

A Mistress, Her Maid, and the Multiverse Part 1: A Special Reward

As I swirled the rich crimson liquid in my crystal wine glass, the merlot lapped gently against the sides, its waves parting to reveal a tiny vessel that fought valiantly to remain afloat in this unfamiliar sea. I had plucked the sleek cruise liner from a parallel dimension earlier today, my device allowing me to pluck objects of any size from countless realities and deposit them here, in my own universe, at my whim. The ship, now no bigger than a mere speck in my glass, bobbed and weaved as the merlot sloshed around it. Its miniature passengers, too small for me to see, were likely not fully aware of their predicament. They knew they were in a strange place and in danger, but could not know how much danger. They were unaware that they were at the mercy of my amusement.

I took a sip of the wine, savoring the robust flavor on my tongue as I watched the ship through the glass, a wicked smile playing at the corners of my lips. The alcohol warmed my throat, much like the satisfaction I felt at having such power at my fingertips. No one knew of my secret, save for my devoted assistant Mayumi. She handled all the affairs that came with my unusual hobby, ensuring I faced no repercussions for my actions. At work, she was the perfect subordinate, always ready with a calculated response and a list of solutions. In our private lives, she was even more than that; she was my plaything, my little dress-up doll, eager to indulge my every wish and desire.

As if on cue, I heard the soft patter of footsteps approaching from the hallway, the delicate ticking of Mayumi's heels against the polished marble floor. She appeared in the doorway a moment later, clad in the frilly French maid outfit I had selected for her that morning. The lacy white and black fabric hugged her curves in all the right places, the short skirt flaring

up to reveal a glimpse of her toned thighs with each step. Her long, raven hair hung back due to a simple black headband, with a few loose strands framing her face. She carried a tray with the bottle of wine on it. She stood and curtsied slightly beside me.

“Is there anything else you need, Dr. Sloane?” Mayumi asked softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

Her dark eyes met mine, a mix of reverence and devotion shining in their depths. She was a reserved girl, always hesitant to draw attention to herself, but her skill set caught my eye years ago. I put her into a few key positions and watched her grow. Eventually, I made her my personal assistant and discovered a different side to her. One that appealed to a side that I, too, kept from the public. I needed someone I could trust to keep my interests discreet, I thought as I looked down at the tiny ship in my wine.

As the tiny passengers on the miniature cruise ship struggled to keep their vessel afloat in the swirling crimson sea, their world having been plunged into chaos. The wine glass, and their sky, had been tilted, and the liquid surged rapidly around them, threatening to engulf their entire existence. Panic set in as they realized their precarious situation, their cries for help echoing unheard in the vast chamber that had become their prison.

From their vantage point, the figure looming above them appeared as a stunning colossus, her features only gradually coming into focus as she brought the glass closer to her lips. At first, they could make out little more than a blurry silhouette distorted by the glare of light on the glass, a titaness of immense proportions, her head and shoulders filling the horizon of their

world. As she lifted the glass, their ship was tossed about, just a mere speck, the merlot crashing against the sides and threatening to capsize their miniature vessel.

The higher the glass rose, more aspects of her image sharpened, her details becoming more magnified and pronounced. They could see the curve of her jawline, the angle of her chin, the glint in her eye as she peered down at them with unabashed curiosity and amusement. Her lips, full and painted a deep shade of red, curled into a smile that sent a chill down their spines, even as they shivered in the cool wine. They could see the bridge of her nose, aquiline and proud, a testament to her confident demeanor. She was so massive they could only take in any one part of her at a time.

Then she tilted the glass back and took a sip, the liquid rushed past their ship, the current threatening to sweep them away entirely. They clung to the deck for dear life, their hearts pounding in their chests as they watched the titaness swallow, her throat muscles working to gulp down this sea of vino in which they were trapped. With each swallow, the light at the top of the glass diminished, the darkness encroaching around them as they were pulled inexorably towards her waiting maw.

The passengers screamed, their cries drowned out by the mere dripping of her saliva as the current pulled them into her mouth towards their impending doom. They were not just at the mercy of the elements, but at the mercy of a being who saw them as little more than a moment's amusement. A plaything to be toyed with and discarded at will. They had no idea of the power this titaness wielded, no understanding of the multiverse from whence they came. To her, they were nothing more than an appetizer. Teeth drifted past them overhead as the mouth closed and darkness followed. Then, the thousands of lives were gone with a simple swallow.

