

Kathy Versus the Devil-Crusher Motorcycle Gang

by

e10

“The people want a basketball stadium,” stated the Mayor of Playtown boldly and confidently.

“You know, Albert,” said the woman to whom he spoke, but who had not been listening, “I might rename Playtown back to Toytown.”

His demeanour changed and he groaned inaudibly in frustration, before replying as diplomatically and politely as possible.

“Of course, Ma’am, we’ll change the signs back right away.”

“And did you say something else Albert?”

“Yes Ma’am, I said the people would like a basketball stadium. They want to play sports,” now he felt fear at his own words, suddenly unsure of the reaction they would cause. Seeing the listener’s expression change, his heart stopped and he cowered in fright as a hand rose up as if to slap him.

When the hand slipped behind the woman’s head and she leaned back relaxedly, her expression easing, so did Mayor Albert’s fears and he breathed again.

“That’s a good idea, Albert. I’d like to see that. A basketball stadium it is.”

The man stood up straight with pride and relief and lowered the loudspeaker in his hand, waiting for her next question.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Enough!”

Albert jolted but had no idea what to do.

“Well I’m not going to get you down!”

He moved from his position high atop the peak from which he was addressing the woman, who lay back in relaxation, and took a step down in the direction of her face.

“Not to me!”

The Mayor stopped, frightened and confused, before obeying and turning around, ascending back onto the highest point of the woman’s breast, which was held comfortably in a pinkish brassiere. He sidled carefully to the steep side leading down her chest towards her legs, and looked back to see if the woman was serious. With no doubt as to her sincerity, he got to his knees on the silky fabric, then lay down in his stomach with his feet aiming down and began to let himself down while clutching at the fine strands.

As the woman took a breath however, he was jolted and sent sliding, and tumbled uncontrollably from the steep lower edge of her breast down until he struck the padded wire of the cup before sprawling backwards onto her bare skin. The loudspeaker came bouncing after him and smacked into his chest where he caught it with a wheeze.

Standing up giddily, Mayor Albert looked around him; from the huge pink-clad breast looming behind him, to the view of the vast living room to the side, and on the other side the high wall that was the giant sofa on which she was lying casually, and finally his gaze went to her abdomen hundreds of metres away where he could see the curves of her pink underwear beneath the legs that rose up and over the other end of the sofa.

He was deliberating his next move as to how to descend, when a voice from behind boomed out over him as if in answer, “down the middle!”

In no position to argue, he turned grudgingly and started treading along the smooth skin of her stomach down towards ‘the middle’. It would take minutes, and while he walked he saw an arm sweep across high above him and stop over his destination ahead, and giant fingers played with the seam of the vast pink panties torturously, lifting the seam to a height several times his own, with a darkened cavern of fabric and skin behind it, before letting the elastic slap back, sending a shiver down the man’s spine.

High above and behind him, Kathy watched amusedly as the centimetre-high leader of her Playtown –no, Toytown– stepped up and onto the seam of her underwear. He trudged over the material, stumbling as his foot got caught in one of the lace holes and falling on his face. She rubbed her knees together in pleasure as she watched him push himself up and continue, before shifting her legs apart so he could make it down ‘the middle’ as she had spontaneously decided. He paused, however, when only his top half was visible to her as he stood downwards on the slope of her crotch, and his tiny head turned around once more.

She was about to flick him over, but as she was in a very amiable mood a more playful idea popped into Kathy’s head instead.

“Here,” she said, tugging a loose strand of hair that lay over her shoulder, “abseil down. The people want sports – so do I!”

Removing her other hand from behind her head, she tucked one end of the strand into the top of her panties and let the rest fall near Mayor Albert. She watched, pleased, as he got her idea, gripped the hair and disappeared over the edge of the pink fabric. She barely felt his feet on her crotch as he descended, but when a slight touch tickled the inside of her thigh she twitched with a laugh and her legs slapped together, causing the tiny man to lose grip and fall to the sofa below.

Giggling, she said “Albert, remind me to make you people abseil down me more often!”

A tiny muffled loudspeaker squeak confirmed that the Mayor had acknowledged her request. Turning her mind back to her day’s plans, Kathy now had something to do. Get a basketball stadium.

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Half an hour later, Kathy stirred and decided she had relaxed enough, and was prepared to get up and set out upon her day’s task. From her lying position on the sofa she swung her legs over to the front and sat up straight, and as she did so she felt something small rubbing between the material of the sofa and the skin of her backside.

Leaning to the side, she discovered Mayor Albert squashed in the depression in the cushion beneath her, and looking quite worn.

“Albert, didn’t I tell you to leave half an hour ago?”

The miniature figure dragged himself to the side, still wedged into his giant master’s backside, and grasped the tiny device that had undergone the same ordeal as he.

“I couldn’t get out ...was stuck ...underneath you ...Ma’am,” came a tiny squeak from the loudspeaker.

“Oh, I’m sorry Albert!” said the woman above him whimsically, who plucked him up between her fingers. She peered closely at the battered man before dropping him lightly to the ground in front of her foot. “Now run along back to Playtown, and I’ll find you later.”

With his master’s toes looming ominously behind him, the man was in no position nor mood to reply that she had already renamed his city to ‘Toytown’, and instead wondered whether he should in fact have the old sign put back up, if she herself wouldn’t remember. Despite a heavy heart and sore limbs, he began scrambling over the huge lumps of fibres that made up the carpet of Kathy’s living room, content at least that he had conveyed the people’s request for a basketball stadium and completed another weekly report.

High above, Kathy watched the tiny man tumbling over the carpet away from her foot. She had a sudden desire to slide her foot forward and squash him out of existence, but she quelled the thought as he was quite a good mayor for her town, and besides, she was in a good mood and had a task with which to busy herself.

Finding a street directory, Kathy searched for the nearest sports stadium, found it and bounced happily to her room to get dressed, excited to be doing something productive, and furthermore, something productive that would allow her to use her ‘gift’.

After slipping into a light summer skirt and a pair of nylon stockings, she was about to head out the door when she remembered something. Treading back to the living room, she scanned the floor until she found the Mayor, barely a metre from where she had left him, and went over.

“Albert? How big does it have to be?” When she obtained things for the little community that she grew in her spare room, she always had to obtain them at an appropriate size. She could always change it marginally

afterwards if it were wrong, but she preferred to only have to do it once so she didn't waste her powers.

In reply, there was a faint and incomprehensible answer from between her feet.

“Albert! I can't hear you!” she stated in reply.

The loudspeaker sounded again, and again just as ineffective.

“I still can't hear, Albert,” said the woman with the Mayor at her feet, in a teasing voice, “and I'm not going to stoop to talk to you! Climb up and tell me!”

With that, she moved her stockinged foot and placed it just in front of the man, whose neck was craned as he stared up between the legs of his master. When he paused in confusion she repeated the order.

Looking up at the toes that towered more than twice his height on either side, Albert sighed and wrapped his hand around a strand of the nylon that stretched between them, and slung the loudspeaker over his shoulder. From above, Kathy watched squinting, as he put his foot into a hole and took his first step up, climbing the fabric of her stocking like a rope ladder.

It took thirty seconds before he made it up the vertical portion and slumped into the nylon on top of and between her big and second toes. He tried moving towards her but bounced awkwardly before finding solid skin and standing up. The Mayor began walking up her foot with careful steps over the strands of nylon, and thirty seconds later Kathy was impatient. She hadn't really intended to wait the half hour for him to ascend up her leg, and she bent over and plucked him up between her fingers.

“How big?” she repeated.

“Around twenty-five centimetres, Ma'am,” came the reply from the man in front of her nose. Again she had the urge to pop him in her fingers, but again she quelled the thought and lowered him after expressing approval of his preparedness, as he had already calculated the required length.

Feeling kind, she stopped by the spare room on her way to the door and left him on the ground, not only saving him relative kilometres of

trekking over her carpet, but potentially his life also, as he wouldn't have been the first to become an unnoticed smear under her foot had she accidentally stepped on him while he were on the way back.

Bright sunshine shone in the door as Kathy slipped on her shoes and headed out, happy and singing.

