

## Codename GTS

### Lightning Never Strikes Twice

The back wheels of the Jaguar XKR spun uncontrollably on the slippery tiled floor and Dwight Moore –secret agent in training– grimaced as he attempted to right the controls. Despite his outstanding marks and theoretical qualifications, he still could not handle a car effectively. After he halted, his breath stopped as he saw the foot of his target past the edge of the kitchen bench.

He had to get a wire on her somehow... that was his mission.

Even though it was a training mission, one of the last – if not *the* last – of the training program, it was still real and he could just as easily be killed on this mission as on any real mission. The subject was unwilling and unaware of the espionage being conducted on her. She was a civilian; a housewife who had the dubious honour of being randomly selected for the training program – it was Dwight’s mission to plant a listening device somewhere on her, as if she were a real target.

Luckily he hadn’t been spotted. The plan that he and his partner, Dwayne Hampton, he devised, was to enter the house in the Jaguar, exit the vehicle when the subject was stationary and plant the wire on her. If he were caught, the car would naturally be assumed to be a Matchbox toy. Dwayne watched and instructed Dwight via cameras in the house that had previously been installed by their experienced tutors.

“OK, she’s heading for the living room,” informed the observer via radio to the man in the tiny red Jaguar on the kitchen floor.

Touching the accelerator with much more caution, Dwight steered towards the living room. Finding the subject stationary was much more difficult than they had assumed. He mounted the carpet, and the car responded much more sluggishly than on the slick tiles. With wheels spinning on the fibres he rounded the corner of a sofa and then his target came into view. She lay towering above him, relaxing, on the main sofa with a glass of water and her eyes closed.

It was a perfect opportunity.

In the disguised van outside sat his partner Dwayne in front of the monitors, one of his tutors and a fellow student, Mariana Nightshadow, who waited impatiently with her own partner for an attempt at planting the wire on the unsuspecting woman. The two student's attempt had already taken three quarters of an hour with no result.

Dwight gambled on how close he could approach the woman without being noticed. The car shuffled forward, it's powerful engine grumbling with the annoyance of the fibrous carpet. With his eyes fixed on the face of the relaxing woman, stretching high above him, he neared her foot. He stopped, satisfied with his proximity, but as he began to open the door a movement above caught his eye and he stopped dead.

The woman's eyes blinked open. Staring blankly around the room at first, her gaze floated to the floor. Dwight Moore's heart stopped as he looked up at her eyes staring straight at him. Her expression was blank at first, then turned to puzzlement as she wondered whether the toy car had been there when she sat down.

In the van, Dwayne froze in anticipation for his partner. Mariana however, became even more impatient and fidgeted.

The woman's expression, clearly visible to both the observers outside and the man in the car at her feet, changed to one of annoyance, and she leaned forward with her hand outstretched. In the car, Dwight yelled in terror as he saw the giant fingers wrap around his vehicle, and outside Dwayne sat and stared uselessly at the screens.

"Oh for God's sake," said the female trainee sitting impatiently in the van, also watching the monitors, as the woman rose with the car in her palm, intending to put the 'toy' car away. "This is ridiculous."

With these words Mariana Nightshadow picked her partner up from the desk where he sat waiting for his turn to infiltrate the home, and in her other hand grabbed a notepad. She strode out of the van, and before anyone could object walked towards the front door of the modest family house.

Realising her activity, Dwayne shouted "Wait! What are you doing... what are you doing!" The instructor looked on with interest at the girl's unexpected actions.

Striding confidently to the door, she tucked the folder under her arm and rang the bell. She had only moments before the woman answered the door, but in this time Mariana slipped her partner into her mouth.

“Yes?” stated the woman behind the wire security door. Upon seeing a young beautiful unthreatening girl she unlocked the wire door and pushed it open for her to speak freely.

“Hello, I’m from the Carlton Roof Tile Company,” said Mariana in her smoothest voice possible with her inch-tall partner holding his breath trapped underneath her tongue. “I’m visiting you today to...”

Her voice drifted off and from the van a stupefied Dwayne Hampton muttered ‘what is she doing?’. The car containing his partner was still in the woman’s grasp as she stood at the door.

Mariana spoke again but again her voice drifted off as she stared intently at the woman who looked at her inquisitively. She stared fixatedly.

In a split second Mariana Nightshadow sprang forward, thrust her arms around the woman and planted her lips on hers. The woman fell back in surprise, stumbling and falling onto the carpet, the car falling from her grip as her arms flopped uselessly by her side.

The agent-in-training kissed her intensely; so intensely that she was able to play the man onto her tongue and slip him into the woman’s mouth. Luckily he understood the girl’s spur-of-the-moment plan and with quick wits he took a well-needed breath and grabbed hold of the only solid thing he could grasp in the surging torrent of the two tongues that pushed him back and forth; it was the front teeth of the stupefied (but strangely unresisting) woman. Reaching into his now soaked jacket, he withdrew the listening device that was to be planted on the suspect, and slammed it onto one of the best surfaces possible for monitoring her conversation – the back of her tooth.

With her mind on three different tasks, Mariana’s hand went to the carpet as she pinned the woman to the floor, and swiped around in search of the matchbox sized car. Within moments she had found it, and she grasped it in her fingers. Without the woman, who lay almost submissively on the carpet, noticing, she slipped her hand down and pushed the vehicle into the top of her skirt, then returned her attention to her own partner.

Mariana's tongue delved into the woman's mouth and found his tiny figure. She almost swallowed him as she sucked the trainee back into her own mouth and pulled her face away from the woman.

"Oh my God... I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me..." she uttered some excuses as if she had been overcome with passion, and she got to her knees then rose, exiting quickly.

From the van outside the two remaining observers, Dwayne and the tutor, watched the woman lie still with a shocked and stupefied look on her face while Mariana Nightshadow disappeared from the view of the camera, appearing seconds later in the door of the van. Pursing her lips, a tiny saliva-soaked man was pushed through by her tongue into her hand. Despite the ordeal he had suffered, he was ecstatic with the victory they had accomplished together and waved happily at the girl in whose palm he stood.

Mariana stood triumphantly before the two men. The tutor sat silently noting something in his folder but was clearly impressed, and Dwayne was too exhausted to say anything.

"Oh, and here's your partner," she said as she reached into her skirt and withdrew a burgundy Jaguar, its panels slightly scratched by the fabric of her clothes but nonetheless intact, its occupant gripping the wheel with tiny white knuckles.

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Meanwhile, far away in another part of the world, an undercover MI6 operative was approaching the source of an encoded radio signal; an emergency beacon carried only by secret agents such as himself. It belonged to an agent who had been undertaking routine observation of a suspicious guerrilla military group.

His watch beeped faster and more furiously, indicating he was nearing the source. He was in a snow covered forest in Siberia, in the vicinity of an official military base, from which it was known that the group was transporting weaponry. Ahead of him lay a dark object in a strange hole in the ground. As he approached, his eyes opened in awe. The hole was vaguely circular and looked as if a whole patch of snow had instantly melted.

He almost gagged as the object in the strange depression became clear. It was a body; charred and blackened, with a large hole full simply of ash in the chest. He immediately took out his communicator and contacted his MI6 chief.

Within moments the familiar face of the elderly gentleman appeared on the screen.

“Agent Barrak! What have you found?”

He reporting his findings to him, aiming the camera at the burnt body, pointing out the strange hole in the chest.

“What could have done that to a man?” he asked, mystified and repulsed.

The gentleman on the other end was about to reply when the agent on the communication screen on his desk turned around, the camera shaking. He heard a bit of shuffling and movement and a short cry, and in the background there was an electric hum increasing quickly in pitch, and suddenly there was a white flash on the screen and a piercing noise, before the signal suddenly cut out. The elderly man reeled in shock.

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Mariana Nightshadow sat patiently in a comfortable chair in a very antique looking office, looking at a very antique looking man, wondering who he was and why she was there. In a darkened corner sat mysteriously another man, much younger and very handsome. The older spoke.

“My name, my dear, is Sir John Herringsworth, and I am the MI6 chief.” *The Chief! Does this mean I’ve made it?* she wondered excitedly. “You are here because you have now finished your training programme and I would like to congratulate you on finishing top of your class.”

Her heart leapt.

“I made it? I’m a secret agent?” she burst out, not hiding her pleasure.

“Actually, you have been for the duration of the final stage of your training program, since you were introduced to our De-Biggening technology. Naturally we could not introduce that secret technology to a trainee ...then reject them,” the thought had never crossed her mind, but it was so obvious. The device that had allowed her partner to shrink – or

De-Biggen – was a top-secret technology. They had been introduced to the small cigarette-case sized device only in their last months of training.

An agent only had to connect two small electrodes to an object and select a size and then with the help of some kind of special electricity whose function she didn't quite grasp, the recipient would shrink - or return to normal size. It was vastly more complex than that but Mariana's thoughts were on the conversation at hand.

“As I was saying, you finished top of your class. However, you do not have time to celebrate, as I'm sending you on a mission.”

“A real mission!”

“Don't be so excited Ms. Nightshadow. Instead try and treat this as another training mission; I want you to keep the 'cool' that you so persistently displayed throughout your training.” She checked herself and breathed more slowly to restore her calm. The older gentleman continued.

“There have been several incidents recently which have led us to suspect a certain group of individuals of weapons dealing. This assignment is on a need-to-know basis and at this stage you do not need to know the particulars. Your task is to make contact with at least one of the individuals and collect information.” He paused momentarily.

“I will be frank with you Ms. Nightshadow. One of your outstanding skills is... ..seduction,” his eyes inadvertently went to a photograph of Mariana in a passionate kiss with the housewife on her last training mission, “...of both sexes, it seems.”

He was not wrong; she was attractive, but she had something more, something extra, that made her irresistible.

“You will be sent to an island resort in the Mediterranean and are to make contact with one or more of these men,” and he slid several photographs over to her, “who are in the top ranks of the organisation and whom we believe from background files will be most susceptible to your 'skills', and through him gain entrance to what we suspect is a secret military base of some sort hidden underneath the hotel resort.”

Mariana absorbed the information with anticipation. He continued.

“Your guise will be of a young hotel patron eager to relax in the summer sun. You must maintain this guise impeccably, as preliminary surveillance has shown that the entire hotel is dotted with cameras and secret observation devices.”

“Are there any other agents on this mission?” she asked.

“Yes there are,” said Sir John, “another task; that of investigating a military aircraft base from which weapons have been smuggled to the island, has been assigned to Ms. Jade Jeffries-” Mariana’s heart leapt; Jade Jeffries was her idol. She didn’t even know the secret agent’s face, but from stories within the MI6 training camp she had realised the deepest admiration for the woman, and now they were to be working on the same mission! Sir Herringsworth continued. “-and also infiltrating the island resort –but with stealth– will be a Mr. Roger Dark”

“Roger Dark!” exclaimed Ms. Nightshadow with obvious pleasure. The name was infamous for its owner’s success as a secret agent and for his renowned irresistibility to women. If Jade Jeffries was her idol, Roger Dark was her dream. “Will I meet him?”

Sir Herringsworth smiled and laughed like an old man amused by young people. “You already have.”

The figure in the darkened voice leaned forward and with a strong but smooth voice said “Pleasure.”

Mariana Nightshadow experienced utter embarrassment and extreme exultation simultaneously. She attempted to mutter at least a greeting, but Roger saw the expression on her face and laughed. “We can get acquainted later,” he said, giving her a smile which made her spine tingle.

“Yes, we have plenty more to do right now,” said Sir John, missing (or perhaps ignoring) the secret agents’ flirtation, and continued his briefing. “The other two agents on the mission you already know.”

The young agent’s attention snapped back to the older gentleman. *Who could also be coming along?* she wondered. Her mind browsed through the other trainees she had trained with; they were the only other people she knew in MI6.

“You will be accompanied by your fellow students Dwight Moore and Dwayne Hampton,” began Sir John, but Mariana stopped in confusion.

They were the least likely pair to go on a mission; the two men had the fewest skills of the trainees she had met. “They will be accompanying you as a surveillance unit, and will assist you in every respect possible as well as gather data on the compound itself.”

Her expression showed that she had absolutely no idea what the MI6 chief was talking about or how they could assist her.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “you’ll find out soon enough. You have an appointment with Mary White in the technology department; she’ll fill you in on everything.”

\* \* \*

Mariana Nightshadow was left inside the security gates of the MI6 technology department. She was dumbfounded by the immense number of strange shiny gadgets that lined the walls of the large work area that was furnished almost entirely in white and was impeccably clean. Her attention went to one end where a figure sat at a white work bench.

She approached but was beaten to a greeting.

“Ms. Nightshadow I assume,” said the woman friendly, who turned around at the footsteps. She wore a white lab coat over a grey miniskirt and had been working on something. Mariana greeted her and informed her of her lack of understanding of what was happening so quickly and suddenly around her. In particular she asked about her training comrades Dwayne and Dwight.

“Well they’re going along with you,” said Mary White as if it were the most obvious fact in the world.

“But where are they?” asked the confused agent.

“Right here,” replied the woman and pointed to the bench top. Mariana’s face crinkled in confusion, but she stared closely at the white surface and reeled.

There were two tiny figures, smaller than she had ever seen, on the bench in front of her. They couldn’t have been more than three millimetres tall; even her breath stirred them and one stood and waved angrily; though she had to squint to see them.

“They will be accompanying you in this,” said Ms. White and revealed what she had been working at. Holding up her hand, Mariana looked and saw that she had on the tip of her finger a minute dark object. It looked like a mosquito. “It’s a helicopter. While your guise is as a holidaying young woman, theirs is as an insect.”

Mariana was astounded. She stared at the two tiny agents while the woman produced another item. It was a necklace with a small round ornament that opened up to reveal a tiny cavity.

“They will travel with you in this until you reach your destination, at which time you will open the ornament,” and Ms. White demonstrated the opening and closing of the piece of jewellery “and they will undertake reconnaissance to assist you in your mission.”

The young agent smiled and laughed. It was hilarious that these two proud young men would be travelling with her inside a piece of her jewellery, then fly around under the guise of an annoying mosquito. Very delicately, the laboratory technician lay the open ornament flat on the bench-top and gently slotted the tiny aircraft in the cavity on one side with her fingertip, then Mariana watched closely as she lay her finger on the bench and the two men climbed obediently into her fingernail.

She placed them in the other half of the pendant and they found a small hatch and descended into it. After a few moments the woman spoke.

“They will be housed in a small glass sphere that rotates in a thin film of water, so you don’t have to worry about the orientation of the necklace. Clearly be gentle with it, but don’t bring attention to yourself by going out of your way to protect it.” She picked up the piece of jewellery, and Mariana saw that what she had first assumed to be a gem in the front was actually glass and she saw the two tiny figures inside, strapping into two miniature seats.

“Open wide,” commanded Ms. White before she had time to marvel at the necklace, and she obeyed. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the woman withdraw something from her breast pocket which she placed in Mariana’s open mouth.

Mariana Nightshadow nearly gagged when she felt tiny footsteps on her tongue and the man, a laboratory assistant, stumbled and grabbed hold of one of her teeth. She calmed herself from the surprise and felt a tiny tap

on the back of her front teeth. Ms. White cupped her hand below the agent's chin and she spat the annoyed man out into her waiting palm.

"Hold still," she said as she held the man up to Mariana's head. She felt a tingle in her ear and soon the man was inside. "He put a listening device on the back of your teeth; a method I'm sure you're familiar with."

She could hear tiny breathing of the man in her ear and moments later felt a tiny prick. Leaning to the side, the man tumbled out and into Mary White's waiting hand. Replacing him back into her breast pocket, she produced another piece of jewellery.

"This bracelet controls your radio," and with a click she pressed a tiny switch on a silver bracelet she held in her hand and the tiny speaker in Mariana's ear buzzed to life and she heard the conversation of the two men inside the pendant.

"Ha! Dwayne and Dwight... is that you?" she said aloud to the voices in her ear. Her question was responded with friendly abuse and a hint of annoyance from the men who heard her via the tooth microphone, and who sat cramped in the jewellery she held in her lap.

Ms. White cut their conversation short by snapping Mariana's attention back to her.

"Here, Ms. Nightshadow, is your DeBiggener."

Mariana's excitement rose and she marvelled at having her own personal DeBiggener. It looked exactly like a mascara case, and it was even very stylish.

"Wow..." was all she could say. A smile came to Ms. White's face; she was obviously pleased that the young pretty agent liked the device, which she herself had designed.

"You like it? The men's one is a cigarette case, but I like the mascara case better," she began, as if she were chatting to a friend in a shopping mall, before returning to the more important information – its functions. "OK, Ms. Nightshadow, pay close attention."

Opening up the small silver case, the woman proudly displayed the contents to Mariana, who was accustomed only to the basic training model, and had never before seen the full compliment of gadgets

contained within a field-model DeBiggener. In the lid side, where a mirror should have been, was a panel of small cavities, more than twenty, each housing some strange minute object within. On the other side where the mascara usually lives, were a stylish circular dial and two more buttons.

“Here,” began Mary White with a smile, “is the DeBigulation value selector.” She pointed at the silver dial.

“Rotate counter clockwise to DeBiggen, and obviously the further left this little indicator goes,” and she pointed out a notch on the dial and some values written around it, “the smaller you or your target will become. You need not go past about 90 degrees – that is absolutely minute. Similarly, to ReBiggen, rotate the dial clockwise the same amount as you had DeBiggened and you will return to normal size. Don’t worry, the dial is incremented - so you won’t end up being half an inch short or anything.”

Mariana verified this by testing the dial, and it rotated with tiny clicks that represented one increment.

“Next, this switch here selects whether you want the DeBiggener to shrink when you shrink, or to remain the same size – when you shrink someone else,” she indicated one of the other buttons; a switch that slid back and forth, “and finally, the Go button.”

It was a circular red button, and it contained so much potential within it that Mariana Nightshadow shivered as she looked at it. The other woman saw her expression.

“Do not use this instrument in vain, Ms. Nightshadow. It is very powerful and you have been entrusted with immense responsibility.”

“How did we get the DeBiggener, Ms. White?” asked the young agent with seriousness. “Does it have something to do with The Attacks?”

She was referring to the world-changing events a bit over a year earlier, in which seven giant women had struck targets around the globe, taking with them not only valuable equipment, vehicles and other resources, but also the long-standing real-world beliefs that the people of Earth had maintained for thousands of years.

The populace had invented thousands of different stories and myths as to the reasons of The Attacks, but within MI6 Mariana had found out that it was the work of an infamous insane megalomaniac, who was defeated by top agents, most likely Jade Jeffries and Roger Dark, and was now imprisoned in a secret location. That was all she knew.

