

The Strangest Story in all the Seas

by

e10

Something was protecting Renee. It could have been supernatural; it could have been divine intervention; it could even have been extra-terrestrial. Maybe she was destined to perform some act or fulfil some role later in life. Regardless, there was definitely something protecting Renee from harm, though she didn't even know it. In fact, the first time that this occurred, that is, the first time that something had protected her, she hadn't even been aware of having been protected at all. She hadn't even been aware that there had been any danger to begin with.

She had been walking along the street, younger then, at sixteen, and had been distracted by something when she stepped onto the road. She had never even seen the truck coming; a semi trailer hauling goods through the town. Normally a person would end up second best in such a collision, but some higher power was protecting Renee, and there would be an ironic reversal in this case. For an instant there had sounded a deafening horn and a loud squeal of brakes, and the girl's hands had shot to her ears in fright.

Silence.

When she had turned around though, standing in the middle of the street, there had been nothing to be seen. Her hands had dropped, as did her look of shock, replaced by a puzzled frown. She had shaken her head and was about to turn away and continue across the road, when she had noticed an object out of place in the corner of her vision. Turning her gaze downwards, she had seen a long white shape, which upon stooping over it, had appeared to be a toy truck, left in the middle of the road.

"Hmmm," she had mumbled in puzzlement, before reaching down and wrapping her fingers around the small semi-trailer. She had brought it to her face and gazed in wonder for only moments before stuffing it into her bag.

The truck had been passed around between her friends and later forgotten, and its driver lost amongst Renee's clothes jumbled in her bag, and the seemingly inconsequential incident had washed from her memory.

And so it was, that with this occurrence and several more that she had never even noticed, the protection that Renee unknowingly received allowed her to live a full and active life, taking risks and undertaking extraordinary adventures of travel and exploration. In fact it was during one of these adventures several years later, that the next major incidence of her supernatural protective 'shield' took place...

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"Oh I can't understand this thing!" exclaimed Angela with a sigh of frustration. She looked at her friend, throwing up her arms in exasperation.

"Don't worry," replied Renee, tired and unwilling to deal with the GPS and the maps, "let's just sink the anchor. It's late. We can sort that out tomorrow."

The two friends quickly consented to Renee's suggestion, as they were exhausted from the effort of sailing, and there was little harm in simply sitting put; the nearest of the Greek Islands couldn't possibly be more than ten or so nautical miles, and the sea was calm. It wasn't as if they were trying to navigate past Cape York.

As the hired yacht's anchor went down, another object was raised and Angela reached down and grasped it.

"Ooh, it's cold!" she exclaimed with pleasure upon touching the glass of the bottle of vodka that had been dragged the entire day through the cool water. She undid the noose that held it to the boat and opened the small cupboard that contained plastic plates, cups and cutlery.

Not unpredictably after their tiring day, it was barely two glasses each of the strong alcohol before the happy girls were rolling around laughing idiotically. They were free at this time; making full use of their summer break from university by going on this sea adventure.

After several hours the girls lay asleep on deck in the warm night air, while a mist crept over the still dark water.

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Far away there was a deep throbbing, softened by the distance, but as it approached, nearing a small white vessel in the mist, there could be felt minute vibrations in the flat sea. Lights, once distant specks easily mistaken for stars on the horizon, became larger and the fog around this giant pulsing object was lit up in yellow.

The two unconscious girls lay unwitting and unperturbed in their boat, which, due their navigation errors, lay in the forbidden ferry lanes between the islands, while the giant dim outline of a ship grew on the horizon, its lights sparkling. In moments it towered menacingly above them, engines grumbling behind it, and as the mist around the tiny yacht became illuminated, its thin mast became visible to the eyes on the giant's deck and stood out like a waving flag in the white blanket over the water as the small boat rocked in the perturbations of the oncoming vessel. Instantly there was a thundering as four enormous throbbing engines were thrust into reverse, churning up tonnes of water behind the monster that bore down on the unsuspecting craft. A bellowing horn sounded, but it became only a remote beep in the deaf ears of the unconscious bodies below.

It was too late however. The collision was unavoidable and the destruction of the tiny yacht below the giant looming ferry was inevitable ...were it not for the divine force that protected one of the doomed occupants, and again there was an ironic reversal of positions.

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Renee's head stung as her eyes opened to the bright light washing over her. She lay in laziness before rolling to her side, avoiding the piercing sun.

After fifteen minutes of restless dozing she again opened her eyes and saw her friend Angela also lying on her side, with dancing reflections of the clear blue water leaping over her body, clad in shorts and a thin white T-shirt. Renee moved her heavy head and groaned. She felt dry and hot. Rocking to a sitting position, she held her head in hands before finding a bottle of orange juice on the deck and gulping down a mouthful of the warm fluid.

Looking past the boat, she gazed with desire at the cool water lapping in small waves, and after only moments of deliberation began pulling the polo shirt from her body, struggling in her uncoordinated state to slip it over her often-obstructing breasts. Her shorts followed and ended in a pile on the small deck, and Renee stood up straight in her blue bikini, enjoying the cool breeze on her skin.

After an awkward wavering step on the side of the boat she dropped into the water, and her body screamed with delight at the coolness enveloping her, the weight of her hangover lifting instantly. She broke out of the surface and spat water, relishing the cool shock, waving her arms slowly and kicking to stay afloat. Rolling onto her back, she began kicking gently away from the small yacht, revelling in the experience of being out in the ocean, carefree.

Pausing, Renee breathed in and allowed her legs to rise as she began floating on her back. She closed her eyes and absorbed the now pleasant sun and the water swishing in her ears as she floated aimlessly.

It was in this state she began sensing an intrusion, a tickling on her thigh. For the first few moments her mind disregarded it as a bead of water, but when she felt a solid touch she yelped and doubled over, her head shooting out of the water in surprise, her waist falling and her legs kicking into the air.

“Eeeaaah!”

