

Mini In Mei's Tea

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A ringing of the ears and a cold, hard floor greeted Olivia as she slowly awoke. A blinding light shone from above and danced all around her, reflected off a smooth, white surface. A smooth white surface that stretched all around her and curved upwards to the sky. One arm, then another, then she pushed herself up onto her feet and looked around. She was in the middle of a massive bowl made from white, smooth material that was cold to the touch. Beyond that, far above, was a brown ceiling that was distant and blurred. More pressingly, her skin was bare, which made her shiver.

Clutching her head, she groaned and tried to figure out what was going on, to remember all she could. Tea. She was making tea. She had been invited over and was making tea for the woman there. But then there was a pink ring on the counter, and then she was ... falling? None of it explained where her clothes went though. Her thick bundle to endure the snow outside, leaving her shivering slightly in the cold. Was it all a dream? Didn't feel like one. But no other explanation was conceivable to her, so Olivia just stood there, waiting to wake up. Soon she began to shiver, with her running her hands over herself and hopping from foot to foot, not wanting to spend too much time on the cold ground.

"Hope this dream warms up soon..." she muttered to herself.

Then she heard it. A distant pound, echoing off in the distance. Stopping still, she perked her ear and tried to listen. Earthquake? Then came another, then another, following one after the other, one after the other. Immediately she thought footsteps, before dismissing it just as fast as being impossible. But what was possible and impossible in a dream? Yet real or not, it was growing, quickly growing as loud as a bomb blast. The world around her began to tremble, the bowl bouncing up and down making a horrible clattering noise. Like being in the middle of a ringing great bell. She was quickly knocked onto her ass and forced to gaze upwards. Upwards to see ... nothing. Nothing and something. A *shadow*, a presence beyond the rim. The rim that she now noticed was blue, with a pattern of swirls running down from it. Floral, perhaps? Something massive was beyond the room, moving and shifting, making more of those deep pounds. Then came other noises that struggled to be defined, deep grinding as something large was dragged, and another ground shaking pound as something massive was slammed down.

Olivia watched and waited with wide eyes, the lack of knowledge driving her mad. She just wanted to see *something*, not just these glimpses at the edge of her vision! Unfortunately, her wish came true. A vast blur above, something massive and white being held by something gigantic and cream coloured, then something was falling. It landed on the opposite side of the bowl with another pound that was thankfully softer. The bowl tilted towards it, then back again, before settling with more of that chattering. She looked up at it in detail, and gasped. It was a *teabag*. But a gigantic one at that, easily ten stories tall, being bigger than an apartment

building! A criss cross of stiches ran across it, each as wide as her, keeping secure a vast mountain of dark green tea leaves. A thick rope ran off the top, snaking over the lip of the cup.

It all hit her in an instant. It wasn't a bowl, it was a teacup. The world wasn't giant, she was tiny, barely one millimetre in height.

And that if she didn't get out of here, sooner rather than later, she'd be gulped down unaware in a waterfall of tea.

Dazed for a few moments in the realisation, she then got to her feet in a mad scramble, bare feet slapping against the ceramic in a mad dash to the teabag. But it was so far, almost the length of a football field away, but she sprinted in a mad dash for her life. Halfway across the cup, and a new shadow fell over the porcelain cup. Olivia looked up just in time to see the open bottle of milk poke out over the lip, to her right, and white cascade over the edge. It roared like a waterfall as the white surged in, and she barely had a chance to scream before she was gagged on the rushing rapids.

The cold struck her in an instant, a dagger of knife to the heart, making her shiver in an instant. Dunked under the surface, she was swirled from side to side by the mad currents, screaming, a trail of bubbles from her open mouth as she went. She couldn't tell which way was up, and thought she might drown, before the currents brought her up to the surface. Spluttering and paddling madly, she wiped the milk from her eyes to look around proper. She was where she was, in the middle of the cup, but was now halfway up it. The teabag was fully submerged now, with just the thick rope of the string leading up to it. Already she began to swim, her whole body trembling, her teeth chattering from the cold. It was already leeching her strength. There was no way she could climb it, but if she could just hang on...