I drained the last dregs of the wine from the glass, relishing the burn of the alcohol as it slid down my throat. The tiny ship and its passengers had made for a delightful distraction, but my thirst for more than drink was growing. I set the empty glass down on the polished marble table with a soft clink, the sound echoing in the spacious penthouse suite.

Turning to Mayumi, who stood attentively by my side, I gave her a slight nod. “Another glass, please,” I requested, my voice carrying an air of nonchalance despite the dark thoughts swirling in my mind.

While I waited for her to retrieve the wine, I allowed my thoughts to drift to the countless worlds I had plundered over the years. The multiverse was my oyster, a vast expanse of realities ripe for the taking. I had grown accustomed to plucking whatever struck my fancy, bringing it back to this universe to be used for my own gain. Knowledge, riches, artifacts, and even living beings. Nothing was off-limits to my whims. My mind flashed to the countless ships, buildings, and even cities I had shrunk down and appropriated over the years. The memories of their original inhabitants, their histories and cultures, now served only as fuel for my own empire. I had built my fortune on the backs of stolen secrets and pilfered innovations, the multiverse my personal playground to exploit as I saw fit.

No one suspected a thing, save for Mayumi. She had been my loyal companion and confidante for years, always ready with a plan or a solution to any potential complications that may arise from my unorthodox methods. At work, she was the face of professionalism and efficiency, always maintaining my schedule and ensuring my business dealings went smoothly. In our private lives, she was so much more. A willing plaything, eager to indulge my every

desire and fantasy. All it took was creating one great invention, which granted me the keys to infinity, and then I could simply steal whatever idea I wanted from another reality.

Lost in thought, I barely registered Mayumi's return, the clink of the wine glass on the table, stirring me. I looked up to see her placing a fresh glass of merlot before me, her delicate hands a stark contrast to the deep red of the wine. With a grateful nod, I reached for the glass, my fingers brushing against hers as I took it. A short gasp of air left her at the contact. She was ripe with a deep yearning. I've been waiting for us to have a night like this.

I leaned back in my plush armchair, the deep red silk of my robe draping elegantly around my curves as I regarded Mayumi with a smirk. The robe was loosely tied at the waist, the V of the neckline hinting at the swell of my breasts beneath. I had chosen to wear it specifically for tonight, knowing that Mayumi would appreciate the sight of me in such a state of relaxed opulence.

"Bring me the box on the table, would you, dear?" I asked, my voice dripping with casual authority. Mayumi bowed her head and scurried to obey, her heels clicking softly against the polished marble floor. She returned a moment later, the small metal box cradled in her hands as though it were a precious treasure. I held out my palm, waiting for her to place it in my grasp.

As soon as the cool metal touched my skin, I snapped open the lid, revealing the contents within. Mayumi's eyes widened in shock and awe as she took in the sight before her. Nestled inside the box, suspended in a perfectly transparent barrier, was an entire planet. A tiny Earth, complete with swirling blue oceans, green landmasses, and wispy white clouds drifting across an azure sky. It was a marvel to behold, and I could see the wonder shining in Mayumi's dark eyes as she gazed upon it.

“Come, kneel before me,” I commanded, gesturing to the space at my feet. Mayumi immediately complied, sinking gracefully to her knees on the plush carpet. The French maid outfit she wore rode up her thighs as she knelt, the lacy white and black fabric a stark contrast to her smooth, creamy skin. The few strands of hair that framed her face swayed slightly as she bowed her head, awaiting my next instruction.

“My dear Mayumi,” I began, my voice low and filled with promise, “I have a great surprise for such a dutiful girl. Here, take this gift.”

I reached into the box and plucked the tiny Earth from its resting place, holding it gently in my fingers. The barrier around it shimmered a bit, allowing me to transfer the miniature world into Mayumi’s cupped palms. She looked up at me, her breath catching in her throat as she cradled the Earth close to her chest.

“Thank you, Doctor,” she said breathlessly as she looked down at the planet, roughly the size of a gumball.