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With the roof of her Mercedes SL500 down, the high-spirited young woman cruised in the warm beach air to the neighbouring suburb, where she would find the local basketball stadium. It was in an industrial neighbourhood with confusing circular streets, courts and crescents. Not only did she have to find it, but she also had to find a spot some way away, from which she could see it clearly and at the right distance to pluck it from its surroundings, and have it appear in her hands at the appropriate size.

Locating the right road, she drove down until she saw the building, an unremarkable creamy coloured structure. The only identifying feature was the bold sign on the front stating 'Action-Sports Arena'. It was surrounded by equally ugly buildings and in her head Kathy reminded herself to instruct the residents of her town to repaint it.

Glancing around, she saw that there was nowhere nearby that she could stop with a good view of the building. After turning the next corner, she was pleased to find that a few hundred metres down there was an empty lot and a field leading to the rear of the buildings. Kathy evaluated how she felt; how strong her powers were. She felt reasonably strong, but the more she thought about it the better she felt and her gift became even stronger.

With high spirits she turned her attention back to the dull cream-coloured building. She had obtained many structures before, and had perfected a technique. With her eye closed she raised a hand very close to her face, felt the familiar tingle, and shoved a fingernail that was half the size of the building into the ground around it.

While her hand was so near to her face, her fingernail was enormous and powerful, and smashed through the concrete foundations and water pipes with a catastrophic crashing sound that rang out from the attacked building. With her other hand she performed the same operation on the other side. Without even noticing, she accidentally flicked a car that had

been driving through the carpark, and it disappeared from the normal sized world and reappeared inside Kathy's fingernail, and fell immediately through the air. The miniature machine and overwhelmed driver tumbled hundreds of metres past Kathy's unaware face and struck her left breast.

Even if Kathy did feel a tiny touch as the two-millimetre long vehicle hit her skin, she ignored it, and below, a miniscule Ford and its even smaller driver slid down her breast and wedged helplessly into a car-sized lace hole in her brassiere.

Content that the building was ready to come out, Kathy now moved her hands further from her face, so the structure became a bit bigger relative to her fingers. It was around thirty centimetres when she grasped either end, and with a heave and a thunderous cracking of concrete two hundred metres away, the building left the safety of its foundations and appeared as a miniature version of itself in the hands of this young woman in a floral skirt.

Tiny flecks of cracked concrete rained onto the ground from the uprooted building that Kathy held at her waist. Groaning because she had forgotten that this would happen, she bent low and placed the heavy block of a building on the grass at her feet and went to the boot to get a towel so the leather seat of her Mercedes would not get dirty.

In the three seconds that she had her back turned, a man had appeared from the footpath nearby and when she returned she was confronted by an astounded and repulsed face, from which an angry accusation was stammered.

“What the hell? What the hell are you doing!”

Without even dignifying him with a response, Kathy swept up the man by the feet with her fingers, turning him from an angry passer-by into a panicked and inverted figurine. She wasn't in the mood for playing or teasing, so she tossed him against her skin above her cleavage, intending for him to tumble into her bra from which she could deal with him later; he bounced and rolled over the front of her breast, and he slid under her skirt, but went over the top of her brassiere.

The man slipped down her skirt and Kathy grunted in annoyance. She felt him tickle from her chest down her stomach and over her abdomen, but he must have caught the top seam of her underwear, because the tiny

lump in the fabric halted just above and to the side of her crotch. With a quick push from her finger the lump lost its grip and disappeared.

Kathy searched the ground for the man, but seeing nothing she became confused, and pulled her skirt up slightly to investigate. Looking from one leg to the other, she laughed when she saw that the man had grasped the top of her nylon stocking and was holding on for dear life, dangling from the inside of her thigh.

He began pulling himself up and attempted to crawl into and under the material. Kathy deliberated allowing him to stay there trapped against her thigh underneath the nylon, but changed her mind, and with a small shake of her leg he fell to the ground. Without much reflection Kathy moved her foot over to him, and his tiny figure disappeared under the toe of her high-heeled sandal. With a small push she felt the man crunch underneath her foot, and smiling with a tingle of pleasure, she ground him from side to side as if he were a cigarette.

After spreading the towel out on the passenger seat of her convertible, Kathy went back to her prize, picked up the building from between her feet and placed it snugly on the towel.

A few minutes later, and after a flirtatious drag race against a handsome tanned man in sunglasses driving a black BMW 328i (which ended up, along with its driver, tucked under the nylon high up in the thigh of the woman in the Mercedes' stocking), Kathy arrived home, and carried her trophy inside.

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Mayor Albert looked up from his office high in Toytown Town Hall as a gigantic and sleek figure appeared, towering over the horizon Doorside. Instead of 'North' and 'South', the residents of Toytown used the main features of their world as reference directions, that is; Doorside and Windowside. The enormous figure held a building in her hands, and of course it was Kathy with the new basketball stadium.

There were many differences in living as a miniature person in a woman's spare room in comparison to living in the large outside world, one of which was that instead of a new building requiring months to be constructed, the city could change in seconds as a giant female figure enters the world and deposits a new structure in a vacant lot. This happened before the Mayors eyes, as the huge stockinged legs strode

delicately between buildings that could be turned to crumbs under the feet that filled entire city roads, an ankle whooshing past his own third story office, and battering the windows with a blast of air.

The citizens were already more than used to running for cover when their giant master appeared, so Kathy's visit with the new sports arena was a safe one and none were injured. The building was plonked in an undeveloped corner of her quite large spare room, and then the woman turned around and strode over the miniature city at her feet to the town hall.

"Albert!" came a smooth thunderous voice from above. "Measure the court and calculate how big it needs to be. Also I want a report on railway construction in half an hour!"

The mayor needn't budge, because he knew that the woman who towered above his building, her skirt casting several blocks around him into shadow, would not wait for a reply, and besides, he had every report for which she could possibly ask on hand. He dare not be unprepared, having seen the fate of several mayors before him who had not properly fulfilled their tasks. As such, he instead rose to make his way to the new basketball court for the measurement and inspection.

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Kathy slipped skilfully and with practice out of her pet town, and made her way out to busy herself with something else until it was time for the Mayor to report on the new addition to the city, but shortly she received a phone call and could be heard accepting an invitation to go out on the town, addressing the caller as 'Mel', her best friend (and the only person privy to her secret).

An hour of make-up and preparation later, there was a clunk of the front door and the purr of a Mercedes, which faded into the distance.

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Kathy woke up groggy. Her eyes crept open, and she realised the sweet taste of sugary pre-mixed vodka drinks in her mouth. She rolled from her stomach to her side. Almost immediately thereafter the soft swishing of fabric moving could be heard. Glancing down she discovered the source of the sound.

There was a bump in her sheets next to her abdomen that moved back and forth, and it was clearly not her. Kathy brought the knee of her upper leg up, and the lump froze. Soon she saw it disappear, and felt something small touch the skin just above her knee. It was a tiny hand, and she felt a tickle as the hand ran along the top of her thigh towards her body as its owner fumbled blindly in the bed sheets around her body.

The owner was a man, and Kathy only now remembered bringing a cute guy home. If she met someone while out on the town and came home with him, Kathy would either make love to him and shrink him, or shrink him and make love using him. In this particular case she couldn't remember which she had done the night before.

The tickle stopped as he reached her body and realised he was going in the wrong direction. Kathy felt the touch on her skin change course and go under her; tickling the inside of her thigh as it made its way under her leg, away from her face and towards her feet. The lump was now in between her legs, and quite meanly, Kathy slid them together like scissors, and the back of her thigh pushed the small body onto her other thigh and the man became squashed between the two.

Outside in the light and air, in contrast to the stifled darkness between her thighs, Kathy returned her mind back to herself and called a name out softly, which was all she could muster, though of course she didn't need volume, as the owner of the name, her personal waiter and servant Kevin, wouldn't dare find himself out of earshot when his master called.

“Yes master!”

“Kevin I want a drink of water, and have my coffee prepared.”

“Yes master! A cool drink of water already is there for you master!”

Kathy peeked at her bedside table and sure enough, there stood a glass of ice water. She sat up and complimented the foot-tall man on his excellence, and he accepted it modestly as he was on his way out to relay her desire for coffee to the crew that manned her kitchen equipment – tractors hauling plates, bulldozers shifting food, and in this case, the men that scooped coffee with a front-end loader and added sugar cubes with a giant crane, reduced to five inches in height.