Then she heard it. A faint whistling, and a metal click as a vast container was picked up. Not even waiting for it to appear, she took as deep a breath she could and dived. She frantically paddled down, down into the depths, away from the surface...

And a new rushing filled her ears, the milk kicked up into a maelstrom. In an instant the cold was banished with a heat, and it was steadily growing. She tried to keep away from the surface and boiling water, even as she was swirled around by the currents. It all continued to heat up, soon turning cool, then warm, then hot, while the white turned into a mellow brown. All the while pain grew in her lungs, she couldn't take it anymore! Frantically reversing course, she swam towards the distant light, gritting her teeth as the heat increased. Breaching the surface, she gasped hard and coughed, half in pain. The tea was hot, not boiling, not enough to scald, but still hot. Gritting her teeth, she flailed and looked for the tea bag, before her gut lurched once more in a familiar rhythm. She was walking, she didn't have long now!

The tea's surface was kicked up into waves similar to that of a heavy storm, lurching her up and down. But she could see it, just over the cascading rises, the rope! Not too far now! She continued swimming, before the world lurched once more as she sat down. Then it started to tip. Continuing to madly paddle, she looked over her shoulder, up at the giantess she knew was there. Yet still she let out a scream from the sight.

It was her friend Mei, her face stretching out like the sky. Looking straight at her with brown eyes the size of houses, yet with no hope of seeing her. What struck her was just how ... gentle she looked. Clear cheeks, brown hair falling across her forehead, a set of black rimmed

glasses perched upon her nose. Pale lips, untouched by lipstick, stretching out like a vast gate right at the lip of the cup. So gentle ... yet so dangerous too. Cheeks the size of a park, brown hair that was a forest to her, and a nose that could suck her up without a thought. The eyes swivelled across her, before the vast lips smiled slightly and she looked forwards and away. No hope of being spotted now. Gritting her teeth, she paddled forwards, hoping to close the last of the distance...

...before the rushing of tea echoed from all around her. Her gut lurched as she tipped backwards. And she watched as the teabag pulled away from her.

“Noooooo!” She wailed, kicking madly like a drowning man yet with no hope of fighting the current. What started as a gentle burble quickly turned into a raging rapids all around her, and she kicked madly, yet went nowhere. Nowhere but backwards. In frantic terror she whipped her back and saw where she was going: Mei’s parted lips. The vast gate had opened, revealing a pitch black cave inside. A torrent of tea rushed over the cup’s edge and her lower lip to cascade inside. Faint rays of light worked in to glisten on her slick gums, while she could see the tip of her tongue just behind the parted lips. And it was all waiting to consume *her*.

Gibbering madly as she watched her doom approach, she thought she was going to slide in, be gulped straight away. Yet fate was kind to her, with Mei getting her fill with her just a few centimetres away. The cup levelled and lurched down once more, giving her a moment of safety. Yet with no hope of reaching the tea bag in time, it was now just a moment to take in her impending doom. Mei held the cup just below her chin and above her breasts, letting Olivia gaze up at the vastness of her face. And the chin beneath it, and the neck behind that.

gulp

She swallowed. Her head faintly tilted back and she gulped, the base of her chin rising slightly before a bulge shot down her neck. Despite the heat of the tea, Olivia felt her blood run cold. This was it. There was no escaping it. She couldn’t do anything but scream and gibber as the tea raised again, pressing against her lower lip. Directly beneath the two caverns of her nostrils, she could gaze up and see just how massive they were, able to see every individual hair. They flared as she took a deep sniff, fluttering the water, yet not budging the wet hair stuck to her scalp. And then the giantess moaned in satisfaction, making tiny Olivia clench her ears in pain, and the vast lips curled upwards in a smile. And then the cup began to tip before the lips opened wide.

Right before them, Olivia could see *everything* now as she slid towards it, madly scrambling yet making no progress, even though the liquid was calm. The moment the lips parted, a wave of hot, stale breath rushed over her, making her cough and gag. This was coming from a friend, yet at such a scale, at such a vastness, it filled her with nothing but disgust. They grew wider and wider, revealing more of the slick cave within. A line of pearly white, perfectly straight teeth stretched on either side of her like cliff faces to dash ships again. And beyond that was the vast plains of her tongue, covered in a forest of pink tastebuds. Her gut lurched once more and she slid towards it. She gave one final scream ... before sliding between her lips, entering the hot mouth.