I couldn’t help but chuckle at the adorable expression on Mayumi’s face as she gazed upon the tiny Earth cradled in her delicate fingers. Her curiosity was palpable, her eyes wide and sparkling with wonder as she examined every detail of the miniature world. I had seen that look countless times before, usually directed at the various shrunken trinkets and treasures I had pilfered from across the multiverse, but it never failed to amuse me.

“You may do with it whatever you wish, my dear,” I said with a smirk, settling back into my chair to watch her with keen interest. “This is your reward for being such an excellent assistant and such a good girl. I want to see you play.”

Mayumi glanced up at me, a hint of mischief flickering in her dark eyes. She liked to play the demure submissive, but I knew that she had a sadist streak in her towards those weaker and smaller. She licked her lips, a slow and sensual gesture that sent a thrill down my spine. Then, with a delicate motion, she brought the tiny Earth to her mouth, the shimmering barrier brushing against her soft lips. Her tongue slid out and lightly flicked the protective field. I know from experience it felt like licking a battery, a light electric current stimulating the taste buds. She also knew the barrier wasn't unbreakable. I watched, entranced, as she parted her lips slightly and slowly slid the miniature planet past her teeth, the orb disappearing into the warm, wet cavern of her mouth.

For a moment, I thought she might actually swallow it whole, a wicked grin spreading across my face at the idea. But instead, she closed her lips around it, letting it rest on her tongue as she explored it with a curious swirl. She rolled it around, the barrier preventing it from being crushed by her teeth, and let out a soft hum and moan of appreciation.

I could see the way her cheeks and throat bobbed slightly as she worked the tiny Earth around in her mouth, and I felt a surge of excitement at the depraved display. My little Mayumi was always full of surprises, and I knew our evening was only just beginning. I settled in to watch her play, eager to see what she had planned. She looked up at me with those deep brown eyes of hers and opened her mouth wide, letting me see the tiny planet resting on her tongue. She pushes it forward slightly, gripping this world that had existed parallel to ours this morning, between her teeth.

The tiny people of Earth gazed up in awe and terror as they watched an indescribably large woman, her fiery red hair a blazing crown atop her head in the light, reach down and pluck their world from the box that had been their shelter. The box was a cavernous space, dwarfing the entire planet, and as her fingers closed around it, they felt the world shake and tremble. It was slight but noticeable and unnerving.

The woman's fingers were massive, each one two-thirds as wide as the planet itself, and her skin was a rich tan color. She lifted the planet, and with it, the lives of billions, as if they weighed nothing. The people below watched in silent horror as their homes, their cities, their entire way of life, dangled precariously from this titan's hand. They had no idea how they weren't crushed yet, unaware of the barrier protecting them. For them, it was as if they were floating between her fingertips.

As she brought the planet closer to her face, the people could see every detail of her features in stark clarity, as if the barrier that protected them somehow made this possible. Her eyes were a piercing green that seemed to bore into their tiny souls. Her nose was a sharp feature that dominated their sky, and her lips, painted a deep, blood red, curled into a smirk that sent a chill of dread through every living being on the surface below.

The woman's hand moved closer to her mouth, the people's hearts pounding in their chests as they realized her intent. Panic erupted across the globe as the reality of their situation sank in. They were to be a plaything, a toy for this giantess to do with as she pleased. But she passed them to someone else.

The tiny people watched in stunned disbelief as the red-haired giantess simply dropped their world into the waiting palms of another woman kneeling before her. This new woman, with

long dark hair and clad in a frilly, black and white maid outfit, seemed to be the red giantess's servant. Were they being given as a reward? She looked from them to up at her mistress with a mix of reverence and mischief in her dark eyes.

As the redhead placed the planet into the maid's cupped hands, the tiny inhabitants of Earth felt a jolt of terror as their entire world was transferred to this new, unknown titan. The maid's hands were soft and warm, her fingers delicate as they closed around the globe. She brought it close to her face, and the people below could see every minute detail of her features. Her high cheekbones, her full lips, her button nose. Massive brown, almond shaped eyes that loomed like dark abysses over them. She was nearly as terrifying as the red-haired woman, but with an added edge of cruelty in her smile.