He really is an excellent servant, thought Kathy, I must remember not to eat him. Thinking about eating, she realised she wanted something, and

after taking a refreshing sip of the water she slid her hand down the covers to her crotch, where she grasped the legs of the man, and in doing so felt a hard object in her panties. Plucking that too with her other hand, she withdrew both objects and saw that she had kept the taxi that had taken her home, though its driver was nowhere to be seen.

Tossing the covers aside, Kathy looked over herself in search of the taxi driver, and was about to disregard him when something caught her eye and she laughed. The man had left the car and tried to escape her underwear, and from underneath the seam adjacent to her leg were two arms, pinned flat. He had attempted crawling under the seam but the strong elastic had stopped him, trapping him face down against her skin next to her leg. She peeled the fabric back gently to look at him, and he immediately pushed himself up, but Kathy released the elastic with a giggle and it pinned him back down, and threw the covers back over herself.

Getting back to her needs, Kathy looked and saw that the man in her hand, who was quite cute, was a bit big for eating. He was already naked, so she needed only to toss him in her lap, closing her eye and picking him up by a leg, a bit smaller than before, and he slipped nicely into her mouth as she tilted back and dropped him head first, allowing him to slide pleasingly down her throat.

Now idle, Kathy decided to read while she waited, and after grabbing her book from the bedside table, she flicked open to her page, grimacing in annoyance when she saw a tiny dark red spot on the paper, realising she had squashed some man last time she had finished reading. Scraping off the speck, she began reading, until the sound of a heavy but tiny diesel motor and the beeping of a truck reversing stirred her.

“Kevin, have the beeping turned off.”

“Yes, master!” came a muffled reply as the man struggled with her coffee. Seconds later, an electric whir could be heard and to her side rose a platform up to her bed; it was a vehicle that workmen use to reach high objects, similar to a cherry-picker, and on it was a steaming hot coffee. Kathy reached over and sipped it relaxedly.

Feeling instantly better, Kathy read for half an hour before deciding to shower. She felt relaxed already, so she decided to enjoy one of her patented luxury showers, and took a box of men from her bathroom cupboard. They were especially trained for the purpose, and she closed an

eye and placed the box on the floor, leaving them at a foot high each, and while Kathy turned on the shower and disrobed, the twelve men hurried into the cubicle and leapt with practiced agility onto small platforms (actually soap-holders) on the three tiled walls, climbing up until there were four levels of men, each standing on a soap holder and grasping a mop-like sponge.

When Kathy stepped gracefully into the hot jet of water, closing the glass door behind her and trapping the twelve small men around her body, the cubicle filled immediately with steam and she smiled luxuriously. Instantly she felt the touch of a dozen soft and soapy sponges on her skin, and all she did herself was massage her hair with shampoo, the experienced men scrubbing her from neck to toe (except for one spot, which she usually cleaned herself with either a sponge or a man holding a sponge – today she opted for the latter).

Far below, a tiny figure, who twelve hours earlier had been driving a large yellow vehicle (which now was a toy on the woman's bedside table) around the city, was pounded by waves of water, and came unstuck from his giant captor's crotch, sliding down the inside of her leg and striking the ground next to her foot. A few millilitres of water turned red as Kathy unsuspectingly shifted her foot to the side.

After finishing her shower and returning the squad of men to normal size (that is, tiny), Kathy slipped into underwear and nylon stockings and was in the middle of selecting a skirt when the doorbell rang. Grabbing a silk robe, she glided to the door, opening it with little hesitation (there weren't many people she could be afraid of).

In front of her stood two relatively youngish girls, perhaps sixteen or so, wearing sports uniforms; short netball skirts and coloured polo shirts. A step behind them was a woman in a neat business skirt, obviously a chaperone, probably a mother, for what was without a doubt a fundraising visit.

Kathy's guess wasn't wrong, and as the girls began introducing themselves and their netball club, Kathy looked down to adjust her robe, but her eye was caught by movement on the ground below and she stopped, surprised. Appearing out from behind her feet were small specks of men, in reality less than a centimetre high, and she counted four in her quick glance before she returned her attention back to the guests, attempting to appear normal and not divert attention to the figures on the hard slate ground outside the door.

Of course Kathy's secret could never be allowed to be discovered; since her otherwise normal life would be ruined, and she couldn't let these three women discover the tiny people at their feet, and she certainly wasn't prepared to shrink these innocent girls. She agreed to listen to these guests while her head swam with how to get rid of the tiny people without them noticing, the whole while secretly keeping an eye on the action below.

It was obviously an escape attempt, as the four figures ran out and away from the door. There was one slower than the others, and Kathy took the chance to slip her foot out of the doorway, and bring it down on the last runner. She felt his body underneath, and slid her foot back towards her, smearing him in the nylon of her stocking, all with a movement that would appear to the visitors that she was idly swinging her foot to and fro.

The other three panicked and bolted in other directions, though they were essentially surrounded by the feet of the woman and two girls who towered unaware of them above. Two men were heading towards the girl on the right and the third had shot to the left and was running to the left of the other.

“Would you like to see some of the chocolates?”

Kathy consented, and watched as the girl on the right whirled around, descending to a bag behind her and stooping to one knee. Underneath her Kathy noticed the two men falling into shadow, then as she leaned back, her skirt touched the ground and slid over the males, concealing them completely. When she stood and spun around to face Kathy in the doorway, there was only one man on the ground at her feet.

Attempting to simultaneously pay some attention to the speech above and the movement below, Kathy managed to order a box of chocolates, and also see that the man that remained had changed his mind and bolted left. The girl on the right turned to return the other boxes, and Kathy's glance went to her skirt, where she saw with fright a tiny figure silhouetted by the light between the girls legs, clinging to the lowest strands of fabric of the short skirt.

The second girl noticed Kathy's gaze, and glanced in the same direction.

“Wait, Stef, you’ve got a... ewww! A bug!” She had swiped the speck of a man from her friend’s skirt, and upon feeling the wriggling against her skin, she pinched him in between her fingers. Disgusted by the mess on her thumb and forefinger, the girl wiped it immediately on the front of her own skirt, turning the man into a small and unrecognisable smear, to the satisfaction of Kathy but the frustration of the other woman.

“For heaven’s sake Samantha! I just washed this!”

The woman stepped forward, and Kathy’s attention went to her feet. Her high heel had landed only inches away from the first man who had bolted to the left, and Kathy watched with suspense as the man jumped and changed direction, while the woman took another step forward to inspect the damage, and she almost bit her tongue when the second step brought her foot even closer.

The tiny figure between the woman’s feet stumbled in panic, and finally a tingle of delight washed over Kathy as the mother shifted her foot to crouch, and this time the man disappeared directly under the toe of the high heel, and Kathy thought she heard a tiny crunch. As if to add insult to injury to the man whom she completely and obliviously crushed under her foot, the woman turned as she rose, grinding him under her shoe.

There was only the one man left; the one who had gone right but changed his mind once his running companion had been lifted into the air on the girl’s netball skirt. The second girl was looking at the smear of this man on her own skirt, when her eye was caught by the movement of the other far below in front of her.

“Oh, there’s another,” said the girl, and Kathy’s heart stopped as she thought she were caught.

The girl seemed to hesitate, wanting to stoop and investigate, but instead her leg came forward and she placed the toe of her shoe on the helpless escapee. With a light tap he became a splat, and she would never know that she had just crushed a real man with a tap of her foot.

And thus Kathy breathed a sigh of relief and went back inside to get her purse with a feeling of happy satisfaction, handing over some money for the chocolates with a smile, and watching the girls and the mother depart contentedly.

* * *

Now! Where did you come from? asked Kathy to the red speck on the underside of her nylon stocking. No people had attempted to escape from Playtown in quite a while; the citizens there were relatively content, so it seemed unlikely that the men had come from her city. Besides, they had seemed a bit small to be Toytown residents.

Staring closer at the sole of her upturned foot, Kathy noted that there seemed to be very little fabric from clothes in the smear, and she realised instantly. Aha! The men had come from one of the miniature jungle-like communities in her pot-plants, where she made the people wear only torn shorts to seem more rugged, as if they had crashed on a deserted island.