“Very perceptive Ms. Nightshadow. You will certainly have heard the rumours around the MI6 building of the occurrences surrounding The Attacks and Their defeat. These are true, and I can tell you without any breach of secrecy, that we did not develop it ourselves, but we did indeed obtain the DeBiggening technology from the ruins of the perpetrators’ facilities.”

Mariana asked the most pressing question. “Can we *EmBiggen*... that is, can we become... giants?”

“...No,” answered Ms. White with a pause, “clearly it is possible, but our administrators have ruled it as unethical. Furthermore, even though the exact same technology is in our DeBiggeners as was in the perpetrators hangars -in which they grew The Attackers- there is not sufficient power in the small battery in the back of the DeBiggener to *grow* something, and definitely not to that size.”

She quickly changed the subject.

“...Which brings me to my next point. Here,” and she indicated the panel with the miniature objects, “is all the equipment you could possibly need; all shrunk down to an easy portable size.”

Mariana didn’t completely understand and was not quite impressed yet. The other woman saw this and elaborated.

“There are millions of dollars worth of equipment here. Look... inside each compartment is a piece of equipment that at some time in your mission you may need. A helicopter, not dissimilar to that of your comrades Dwayne and Dwight, a weapon-loaded road car, an off-road vehicle, a jet aeroplane, a one-man (or woman) submarine... there are rifles, there are hand-grenades, and there is ammunition and fuel for all. All contained at miniature size in this small kit, ready to be ReBiggened for use.”

Mariana looked closely and her jaw dropped. She was right, all of the vehicles, and more, were contained in the lid of the mascara box. It was unbelievable.

“Of course you’re not qualified to use many of these at this stage,” reminded Ms. White, “but each field DeBiggener is equipped with all of these units.”

The young but perceptive agent pondered for a moment.

“But you just said that EmBiggening things takes a lot of power... these are all big vehicles ...like a fighter jet. How can the DeBiggener’s batteries have enough power to ReBiggen them to their normal size?”

“Ms. Nightshadow you are definitely the most attentive and sharpest trainee –or should I say ‘agent’- I have instructed yet. You are absolutely right, it doesn’t have enough power. All of these units except the small firearms have internal batteries that contain the power required to ReBiggen them. But in order to make use of these batteries you must connect two power terminals on the DeBiggener to the unit. See these red marks?”

Mariana looked and saw that there were tiny red marks on the small crafts in her DeBiggener.

“You have to connect the wires to these red terminals in order to make use of the power stored in the batteries, which increases as the batteries increase in size. If you don’t, the batteries of your DeBiggener won’t last long.”

The agent began to understand; the red-marked parts of the tiny craft in her DeBiggener were connected to batteries within that would provide the necessary power to ReBiggen them.

She was about to ask further questions when Ms. White interrupted. “I’m afraid, Ms. Nightshadow, that you don’t have time to chat.”

In minutes, Mariana was on her way to a commercial airport, from which she would travel to the Mediterranean holiday island like a regular tourist.

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After the new young agent had left, asked Roger Dark to Sir John,

“Do you trust her, Sir John? I mean... trust her with a full mission.”

“Yes, I definitely do trust her. I think she has the most potential I’ve seen in an agent in a long time.”

“If you trust her, why didn’t you tell her the full truth?”

“Because,” elaborated the older, wiser, gentleman, “there is no way she could do her job under the kind of pressure she would experience if she knew how important this mission really is.”

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*I hope they have my right size*, wondered the newly appointed MI6 agent as she stared out the window at the deep blue Mediterranean below. Of course she had not packed her own clothes, and she was anxious to find out what stylish garments were within the luggage that had been thrust at her before her departure.

Becoming again conscious of the nattering in her ear from the two accompanying agents who chatted and played cards in their confinement, she adjusted the ornament around her neck yet another time, to make sure the pendant didn’t slip down in between her breasts; she didn’t want the two men inside to enjoy themselves too much.

The girl beside her made a comment and she turned to face her; a young and very beautiful voluptuous girl with curly hair. Smiling, she responded and began a conversation about light-hearted topics, practising her cover story on the innocent tourist to get it perfect for when she would need it.

The other two agents who were inconspicuously present started laughing at something and distracted Mariana Nightshadow. She tapped the ornament subtly and heard the tiny speaker crackle and the two men burst out in annoyance at their world being jolted so. Her movement was not subtle enough and the girl noticed and complimented her on the jewellery.

“Oh thank you...” said Mariana, “my boyfriend gave it to me,” and with that she undid the clip and handed it to the girl, the two men inside uttering exclamations.

The oblivious girl opened the latch and commented that there was no picture of him.

“My *ex*-boyfriend,” clarified the agent.

Not even noticing the aircraft inside she closed the latch and peered intently at the front, at which the men inside panicked; her enormous face filling their entire vision.

“Oh there are two tiny people inside... isn't that sweet! ...May I?” With Mariana's confirmation she reached forward and delved into her bag for a mirror, the pendant in her lap. The two agents inside complained to Mariana through the radio of the immediate heat and darkness, and she laughed inwardly when she saw that the jewellery had fallen between the clumsy girl's legs and she had to reach in to remove it.

While the girl put the pendant around her neck Mariana Nightshadow marvelled at the incredible potency of the technology she had been entrusted with. Here were two fully grown men trapped inside a tiny glass sphere hanging around the neck of some oblivious young girl. Suddenly she realised this severity and felt a bit more responsible. She asked for the pendant back and hung it around her neck. Feeling a bit more compassionate for the two agents stuck inside, this time she allowed it to dangle a bit lower, and she assumed from the awed silence in her earpiece that the men in her necklace were happy with this decision.

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The island was indeed beautiful. With clear ocean blue for miles either side and coral reefs visible from the air, it was a perfect island paradise, and only five or six kilometres wide. The gleaming white hotel was a subtle yet impressive building slotted with little impact into the slope on one side, its edges touching the golden beach below and its upper floors reaching high in the breeze. Palm trees were visible on the beach with green forest stretching back up the slope behind them, and beyond the stony peak of the small mountain, the slope edged away very gently to the other side, where there was a large flat field of grass and more jungle beyond.

The sea plane landed and the passengers disembarked without incident of any note, except that out of the corner of her eye Mariana Nightshadow saw a man sitting comfortably with a newspaper, though he wasn't reading it; his eyes were on the ladies collecting their luggage. His face

had appeared in the briefing – he was head of security on the island, but he wasn't inspecting the tourist girls for security reasons. His name was Peter, that was all she knew, and he was one of her targets, and Mariana knew already with high certainty that she could work her magic on him – he had already taken a long and interested look at her.

After an uneventful registration Mariana found her room and as the doors opened wide her eyes did the same. MI6 had spared no expense. It was absolutely beautiful; high up in the building, it overlooked the lower floors stretching out below to the beach, with glorious ocean stretching all around. The windows of the rounded room were slightly open and the breeze smelled fresh and cool. There was even a balcony with several banana lounges.

Upon seeing the bubbling spa, Mariana almost wished she weren't on a mission. There was even a small bar. Dropping her bags, she slid onto the silk bed and slumped back with glee. A voice in her ear however, reminded her of her mission, and she sat up and took off the necklace. Delicately she opened the cover and peered intently at the tiny craft, but Dwayne (or Dwight, she wasn't quite sure) informed her that her grasp was far too unsteady, and she got up and placed the ornament on a dresser.

With elbows propped on either side of the jewellery, she watched in wonder as the two minute figures appeared out of one side and then climbed to their vehicle on the other. In seconds there was tiny motion and a miniature speck that was more insect than machine, rose gently and nimbly up towards Mariana's peering face. It was absolutely incredible, and she smiled and giggled.

“Don't forget you're being watched!” snapped one of the men inside, and she checked herself, remembering that there were indeed cameras all over the hotel, and most likely in the room. As if mumbling to herself, she informed the men that she would leave the ornament on that dresser for their home base.

While she poured herself a drink, the tiny, almost invisible craft scoured the room for cameras and returned to her as she sat down. She could see the small black form hover in front of her chest and when it glided below her light skirt towards her feet she knew the tiny perverts were checking her out and crossed her legs, clearing her throat in annoyance at the men, who responded with an excuse that they had to check under the sofa for microphones.

“Go and do your job,” she mumbled into her drink. In no position to argue, the dark craft sailed up from under her legs and made a quick pass past her face before disappearing from sight somewhere near the window; its tiny mass buffeted even by the gentle breeze.

While the other two agents explored and surveyed the hotel and its personnel, guests and security, looking also for evidence of the structure that their MI6 boss suspected lay somewhere on or in the island, Mariana browsed the brochures of the hotel’s facilities before deciding to undertake her own exploration. Donning her camera-fitted sunglasses, she headed out for a stroll.

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Meanwhile, a sexy dark haired woman sat herself smoothly in front of the aged but ever-sharp MI6 chief.

“Ms. Jade Jeffries, how wonderful to see you,” complimented the elder. Unlike his witty subordinates who conversed only in chance remarks and ironic puns like all secret agents, Sir John Herringsworth only said something if he meant it. In this case, he certainly meant it; the beautiful agent was a ray of sunshine to him (though he’d never admit it to her), he was as proud as a father of her skills, her intelligence and her success.

He needn’t admit it though, as Jade Jeffries’ womanly intuition already told her how much the old man valued her, and she in turn treated him with no less than the utmost respect, and greeted him accordingly, showing him the same warmth.

“You’ve no doubt read the brief,” began Sir John. Jade nodded in response, “and I’m sure you realise that the three young agents aren’t our primary form of infiltration of the base, which I am more than certain exists.”

“I had suspected as much,” replied Jade, expecting for her role to be more involved, “is the girl making ‘contact’ with some of the high-up personnel? What are the two young men doing?”

“Surveillance,” began Sir John, and with a smile he remarked “in a DeBiggened helicopter.”

Jade’s mouth fell open and she laughed at the thought.

“Sir John, you are incorrigible!” They both laughed together before she got back to business. “What is my role?”

“You are not going there quite yet. I’m sorry my dear, but you are going somewhere much colder and less pleasant ...for the moment at least.” Jade huffed inwardly but waited patiently for her mission. “We have been surveying the operations of this group via satellite for some weeks and have seen transport aircraft taking off and landing by night. Their origin is a military base in Siberia, and this is your target. We are assuming that corrupt military personnel have been selling weapons or equipment to the group. Your mission is to determine what exactly has been transported to the island.”

Jade nodded, and the elder continued.

“I have some good news though. Our new field-model DeBiggeners are ready – Ms. White will run you through its functions. I’m sure you will like it.”

“Is Roger in on this mission?” questioned Ms. Jeffries.

“Yes he is,” responded the chief with regard to his other top agent, Roger Dark. “Mr. Dark is infiltrating the island by sea. He is on his way now and should arrive there undetected tomorrow morning. If your mission is completed overnight, you may also be able to assist in the infiltration, which I expect to begin tomorrow afternoon or evening.”

Jade Jeffries bid Sir John farewell and made her way to the technology department to see Ms. White, keen to inspect the newest model DeBiggener.

\* \* \*

Mariana Nightshadow commanded the two men floating somewhere around her to land in her palm. The afternoon’s operations complete, she intended to visit the main bar of the hotel and make contact with at least one of her targets.

A black speck appeared from under her arm and hovered with only the tinniest of buzzes over her hand and landed in her open palm.

“What the!” exclaimed both men when she tipped the tiny vehicle softly onto the sheets of her large bed and quickly took a light silk nightie and dropped it gently over the craft. She undressed to yells of frustration and complaint, but there was no way she was allowing the two agents to see her undress, and especially not from their close-up vantage point.

When she had slipped into a thin sexy black skirt she whisked away the silk prison, and the complaining in her ear ceased immediately as the two men were blessed with the unbelievable sight of her sexy form towering over them.

“OK, lets get to work. Follow me. Let me know if we see anyone important, if anyone’s watching us, and let me know if you see Peter, the head of security.”

With that order she strode briskly out of the room, allowing only just enough time for the tiny speck of a craft to pass through the door before letting it slam shut.

Upon entering the main bar of the resort, she took only ten minutes to identify ‘Peter’ sitting at a table with a good vantage point. She immediately assumed her most sexy, disinterested poise, which no man could resist. And the men didn’t. It took only several more minutes and she had been hit on twice, but the more she refused the sexier she appeared. Finally Peter strode down to the bar where she stood, the tiny insect helicopter hovering invisibly above.

He muttered something in her ear, to which she replied in his ear, which was more recognition than the other two would-be candidates had received, before striding out with her sexiest step, refusing the drink he offered.

“What are you doing!” exclaimed simultaneously the two men in the helicopter that followed close behind her. “He was interested... you could have got him!”

She didn’t reply; they didn’t understand the intricacies of the female mate-attracting method. She knew that by refusing him now, he would want her even more than before.

\* \* \*

Jade Jeffries approached the end of the MI6 technology laboratory where Ms. White sat with her back turned at a desk at work on something. She was about to greet her when the latter spoke sharply.

“Stop!” she said sharply, and Jade froze. “Watch where you step, Ms. Jeffries.”

Jade looked down, attempting to determine in what she could have trodden. Mystified, she looked at Ms. White quizzically, who turned around at pointed near her feet.

“Watch out for them,” she said. The secret agent peered down, only to see patterns of something on the floor between her feet.

“What is it?”

“It’s an army... they’re being prepared for the next model DeBiggener.”

Jade still didn’t understand but got on her knees to get a closer look and find out what the woman was on about. She peered intently and gasped. The patterns on the ground were men; hundreds of men. It *was* an army. She exclaimed.

“That’s three divisions there. I’m going to fit them all into living quarters in my next model DeBiggener; it’s the world’s first mobile army. Say hello to Ms. Jeffries, men.”

Jade looked on in wonder as the hundreds of three-millimetre tall figures beneath her nose started waving furiously. She stuttered an awkward ‘hi’ in response, to which she heard a tiny cheer. Her mind reeled that she had been about to tread on them a minute earlier.

Standing again, she took one last look at the specks on the floor, who undoubtedly were gazing straight up her short skirt, before stepping over them to speak to Ms. White.

“It’s amazing, what we’re doing,” she commented, obviously in reference to the whole DeBiggening concept. “Do you think we’re going too far?”

“I think the technology is the best thing that’s ever happened to us,” said Ms. White, not hiding the pleasure she found in her work.

“Let’s hope it doesn’t fall into the wrong hands... again.”

She didn't respond, and instead produced a silver make-up case, showing it to the agent.

"This is your new model. Similar operation, but more features and weapons," she demonstrated some of these to Jade, who was impressed and commented also on the styling.

Ms. White was running through some of the controls with which Jade was already familiar, when the secret agent interrupted her.

"Why can't we *EmBiggen*?" she said. Ms. White paused.

"You mean... become giant?"

"Exactly."

Ms. White's answer was delayed, and Jade Jeffries knew there was something else that she was hiding, "Ms. Jeffries," she said, "even if we were permitted to *think* about enlarging something, these field-issue DeBiggeners don't even remotely have the power to do it. That's why all these units have their own power sources."

Ms. White's answer was the same standard response she had given Mariana Nightshadow.

Even though she wasn't satisfied with the answer, Jade left the issue for the moment and departed, heading for the airfield, from which she would head for Siberia.

\* \* \*

It was early dawn when Roger Dark reached the shore of the island in his miniature one-man submarine. This description of the craft is not a tautology; it was a one-man submarine that was at that time quite miniature. He had DeBiggened the craft and himself down to avoid underwater sensors and reduce engine noise. The vehicle was no more than a metre long.

It was an odd sensation; being a different size. He quite liked it, it was almost like being in a different world as quite normal objects were now huge surreal versions of their former dull selves. He guided the craft in a

graceful curve around a rock on the sea bed, the lights of the submarine lighting only a few metres (real metres) at best ahead in the gloom.

The water was shallow -around six metres- but he had to stay close to the bottom so his lights would not be seen. The dull light blue of dawn was slowly filtering through the gentle waves above. A fish, bigger than his own body, was startled by his vessel and swam away quickly. The craft was a long, smooth shape not unlike its giant military brothers, except that in place of a conning tower was a long glass canopy that looked more like that of a fighter jet. Roger had a 360 degree view of the water around and above him. There also was a small plate of glass in the floor so he could have an idea of the surface below the craft.

After several more minutes his GPS navigation system informed him that he was only a hundred metres from the cliffs of the island. Dimming his lights, he considered activating his computer-piloting system in view of the feeble light, but decided against it as he was too proud to allow a computer to guide him with its fancy obstacle-detecting equipment. He much preferred to drive his own vehicles.

As the light grew stronger the beauty of the underwater environment became clear. The water was a crystal blue and he was dodging and swerving through bright coral outcroppings, with giant sweeping fronds and waving sponges. He didn't have much time to admire the view however, as he came to the edge of the island cliffs. The coral reef dropped away to seaweed covered rocks below and a steep wall in front.

This was no way in, and tossing a coin in his mind, Roger swerved the submarine to port, intending to follow the cliffs around the island in search of an entry point onto the island. Keeping a safe distance so as not to be tumbled into the rocks, he maintained a good speed while keeping a lookout. Very soon, however, he found something very much of note.

Suddenly below him the rocks dropped away and the water became instantly very much deeper. He slowed. In front of him was a vast chasm, a deep channel through the shallow rocks, tangent to the island. It ended at the cliff wall with nothing less than a giant circular port. Roger Dark snorted in both triumph and satisfaction that he had discovered this secret entrance. *So that's how they're getting in!*

The giant gate was huge by even normal proportions, and it was clearly big enough to allow a full-sized submarine into the cliff walls. Roger

stopped his craft when he noted security cameras aimed at the deep channel, and considered his options.

There was little chance of opening the port, save for returning to full size and blasting it with torpedoes, but his instructions were to *infiltrate* the island and that method was not quite so subtle. He decided that there was no way to get in here, and he would have to keep exploring until he received word from Sir John to blast his way in.

Reaching over to the DeBiggening panel that was built in to the submarine console, he slowly shrunk the craft further until the steel began to creak; indicating the smaller and weaker craft would not bear much more pressure in even such shallow water. Glancing at the unit, he noted that the craft was now a mere foot long. Small enough to get by the cameras.

When he had crossed the channel and was about to enlarge the craft for a bit more speed, he noted another security camera on the cliff wall, aimed merely at the reef, and decided against it. He made a mental note that he would have to keep inconspicuous; Sir John had mentioned that preliminary scouting had indicated an abundance of surveillance.

His craft was more affected by the swells and turbulence, and he ascended a bit further from the dangerous surface below. The rocky walls were dull and featureless, but soon he noted patches of sand appearing below, and the rocks slowly gave way; the view opening up to a long vast bay of sorts, its floor covered in sand with intermittent rocks and plant life.