The maid's tongue slid out and flicked against the shimmering barrier that protected the planet and its inhabitants. The touch sent a shockwave of electricity around the atmosphere of the world, causing tremors and storms to erupt across the surface. The people screamed and ran for some semblance, but there was nowhere to hide. They were at the mercy of this new giantess and they were too small for her to even see. .

With a wicked glint in her eye, the maid brought the planet back to her mouth, which began to open. Strands of saliva that could flood countries hung from her open maw. The people watching in horror as their world disappeared between her soft, plump lips. The darkness engulfed them, and they felt the wet heat of her mouth enveloping their entire existence. The maid's tongue swirled around the globe, tasting and exploring every inch of the protective field that kept them safe. For a terrifying moment, the people thought they would be crushed, the maid's powerful jaws and sharp teeth could obliterate them in a single bite.

Instead of biting down, the maid simply held the planet in her mouth, testing it with her tongue as she turned her attention back to her mistress. The people of Earth hung suspended in the dark, humid cavern of her mouth, the maid's breath washing over the barrier like a warm, oppressive storm. While her breath could destroy all land and atmosphere on the world, thanks to the protection of the barrier the warm, humid air washing over their world only served to raise the temperature and humidity of the little Earth, and making it difficult for the people to breathe in the humid helstrom. The heat of the maid's mouth was intense, and they could feel the barrier growing warmer by the second as she continued to play with them.

The tiny people huddled together, their hearts pounding as they felt the maid's tongue swirling around their world, the slick muscle pressing and prodding at the barrier that protected them. Each movement sent shockwaves through the planet, causing tremors and quakes that shook the inhabitants to their cores. Buildings crumbled and shifted as the maid's tongue worked to explore every inch of their spherical prison, which, sadly for them, wasn't much. For another terrifying moment, it seemed as though the barrier might not hold, and the people would be crushed by the sheer force of the maid's oral ministrations. They screamed and clung to each other, praying to any gods that might hear their desperate pleas. But the barrier held fast, and they remained unharmed, if not unscathed.

As the maid continued to play with their world, the people had a limited view of her mouth and throat, the pink flesh stretching out before them like an endless, fleshy landscape. When her lips opened, some could see the redhead giantess looming above like a celestial goddess, her piercing green eyes seeming to bore into their tiny souls as she watched the maid's every move with a mix of amusement and arousal.

Suddenly, the maid's teeth clamped down on either side of the planet, the sharp canines and molars sinking into the barrier with a creaking groan. The people on the side of the world facing the inside of her mouth were treated to a terrifying view of the maid's tongue and her throat, the muscular tube stretching out before them like a fleshy tunnel. They could see the glistening pink walls and the bobbing of her throat as she swallowed, the muscles threatening to crush their very world should they get the chance.

At the same time, the people on the other side of the planet were given a clear view of the redhead looking down at them, her eyes gleaming with sadistic glee as she watched the maid play with her new toy. Her fiery hair seemed to frame her head like a halo, and her red lips curled into a smirk that sent shivers of dread down the spines of the tiny people below.

I leaned forward in my chair, my eyes widening with intrigue as I watched Mayumi play with the tiny Earth between her teeth. Then I noticed she was slipping her shoes off. The sight of my assistant's delicate feet slipping out of her patent leather shoes was a sight to behold. The black leather falling away to reveal soft, smooth skin tipped with a glossy white lacquer. I had always admired Mayumi's feet, and seeing them now, bared before me as she entertained herself with her new toy, sent a thrill of excitement through my body.

As she slipped off her shoes, she spat out the tiny globe. The planet tumbled from between her teeth. I watched, entranced, as it bounced onto the generous swell of her cleavage, the barrier shimmering and distorting the view of the tiny world as it nestled for a moment in the valley between her breasts. The people inside must have been terrified, sandwiched between the soft mounds of flesh contained within the unyielding wall of her maid uniform.

The Earth then rolled lower, coming to rest for a brief moment against the cloth-covered mound of her crotch. I could only imagine the view the tiny inhabitants had, trapped between the maid's thighs, the heat and scent of her body enveloping their miniature world. I wondered if any scent could breach their barrier. I'd have to study that. I felt a pang of jealousy, wishing I could trade places with them for a moment, to be pressed against my Mayumi's most intimate area.

