

**Codename: GTS**  
**The Voice on the Wind**

by  
**e10**

Roger Dark swiped his security key and strode confidently into the antechamber of the secret MI6 headquarters hidden in the streets of London. Nodding to the familiar security guards he keyed his personal PIN into the elevator controls and stepped through the doors, smiling serenely at the camera in the corner of the lift. Holding his face close to the tiny red circular globe near the door, his retina was scanned when he reached the floor of the only person he took orders from. Even the Queen couldn't veto an instruction given to a secret agent by this man – Sir Herringsworth.

“Why, Miss Mapleleaf, do you get more beautiful each time I see you?” Roger said in his most charming voice to the secretary sitting outside the wide doors of the office.

“No Roger, I think you just get more desperate each time you see me,” retorted the beautiful woman wittily, impervious and accustomed to Roger Dark's suave manner. The secret agent smiled ‘touché’ to her and strode through the steel doors that opened with her touch of a button.

“Mr Dark! Very prompt!” said the MI6 chief from behind his antique table that subtly hid numerous computers, screens and other intelligence necessities under its panels. Looking at his wristwatch, Sir Herringsworth commented “you were just over sixteen minutes. I thought you said you were near Middlesex – that's *twenty-five* minutes away.”

“I was,” returned Dark with a boyish smile as he jingled the keys to his MI6-registered Jaguar XJ220.

The age-hardened chief ignored Roger Dark's showing-off and got down to business.

“You must be aware, Mr. Dark, that seven days ago our beloved pop-singer and TV-star—” not a follower of pop culture, he looked at his dossier for her name “yes... a miss Kylie Minogue, was kidnapped?”

“She's not *ours*, she's Australian.”

“Well that's not of importance, the part that concerns you is that she was kidnapped.”

“What is this Sir John?” interrupted Dark, using the commander's first name, “That's a job for police, not agents.”

“Well it doesn’t finish there, Mr. Dark. You just might also be aware that several days ago, a lesser known Egyptian pop-princess was also kidnapped,” and he held up a hand to stop the impatient subordinate’s protest, “but what you won’t read in the papers, is that the Egyptian wasn’t *actually* kidnapped several days ago, but *seven* days ago, and had been kept quiet for a while. What’s more, is that there have been five more kidnappings of high-profile starlets around the world, the others unpublicised, but all were committed *seven days ago*.”

Roger’s curiosity snapped him to attention as he heard this news, but still he was unsure of the reason for which he was being told.

“Again, Sir John, this isn’t a mission worthy of an agent, this is for Interpol at best.”

“Seven beautiful princesses missing? I thought you would have jumped at the chance to rescue them!” retorted Sir Herringsworth, playing at the secret agent. This time Dark’s curiosity got the better of him.

“Okay, so who are they?”

“Well, we have Kylie Minogue from Engl–” he corrected himself to avoid another pedantic interruption, “...Australia, the Egyptian whose name I’ve just forgotten, a miss Shannon Elizabeth in the U.S., an asian starlet China Chow, Heidi Klum from across the Channel, a Mexican actress Salma Hayek, and finally, the only one I’ve heard of, the tennis star, Anna Kournikova.”

“That’s almost one from each continent – but Mexico’s not South America,” mused Roger Dark.

“Well yes, amazingly some of our intelligence people stumbled across that obscure connection too,” responded the chief sarcastically, as he tossed photographs of each of the beautiful females over to Roger. “But we think there’s a closer connection to *cultures* rather than *continents*. Mexico is South American in that the population is Spanish in origin, after that we have an American, an Asian, a western European, an eastern European, one from the Middle-East and one from way out in Australia.”

Roger looked at the photos, still wondering why he was being told this.

“Now here’s where you come in, Mr. Dark. This may not be connected, but it’s strange enough to bring you down here,” the chief withdrew some more photos and laid them in front of Roger, “our satellites have watched for about a month as seven identical hangars have been erected in countries corresponding to those from which these girls have been kidnapped.”

“These are huge,” said Roger as he looked at the satellite photos showing seemingly miniature vehicles next to the constructions.

“Yes, big enough to hold dozens of warplanes, or a missile silo each, or contain barracks for recruiting an entire army. They are approximately four-hundred metres long and two-hundred wide.”

“And you want me to find out what’s in them.”

“Exactly. We figure that the identical kidnappings in corresponding countries is too much of a coincidence, and that they are related. I figure that there is some kind of plot to hold these countries at ransom, using the women as leverage. No government would dare to invoke the wrath of its population by allowing their idols to be murdered without action – or payment. Otherwise it could be a form of terrorism by which they think the kidnapping of public figures will decrease morale and allow their other operations to proceed more smoothly.”

“When do I leave?” asked the secret agent, getting down to business.

“The question should be ‘When do *we* leave?’” said Sir Herringsworth. Roger looked at him blankly, and as if on cue, the chief’s antique-looking telephone buzzed. Picking it up, he listened for a moment and said, “let her in.”

Roger Dark turned around in wonder and suspense at who could possibly be going with him on a mission, and a smile appeared across his face when he saw the answer.

“On this mission, Mr. Dark, you will have a partner. I believe you know Miss Jeffries.”

The secret agent rose and clasped the hands of Jade Jeffries, the one woman he held above all others; the one agent, man or woman, to whom he could entrust his life, and had done so in the past.

“Well Mr. Dark,” she purred, and touched a finger to a newly-added scar on his cheek, “it looks like you’re getting sloppy in your work.”

“Not at all my darling,” he replied, “but you must remember that even though you have nine lives, I have only the one.”

Behind the sly sarcastic quips though, was a deep respect and once their poker faces dropped they laughed and hugged each other heartily; they hadn’t worked on a mission together in at least two years, if not more.

“You can become reacquainted on the plane,” interrupted their senior, “which will leave in forty-five minutes. Your destination is in the Normandy region, where one of these hangars lies. Miss Mapleleaf will provide you with a dossier each. Good luck, I will expect your intelligence as soon as you determine what’s in that hangar.”

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, in another part of the world...

“Gentlemen, you have been summoned here because you are seven of the most powerful figures that I believe will be sympathetic to my cause,” stated a seemingly normal voice, but which had undertones that sent a slight chill down the spines of the listeners.

The speaker was a man who appeared in his late thirties or early forties, clad in some kind of militaristic suit that wasn't familiar to any of the figures at the table to which he was addressing his speech.

"I am offering you a proposal," he continued with a calm passivity, "to join in my venture. What I require from you, gentlemen, is cooperation. I want partners. I also want every resource you have – from men, to vehicles, to weapons, to ships, to aeroplanes. You will give them to me in cooperation, or I will take them."

A snigger appeared from the occupant of one of the seats closest to the speaker, who paused and turned to face the offender.

"I can understand your doubts, good sir, but I will soon demonstrate the capabilities I have at my hand. I have every confidence that you will accept my proposal thereafter."

"Don't waste your time, Mr. Van Zant," replied the man.

"*Count*," interrupted the speaker, with a strange acceptance of the other man's dissent.

"Whatever. I don't give a damn about whatever you got planned. My family don't give in to noone," stated the man, who stood to leave.

"Very well sir," said the one called Van Zant. He leaned over to some kind of intercom, pressed a button and spoke into it quietly, his last words becoming inaudible, "Miss Elizabeth, open up... .."

"Open up the what?" whispered one of those remaining at the table to his neighbour, who shook his head indicating that he hadn't heard either.

A possible answer to his question appeared as a door at the end of the room slid open silently, and the disagreeing man took his cue and strode towards it. When he passed through it, it slid silently shut, and the mysterious Van Zant spoke.

"It appears we will have an early demonstration of one of my new weapons," and with his words some flickers of light appeared on the ceiling. The light actually originated from the floor, as blackened panels beneath the surface slid away, revealing that the table and the startled group rested on a transparent glass floor that overlooked a great operation below, at which they peered with curiosity and then amazement.

In the next room, the man who had left the group walked straight for the opposite door. Finding it was locked, he turned, only to realise the one he had come through had slid shut behind him. Shouting, he beat at it, but in moments the floor beneath him dropped away and he fell with a startled scream.

Landing in some kind of pit, he barely had time to orient himself before a giant sharp surface collided with him and crushed him instantly...

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Arriving in Normandy, Roger Dark and Jade Jeffries exited the private MI6 jet fulfilled, having renewed their membership of the Mile High Club, again. They suited up in camouflage in a van full of equipment, disguised as a baker's delivery vehicle, and after a long drive through the countryside, made a quick jump out into a forest that would lead them past the hangar.

Already familiar with their navigational maps, the two secret agents headed off through the trees, slowing their pace after ten minutes when they approached a ridge that would look down upon their target. Roger glanced at his GPS watch to verify their location but noticed it wasn't working, which was strange; the watch worked but not its GPS function. He ignored this for the time being.

Crawling through undergrowth, they halted at the edge of the trees, below which the terrain was cleared, and where lay the giant hangar. It was loosely disguised as a hydroponics farm; the roof being only several metres high from ground level, but that was because most of the structure was hidden beneath the surface, as the satellite photos of its construction had indicated. The disguise was betrayed by security cameras, patrolling guards and heavy vehicle tracks.

Roger pulled some binoculars from his vest and studied the structure for clues as to its purpose, and also for ways to get in. After a few minutes, he noted that there seemed to be a lot of activity, and he almost thought they had been spotted when guards began calling to each other and running around the compound. One man jumped in a truck and Roger watched as he moved it from beside the hangar, to one end.

"What did he do that for?" he asked aloud to Jade.

"Wait, ...look!" she replied. Looking closely at the end of the hangar, Roger saw cogs on the roof at either side start turning. The agents watched silently as the entire roof of the hangar began to split down the middle, opening like a sliding door.

They waited in anticipation to see what was inside, and Roger had his finger on the camera function of the MI6 binoculars, ready to capture an image of the contents, but when the interior was revealed, the agents were mystified.