Gentling rocking the controls he headed in towards this vast open area. The water was less turbulent and he was able to glide above the sand, swerving between giant rocks that were really only two feet high, he enjoyed himself greatly; he was a boy at heart and of late he hadn't had much chance to keep his skills practiced.

By this time it was fully daytime; he hadn't even noticed the time fly – it was already ten o'clock. The water around him was sparkling blue, and the fish weren't the only creatures at work with their daily activities.

\* \* \*

After spending the morning subtly scouting the hotel and familiarising herself with its layout, Mariana Nightshadow slipped down to the beach in a silk sarong, through which her bikini was alluringly visible.

After a quick swim in the beautiful clear blue water of the small calm bay she lay down on the sand, and had only been lying for ten minutes before she became aware of the lack of nattering in her ear, which told her immediately that something was up. She raised her head and it took only a matter of seconds before she discovered the reason for her partners' silence.

“You little perverts!” she exclaimed as inconspicuously as one can inconspicuously exclaim.

The reason for her exclamation was a tiny black speck located on the surface of her bikini bottom, a centimetre below the seam.

“We have to refuel *somewhere* don't we?” retorted a tiny voice in the speaker in her ear. “We have to stop and ReBiggen some fuel.”

Her hand raised up involuntarily as if to squash the machine and the two tiny figures who were now walking about and stretching their legs on the fabric of her bikini bottom. She was about to order them off when there was a shout in her ear to look behind her.

A shadow fell onto the sunbathing agent and she looked to its source. It was Peter. He couldn't be allowed to see the vehicle on her abdomen, and as he began to speak she raised her leg and slid her hand down to try and block his vision – it was a good move as it made her even sexier. The two much tinier agents tumbled over with her movement, and now stumbled back towards their craft, which lay between their partner's giant fingers.

“I saw you at the club last night,” the head of security began. *Wow, great line*, thought Mariana sarcastically. She didn't reply, her mind still on whether the man would note either the dots on her bikini or her efforts to hide them.

“Are you going back there tonight?”

“I might be,” she replied nonchalantly.

Satisfied with his ‘progress’, the would-be suitor backed away, not without a wink of the eye (at which the young agent inwardly grimaced),

and Mariana relaxed, the crisis over. As soon as she withdrew her hand, the small insect-like craft rose up from her stomach. She gave them a glare, and their silence indicated she didn't even need to tell them how stupid their prank was.

\* \* \*

Roger Dark was wondering whether he was making any progress. He was still navigating his way through the shallow sandy reef that he perceived to be a small bay of some kind. In fact; if it were a bay it would probably be a beach of some kind and was a potential access point to the island, but at the moment his job was to scout the island perimeter.

He was so deep in thought, while simultaneously concentrating on steering through the rocks, that he didn't notice an object looming up ahead. Only when he turned around a small rock and his view opened up directly to it did he see it. He jumped in shock – it was an enormous shape high up in the water above him, gliding quickly on the surface towards him; a person, with a mask and a giant snorkel tube in the mouth.

With a hurried motion he dived the sub down to the nearest rocks and reversed the engines to stop it under two pieces of swaying coral. It was only partial cover, however, and when he looked up he saw the human in full view. It was a girl; absolutely enormous, and his mind cast back to the Attacks, which he and Jade had defeated a year earlier. It was an overpowering sight, looking straight up and watching as the sun so far beyond was blocked out when this body passed above. She was peering at the water beneath her, and he crossed his fingers that she would not peer too hard.

He marvelled at the young woman's figure from his vantage point below her as she glided powerfully above like a giant ship, kicking her way along the surface. The sun reappeared and flickered through her legs, and Roger began to breathe again. It had been a close call, and he cursed himself for being so careless. Shunting the submarine out of the coral, he began to rise so he could continue and find a way out, when the craft was suddenly delved once more into shadow.

Looking up in shock, Roger Dark had no time to react as he saw the inside of a palm only metres away from his craft, and in a split second there was an almighty jolt as the woman grasped the craft. The secret agent was thrown around turbulently, and when he righted himself he looked up to see that the canopy of the sub was in between her fingers as

she held it, and that he was now out of the water. The submarine was being lifted past her chest and when it stopped, there was a giant female face peering straight down at him through the glass.

While his world started shaking as the swimmer started wading back to shore, Roger considered his options, and in seconds he had made his choice – the only one left to him.

Reaching for the dial on the console in front of him, he turned it sharply counter clockwise, and in moments the submarine and its inhabitant started to diminish rapidly in size. The captor had no idea what was happening, and Roger's craft, a moment earlier occupying her full grasp, was now a tiny object in her palm, and the submarine tumbled between her fingers.

It seemed like an eternity as he fell, the woman's body rushing past his vision as if he had just jumped off a building, before he struck the water. To the stunned observer above, the tiny object made a little 'plop', but to Roger it was a violent smack as the craft struck the water tail first.

The woman groped and grabbed between her legs for the mysterious object, but the craft was way too small and her movements only threw it around turbulently in the water, which was now shallower and only came up just barely to her crotch. In seconds Roger was looking up at a giant masked face searching the ocean floor, but he had drifted too far and was way too inconspicuous at his size, and the woman lost him, giving up her search after ten minutes.

Only after she had disappeared did Roger resolve to move out, but as he started up the motor there was an almighty clunk from the rear end and he knew instantly that his propeller had been damaged in the fall. Making a quick decision he pointed his craft for shore, to which he would attempt to limp, and make an emergency entry onto the island.

For five minutes the propeller clunked, while the motor whined with the effort, and the submarine managed only a hindered pace, before the engine gave in with a great bang and the craft drifted silently to the sandy floor, littered with pebbles and shells the size of his craft. He had made it only part of the way and there was still a huge depth (relative to him) of water above.

He considered ReBiggening, but ruled it out as the whole operation would be jeopardised. After a few moments Roger Dark concluded that he would have to do the unthinkable; request for help.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, several thousand kilometres away and several thousand feet higher was Jade Jeffries, hurtling through the air in darkness over Siberia. Her target was an airfield, the very same from which military craft had been regularly departing, carrying unknown cargo to the island resort under suspicion.

Feeling the extreme cold, despite being clad in MI6's best technology in thermal clothing, a sleek silver body-hugging outfit, Ms. Jeffries waited until the pilot's signal to throw herself from the aircraft. Finally she got the all-clear and in a split second she was plunging toward earth, the adrenaline keeping her warm. Another few moments and her chute was open.

When she saw that she was directly above the airfield and bound to land conspicuously in it, Jade touched the electrodes of her DeBiggener to herself and with the familiar zap she and her parachute were a mere twentieth of their former size. She hadn't skydived DeBiggened before and hadn't reckoned on the extra effect that the wind would have on someone so small.

The breeze tumbled her about and she was carried from side to side in almost violent arcs before striking the ground, though the gust couldn't overcome her cat-like skills and she made a perfect landing in the soft snow. With her minute weight she glided on the surface, in which any normal sized person would sink immediately, even despite the fact that she stubbornly wore her high heels, as she did in every mission. They were an accessory that she would never give up.

A giant dimly lit hut loomed up ahead, and she knelt on the snow, opening her DeBiggener mascara case, and plucked a tiny Skidoo from the array of equipment in the cover. In moments she had a full sized (relative to her of course) vehicle, that was perhaps six or so centimetres long by normal standards.

A few exciting jumps and bumps later, Jade Jeffries halted outside the door to the hut, which stretched high above. Again using her DeBiggener, she simply walked under the door and grimaced at the ease with which

she was performing her task. *Being a secret agent is no fun anymore*, she pondered as she ReBiggened to full size.

The hut was a control room of sorts, and as such had files and folders lining the shelves. Selecting a recent date, she withdrew a folder and began translating the logs of departing aircraft and their contents. It was unbelievable – the army recorded even its own corruption. There was information about all the flights, including those to the island, and even their cargo.

Jade grimaced as she read the items and equipment that was being sold to the group. These people were not to be trifled with, and some of the weapons that they now had only served to confirm Sir John's fears. There was one entry that was strange; a word she didn't recognise. It's literal translation was 'Weapon of Zeus'. Jade was mystified. She took a few photos of the pages to send back to her MI6 chief.

She was in the process of putting her camera away and retrieving her DeBiggener to exit when the door opened and she whirled around, startled. The intruder too was startled, but not enough to prevent him raising his gun and shouting a command at Ms. Jeffries.

With her mind in action mode, she saw in slow motion as his hand shot out to hit the alarm button, and with lightning reflexes she pressed a trigger in the DeBiggener in her hand and the two electrodes shot out, their thin wires dragged through the air behind them. They struck the soldier in the chest and pierced his clothing, causing him to yelp.

His shocked moment was enough time for Jade to flick the dial and hit the button on her device, and almost instantly she found herself looking down at an inch high soldier with a half-inch gun on the ground before her feet. He was looking up at the silver-clad body of a woman who to him was now the size of a building.

Jade, familiar with all facets of DeBiggening but not accustomed to the situation of having her enemy at her feet, raised her foot as if to stamp an insect. She paused, however, it didn't feel right. Deliberating, she moved her foot closer; the toe of her high heel was now directly over the soldier, who had resorted to cowering in panic.

With her leg slightly outstretched and her toe almost resting on the poor man's back, she was torn, because simply squashing him seemed too harsh – she was a secret agent, she wasn't mean at heart; that simply

wasn't her style. Convincing herself that he would be useful for questioning, she stepped back and leaned down and picked him up between her fingers.

Disarming him with her fingernail and relieving him of his heavy clothing, she unzipped the collar of her pocketless thermal suit and slipped him in. It took about two seconds for her to regret the decision, as he slipped immediately down between her breasts and became a tiny lump in the fabric on her stomach. Annoyed at the circumstance but happy to have spared him, Jade Jeffries left the hut, walked to the airstrip and ReBiggened a jet from the collection.

This time when a soldier approached her, waving his gun and yelling, she happily employed her old secret agent techniques and with a spin she kicked his legs out from underneath him, then before he even hit the ground a second kick sent him sprawling. *Ah, the good old days*, Jade thought, remembering the time when there was no such thing as a DeBiggener.

With her mind back on the task, she started the engines of her now full-size F117 Stealth Fighter, and took off on the runway of the military base. Safely in the air, she directed the plane for England, and contacted Sir John to report a successful mission. After she finished her summary of the cargo being transported to the island, she asked her chief if he had any idea what the words 'Weapon of Zeus' meant.

Sir John paused hesitantly. Before he even spoke Jade had swung the craft south, heading for the Mediterranean. She was intuitive enough to know that whatever it was that caused Sir John to hesitate was dangerous enough not to let her partners face alone.

Her curiosity turned to fear as the MI6 chief elaborated the explanation of the words in the cargo log book.

\* \* \*

Mariana Nightshadow realised she was not alone. There was another voice in her ear apart from the monotonous and annoying Dwayne and Dwight. It was a bit muffled, and turning one of the gems on her bracelet, she increased the volume.

"...require assistance... ...vehicle malfunction..." the voice sounded familiar; could it be another agent, or was she picking up some

interference from the island somewhere? With another couple of words she recognised it – the voice belonged to Roger Dark.

Excitedly, she responded, and the other voice relaxed in tone.

“Ah, Ms. Nightshadow. I was hoping it would be you who would come to my aid,” said the secret agent stuck in his submarine on the sea floor.

“Where are you, what’s happened?” she inquired, eager to help and prove herself to the man whom she admired so much (in more than one way).

“Taking a dip,” he replied. That was the one skill which Mariana hadn’t been taught in MI6 training – the witty comeback to a witty secret agent joke. She obviously didn’t understand, and Roger was slightly annoyed that he had to explain his sarcasm, “I’m in the sea. My submarine is inoperable. I need assistance to get out and onto the island.”

“Where?”

“I’m DeBiggened, and am in a bay of some kind. It is shallow enough for swimming – in fact there are snorkellers,” he failed to mention the reason for his submarine’s ‘malfunction’ though, and began to give GPS coordinates when Mariana informed him her GPS watch was in the hotel room, and that she was at the beach. “Why don’t you have your GPS on you? That is essential equipment! Your life may depend on it – you can’t leave it in a hotel room!”

Mariana almost felt the urge to cry at her stupidity, and the fact that she had been scolded by the person she most wanted respect from in the world. Roger continued.

“The bay I am in has many swimmers,” he said. Looking towards shore from his underwater perspective, he saw many pairs of legs, and above them were the blurs of their bodies, shimmering through the wavy surface of the water. Looking in the other direction, he saw the girl who had discovered his craft, snorkelling and peering intently at the floor below her, still in the hope of finding Roger’s craft again. He noted the colour of her bathing suit, “behind me there is a girl snorkelling in a red bikini, with a fluorescent green snorkel. In front there– Christ! ...right *above* me there is a girl with a white and red polka-dot bikini.”

Mariana wondered how big Roger actually was as she scanned the beach in front of her. Every snorkel was fluorescent green, but none had owners

with a red bikini. She got up and wandered a bit, keeping her eyes on the swimmers.

As she neared a group of teenagers, a snorkeller appeared from behind them, and Mariana's gaze went straight to her backside... red! Looking at the group of swimmers, she saw instantly a white and red polka-dot bikini. Dropping her sarong, she waded calmly into the water, directly for the girl in the bikini. Trying not to appear too obvious, she wasted time splashing her face and wetting her hair, waiting for the girl to move. Soon she did, and Mariana whispered subtly "Where are you?"

"The polka-dot girl just left. But wait, now there is another... a taller girl, I can't see her bathers yet," Roger peered up at the second woman, whose crotch was just above the surface as she waded in his direction. Towering above where the long legs disappeared, were patches of colour in the wavy sky; light blue, then cream, then a bit more light blue. "She has a light blue bikini."

"That's me," said Mariana, with a sudden inexplicable rush of excitement. Roger too felt it – the legs that were approaching his tiny craft were long and sexy, and at the surface above him the young secret agent's crotch would have been barely above the surface, and as he watched as a couple of waves touched her, making light blue flashes between the skin of her legs.

"Oh," he said, "good. You're almost on me." The legs paused, the giant feet on the sand ten of his sub-lengths away.

"How small are you?" Mariana enquired, the thought of accidentally crushing her hero into a small stain not very attractive in her mind.

"Too small... an inch maybe. Take a step forward." He watched a foot raise slowly and take a long sweeping shuffle forward, slowed not only by the water, but by the girl's hesitation. "Now one to the side; your right. A bit more. Now I'm directly in front of you; take another step forward."

High above, Mariana cautiously moved her foot forward, with no idea of what lay below her. She heard a shout in her ear and her heart stopped, thinking she had just stepped on him. She breathed again with a sigh of relief as the voice continued, commanding her not to put her foot down.

Far below, Roger Dark looked up at the sole of a foot hovering above his submarine, and urged its owner to keep moving. Slowly, though not

without a turbulent rush of water around him, the foot moved overhead, sand whipping up around him.

“Now I’m directly between your feet.” The feet rotated slowly so that the agent above him was standing straight with legs apart, instead of having a foot stuck awkwardly forward.

Trying to appear inconspicuous was not easy for Mariana Nightshadow. Some of the group of girls nearby were looking at her a bit strangely. Thinking quickly, she dropped her bracelet into the water (and luckily for her it was waterproof) and pretended to search for it.

Far below, Roger watched a giant ring of metal descend from above and strike the sand a few metres away. Casting him in shadow, a large shape appeared over the surface. Now, as she bent over, the colours that were before just blurs in the sky became more defined, and Roger made out a wavy bikini top and face peering down into the water below; around it her hair struck the surface and became solid in the otherwise shimmering view.

In moments a hand descended, that brought with it an arm, slowly piercing the surface. The knees started to bend and Roger watched as the young agent’s bikini bottom appeared in his vision high above. Her abdomen followed, and he saw her body slowly appearing and becoming solid as it joined him underwater, until her breasts struck the surface when her fingers touched the sandy floor. They were only partially in the water and looked like giant balloons attached to the ceiling of the sea. He looked up from between her knees as her face was thrust into the water with open eyes, but Roger could see she was unable to focus on him; this was verified when the hand started groping around. It grasped the bracelet before he told her to stop.

“You’ll crush me,” he said. “Wait; I’ll blow the ballast and try and rise to the surface.” She acknowledged and responded by rising up to tower over him once again; the legs becoming straighter until the last blue speck of her bathers disappeared above the surface. Hitting a lever, Roger heard the compressed air being forced into his ballast tanks, and his craft began to rise immediately.

The submarine swayed in the turbulent water without power, striking the secret agent’s leg, then continued rising up between her knees. The tiny craft was caught in a layer of water on her skin and rose up clinging to her thigh. It burst into the surface with an inaudible plop, and though he

was a bit disoriented it took Roger only a fraction of a second to determine his position.

He was looking up straight into Mariana Nightshadow's crotch, and he jumped as a giant droplet of water from her wet bathers gathered and fell onto the glass canopy of his craft, splintering with the impact and shaking the tiny submarine. Another droplet formed above and struck the end of the sub, sending another shake through its hull. Roger hurriedly informed the girl of his situation while a small wave buffeted him into her. He was drifting through her legs when she caught the craft in her fingers, and while one of the girls from the nearby group was wading to her, offering help finding her lost bracelet, she discreetly tucked the craft under the top seam of her bathers, where it barely made an impression next to the elastic seam, which was wider than its hull, and Roger's world suddenly turned light blue.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, not far away, in fact only the length of the beach, a few flights of stairs, through a pool area, up an elevator and down a few hallways were two agents thundering high above the ground. In reality the thundering was a buzz and the ground was only a metre below their craft, but at two millimetres in height, everything was big and grand to Dwane Hampton and Dwight Moore.

After having been scolded by their giant partner Mariana, they were conducting further reconnaissance. They had already scoured most of the hotel and were now surveying the less eventful areas; the middle floors of the economy rooms and utility cupboards.

With no particular target, they flew down the centre of the hall with their sensitive equipment scanning the walls for hidden devices and miniature cameras, with which the hotel was littered. To them the hall was an enormously vast canyon, and the ceiling impossibly high. Dwight was almost nodding off and Dwayne at the controls drifting into daydream when movement ahead startled them both to attention.

A door ahead of them swung open and a figure exited. It was Peter, the security chief, and both snapped to attention. The man went in the opposite direction, but not after closing the door with a suspicious glance around him. In seconds he was gone, and the agents flew to the door to investigate. 'Utilities', it read.

“Why would he go to the utilities room? What, is he a janitor too?”

Both agents agreed to investigate, and the helicopter dived down to floor level. The gap beneath the door was barely big enough, but Dwayne managed to navigate the vehicle under it, with the landing skids hovering only just above the concrete floor.