Renee splashed and wiped the water from her eyes, expecting to see the worst; a shark or stingray, jellyfish, or any kind of ominous dark blurry patch in the water, but the sight that greeted her was vastly different to any sea horror she could have imagined.

“What the...” was all Renee could muster as she looked upon a white gleaming shape before her. It was a metre long and floated on the water’s gently-lapping surface, quite pointed at one end, and jagged edges over its multi-tiered levels. A dark blue stripe ran along a flat white side, above which were regular glinting panels; windows looking out upon the scene of a beautiful face rising out of the water and peering right back into them with a surprised and stunned expression. It was a boat.

In fact it was a ferry, identified Renee as she studied the alien and unexpected object in silence, expressionless, her only movement a slow kick to keep herself afloat. Her mind raced through all the possible explanations of its existence and presence, before it settled on the most likely theory, that being that it was a model, constructed by some enthusiast and trialled in the ocean, only to have the remote control malfunction and the model sail away until it began drifting idly, lost and missing in the empty sea. Renee's confused head was happy with this explanation for the moment.

It was amazingly detailed, she noticed as she peered at it, floating closer but still unwilling to touch the foreign object. Whoever had made it had gone to exceptional effort to add even minute detail. Paint was dirty and miniature patches of rust could be seen on the roof. Wooden slats of the deck were distinctly visible, even though they couldn't be more than a millimetre in width. Ropes lay haphazardly over its surface and tarpaulins were stretched over lifeboats with tiny rungs of elastic, too small to see. The only thing missing was people; the model looked a bit lifeless since it was devoid of passengers and crew. There was not a single plastic figurine or painted doll.

With a strong feeling of curiosity, Renee's hand rose from the water and her feet began kicking more strongly to compensate. Delicately and quite cautiously, she plucked an anchor from the bow and lifted it from the deck between her thumb and forefinger. The metal object was less than an inch in length but appeared and felt solid. Rope hung from its end and unravelled from a coil on the wooden deck as Renee gently raised it. Dropping the tiny anchor, which made a small splinter in the thin deck, she felt suddenly cold and felt the urge to return to the boat ...the bigger one, that is.

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Renee had made her way the short distance back to the yacht by dragging the new enigmatic object through the lapping water, holding its keel with two fingers as she lay on her back and kicked, her thighs creating turbulent waves that rocked the large vessel violently from side to side. It let itself be easily pulled as it was streamlined and smooth, and in moments she felt a shadow and stopped before hitting her head on the hull. Her legs sank as she turned, tugging the metre-long ferry model closer with a light pull, wondering how to get it onto her boat.

Her hands ran under the tiny hull and she pushed upwards, but to her surprise the model seemed very heavy and she dipped down into the water, the model lifting only slightly from the surface. Reaching up with one hand she grasped the deck rail to steady herself and again attempted. This produced a better effect, and the ferry's bow lifted clean from the water, beads running down its keel to Renee's hand that supported it in the middle, her fingers stretching from one side of the ship to the other. With the next heave she found the vessel unbalanced as it rose and had to let it gently slip back into the water so as to not drop it.

With her third attempt Renee found more success. Pulling the boat close to herself, she lifted her free arm from the water and over the boat, wrapping her arm around the twenty-centimetre-wide vessel. Her fingers found the ridge underneath the ship, and she pressed the ferry hard against her body, clutching it to her chest to steady the large load. Its upper floors pushed up into the underside of her bikini top and, unbeknownst to her, the pressure of her large breast on the small ship popped windows, bent deck rails inwards and splintered doors and frames as she held it tightly.

The ferry tilted backwards as Renee took a hold of the ladder with her other hand and lifted herself from the surface. Water cascaded from her shiny skin as she rose, grunting under the weight of the strange small ship under her arm. As soon as she could, she spun and sat on the edge of the yacht's deck, letting the ferry slip onto her lap, resting it on her thighs and letting it lean towards her stomach. It was in the overhang of her sopping bikini top and water rained over its decks, gushing into its halls.

"Angela," called the girl, panting and uncomfortable under the sharp weight of the metal object on her legs, "Angela!"

In moments the other body stirred and a head rose, eyes squinting. At first annoyed, the other girl became quickly curious at the tone of her friend's voice and the awkward way in which she sat with her back to her. She didn't yet notice the white protrusions extending to either side of her hips, and asked worriedly what was wrong.

"Look at this!" Renee exclaimed, and her friend now noticed the strange object, her eyes narrowing with confusion.

Angela leaned up on one arm, but this did not aid her vantage point and she rose, a thin blanket falling from her waist to reveal her white bikini bottom underneath, still half concealed by a T-shirt that hung loosely from her chest. As she stepped towards Renee with the mysterious object, the latter lifted her legs from over the side of the boat and leaned back, rotating and swinging them into the small cabin, her thighs making a V with her abdomen, in which the ship in her lap rocked on its side.

“It’s a ship,” observed Angela, leaning over the disproportionately small vessel on her friend’s legs.

“I think it’s a model,” replied Renee with only a few minutes more experience on the topic than her friend, “it’s heavy though.”

Angela side-stepped to a position beside her friend and let the ship’s bow slip between her legs just above her knees as she bent down to run her finger along its side. Her T-shirt hung forward over the front sections of the ship, casting the bridge in shadow and giving it a view all the way up the loose garment to the undersides of her otherwise bare breasts high above.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, fixated, “it’s so intricate!”

“Isn’t it?” replied Renee, shifting her legs in discomfort under the weight, “someone went to a lot of effort.”

Angela fell to her knees and peered straight into the windows of the bridge that commanded a view directly in front of the vessel. Squinting closely, she started and exclaimed.

“What is it?” asked Renee eagerly.

“Well... nothing,” said her friend slowly, “I just thought I saw something move inside – in the windows.”

“Let’s get this thing off me,” said Renee, changing the subject, “my legs are hurting. If you can grab that end–”

Renee indicated the bow of the ship, under which Angela cupped her hands while the first girl shifted the weighty object along her thighs until she could grasp the stern. With a short countdown Angela lifted the seagoing vessel

from the legs of her friend, who rose and stood over it with her hands firmly under its hull. Simultaneously, the two girls lowered the ferry between their legs, resting it gently on the ground and propping it up with one of their bags, until they stood up straight and looked down on a miniature boat between their feet.