Inside the hangar could be seen plenty of workers in white suits and equipment around what appeared to be simply a hole. It was a big hole though, it appeared to be more than two hundred metres long, and even though the agents looked at it from an angle, it was clearly almost coffin-shaped, though a bit more rounded. Its walls were light blue, and it was too deep to see its contents from where they sat.

Roger and Jade looked at each other with questioning looks, but their attention snapped back to the mysterious structure when a loud warning alarm sounded and lights within the structure began flashing. Through the binoculars Roger saw all the figures in white suits scattering down stairs and out of sight.

"Perhaps this is a missile launching site." It was an obvious assumption since a pit that big could only house a missile, or else some other kind of vehicle that had to be launched vertically, and right now the people were clearing the area for launch.

Jade had a radio receiver which started buzzing with an unclear message; it was the fuzzy sound of voices on a slightly different frequency, like a voice on the wind. Jade tried to adjust it, but by the time she got the correct frequency the message was over.

She looked at Roger and was about to speak when the look on his face stopped her. His jaw had dropped and his eyes were glazed as they fixated on the hangar. Following his gaze, she turned her head and her heart stopped.

Over the rim of the pit had appeared a giant shape, a shape that was out of place. Where there should have been a missile, or a blimp, a giant helicopter ...even Thunderbird 2 would have suited... there was a head, a human head. Through a mind swimming with the impossibility, Roger recognised the distinctive face of Heidi Klum.

The face –*her* face– looked around from side to side and the enormous strands of hair that hung down to her shoulders whipped around slowly, flicking back and then forth like chains hanging from a crane would.

Her expression was completely emotionless. Two eyelids blinked in slow movements over blank eyes, her mouth was closed though her lips were slightly ajar like someone sleeping.

Next, two arms slid up and over the rim of the pit like a person exiting a bath, and in moments there was a rumbling through the ground and the sound of creaking from the structure as this impossible creature, a giant version of the famous supermodel, put her weight on her arms and began to rise.

The sight became totally surreal when she stood up completely. It would have seemed less strange if she had scales or wings like a regular monster, but instead she had lingerie. Jade even recognised the brand, in her entranced and stupefied state. The agents were at her eight-o'clock and saw her slightly from behind.

She stood slumped slightly, one shoulder a tiny bit lower than the other as if she were tired, but despite this she towered high over the landscape, unimaginably tall, and though the agents were on a hill above the hangar and she stood in a pit within it, they were still only as high as her waist.

Heidi Klum's head blocked out the midday sun, the forest around Roger and Jade was cast into shadow and the birds stopped singing. The trees seemed to become still and the air cooler.

They looked up to see the silhouette of her head at skyscraper height, looking around herself at the landscape. The sun glimmered behind the huge strands of hair that swayed with her giant slow movements, and they swung forward as she looked down and took a step out of the pit, her giant leg rising heavily out and landing even more heavily on the ground in front of the hangar. The earth shook and the two observers were tossed off the ground. The truck at the opposite end of the hangar rolled onto its side.

The gaze of the giant fell onto something concealed by the wall of the opposite end of the hangar, and she stooped to retrieve it. Roger Dark couldn't hide a rush of exhilaration at the sight of the perfect body moving so slowly and gracefully, and in this moment he had a revelation and gained an insight into the answer – the reason this was all happening. In an instant though, like many inspired thoughts, it was gone and he couldn't remember what it was.

Upon standing to full height again, the hidden observers saw that the object she now carried was some kind of folded material. Against the sun it was impossible to tell exactly, but it was definitely not rigid.

Now Heidi Klum, or whatever it was, began to take her first step. Her giant bare leg swung forward and with a huge change of momentum the giant body leaned to follow. The air became still for an instant before the thundering thud of her foot colliding with bare earth rocked the surroundings.

A second step followed, and with each one as she got further away, Roger Dark and Jade Jeffries were thrown about less and less. She was striding over the countryside in steps that would dwarve a football field.

“She's heading for the town,” stammered Jade, and the words shook both of them out of their trances, and they looked at each other in disbelief, wondering if they had been dreaming. Roger realised he had been holding the camera button of the binoculars down the whole time, and finally released it.

Words couldn't describe their state of mind, and as if returning to the mission were the only thing to keep him sane, Roger turned his attention back towards the monumental being that receded, walking in almost sexy steps; hips swaying, over the countryside. There were giant sunken footprints in the earth.

Jade noted that the figures in white had returned to the surface and were celebrating.

Taking occasional photos through the binoculars, Roger watched as the figure faded into the distance until she was bathed in blue haze. Although he couldn't see her feet due to some hills between them, he knew she must have been standing in the large town where they had landed.

He watched with bewilderment as she held the giant mysterious object before her and unfolded it. In moments it became clear that it was a bag. The secret agent's bewilderment turned to stupefaction when she crouched down, then dropped to her knees in giant slow movements, dulled by the haze. It was a surreal scene, as normally the only kinds of objects ever to be obscured by a blue haze are mountains or distant objects at sea, but Roger looked through the binoculars at a *human being*, a woman whose movements appeared as if they were being played in slow motion so far away.

Slowly he understood what she was doing. She was picking up objects at her knees; a truck, barely discernable in the distance, two cars, smaller to her than their matchbox-sized cousins, and putting them in the giant bag. She leaned and picked up an object between her fingers, and when she drew the serpent-like form up high to drop it into the collection, Roger realised it was a bullet-train.

“We have to get back,” said Roger to Jade, who watched on without the need for binoculars. They both jumped to their feet, shaking their heads to try and rid themselves of the insanity of what they had seen, and turned to leave the scene.

As soon as they were on their way, the shock of their experience turned to adrenaline and they found themselves running through the forest, though whenever they looked up there was the impossible sight between the trees of Heidi Klum’s giant body crouched over the horizon.

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When they finally returned to London after a turbulent flight with a shaken pilot in the MI6 jet, the two silent agents had to beat their way through panicking crowds to the headquarters, which was in more disarray than the outside streets.

Roger and Jade sat down in front of an ashen and white Sir Herringsworth, who looked at them, his usually calm and collected demeanour shot to pieces. He stammered for words.

“Let me guess,” Roger helped him out, “seven giant women stole cars, lorries and trains from countries around the world.”

The statement seemed to calm the stressed chief somewhat – maybe it was because it somehow didn’t seem so insane when someone else said it. With a deep breath he collected his wits.

“Close, Mr. Dark,” his trembling voice said. He reached for the glass of whiskey that Jade had poured for all three without even having appeared to leave her seat. With a more steady tone he continued, “except that they didn’t all collect trucks and cars. In fact your Normandy one... ..Heidi, seemed to collect the most unexciting objects.”

Both Jade and Roger sat in anticipation, ready for the news. They impatiently urged Sir Herringsworth to continue.

“Well... Christ, where do I start? The Asian one took four 747’s from the Hong Kong airport, the Egyptian packed as many oil reserve tanks into one of those bags as she could and bolted,” he paused to collect his thoughts as the two agents stared wide-eyed at the man, “the Mexican stole thousands of cows... ..cows!... from an amazon farm, but the Russians and Americans–”

“What, what... *what!*” urged Roger.

“Kournikova took a docked nuclear sub and four mobile ICBM’s, and the American led an aircraft carrier out of New York! It’s been on CNN non-stop. But the Australian! See for yourself... we have some footage that hasn’t been broadcast yet... ..of the Ashes,”

“The Ashes?” demanded Jade, who had no interest in the cricket series.

“What?” said Roger in bewilderment. “Are we winning?”

“Of course not!” retorted Sir John. “Just watch!”

With that a thin screen slid out of the desk on the agents’ side and raised so they could see it. It flickered once before the familiar green of cricket match footage filled the screen, though no commentary could be heard. After a ball, a shot followed that showed the crowd, and a portion of the city and sky could be seen behind the large stand.

Momentarily though, the camera shook a tiny bit, then a bit more, then movement could be seen behind the stand; two creamy pillars moved back and forth, then the camera shot up and zoomed out. It looked into the sun and lost focus, but an unmistakable human figure, female, towered over the stadium, curly hair hanging forward over the face. The camera dropped its view; obviously the cameraman panicked and ran.

The shot went to another camera, and the two agents sat silent and still and watched in awe at a sight akin to their own experience. Two legs, cut off at the knees by the shot, stood behind the large stand, until one started to bend at the knee and lift backwards, revealing a giant high-heel. As the other leg turned a bit, the first came down in slow motion on the inside of the stadium. The woman had stepped over the entire stand.

The motion of the second leg was seen by another more distant camera, from which most of her body could be seen, and both agents recognised it immediately.

“The hotpants!”

“It’s Kylie!”

Sir Herringsworth looked at them incredulously, but of course he wasn’t aware of Kylie Minogue and her famous gold hotpants. The agents were glued to the screen.

In giant movements Kylie spun to face the stand and dropped to her knees, and the camera bounced uncontrollably with the shock. When it regained focus, she was kneeling towards the stand, with an object next to her that the agents recognised instantly as another giant bag.

The shot changed to a different camera, one that faced her directly and looked into the giant woman’s lap. Even zoomed out fully she wasn’t in the frame. Behind her feet the cricketers in white were running in panic. Her gold hotpants creased around the top of her thighs, and a tight red T-shirt hung off her chest, leaving her giant waist bare. The camera craned up to her face, which was as blank and emotionless as Heidi Klum’s.

The bag was open by her side, and with slow movements her hand swung towards the crowd in front of the camera. The two agents watched in horror as half a dozen people were caught in her fingers and swept up in the air and tossed in the bag, several falling from her grip onto her thigh and tumbling to the ground.

Jade's hand was over her mouth as they saw three or four more handfuls of people tossed into the bag, then the next movement came straight for the camera and she jumped out of her seat. Even Roger cringed as the picture cut out.

"Brace yourself," warned Sir John.

The two agents barely heard him, their eyes fixated on the screen. The shot went back to the camera that could see her full body from behind, slightly at an angle. Kylie Minogue's hand went for another handful of the thinning scattered crowd in front of her, but when it was halfway to the bag and hidden from view by her body, she paused, as if deliberating, then the hand rose and her head fell back. The people in her fingers came into view as they rose above her upturned chin.