Striding to the patio, Kathy knelt before the first of the small communities, which resided in miniature houses made from matchsticks, nestled in the boughs of bonsai trees in small separate pots, and connected by rope bridges made of cotton. It was small, perhaps thirty people, but Kathy was extremely proud of it since it looked so cute; like an Ewok village or some tribal community in a tropical forest.

Commanding the residents to show themselves, the woman towering over this village watched people appear out of the tiny houses, and immediately ruled out the possibility that the escapees had come from here, since these men were almost two centimetres in height.

Standing up, Kathy walked next to the fish tank, in which she kept a portion of real jungle, to which she gone great lengths to obtain. Tapping on the glass, she watched tiny people running to and fro to line up for her as if on parade, and after counting them she glanced to the side, where there was a small sticker with the population written on it (as she had for just about all of her small collections), and verified that all twenty-two people were present.

On the other side of the glass sliding door that led back inside was a large pot plant, with smaller plants growing at its base and tiny huts sparsely intermingled within. Kathy knelt down to command the residents out of their houses, but her gaze was caught immediately by an oddity; a small pile of soil leading from the base to the rim of the pot, and from this was a long thin string of bark leading to the ground.

“Well, well, well,” said Kathy in satisfaction at having discovered the escape route, and also because she knew her house was virtually inescapable. Inside was every tiny corner man-tight, with of course the

exception of her front door, and outside she had had the bright idea of lining the entire paved area of her patio, even around the pool, with double-sided sticky tape. If the other people (who numbered twenty-seven, she read from the sticker) were inside then she or loyal Kevin would find them, so she walked to the edge of the patio and began scanning the clear tape.

The glue had collected bugs, ants and bits of grass here and there; she would have to instruct Kevin to renew it. Kathy walked along slowly, searching every inch carefully until she stopped with a smile.

“Now what do we have here?” she asked rhetorically to three specks that lay stuck to the sticky-tape-trap in front of her feet. She was ecstatic that her ingenious barrier had worked, and instead of crushing the men to pulp as she normally would, she bent down to gloat. One was on his stomach, but the other two men who were on their backs looked up in terror at the enormous female figure that cast them into shadow, leaning over them high above. “You found my little trap then?”

Dropping first to her knees, Kathy then stretched out and lay on her stomach, peering down at the attempted-escapees, her breasts, barely held in by the robe, hanging threateningly only centimetres away from the immobile men. She held out her finger torturously and waved it above the trio.

“Why would you want to escape? You have a wonderful life here,” she said as she lowered her finger to one of the men who lay on his back, gently stroking it over his tiny figure, though her finger was wider than he was tall.

With a small push Kathy felt the man crunch underneath the tip of her finger. She smiled at the feeling of the cool dampness and directed her smile to the next man on his back, who looked up in terror.

Kathy turned her hand over and attempted to slide a fingernail underneath the man, but was replied with a miniature squeak, which was a shout of pain.

“Oh I’m sorry,” she said kindly as she positioned her finger over the man. Smiling, she prolonged the feeling of satisfaction by returning her finger to her mouth, licking it and rubbing the tiny body for several seconds before pushing down once more, and once more feeling the enjoyable crunch.

The third man on his stomach, unable to see but quite aware from the sounds, was writhing in panic, when the phone rang. Kathy looked up.

“Saved by the bell!”

Hopping to her feet, Kathy was about to walk back inside and answer the phone, when she thought better of it and delicately extended her stockinged leg and tapped on the struggling speck below, turning him to a third splat on the ground, before striding with satisfaction back to the house.

“Oh hey Mel! ... Yeah, not too bad ... I found a cute guy in my bed! ... Yes, and the taxi driver too ... Do you want to come over? There’s a situation ... no ... I could handle it alone, it was just an offer ... yes of course I want you to ... I’ve already started ... OK great, see you in ten minutes.”

Kathy turned around to see Kevin waiting, eager to speak.

“Master! There’s a problem.”

* * *

Kathy stood with a concerned face in the doorway, Kevin in one hand and the panicked mayor between the fingers of the other. Her gaze went to the guilty building in the corner, which she was told was in fact no basketball stadium at all.

Dropping Kevin gently to the ground outside, she held Mayor Albert to her breast next to the silk seam of her robe, instructing him to grasp it and stay there, and watched him obey, clinging around the fabric and sliding underneath it in relative safety against her skin.

In three giant and angry steps Kathy reached the faux-stadium.

“Out!”

She waited, hands on hips and feet astride of the building below, which contained not basketball players, but motorcycle riders, and who, she was told, were armed and had taken the chance to inflict a night-long rampage through her town.

In seconds a figure appeared. Despite its inferiority in size even to her smallest toe, it strode confidently and arrogantly out onto the floor near Kathy's foot.

In milliseconds the body was in her fingers and became apparent as a man, clad in black leather and quite hairy.

"Albert, give me your loudspeaker!"

A tiny arm came out from underneath the silk of Kathy's robe on her breast, and tossed a white device into her waiting fingernail, which went straight to her other hand.

"Who are you?" Kathy demanded.

The figure, taking the tiny loudspeaker, responded with pride mixed with his arrogance.

"I am Boxer! I am the leader of the Devil Crushers! Now you answer a question for me!"

Kathy stared, open mouthed at the audacity of the miniature man in her fingers. For one thirtieth of a second she considered responding, but instead she flicked the device that gave him the right to speak out of his hands and with her free hand pulled apart her robe and stretched out the elastic of her underwear. The man struck the inside of the fabric and wedged into her skin unnoticeably. A second later Kathy's panties were again tight over her waist and her robe swung back down over the makeshift prison, throwing the man into infinite darkness and letting him disappear from the world as if he may as well never have existed.

"Another! Come out!" commanded the woman once more. "In fact, all of you come out!"

A figure appeared, seemingly nonchalantly, and as he was whisked up by Kathy's fingers more spilled out of the building.

"Explain!"

The man, grasping the loudspeaker from inside her fingernail, stated in defiance.

“We are the Devil Crushers. We have no idea who you are or where we are, but we are taking over this bullshit town of yours!”

Now Kathy smiled.

“Oh really!” she said with irony. “Oh I’m sorry to have disturbed you.”

She broke into a laugh.

“We got nothin’ to lose, bitch!”

Now Kathy was in a good mood, humoured by the defiance of this man. When the doorbell rang, she dropped him into the large pocket of her silk robe and addressed the men at her feet.

“Well, my Masters, I guess I’ll have to get used to obeying you!” she giggled as she turned, her foot sweeping threateningly over the group of black-clad men as she headed out. At the doorway she stooped and wedged a block of wood on the ground in the doorframe, which she kept handy if she needed to confine the residents in her room. She wanted to keep the motorcycle riders in the town; they would be annoying if they got out.

* * *

Opening the door wide, Kathy was greeted with a cheerful peck on the cheek from her friend Mel. Kathy was in the process of complimenting her on the nice new miniskirt that she wore (in anticipation for the hot summer day) when her attention was caught by something far below.

“Oooh, nice sandals!” exclaimed Kathy in surprise, when her attention was then caught by something else far below.

“Oh, not again,” she said as she reached out with her foot. Planting her toes over the two running men at the rear of the second group of escapees, she pressed down and crushed them into smears while continuing, “these guys have escaped from one of my pot-plants. A couple of girls came before selling chocolates and took care of a few more of them... could you just get those guys there?”

“Took care of them?”

“You, know, squashed them. In a sec I’ll tell you the whole thing...”

Melanie had to lean forward to look down, and peering intently, she saw the figures scampering along the tiles between her feet. Shifting her foot to one side, the closer figure disappeared under the toe of her high-heeled sandal, and as she shifted her weight to that foot there was a miniature pop far below. Her foot slid forward, and though she thought she had run over the second figure with her shoe, it had in fact struck him, sending him tumbling into the air and onto her toe.

The man, unbeknownst to the woman above, fell between her toes and as she began to take a step inside her foot lifted from the sole, and he slipped under her skin. When her foot met the carpet on the other side of the doorway the man became a smear between her sandal and the sole of her foot.

“They must be waiting here somewhere... waiting to escape. Could you slip off your shoes please Mel?” Kathy stooped over the doorway, scanning the ground for more of the men.