While the apparently ‘model’ ship *appeared* still, inert and inoperable, there was, however, chaotic and frenzied motion within it. Not only that, but its presence on board the holidaying girls’ yacht entailed its absence from its intended destination, and already there was a party on their way to investigate, and they would not necessarily be friendly or understanding if they were to discover something very strange on a small boat sitting illegally in the shipping lane.

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The grand view from the windows of the once-dominating ferry was quite different to the usual vast blue ocean to which its crew and passengers were acquainted. Instead of sea-blue there was a smooth cream colour to starboard and another identical to port, that led up to a great white triangular shape directly above the bow. Above this rose more cream, though this was darker, cast into shadow by another white expanse that hung over it. The only blue to be seen was high behind the ship, where two similar expanses of the smooth cream colour met above the stern. Except for the impossible dimensions of this picture that surrounded the majestic ship, these colours and shapes would have been recognisable as the legs and slim bodies of two kneeling and inquisitive young women.

Angela rose from her knees and kicked her legs out behind her to lie flat, bringing her face down to the level of the ship so that she could study it more closely. From her viewpoint she could see along its decks and into all its levels. A smokestack rose from its rear upper deck, but this tower was dwarfed by her friend’s body, which rose up into the sky behind it. She stared closely, somehow hoping to catch another glimpse of the movement that she thought she had seen minutes earlier, and had a loud noise from outside the yacht not drawn her attention, she would have seen a darting flicker of colour behind the glass of the ship’s bridge.

“What was that?” asked Angela at the noise, looking up quickly to her friend.

“No idea,” said Renee, extremely puzzled. She was looking in all directions around the yacht, but saw nothing, “it sounded like a horn, but there’s no ship around.”

“Maybe it was the wind.”

“It was too loud,” said Renee, now quite suspicious, though she didn’t know of what. A frown appeared on her brow as she saw a trail of whitish froth leading away from a patch of water thirty metres from their yacht; a trail that looked like a boat’s wake, but again, there was no boat.

Unbeknownst to her, this was the work of a higher power, again shielding her from a harm she would never know

Renee told herself that it was probably a shallow reef creating turbulence in the water, and rose to check the ocean’s depth on their hired craft’s ‘fishfinder’ unit. When she saw that the water was more than twenty metres deep, she felt a pang of a feeling that was a mixture of fear and curiosity, but this was cut short by a shriek from her friend, whose attention was still on the little ferry.

“What is it?” she asked, immediately concerned.

“I saw it again!”

“Saw what again?”

“I saw something move!”

Renee paused.

“Are you sure it wasn’t just a reflection... a bead of water perhaps?”

This rational and sound explanation calmed Angela somewhat, since she wasn’t quite sure at all what she had seen, and she rose to a sitting position beside the enigmatic craft that had intruded on their holiday, to slow down and think. Renee too felt unsure of what was going on in light of the literally small incidents and the strange ship that lay leaning against a bag in their cabin.

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Moments earlier, and not far away, a crew member of a sleek white vessel had spotted a small yacht floating stationary in the middle of what should be a shipping lane. It was hundreds of times smaller than the ferry that the crew of this ship sought, but considering the illegality of the yacht's position, they had to intercept nonetheless. These men were armed and prepared for any situation, but they had no idea what lay in the small, seemingly harmless yacht, and somewhere above, a higher being realised that their reactions might be harmful to its innocent occupants.

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Renee glanced away while Angela lay before the enigmatic model, and exclaimed.

“Oh my God!”

“What is it?” asked Angela, startled, as her friend stood quickly, turning, but she went unanswered as the other girl bent over the side of the small yacht, her backside pointing high in the air as she leaned down towards the water. Angela propped herself up on her elbows to see what had drawn Renee's attention, and her eyebrows furrowed in puzzlement as the bikini clad girl rose and turned back into the boat.

“Oh my God,” echoed Angela when she looked upon the sleek white object in her friend's hand. It was another boat.

“What is happening here – has someone lost *two* model boats?” mumbled Renee as she held the new boat in her hand for her friend to see. It was about fifteen centimetres long and had printing on the side in Greek, and smaller lettering stating ‘Polizei’, ‘Policia’ and ‘Police’ beside it. If she were to look more closely, she would see something else as well; figures, barely more than a centimetre tall, scurrying in panic around the shaking, turbulent deck of the ship in Renee's palm.

Angela's attention turned back to the larger of the two miniature boats while Renee's gaze remained on the smaller in her fist. She resumed her seat and leaned back, holding the boat high, and in doing so three figures were

shaken from their feet on the wavy deck of the sleek white vessel, and they disappeared over the rails, falling to strike the expanse of smooth skin of Renee's breast. These figures went unnoticed as they tumbled down the slope and between her breasts, and being barely more than a centimetre in length, they would remain unnoticed at the bottom of this huge girl's bikini top.

Filled with curiosity, Renee turned the white boat over in her hands and became aware of some small lightly coloured objects falling from its inverted deck and scattering over her stomach and lap. Wondering what they were, she glanced down at herself to see several tumble between her legs and disappear, and another of these tiny items become wedged into the damp upper seam of her bikini bottom, right in the middle of her abdomen. She went for this object, pinching it lightly between thumb and forefinger and lifting it to her nose to look at more closely.

It was at this exact time that Angela was tinkering with the large ferry leaning on her bag on the floor, when she reached to its deck and poked her little finger into one of the tiny doors and disturbed something that was attempting to conceal itself.

At the same time, both girls saw tiny movement in the objects they were looking at, and at the same time moments later, realised what they were looking at.

Two simultaneous screams echoed out over the water.

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Two giant girls stared with giant open mouths at the tiny figures of real, miniature people before their giant and wide eyes.