Jade yelled and Roger squirmed as they saw the giant woman drop the four or five people into her open mouth, her head rolling forward again.

"That's horrible!" whined Jade.

"Don't forget you've killed more people than that in your career," reminded Sir John, who reached for a control.

"But I didn't eat them!" said Jade, her head turned from the screen.

"There's more," said Sir John as he hit the fast-forward button. At high speed, the giant figure of Kylie Minogue seemed as if it were a normal person moving at normal speed. When the shot left the camera and changed to a bird's eye view from what was obviously a news helicopter, the chief resumed play.

It was an unbelievable sight; the giant woman, standing up in the oval-shaped stadium that to her was about the size of a spa. The green field was darkened in the patches of the imprint of her legs. From that height, individual people were not discernable, they were a multicoloured mass, predominantly green and yellow – the Australian team colours.

Roger shook his head slowly, still coming to terms with the phenomenon, and watched the creature take a giant step back over the stand of what he recognised to be the Melbourne Cricket Ground, and into –onto– the parking lot scattered with trees that looked like bonsais around her heels. Only then did the agents notice the large objects on the ground around the stadium.

"Oh no," groaned Jade. They were bags, and they were set up against the outside walls of the cricket ground; pressed up against the exits. People would have been streaming out in panic, right into the giant bags. The two agents watched in horror as the woman, towering over the giant lights of the stadium, knelt down and retrieved them, one by one. Stepping over a bridge that was connected to the arena, she collected five in all, and with her original, she strode away over a railway with six bags in hand, each step twisting and crushing the steel and concrete beneath her shoes, and snapping wires below her ankles.

Sir Herringsworth stopped the tape.

The trio sat in silence for several moments before Jade spoke.

“What is she doing with them? Is she going to eat them all?” her last words sent a shudder down her spine.

“We can assume *no*, thankfully,” replied Sir John, “because if these ‘attacks’ are designed at retrieving different objects for some purpose, then Miss Hayak already has the ‘food’.”

“So you’re assuming they’re working together at some cause,” put in Roger Dark.

“Yes, for certain, but I don’t think they’re working *together*. I think they’re under someone else’s control.”

“You’re skipping ahead,” interrupted Jade, “firstly, what are they?”

“Our best guess is that they’re robots. Giant robots. Our top scientists say that the notion of enlarging something like a person is ridiculous, so we think whoever is behind this has built these robots, moulded their outsides to look like supermodels, and that the real girls are locked away somewhere.”

“What are the others wearing?” inquired Jade.

“What?”

“What were they wearing?” she persisted. Sir John’s expression was blank. In his career he had worked on every type of espionage, warfare and terrorism, but never had he encountered this type of emergency, nor had his intelligence team, and they were all dumbfounded. Fashion was not one of the aspects of the attacks they had considered. “Heidi Klum was wearing Berlei lingerie. Kylie wore her gold hotpants from the video clip. What did the others wear?”

“Well,” stammered the chief as he scrounged through the various papers and photos on his desk, pushing some of them towards the inquisitive secret agent, “there’s most of them... ..the Egyptian we don’t know... ..and from preliminary reports from Russia, the tennis player was in yellow shorts of some description and a light blue top. Now why do you ask?”

Jade Jeffries ignored him while she looked at the photos. They were hurried panicky shots and some were shaky. She recognised Salma Hayak in a shot that looked straight up at her. With clouds behind her head, she wore a white nightgown with dark or black underwear of some kind. Details were hard to get from the picture.

Another photo showed the Asian woman, stooping over an airfield, her hand almost around an airliner on the tarmac. Protruding from behind her body could be seen the tail and wingtips of the jet she held in her other hand. She was bare except for underwear, and though it was difficult to see properly, to Jade it was clear that they were just modest normal panties and a black bra – things a girl would wear day-to-day.

Roger was looking at a photo of the New York skyline, dominated by an expressionless girl, hundreds of stories tall, stepping out from between two buildings along a very wide street. The dark-haired girl, who was extremely beautiful, was clad in a bright red or orange patterned bikini.

Jade looked up to finally answer the MI6 chief's question.

"Because, these clothes are real clothes. You could buy them at Harrad's. If you made seven giant robots, why would you give them all different clothes? And why would you go to the effort of making a six story high perfect copy of a Berlei bra, when you could clothe it in a big tarpaulin, or nothing at all?"

"You're absolutely right Jade. We don't know. We don't know anything. These events have thrown us into a confusion that we have never encountered nor been trained for, and our intelligence people don't know where to start. There are so many questions that need answering; we need all the help we can get."

"OK, so what *do* you know?" started Roger. "Where did they go?"

Sir John shrugged his shoulders, almost in embarrassment. The man that usually knew everything was lost and clueless.

"What!"

"Our satellites were attacked with software programmes that disabled them before the attacks. We didn't see where they went."

Roger cast his mind back to when they approached the hangar, and remembered about his GPS watch failing. He groaned.

"Furthermore," continued Sir John, "all seven entered the sea at the closest point they could, and haven't been seen since."

"Why can't we go back to Normandy and take the hangar, find out from someone there?"

"Because she might go back, we don't want to blow that possibility. Besides, I'll bet the workers there don't know where the girls went. It's not worth putting our cards on the table, letting whoever is behind this know that we know about the hangars, on the off-chance that someone there is high up enough to have that kind of information."

Roger Dark and Jade Jeffries looked at each other in exasperation. After a long silence, Sir Herringsworth's ancient phone began ringing. He ignored it for the moment.

"Do you know what I think?" began the tired chief. "I think all our intelligence people are asking the wrong questions and looking for answers in the wrong places. I mean... *lingerie* for God's sake! What do we know about lingerie?"

He rubbed his eyes before continuing.

“I want you two to look over everything we’ve got and come up with some original ideas... especially you, Jade. It seems a woman’s perspective may help enlighten things. More importantly, both of you get some rest. I’ve got a feeling your *other* skills will be needed very soon.”

With that, he answered his phone, and this was the cue for the agents to exit. On the way out, Miss Mapleleaf advised them to stay in the building due to the pandemonium outside, and rest in some of the rooms they had on the top floor. She would send up all the information they needed.

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The hotel-style living quarters at the top of the MI6 building was one of the few rooms to have a window. The two secret agents, worn out by the strange day, looked out at the chaos on the streets below while they waited for the data package to arrive from Miss Mapleleaf.

No sooner had Roger made two strong drinks for them both did it arrive. In a large box were copies of every photo available, several videotapes, and two or three manilla folders. Looking at it, Jade felt dread.

“I don’t think I can even look at this, if it’s anything like those poor people at the cricket.”

“I know, I understand,” comforted Roger, “but if we don’t do this, no one will. Let’s get to work.”

There was a desk in the room, but they sat in armchairs with the box on a coffee table instead. While Roger began sorting through it, Jade decided to sort out her own questions first. Pulling out a notebook, she began to write; who? how? why? where?

The whole set of events was a bewilderment at this stage. After about twenty minutes she had made only guesses and thought out possibilities in the notebook, and turned her attention to the box of data, which she knew must contain the answers. Looking at her notes, she asked Roger.

“Did any of them take a distillation tower? The Egyptian took oil, but oil is useless without one.”

“No, don’t think so,” he murmured. Jade typed a quick note on the room’s computer terminal regarding this point to Miss Mapleleaf, to pass onto Sir John.

Concluding his sorting, Roger summarised the available data. “We have footage and plenty of stills from America, Australia, Normandy and Hong Kong. There are photos from Brazil and the Middle East. All we have from Russia is a loose transcript of the attack, with very little detail... they are hiding something, or just being secretive for the sake of it.”

Sifting quickly through some papers, he continued.

“And we have brief backgrounds on all seven women, links to internet sites, photos of them normally... their whole lives... ...where do we start?”

When his attention returned to Jade however, she was absent and stared into space. Highly trained and desensitised to violence, crime and war, agents were never perturbed by their work, but Jade was visibly upset. Roger took her hand.

“I don’t think the world will be the same again,” she said sadly, the events of the day finally catching up with her. She stood up and stared out the window, the streets below were in chaos. The world had been through famine, fire, flood, war, terrorism, but *giants*... this was myth. “People will be changed, things that we *think* are impossible... coming true.”

Roger’s arms were around her waist. “Get some rest; I’ll watch these videos. I’ve got a feeling we’ll have a big day tomorrow.”

Jade complied, lying in bed while Roger sat down to watch the footage they hadn’t yet seen. The label of the first video read ‘China Chow attacks Hong Kong’ followed by the date. He almost laughed, despite the situation; it could have been a B-grade horror from the back of a video store.

Jade could have watched them, he realised, as the American and Hong-Kong attacks weren’t nearly as disturbing as that in Melbourne. The Asian model barely made an appearance; surfacing in the waters of Hong Kong, climbing onto the airfield and slipping back into the water with four jumbo jets. He noted that she was careful not to damage them; when she had walked far into deep water, she turned around and swam on her back, kicking and holding the aeroplanes above the surface.

He didn’t watch all of the American footage, as the first few clips gave a conclusive account of the entire event. It provided no new information; tired and overwhelmed, he followed Jade to bed and slipped his arm around her waist, but she was already asleep.

\* \* \*

Jade Jeffries awoke to a heavy rumbling. Her eyes inched open. There it was again; the building shook and the bed bounced. Outside was a crashing sound, and her heart stopped.

She grabbed Roger Dark’s shoulder, trying to wake him, but he didn’t budge. Suddenly the room, lit by the lights of the city, fell into darkness and Jade whirled to look out the window. With a scream she fell out of the bed, clawing at the floor, at the sight of an eye, bigger than the window, peering into the room.

Struggling, Jade crawled in panic towards the door, her gaze fixed on the window. The eye disappeared upwards and soon the window showed only the night sky, but instantly the view was filled again by shadow and a violent splintering of glass was heard.

By this time Roger had awoken and was propping himself up, looking about in confusion. Jade was at the door and shouted to him, but she could only watch as two giant fingers smashed through the windows, bending walls and crushing furniture, and clamped around the secret agent on the bed.