Upon reaching the other side of the door, the view opened up to a giant cupboard of sorts. It was indeed a utilities room; dim and lined with mops, buckets and solvents on shelves, there was barely anything of note.

“What the hell was he doing here?”

They began scanning the room, both with the instruments and visually, ascending to about a metre (a real metre) high and facing the walls, and strafed sideways along the shelves, looking for anything that seemed out of place.

They were in front of the wall opposite the door when suddenly there was a movement ahead. It seemed impossible, but several mops and brooms hung on a rack on the wall started floating at high speed towards the agents in their minute craft. They reeled in shock, until after only a millisecond it became clear what was happening; the wall itself was moving towards them – but it was no wall; it was a door.

“Dwayne!”

“Oh God!”

The door before them swung fully open and threw brilliant light into the dimly lit cupboard, momentarily blinding them both. Through the light loomed a giant silhouette, which thundered out of the doorway. There was no chance of seeing the face however. Though the movement of normal sized people always seemed to be in slow motion to the two tiny agents, Dwayne had little time to react as the body, which became clear as the room lit up, came towards them.

He was already pulling hard on the controls in panic as their vision became filled with the front of an eight-hundred metre high skirt. Slightly transparent, light shone dimly from between the colossal legs of its

owner, the right of which surged towards the two men just to their right, and passed them; they were now facing straight through the giant legs. They became aware in their adrenaline-slowed reality, that had they been thirty metres to their right, they would be smashed wreckage high on the thigh of this woman. Her other leg was following. By now their entire vision was skirt; they were looking straight at the tip of a forty metre flower when a wave of air buffeted them.

Until then Dwayne's panicked steering had barely moved the craft, but the normally unnoticeable waft of air from the woman's step was enough to toss the helicopter aside and it slipped through the air in front of her. They watched, hands white-knuckled, while the giant flowers flew by their windshield, becoming only yellow and white blurs while the wall of material bore so closely down upon them, that they could see nothing else.

For a split second when the contour of the material seemed to fall back and the colour underneath changed, it was clear that they had been buffeted in front of her white bikini and now were careening in front of her left leg, which was bearing down on them. It came so close that again the patterns became a blur, and Dwayne lost all sense of direction as the air around her giant leg sent them spinning. After what seemed like eternity, they finally caught a glimpse of the wall behind, and they had slipped around her thigh, caught in the turbulence, the material over her skin barely more than a rotor's length away. Though they tumbled and spun, they both felt a surge of relief as above them, the blurs became enormous flowers, then the flowers became a pattern, and again they were looking at a recognisable though giant shape; the woman's white bikini bottom showing from underneath.

Dwayne and Dwight took about five seconds watching the giant form opening the door back into the hall and receding into the distance from their still swaying craft, giant hips swaying, before the door closed and they breathed again.

Both sat stunned.

Finally Dwayne got the nerve to right the craft and find out what really was going on. Ascending higher, they both studied the door which was so inconspicuously disguised as a broom rack, before their equipment reported finding an electronic device. Following its signal, they ascended more to a spot on the wall. Manoeuvring behind a box of powder of some

kind, they found a keypad, eighty metres high. This was it; this is what they had been looking for. This was an entrance into the island.

There was still one question though – who was the girl that had just come through it?

\* \* \*

Mariana Nightshadow was gliding up the stairs from the beach when they received the call.

Pausing as if to adjust her sandal, keeping in mind not to crush the thin metal of the submarine that was tucked neatly under the seam of her bikini bottom, she listened intently to the radio message buzzing clearly in her ear. The voice was Sir John's, and he was talking primarily to Roger Dark, informing him of something that the young agent didn't understand. Directly afterwards, she addressed this question straight to the secret agent in her bathers.

“Mr. Dark, what did he mean by ‘Weapon of Zeus’?”

“Call me Roger,” replied the voice in the tiny speaker in her ear, before it paused hesitantly, “...I think we ought to go somewhere where you can sit and listen.”

Still discreetly pretending to mumble to herself, Mariana called the other two agents, who responded eagerly.

“Yes, we're here... and we've got something to tell you.”

“Good, let's meet. We need somewhere in the hotel without surveillance. Have you found anywhere we can go unseen?”

“Yes,” replied one of the two in the helicopter, “in the cubicles of the women's toilets.”

Ms. Nightshadow quelled her urge to yell at the two tiny men for being such perverts as to go into the women's toilets in the first place, and strode in that direction. They were empty, and she chose the furthest cubicle from the door. With the lid closed to avoid any potential losses of secret agents down the toilet, she withdrew the inch-long underwater vehicle from her bikini and turned to sit, leaving it on the material of her sarong in the depression in her lap. She was about to ask her superior if

he wanted to ReBiggen when her answer was found, as a speck next to the submarine became a larger speck visible as a figure, then she made out his black dinner suit as Roger Dark became a discernible man.

In seconds he was ten centimetres tall and his new weight weighed down her light sarong further in between her legs. Mariana helped him out with a finger and thumb over his chest, before sitting him neatly on her leg, his ReBiggening finishing with him the size of a Ken doll, as he need not grow any larger.

“You can get rid of that,” he said and nodded to the tiny craft in the giant girl’s lap as he withdrew a cigar from his jacket. Mariana picked it up between her thumb and forefinger, and Roger winced when she pinched it and it became a flat piece of foil, realising his vulnerability at such a small size.

At that moment appeared a tiny buzzing. Mariana squinted and tried to locate the helicopter, but only realised its location when she felt the lightest of tingles on her shoulder. Without ado, the two agents in the mosquito-like craft imparted their findings.

“Good work, young agents,” said Roger Dark, “that may just be the help we need to get inside this place, especially since I have some news for all of you.” Crossing his legs over the girl’s inner thigh, he lit his cigar and began.

“Sir John had sent Ms. Jeffries to find out what is being kept here, and she did. Unfortunately for us, the news is not good,” he stated, as if to prolong the suspense, “the weapon that has been brought here is a new development, that it seems is highly powerful and very deadly, in fact we’ve already lost two agents to it.”

The girl nodded for him to continue. Even though his voice was amplified in her ear, he was big enough for her to hear a tiny sound from his mouth. He looked up, craning his neck to look at her face.

“Do you know what a Tesla Coil is?” With the affirmative response he continued. “A Tesla Coil fires a lightning bolt in a random direction – almost completely unpredictable ...as you know, the electricity in lightning follows the most preferential path, which in normal air is quite random.”

“But...”

“But, certain enemies of ours... have got around this. By using a special type of laser, they are able to ionise the air directly around the path of the laser beam, thus creating a preferential path for a surge of electricity, and thus they can control what the lightning hits.”

“Oh God,” Mariana exclaimed, along with two other voices in her ear.

“Yes, ‘Oh God’ is right. With a small unit, one could electrocute dozens of people without the need for accuracy, as the current will flow from any objects touching the targets, and with a big unit, someone could take out mechanical units or slowly destroy a city with a continuous beam of lightning. You could disable the equipment of an entire army from kilometres away.”

With the young agent’s silence, Roger began again to speak.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Nightshadow and you two agents, but Sir John *had* to keep the truth from you. Had you known the danger and the potential dire consequences of this mission, you may not have been able even to get this far. But there is much more danger ahead, which you will have to face and overcome. The second part of Sir John’s message was that we have to move. We have to take the island.”

\* \* \*

Hundreds of kilometres away, Jade Jeffries received the same instructions from Sir John Herringsworth. She would be at the Mediterranean by nightfall.

\* \* \*

It was late afternoon by the time that the secret agent Roger Dark finalised the attack plan with the three young agents, on one of whose knee he sat. Their immediate tasks were not too complex; the young beauty would seduce the security chief and through him gain entrance through the utility closet to the innards of the island base, in which time he himself would scour the outer surface for ventilation pipes or other potential points of entry.

Only this much did he tell the young agents; they were too eager to think far enough ahead to what was next. He, however, had his own plan in his head on which he was gambling. As much as he liked the sexy new agent,

he couldn't yet put complete trust in her, and as for the other two in the tiny helicopter; they could be sneezed out of existence and not noticed. That's why his own plan took into account the potential failure of the young agents.

He was pondering this when the smooth voice above him stirred him.

"Was there anything else, Mr. Dark— ...Roger?"

"No, my darling, we can get to work. Put me down on something solid from which I can take off... no, wait, don't bother. You'll do."

With a pat on Mariana Nightshadow's leg as if to test its solidity the man stood and grasped the seam of her sarong above her knee and dragged it backwards up her leg. The light material rolled back, revealing her bare skin underneath. The girl watched in bewilderment at the man walking back and forth on her leg, rolling the material of her skirt back, which she could have done in one movement.

He drew his silver cigarette-case DeBiggener out of his jacket pocket, and flipped the lid open, from which he withdrew a miniature RAF Tornado, too small to be visible to the girl above. Placing it high on her thigh and facing her knee, he turned and waved quickly to Ms. Nightshadow before touching the DeBiggener unit's electrodes to himself.

"Adios!"

Above, Mariana watched the man standing on her thigh diminish from a good fifteen centimetres until he was invisible. She crouched over, and could just see a tiny black speck on her skin, but wasn't sure if that was a grit of dirt or his jet. Her question was answered when it grew to a more reasonable size of about half a centimetre long and became a visible aircraft shape. In moments two miniature bright flames appeared from the rear, resolving into dull blue light, and she felt a tiny warmth on her skin.

Seconds later there was an audible whistle and the jet moved. It accelerated quickly, and Mariana twitched and she smiled as its wheels tickled her skin. The tiny object glided along her leg before leaving the surface just before her knee. It headed straight for the closed toilet door before banking around to face her, maintaining a steady climb, and was almost as high as her chest by the time it passed her. Mariana stood carefully while it was behind her, to open the door. Her arm was outstretched and the man inside piloted under it when he circled round to

her front. When the jet was behind her once more Mariana opened the door and stood with her back to it, inviting the craft out into the open.

Showing off, the secret agent inside performed a spectacular manoeuvre as he passed her; diving shortly then rocketing vertically from beneath her bikini-clad chest and in front of her face, before reaching the peak of its ascent at her eyes and falling back to level flight. The girl couldn't help but give a playful kiss in the air to the tiny aircraft. Normally she would have immediately regretted such unprofessionalism, but right now she was excited and laughed happily to herself instead.

In fact, she was feeling so positive, that when two voices in her ear questioned why she never blew kisses to them, instead of retorting angrily she gave the owners a playful blow which tossed their craft hundreds of miniature metres out into the air.

\* \* \*

Also feeling quite positive was a certain Roger Dark, now banking sharply out of the giant gap that was the door to the female toilets. He was happy to be behind the controls again. Flying directly through the middle of the hall, he saw a figure enter from outside, clad in a red bathing suit and holding a fluorescent green snorkel. Water was dripping off her and she was still looking puzzled, shaking her head and mumbling a bit to herself.

Roger chuckled and banked to avoid the giant woman who was bearing down on him with giant slow steps. With mischief in his mind, as they approached each other, he flicked a switch and dumped fuel into the exhaust, lighting it up in a flame called an 'afterburner'. The light immediately caught the girl's eyes and she focussed on the object in front of her. Roger watched her mouth drop as he hit the controls and surged past her, her eyes losing the tiny object as he ascended into the dimming afternoon sky.

He laughed and thought to himself; *one Mediterranean holiday - £700, one snorkel kit - £20, seeing tiny disappearing military equipment and a trip to the psychiatrist? Priceless!* Sometimes he wished someone were there to hear his jokes.

He was about to ascend further to begin his assessment of the island's green areas, when something caught his eye by the pool. It was a girl – an absolutely sensational body, lying there in a white bikini, her yellow

floral skirt parted seductively, but it wasn't her body he noticed. There was something familiar about her face. He turned in her direction, and from a metre above her he observed her like a spy plane photographing vast areas of land below. The black and white image from the camera under the craft didn't help, and he did a circle of her face as she lay peacefully, though it still didn't come to him.

He knew her from somewhere, but couldn't pinpoint it. Slightly bewildered, he put his mind back to the task and pointed the nose up, throttling heavily and sweeping the wings of the Tornado back, gaining speed as he headed over the hotel building and into the jungle-like greenery around it.

\* \* \*

Also in the air was Jade Jeffries, who, with similar thinking to Roger Dark, was also planning to scour the surface of the island for vents through which to enter the underground section of the island. According to the GPS on her control panel, she was only ten kilometres from her target, and could see it in the fading reddish light as she flew low above the water.

As invisible as the F117 was to radar, it was certainly not invisible to the eye, and most definitely not a quiet piece of machinery. Jade had decided that in order to even get close to the island without losing the element of surprise, she would have to fly there DeBiggened., and this was a good distance to start. Intending to shrink in increments, she turned the craft's DeBiggener dial counter-clockwise, and watched as the ground below seemed somehow to stretch a bit. There was noticeable change in the pitch of the wind whistling around the aircraft.

Another couple of kilometres later, Jade turned the dial once more, and hit the button. The craft shrank a bit more rapidly this time, and suddenly there was a turbulent bump. The wind, a bit more effective on the much smaller craft, buffeted the jet a bit sideways, and Jade heard a loud puffing sound as one of the engines was blocked of air and stalled. The wind on that side dropped as it lost velocity, and her horizon became a vertical wall as the plane plummeted downwards.

Jade was pulling hard and desperately on the joystick as she spiralled, out of control, towards the earth. She considered for a split second ejecting, but she was way too low and in her adrenaline-slowed vision she saw the earth rushing to her. She struck sand, and heard a tremendous squealing

and crunching as the jet ploughed through it. She fell forward in the cockpit and felt something jab her in the chest, but the blow was softened by something in her pocket.

Everything became still and calm, except for her head, which was aching. She was dizzy and confused, and pushed the hatch open, falling out of the canopy onto sand, which was more like coarse hard rocks at her size. She had just enough wits to reach into her pocket, touch her mascara-case DeBiggener to herself and return to normal size before collapsing on the now soft sand, her brain doing her a favour by shutting down and allowing her to pass out.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Mariana Nightshadow was measurably more not-unconscious. Slipping into a silky black skirt with an enticing split all the way up her leg, she made her way to the hotel bar, where she waited twenty minutes before seeing Peter, the security chief. Her groundwork the night before and that day had worked like a charm. He didn't take his eyes off her, and it was only another twenty minutes before they were exiting the club together.

Mariana didn't object to being taken to his room, because it was less likely that his own room would be under surveillance. She didn't quite know what she was planning, but whatever was to occur she didn't want her enemies observing. Somehow she had to either convince him to take her into the island base, or get him to give away the password.

Within minutes she discovered his idea of foreplay, or more accurately, the lack thereof. She was pushed roughly onto the bed and he was fumbling around with her clothing, trying to get her skirt off as quickly as possible. If it weren't a mission, she wouldn't have put up with it for a second; this guy was a real asshole.

"Wait, not so fast," she said, as if she wanted to enjoy it, but really because she wanted more time to think of a way to get the information she needed, hopefully without having to sleep with the bastard.

The impatient man had pushed her skirt above her waist and was unromantically grasping at her underwear when, without thought, Mariana impulsively said:

“Wait! What’s the password?” She realised it was perfect – she couldn’t have thought of a better idea even if she had tried. She had a very slim chance of finding out the code, but she was at least giving it a shot.

The man looked up, slightly bewildered, before realising she was attempting to add an ingredient to sex which had never occurred to him – fun. He responded sarcastically and without humour “Abracadabra.”

Her heart sank, and unseen to him her hand crept to her purse behind her on the bed and clumsily grasped her DeBiggener, thinking she had little hope left. He was busy positioning himself between her legs, and his hands once again grasped her underwear, but her quick wits took over.

“No,” she said, attempting to sound playful, “those are security panties. You have to enter your code.”

The man looked even more annoyed and submitted to her game just to get her to shut up so he could get on with it. With his finger he jabbed a code onto the front of her white panties, as if he were keying it into a keypad, with a familiar movement.

That was it! Mariana felt him tap on her abdomen; high on his left, low to his left, middle right and then centre. Hopefully her gamble had worked, and in his lust-driven state he had tapped in his own familiar code onto her stomach.

Peter was about to tear away the underwear when his brain, slowed by lack of blood, finally clicked at the strangeness of this girl’s behaviour and he became immediately suspicious. He looked up at the girl just in time to see her hand swinging at him, holding something in her palm.

Mariana Nightshadow thrust the end of her DeBiggener onto the man, turning the dial as she hit the button. He yelped, and immediately began to shrink. She watched as his head became closer to her chest, drawing back over her stomach and becoming visibly smaller. Then she noticed his legs diminishing between hers. The whole process took only seconds, but she saw every detail. His arms, previously on either side of her waist, stretched fully out to cover only the width of her belly as he became smaller and smaller. Only when he was lying completely on top of her abdomen did she glance at her DeBiggener to notice that she had turned the dial fully counter-clockwise.

She looked back and saw that he was now completely surrounded by the white of her panties, and was lying face down. She involuntarily leaned up, and the man attempted to stand. When he finally stood up straight, he was only five centimetres tall, and Mariana craned forward to try and see him, and sat up further in doing so. He stumbled backwards with this movement, and as she sat fully upright he fell and grasped the seam of her underwear. He was tiny, and she watched as he became smaller, the elastic becoming too large for him to hold. He slid down the front of her panties before getting hold of what must have been a smaller strand of the material. He was now barely half a centimetre high, and she watched in awe as he turned from a figure into a speck, and from a speck he disappeared completely, perhaps falling through the strands and into the material. He was gone.

Mariana sat up, completely stunned and a bit shaken by the whole experience. She looked back down at her crotch, staggered that a real person was crawling around somewhere there, but would never be found.

After only a moment she shook herself back to reality, and she ran a finger over the front of her panties, in the back of her mind knowing that the man would be smeared out of existence, and this way she could forget about him. She thought about how she had handled the situation, and her spirits lifted at her accomplishment. Top left, bottom left, middle right, centre... on a normal keypad that was 1, 9, 6, 5. She remembered from the briefing that that year was his birthday ...*how ingenious*, she thought.

Redressing, she summoned Dwayne and Dwight and with their help found the utility closet and the keypad, and sure enough it worked. Within seconds she was inside.

\* \* \*

Jade Jeffries had her arms wrapped lovingly around someone, though she didn't know who... she looked and tried to see the face, but it wasn't a person; it was a jet aeroplane. Suddenly she was underwater, and Roger was there, and although they were underwater, it was raining. White streaks shot past her face. Something was tickling her belly, but she didn't know what it was. It persisted, and the feeling became stronger until the secret agent gained consciousness and the sensation brought her to the real world.

