

One day, mild-mannered college student Connor Morris is enlisted (forced) by Vega, an alien from the Galactic Federation, to help fix the dimensional rupture affecting Earth. Well, Vega already automated the process, so he doesn't have to do anything. Now, they explore parallel universes, where sometimes the laws get kinda funky, in forms Connor would prefer not being in.

"Here's your coffee, Master," Connor grumbled, putting the cup down. She curtsied, acutely aware of the weights on her chest pulling her down. "Will that be everything?"

"You're not acting very professionally, miss. Come now, how about you try smiling a bit more?"

"...C'mon Vega, cut the crap here. We don't have to do any of this shit," Connor groaned, struggling against his maidly instincts.

The parallel world they had stumbled into this time wasn't especially crazy. It was your generic capitalist society, featuring businesses staffed by suited men and women, doing all kinds of business-related things. If you didn't count the existence of the Executive Maid position—a staple role in every corporate hierarchy—it'd appear almost the same. And as luck would have it, Connor's alternate self happened to hold that position.

"Connor, you know you're not the most hardworking employee in this universe," Vega chuckled, leaning back in his chair. His neat suit and well-kept look fit his new role as Connor's superior perfectly. "We have to prove that you provide value to this company."

"What value? All my 'duties' that you gave me—both now you and alternate you—are just fulfilling your perversions!" Connor complained, sounding more adorable than angry in her soft, jiggly body. "What next? You going to make me fuck you or something, like every other we end up like this?"

"Of course not, friendo. That would be sexual harassment." "And making me dress like a porno maid isn't!?"

"Connor. You have to understand, the company maid is a lucrative and competitive position in this world," Vega began, pausing to sip his coffee. "You wouldn't want to ruin your alternate self's life just because you're unwilling to handle her responsibilities, right?"

"...I mean, I don't, but it's not like we have to—"

"Then, Mrs. Morris, please start again from the beginning, exactly how my alternate self likes it," Vega ordered, leaning on his desk, wistful and yet seemingly serious. "With feeling this time!"

Connor shot him a look of pure disgust but couldn't find a way to convince him otherwise. With a pensive sigh, her lips contorted into an awkward smile as she picked the half-drunk cup up before placing it back down again.

“Here's your coffee, Master...” Connor repeated, this time with a more refined, feminine tone. She gave a curtsy, this time bowing a little lower to let her breasts bounce a little. It took all of her willpower to muster a sickeningly sweet tone. “Is that everything? Or...do you want something more?”

“...Well? Will you do something more?” “I won't!”