In seconds, the fingers had withdrawn out of the building, and Jade clambered, screaming Roger's name, to the window. She could only watch in horror, as the monstrous woman outside lifted the helpless man high in the air, his limbs flailing, and opened her mouth. Jade was screaming when the giant girl held him above her lips, and with little hesitation she released him...

Jade Jeffries sat bolt upright in bed with a cry of dismay. Sweating all over, she wiped tears from her face and looked around. The windows were intact and the lights of the city glowed comfortingly outside. Roger turned over in bed next to her.

Still sobbing from the nightmare, she crawled up under the covers and slid an arm over Roger, clutching him and resting her head to his shoulder, and tried to resume her sleep.

\* \* \*

By the time the intercom filled the room with Sir Herringworth's pressing commands to wake up the next morning, Jade had already been awake for twenty minutes. Her panic and tears had been replaced with a steeled resolve.

The sun hadn't yet risen, and it was probable that Sir John hadn't slept. The two secret agents were in his office in minutes.

"Jade Jeffries, you're a genius," was the first thing he said to them when they entered. His spirits were lifted with the progress he and his intelligence team had made during the night.

"What would you do without me?" she replied proudly, though she didn't yet know on what he was commending her.

"We know who it is ...who it *has to be*," he corrected himself. "We looked up every movement of a distillation tower in the past five years, and there was one mysterious transaction."

"Who was it?"

"Wait, wait," continued Sir John proudly, "it's not who he is, it's who he's connected with. A Mr. Joseph Mendoza, part-time terrorist, full-time criminal, purchased one of these distillation towers and large quantities of crude oil last year. But it's not him."

The two secret agents waited patiently.

"We dug some more and he was tracked for a while earlier this year, and several photos showed him clearly taking orders... ...from one *Count Van Zant*." He delivered

the final words with obvious pride and satisfaction, crossing his arms after he spoke and looking at the agents with a gleam in his eye; knowing the reaction he'd get.

"Count Van Zant!" they exclaimed at once, both uttering protests.

"Yes, I know," said Sir Herringsworth, "we thought he was dead. But I saw the pictures myself... I was the one who recognised him."

The agents were stunned. The maniac they had worked together to kill several years earlier in the toughest and most costly mission MI6 had ever undertaken, was back. They shuddered at the recollection.

Count Van Zant wasn't an everyday criminal. They knew his background well; born into nobility, he was exiled from his country for murder at the age of fifteen, he was a psychopath. Somehow he had kept his millions, and made even more dealing in weapons, but obviously wasn't satisfied with his minor empire.

Jade and Roger had thwarted his attempt at ransom on a global scale, and then in a follow-up mission had managed to assassinate him – or so they had thought. With this madman behind the attacks, anything was possible. He had the resources to do anything, and the power to pull it off.

"It all makes sense now... ..well, some of it at least. He's the only person to do something this insane. He's showing off, and he's gone to great expense to do it," said Jade.

Both Roger Dark and Jade Jeffries became visibly colder and sterner.

"So where is he?"

"That's the bit we don't know yet."

"What, we wait for more attacks and then hope one of the girls invites us back to the party?" said Roger sarcastically.

"Do you think we're not doing everything we possibly can?" replied the MI6 chief with authority. His subordinate was about to argue back when the antique phone rang, and Sir Herringsworth picked it up to prevent him doing so.

He uttered only several words, his expression changing to satisfaction, before hanging up, then addressed the agents.

"The Russians have come through. They've sent us some amateur footage of the tennis player from some soldiers. Also," and his face beamed, "we've got an idea where Van Zant is."

The secret agents leaned forward.

"Apparently the Suez Canal was badly damaged *three times* early this morning—"

“The Atlantic!” exclaimed both of the agents at once.

“Exactly,” said Sir John triumphantly, “the Australian, the Asian and the Russian crossed the Pacific overnight and are now somewhere in the Atlantic.”

He was back on the phone giving commands instantly. The agents heard him ordering the commanders of the navy and air force to scour the ocean; these were people who publicly took orders from no-one but parliament. This was Sir Herringsworth at his best. He was on his third call before his attention returned to the agents.

“Hold on Mr. President...” and he turned to his subordinates, “you can’t do much right now. Watch that Russian video, see if there’s anything useful on it, and stay close. We might have to call on you at any minute.”

\* \* \*

Roger and Jade returned to the living quarters. Holding the video from the Russians in his hand, Roger opened his mouth to see if his partner didn’t want to watch it, but the stern resolve on her face told him she would handle it. This was her old self; ready-to-go and fixed on the mission. He smiled.

Sitting rigidly in the armchairs, the secret agents fixed their eyes on the screen, as the fuzz was replaced by a blank screen and then the footage began rolling. It was definitely an amateur video; the picture quality was typical of a home video camera, and the footage began with feet running and the camera shaking violently as the cameraman ran along the street. It reminded them of war journalism.

The shot lifted to look at a large tank heading to the left. Another was seen behind it and as the camera quickly panned left, there was another in front. The shot immediately fixed on their target, and lifted high in the air to capture it in frame. It was of course a girl, Anna Kournikova, and she was facing away, kneeling on one knee.

She wore yellow shorts-style bathers and the back of her top, which appeared to be some kind of sports bra or top, was light blue. The camera shook as she began to stand, and around her feet it could be seen that she was on a dock of some description. It became clear what she had been kneeling down to get; the submarine. It was so huge that her fingers didn’t wrap fully around it, and to see it swaying helplessly in the air, completely out of place, was breathtaking, and both agents gasped.

By this time, the tanks looked to be about fifty metres ahead of the camera, and as the girl began her first stride away, the far left vehicle fired a shot from its raised turret. The camera shook, the tank bounced with the shock and smoke billowed out from around it. No explosion appeared on the giant woman however – the shot missed, but she froze.

Turning around slowly, the giant sub swung around in mid-air. Her face came into view, as did four large ICBM launchers that she had tucked under her left arm. As they watched, her blank expression turned to one of sweetness; an innocent pleading

look that girls will give their fathers what they want something. The turret of the second tank was raised but remained still.

Anna Kournikova slowly and steadily dropped to her knees. Her right arm extended to the ground and placed the sub on a dock, where it rolled over and crushed a building that was out of sight. Leaning to her left, she allowed the trucks to slowly tumble from under her arm and onto the ground, where they landed heavily.

Maintaining a delicate smile, she leaned forward and the camera shook as the cameraman visibly stumbled backwards. Now that she was closer, she was too huge for the frame, and the camera focussed mainly on her face and chest. Her right arm extended slowly and the camera went down to it. Her hand was gliding only metres above the ground to the left tank, and a soldier appeared out of the turret. He stayed, fixated on the girl, whose face was out of shot, but which carried a loving smile at which no man could willingly fire.

The tennis player's fingers found the side of the tank, and she delicately drew it towards her, its tracks hanging loosely as soon as it left the ground. The camera followed it to her face, the man in the turret swaying wildly. Anna Kournikova's lips turned from a smile into a pucker, and she gently kissed the man in the tank on the face, caressing the vehicle with her fingers.

Roger and Jade looked at each other in stupefaction.

When they returned their attention to the screen, the tank was almost out of sight between her knees, the man was in her cupped palm and she was reaching for a second tank with her left hand. Out of the remaining tanks appeared men, waving their hands at the giant girl.

She had barely lifted the tank from the ground when her sweet expression dropped away. In one motion, her right hand, containing the first soldier, clenched into a fist and she brought it down furiously onto the remaining tank. The shot disappeared as the camera flew high in the air, assumedly so did the cameraman and the audio was filled with a crack and rumble that even rattled the monitor. The secret agents jumped.

The shot halted, sideways and on the ground, looking backwards at some soldiers who were thrown off their feet, some running. The hands of the dedicated cameraman could be seen picking up the camera, and the shot spun around to a view that was unrecognisable from ten seconds earlier. Where the tank had been was a crater, surrounded by cracked concrete, with water shooting off at an angle from a burst pipe.

Anna Kournikova had the second tank in her hand, and from its turret she pulled the man, who seconds earlier had waved to get her attention. The tank she tossed to her side, and it flew slowly and gracefully out of shot. Pushing the man pinned between her fingers straight into her mouth, her lips closed and a blank expression resumed.

The agents watched, stunned, while the giant tennis player, in the slow and heavy movements typical of the huge women, retrieved her bounty of vehicles and the sub, and in two steps had entered the water, and in moments, disappeared.

Looking at each other, the agents had both realised the solution to their mystery.

“The women...” Jade stammered.

“It’s because...” Roger attempted to continue, as he remembered the revelation he had made, and forgotten, back at Normandy.

What they now knew, but couldn’t yet articulate, was that these giant creatures – whatever they were– were all famous and beautiful women because there wouldn’t be a male soldier on earth who would fire upon them!

They rushed downstairs to inform Sir Herringsworth of their discovery, but when they reached his door Miss Mapleleaf stopped them excitedly.

“We have to see Sir John!”

“There’s no time!” shouted Miss Mapleleaf. “Suit up and get to the helipad!”

\* \* \*

They didn’t need to suit up. Every piece of equipment the secret agents could possibly need was in the helicopter that sat twenty-four hours a day in a hangar on the roof of the MI6 building for this exact emergency situation, and was now roaring into action.

No sooner had Roger Dark and Jade Jeffries dived into the open door on the side, the craft surged off the surface and swung around in an arc that took it directly to the Royal Air Force base ten miles away. The agents began immediately to don their favourite mission uniforms; for Roger a black dinner suit and tie, and for Jade a shiny leather mini-skirt and armless top. They were cliché, egotistical and often impractical clothes, but the proud agents wouldn’t have it any other way.

“What’s going on?” shouted Roger to the intelligence officer who had boarded just as hurriedly as they had.

“They’ve struck again!” With the words both agents’ hearts sunk.

“But what are *we* doing?” shouted Jade, pulling on her clothes unashamedly.

“The American!” shouted the intelligence officer above the roar of the engines. “The American hasn’t got to her destination yet! She’s inland... we don’t have much time though! You’re going to follow her!”

