic body presses up against the accepting flesh, you yearn to go deeper, enter Avery's inner world, embrace her whole massive being in worship. This is your true programming, to bask in the gentle accepting warmth of this massive girl's most intimate place. You smile, living in this moment for the few seconds you have remaining. Maybe, just maybe, she'll notice your presence, accept your desires and reward you with copious love and affect-

"Hrmm?! What's that beeping sound? Seems like it's coming from my..."

**"EEP! ACK! Something's in my ass!"**

Suddenly, time resumes its normal course. The dark shadow of Avery's inner butt cheeks cast darkness upon the divine pink ring in front of you. You close your eyes, M1.0 Alpha, you had a good run.

**THWUMP!**

*Massive Damage Detected!*

*Battery Life: 5%*

*Energy Levels Critical!*

**THWAP!**

*Crk...Zzzt...*

*...*

In but a moment, Avery quickly straightened out, standing in an instant as she felt the unfamiliar sensation of something cold and hard pressing against her anus. As butt cheeks naturally do when someone stands, they hastily closed and clenched even more so as she attempted to dislodge the foreign presence. Covering her cheeks with one hand, Avery would scan the hall for anyone who may have caught sight of her embarrassment. Thankfully, that rude blue haired girl was too preoccupied talking to Mistress Meduna, one of the three Headmistress's. Avery would proceed to retreat to the changerooms, eager to find out just what the hell managed to crawl up her ass.

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Tap...Tap...Tap...

Professor Arc laid down her screwdriver, wiping some damp from her forehead.

"There, all done with you now. I added some more realistic aesthetics this time around. Should help you blend in a bit better with other students. Hmm, should probably choose what stats to focus on though with your build."

Triumphant in her new creation, Arc booted up the code responsible for her newest models operating system.

"Let's see here...how should I prioritize your functionality?"

She scanned over the various options. In summary, the following choices were at hand. Three main proponents were involved in her newest build's creation:

**BODY** – Responsible for the strength of the chassis and dexterity of the unit. Enhanced climbing, running, durability and, overall ability to move objects. Great for escapes too.

**TECH** – Responsible for the unit’s unique hardware. Capable of manipulating the environment around itself, ie electronics, lighting, etc. Great for distractions and enhances offensive gadgets. Chemical manipulation can even become possible with future builds.

**AI** – Responsible for the unit’s social software. The newer builds are now equipped with speech programming, able to communicate with individuals. Whether through deception or persuasion, a good personality could help in a variety of aware situations.

Professor Arc drummed her fingers across the keys of her computer. “With my current resources, I’ll only be able to prioritize one proponent of this build, keep another at average levels. And lastly, the final proponent would be somewhat lacking.”

From across the room, a red beacon flashed, lighting up the dim interior of Arc’s lab.

**BEEP, BEEP!**

Turning towards the sound, Arc ground her teeth in annoyance. “Crumbs. Seems like M1.0 ran into some trouble.” She sighed, wondering if she inputted too much of her own personality into her creation. “Decent timing though I guess.” She turned back, staring down at her tiny newfound creation.

“Ok M2.0 Beta, listen up. Your directive here is the same as your predecessor’s. Gather as much intel as you can on the occupants above. As a side mission, if you can locate Alpha’s memory chip and return it, we may be able to further upgrade you or future models with the data collected.”

Professor Arc turned back to her monitor, hands hovering over the keys. “Hmm, but how should I prioritize your proponents?”



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Thank you all for participating in the very first run of **Meadows Mansion's Mini CYOA!** Future runs, exclusive to Patrons, will build off of the community's feedback in regards to both the story and gameplay. It's up to YOU to create the tale you desire. Will the odds be in your favor? How will Beta function and what stats will be prioritized? Join together next week, February 18<sup>th</sup>, and vote!

<https://www.patreon.com/c/RestorationStation438>