"Oh my God," stuttered Renee once more, her warm breath washing over the tiny man squeezed between her thumb and forefinger, who waved wildly in a desperate attempt to gain the care of the huge girl, frightened at the fatal drop to the crevice in the blue bikini top that, past his kicking feet, he could see far below him.

"Oh my God," echoed Angela with a whisper, as the centimetre-tall running figure on the deck of the ferry fell into the shadow of her hand, which closed

in behind him as she gently plucked up the panicked man between the tips of her thumb and forefinger, halting his furious movement with her fingertips, “is that a real man?”

“It has to be,” whispered Renee, focussed on and entranced by the waving figure before her eyes, not aware that her friend was actually referring to another man in her own fingers. Slightly dazed, she looked past her hand, down to her legs, where she could see in the shadow between her thighs several small light patches, which began wiggling with motion. Renee spread her legs and deposited the small boat beside her thigh, reaching down with her now-free hand to pluck the objects that had fallen over her and into her lap, her confused mind expecting that they were going to be more of the unbelievable tiny men.

She was correct, and in moments her palm was flat in front of her face, with five small white figures standing unsteadily on her skin, disoriented and confused. Past these bodies she could see the outstretched, bikini-clad body of her friend Angela, dwarfing the giant ferry that lay before her. Both ferry and girl were motionless. Renee wondered what was going through her friend’s mind.

Angela let out a small grunting exhalation that sounded like a ‘humph’, but which gave no clue to Renee. The humph repeated, and then repeated again, until resulting in a snort, which was followed by what sounded like a chuckle. There came a giggling laugh after this.

“This is a real man!” exclaimed Angela with a definite laugh. Renee, still shocked, wondered why there was a smile on her friend’s face.

“Yes, this could be a real man,” she replied, though with concern and not with joviality, “a *real* man! How did he get like this? How did *these* get like this?”

Renee gestured at the two miniaturised seagoing vessels on the deck of their own vessel. Her point did not seem to sink in to Angela, who looked at the tiny figure between her thumb and forefinger with an expression that made Renee wonder if she were thinking straight.

There was an awkward silence for several minutes, while the difference between the expressions on the two girls’ faces deepened; Renee’s brow

furrowing with puzzlement and concern, while Angela's smile broadened into a playful pouting as her gaze went over the tiny man stuck helplessly between her delicate fingers.

"There must be more," said Renee seriously, gazing over the boat leaning against her thigh and the other before her friend, whose feet were crossed in the air behind her as she lay on her stomach before the long ferry. Angela took her friend's comment in the wrong way.

"Ooh yes, there must be more!"

There *were* more, and they stared, frozen, out the windows of the doomed ferry as the huge, dangerous but beautiful face rose and disappeared upwards, followed by an ascending expanse of white that was a giant girl's chest, a T-shirt hanging loosely from two huge hanging breasts. A three-storey high band of bare smooth skin at the huge female's waist was in shadow under the overhang of the loose garment, and this too ascended as a giant knee was planted on either side of the immobile ferry, and the people inside gazed upwards into her colossal bikini bottom, looming above its decks.

"How do we get them out?" asked Angela, kneeling with spread knees over the undersized ship below her, though she didn't receive an answer as her friend was preoccupied with the same problem with the boat in her hands.

Renee held the police boat with a thumb and finger on each end as if she were taking a photo with it. From the other side her eyes could be seen directly through the empty windows on its upper levels, her face enveloping its tiny silhouette.

"Come out," she whispered gently into it, her breath whistling over its rails and through its halls, frightening the occupants hidden in the cabins, "come out, I won't hurt you."

Meanwhile, the ferry fell into a huge female-shaped shadow as the petite Angela bent over it, whispering similar coaxes into its decks. Inside however, her gentle breaths echoed loudly through the metal cavities and caused hundreds of nervous passengers to cover their ears at the penetrating slithers of speech.

Renee repeated her message into the police craft, but concurrently there was another message going out of it, though not through sound but via radio, and it was from a panicked crew calling for help. More specifically, it was calling for reinforcements.

The reinforcements would soon be on their way.

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After fifteen minutes of inspecting the vessels, tapping on their hulls and tilting them to and fro, the girls were overcome with a sudden pang of fatigue, realising they had not yet eaten and were probably still quite affected by hangovers, but mostly it was mental fatigue due to the shock of making such an unlikely discovery as they had made. They left the boats in peace for a while, Renee balancing the smaller of the two on a pair of Angela's tracksuit pants beside the larger, which leaned on her bag, and sat up to have breakfast.

They had cereal and milk in the small cooler, and the travelling pair feasted on Corn Flakes and a glass of orange juice, sitting mostly in silence, their minds on much more pressing topics than their meal. They were pondering the same problem from different perspectives however; Renee wondering what to do with the two ships, and Angela wondering what they *could* do with them.

Three men, squashed and trapped in an overbearing wet heat, received a gushing wave of milk for breakfast when Renee spilled a spoonful of cereal at her mouth, and a trickle of milk ran down her chin, down her chest and into her cleavage where they were stuck helplessly and unobserved.

"Oh gosh," mumbled Renee as she looked down at her chest, dabbing the spill with a towel, completely unaware of the unwilling passengers she was carrying. The silence was broken and Angela chuckled at her, causing Renee too to laugh, releasing the tension in both their minds.

"What do we do now?" asked Angela, her first priority being to obtain the tiny people from inside.

"Well, without knowing anything about what they are or what to do with them, we should head for an island. We need to get on land."

“Oh,” said Angela, not aware that Renee was looking at the big picture, “I meant, what should we do with the two boats?”

“Well we don’t know what they are. Those people are real in there. What did you do with that man you had by the way?”

Angela replied by running her finger over a small shadow in the front of her bikini bottom, and when Renee’s eyes cast down to her friend’s abdomen she saw that it was a lump; the figure of a man trapped against Angela’s skin under the white elastic fabric of her bikini.

“Hey! That’s a real man!”