“How?” they shouted in unison, but the officer didn’t need to answer, instead pointing down at the airfield as they approached.

Waiting on the tarmac was a sleek jet, which they recognised as a Blackbird SR-21; the fastest jet on Earth. The officer tossed two parachutes from a compartment to the agents, who smiled in anticipation at the excitement in store for them – they thrived on the adrenaline.

As the helicopter hurriedly descended they each grabbed a field kit containing all the useful devices such as small explosives, watches with more features than a swiss-army knife, swiss-army knives, underwater breathers, trackers, decoders, camera-binoculars, mini harpoon guns and more. In addition they selected a firearm, and when they both chose a silenced pistol, they smiled and gave each other a knowing look.

With the parachute packs on their backs, they hopped onto the tarmac and the helicopter lifted away, clearing the air for the jet, which screamed and roared impatiently, waiting to be unleashed. Running, Roger put a hand on the leading edge of the wing, and with a strong leap he stood on its surface. Leaning over, he reached for Jade, who ran alongside the wing and took his hand, and with a small pull from Roger she leapt high in the air, landing nimbly on the edge of the open cockpit.

Within seconds both were securely inside the cramped cabin, which was made for only two, including the pilot. They were already moving when the glass canopy slid shut above them, and the enormous force from the powerful engines pushed them back against the wall.

The harsh acceleration didn't finish until minutes later when they were high in thin air and travelling thousands of kilometres an hour. The pilot waved his hand at them from the front of the cabin and Roger complied by donning the helmet that was in the cabin and switching on its intercom. Jade followed suit.

"Your boss is on the radio!" shouted the pilot through the muffled communicator, and soon after followed the faint voice of Sir John.

"Sir John!" shouted the agent.

"Roger! The pilot is going to fly you over the American! Right now she's inland at a military base stealing an armoury!" began the chief without delay. "You don't have much time but we think you'll make it before she gets back to the east coast!"

"Sir John! You have to scramble every female pilot and soldier there is!" Before Sir Herringsworth even asked why, he understood.

"Oh my God, you're right!" He paused hesitantly. "I understand! ...But how many pilots –even women– are hardened enough to fire directly at a human?"

"We still don't know if they *are* human Sir!" shouted Jade.

"Just find *someone*!" shouted Roger.

\* \* \*

For most of the hour-long trip to the east coast of the U.S. the two agents were silent, preparing themselves mentally for the mission that was unknown before them.

"I think they're human," stated Jade into the intercom. She had obviously been pondering it since talking to Sir John, and continued, "because if Kournikova needed

to protect herself from the tanks then she's not invulnerable. If she were a robot, she'd be armoured."

Roger was silent, but acknowledged the point. He was about to reply, but the pilot interrupted with a warning of 'buckle up'. The plane nosed downwards and began a rapid and turbulent descent. In less than a minute the coast was visible ahead of the craft and thousands of feet below.

The pilot banked the craft a fraction, altering his course, and the agents followed his direction. Just in from the coast was a protrusion on the horizon which was recognisable instantly as a female figure. It was of course the giant Shannon Elizabeth, and as they drew nearer it could be seen that she wore the same orange-red bikini. In her arms was a giant square-shaped structure; a building.

"Now I'm going to slow down," the pilot shouted, "and bank to the left! You get out the left side, and jump downwards! We'll be at two thousand feet! Time enough to aim for her, but not to waste!"

He was right. In seconds the canopy was open and air rushed past at an unbearable speed. When the pilot banked, they looked ahead of the craft and down to see the giant girl striding their way, but there was no time to marvel at the sight of her above the tiny dots of buildings and cars, because the pilot shouted 'Now!' at them.

Jade pushed off from Roger and was away, and Roger slung himself from the canopy with all his might, and still only just missed the tail of the craft. Soon there was only the whistling of the air as they hurtled towards the huge woman. Their angle above her became more and more acute; she was walking faster than they had expected. The falling agents shaped their bodies to try and direct their descent, but in seconds they were directly above her head; Jade further behind her than Roger.

The secret agents deployed their chutes simultaneously around Shannon Elizabeth's shoulder height, and pulled the controls, attempting to steer towards her. She was receding at a phenomenal rate, and it was obvious that they had missed her. Jade floated uselessly past her backside and towards the back of her thigh, but still too far. Roger, acting decisively, pulled from his utility vest the harpoon gun from the field pack, and without hesitation fired it at the bikini bottom of the giant girl.

He was sure he was out of range, and it seemed like an eternity while the projectile shot through the air, but in a fraction of a second he was jerked violently as the harpoon struck the giant fabric and the wire was instantly pulled taut. Torn by the gun that pulled him forward and the parachute that tried to hold him back, he struggled and managed to free himself from it.

Swinging down, he held on tight to the gun. With a range of only fifteen metres, his swing brought him down in between Shannon Elizabeth's upper thighs, and there was a moment of sheer panic when he thought he would be crushed by the motion of her legs, but using his quick reflexes he managed to kick himself off the inside of her advancing leg and just missed being rubbed in between it and the receding one.

Roger Dark's return swing left him safely dangling behind her legs, and below the backside of the giant girl's bikini bottom, up to which he ascended via the winch on the harpoon gun.

Touching lightly on the ground, Jade Jeffries swore and looked up to see her partner's parachute blowing softly to earth. Quickly retrieving her binoculars, she scanned the back of the giant woman, and smiled when she saw a black dinner-suit shaped speck clinging to the fabric on the backside of Shannon Elizabeth.

She was comforted as she knew Roger would know what to do, and returned to her own dilemma... what could she possibly do now?

Hearing the roar of the Blackbird circling above, she called the pilot from the radio in her watch, and luckily he was in range, and responded. She told him to land at the nearest airfield. She knew what she had to do.

\* \* \*

Roger Dark had only a split second to decide upon a plan. He was clinging to the thick fibres of the backside of Shannon Elizabeth's bikini, and far below him he saw the sand of a beach; in moments she would be wading into deep water and he would be submerged.

Knowing his only option was to get to the military armoury in her arms, he made a split-second decision to go over her shoulder and down again, as going around the side using the seam of her bikini bottom seemed to dangerous due to her swaying hips – and besides, being higher up her body would buy him some time.

Holding tightly to the red strands of fabric with his left hand, he dislodged the harpoon with his right, reloaded the gun and fired upwards towards the long brown hair that hung down her back. The harpoon fell uselessly back down to him, and he swore at the waste of valuable time as the wire was winched back into the gun.

With clenched teeth he fired again, and breathed a sigh of relief when the projectile stuck. Wasting no time, he swung away from her cheek and activated the spring-loaded winch. As he ascended he saw that the giant girl's legs were in ankle-high water, and it was rapidly rising. When he grasped the thick strands of her hark hair the harpoon dislodged effortlessly from the loose tangle, and Roger winced at how easily he could have fallen to his death.

Shimmying strongly up her hair, the agent reached her shoulders in no time at all. He noticed a strange small black box that was attached to the back of the giant woman's neck, but had no time to ponder the anomaly, since the water appeared closer below. From his vantage point he saw that she carried the building at waist-height, and that its foundations were crumbled around the edges where she had ripped it from the ground.

Despite the fact that it was highly dangerous due to the motion of her walking, Roger knew his best chance was to get to the armoury from one of her breasts, which were bouncing heavily with her strides into the ocean. Wasting no time, he crawled over

her unsteady shoulder until he could reach the relative safety of the strap of her bikini top, on which he could grip.

Straddling the elastic strap, which had the diameter of perhaps a large tree, he let himself slip down, the friction on the material burning his arms and legs. He grimaced and winced, steeling himself to the pain, but he was weakened and by the time he finally hit the top of the cup, a bounce sent him sprawling helplessly –but luckily– into her bikini top.

Gritting his teeth to the lingering pain, Roger Dark attempted to right himself, trapped under her breast and between the elastic, but the bouncing sent him flying. He was thrown around, but after several more hard knocks against her flesh he managed to grip a strand of fabric on the inside of the left cup. Despite swinging about wildly, he threw his other hand up and caught another fibre.

Wedging himself between the elastic and the warm skin of her breast, he managed to alleviate the violent tumbling, but he still swung from side to side. With effort and becoming dizzy, Roger struggled and squirmed his way to the upper seam of her bikini, and threw his arms over the edge.

Immediately he saw that the water was only twenty or so metres below, and that she was lifting the building to keep it dry. It rose towards her chest and Roger knew that if he didn't make it he was doomed. With one burst of energy he surged out of the elastic squeeze and threw himself outwards at the rising structure. Tossed sideways by the swing of Shannon Elizabeth's breast, he spun awkwardly in the air and landed roughly on the very edge of the concrete.

His adrenaline numbing the pain, Roger Dark clambered up onto flat ground and stumbled to his feet, clutching the nearest solid object. It was his athleticism and strength that had allowed him to survive the ordeal. Clutching his bruised side, he staggered over the wobbling surface to the largest building and kicked through its door.

Inside the structure were dozens of terrified soldiers holding onto gun racks; the weapons tumbling about on the floor.

Within minutes Roger Dark had asserted himself as a British secret agent and assumed command of the men. With a plan to assault and infiltrate their destination upon reaching it, the soldiers set about arming and preparing themselves for whatever lay ahead. Remembering the purpose of his mission, Roger activated the emergency beacon on his watch, which hopefully would notify Sir Herringsworth of his position.

When Roger climbed to the roof to view the situation he saw that the building was now gliding metres above the surface of the ocean; the giant girl was on her back, kicking with enormous legs that created tidal waves far behind them. Looking ahead of the fantastic vessel he could see her expressionless face protruding from the water and looking in the opposite direction the rest of her body stretched out for hundreds of feet behind. He shook his head at the unbelievability of the sight and the situation in general, but he was trained to be strong and his resolve resumed control of his senses.

Five tense hours later, a shout from the lookout brought Roger back up to the roof of the building suspended in the air, and the sight ahead of them took his breath away.