After taking off her sandals, which she would have done in any case, since Kathy made the request every single time she visited, Mel too began to scan the ground.

“Oh! Here are some more,” she said, pointing to a corner under the hinge of the door. Dropping to her knees, she flicked the cowering men out into her palm. “Four of them.”

“Good, well that’s a few more at least. Let’s have a coffee; do what you want with them.” With that, both women slipped into the kitchen, Kathy barking an order for two coffees and Mel slinking onto the sofa with her legs stretched out.

While Kathy began telling the story of the visit from the fundraising girls, Melanie tipped the four men into the lap of her short skirt. They walked around aimlessly and bewildered, and she reached down and pulled the fabric back, exposing even more of her legs. At this one of the men fell to his knees and was making begging movements, which she Melanie disliked, so, with her legs lightly pressed together, she tapped the four men with the back of her finger over the edge of her skirt.

The men disappeared from view, and she pulled the skirt back down and could feel them wriggling, wedged between her legs high in her thighs.

“...so the girl wipes this guy on her skirt, and the mum gets annoyed, steps forward and treads on the next guy!” Kathy was saying from the other side of the room, leaning against the kitchen bench. “Then she sees the last guy on the ground in front of her, and here I was like ‘Oh my God!’, and I seriously thought she was going to bend down and pick him up, but instead this girl just crushes him like a bug!”

“Wow... that was close,” replied Mel in the appropriate tone to show she had appreciated the story, while at the same time she crossed her legs in a slow and deliberate manner, sliding her firmly pressed legs over each other to enjoy feeling the four men tumbling then smearing between her thighs, stifling a moan so that Kathy did not hear.

Just then Kevin entered, having completed a round of food delivery to the (remaining) communities on the patio. Kathy had installed a cat-door for him to come in and out freely.

“Kevin honey!” exclaimed Mel, “It’s been so long... come and give me a kiss!”

“Yes, Miss Mel!” replied the man happily, who quite enjoyed his master’s friend’s visits and the attention he got from her. Melanie wiggled the foot that dangled above the ground; attached to the leg that was crossed. Kevin understood immediately and sprang with light steps to her.

Reaching above him, he grasped her big toe firmly and with a heave and a jump he nimbly mounted her foot, with one knee up and the other leg dangling over her toes. Righting himself carefully, Kevin stood and leaned against her shin, then with his arms wrapped widely around her calf he awkwardly shimmied to her knee, which he grasped with relief before dragging himself up onto her leg.

He stood and walked down Melanie’s thigh, stumbling once and his foot slipping down between her legs, before reaching her lap. With the woman watching him amusedly from above, he put a hand against her stomach and attempted to reach her bikini top.

Kevin could reach the pink material between the cups of Mel’s bikini top, but couldn’t pull himself up with his arms alone. Taking a step back, he gathered his energy and sprung upwards, leaping from the foothold made by the upper seam of her skirt on her abdomen. His effort was successful and with both hands he grasped the top edge of the right cup, which

pulled out slightly with his small weight, and he swung a knee into her cleavage and his other leg he managed to bring up onto her left breast.

Righting himself with the leg that was in her cleavage, Kevin looked up at the face smiling down at him, and seeing that her mouth was still out of reach, he brought a foot high up on her breast, and with an awkward struggle, steadying himself on her collarbone, he wedged himself with a foot pressed into each breast, and this time when he craned his neck, his small face was directly under Melanie's lips.

Stretching, Kevin planted his face against her lips.

"Kevin, you know I'm in love in with you!" laughed Mel, bringing up her hand, and with a push on the back of Kevin's head with her finger, she turned his light peck into a smothering kiss. Her lips covered his entire face, and Melanie treated him to a quick slap from the tongue before releasing him, seeing him gasp for breath as he relaxed, still leaning on her chin.

"I'll have to remember not to eat you Kevin, you're such good value," chimed in Kathy, not used to not being the centre of attention.

"Thankyou, master," said the wet-faced man with a tiny smile.

"Oh no," said Mel, "if anyone's going to eat you Kevin, it's definitely going to be me!"

"Thankyou, Miss Mel!"

"Climb down and lie in my lap how I like you to, Kevin." The man was following this instruction, dropping back to her thigh and lying down on his stomach over the curve of her leg, when over in the kitchen Kathy remembered something else.

"Oh my God! I forgot to tell you – you'll never guess what happened just before you came," started Kathy, to an expectant look from her friend, "I had got this new building for the town yesterday before we went out, a basketball stadium, and Kevin comes to me before and tells me it's not a stadium–"

Melanie's attentiveness persuaded her to continue.

"–it's some kind of headquarters for a biker gang!"

“A what?”

“A biker gang! You know, like the Hell’s Angels and stuff. Wait...” remembering the motorcycle rider in her pocket, she delved into her robe, and probing the bottom of the large pocket at her waist, she grasped a miniature figure and drew out a man. “What is your name again?”

The man still held the Mayor’s loudspeaker, which was lucky for him since if he hadn’t he might have been turned to a smear between Kathy’s fingers in annoyance.

“I am Masher!”

“No you silly little toy, your gang’s name!”

“We are the Devil Crushers!”

Both girls laughed at his response.

“Well if you’re going to be crushing some devils they’re going to have to be pretty small!” teased Kathy. Melanie beckoned for a look, and Kathy walked over, sat down, and with a flick of the wrist the man was airborne, landing on her friend’s leg and rolling down her side, from whence the curious girl retrieved his tiny figure between her fingers.

“Apparently they’ve gone through the town causing havoc and taking prisoners. I’ll have to ask Albert what’s been happening,” with these words Kathy remembered that Mayor Albert was still clinging to the seam of her robe, “oh, and that stupid little man has his loudspeaker. Can you pass me Kevin?”

Melanie’s hand wrapped around the man’s waist as if she were handling a kitten as she handed him over, but Kathy grasped him by the legs and inverted him, dangling his head in her cleavage near the Mayor’s tiny body.

“Albert, tell Kevin what’s been happening.”

After thirty seconds of listening to the voice that was inaudible to the two women above, Kevin signalled that he was ready and Kathy took him around the waist with her free hand and righted him in her lap.

“Mayor Albert says the bikers have broken windows and ransacked shops, and that no-one can stop them. They have kidnapped several people and taken them back to their factory. He says he was lucky to escape.”

“Well, we’ll have to go and sort these men out after our coffee, won’t we Melanie?” said Kathy in response, placing Kevin back in her friend’s lap.

“Of course! It’ll be just like the last time you accidentally brought a motorcycle gang’s headquarters back home!” joked Melanie. The girls finished their coffees, chatting happily.

* * *

A quarter of an hour later Kathy stood up and mentioned that she wanted to get dressed before taking care of the bikers in the spare room.

“Oh, I didn’t even notice you were wearing stockings with a dressing gown! That’s a nice robe though, is that new?” said Melanie.

Kathy was about to answer while she walked through the kitchen, when she stopped with a squeal.

“Owww! What was that?”

Melanie turned quickly to see Kathy lean on the bench and lift her foot to look at the underside. A small object dropped from her sole as she did so, and hit the ground with an odd crunch.

Under Kathy’s foot was a small red smear entangled with black clothing of some kind, and the mystery was solved when she bent down to look at the object that had fallen. Despite its demolished and battered state, the tiny lump of metal was recognisable as a motorcycle.

“What the... how did this get out? I blocked the door.”

“Maybe he was already out.”

A tickle on Kathy’s breast diverted her attention and she looked down at herself to see Mayor Albert beating furiously against her skin.

“What is it Albert?” she said as she plucked him from his perch in her robe and held him beside her ear. She heard a tiny little squeak of a voice.

“Ma’am! The railway! Through the railway!” shouted the voice.

“Oh my God, of course!” Kathy had forgotten completely about the railway. She had allowed the residents to begin construction on a railway to her backyard, where they could make day trips when the weather was good. However, the tracks were to go through Kathy’s bedroom, and she had obtained some heavy machinery for the little people so that they could bore through the plaster wall between the two rooms. “Is the tunnel complete?”

“Yes, ma’am!” confirmed Albert. Kathy had blocked the door to confine the bikers, only to find out that they could escape into her house via her room.