“They’re not *real* real! I mean... they’re *real* since you can touch them and stuff, but they’re not... *real* real,” countered Angela, her mind unable to cope with the mystery. She repeated the argument at her friend’s frown, “not *real* real.”

“They’re not toys!”

“But they’re not *real* people like you or me!”

“What else could they be?”

“Crazy little models or robots or something!” Angela retorted. While Renee seemed to be thinking more rationally and with clarity, Angela’s explanation was less impossible than the supernatural explanations that were going through Renee’s mind. “What do *you* think they could be?”

“Well... some kind of... like... they... the boats...” began Renee, unable to articulate the insane concept, “...maybe they went into the Bermuda Triangle and got shrunk or something!”

“That’s in America!”

“I don’t know!”

“That’s impossible. They *have* to be tiny dolls. There’s no other explanation.”

“Maybe...” paused Renee, “maybe they’re not tiny... maybe we’re *giant!*”

Angela’s expression turned to surprise at her friend’s preposterous suggestion and she stifled a chuckle of contempt. The two girls stared at each other, almost fuming over the argument, when a shrill motor sound could be heard and something over Angela’s shoulder caught Renee’s eye, breaking the deadlock and diverting their attention.

“Look! A helicopter!” she shouted, standing, and pointing to the distance behind Angela, who stood and whirled.

“Where?”

Renee paused.

“Hold on, where did it go? I could see it against the sky just a moment ago!”

The two girls stared, squinting, for a whole minute before Angela turned to her friend with a quizzical look and Renee returned it with a puzzled expression. They sat down slowly, but as soon as they were seated Renee cast her gaze back in the direction of the mystery helicopter and shouted again.

“It’s back!”

They both jumped and Angela whirled.

“Are you crazy?” said Angela to Renee when nothing could be seen. Renee was about to get fired up when something made her freeze.

“Oh my God,” she uttered once again. Angela turned to look, and finally saw the helicopter that Renee had pointed out, though it was silhouetted against the sky as Renee had first seen it while seated; it was lower, and had the gentle ocean blue behind its dark hovering shape. This perspective would have been impossible had it been off in the distance, but it was not. It was about ten metres from the yacht, but its proportions made it appear far away. It was another miniature craft.

“Oh my God,” echoed Angela once again.

“This is too ridiculous,” stated Renee with a strange clarity of voice and mind, no longer shocked by the appearance of yet another small vehicle.

“It’s coming towards us,” mouthed Angela, transfixed on the hovering object. She was not wrong, and stepped over the boats below her to climb to the other side of the yacht to greet the helicopter. Renee followed her.

When they stepped up onto the deck, the helicopter was very close and they girls saw it was about ten centimetres long and quite sleek. Upon their approach though, it halted and backed off slightly.

“Hey, come back,” commanded Angela. Upon its dissent, staying put at a comfortable distance of about a metre from the rail, Angela put a foot over the silver steel and grasped a rope leading to the mast, and leaned out, her hand reaching for the craft with open fingers.

What happened next went in slow motion for the two girls. Just as Angela’s hand was about ten centimetres from the buzzing helicopter, a whiff of smoke appeared from its stubby wing and a trail shot out straight through her open fingers towards the concentrating girl, who jumped in fright. The projectile whizzed past her jolting face, and her fingers clasped thin air, wafting the arrow of smoke, before she reeled and swung out of control back into the yacht.

Renee stood in shock, but as her friend stumbled away, a second trail of smoke appeared, piercing the air towards Renee, but through pure luck alone the rocket fired from the helicopter careened straight through the gap between her arm and her breasts, which swung momentarily as she spun and jumped away in fright.

The craft returned its attention to its first target as Angela stumbled onto a knee before turning around to look at the tiny machine. The smoke again appeared, but as she stood, the projectile whistled beneath her crotch and its trail wafted against the inside of her thighs.

She yelped in response and jumped away like her friend. Another rocket sailed out towards her but shot over her back as she ducked under a mast rope. When her figure became obstructed by the thin mast, the manoeuvrable craft strafed to its side and approached the boat, but Angela shrieked and hid

on the other side. It began zipping quickly towards the middle of the boat to attempt to get around the obstacle, but at this moment the pilots of the attacking helicopter noticed a threat and it was their turn to avoid a projectile.

Renee was thundering towards the tiny approaching craft, and hurtled her polo shirt at it. The helicopter's pilot had fast reflexes, and while it disappeared from her view behind the falling garment, the airborne craft dived underneath it, and Renee yelped as she was unable to change her course and the helicopter went through her legs, rotating on its side to pass through the dangerous gap just above her knees.

Upon swinging around, the helicopter let out several piercing rockets at the giant figure of Angela to its side, but the panicking girl was not aiming to attack it and dived out of the way off the side of the boat with a splash that caused droplets to rain down on the two boats lying helplessly and very precariously under the action above, leaving her friend to take on the military craft alone.

The helicopter steadied and took aim for Renee, who adopted her friend's initial tactic of hiding behind the mast. The first rocket struck the wood and caused her to shriek at the small bang of explosive. A second whizzed past her neck, but when no third rocket could be heard she looked around to find out where the hunting craft was. The helicopter was paused, ready to strike, now taking its time with its single prey, and began sidling over the edge of the boat to gain a view of Renee, its pilots playing a reversed game of cat and mouse; the smaller now hunting the larger.

Renee's breathing stopped and she shifted further behind the mast, scared of the object that was only a fraction of her size yet still dangerous. She peeked out, not knowing what to do, when there was an explosion from the water and a sleek, shiny body burst from beneath the boat, surging upwards with an arm pointing straight up, fingers open as they reached for the sky. It was Angela, her wet hair flicking as she soared up out of the water, her white T-shirt sopping and clinging to her body, leaving nothing to the imagination as her chest bounced wildly. Her leap brought her up underneath the unsuspecting craft, and by luck her reach was just enough, and her fingers clamped down onto its body, and the helicopter was sucked out of the sky as Angela fell back into the water, her arm still raised, clutching the craft and its pilots above the surface.