She lay still on the sand, dazed, for a few moments while contemplating whether she was still in a dream, but her head was throbbing enough to

disprove the theory, and the tickling sensation persisted on her belly. Rolling over, the last few minutes came back to her, and she looked across the dark beach to the fighter jet lying half embedded in the silver sand. She groaned.

The tickling paused momentarily, and only when it resumed did she take notice of it. The first thought that came into her mind was that she was wounded, and she propped herself up and slid down the zipper of her body suit. Expecting to see a plume of blood and a gash of some sorts, she was surprised to see the figure of a man struggling between the elastic material and her skin. Then she remembered that too. She groaned again, this time with a mixture of relief and annoyance. She tossed the man aside and flopped back on the sand.

Instantly the next memories came back – why she was in the air and where she was going, for what purpose, and she sat up straight, her mind pushing down the throbbing to think clearly.

“Roger!”

She had to get to the island... *What time is it?* She glanced at her watch and saw that it was ten o'clock. She had been out for three hours. She could see the island from where she lay on the beach – it seemed about five or six kilometres away.

Jade jumped to her feet but her body gave her a gentle reminder of its sensitive condition and she swayed a bit as her head became light. She realised too how she was in the body-length suit, and slid out of it. The cool water was beckoning to her painful head, and she waded into the shallows in her underwear. The water was more than refreshing; it healed and revived her, and combined with her urge to help her friends, she felt better immediately.

Striding out of the waves, she considered how to get to the island. A jet would be best; she still had a Panavia Tornado in the lid of the DeBiggener, but it would be difficult to take off – maybe a helicopter, though it would be slower. She just remembered that Roger had reported a submarine entrance in the north east cliffs – she could even take an underwater craft in.

The mascara case was face down next to her on the sand, and as she picked it up her heart sank. The front face had a large dint in it; now she remembered striking something in the cockpit and feeling a dull thud.

The unit had saved her, but her head whirled in panic – if all the vehicles in the lid were destroyed, she would be stuck.

She opened the lid slowly in anticipation, and her heart sank even further when her fears were realised; the glass face of every compartment was smashed and the veneer of the lid cracked on the inside. Something tumbled out of the lid and fell between her feet. Scouring the sand, she found the dark object and retrieved it. She almost felt like crying when she looked at the tiny boat in her fingernail, smashed to pieces.

With the light of her watch she scanned the other compartments, but to no avail. Every piece of equipment was either visibly damaged or unrecognisable. She felt like smashing the stupid thing to pieces, and almost did had she not realised that the device must still work if she were normal sized and not small like her jet plane over on the sand. She ran to it with a glimmer of hope, *maybe this still works!*

She lifted the aeroplane by its nose and tail. It was more than a metre long. She held it high and glanced underneath, and turned it to and fro. The only visible damage was a bit of bad scratching, and her hope grew. She delicately poked her finger into the cockpit, and touched the undercarriage lever with her fingernail. A tiny whizzing could be heard, and inverting the aircraft, she saw its three wheels appearing out from panels on its underside. Her heart raced. She blew sand out from the jet intakes, dusted more off the body of the fighter jet with her hand, then put it back on the sand, letting the wheels sink in a bit so it couldn't move.

Again with her fingernail, she leaned over and pushed the throttle to its start position, then fired the engines, returning back to a kneeling position over the jet and crossing her fingers. Her pulse quickened and she held her breath as the engines could be heard whirring and beginning to whistle. She jumped to her feet in excitement, but as she did a high-pitched scraping sound could be heard and with a bang a burst of flame appeared at the intake and exhaust of the engine closest to her, and straight away the other spluttered and the whirring lowered in pitch before the engine died with a small puff.

Jade's hopes fell instantly, and turned immediately to frustration, which took no time to turn to anger. Her foot came up, and with an angry cry she smashed down on the aircraft, reducing the 1.5 billion dollar fighter jet to two 750 million dollar halves.

She fell to her knees in complete hopeless frustration. Looking across, the island was so close yet so far. There was no way she could swim six kilometres and still be in a condition to do anything at all, let alone fight. Her head fell to her hands and she closed her eyes, every idea possible running through her mind, the occurrences of the last few days repeating over and over as she tried to think of something that could help.

She was sitting like that for ten minutes before something Ms. White had said back in the technology laboratory of MI6 surfaced in her thoughts. More accurately, it was something she hadn't said, but which Jade's womanly perception had thought as odd but not had time to consider. *What was she saying*, Jade wondered, *oh yes! I had just asked her—*

Jade opened her eyes and stared into space as she recalled Ms. White's pause when she had asked about EmBiggening, then she remembered the woman saying there wasn't enough power in a DeBiggener. Jade's mind told her this was important somehow, but she didn't know how it helped.

As she pondered her eyes drifted over the wreckage of the F117 Stealth fighter in front of her, and her attention was caught by some flashes of light; tiny sparks from the vehicle's internal batteries as some piece of metal swayed to and fro against the live terminal. A little light bulb lit up in her head.

\* \* \*

Mariana Nightshadow's mind was filled with every lesson she had learnt in every training exercise, and she reassured herself over and over again as she shut the door from the utility room and turned around to face the inside of the island. Having no idea what to expect other than an incredible cavern full of intricate weapons and masses of enemies, she felt quite relieved at the sight of a plain featureless passageway lit with dull overhead lamps. In this light she saw a glint pass through the air in front of her – it was Dwayne and Dwight and she was comforted by their presence if nothing else.

One of her very first lessons came immediately into practice; that is, sneaking along mysteriously in high heels. Every female agent was taught the technique in the first week of training.

Mariana snuck along mysteriously in high heels. She was clad in the same light skirt with a split up the leg, though she had ditched her purse. Nor did she carry a weapon, except for those in her DeBiggener, which

was tucked into her top. There were plenty in the lid of the mascara-case device, though she intended to do some observation before rushing into action with guns blazing.

Two small voices in her ear urged her to slow down.

“We need to scan the walls first!”

Without reply, she disregarded the request of the men in the mosquito helicopter, which was hovering around her ankles, searching for hidden cameras or security equipment. She glanced at the black speck below as she overtook it, the movement of her leg buffeting the craft to the side. Complaints ensued, and she responded by turning down her earphone volume via the gem on her bracelet.

Coming to the end of the hallway, Mariana Nightshadow’s pulse rose in anticipation of what could be around the corner. She backed against the wall momentarily before edging up and full of suspense, she took a peek around the corner.

Her heart relaxed as she saw an empty short hall ending at a door. Telling herself to be calm, she went to the door and placed her ear on it... nothing. More confidently, she turned the handle and in a quick movement slipped through the opening to the other side.

In response, the sound of twenty five sub-machine guns cocking simultaneously could be heard, and twenty five men, kneeling or standing against the walls trained their weapons on the intruder. There was an individual without a weapon, who leaned casually against the door at the opposite end. Withdrawing a large cigar from his mouth, which belonged to a hardened and visibly scarred face, he blew a puff of smoke before standing slowly, eyes on the woman standing frozen at the entrance, and said “Take her.”

\* \* \*

At that time Roger Dark was almost directly overhead. After so much time searching, he had finally found what he was looking for; a ventilation shaft; a small grate tucked under a tuft of grass in a forested area beside the giant area of grass, which no doubt would serve as an airfield for the deliveries of weapons made to the island.

He had ReBiggened his jet to about five or six centimetres long, because its earlier size was great for avoiding the eyes of unwanted observers, but was not so good for flying for kilometres in circles; it would have taken twice as long. He flew away from the grate in the earth for a bit before turning back towards it, and prepared himself, strapping himself securely to his seat. A second before he was above his target, he yanked on the eject lever beside his chair.

Around him small charges exploded with a bang as his canopy blew off, and his chair shot into the air with crushing force. By now, however he was an experienced ejector, and didn't even blink with the painful pressure. At the peak of the chair's ascent, just as it was motionless, he hit his restraining belt and became free, pushing away from the chair into mid air. In front of him, the jet careened into a tree with a spectacular, deadly, explosion with flaming parts tumbling through the air. In reality the ball of flame was barely wider than the trunk of the small tree, and the tiny scraps of metal dropped to earth with wisps of smoke not dissimilar to a candle.

As the parachutes of the chair falling beside him opened, sending it off in another direction, Roger Dark pulled the cord of his own personal chute, and grasping the control wires, he steered himself in a graceful spiral to the grate of the ventilation shaft, which he passed through with trained precision. He felt immediately a quite strong current of air. It lifted him slightly back towards the grate, and he knew immediately that his descent would be long and frustratingly slow.

While he gently floated, Roger pulled out his DeBiggener and opened it, looking closely at the available vehicles. Glancing at the sides of the shaft below him, he saw there was a steep slope, which ended in a curved corner at the bottom, and a smile came across his face.

Connecting the terminals of the DeBiggener to the least likely vehicle imaginable, he pulled the release cord of his parachute before hitting the ReBiggen button. He was falling headfirst through the whistling air while the Porsche brand mountain bike ReBiggened in his hands. He spun himself in the turbulence until his feet found its pedals only seconds before the rubber of its tyres touched the bare metal of the side of the pipe with a squeal. He was screaming down the slope almost vertically, his eyes watering with the wind.

In moments the lower end of the pipe rushed towards him, and the bike levelled out in the small curve with a force almost as crushing as the

ejection seat, and he laughed a laugh of excitement as he shot along the ground with unbelievable speed, the gears screaming as they spun hundreds of times faster than they were designed to. Through watery eyes he saw light up ahead in the pipe; a ventilation shaft into a lit room.

The bicycle was slowing quickly with the resistance of the air around him, and as he came up to the opening in the side of the tunnel he noticed that deceleration was very sharp. Only when he came to a stop did he see that the tyres were melted, and laughed. Gently lowering the bike so as not to make a noise on the tin pipe, he walked across to the vent opening to look into the room.

He exclaimed to himself when he saw the contents. The first thing he saw was a girl, sitting in a chair, clad in a black skirt with a split up the side... it was Mariana Nightshadow. He saw that her feet were tied together, and her arms were behind the back of the chair, obviously tied. Opposite her was a man, whose face he couldn't see, but he was clad in a dark suit and held a cigar. In his other hand was a mascara case which was undoubtedly her DeBiggener. That was a problem; he couldn't allow that technology to escape. Around the two were six men, and there were probably more directly under the vent where Roger stood.

His plan had accounted for the young agent getting captured, and had reckoned on it being a diversion from his own attack, but now he realised he could create an even better situation by rescuing her, and thus having some help in attacking the base, not to mention saving an agent of very high potential. Besides, she was too sexy to abandon here.

Roger was contemplating how to initiate the rescue, when a phone rang and the man with the cigar retrieved a mobile from his pocket. Turning around to talk, Roger saw his face, which was scarred. Roger recognised him from the briefing as the topmost and most dangerous of the leaders in the weapons-dealing group. As he talked, his face scrunched up in confusion and surprise.

“A *what?* A *what* in the sub bay?”

Roger couldn't hear the words of the speaker, but he heard bursts and pops which, even through the phone line, were audibly gunshots.

“That's impossible! What? No, impossible!”

The man's face went whitish, and he signalled one of the guards, who followed him out of the room. *Well that was lucky*, thought Roger. Even better was that the guard who had left was the one who had been standing opposite the vent, so Roger could enter the room unnoticed.

First connecting the terminals of his DeBiggener to himself, he hopped over the edge and twirled, grasping the lip of the metal while dangling beneath it. At this moment he saw the six remaining men, one just beneath him, look at each other before advancing in a circle towards the bound agent. The one below Roger stepped forward enough that Roger had clear floor beneath him, and when he saw one of the guards grab the young female agent under the chin Roger performed his manoeuvre, simultaneously dropping and pressing the button of the cigarette case DeBiggener. He touched the ground, silently and full sized.

He saw Mariana Nightshadow's eyes, at first filled with fear, focus in Roger's direction and past the guard, and when she recognised him they filled with joy. He smiled in return, and as if bonded by a secret agent sixth sense, they made a move simultaneously.

Roger Dark kicked the back of the knees of the guard in front of him, who slipped backwards, and as he fell his gun flew out of his hands and into the air, where Roger caught it nimbly and fired into the chest of the guard next to him, who had spun around in shock, before landing a second kick in the chest of the first, lying on the ground.

At the same time, Mariana Nightshadow sprung strongly in a backwards arc. Though her bound feet were not tied to the chair, her hands were tied to the back, and she executed the manoeuvre with gymnastic flexibility, her shoulders twisting so that as she somersaulted backwards, her arms came from behind her head and ended up in front of her. As her legs came down from above she landed a strong kick on the face of the guard behind her, sending him reeling. When her feet touched the floor she converted her momentum by swinging the chair attached to her hands over her head, doubling over backwards, and striking the second man behind her with the piece of furniture.

She sprung back to her feet but was slowed by the heavy and unwieldy chair. Mariana was attempting to lift it again to counter the incoming strike of the guard on her left, while Roger was undertaking his own manoeuvre, namely striking the face of the remaining guard then following with a simultaneous chop on the elbow of the arm that held the man's weapon and a tap on the barrel of the weapon itself, sending it

arcng through the air, for Roger's free hand to grasp. Even while it was in the air, he had taken quick aim, and with extraordinary precision sent a nine millimetre piece of lead through the strands of rope that bound Mariana's feet.

With free legs, Mariana left the heavy chair on the ground and instead sent a spiralling kick into the guard whose hand was raised to strike her. The first guard, who had already gotten acquainted with the soles of her shoes, got another chance to meet them as she thrust her legs in the air, holding herself up on the chair and spinning, sending first one foot and then the other into his head, before landing with cat-like agility.

Roger, whose opponents were already motionless, gave a short clap of applause to the young secret agent as she looked around at the six soldiers lying haphazardly on the floor.

"Well, it looks like we're even," said Roger wittily, referring to his earlier rescue by Mariana, as he stepped over to untie the girl's bonds. As soon as her hands were free they shot around his neck and she planted a passionate kiss on his mouth. Roger certainly didn't resist.

As they kissed, Roger felt Ms. Nightshadow trembling, and thought she was crying. He drew away and looked at her face, but was surprised to find a smile and sparkling eager eyes; she was trembling with excitement and adrenaline.

"You're really going to enjoy this job, I can tell," he said, knowing the feeling of danger, action and excitement that this young agent was only truly experiencing for the first time now. "Come on, we have work to do."

He bent down and with a quick flick of his Swiss-Army knife had removed the remains of the ropes from her heeled feet. Holding up the strands, he said casually, "do you always get so tied up in your work?" The girl responded with a dull questioning look, and he remembered her unresponsiveness to his last witticism. "Oh, forget about it."

"What do we do next?" she asked eagerly and full of energy.

"Well... save the world of course."

\* \* \*

Fifteen minutes earlier, Jade Jeffries was swimming through the cool night waters of the Mediterranean, just off the island holiday resort. 'Swimming' is a loose term; more accurately she was propelling herself along by pushing at coral reefs beneath her – silently gliding with only her head above the water.

She was feeling extremely positive. Firstly because she had succeeded in overcoming her difficulties with an ingenious solution, secondly because she was going to be able to help her fellow agents in the dangerous and potentially deadly imminent fight, and thirdly because she was making extremely good time. That is, at thirty metres tall she could probably overtake most boats.

Had Ms. White not paused when she had asked about EmBiggening, Jade would never have clicked and realised that all she had to do was wire the powered DeBiggener of the fighter jet to her own to give it enough electricity to enlargen herself. She knew it was absolutely forbidden by her MI6 regulations, but she was in dire need and had no alternative. At least that's what she'd tell Sir John.

Her hand came upon a shallower rock outcrop; it must have been only a few metres above the surface. She considered for an instant that she might have to stand up and wade her way onto the island if it got too shallow, but after groping around in front she found that the rock fell away into some kind of trench after that. She pushed forward, her body breaking the surface as she slinked up and over the obstacle.

Instantly she found that the chasm was indeed deep; she could barely stand up straight in it; and it was at least wide as it was deep, and of course it clicked – this was the submarine entrance. A skilled captain could easily navigate this trench. This would lead to the underwater gateway in the cliff face that Roger had reported finding to Sir John.

And so Jade began gliding through the water in the trench to the island. She was nearing the cliff face when something told her, a sixth sense perhaps, that something was amiss. She paused, and heard nothing but the gentle lapping of tiny waves against her own giant body. Then she noticed a swishing water sound that did not rise and fall rhythmically like that of the waves. She stood for the first time in a while, to listen.

She had her legs slightly apart, and she became aware of a black shape in the already dark water beneath her. She jumped, thinking instantly of some dangerous water creature such as a shark, but of course there were

no sharks that were even comparable to her in size. After barely a moment she realised – it was a submarine. Clenching her teeth, she spread her legs even wider with the most subtle of movements; even the slightest sound could be heard underwater.

The black shape grew larger in size beneath her as it came silently from behind. She bit her lip as she felt water swishing through her legs. Thinking of the conning tower, she raised herself onto her toes in an extra effort to gain height, and did so luckily, as the tip of the huge underwater craft just barely scraped through without hitting her. In moments the black shape was past her legs and she breathed a sigh of relief.

She dared not move until she saw a blue glow appear in the water at the cliff face – the entrance. Slinking back into the water silently, she pushed herself off as slowly as possible, and drifted to the cliff by the time the end of the long black shape was entering the glowing hole in the rock. As quietly as possible, she dropped her head underwater and opened her eyes. She saw the circular gateway and the dark shape entering the light blue glowing tunnel through it.

Jade popped up quickly for a breath before diving, but by the time she submerged the gate was fast closing, and was almost shut. She cursed, and pondered what to do. Her decision didn't take long to make. She could either wait there indefinitely, or pry the door open and give herself away, initiating a full attack, albeit with a veritable size advantage.

Even in the short time it took to deliberate, the heavy steel gateway had shut. With her head above water she ran her fingernails over its surface before detecting the tiny gap where the doors met, and after taking a deep breath she dropped down into the water. She pushed first her fingernails in, before squeezing a finger, then another, into the gap. As she pulled hard, she heard the whining of steel and crunching of motor gears trying to oppose her. Of course the machines were no match for her, and after several more seconds of torturous squealing of metal, the giant steel doors gave way.

After another deep breath, Jade Jeffries dived under the surface, and grasping the doorway into the inner island, surged forward into the bright blue tunnel. The passageway was only just big enough for her; she could kick, but not use her arms to swim, and she was running out of air as she was nearing the end. As Jade got to the exit where the tunnel opened up into some larger area beyond, she was desperate for air. The submarine, slower than her, was blocking the exit, and she grasped its fins and gave it

an almighty push. It skewed out of the way and she thrust herself into the open area, which luckily was open above.

Jade broke the surface with a giant explosion of water and gulped down the sweet air. When she settled back into the water, still breathing heavily, she wiped her hair out of her eyes and looked around her. She stopped, frozen.