\* \* \*

Jade Jeffries reached the edge of the clearing in Normandy in exactly the same spot as she and Roger had done the day before; from where they had got their first glimpse of the unbelievable giants that they were now so familiar with.

This time with different mission objectives, she did not delay, running nimbly down the slope. Thirty metres from the giant hangar, one of the patrolling guards turned around and saw her. For the exact same reason that Count Van Zant chose his giants to appear in the likeness of beautiful women, the soldier hesitated when he raised his rifle at the splendid figure of the lovely Ms. Jeffries as he saw her gracefully gliding towards him; thus allowing the secret agent a more than ample amount of time to shoot him in the chest.

In moments she was at the end of the building and ducked into an open doorway that led into a long hall of dull concrete, vents, large power cables and pipes looking like steel vines on the ceiling. In the middle on one side was the only doorway into the structure, and it was security coded.

At that moment Jade heard voices at the opposite end of the hall.

Chatting away about absolutely nothing strolled two guards along the passageway; noticing nothing unusual. When they approached the security door into the hangar though, one of the men felt a blinding pain and then darkness as something – someone – dropped from the pipes in the ceiling with a heeled shoe leading the way.

Jade swung from the ceiling with her feet aimed for the first man, and after he was kicked to the floor she exercised a gymnastics manoeuvre by swapping her hands over on the pipe and swinging back down in the opposite direction. This time though, she didn't aim to knock the man out – her feet went either side of his head and without a struggle the man was on his back with Jade kneeling and his head held firmly between her legs.

“What's the code?” Jade demanded, looking down at his head in her lap. He clenched his teeth in stubborn response. She squeezed her legs together. “What's the code!”

Just then she heard shouting outside; obviously the guard's body had been discovered. Leaning over, Jade Jeffries grabbed the automatic rifle that the incapacitated man had dropped, and as soon as the soldiers appeared through the open doorway they fell to the floor, the loud gunshots echoing in the narrow hallway.

With the gun trained on the door, Jade returned her attention to her captive.

“What's the code!” When she got no more response she grabbed his head roughly by the hair and pulled his face up further into her crotch where her legs were stronger, and this time when she squeezed her thighs there was a loud grunt of pain. The man's face was actually inside Jade's shiny leather skirt. She did not relent, and squeezed his

head between her thighs even harder, his cry of pain stifled by her skirt, and after thirty more seconds she finally heard his muffled voice giving up the four-digit code.

Just as she released his head there was shouting from the opposite end, and with a leap Jade somersaulted backwards, avoiding the bullets that flew through the air straight into the man on the ground. She ducked behind a large pipe near the entrance to the hangar, and after firing randomly down the hall she typed the code into the keypad above her, the heavy steel door creaking open in response.

With a quick spin and a few more shots she was inside, and the door swung shut behind her. Wrapping her fingers around the keypad on the inside, she twisted it strongly and it snapped off; sparks of electricity spitting from the broken wires.

The inside of the hangar was largely devoid of people; there was a plethora of complicated looking machines and equipment, and she ran past a large solid window that looked down upon the giant coffin-shaped cavity that she and Roger Dark had seen and out of which the giant Heidi Klum had risen.

In minutes she had found what she was looking for – a man in a white coat. Slipping silently up to him, her silenced pistol raised at his face, she demanded an answer to the question that needed answering first and foremost.

“What are they?”

\* \* \*

Roger Dark looked down upon the most amazing construction he had ever seen. From his vantage point on the front of the military armoury carried in the arms of Shannon Elizabeth he looked at Atlantis; a city lost in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. This wasn't *the* Atlantis though; this was an island of steel – stretching for miles on either side, this was a floating city, fabricated by the madman behind the giantess attacks, Count Van Zant.

He looked at it in wonder. It shone in silver and blue; buildings stretching for what he estimated to be three kilometres to either side. Assuming it was circular, then its diameter had to be six kilometres, in the centre of which was a building, taller than its neighbours – a pyramid, absolutely enormous, of glass and steel. Even taller than that was at one end a conning tower, just like on an aircraft carrier. It was like a watchtower that controlled the entire city. The whole thing smelt of an insane genius, just like the Count.

On the edge towards which the armoury was being carried, was a large empty concreted area, and in moments the giant girl placed the building heavily in this space on the floating island. Roger stumbled and fell with the movement, then, running back into the structure, he gave a quick preparatory speech to the soldiers, reviewing their plan of attack. He hadn't counted on attempting to take an entire city though, and this threw them slightly into confusion.

Within moments though, voices could be heard, and Roger's briefing was halted, the soldiers taking places at the ready. The door creaked open and several armed soldiers,

clad in black, stepped into the room. Immediately they were shot to pieces by the prepared American marines, and those behind them withdrew. Two men rushed to the door to fire after them, but they had disappeared back over the edge of the armoury's foundations and were gone.

The two marines turned around questioningly and enquired what to do. This situation had not appeared in any training exercise they had ever taken. Before the secret agent could answer them though, the walls began to rumble. Taking cover, the soldiers cowered as the interior was suddenly bathed in light, to a creaking and breaking sound. The roof had been ripped off.

Towering above the cavity where the roof had been was the silhouette of a giant woman. Glancing up, Roger saw that it was again Shannon Elizabeth, and he saw a giant movement and a shadow envelop the building – her hand.

The secret agent had only moments to gather his wits and hide. From a vantage point behind a stack of vests he watched the enormous girl scooping the fleeing soldiers up in her hand and placing them in some kind of container or cage in the other. Roger was at least relieved that she wasn't killing them.

Concealing himself further, he heard shouting and yelling; but no gunshots whatsoever. Either the soldiers were too frightened to shoot or, like the Russians, couldn't fire at a beautiful girl – no matter what size.

In seconds all of the infantry were in the hands of the enemy – literally.

Roger Dark peeked from his hiding spot, and seeing nothing through the open ceiling, he was about to emerge when he heard footsteps and quickly ducked back behind the armoured vests. With his pistol ready, he watched the intruders enter.

Expecting more soldiers, Roger was surprised to see people clad in civilian clothes swarming into the room. Many of them wore yellow and green shirts, and suddenly it clicked. Roger realised the shirts were the uniform of the Australian cricket team, and that these people were the crowd that had been 'stolen' by Kylie Minogue.

They began to pick up weapons; rifles, rocket launchers, out from the doorway to the main armoury came several groups of eight people together carrying an air-to-air missile. Roger noticed that all of them had blank looks on their faces – just like the giant women. He wondered if they had been brainwashed or drugged somehow to do Count Van Zant's bidding.

Upon seeing several men that were dressed in suits, he knew that he need not hide – he was already in disguise in his black dinner suit, so Roger emerged from his hiding place, forced a blank expression onto his face and, picking up several rifles, headed out the door with the rest of the crowd.

When he exited the facility he saw Shannon Elizabeth behind some buildings, lifting some kind of large trapdoor and placing the cage containing the marines into a cavity beneath ground level. The crowd fell into her shadow when she rose to full height – she was absolutely beautiful despite her deadliness. Roger marvelled at the girl, in her

soaked bikini, from his tiny vantage point at her feet. She then stepped off the edge of the giant platform and into the water. Roger looked out of the corner of his eye and saw her appear to slide underneath the floating island, but he quickly returned his gaze straight ahead when he saw that the enemy soldiers clad in black were watching the expressionless crowd carrying the weapons. Their faces didn't have the same glazed appearance, and when Roger saw two of them having a conversation, he knew that they were not on the same mind-control drugs (or whatever it was) as the cricket fans were.

Soon it was confirmed that the giant steel island had an underground level, as the crowd marched into a tunnel that descended into a long ramp underneath the surface. At the first moment that there were none of the soldiers in black, Roger ducked out of the stream of people and down a side-passage, ditching the two rifles behind some pipes.

The underground section seemed as if it housed the machinery to keep the surface alive; electrical wires and fluid pipes lined the walls and ceiling and technical plans and notices covered the unpainted walls.

Soon Roger discovered a level-by-level map of the 'underground' of the structure at the junction of several major passageways. He gaped in awe at the immensity of the floating behemoth; there were five levels of storage rooms, armouries, equipment rooms, hangars and countless more. The sixth level was made of giant tanks of oil, fuel and fresh water and silos of grain. The seventh level below the surface though, was the jewel in the crown – on the map was depicted seven enormous bays, each with a female silhouette drawn in a lying position. They were the sleeping chambers of the giant women.

Roger Dark felt all the pieces coming together; the seven girls had been sent on missions to obtain supplies and equipment for the floating city. The only question left was why Van Zant had needed to go to all the effort to create the giants, whatever they were, to steal products that were relatively easily obtainable, when he had the resources to build an island of steel. Roger knew that the answer was simple – he was insane. The megalomaniacal man he had encountered before with almost catastrophic results was the only person mad enough to attempt something on such a ridiculously large scale – literally.

For the first time ever on a mission, the secret agent was stumped as to what to do next. After a few minutes deliberation, he decided that the best plan of attack was to attempt to infiltrate the command centre of the city and either radio for help or disable the defensive capabilities of the city – namely, the giants. It was clear on the map where he needed to go – the conning tower.

The giant tower that overlooked the city had sub-levels that, according to the map, had strange and intricate machinery and engines; it obviously drove the island and from it Roger was certain that Count Van Zant controlled the floating monster.

Just as he had decided on a plan, loud sirens filled the air and red flashing lights lit up the passageway. In an instant Roger knew that the emergency beacon he had activated in the American armoury had drawn help. Bolting towards the stairs nearest on the

map, he was on the surface in moments and saw the cavalry that had arrived at the giant city.

The sky was littered with troop carrying helicopters, attack helicopters, and high up in the air were fighter jets. The Chinook troop 'copters began quickly descending onto the flat surfaces around the edge of the city, onto one of which Shannon Elizabeth had placed the stolen armoury. It was for the nearest of these that Roger ran, and in moments he met the troops diving onto the ground from the craft. Immediately they attempted to take him prisoner, but it took only moments for him to convince their captain he was MI6; they were British soldiers.