Renee rushed to the side of the boat to see her friend reappearing, arm raised, spitting water as she groped for a hold. Renee leant and clasped her free arm.

“Ooh no no! Point that thing away from me!” she squealed when Angela inadvertently waved the helicopter in her direction while getting a hold of the boat, “oh my God, that was an ordeal! Thankyou so much!”

Angela made no reply while she struggled, her friend pulling her up into the boat. As soon as she flopped onto the deck, water gushing from her soaked T-shirt, she sat up and both girls turned immediately to the buzzing helicopter in Angela’s hand. Its rotors were still spinning as it fought and strained, but its immense power at its normal size was no match for the young girl’s gentle grip, and the metal machine was yanked unwillingly through the air wherever Angela wanted.

For half a minute the pair looked down at the whirring motion with its sleek body and stubby wings that were pointing harmlessly out to sea between the two giant girls as Angela trapped it helplessly.

“How do we stop it?” said Renee.

“Should I just crush it?” asked Angela, almost rhetorically, as if she wanted to pinch the helicopter and its pilots between her fingers.

“No! Not at all,” interjected Renee, saving the lives of the two men inside the tiny craft with her words, “these things *have* to be real. You can’t deny that now. Little models don’t attack people.”

“That’s right, they *attacked* us!”

Renee had no reply to this statement, but Angela became calmer and desisted anyway.

“I guess you’re right,” said Angela quietly, succumbing to logic, and more importantly, compassion, “if they *are* real people... just somehow shrunk... we still can’t just squash them.”

Both girls sat in silence, shocked by Angela's words, the events, and the whole situation; shocked by the impossibility that seemed to be reality.

"We have to save them," said Renee eventually. She had a clear head – maybe this was why she was being 'protected' from above. Carefully reaching over her friend, who held the helicopter steady as she waited to see what Renee had in mind, she lightly touched the tip of her finger to the tiny rotating mechanism in the centre of the spinning circle of blades; the pivot that held the rotors.

Even with her light touch, there was an audible change as the heavy diesel motor of the helicopter struggled under the immense load on its rotors, and when it began grumbling and complaining there was a visible decrease in speed of the blades.

"Ooh, good idea," complimented Angela on the safe and peaceful end to the dangerous saga with the helicopter, as the engine stalled with a splutter and the blades slowed quickly under the pressure of Renee's fingertip, the only damage to which was a small round spot of grease on her skin where she had touched the mechanism.

Angela lifted the now motionless craft to her face, holding it sideways as there was still the issue of its rockets, and peered into the tiny glass cockpit to see two minute figures waving their hands around in panic before they froze and looked straight up at the huge beautiful face surrounding their world.

"It's definitely an army helicopter," said Angela idly as she brought her other hand up to the cockpit, which fell into shadow as the canopy was enveloped by her immense fingers. The frightened pilots looked straight into the skin of the tips of Angela's thumb and forefinger pressing on their windows as she pinched the canopy and lifted it from the helicopter with a small snap.

Leaving the heavy glass window on her thigh, she pinched the first man in her thumb and forefinger and lifted him from the disabled craft. She was about to deposit him somewhere on her body when Renee extended a cupped hand, into which she dropped his kicking figure. The second man came out just as easily, and the helicopter then found itself rocking idly in the crevice in the huge girl's lap while she deposited its occupant into her

hand. The girls looked at each other; both holding a tiny pilot in their cupped palms.

“Well.”

“Well!”

“Where do we go from here?”

* * *

It was decided that the first priority was to get to land. Renee sat down with the GPS unit and the map to work out where they were, while Angela transferred the two pilots and all the people she could find from the smaller boat into the ferry, getting down on her knees and speaking slowly and softly to calm the miniature passengers and informing them of their plan to get them back to civilisation and find out what was going on.

Angela felt idiotic speaking to an inanimate object, and then realised how even more ridiculous it was that she was talking to a metre-long ship and burst out laughing. Renee had been idly watching and she too saw the funny side of things. The laughter gave the stressed girls a pause and lifted their spirits.

As if to retort to the joviality, the sun disappeared and the girls felt a chilling wind pierce the air. Looking up, Renee saw dark clouds hanging menacingly in the distance and frowned.

“I hope that doesn’t hit us,” she said, pointing out the storm to Angela, who lifted the police boat from the floor to get her tracksuit pants from underneath it. She wedged it between her legs as she knelt, holding the large ferry steady with a hand over its decks while she rummaged through her bag on which it was leaning, in search of a top to replace her wet T-shirt.

“Oh my,” she said, realising that her body had been completely visible through the soaked white fabric and feeling somewhat exposed, “I hope these little guys didn’t look at my wet T-shirt.”

“No...” began Renee sarcastically, giggling at her friend, “they *definitely* wouldn’t notice your huge wet boobs that are like... three quarters the size of their boat!”

“You can’t talk!” laughed Angela back, grabbing the ship from her lap and lifting it in the air towards Renee, who lifted her arms as her friend waved the boat at her. Angela pressed the vessel to Renee’s bikini top, and pushed it against her breast in comparison. Not for the first time that day, steel and glass was bent and cracked against Renee’s chest. “*Yours* are bigger than it!”

The pair laughed while Angela lowered the ship and found a bra and top, which she dropped lightly onto the immobile ferry beside her. People inside it cringed with fright as the halls and windows turned pink as her brassiere covered the upper four decks, softening and tinting the light. Since she was sure there were no more crew aboard the police boat, she put the delicate miniature vessel in her bag with her clothes and zipped it shut.

She was not wrong; there were no more crew aboard the ship, but they weren’t now safely on the ferry as she thought. Having evaluated their situation, only half of the manpower of the police boat had considered their vessel safe to remain with, while the other half had abandoned it, springing from its decks out into the entity in which their boat floated; Angela’s tracksuit pants.

* * *

“Mmmm, nice and warm,” murmured Angela as she pulled the elastic of her tracksuit pants up over her damp bikini bottom, letting it snap snugly in place, running her hands up and down her legs to feel the warmth of the soft fabric. Little did she know that six more people were now bathed in this same warmth; some of whom shivered and coughed as they were rubbed between the soft fabric and the wet cold of Angela’s bikini bottom.