“Well this is going to be a bit annoying then. They could hide from me for months around the house,” sighed Kathy, “Mel, can you take Albert here and have a peek at the town while I get changed. Of course if you find any of the bikers you can do what you want with them.”

Kathy stepped back to the sofa and dropped the little Mayor into Melanie’s cupped hands, and strode off to her room.

“Where shall I put you, Albert?” said Mel rhetorically to the tiny man in her hand, whose response was inaudible. She deliberated momentarily before pushing him down into the cup of her bikini top. “This definitely is your lucky day!”

The Mayor grunted in frustration at the giant girl, since ‘lucky’ would not be one of the words he would use to describe his current situation, as she rose and with her first steps sent him in a stomach-wrenching ride, the tiny man tossed up and down by her bouncing breast, trapped firmly yet helplessly under the thin material on her smooth skin.

* * *

Kathy let her silk robe drop lightly to her bed. She was still only half dressed, in her stockings and underwear, and hadn’t yet got to the task of selecting a skirt. She glanced around the floor, expecting to see one or two motorcyclists, but there were none. Slightly disappointed, she wondered where in fact the train tunnel came through into her bedroom; she hadn’t had the chance to inspect their progress as yet.

Along the wall facing the spare room was the head of her bed, her bedside table and her closet. Getting to her knees, with a quick glance she verified that there was no hole in the wall under her bed, nor on either side, save the possibility that it was behind the bedside table.

Going straight to the closet, Kathy opened it wide, allowing the light in, and with it she instantly found what she was looking for.

At the other end of the dim closet was a rough circular hole in the plaster. Several pairs of her shoes sat right in front and pointed at the wall. Around the toes of the shoes were small yellow objects; heavy machinery and trucks, parked between her high heels; despite their enormous power in the real world, a woman's footwear was a giant insurmountable challenge here in Kathy's world and they could not pass through.

There was small movement around the shoes, and Kathy wondered if it were the bikers, or the workmen. She was about to reach for one of the skirts that hung ominously over the little people below to get dressed, but she felt a slight tingle as she thought about it, and decided she felt like remaining sexy, so she instead stayed in just her underwear and stockings, and crouched down over the high-heels with the heavy vehicles around them.

Lifting the shoes gently, she placed them behind her, outside the closet door. Turning back, she noticed that several trucks and a large grader were already beginning to move. There were small black objects circling around nimbly; as she peered down they became recognisable as motorcycles. Kathy cupped one hand, and began plucking these from the carpet over which they bounced, dropping them into her palm with their riders tumbling off.

While she did this, collecting about eight, the heavier vehicles were making their way towards her -their exit- and were beside her knee. Still kneeling, she straightened up, and Kathy watched them disappear from her view between her legs before standing up and depositing the riders on her bed.

Stooping low, she now picked up the first of the vehicles, which was a large truck, perhaps the length of her finger, and peered into the cabin. Just as she had expected, there was a black-clad figure at the wheel and another black-clad passenger, both of which tumbled into her palm when she shook the truck. The vehicle was valuable and useful, and she left it on her bedside table, but the men she dropped on her bed with the others.

The next three vehicles yielded similar results, but those that had remained by the shoes were empty. Doing a quick scan around and behind her other shoes in the closet she found two more bikers in hiding, less courageous than their comrades, and on an impulse she dropped one each into a pair of her high heels. She knew from experience that there was no way out, and that next time she put those shoes on she would feel a nice surprise on her toes.

Returning her attention to the men on the bed, she knelt on the floor with her elbows on either side of the small group of twelve motorcyclists. Her breasts hung threateningly above them, and though most stood defiantly, several took steps back in obvious fright.

“So, do you still want to take over my town?” asked Kathy rhetorically to the tiny men. She was replied with several tiny pops, white puffs appearing near several of the bikers, and minute pinches like small mosquito bites tingled Kathy’s skin. Kathy jumped in surprise; they had tiny black sticks at their waists – shotguns. They had shot at her! Normally she would have crushed the perpetrators instantly for their insolence and for the inconvenience of the sharp tickling the shotguns caused, but Kathy was already feeling playful, and now she found their resistance arousing. “Ooh, now I surrender!”

She bent over her bed and watched with pleasure as the men disappeared from view under her bare breasts, and she felt more ticklish stings as she let her weight press down, and the normally intimidating men became wriggling tickles on the underside of her breasts. Kneeling back up straight, she smiled as two of the bikers fell to the bed, having stuck to her skin.

Kathy now stood up straight, and the men below craned their necks high, their view filled with the smooth colour of the nylon leading from above her knees up to a dark brown band as wide as a building is high; this was the upper seam of her stockings, and after stories above of bare skin of her thighs, was the tan expanse that was Kathy’s underwear.

Reaching down, Kathy brushed the men forward closer to the edge of the bed, causing them to tumble over uncontrollably, before she turned around, and with her legs slightly apart, and checking carefully behind her, she sat down backwards onto the bed with a slow and deliberate movement, the bikers below panicking as a giant backside came down towards them, casting them in shadow, before it landed behind the group,

and they found themselves trapped in between her legs; her crotch towering behind them, and confined in front by the vertical drop off the edge of the bed.

Kathy looked down and smiled at the dozen men in between her legs, but a quick glance told her there weren't enough there. Shifting her weight she saw she had trapped one, and he struggled and broke free from his prison between the material of her underwear and the bed linen. In addition, she felt a wriggling under one of her thighs, but couldn't be bothered releasing him.

Several of the group gathered their wits and small claps sounded, the resultant sharp tingling hitting Kathy's thighs, though the shotgun pellets couldn't make it through the material of her underwear, and the shots directed at her crotch were not even felt.

"Ooh," purred Kathy, "I like a bit of a fight!"

The men disappeared from view as Kathy's hand filled her lap, as she reached in between her legs and with a blind scoop retrieved several men. Depositing them on her thigh above the seam of her stocking, she plucked out the rest and left half on the other thigh. Sliding her finger down, she lifted one of the seams high, creating an entrance between her leg and the nylon of her stocking.

"Go in," she said in an inviting tone, though it was of course an order.

One of the men responded with a shot up at Kathy's face, which barely made the distance. Kathy replied by flicking the man lightly, sending his weapon flying, and then taking him in between her fingers. The other bikers watched in horror as he was lifted hundreds of metres in the air, and his body disappeared into the mouth of this unbelievably huge woman, who made a quick chewing movement before bringing her attention back down to the other men.

Now they froze. They had previously thought this was some kind of game, and that with their reckless nothing-to-lose attitudes they could take anyone on. Now, however, they were struck dumb and became absolutely terrified.

"Now go in, like I asked," repeated Kathy.

The men, in complete submission, ran panicked into the triangular entrance made by Kathy's stocking over her leg, and the men on the other side didn't take much convincing either. Kathy looked with satisfaction on the two groups as she released the nylon, trapping them against her skin. She would put on a skirt and not let Melanie know they were there, as it always was exciting to hide people on her body then go out in public, or in this case, even with her own friend. Before she got up though, she decided the men could be better situated, and pulling the elastic material outwards, she wobbled both legs slightly, and with the shake, the men fell unimpeded down from atop her thigh into the inner sides, at which point she let the nylon trap them again.

When she stood up Kathy felt satisfied and sexy. She noticed as she took a step to her wardrobe, that the man who had been under her had stuck to her thigh then fell to the ground. Unwilling to make the effort to bend down and pick him up, Kathy placed a toe over his tiny body, and with a crunch and a twist of her foot, he became a red mark on her skin.

Putting on a brassiere and slipping into a skirt, Kathy smiled as she enjoyed the feeling of the little men against the inside of her legs as she blocked the hole in the wall with a small box and exited to join Melanie in the city.

* * *

Meanwhile, Melanie also had been quite enjoying herself in the miniature town.

Five minutes earlier, after having parted shortly from Kathy, she stepped over the small block of wood in the doorway and put her hands on her hips, looking with anticipatory satisfaction over the houses, buildings and roadways at her feet.

With a tingle of excitement, she took her first step onto the main road, her foot filling the street from one side to the other. When she saw pedestrians running in fright, she bit her lip and with her next step placed her foot over a man caught in the middle of the road. Although he was a resident, Melanie knew Kathy would be understanding if she accidentally killed a few of the citizens, and she smiled with the sensation of feeling the man turn to a smear under her foot.