Around her were forty or more men with sub-machine guns standing around the edge of the giant pool, which was a submarine bay, all training their weapons on her. She paused in fright, the dreaded feeling of capture freezing her. They paused in fright. She waited, paused, while they waited. Suddenly Jade realised, *wait... why am I waiting?* A smile crept over her face, and the men around her backed away nervously.

One of these men grabbed a phone on the wall and in a hurried panic hit the button to call his superior to tell him what just appeared in the sub bay, and through the line was transmitted the sounds of shouting, firing and yelling, before the man on the phone himself let out a muffled cry as the air was knocked from his lungs.

\* \* \*

Mariana Nightshadow and Roger Dark were about to decide upon their next actions when the alarm went off. It was a loud siren, with a flashing light in the corner of the room activating.

“I think we have a friendly visitor in the sub bay,” commented Roger dark, referring to the phone call the leader had received only two minutes earlier, as he reloaded the two weapons he had acquired in the short fight. He had a pretty good idea who it was, and fully intended to help in the battle.

In moments, the siren ceased but the light continued flashing, and replacing the noise came a voice on a loudspeaker, announcing a general mobilisation and evacuation.

“Dammit!” exclaimed Roger. “We have to stop them! Whatever they have here, we can’t let it get off the island, especially the Zeus weapons. If they do; we may never get them. I want you to stop whatever you can from leaving. Find the hangars, docks, garages, whatever ...and blow up anything that moves!”

Mariana was dumbfounded for a moment and called after Roger as he shot out the door, before her wits kicked her to action. Exiting the room, she quickly saw several signposts in the hallway, where she had to dispose of two soldiers who had come upon her in their hurry. The signposts indicated in one direction the Sub Bay where Roger was heading and Hangars, and in the other were Garages and a Harbour. She decided upon the latter.

\* \* \*

Roger Dark didn't need the signs pointing to the submarine bay; he simply followed the sound of gunshots. He didn't encounter much opposition; either they must all be busy in the battle to which he was hurrying, or they all were already mobilising.

The hallway he was following opened up into a large storage area piled with crates. At either end were large steel doors; both closed. On one was written 'Hangar' and on the other was 'Sub Bay', so naturally he went in this direction. There were soldiers running about the vast hall and they didn't notice him as he snuck around the edge to the large gateway. In addition to the gunshots, he heard heavy thumping and thuds, and his curiosity grew.

Suddenly several men burst from a normal-sized door adjacent to the hangar door and fled. Roger looked at them in surprise. *Why are they running?* They seemed panicky and terror-stricken.

With suspense mixed with adrenaline, Roger checked that both of his guns were fully loaded and cocked, before kicking the smaller door open and bursting into the room. Though fully prepared for a gunfight, the sight before him made him freeze in surprise, and he could only watch in horrified slow motion as a giant object hurled down at lighting speed, to inevitably crush him flat.

\* \* \*

It was some kind of sixth sense that made Jade Jeffries' hand seize and stop as if it had been electrically shocked, just as she had been about to slap the newest intruder into the ground. She gasped as she saw a black dinner suit when she withdrew her hand.

“Roger!”

“What the...” was all the surprised and shocked man could say, looking up at his own partner, thirty metres tall and rising out of the waters of the submarine bay. She was huge, and his mind cast instantly back to the last time she had appeared on the horizon, stepping over the towns of the Spanish coast to fight the evil giant robot. Water dripped and splashed from her body onto the concrete surrounding the long pool, and Roger saw sprawled bodies of unconscious soldiers lying scattered over the entire room.

He was just opening his mouth, about to utter an exclamation, when the sounds of shots rang out and small puffs of explosions appeared around the door through which he had just come. Jade jumped in fright, and with lightning wit and even faster reflexes, she snatched up Roger Dark in her fist and plunged under the water just as the air where he had been standing exploded in gunfire from the horde of arriving troops.

She opened her eyes under the water and was hit not only with tens of minute and ineffectual bullets, but also a strange sense of déjà vu as she saw the tiny white streaks of the bullets piercing the blue water around her, looking like rain. It was actually a very pretty sight, but she had no time to marvel. Throwing an arm out of the pool, she blindly swiped around the surface, keeping her head down in the water to avoid the bullets, which stung despite being slowed. She struck several objects, but her blind attack only served to make the other soldiers back out of arms' reach and continue firing.

Knowing she had to surface both for air and to rid herself of the attackers, Jade was about to leap out of the pool when she stopped herself, remembering that even though she was essentially impervious to the small bullets, her partner Roger, whom she held submerged in her hand, was not. In order to keep him safely protected under the water, she had to get him air somehow, and her wits kicked in. Thrusting her head out of the water Jade took a deep and hurried breath while stung viscously by the firing.

Dropping back into the water, she held Roger to her face and looked straight at him. His look was that of panic, as he was helpless in the palm of his own partner and running out of breath, but as soon as he saw her face he relaxed as his trust returned and visibly showed itself in his expression. Jade then puffed her cheeks, and pushed the top of Roger's head to her lips.

Pursing her lips tightly so as not to allow water in, she pushed her own partner's tiny body into her mouth, her lips sliding over his face and finishing firmly pressing around his waist. Roger took his cue and took a deep breath from the air in her cheeks, and Jade, needing both arms, withdrew him quickly and wedged him head first between her legs, not at all ashamed, as the man was already quite familiar with that part of her body.

The soldiers in the submarine bay, having gained some confidence as their giant opponent had withdrawn into the water, were greeted by the astounding sight of the woman's glistening thirty-metre body surging out of the pool, covering the entire cavern with water. Stunned and astounded, the men had no chance as she swiped at their platoons from waist deep water in the dock. Some men she simply slapped, others she grabbed in her wrist and tossed behind her, indifferent as to where they landed. In a matter of seconds the guns were silent, as there were no more soldiers conscious to use them.

Jade reached down to her crotch and found the feet of Roger Dark. Pulling him out like a carrot, she inverted him and landed him safely, but sopping, on his feet on solid ground.

"And I always thought marine biology was boring," he said. There wasn't a situation on earth that didn't need a witty comment.

"Unfortunately we don't have much time for you to explore the subject," returned Jade.

Both laughed simultaneously, their witty facades giving way to the obvious joy at having found each other, each being the most trusted (and perhaps even loved) person to the other. It was strange because with their size difference they couldn't greet each other properly and Jade found herself simply putting a finger to the small man's chest, which he grasped in affection.

He was soaked, and she brought her hand behind him, pinching the back of his collar between her fingers. He was lifted slightly from the ground by her imprecise strength, but managed to slip out of the wet jacket with grunt of thanks.

"So what's your story? You look larger than life," he questioned.

“Maybe it’s just my big personality,” Jade returned, before a siren in the distance brought them back to business,” But in any case, I don’t have time to explain now. I have to get through that hangar door. What is actually in here?”

Roger explained briefly about the vehicle bays, harbour and hangars he had seen on the map, while backing away to let Jade get out, so she could get to the giant gate that was behind him. The ceiling was relatively low. At waist height in water her head was almost touching it, and he could see she was going to have to crawl. He watched as she turned away, her body glistening with the water, clad of course only in her black underwear.

Jade pushed herself up backwards out of the water, and from behind her Roger marvelled at her fantastic figure rising gracefully with its heavy slowness out of the water, but winced when he saw her backside land squarely on one of the unconscious men who was unlucky enough to have landed next to the pool. His body disappeared under the wet and transparent silk of her underwear. Her head was doubled over in the low ceiling, and to right herself she brought her legs out to the side and onto solid ground, leaning back onto her arms. Roger didn’t even want to know what happened to the poor man who was underneath her as she completed this manoeuvre.

The beautiful giant rolled to her side to face Roger, her long legs stretched out along the edge of the pool, and the secret agent watching her stood stunned with the amazing sight. She looked at him watching her and smiled.

“Well, are you going to open the door for me? Manners!”

Roger Dark snapped back to attention and headed out through the small-person door to the other side, and activated the controls for the big-person door. The heavy gate creaked to life and slowly rolled to the side. In seconds a giant shape, with glistening black hair swaying, floated through the gap, followed by slinking shoulders as Jade crawled on all fours out into the great storage area. At that moment there was a loud resonating clap that sounded like some sort of explosion, and both secret agents cast their mind to the young agent on her first highly dangerous mission.

“Well I’m pretty sure I can handle myself if you want to go and lend a hand,” said Jade to Roger who stood next to her arm, which was more than half as wide as he was tall.

On the other side of the hall there was a roaring of a motor and a large armoured car shot in through the gate and screeched to a halt, a cannon on its roof swinging in her direction. At this intrusion Jade grasped the nearest object and sent it flying. The crate, seconds earlier a heavy object sitting solidly on the ground, was now a heavy object tumbling momentarily through the air, and when it struck the car both were smashed into unrecognisable scraps of metal.

“Good shot,” remarked Roger, as he was whisked from the ground, a giant kiss planted over his face and deposited on a gangway high above the floor. He was about to turn around to make a request, but Jade was a step ahead of him and he nimbly caught the two guns that had been tossed in the air toward him. With a knowing smile, he turned and ran towards the door.

\* \* \*

Moments earlier, Mariana Nightshadow was skulking through passageways in the direction of the garages. When she arrived she was greeted by the sight of a giant hall, illuminated by neon lights on the ceiling which was supported by giant I-beams and along which ran enormous cranes with heavy claws the size of a car. In front of her were rows upon rows of tanks and other armoured monsters, and the reason for the apparent emptiness of the facility’s passageways was apparent; all the men had been making their way here and were now busy clambering into the vehicles.

The young agent became suddenly overcome with fear and awe at the might of the seemingly innumerable enemy, and she froze, unable to take action. She simply stared into the vast hall, until an idea dawned on her, and the trust that Sir John had put into the trainee paid off. Adrenaline rushed into her veins and Mariana gathered her wits.

Metres away was a ladder, and sliding over to it unnoticed, she climbed towards the control box to which it led. Her guess as to its purpose was correct; it controlled the cranes, which a man was busy operating, shifting racks and huge boxes of munition from her to there. Mariana disposed of him with a quick chop to the neck and resumed his seat at the controls.

Grasping one of the unlabelled levers, she simply pushed it to determine its function, and fifty metres in front of her a stack of tank shells fell heavily onto one of the vehicles, crushing it. A shiver of excitement shot

through the girl, and hitting more levers, she found the giant crane swinging towards her. When it was above a tank, she pushed as many controls as possible before the giant pronged gripper fell onto the unit below it, and with a bit more testing she found herself lifting the heavy tank in the air, realising it was exactly the same as the games in arcades, the aim of which is to grasp fluffy toys, only her toys were much bigger, heavy, and contained more enemy soldiers than those in the glass cabinets.

Jerking a lever back and forth, she managed to swing the crane and when she released the tank it fell heavily on its side, careening into the one next to it, smashing them both. The soldiers around the hall were panicked and dumbfounded. Ms. Nightshadow saw some of the armoured vehicles beginning to exit through a vast gate opposite her. Thrusting the crane forward, she managed to pick up one of the tanks that was turning to exit, and it was high off the ground when the crane reached its limit just before the door. Mariana tossed the giant tank against the wall above the gate and watched it smash heavily to the ground, concrete following it and the whole mess of rabble blocking the exit. She jumped in excitement.

Only then did she notice one that one of the crews had their wits collected, because one of the tank turrets was turning in the direction of the control box where she sat. Facing certain death if they struck her, she slammed on the controls, and the crane whirred along the ceiling. With heart pumping, she saw the barrel of the vehicle jerk and stop, pointing straight at her, and as if in slow motion she saw the arm of the crane coming between her and the puff of smoke that appeared instantly around the tank as it fired, jolting heavily. The crane exploded instantly, and Mariana watched in stunned awe. There was a giant squealing sound, and almost instantly, the giant I-beam which supported it bent, then as if with a scream of agony it buckled and the entire thing crashed with an almighty screech of metal onto the tanks below it. Tens were destroyed instantly.

When a fire erupted around the debris of the tanks, Mariana Nightshadow knew it was time to leave, and just as she had made her way out and backed into the passageway from which she had come, there was a thundering clap as some of the munition detonated simultaneously, and the secret agent was bowled over with the rush of hot air that burst from the large hall.

\* \* \*

The mangled wreck of the door that said ‘Garages’, covered in concrete dust on the ground, and the smell of hot exploded gunpowder and fuel emanating from the hole in front of him told Roger Dark that the new agent must be doing quite well. He just hoped she wasn’t part of the strewn wreckage before him.

With lightning fast thinking and a photographic memory of the map he had seen, he made the assumption that Ms. Nightshadow would be on her way to the harbour (if alive of course), and oriented himself quickly and set off in the appropriate direction. He encountered very little opposition, having to dispose of only two enemy soldiers on the way. He was almost there when he saw someone he completely didn’t expect.

“What the... what are you doing here? This is dangerous ...I have to get you out of here!” said Roger.

The sight that had greeted his eyes was a splendid one; gliding gracefully out of a side door was a figure in a golden bikini, a transparent yellow sarong tied around the slim waist of a perfect body. It was the girl he had seen by the pool as he had taken off in the jet, the very same one who he had somehow recognised, but struggled to remember how. With the urge to protect the precious and beautiful woman overwhelming his other senses, Roger didn’t even consider why she was underground in this military base at all.

The girl stopped, startled, before stuttering “Oh, thankyou, I... don’t know how I got here... I must be lost–” and Roger didn’t question her sincerity. She seemed no more than twenty, twenty-two, and her innocent looking eyes did all the convincing.

“Follow me,” said Roger, glancing in all directions before turning to lead her out of the complex, a hand behind him to keep her close and out of danger.

He had taken only a few steps before he felt a blinding smack to the back of the head. It was in this moment, as his vision darkened and he spun around to see his assailant, that his brain made a connection. In the groggy, dreamlike moment in which he saw through blurry vision the girl’s face, he recognised how he knew it. He had seen those features before, many times before. They were the features of his arch enemy, Count Van Zant. The young woman was his daughter.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, a Ms. Jade Jeffries had resorted to commando-crawling. She had been on hands and knees in the great storage area, where each shuffle forward had strewn crates and boxes and crushed equipment, but here in the sloping passageway that was marked 'To Hangar' and would happily fit four trucks wide, she was forced onto her stomach to crawl.

It was a bad situation, since she would have little defence if someone were to drive up behind her legs and attack her, but she had had no choice but to use the tunnel, and when she reached a slight corner and found that it hit the gate to the hangar, she was very relieved. There was a large control panel on the wall, and with her fingernail she tapped the green button, though it smashed to pieces with her delicate touch and the doors moved only fractionally.

Pushing her fingers in the gap she gave the heavy steel gates a shove and they slid apart. There were men on the other side; one heard the noise and spun around, fainting almost instantly, and his comrades turned and fled at the sight of the giant woman looming ominously in the doorway above them.

The view that greeted her consisted of jet planes directly in front of her; Mig-27 fighter jets, she noted, and behind them were rows of dozens more. To either side were more rows, and off in the other corners were various types of other aircraft, both small and large. She gasped. It was unbelievable that this illegal, evil group had amassed such a large arsenal of weapons.

From the other side directly opposite her shone bright coloured lights indicating laneways and pilot instructions, and she saw it led to a giant elevator. Onto it was taxiing a fighter, and another sat beside it already prepared to be lifted up to what was presumably an airfield on the surface.

Jade knew that she need not destroy every single plane; she only had to deactivate the elevator and the operation would be grounded. Grasping the walls to either side, she pulled herself heavily into the hangar, which thankfully was much higher and she would be able to crawl. She paid no heed when her chest fell on the limp man on the ground in front of her, and in fact she nearly crushed him under her knee when she raised herself and began crawling in the lane between the jets.

There were men running frantically in all directions; some frozen in shock, already in their planes, and some simply running in sheer panic. Ms. Jeffries hoped sincerely that none of those in the cockpits would have the bright idea of firing a missile at her when she crawled past. Even one unarmed would do her a whole lot of damage. She kept an eye on the men in the jets to either side just in case, and when she saw one of them hitting buttons in front of him she brought her fist up, slowed by her size, then slammed down on the glass canopy, the front wheel strut snapping in two and the rear end of the plane tipping high in the air as the nose was flatted to the ground with a shattering of glass and crunching of metal.

Jade shook her head like a mother telling off a child, and to the side there was a bang and a projectile shot in front of her; a glass canopy, as a pilot had ejected in fright, careening straight into the roof. *Stupid!* thought Jade. In moments she had reached the elevator, and as soon as she had even touched the metal of its floor there was aloud whirring and it jolted to life. Hurriedly, Jade gripped the edge and pulled herself strongly up onto the ascending tier, knocking one of the metre-long planes with her thigh in doing so.

The empty dark sky was overhead and the cool of the night air struck her immediately and she was pleased to be out of the cramped claustrophobic tunnels and halls. Turning and kneeling simultaneously, she had one knee on either side of the nose of the jet she had bumped, and the pilot inside was looking straight up at her, absolutely awestruck. In an effort to disable the lift, she shoved the plane backwards so its tail slid into the rapidly closing gap between the floor and the ceiling of the receding hangar, but the lift was powerful, and with a screeching of steel and aluminium the fighter jet simply sheared in two, the elevator jolting but otherwise not slowed by the effort. Jade held now only the front end of the otherwise mighty jet in her hands. She would have to find another way to stop the lift when she reached the surface.

Turning her attention to the other jet beside her, whose pilot was frozen in shock, she put two fingers on the glass and tore away the canopy. The man inside began to unbuckle his belt in panic, but the last straps were snapped when Jade Jeffries wrapped her hand around him and tore him out of the cockpit.

“How can you work for such an evil group of people?” she questioned the man in her fist in front of her stern face. He shook his head in disbelief.

With a finger of her other hand she flicked his helmet, knocking him out cold, and tossed him to the side. Just to be safe that the plane would not be a threat once more, she put two fingers in the cockpit and tore the large steel joystick from the floor with a tiny snap. With that, the secret agent stood in her large slow movements to her feet, and wondered what the sight that would greet her on the surface would be.

\* \* \*

The sight that greeted Roger Dark however, would be much different. Opening his eyes groggily, he stared straight into the face of a young woman, at which the last thoughts that had crossed his mind before he had blacked out returned to him, and a wave of anger and hate washed over him, despite the girl's otherwise beautiful appearance.

The head in his vision was connected to a neck, not surprisingly, which was connected to a body, that ended under his chin, and he became aware of a strong pressure on the sides of his head, and realised that he was on his back and she kneeled on his chest with his head between her legs and was attempting to interrogate him. He felt his hands bonded behind his back by a belt, and knew that he must have only been unconscious shortly for her to have only managed such makeshift bondages. The pressure on his ears increased sharply and painfully, and he focussed back on her face.