“Mmmm,” echoed Renee, also retrieving some warm clothes, “I’m cold too.”

After several moments of study, the capable Renee ascertained their position on the map and exclaimed.

“What is it?” asked Angela, who was in the business of covering the ferry under a long towel in order to keep her privacy while changing. It became simply a coloured object on the floor, and to an observer the yacht would have appeared perfectly normal, the hundreds of frightened occupants invisible within layers of steel and aluminium and a giant tent of soft fabric that smelled of women’s fragrance and sunscreen.

“We’re miles off course!” said Renee with surprise. “We’re in a shipping lane.”

Angela was silent, knowing it had been her error the previous day. Renee knew this but said nothing, her tact knowing that there was no point arguing over something already done.

“Maybe we can wait for a ship,” put in Angela.

At her words both girls’ gaze went to the innocent-looking log-shaped towel-wrapped object before their feet.

“I think that *was* the ship,” said Renee, voicing the realisation that both girls had made.

“What if it happens to us?”

The girls realised that this was a real danger. Logically, whatever had happened to the three vehicles they had in their yacht could easily happen to them too. Of course it wouldn’t, but they did not know this.

“Let’s get out of here.”

* * *

Angela finally tore off her wet T-shirt, her breasts feeling a chill with the cold wind that washed over them, and let the garment slap on the seat behind her.

“Watch out,” commented Renee, and Angela turned to see a lump under the sopping white fabric, and lifted it to find that she had covered the helpless helicopter in her shirt. She took it between her fingers and placed it delicately on a small shelf in the shallow cabin before tossing the T-shirt

over a rope to dry. After realising she needed her towel to dry herself, she gave up her bashfulness in frustration and yanked it from the ferry, which was bathed in light and a tremendous view for those occupants who had access to an upper window. After a quick rub over her chest she slipped into her dry bra and donned a warm fleece jumper, not needing a middle layer.

By the time she had shaken and tied back her hair, Renee too was clothed warmly, and they got to the business of starting the yacht's emergency motor, no longer yearning the pleasure that piloting a graceful wind-powered vessel usually gives.

“Where are we going?” asked Angela, not having taken part in this day's navigation. She was replied with a grim look from Renee, and she frowned at the apprehension that her friend displayed. “What is it?”

“Well the nearest island is that way,” said Renee with a pointed arm, and Angela understood her friend's worry. Her finger was aimed at clear blue sky in the distance, but not far to the left of this destination loomed the dark clouds whose cold wind they now experienced.

“Isn't there an alternative?”

“Not with the petrol we have.”

“Is there anything else?”

“There are a couple of small uninhabited islands. If we get stuck, we'll head for those for shelter.”

Worried looks were on the faces of both young women as the motor putted to life and the small yacht rotated and moved towards the ominous dark clouds.

* * *

It was slow going. The small motor was capable of barely more than five knots, and small swells were rocking the boat off course, so Renee was constantly checking the GPS to correct.

“I’m getting worried about those clouds,” repeated Angela for the third time in an hour. Renee remained silent, since her friend’s repetitive comments were not contributing to the situation, to which she could not contribute anyway.

“Could you please make some food,” requested Renee, realising her hunger. A hangover can stave off an appetite for a few hours, but theirs had been shaken off by the adrenaline of the eventful morning, and their stomach’s complained duly.

“Oh my God yes,” replied Angela as she realised her own hunger. Being a very slim girl, her appetite was usually fairly sporadic. She had been leaning back with her legs up, making it extremely difficult for the men attempting to escape her tracksuit pants completely unbeknownst to her, and now swung her legs over and stood, inverting their world and causing most to tumble down her smooth skin from the fabric underneath the back of her thighs down to the snug elastic around her ankles, the others stuck helplessly in her still-damp bikini bottom.

Twenty minutes later Angela was holding the rudder while Renee was taking her turn to feast on the eggs and toast that her friend had cooked on the tiny portable stove in the yacht’s cupboard, when she let out a groan at the light touch of a drop of rain striking her cheek.

“What is it?” asked Renee, turning, but her question went unanswered as a droplet struck her hand and she looked at her friend in dismay.

“Let’s head for the islands,” said both simultaneously, Renee jumping to action and grabbing the map, directing her friend to turn the boat. Luckily the approaching storm was behind them as they made a new course, and they would have some more time before it hit.

Despite the dark sky, coral began becoming visible as the boat putted through the increasingly shallower water, and in moments Angela exclaimed as she spotted the clear outline of land before them. It appeared distinctly to be only a small island, but land was land, and somewhere they would find shelter from the closing tempest.

“What do we do about *them*?” said Angela without humour and not needing to indicate that she was referring to the ferry and its passengers.

“We’ll have to take it ashore. It’ll never make it otherwise.”

The rain was getting heavier. In the distance behind them rang out an ominous clap of thunder, and the swells became increasingly turbulent.

The spirits of the young women fleeing the storm became increasingly higher as the island became bigger, but when it was only a kilometre away it was in one of the large swells that disaster struck.

The boat was being lifted high in the air with the sick-making surges of water, then dropped down into the trough each time a swell passed, and the girls were thankful that they were nearing the safety of land, when they rose up on a high swell and overlooked the deep trough before them and cringed with fear. Nosing hazardously out of the turbulent surface was a dark and menacing rock, and the pair in the small boat were helpless as their craft surfed down the side of the large wave towards it.

Crunch.

Renee and Angela were jolted as the boat struck the smooth, solid rock, and fell forward with a shriek. Immediately they sat up, grasping to steady themselves, fear and adrenaline running through their veins.

“Are you hurt?” shouted Renee, but her friend was just shocked and not injured.

“Are we crashed?” was all the panicked Angela could say, while Renee was already trying to ascertain the damage to the boat. She didn’t need to however, as a thin film of water suddenly covered the deck.