As the troops filed into attack positions around the small buildings on the edge of the area the helicopter thrust into the air and glided away, followed by a dozen more of its comrades from nearby and around the city, the furthest ones on the opposite side visible between the buildings towering in the middle of the island. Roger filled the Captain in on the layout of the island as quickly as possible, and in return was given the information that the island was only an hour from the Spanish coast.

"It's been moving this whole time," stated the soldier, who had had the benefit of the information of spy planes, "we don't know their plans but we think they're going to deploy the giants on the coast."

The Captain was about to continue when his radio began hissing. He pulled it out to respond, but the message was on a slightly different frequency and was fuzzy and unclear.

At that moment there was a giant explosion of water from near the edge and a huge head, with black hair clinging to the face, burst out of the surface and two monstrous hands appeared on the very edge of the city. It was Salma Hayak.

The soldiers whirled to face her, and watched in awe as she pushed herself up with her arms, and in a giant slow movement her body rose up, casting the men into shadow, until a knee came over the lip and rested heavily on the concrete. Her other knee, with the white nightie Roger had seen in the photos of her attack sopping wet and clinging to her legs and body, and her black panties clearly visible underneath the almost transparent material.

She now knelt with her legs spread slightly apart –around twenty metres– on the flat area of the city.

Through the Captain's radio Roger heard a muffled voice again, and realising there was an important connection, he grabbed it and adjusted the frequency to hear the final words "...with them whatever you like" in a dull, soft and almost dreamy voice. His eyebrows furled in confusion ...what was going on?

The British soldiers had gathered their wits, and following orders, begun firing their assault rifles at the girl kneeling above them, but she was unperturbed and leaned forward, outstretching her hand.

Instantly she had scooped up a group of soldiers into her fist, and those nearby fled in panic, taking cover on the inner side of the small buildings. Roger and the captain watched in horror from shelter of a wall as the giant woman drew the handful of men closer to her. There were several in her palm but several more dangled from between her fingers in her awkward grasp.

The captain's radio began hissing with panicked shouts from his men – those that were in her hand.

“What the hell is she doing?” shouted the overwhelmed Captain.

With her free hand the giant woman was pulling up her wet nightie, and the blank expression on her face broke into a smile; a dreamy smile as if she were asleep. The hand containing the soldiers fumbled its way up her leg and pushed into her black panties.

“Oh God,” said the Captain. Both men turned away as the voices on the radio went silent. They had no time to contemplate the fates of the men however, as from the inner side of the city appeared armed people in the green and yellow cricket shirts. They began firing at the soldiers, but they plodded along like zombies and were not aiming.

The British soldiers that were hiding behind buildings away from Salma Hayek fired upon the expressionless people, mowing them down easily ...too easily. The others that remained in the open kept their attention on the giant woman, and when Roger Dark turned to look at them he saw only a pair of giant fingers appearing from behind him somewhere and plucking them from the ground. He winced.

Returning his attention to the oncoming hoards, he knew there was some piece of the puzzle missing – why were these people walking so serenely into certain death and firing almost randomly? One of them appeared from a corner just near the secret agent, who shot him, and he slumped forward.

As the person fell on the ground Roger noticed something he had seen before but hadn't registered. There was a small black box on the man's neck. He stooped and tried to pry it off. With only a small effort the object came loose and a tiny wound began to bleed where it had been; it was clear it had been embedded in the skin.

“What the...?” Roger looked at it, then it clicked. He had seen it on Shannon Elizabeth's neck, and he made the connection between the black boxes, the blank expressions and the inexplicable behaviour of these people. They were being controlled. “Van Zant has some kind of mind control device!”

As he thought about it the pieces began to fall together – they were being controlled through these black boxes which were radio receivers, and the eerie voice he had heard on the radio –the voice on the wind– was some operator telling the people, and the giants, what to do.

Scanning quickly through the frequencies, Roger discovered more than a dozen channels containing the strange voices purring various commands. If he could jam

those communications somehow, he could eliminate Van Zant's defences. Scanning the horizon of the city, he saw exactly what he was looking for. On the very tip of the tower that governed the floating island was a radio antenna.

Running back to the Captain, he took the radio and ordered the fighter jets above to strike the tower.

Within moments a jet had descended to only a few hundred metres in the air and was beginning a run towards the tower. At that moment Roger's radio watch picked up a new signal; another eerie voice, this time one that he recognised.

"Protect me, China sweetie," rang the Count's chilling voice through the small radio unit, "look in the sky... they're coming for me."

In barely a second Roger saw a new object on the horizon. It was a head of shiny black hair, ascending ferociously over the buildings around the giant tower as a girl – the Asian model, glistening with water that fell in cascades to the ground below, stood to full height.

Roger Dark's heart stopped as he saw in slow motion the jet nearing the tower and the giant girl coming up beneath it, as she stood she became larger than the tower itself, and a giant hand swung out and caught the plane in its grasp, the rocket it was firing careering away uselessly.

Clad in the thin white panties and black brassiere, the Asian giantess looked down at the jet in her hand. Her free hand came up to it and her fingers closed over the glass canopy. The pilot, trapped inside helplessly, could do nothing as the glass was torn away from above him. Writhing uselessly, he was pulled out in between her fingers and she brought him too her face, opening her mouth wide.

"No China, he's valuable. He can fly that shiny plane for us, can't he?" said the slippery voice on the radio, and with the man only metres from her waiting mouth, the girl paused and knelt in a giant movement down to place them both delicately on the ground. "You can have the ones beside your foot instead."

Obscured by the buildings between them, Roger couldn't see the girl picking up the people between her feet, but he did see her lifting them high in the air over her mouth, and dropping the people, which he could only assume were Van Zant's own soldiers, into her lips and snapping her jaw shut.

The secret agent didn't even have to order another strike, the Captain had already taken the initiative to request a bombing of the tower. High up in the air a jet dropped a laser guided bomb, and Roger Dark waited in suspense to watch the results.

Within moments though, the voice was back and said, "They want to hurt me again China. Look behind you darling."

Roger and the Captain turned to see what the voice was instructing the giant girl to look at, and on the opposite side of the island they saw a girl they didn't recognise – the Egyptian. She was waist high in water – Roger realised they must be close to land –

and she was in the middle of a slow pirouette. Out of the corner of his eye he saw some vessels, small navy vessels, and when the woman turned he saw that she had one in her hand, and it was perhaps two-thirds the length of her forearm.

The Egyptian's arm moved in a huge arc and suddenly she released the ship – she was throwing it. The craft left her hand and sailed upwards. Roger had never seen such an extraordinary sight. A forty-tonne boat, hurtling in a slow impossible arc over an island several miles wide. Debris and equipment scattered from its deck to float down to the surface below, and in what seemed like an hour-long flight, it landed into the hands of the Asian woman at the other end of the city.

Spinning around, the huge girl held the normally intimidating ship by one end in the air above the tower, and Roger had barely realised what she was doing when it exploded, struck by the bomb that was meant for the radio tower. His heart sunk.

Roger looked around for some other way to destroy the radio antenna, and saw a glimmer of hope. The captain followed his gaze and saw the ship on the horizon that the secret agent was looking at, and after a few short radio communications he had gathered the situation.

“It's the Spanish navy. We're only a few miles off the coast. I've ordered them to hit the tower.”

He was right; they were only just off the coast, Roger could see land past the edge of the island, far ahead of them. The side on which they stood faced seaward, and along the coast several kilometres away was the large silhouette of a warship, crashing through the waves their way. Grabbing binoculars, Roger's pace quickened to see its giant gun turrets rising in the air and pointing towards the island; victory would soon be at hand.

They weren't the only ones to see the ship though, and only seconds later Roger watched as the water behind the ship exploded in a giant torrent. It was a body surging up out of the water behind the warship, and for the third time the secret agent's heart sank as his plan dissolved at the hands of one of the giant women.

Through the binoculars Roger saw a blue and then yellow background appear behind the ship, which now rocked in the swells caused by the huge female body, which as the haze of the water cleared Roger recognised to be Anna Kournikova; the blue of her bikini top and the yellow her tight shorts, soaked with water.

It was like watching a silent movie –except in colour– and though Roger had seen nothing but giant women for the past two days, it still made him reel to see such a huge, impressive, powerful vessel dwarfed by a young and slim girl towering behind it. She reached forward, and he saw her fingers wrap around the top of the conning tower.

Roger Dark watched as she straightened up. From his angle he couldn't judge the distance, but it was clear that in doing so she had pulled the massive ship towards her, and it was in between her legs. Anna Kournikova's thighs came together – the ship was trapped. She leant over to it and with her hand twisted the giant cannon that was

raised toward the radio tower. When her hand went for the deck and grabbed something that Roger could only guess were sailors, he grimaced and put down the binoculars.

It seemed hopeless. The gunfire and screaming continued on the other side of the building behind which they hid from Salma Hayak, the Asian girl towered over the northern end protecting the target, at the southern end was the Egyptian, and he could see Heidi Klum through the buildings in the middle, at the opposite side. She was obviously making light work of the soldiers that had landed on that side too.

With the situation desperate, Roger's natural abilities kicked in, he became more determined than ever and his senses went into hyperdrive. With a flash of insight he remembered something he'd seen in the outside lot of the armoury on which he'd arrived on the floating island. In moments he was running for it, dodging the poorly-aimed bullets of the marching zombie-like cricket fans.

Soon he made it and was scaling the foundations of the structure which sat heavily in the open area of the city, and was quickly over the fence and into the compound, unnoticed in the surrounding commotion. Rounding one of the buildings he found it still there, luckily! ...It was a tank, and it was his last hope for destroying the radio tower.

Roger knew how to drive it, and in moments its giant V12 engine was roaring and he jolted out of the lot. Coming around of the buildings he had a clear shot at the radio tower, but it was far out of accurate range. He only had one shot, since there would be a two-hundred metre tall woman on his tail as soon as he was discovered.

With no recourse but to get closer, he hit the gas and was careening for the edge of the foundations, over which was at least a three-metre drop to the concreted flat surface of the city below. Adrenaline pumped through his veins as the tank smashed through the fence of the armoury and launched into the air. It dropped like a brick.