“Who are you, and how many are with you!?!” she commanded with another strong squeeze from the thighs. Roger grunted but was silent, though not out of cowardice; in fact he was busy concentrating on the escape plan that he had already begun to put into effect. “What is that *thing* in the submarine bay!?!”

Though the squeezes from the girl were really very painful, Roger was quite effectively manipulating the DeBiggener he had awkwardly slipped out of his back pocket with his bound hands, and just as another demanding question ensued, followed by the obligatory clamping of his head, he managed to push the electrodes in his back and hit the go button.

The girl above him, presumedly bearing the same title of Van Zant, stared in shock as with her last squeeze of the thighs, the face between her legs slipped and vanished, as if her squeeze had squashed him completely away, her legs slapping together and her sarong, which had been rolled up under his chin, slid back down her thighs.

She stared blank-eyes for a moment, before looking to either side and behind her in absolute dumbfounded amazement. She spread her legs and looked at the ground between her knees as if it would hold some clue to the man's disappearance.

Directly in her gaze, but two feet lower and looking up in the opposite direction, was a Mr. Roger Dark, arms grasping strongly the fine threads of the transparent silk of the giant sarong for which he, with super fast reflexes, had lunged when the huge walls of the now colossal girl's thighs had parted. They had squashed him together with a slap when he had DeBiggened down to a minute size, and luckily he had been able to wriggle out of the belt that now lay curled loosely around one of his wrists, because had he not been able to grab a strand of the material above him, he would have plunged to his death on the ground under the crotch of the young, though evil, woman.

Unluckily though, was that in doing so the DeBiggener had fallen itself to its death, and now he had to somehow disable an enemy that could pop him in her fingers if she found him. Roger made a quick and wise decision and decided that an attack was his least promising manoeuvre, and went in favour of concealment so he wouldn't run the risk of the popping between the fingers. With a quick swing he lunged for another thread and grasped it nimbly, and although he felt agile and strong at his small size, when he saw that he had covered the distance of one thread, and that there were many hundreds, if not thousands, more to the relative safety of her bikini bottom, he became slightly disheartened.

He forgot this worry quickly enough though, when his stomach went to his mouth as he fell through a giant arc, jolting roughly and coming to a swinging halt as he realised that Van Zant's giant daughter had risen to her knees, her crotch now dauntingly high overhead. He braced his arms against the fabric's threads in preparation for what promised to be a hellish ride as the girl was going to stand and assumedly walk, or worse, run.

Something occurred other than what he anticipated; from high above there was a thud and the grunt of a female voice, and another stomach wrenching fall made him grit his teeth as he swung, this time to the side, and struck the soft wall of the girl's thigh with a painful slap. Lying on his back on her skin with the silk sarong holding him firmly flat, he realised that she herself was on her side, and between the threads he saw another figure towering monstrously high above him, the legs that were to

either side leading to a black skirt that clung to curved hips, which belonged to the concerned and peering face of Mariana Nightshadow.

\* \* \*

The young secret agent peered intensely at the ground. She had seen, without any doubt, a pair of black trousered legs slip away under the backside of the girl who now lay unconscious on her side at Mariana's feet, and vanish with a speed that could only be due to DeBiggening, and thus the man that she sought around the body of the young woman could only be Roger Dark.

Tossing aside the pistol that she had used to knock her out, Mariana hitched her skirt and crouched further, peering intently, though not moving her feet in case the man was somewhere around her high heels, and hoping that he was not already under them. Had she remembered to turn her earphone volume back up, she would have heard the man calling to her via the radio communicator in his watch, but this was the difference between an experienced agent and one who was on her first real mission.

Luckily the ground was a plain light grey and it was easy to scan; unless he was too small to see, which she hoped he was not, then she ruled that he would be on the floor (unless of course he was a small red dot on the underside of her high heel), and began to scan the body of the girl.

Crouching even lower, Ms. Nightshadow peered ever more closely at the smooth legs, the white bikini, and the yellow, floral patterned sarong before a tiny discontinuity of colour caught her eye, and when the black and white speck flashed as if moving, she whirled and kneeled down beside the girl's thigh. Crouching over so her face was barely three inches from the silk, Mariana's heart leapt as she verified that the speck was in fact a tiny man.

With a racing pulse she steadily and deliberately rolled back the sarong up to the speck, then gently lifted it to peer underneath. Her heart stopped – he was gone, but she breathed again when she lowered the material and discovered that she had lifted him up, as he was actually stuck between strands, obviously having tried to get out. Struggling not to let her warm breath blow him away, Mariana Nightshadow craned her neck as she as delicately as possible pushed the man from beneath the fabric, and saw him tumble out free, before nimbly orienting himself on the surface.

Wetting her finger with her tongue, she pressed him as lightly as possible, then when he stuck to the tip of her finger she rose to a kneeling position. Realising he couldn't communicate, she remembered about her earphone and with her free hand turned the dial on the bracelet.

"Ms. Nightshadow," began a spitting and spluttering voice, "you're definitely the kind of girl a man would stick with."

Her puzzled look reminded the tiny Roger Dark on the end of her finger that she still wasn't in tune with the witty secret agent remarks.

"I'm so sorry Mr. Dark ...about my earphone. I totally forgot."

"There's no [spit] harm done ...this time. But you will never make that mistake again. You can't afford to make the same mistake twice in this business. And it's 'Roger'," replied the voice in her ear, "now let's get me ReBiggened, I'm sick of being wrapped around your finger."

This time the quip was lost because the young woman was already deep in thought as to how to do exactly that. She had lost her own DeBiggener to the man who had captured her earlier in the night, and obviously Roger's own was no longer functioning. Suddenly for the first time she remembered about the two other agents; Dwayne and Dwight. She called their names.

"We're here!" came the response.

"Why haven't you ReBiggened to help out?" she exclaimed. A list of lame excuses followed, and she cut them off in annoyance. "Just give me your DeBiggener!"

Scanning the air for the mosquito while another list ensued, this time of protests, Mariana Nightshadow found the tiny craft and, cupping her free hand around it, wafted it towards her wide open mouth. Panicked and this time consenting shouts rang in her ear and she rotated her hand close underneath the little helicopter, and commanded the men to drop their DeBiggener out the window.

"Is it done?"

"Yes," said the two men submissively, before one of them added "ma'am" and their mosquito-like craft lifted off away from their intimidating partner.

“Here you go,” said the beautiful agent almost caressingly as if the man on the end of her finger were a little pet that she had to protect from bullies. She carefully touched her finger to her palm, and wiggled her skin until Roger Dark came loose and fell into her palm. He couldn’t even resist telling her that she had him in the palm of her hand, to which he at least got a smile from the giant face peering down at him.

She watched him walk around her cupped hand looking for the tiny device, before realising it would be flatter and easier if she stretched it out. He stumbled when she did so, and she apologised, but her breath knocked him completely over and he had to politely ask her to refrain from apologising. The black and white speck zigzagged back and forth over her skin before finally pausing in one place. It grew quickly and became a very distinguishable Roger Dark. Mariana picked him up in her finger’s before exclaiming “Eew, you’re wet! ...Oh... yes, of course,” and placed him on the ground at her feet.

The small man almost instantly grew larger, though Mariana was standing too close and he brushed up her legs and with a suave manoeuvre finished full sized with the girl in his arms.

“Well it looks like you’re one up,” he said smoothly, as smoothly as anyone soaked in a woman’s saliva can be, “it looks like I’m going to have to save you again to make it even.”

The young woman giggled excitedly before a loud thud somewhere in the distance reminded them of their mission.

“Oh, yes, did I mention that Ms. Jeffries is a hundred feet tall?”

\* \* \*

When the elevator was a hundred feet from the surface, Jade’s eyes came over the lip of the walls surrounding it and saw the scene on the airfield above. Just near her were at least a dozen fighter jets lined up towards the other end of the airfield, waiting to turn around and take off, with several already in the air high above. There also were two giant transport aircraft, mammoth things that she recognised to be Russian Antanovs, also waiting to disembark, probably with a dangerous payload.

Without waiting, Jade crouched and sprung mightily, and at her size she was a heavy object, and her effort shook the earth and only just got her

arms up on the edge. As she did so she felt the elevator give way under the strain and heard a snap, and laughed to herself, *well that's one problem solved.*

The tiny men around her on the airfield turned in horror to see the giant female body clamber and rise slowly out of the pit where they had expected to see fighter jets, her hair swinging like huge cables from side to side and the ground trembling when she planted her feet solidly on the surface. Rising up to full height, her head disappeared in the night sky as the lights of the airfield only managed to light up her lower body with a dim glow.

The waiting pilots watched in horror as the pair of giant legs, clothed in black underwear and with the dim outline of a dark brassiere high in the sky, began walking with slow and thunderous steps towards them, with the ground crew running in panic at her feet. The stars disappeared as the towering body approached, and the closest of the pilots trembled in fright as a dim giant leg rose over his craft.

Ms. Jeffries watched the commotion around her feet on the grey and shadowy airfield, which she realised had to be concrete with some kind of fake grass. Her leg was raised, and she brought her foot down just behind the canopy of the closest jet. It crumpled like a toy, metal squealing and a small fire erupting at the rear. Seeing the possible danger as the engines lit up, Jade stooped and grasped both ends of the plane, which bent in the middle thanks to the giant imprint of her foot which had flattened its structure. She got a shock as the canopy burst open with a bang and an ejection seat shot out in front of her face, but she gathered her wits and tossed the craft forward at the other waiting craft, the fire at the back leaving a trail of black smoke that disappeared in the dimness.

The craft tumbled slowly through the air, and collided with a waiting jet, exploding instantly, destroying the neighbouring aircraft. Near her shoulder Jade saw a drifting piece of material, which she grabbed and held high, the helpless occupant of the ejector seat parachute swinging in front of her chest. Wrapping her hand around the whole assembly, she snapped the strings of the parachute, which she let drift away, and hurled the heavy seat and its occupant with unbelievable force at one of two jets that had cut the queue and was attempting to escape. Her throw was accurate, and it smashed a devastating hole in the tail of the aircraft, sending it swerving off the airfield.

The second was gathering speed and was approaching Jade's end of the runway. It was nearing take-off when the giant secret agent met it with a perfectly timed kick, and though the force of the collision scratched her foot somewhat, the fighter jet came off worse and was sent flying, a crumpled wreckage that struck the ocean hundreds of metres away.

There was little chance of escape for the other half dozen or so remaining aircraft, as Jade Jeffries, secret agent, brought down her foot on one after the other, reducing the mighty craft to ineffectual lumps of scrap. She seemed like she almost enjoyed it, like a kid jumping through puddles. When she looked up, however, she saw that the first of the giant aircraft was already in motion and hurtled powerfully along the runway.

The aeroplane was enormous; even longer than Jade was tall. With little other chance of stopping the momentous craft, she stepped onto the runway and dived at it. She hit the top of the oncoming cargo plane, hearing crunches from the undercarriage, with her arms wrapped around its hull behind the wings and her legs dangling on either side of its nose, her feet skimming the top of the runway as it careened forward. Though it no longer had a chance of taking off, the powerful engines thrust the craft and its new cargo further, and Jade had the fear that she would be pushed over the edge.

Digging her feet into the ground she pushed hard against the momentum, and her legs wrapped around the hull just behind the cockpit. She tensed and inadvertently squeezed her legs together, crushing the body of the plane between her thighs. It quickly came to a halt, the engines whining and several stalling with puffs of smoke. Jade stood slowly and laughed inwardly when she looked at the sad wreckage of the monstrous beast; its hull squished in the middle by her own involuntary tensing. She looked over to where the final aircraft, the second Antonov, lay helpless at the other end, waiting for its judgement.

“Well, well, well... now what do with do with you,” said Jade, half to herself. The men in the cockpit watched in awe, frozen, as the giant hips, high in the air, swung with each thunderous step that brought the dim body closer to their aircraft. She stepped over the wing and to the rear of the jet. Bending, she grasped the underside of the tail and heaved. The giant craft winced in pain until the wheels left the ground and the undercarriage dangled uselessly underneath. With the nose on the runway, Jade lifted the end high in the air until she leaned on it and held it firmly almost upright. Creaks and groans could be heard as the nose crumpled inwards. “Now, what do we have here?”

Planting a fingernail through the metal, she tore the rear doors away and reached into the cargo bay as if it were a lucky dip. Withdrawing her hand, she looked at what she had grasped.

“A Ferrari? You’ve got to be kidding me!” She tossed it aside, where it smashed to pieces in the forest below. With a second lucky dip she withdrew another car. “A Lamborghini? Much better, but we still haven’t got to the good stuff.”

The Lamborghini, however, she placed down gently at her feet. *Roger will like that*, she said to herself. When she withdrew a crate with the third attempt, she thought, *aahhhh! Now Sir John will like this!* On the side was written in small Russian text, ‘Weapon of Zeus’. This is what she after, and what she couldn’t allow to leave the island. It suddenly occurred to her that the first destroyed Antonov would have a similar cargo, and she whirled, dropping the aircraft with a thunderous crash, but she was already too late and there was a swarm of soldiers in a cordon at the open rear of the other aircraft. In their hands were strange looking weapons and she knew instantly that she should have taken care of those when she had had the chance.

\* \* \*

The passageways were almost empty as Roger Dark and Mariana Nightshadow ran through the complex, after having tied the unconscious woman to a pole, as Roger could afford neither to let her escape, nor to carry her with them while they fought. Most of the personnel were already in tanks or aircraft, or helping both the former depart (or more accurately, *had* been in tanks and aircraft, and *had* been helping them depart), and the remainder had to be in the harbour, where the two agents were currently heading.

They were running through a narrow passageway when they turned a corner, then came through heavy doors and into a large room, and stopped dead. This particular room was not empty, and every eye there turned to look at them. Roger saw in slow motion as thirty soldiers raised and cocked strange looking weapons that they held in their hands, and he knew instantly what type of dreaded weapon this was.

Over the top of thirty simultaneous electric hums that ascended in pitch, Roger shouted “Run!” and dragged Ms. Nightshadow by the arm back out of the room. No sooner had they dived through the doors, did a clap of

thunder ring out and one of the doors exploded in a burst of sparks. Two more followed and the concrete walls behind the agents received great black burn marks and a noticeboard nearby burst into flames.

“Shocking!” shouted Roger, while Mariana quivered in fright, having never encountered such fierce and real combat. They ran behind the corner, only barely escaping several more lightning bolts. With adept speed Roger whipped out his DeBiggener and ReBiggened two assault rifles, tossing one to the young agent, who forced herself to calmness and pointed it around the corner, shooting wildly with the only intent to buy some time.

Roger Dark ignored her questioning shouts of what to do, since he was already engaging a plan. She glanced and saw him placing several small objects on the ground, turned and resumed firing and by the time she looked back there were four round objects beside him and a tank; less than a metre wide in the small passageway.

“What do you expect to do with that?” shouted Mariana desperately.

“Blow something up of course,” and with that he reached around the young woman and tossed into the hallway, one by one, all of the round objects, which Mariana realised were ReBiggened fuel supplies, and then touched the DeBiggener to himself, and now at less than a foot high, sprang lightly up the side of the tank and slid gracefully down the hatch.

Understanding his plan, Ms. Nightshadow thrust the rifle around the corner while hearing a little V12 motor roar to life behind her, and fired until there was an explosion and a burst of heat from the hallway. Shortly there were three more identical simultaneous explosions and she stumbled back with the shock. There was a nudge on her ankle and she wobbled off-balance before spreading her feet wide, and the metre and a half long tank rolled and grumbled through her legs, her skirt draping over its turret as it pushed through.

It rounded the corner precisely, and Mariana poked her head around the wall, squinting against the heat, and saw the small armoured beast roll into the flames. Knowing the fire they had created wouldn't last long, she reloaded her own rifle and picked up Roger's, while hearing shouts and small explosive shots that could only be tank shells. A few thunder claps rang out and her heart froze, but she relaxed when she heard the shelling resuming.

Seeing the flames had died down to maybe a half metre high after only thirty seconds, Mariana prepared herself and with a rifle in each arm gritted her teeth and ran with closed eyes through the heat, grimacing at the pain. Without fear she executed a spectacular roll through the doorway, which had been blasted open, and finished on her knees, her weapons horizontal, and swept the entire room at chest height with both firing furiously.

The room became silent, except for the sound of the small crackling fire behind them in the passageway. From inside the tank directly in front of her came three tiny muffled claps of applause, and she stood slowly, her adrenaline slowing and finally allowing a smile to break out on her face. She lifted her leg and with a clinking sound put a heeled shoe on the turret of Roger's tank in triumph.

Stepping over the vehicle, she picked up one of the strange weapons that the soldiers had carried. Turning around to Roger, the turret swung to face her and she asked, "So this is—" but was cut off by a loud bang and jumped in fright. Smoke billowed around the small tank, which rocked from the recoil. Her heart stopped in horror – Roger had fired at her, and in that insane instant her mind raced through all the possible reasons her superior could have for betraying and killing her. Then she realised she wasn't actually dead, and her hands dropped to her side as she looked at herself. She was aware of a hot sensation between her legs, and looked down. There was a frayed hole in her skirt just above the knees, and the corners were red with burning threads.

Whirling around, there was a similar hole in the back of the skirt, and she looked behind her to the wall, where there was a man, a red patch in his chest. As he slowly reeled, the lightning gun that had been pointed at Mariana fell from his hands and he tumbled forward to the ground.

Mariana Nightshadow's head swam with the realisation of how close she'd been to being fried, and turned back towards Roger in the tank with a horrified look, before remembering to breathe again.

"Well, looks like were even again. Fair and square," came a tiny muffled voice from inside the metal machine.

\* \* \*

Jade Jeffries too was breathless. She had no idea of the potency of the weapons in the hands of the soldiers that formed a semicircular ring

arcing out from the tail of the destroyed cargo plane. She noticed however, that they cast a fine red laser line through some of the drifting smoke, which she first assumed to be an aiming device, but then realised was the laser that would ionise the air to create the path for the lightning bolt to follow.

One of the men stepped forward. Instead of a soldier's uniform, he was clad in a black suit, and though he was a mere ten or twelve centimetres relative to her, his features told her that he was the chief of the operation whom she had seen in the briefing.

Deliberating whether or not to take action, she flinched involuntarily, and at her size it was no subtle gesture. The man read the movement and to dissuade her he demonstrated by firing his weapon at the tail of the Antonov, which exploded in a burst of sparks and was left with a charred hole in the metal.

"Jade Jeffries, I presume!" he called up. Jade heard him as a just tiny distant echo (since her ears were twelve stories high up after all) but understood nonetheless.