But my thoughts were quickly refocused as Mayumi brought her feet into play, as the planet rolled down until it rested between her toes and the soft, smooth soles. She knew of my appreciation for her feet, and she began to put on a show, deliberately rolling the tiny Earth back and forth, letting it bounce from one foot to the other. She was batting it around between her feet, her adorable toes taking swipes at continents.

I settled back in my chair, my robe falling open slightly as I watched the erotic display before me. The way Mayumi's toes curled around the planet, gripping and squeezing it, sent a surge of arousal through me. I could only imagine how the people inside must have felt, trapped in the hot, humid space between her feet, at the mercy of her every whim. Part of me wanted to deactivate the barrier then and there so they may be exposed to her feet directly. I'd done similar in the past. If I looked closely at her feet, I may still be able to see the remains of an alternate version of Japan and North America plastered to her soles from my putting them in her slippers. Those had not been given barriers.

Mayumi glanced up at me, a playful smirk on her lips as she continued to play with her new toy. She knew exactly what she was doing to me, the little minx. But she also knew that I would never stop her, not when she was being so deliciously teasing.

The tiny people watched in stunned disbelief as their world tumbled from the maid's mouth, the protective barrier shimmering as it bounced and rolled through a terrifying journey. At first, it landed in the deep valley of her ample cleavage, the soft mounds of flesh rising up on either side like unyielding cliffs. The people below had a momentary respite from the heat and darkness of her mouth, but found themselves crushed between the weight of her breasts, the barrier creaking ominously as it struggled to protect them. Some who realized the predicament they were in imagined the view from above, a tiny blue and green marble nestled in the vast expanse of her cleavage, a sight that would have been breathtaking had they not been terrified for their lives.

As quickly as it had landed, the planet rolled onward, bouncing down the soft swell of her belly and coming to rest at the apex of her thighs. Here, the people were greeted with a sight that filled them with a mix of awe and terror. The outline of Mayumi's womanhood loomed over them like a heavenly body, the damp fabric of her white panties clinging to her folds like a second skin. The heat of her arousal wafted over them, fogging part of the barrier and threatening to overwhelm the tiny world. They could see the shape of her, the way her lips peeked out from the edges of her underwear, a fleshy horizon that seemed to stretch out forever. Some with telescopes and observatories peered closer, their hearts pounding as they beheld the glistening folds, the entrance to a world far more primal and dangerous than their own, peeking through the cloth.

But their respite was short-lived, and the planet rolled on, tumbling to the floor and coming to rest between Mayumi's bare feet. The tiny people had a moment of relief as they were no longer trapped beneath her clothes, but this was quickly replaced by a new wave of fear as they beheld the smooth, soft soles that arched above them, the clear polish on her toenails

glinting a little in the light. They could feel the heat radiating from her skin, could see the way her feet flexed and curled around their world, toying with them like a cat with a mouse. The heat within the barrier was horrendous by this point. Had it continued for days, the entire planet would likely be submerged by the melting icecaps. Though experts and world leaders had determined that they were not likely to live that long.

The planet bounced and rolled between her toes and soles, each touch sending shockwaves through the tiny world and causing disasters and upheavals on the surface. She was playing with them with far more strength and roughness than before. The strange barrier had protected them so far, but could not completely mitigate the sheer force with which she was attacking them. If this went on much longer, the damage would be catastrophic.

I watched Mayumi play with the tiny Earth, a wicked grin spreading across my face as I admired the wonderful purity of her simplicity in cruelty. She always knew just how to entertain me, and this was no exception. As she rolled the planet between her soft soles and dexterous toes, I could imagine the fear and chaos she was inflicting upon the tiny world, and it filled me with a dark arousal.

“Mayumi, my dear,” I called out, my voice dripping with amusement and something else, something hungry, “Would you like to keep this as a toy, or would you prefer I shut off the barrier so you can dispose of it as you see fit?”

Mayumi glanced up at me, a wicked gleam in her eye as she continued to toy with the planet. She seemed to consider my question for a moment before answering with a devious smile.

“I think I’d like to snuff them out, Doctor,” she purred, her voice low and filled with wicked intent. “And I think I know just the way I want Us to do it.”