As soon as she entered it, the heat increased for poor Olivia. Clawing madly, she tried to grab onto some crease, some edge on her lips. Yet they were too smooth and she simply slid over

them, washed by a wave of tea. Quickly washed over the teeth, she then slammed face first into the slimy tongue, tastebuds slithering across her body as she madly slid. It felt like being on a slippery slope while a waterfall cascaded onto her, leaving her scrambling for grip yet finding none. Screaming, she slid across the tongue, clawing with her nails yet to no affect. All the while the tastebuds dragged across every part of her body, mixing the hot tea with the warm, putrid spit that coated her tongue. It was everywhere around her, glistening in the little light, clinging to the teeth and gums. She tried to scream, to let Mei know she was here, but was coughing and gagging on the spit and tea. In just a few seconds, she felt the tastebuds grow thicker, bumpier, while it steeply slanted downwards.

And then splash, she landed into a miniature pond of tea and Mei's accumulated spit at the very back of the throat. Breaching the surface, she swam towards the tongue. Yet it was so dark here, the only light coming from the parted lips far, far to her front. A massive uvula hung just above the pond, a drop of spit dangling off the tip. More tea cascaded down across the tongue, sparkling in the little light. The tongue was never still, rising and falling, wriggling left to right, forcing Olivia away even more and more. But after just a few seconds, the torrent stopped. The lips then closed, trapping her in total darkness...

"Mei, I'm in here! Please don't swallow, please!" She screamed, looking upwards, begging she would be heard...

GULP!

And the world dropped out from underneath her. The tongue surged upwards, the throat opened, and Olivia plummeted in a single swallow of tea. Screaming. In an instant she was trapped in a pocket of tea as it was slowly squeezed down by her rippling throat. She couldn't even see or feel it, her body so tiny, she wasn't even being touched. But the heat continued to grow, while she heard the heavy pounding of her heart grow. Lower and lower she travelled, feeling like she was going to drown before she even entered the stomach, before the sphincter opened and dropped her in with a torrent.

The acrid stench hit her first, burning her nostrils before she even landed in the hot, disgusting chyme at the bottom. Bouncing off the stomach walls, she landed in the puddle of chyme at the bottom. Chyme and tea, all reeking of vomit and making her want to puke. There was no sight, only the roaring gurgling of her stomach, and the disgusting smell and feel of it all. Mei's stomach was empty, spare tea ... and acids. In an instant she felt them begin to attack her body, sapping the last of her strength away. Before she could even beat against the walls, she fell still, slowly sinking to the bottom.

"Where did Olivia go?" Mei muttered to herself as she exited the bathroom, looking for the person she invited over. But she couldn't find her anywhere. Perhaps she had to leave for something? Shrugging, she decided to make the tea for herself. Entering her kitchen, she put the kettle on to boil, and grabbed a teabag and a bottle of milk. As she went her foot smacked into a pile of clothes on the ground. Perking her eyebrows, she reached down and picked them up in confusion.

"Did I leave these here?" She thought, utterly bewildered. "Must've done." She thought, putting them back down to handle later.

Going back to her teamaking, she dropped the teabag in without even looking, filled it half up with milk, then the rest of the way with boiling water. It might've been cold, but she never liked her tea *too* hot. Before she left however, she spotted a pink ring just lying on the counter, which she quickly pocketed.

Then she sat down on the couch with a flump. After looking down at the tea briefly, she brought it to her lips and began sipping away. She looked out the window, watching the snow fall down. It was oh so cold outside, but she was glad to be inside and warmed up with a lovely cup of tea.

“Pity Olivia isn’t here though...” She said, taking the ring out of her pocket to look at it. “I wanted to show her this ring I found ... oh well.” She took another sip, before moaning deeply in satisfaction.

“Really wish I could give her some of this tea too, it just tastes so good!”

The End.