"And you are?" she replied with a boom that made the soldiers tremble.

"The name's Barrak... you should know the name I think," came the reply. Jade racked her brain; it certainly was familiar, but she had the feeling it hadn't been in the briefing... instead somewhere in an MI6 file, "I guess Sir John Herringsworth didn't tell you the full story."

"My God – you're MI6!"

"Well done! I see they still teach how to put two and two together there in England," he said scornfully, at which some of the soldiers sniggered, assuming they were meant to. Instead he shouted "Shut up!"

"You're an operative in..." and she pondered, "...Siberia! And you died attempting to retrieve the Zeus!"

"Yes, well that's what I had Sir John believe of course."

"Well your going to die attempting to use it too!" and simultaneously with her witticism, Jade kicked suddenly and gave the black Lamborghini Diablo at her feet better acceleration than any car in the history of motorsport. It hurtled brutally through the air, striking the ground once

before splintering into pieces and removing three of the soldiers from existence.

Several more dived out of the way and some panicked too much to take action, though the better trained soldiers raised their weapons and fired quickly, but Jade was quicker and with adrenaline enhanced strength she had tipped the second Antonov on its side with one giant heave and several of the lightning bolts hit only the wide and thick wing, from which Jade received a small electric zap, but one hit her ankle and another her forearm, and she screamed in pain.

The bolts were a scorching burn on the skin where they hit, and they sent a convulsive shock through the entire limb. Despite the crippling pain, Jade managed to execute her instantaneous plan and gave the giant jet one more shove off balance. Like a toppling tower, it seemed to hover in the air before resolving to come crashing down, right on top of the remaining soldiers, who yelled in helpless terror. Ms. Jeffries forced herself to her feet despite the pain in her leg, and seeing that the soldiers in the centre of the cordon had escaped, having been between the giant wing and the rudder of the aircraft, she took a step over to them, following through with her second step and meeting the tiny body of one with her foot, sending him invisibly into the darkness of the air. There was a second man next to her other foot, which she raised over him. He dropped his weapon and turned to run, but stumbled in his panic. Rolling onto his back, he was just in time to see the dim sole of Jade's bare foot coming down on him.

Jade pressed down on the enemy soldier and winced with the horrible feeling of him being crushed underfoot – after all she didn't enjoy killing people, and she had never stepped on one, but in her rush had had little choice. Swallowing the feeling, she looked up and saw a final man running, and from his attire she knew it was the traitorous MI6 agent who had threatened her with his bold words only seconds before.

Of course he was no match and she was on top of him in a step. Stooping and scooping him up in her hand, she disarmed him with a flick and brought him to her face, her hand around his waist and his arms beating wildly against her thumb.

“Not quite so eager to chat now are we?”

“Do what you want! You can’t stop us!” he screamed, “do you think we planned to take you on with a few jets and tanks! You can’t stop us! Do what you want!”

“I plan to,” and with those words pulled open the cup of her brassiere, and imprisoned the man under the tight elastic. As she pushed him in, his jacket came off and a tiny object fell into her cleavage, which she removed and peered at. “Well I never? How did you come to get that?”

Despite its tiny size, Jade recognised the silver mascara case instantly. That certainly wasn’t standard issue for any old agent, and especially for him not the mascara version. It was of course the one he had obtained from Ms. Nightshadow.

Adjusting her bra for the extra cargo that was tucked, barely discernibly, under the tight material, Jade Jeffries considered what he had meant by his last sentence. The harbour had to be the only place left for any more weapons, but she couldn’t think what they could possibly have in which he would have so much faith.

Orienting herself with where she had entered the complex, she concluded that the harbour could only be under the huge mountain on the side of the island, and that there must be a secret seaside entrance. Stepping over the wreckage of the air fleet she had devastated, Jade Jeffries waded with earth shaking steps through the thick jungle, snapping vines and crushing undergrowth, the biggest mature trees reaching only just past her knees, until she reached the cliffs that dropped away to the water, and which she could follow to the point where the cliffs of the mountainside met the sea.

\* \* \*

At that moment, Roger Dark and Mariana Nightshadow were under the very same mountain, exactly where Jade had predicted the harbour would be. They came to a large steel gate which informed them that they had in fact reached it. With guns cocked and ready, muscles tense and ready to jump into action, the two agents backed up against the walls beside the door and Roger hit the switch.

With a metallic clang and the whirring of a motor, the doors came to life, and after what seemed a lifetime of suspense, they finished opening, and sharing a quick nod, the two agents sprung from their cover and whirled, weapons aimed and fingers itching on the triggers.

The sight they beheld was much less overwhelming than they had expected. There was nothing but pitch black, and further away, the light from the passageway behind them lit up a sloping grey wall. They realised they were in the light and simultaneously jump to either side of the door, backing to the wall and slinking a few feet away into the darkness.

“Anybody home?” whispered Roger.

Mariana became nervous. There was no sound but for a low throbbing in the background, and a metallic clinging in the distance. There was a muffled voice on a loudspeaker somewhere, but also distant. Suddenly the gate came back to life and started closing with a rattle, startling the tense young agent.

As the doors closed, even the dull grey wall ahead of them disappeared and they were in total blackness.

“Roger?” whispered Mariana.

He didn't reply, and her tension heightened.

In the distance a siren began sounding and echoed ominously around the space, which told both the agents that they were in a cavern of enormous proportions. Something flickered and both agents' heads shot in the direction. Far to one side, two red flashing lights turned on, spinning and sending a dim light around the hall, but it was too big and the lights too weak to make any shapes out.

Seconds later, a distant mechanical throb began, and after some clanking a thin dark blue vertical slit appeared in the blackness. It grew wide and both agents realised it was a door. It was huge, perhaps fifteen metres high (though it was hard to judge from their distance), and the blue was the night sky becoming the dawn. As the gap grew wider, a tinge of redness could be seen on the horizon far away, and the sky went from a light blue at the bottom all the way up the slit to the dark blue of night.

In the darkness they could make out waves shimmering on the ocean surface. Then they noticed there was something strange about the doors; as they opened wider, the height of the gap got lower, as if the doors were a thin triangular shape. *What could they possibly have to fit through that?* wondered Roger.

Their puzzlement continued as the gap widened and continued to become lower, until two more gaps simultaneously appeared above the first, in line with the doors' edges. *Maybe they have some oddly shaped interlocking door*, entertained Roger. These gaps became taller though, and then a second pair of gaps appeared, also getting bigger.

Suddenly a shape became obvious, and both agents cried out simultaneously.

“Jade!”

“Agent Jeffries!”

The shape had become distinguishable as a slim, sporty female figure, a dozen stories high, with feet in the ocean and hands on hips. Only then did Roger realise the monstrosity of the gates. Jade's whole silhouette could be seen against the lightening night sky, which meant the doors had to be thirty or forty metres high.

“Let's go!” barked Roger, and they both started running, the dim light making large crates on the ground identifiable. The silhouette of their partner bent at the knees and stooped, stepping forward to try and make out the contents of the cavern which had just opened up in front of her.

Just as she did, the first rays of sunlight burst out from disappearing dawn clouds on the horizon, flooding the cavern with warm sunlight. The agents stopped dead to look, and rays of light streamed from behind the giant woman in the doorway, marking her silhouette on the contents of the cavern. Neither of the two agents on the ground made out at first what they were looking at; it seemed like the grey wall extended up forever, ending with buildings and machinery atop it.

The largest of the three stopped dead though, and Roger and Mariana looked in her direction. There was a large red dot of light, perhaps half a metre across moving across her hip and up towards her stomach; and the giant agent had seen this before, only last time it was only a thin line of laser light emanating from a small handgun, and a huge dot could only mean one thing.

With a huge violent motion the giant figure in the doorway jumped backwards, just as a deafening clap roared out that made the two agents on the ground fall to the ground holding their ears in pain. The entire

cavern lit up with an instant of blinding light, and a tremendous bolt of lightning shot out from somewhere forward near the door.

Roger Dark looked up in fear for his partner Jade Jeffries, but the giant woman rose from the sea where she had dived, cascades of water running off her silhouetted body, and with the right idea, dived quickly to one side as the red dot resumed its movement in her direction.

The agents, stunned, sat between the crates and turned their attention back to the mysterious giant object in the cavern. With every second the sun rose more and the space brightened, and it dawned on them what it was that towered above them.

“It’s a ship!”

Of course they hadn’t expected to find anything different in a harbour, but the sheer size of the object had earlier made them rule out that possibility. As if in answer to verify their discovery, the throbbing in the background became a thundering vibrating roar, and the metal giant began to shift. They watched it in awe. From their vantage point they couldn’t see either end, as it was in reality more than twelve hundred metres long; its hull alone had to be twenty metres high, and the top of the structure on the deck was too high to make out. Towards the front end there was a roar of a different type of engine, and suddenly the silhouettes of two fighter jets surged into the sky.

The agents were so awestruck that they remained frozen on the dock, which was littered with crates. There was a shout from above them and they realised in shock that they had been seen. In seconds there were three large red dots; perhaps ten centimetres in circumference, making their way to where they stood. Roger was too fast however, and before they even found the pair he had ReBiggened several gas grenades and had Ms. Nightshadow by the hand, dragging her between the crates under the cover of the opaque gas. They heard an electric hum rising in pitch then three loud claps one after another, which lit up the cavern around them. More dots appeared and became thick red lines in the misty air, originating from high up on the ship’s deck. One appeared between them and the agents dived to either side just as a burst of electricity shot past.

The random firing moved forward through the smoke towards the giant doorway, and the pair had no choice but to also move forward. Roger was forced to release another grenade, giving away their general position and causing more lines to appear from the ships deck above. Roger leapt over

and Mariana dived under a thick line that appeared before them, which clapped and caused a crate to explode into flames. After ten more metres running Roger used the third and final grenade.

The loud throbbing of engines continued in the background, and the mammoth ship was gaining speed. As they ran, they realised its enormity more and more; it seemed endless. Far ahead, the nose of the metal giant poked out into the sun, and its giant Zeus cannon roamed the area for the woman it was targeting.

The firing inside the cavern lit up the pair's path behind them, and they were forced into the open, where three more red dots appeared. It seemed hopeless.

"Run!" shouted Roger. Their only chance was to dive down between the giant hull and the door ahead, and swim around to the cliffs outside, that is, if they weren't electrocuted in the water. They sprinted, the red dots close behind. One, then two fired and Mariana felt singeing on her back, giving her an extra burst of desperate speed. A third fired and Roger stumbled.

"Go!" he screamed as he fell, the close miss causing a searing pain in his leg, and his DeBiggener tumbled out and clattered along the ground in front of him.

"Noooo!" screamed Mariana, unwilling to leave him. Time suddenly slowed down. The dreaded red dots decelerated, the smoke in the background hung still in the air, and the young secret agent felt light, and somehow agile. Everything became clear, and her mind told her what to do.

Diving, she scooped up Roger Dark's DeBiggener and saw a red dot appear over his chest several metres away. She watched as, with a desperate surge of adrenaline, he kicked with his free leg and rolled to the side and the tremendous bolt of lightning hit the concrete and covered him in sparks.

She didn't know why she was doing it because she knew full well that only small objects could be shrunk, but she wasn't controlling her own actions, and Mariana Nightshadow spun the dial of the device and simultaneously shot the two electrodes out at the ship. As soon as she had fired them, her legs jolted and she started running after them; somehow

she knew they wouldn't hit it. With time moving slowly, the first hadn't even struck when she was already on the way.

Mariana saw it hit and stick to the grey hull in slow motion, but the second fell away uselessly.

Behind her on the dock was Roger Dark, and suddenly time slowed for him too. Seeing the young woman move so fast made him realise there was something – a chance – and as another red dot came towards him his mind overcame the pain, throwing his body forward towards the cigarette case device that the girl had dropped.

Mariana dived selflessly from the dock, catching the limp electrode in mid air, and roughly striking the metal of the hull at the water's surface. With total focus and superhuman strength, she slammed the small pin into the metal and kicked away from the hull.

Above, Roger Dark found the device in his grasp, and as the menacing red dot came over his side and onto his chest, with a heroic acceptance of his fate he thrust his hand, thumb on the activation button, into the hot laser, and closed his eyes as a blinding flash erupted, shooting straight for him.

\* \* \*

When Roger Dark opened his eyes, he assumed he was dead. Warm sunlight shone horizontally through hazy air around him. There was no giant ship; no red dots.

*I thought there was meant to be no pain when you are dead,* said his groggy brain, as he felt his leg ache. Time was back to normal, smoke wafted lazily above. Roger looked up. He was still in the cavern. Sitting up straight, though wincing with the pain, he wondered what had happened. Remembering seeing Mariana Nightshadow diving from the dock's edge, he shifted over to the water. The sight he saw was surreal.

There was the young agent, her face aghast. Time was normal again for her too. She had no idea what she had done or how she had done it. Seeing Roger, she looked up into his face with incredulity in her eyes. She coughed and spluttered, not knowing if she was in a dream. Her open mouth broke into a smile, and a girlish giggle of relief burst out, followed by a laugh, then she saw that Roger's gaze was not on her.

Spinning around in the water, her jaw dropped.

Two metres from her in the water was the same grey wall they had run into ten minutes earlier, now however, it extended only a few metres to either side of her. The monstrous ship had shrunk, its own lightning cannons providing the DeBiggener, which Roger picked up, now scorched and charred, with a surge of power great enough to shrink the enormous vessel.

She swam with awkward splashes over to it. Its highest tower was the height of her nose from the water. From the deck, Roger walked back and forth. The vessel, once three quarters of a mile long, was now just under seven metres, by his guess.

A red dot appeared on Mariana's chest, and with a zap a bolt of electricity shot out at her.

"Eow!" she shrieked, followed by a laugh. "That hurt!"

There was a man standing by a large mounted device, which formerly had been the intimidating source of the menacing red dots and the deadly lightning bolts, and which now looked like a strange Lego piece. Mariana reached up and flicked him off and into the water in front of her. She burst out with the first splutter of a laugh, which almost sounded like a cough, and there came a similar exclamation from Roger on the dock. They both burst out laughing simultaneously.

From his vantage point could Roger now see the actual ship. It was unbelievable. It was very wide, though he couldn't guess how wide now that it was almost two hundred times smaller than its original proportions. There was a giant row of machinery, weaponry and buildings along each side, and through the middle ran a great airfield, probably big enough to allow the largest of aircraft to land; he could gauge this since there were fighter jets already on deck which were barely a fifth of the total width of the runway.

The decks were dotted with the strange lightning cannons, and he saw that the one on the front that had targeted Jade was an absolute mammoth.

Remembering Jade, he looked out the giant doorways, and as if in answer, only seconds later there was a smashing sound and a high pitched whine. Mariana looked up too. Suddenly a few hundred metres away fell a huge piece of debris into the sea, it looked like an aeroplane, but only

when a giant shadow was cast into the cavern; a face thirty metres in the air, did they confirm that it was one of the two jets that had been launched to attack the giant secret agent. The second came into view in Jade's hand, as she held it by the nose, but let it drop absently when she saw the interior of the cavern.

Her mouth dropped also and she too let out a laugh, mainly for joy since Roger was safe.

Back in the water, and Mariana heard Roger alerting her to one of the various weapons. It was moving; a huge rotary cannon, and she pinched its barrels between her fingers, watching the device explode with a tiny puff when it attempted to fire at her. Half dragging herself, half swimming, she made her way to the front, where she detached the giant Zeus cannon and let it drop on its side.

Two jets were attempting escape. The first she caught in her hand; it was barely longer than her palm, and though the second got away, but she splashed water at it and the giant droplets sent it spinning into the ocean. There were hundreds of men in frantic motion on the deck, each about a centimetre to her, and when she put her hands on the lip of the runway they ran in panic. Pulling herself up, the ship tilted to her end as she rose over the tiny warplanes at the end.

She was soaked and water rained down on the deck from her wet skirt, washing jets to the sides and running like a torrent after all the men running in panic. She stood uneasily, before verifying the huge craft was stable, and after trying to move in her sopping skirt, she dragged it awkwardly over her head and tossed it on the ship, where it landed heavily over tens of the buildings, weapons and aircraft that lined the deck.

Mariana walked with cautious steps on the slippery deck, through the hundreds of enemy sailors around her feet, to the centre, where she proudly held her arms up in success and looked at Roger Dark, who could do nothing but rejoice in their achievement, clapping his hands and approval.

\* \* \*

The next day, Jade Jeffries and Mariana Nightshadow lay side by side in their bathing suits on the beach in the warm sun, alone after all the tourists had departed the island.

“You did a fantastic job out there yesterday Ms. Nightshadow,” commented the elder as she waved at a fly buzzing above.

“Thanks Ms. Jeffries, it means so much to me to get congratulated by someone I’ve always admired so much.”

They lay silently in the warm sun for several more minutes, during which Mariana brushed away another fly on her chest. They were interrupted by the sound of a limping uneven pace through the sand, and a shadow appearing above them.

“How’s the leg?” asked Jade.

“Oh, it’s fine. Should be back in order in a few weeks. Sir John says they haven’t found the Van Zant girl though.” Jade sat up in concern. Roger had told her all about how he had discovered the young woman to be the exact likeness of their arch enemy, and how he and Ms. Nightshadow had tied her up securely, or at least thought it was secure. “Otherwise the cleanup’s going fine. Sir Herringsworth asked where your partners are, by the way, Ms. Nightshadow.”

This time Mariana sat up.

“What? Where are they? I don’t know – I thought they got out by themselves,”

“Apparently not. Have you no radio contact with them?”

“It fell out in the water, I–” suddenly both her and Jade simultaneously made the mental connection. “Oh my God!”

Both of the women froze and stared about them for the fly that had been annoying them for the past half hour. Their heads shot from side to side, trying to figure out who had swatted at it last.

Suddenly Jade stopped.

“Look!”

She pointed at Mariana’s light blue bikini bottom, where there was a black speck perched on the upper seam against her skin, and only then did she remember swatting something from her stomach.

“Don’t move,” said Jade as she leaned over. Delicately, she scooped the tangled mess into her fingernail and tipped it lightly into Mariana’s waiting palm. Peering intently, they watched as two minute figures tumbled out of the doors and began moving wildly; two angry figures jumping and shouting imperceptibly from the palm of Mariana’s hand. Their fury didn’t carry to the two faces who peered down at the miniature men, and Mariana laughed at them.

“Thanks guys, you did play a *small* part in the success.”

Roger looked up in surprise, realising that the young woman had matured into a proper agent, equipped with the quality of secret-agent wit (even though it was only a start!) and all three burst out laughing, while two very tiny fists shook furiously below.

THE END