Glancing up, she noted the position of the biker headquarters; a bland building still with its foundations and not yet integrated into the city.

Scouring the streets in front of her, Melanie felt a bit disappointed, as the people were now quite efficient at getting safely indoors, but when she saw a miniature black speck zooming along a street two blocks away, she took her chance to step over a city block, and with her second step her foot landed on the street only inches behind the motorcycle.

“Bad idea,” she informed the speck below her.

With the wind that her foot caused, the biker was sent tumbling and the bike skidded to a halt on the ground. He hadn't even the chance to stand up before Melanie's foot was on him. Her knee came forward as she pressed down on her toes, and she felt a wash of pleasure as she crushed the man, leaving a small red mark mixed with flattened black leather on her skin.

At that moment a tiny tinkle distracted Melanie. She glanced across to see a figure tumbling out of a miniature shop, surrounded by a little cascade of shattered glass. Stepping over a city block (instead of walking around it), she reached the disturbance, and bent low to investigate.

The figure on the pseudo-pavement wore bright clothes and was clearly not one of the bikers, but his panicked and energetic waving up at Melanie failed to cause her to take any extra care, and when she shifted her foot to one side to peer into the shop façade, he was smeared on the skin of her sole.

None of the buildings in Toytown were fixed to the ground, and Melanie reached down and grasped the structure by the sides, lifting it to her face to scan its contents. It was a food store, and of course the man hadn't thrown himself out of the window; there were several bikers tumbling about inside with the tumultuous shaking that Melanie's grasp caused to the building. They now stared out of the wide (and broken) window at a giant female face peering in at them, and if one giant female weren't enough, in the background could be seen a colossal pair of legs gliding into view in the doorway.

Melanie was in the process of tipping the contents of the shop onto the ground when she became aware of a stockinged foot appearing on a road in the corner of her eye, and looked up to see Kathy peering over her shoulder.

“Oh hey,” she began, indicating with her finger the three figures that lay sprawled between her knees amongst a plethora of apples and oranges;

the two main fruits grown in Kathy's spare room, "I found these guys trashing this convenience store."

"I just had an idea... do you want to be a bit smaller so you can find them more easily?"

Melanie hesitated only momentarily, because even though she thoroughly enjoyed being able to share in Kathy's gift, she was at the same time terrified of it, but her deep trust for her friend swept away the thought that the other woman would maliciously harm her (besides, she wouldn't need to ask if she ever wanted to), and accepted with a knowing and playful smile.

Kathy stepped away from her friend, who was gathering the men at her feet, closed an eye, and with two fingers around Melanie's waist, transplanted her a few feet closer, and upon regaining her depth perception with the reopening of her eye, saw that her friend was now about a foot and a bit tall.

Of course she still towered over the buildings, but now the people of Playtown were a much more manageable size of a palm's length to Melanie. Craning her neck, she looked up at the slender but now ominously large body of her friend.

"Kathy, do you want these guys?" she asked, and held up a palm full of the bikers that she had had on her; three from the convenience store, and Masher from earlier, or was it 'Thrasher' or 'Basher'? she wondered.

The other woman bent down low, her breasts, now clad in a bra under a skirt, hanging high above the head of her small friend, and accepted the men into her palm. To her they were minute; maybe two or three millimetres tall.

"Well, well. Looks like you're in an even worse position to take over my town now," she said to the specks on her skin, who tumbled in her breath and had of course no chance to reply. She used to like to say witty lines such as 'looks like I have you in the palm of my hand' or 'feeling a bit small, are we?', but Kathy had tired of talking to men so small – she preferred to simply enjoy them, and with the intent of doing exactly this she licked the finger of her free hand, and rolled it gently over her palm. Bringing her finger to her face, she saw the four figures stuck helplessly; tiny specks on her skin. She had the urge to simply lick her finger clean, but like so many difficult decisions, she opted to pull her dress slightly

open at the top, and with a tingle of pleasure she lightly brushed her breast with the wet finger, then stroked herself with a bit more pressure, until she finally rubbed hard and the specks of men became tiny red dots on her breast, that were lost in the wetness of her finger with her next rub.

Meanwhile, Melanie had wasted no time in striding through the streets to the motorcycle gang headquarters. Kneeling down, she found a door and pulled it open, the tiny lock snapping instantly. Moving closer to the structure, she pushed her arm inside, disappearing up to her shoulder, and Kathy watched her shifting back and forth as her hand scoured the interior.

Shortly she stood up triumphantly, holding a black-clad figure in her palm, and Kathy smiled in return. With her free hand, the smaller woman removed the jacket of the struggling man, turning him over in her fingers until it was free. With her fingernail she slit open his boots, which then came off easily, and were followed by the rest of his clothing. Kathy watched with pleasure as Melanie held the disrobed man by the waist between her fingers, his legs swinging back and forth as he struggled, and brought him high to her face.

Kathy knelt to watch more closely. Melanie had opened her mouth wide, and a miniature squeak could be heard from the man, who was helpless as the woman lowered his legs into her mouth. When she closed her lips over his body, his arms and head protruded and he banged in protest on her cheeks, but with a strong pull from her tongue his face disappeared in between her lips, and soon only two powerless hands were all that could be seen of the man. With an extra gulp these too vanished, and Melanie paused momentarily as the motorcycle rider slipped down her throat, holding her chest, before looking up at Kathy, who watched with interest.

“You should have told me you were hungry,” she joked.

“I only just got an appetite,” returned her friend wittily, who then bent low to scour for another man.

With her next lucky dip Melanie retrieved yet another not-quite-so-lucky biker, and this time she dropped him to the ground in front of her. He stood to run, but a nudge from her toe sent him sprawling. Melanie admired the smooth shape of her bare leg as she brought it forward, and the man crawled in panic while she ran her hand over her thigh, marvelling in pride at her figure, before she dragged him backwards with her toes. Being relatively much larger than his unlucky comrades, his

arms and legs could be seen to either side of Melanie's foot as she brought it over him, and she could feel the contours of his body on her skin, which was a stark contrast to the feeling she had gotten when she had stepped on the much more miniature men, who were little more than lumps to her.

When she pushed downwards, Melanie could feel the crunch and she quivered at the sensation, breathing sharply with eyes closed and letting out a slight moan.

Kathy watched with interest for a moment before deciding that her friend could handle the situation alone, and stood up.

"I think I'll go and try and find some more of those little pot-plant men," she said, but Melanie was preoccupied and responded only with a muffled affirmative.

* * *

Kathy strode through her house with an eye on the carpet for any escapees. When she reached the kitchen she smiled as she noticed a black speck hiding in shadow in the recess under the lowest cupboards. She pretended not to notice, and walked over as if she were going to get something out, but instead dropped quickly to her knees, with one leg on either side of the offending individual.

She had to lean backwards to see the now panicked figure on his motorcycle under the overhang of the cupboard door, whom Kathy now addressed.

"Going somewhere?"

A miniature buzz could be heard as the man started his motorcycle. Kathy had extended a hand out to grasp him, but the unwilling biker swung his vehicle in the only direction possible, and accelerated.

From above, Kathy watched the tiny machine zip surprisingly quickly out from its hiding place, and let out a small giggle at the man's escape attempt. He zoomed straight towards her between her legs, and she saw the motorcycle and rider disappear under the hem of her skirt.

The biker's view was an unbelievable one as he fell into shadow between the legs of his giant female captor; to his sides rose her huge kneeling

legs up into the darkness, and through his panicked vision he made out black figures writhing, trapped against the giant walls that were her thighs, under a clear material that he realised to be her stockings. They were of course his comrades, and he gritted his teeth in desperation, driving his motorcycle harder towards the light in front of him that flooded in from underneath the small gap where the back of her skirt nearly touched the ground.

Kathy doubled over and pulled back her skirt to watch the tiny vehicle zip under her backside, and brighten as it broke into the light as it zoomed under the hem of her skirt. Standing and twirling in one movement, she followed the speck of a motorcycle with her eyes, before treading after it. She stepped close behind it, and the speeding machine wobbled with the whoosh of air that her foot caused it.