The heavy impact shook the tank and sounded an almighty crash, but the robust machine drove on, though it attracted the unwanted attention of some much bigger predators. Sitting at the wheel of the tank Roger Dark saw the head of Salma Hayak turn, and his breath left his lungs. She rose and took a giant step towards the tiny tank, as he drifted the unwieldy craft at full speed around a building.

She took a step out in front of him and dropped heavily to her knees up and above his route and her hand stretched forward. Despite being ten tonnes, the tank was far lighter than her fingers and with a swerve Roger evaded her grasp. His heart racing, he surged forward towards her knees, since the buildings on either side meant the gap between her legs was the only way to the target behind her.

It was like driving into a tight gap of a road cut into a mountain – too tight. Her sopping white nightie hung only metres above the tank as he passed in between her kneeling legs, and it became more like driving into a tunnel as the world became darker. There was only blackness above him, which was her underwear. Roger thought he heard shouts coming from somewhere above, which was entirely possible.

In the dimness he couldn't see ahead, and before he knew it something was in front of him and he realised in the split second that it was the back side of Salma Hayak's silk nightgown hanging right down to the ground. The tank careened straight into it and its nose lifted into the air before coming quickly to a halt facing up into her behind.

The woman began to rise and with her went her nightie, normally a fine and delicate material, but now a heavy barrier that tore up from underneath the tank and flicked it to the ground with a heavy crash. The vehicle landed on its side and Roger was shaken violently. When he tried to drive it the tracks whirled and it only caused the tank to wobble and rotate on the spot, pointing vaguely toward his target.

He began to panic – Salma Hayak would surely see him. As he glanced through the side window, he saw a more pressing danger; Heidi Klum was already there, and was looking down at the tank at her feet. Roger looked up between her long legs at her face hundreds of feet above as she looked down at him serenely. One of her legs moved and he began to sweat as he realised he was going to be a lot flatter very shortly.

With adrenaline pumping, he raised the turret and then swivelled it. On a wing and a prayer he hit the fire button and with an almighty clap the tank rocked backwards. At that moment the giant model's foot came down on top of it, but hit only the very nose and the heavy vehicle was flicked into the air, the entire city rumbling around it with the shock of her foot.

When Roger Dark tumbled out there was a cloud of dust around him, and before he could orient himself there was another great shake and the city rumbled. There was the sound of smashing and another heavy crash, and another. When some of the cloud cleared he saw no giant figure in the sky and realised that he had hit the radio tower. Jumping with joy, he saw a giant foot in front of him that was sideways, its owner lying down, collapsed on the buildings of the city. Behind him to either side were the feet of Salma Hayak, leading back up to her backside a hundred metres away.

With the radio destroyed and the mind-control ceased the girls had simply collapsed, crushing all underneath them, Looking to the tower, Roger saw smoke rising from atop the structure where a twisted radio transmitter sat. Suddenly there was more rumbling and the secret agent lost the joyful expression from his face – there couldn't be *another* radio tower to control the giants, he thought.

Soon enough though, he had his answer. Out of the corner of his eye Roger saw movement from the giant tower that governed the city, It wasn't a movement *on* it, it was moving itself. Roger's jaw dropped as he heard alarms ringing and metallic whirring and the tower began to slowly rise up... bit by bit.

There was a huge roar as some kind of engine –or engines– came to life, and the great tower began moving more. Its sides moved apart and it seemed to grow. In minutes of giant motion it became apparent what was happening.

After the events of the last two days, Roger thought he could handle any kind of surprise, but this was too much. The tower that looked out over the city wasn't a

building, Sure enough, it was definitely a command centre of the floating island, but it wasn't a building, it was a *robot*.

With giant power plant-sized engines on each limb and truck motors stolen from Normandy actuating mechanical versions of muscles, weapons from Russian depots attached to its limbs and fuelled by petrol taken from oil fields in the middle east, the incredible machine rose to full height, towering hundreds of metres tall, even bigger than the women who had only moments before been protecting this concealed monolith.

Spinning around in giant awkward movement this enormous robot strode through the water toward the land nearby, creating tidal waves around its legs. How on Earth Roger was going to take this huge machine on he didn't know.

His attention was drawn to the distance behind it, coming from inland. It was another figure towering over the countryside in giant steps. With a slim and feminine figure Roger's mind was cast to the only woman not yet unaccounted for, Kylie Minogue, and he struggled with the thought of how Van Zant was controlling her with the radio destroyed.

As she drew nearer, each step covering hundreds of feet on the ground beneath her, the haze around her cleared and he saw a black leather miniskirt and vest, high heels crushing the countryside. Roger gasped. It was Jade Jeffries.

\* \* \*

Jade looked with horror at the giant machine that waded through the water towards the coast of Spain. She glanced down and noticed that she had crushed a supermarket of some kind. It was a small loss compared to the devastation that could ensue if she failed.

She was dumbfounded by the scene – a giant floating island with three colossal females sprawled over it and two more lying unconscious in the water, but she had no time to marvel at it since she was faced with a giant robot whose arm was rising up towards her. Before she knew it there was a wisp of smoke around the limb made of metal girders, and a projectile came at her.

Swinging her hip, the ICBM flew by her waist and struck the ground kilometres behind her. Jade whirled to see another missile shooting from the robot's limb. She jumped again and it sailed past. Attempting to get out of the firing line, she bolted for the machine, which was just getting to land. Her movements were slowed by her giant size, and she was conscious of crushing shops, houses and schools under her feet.

Only when she approached the monolith did she realise its enormity. It stood one and a half times her height and even as she contemplated this its arm was swinging and struck her side, sending her in a giant slow-motion sprawl. Jade Jeffries landed on her stomach, flattening the better part of a suburb beneath her. While her head reeled she saw tiny men waving at her in front of her eyes.

Whirling her head she saw huge metal girders coming for her, and with a twist she rolled out of the way of the giant robot's foot. It came crashing down on the buildings she had already squashed. In moments Jade was up and with a burst of adrenaline punched the machine and landed a super hard kick on its chest.

Both attacks resulted in nothing. It barely budged, her hand only denting its armour, causing her more pain, and the heel of her shoe only just piercing the metal. Another blow from the robot sent her flying, and with a crash she landed on her backside, sliding through houses. She winced at the destruction she caused but cleared her conscience, since she knew she was the only thing short of a nuclear weapon that could take on the giant steel machine.

The robot strode towards her and even though her survival came first, her instincts made her leap towards a bus full of people that lay in its path. Scooping it up in her fingers she ducked underneath the machine's swinging arm and plopped it back down before turning to face the machine again. It turned slowly, very slowly, and she suddenly realised that this was its weakness. Running towards it, she crouched and ran under the robot's arm, then doubled up and in moments had a grip of its back.

With a mighty leap Jade clambered onto the huge machine's shoulders, and straddling its neck she hammered the metal head from side to side. This was obviously the control centre of the robot, and with each hit it jolted and stumbled. Gripping the 'face' of the machine on either side, Jade ground her teeth and twisted with all her might.

With a squealing of metal that sounded almost like a scream of pain, the supports and girders twisted and broke and the head of the robot came off. The huge monolith of steel wobbled and groaned, then toppled catastrophically. Jade fell forward, the giant ball of steel falling from her hands heavily onto the ground. She landed on her feet but stumbled forward.

Righting herself straight away, and with dust from the metal monster's fall surrounding her, she clambered over to the head, which doubtless contained her arch nemesis, Count Van Zant, at the helm. Kneeling in front of it, she took the metal head in both hands and lifted it up to her. Men began abandoning ship and tumbling out the bottom and sides, landing in her lap and on her legs from where they slid to the ground. She ignored them for the moment.

Scanning the face she looked for the main 'deck' and sure enough she found a heavy glass panel in the centre, behind which she knew would be Van Zant.

Putting it on the ground between her legs, face up, she picked a man up between her fingers, who stood on the leather of her miniskirt in her lap and was firing a rifle up at her. She pinched him and tossed him aside.

Securing the head between her thighs, she dug her fingers into the metal around the glass shielding and tore away at it. The armour protecting the pilot came away in one piece revealing a man in a small chamber. He was stretched out like a star, his limbs tied to controls that replicated the shape of a human body and were obviously linked to the limbs of the robot so it moved however he moved.

He was stuck however, and looked up at Jade Jeffries helplessly. Squinting, she recognised Van Zant and a rush of blood went to her head. Pushing her fingers into the space, the metal suspending him in the control chamber snapped and she felt his body come out between the tips of her fingers. In anger she almost crushed him instantly, but her better judgement got the upper hand and she calmed herself. She had got him. Standing up to full height, she pushed the captive into the zipper pocket of her leather vest and patted his lump of a body to reassure he was there.

Looking out over the giant women's unconscious bodies and the carcass of the giant robot, she realised they had saved the world.

\* \* \*

Jade Jeffries, Roger Dark and Sir John Herringsworth walked towards the cell of Count Van Zant.

“You know, I really couldn't have picked two better agents to save the world than yourselves,” said the proud MI6 chief.

“Well we do it for the thrills Sir John,” said Roger in his usual smooth manner, “if the world gets saved, it's just a happy coincidence.”

For once Sir John put up with the secret agent's dry wit and laughed. “What would we do without you?” he chuckled.

The trio approached the evil maniac's cell and Jade tapped on the door.

They were greeted with a snarl.

“How do you like your new quarters, Van Zant? You should be getting quite used to them soon,” said Roger.

“You think you'll keep me here forever?” shouted the man, full of rage and hate. “I'll be back, I'll get back, and when I do, I'm going to kill you all! Don't you doubt it! I'll kill you all!”

“Count Van Zant,” purred Jade teasingly as she picked the metal cell up off her mantelpiece and looked straight through the tiny bars, “are you angry because I forgot to take you out of my pocket when your scientists shrank me back down to size? You ought to be nice to me if you want me to save you from my cat.”

With that the trio laughed at the fate of their common arch enemy, who now was doomed to live his days out at a fraction of his former size and with even less that in freedom, in his cell – the centrepiece of Jade Jeffries' living room.

**THE END**