Kathy trod playfully behind the escaping man, bringing each step tauntingly closer to his motorcycle, until finally her toe tapped the normally powerful machine, and both bike and rider were sent spinning. She laughed, and watched with pleasure as the tiny figure of a man jumped to his feet and seemingly glided with steps that were too small for her to see over to the other small dot between her feet, and got back on his motorcycle.

With two steps she was in front of him, and placed her foot directly in his path. Having no time to react, the speeding bike and rider collided with the front of Kathy's toes with, though quite unspectacularly; the vehicle was sent bouncing backwards by the elastic of her nylon stocking that stretched between her toes, but the man seemed to stop completely. Kathy bent to investigate, and laughed with surprise when she saw what had happened.

Kathy realised, when she wriggled her toes and saw that the man was lifted high into the air on the nylon, that he had stuck to the material, and what's more, when she looked closely she saw that his head was stuck in a rung of her stocking. She laughed uncontrollably. If only she could have seen it up close as he had been flung headfirst from his motorbike to strike the fabric between her toes and stick like an arrow. It would have looked like a cartoon, she thought as she giggled, wiggling her toes more and watching him get thrown around helplessly, his arms clinging to the nylon as he tried to free his head.

Kathy had an idea and glided to her bedroom, with careful steps so as not to fling the man free (or smear him on the ground too soon). Reaching her

cupboard, she took a pair of nice high heels and sat down on the bed. Slowly and deliberately, Kathy slid the high heel onto her foot, then stood and pushed her foot in snugly. The man was between her toes and was pushed firmly by the nylon, and she was hoping that he wouldn't be crushed; at least not yet.

Making an exception to her usual no-shoes-inside rule, Kathy strode with sexy and much-enjoyed steps back to the kitchen, taking pleasure in the tiny lump at the front of her toes. She suddenly had the desire to step on someone, and scanned the ground in the hope of finding more men, but found none and grimaced in annoyance. With an idea popping into her head she went to her front door and opened it slightly, stepping back around the corner into her hall and waiting with a tingling feeling, her heart beating in suspense.

After thirty seconds she peeked around the corner and felt a rush of pleasure; exactly as she had predicted and according to her plan, tiny specks of figures had appeared on the tiles, obviously again with the intention of escape. In seconds Kathy was gazing down at two men between her feet, who now panicked and ran in both directions, reminding her of their comrades who had been taken care of by the netball girls.

With the shoe containing the unlucky biker, Kathy raised her leg, then brought the toe of her high heel onto one of the escapees. She felt a rush of pleasure as he popped, then prolonged the feeling by grinding him on the tiles, imagining the man being thrown about in the toe of the shoe while she did so. Bringing her attention to the other runner, Kathy breathed heavily with the excitement as she delivered the same to him too, knowing that one man was stuck in her toes and the other under, though no longer quite as 'solid' as the first.

Pleased and feeling quite happy, Kathy closed the door and strode back inside. Slipping off the shoe, she laughed when she saw that the man had made no progress and was still trapped with his head in the nylon between her toes. With a generous assistance, she plucked him out with her fingers, but decided that he was well suited to the inside of her shoe, and dropped him like a bug back into her high heel, reminding herself to wear that pair again soon.

Kathy wondered momentarily what to do next, lightly rubbing her thighs together and sensing the small lumps under the nylon as she deliberated

taking care of those men, before concluding to find out what Melanie was up too.

* * *

Kathy paused with surprise as she took in the sight that greeted her in Toytown, attempting to decipher what was happening.

Lying flat on her back beside the dull building that was the gang headquarters was Melanie, and on and around her were black figures. Kathy took a step into the room to investigate, but was shouted to stop by her friend.

“They have guns!” said Melanie with a hint of panic in her voice. “And they want you to let them go!”

Kathy considered for an instant. At her size of course the shotguns had had no effect, but to Melanie at a bit over a foot they could cause a nasty wound. She peered carefully at her friend. She was lying with arms stretched to either side and legs slightly apart, submitting to the small figures around her. Kathy could make out one biker standing on her cheek with a tiny black stick pointed to her face, and another stood between the cups of her bikini top. There were several men moving about on her stomach, and one on the front of her short miniskirt. There were at least a dozen figures on the ground around her, and some between her legs. Kathy saw a dark figure in the shadow of her friend’s skirt, silhouetted by the bright material of her bikini bottom behind him, and Kathy’s brow furrowed in anger at the audacity of these bikers.

She considered what to do. *Do they understand how my power works?* she wondered. *Do they even know that it’s me who has the power? They must... or do they?*

Making a split second decision, Kathy concluded that even if they had seen her using her power and understood it, she could pluck Melanie from the ground quickly enough to save her, and with a single movement she blinked and swept her hand to her face.

When she opened her eyes Kathy was holding her friend in front of her face, by the waist with two fingers. Although invisible to her because they were now ridiculously minute, the bikers that had been standing on Melanie’s body found themselves falling from the girl’s now-vertical figure. Two had been instantly smeared between Kathy’s impossibly huge

fingers and the smooth skin of Melanie's stomach, but the other four or five floated like dust down past Kathy's face.

To them, the giant woman's features drifted by as if they were base-jumping from the biggest cliff in the world; each part of her face a giant formation that passed by them gradually as they fell freely. To Kathy they were unnoticeable, and the flecks of men floated downwards past her face, and struck her skin somewhere below her collarbone with imperceptible touches. Even if she had looked for them, she wouldn't have detected the figures that now tumbled down her skin and over her breasts, disappearing completely as specks of dust in Kathy's tan-coloured brassiere.

High above the invisible action at her chest, Kathy asked her friend if she were alright, and the girl responded with an affirmative response, that now held a hint of excitement, having experienced a slightly dangerous situation, but having been saved by her friend's powerful gift. Kathy now turned her angry gaze to the building, in front of which the shocked figures scattered in fright.

Reaching out, she placed her friend in the far corner of the room, returning her to just about perfectly normal size. The two women looked at each other, then at the building, then in giant strides over the tiny town below they came to the offending structure, which now lay in a very unpromising position at the feet of these two girls.

The men predicted the outcome of the two angry women that towered impossibly high above, and fled. Rightly so, as it took barely a second before Kathy's foot was high in the air above the cream coloured factory, and began descending with terrifying momentum.

Kathy slammed down on the building with satisfaction, and was rewarded with an equally gratifying crunch. If there were any bikers left inside, the women would never know, since the once large and imposing structure now lay in two messy halves, its contents no longer discernible. Melanie too took her chance to take her revenge on the gang members for their act of dissidence, by bringing her toe down on the nearest figure, feeling him crumple under her pressure, then taking care of him completely with a small twist of her foot. The next two fleeing figures underwent a similar punishment; popping under the skin of Melanie's foot.

Kathy was brushing off the steel and concrete that stuck to the nylon on her foot while Melanie delivered judgement to the guilty at her own feet,

before she too took part. Three men disappeared under her stockinged leg, and were smeared out of existence when she dragged her foot backwards along the floor.

Simultaneously and thinking alike, the two girls stooped to pick up some of the remaining bikers. Bringing the figures back up to their faces, they smiled at each other and laughed as they pinched the first of the men between their fingers.

Melanie rubbed her fingers together as if she were pinching salt, and the man who was unlucky enough to undergo the ordeal of being crushed by her now disappeared as a red smear. Kathy however simply flicked away the remainder of the man whom she had squeezed into a pulp, before selecting the next from the group in her palm.

Pausing, she looked at her friend, who too had the next victim in her fingers, and suggested with a smile:

“Do you want to finish this over coffee?”

“Sure. And then a swim?”

“Sounds like a good idea to me,” replied Kathy, again in a light-hearted mood; a stark contrast to the moods of the men that were cupped in her hand.

The two girls turned towards the door, a motorcycle rider disappearing unnoticed with a squelch under each woman’s foot as they did so, and strode towards the kitchen, the dangerous men tumbling helplessly in their cupped hands, their fates clear, being completely at the whim of the pair of jubilant girls.

Above, and tumbling forgotten between a giant soft breast and the pressure of a brightly coloured bikini was Mayor Albert, who felt the relief, that the town was ‘safe’ ...once again.

THE END