“Oh no!” exclaimed Renee, jumping back to her position at the rudder. She began to shout to her immobile friend. “Angela! Get the bucket. Get all that you can out!”

The water was as yet too shallow for a bucket to be of any help, and Angela stood uselessly until Renee again commanded her, instructing her to lighten their boat. With rain now pouring and the sky dim and grey, Angela grasped the handles of the stove and heaved it overboard. The cooler soon followed

it, orange dots appearing on the surface of the water to the side as the fruit inside it floated out while it sank.

Renee turned to see the black clouds behind them, shaking with fright at each clap of thunder that followed the flashes lighting up the sky. When she returned her gaze to the front, she saw her friend doubled over, her arms hanging down, with her hands wrapped around the hull of the giant ferry that was helpless at her whim, its bridge pushed into her crotch as she stood with legs on either side of the long vessel, lifting the heavy ship's bow up between her thighs to attempt to move it.

“What are you doing!” shouted Renee.

“We have to get rid of it! It'll float!”

“It'll be smashed on the rocks! There are probably hundreds of people in there. We have to save them!” she shouted to Angela, who stood stooped with the ship between her legs and her head turned to her friend who urged her to desist. “Put it down, put it down!”

Angela hesitated, and Renee saw this and continued to shout.

“Angela! You're holding real people in your hands! Real people! You have to save them. You're their only hope!”

The words struck home and Angela bent her knees, the ship returning to horizontal as its bow fell from between her thighs. She had nearly placed it on the ground when two sounds rang out; a dull thud and the clang of its hull striking the deck as she dropped the ship when she became unconscious, the beam that had struck her head swinging out unrestrained over the side of the boat.

“Angela!” shouted Renee. The unconscious girl fell forward and to her side, fortunately for the hundreds of people trapped helplessly below her giant and potentially crushing slim body. One leg was still on the other side of the boat, and it pulled the ferry onto its side, the passengers within tumbling against walls as they huddled in cabins and halls, and the pressure of her thigh, clad in sopping tracksuit pants, crumpled the roofs of upper decks and smashed windows along a length of the ferry's side.

Renee rushed to her friend and lifted her head from the rising water, propping her up on a seat and pushing the ferry back into a vertical position, the occupants tumbling again with the touch of the girl outside it, upon whom its fate and those of hundreds of people depended.

Despite the panic of the emergency, Renee's mind was steady. She jumped back to the rudder and steered the small yacht back on course for the island, then sprang to the deck and flung some water from the cabin, until the yacht again veered off course with another large swell.

She continued in this manner for ten gruelling minutes, until she glanced up at the island and realised she wouldn't make it. The water in the cabin was rising and it lapped against her friend's ankles. When she cast her gaze to the ferry on the floor, she realised it was no longer touching the deck and was floating back and forth in the turbulent water seeping into the cabin.

After three more trips between the unsteady rudder and the rising water which now reached Angela's waist, there was a grinding crunch from underneath the boat and this signalled the end of the yacht's journey.

With more than three hundred metres remaining, Renee's instincts took over and showed her quality. While the ferry bumped back and forth in the cabin and Angela sat eyes closed helpless but groaning with approaching consciousness, Renee leapt to the side of the boat where the beam swung aimlessly, and flung herself onto it.

With the imbalance, the small yacht keeled to one side, groaning with the motion for which it was not designed. Her instantaneous plan was perfect and the water in the cabin gushed towards the dark sea, carrying a metre-long ferry with it. When the intruding water met the outside ocean, the ship floated freely out into the swell of the ocean, rising and falling tens of times its own height; far more than could ever have been imagined by its designers, but withholding nonetheless.

With the extra angle though, Renee swung even further out and struck water as the boat overshot its centre of balance and toppled onto its side. Her helpless friend tumbled from the cabin and fell into the water, and Renee was there in two strokes to pull her head from the water. A mumbled word came from her mouth as she became dazedly conscious from the shock.

“Angela! Hold on!”

With an arm around her friend’s neck she surged for the white vessel floating impotently in waves that dwarfed its own proportions. In several strong kicks she made it, and her hand fell on stern to the fright of dozens of passengers inside, who looked out over the gushing decks to see four giant fingers with long, shining and deadly fingernails rising over the rails, snapping planks and clamping down on the ship that had a day earlier seemed so huge, grand and invulnerable.

Renee could not possibly swim with both immobile and helpless objects, and she kicked against the swells uselessly.

“Angela! Angela!” she shouted at her friend, whose eyes were half open but stared blankly. “Hold onto this!”

Renee dragged the ferry through the water to her friend who was much larger than the sleek metal ship. She realised how weighty her own clothes were, no longer fulfilling their purpose of keeping her warm. Momentarily releasing her grip on both of the objects that depended on her, she struggled out of her jumper and kicked off her pants, again in the bikini that she had worn throughout the whole stressful episode.

With the ship floating unchecked, she grasped the seams of Angela’s heavy fleece jumper and yanked desperately. Her friend’s head disappeared underwater briefly, but the garment was loose and came up over her neck easily. Renee struggled, and Angela was half aware of the commands that Renee shouted at her, and let her arms be raised so that her friend could finally tear the heavy material from her body.

Kicking the entire time to stay afloat, Renee grasped the seam of Angela’s tracksuit pants while her waist was high in the water, Angela floating on her back in the large swells. When she pulled at the pants, half a dozen tiny figures of men burst from the released elastic and floated instantly to the surface, where they spluttered for air. Renee saw this, but her driven mind disregarded the curiosity of their presence in the first place, and concentrated on saving them.

Unbeknownst to her, the men that had found themselves in the bottom of her bikini top were now clinging for safety in her hair, but this solution evaded her as she stared down at the men that now floated around her chest.

Thankful that Angela had begun floating on her back, she had a free hand to cup these scattered men, who were even more thankful and kicked towards her, though of course their tiny efforts barely made a difference when Renee could simply scoop them up with a swipe of her fingers.

With few options; the ferry floating several metres away and her hand filled with six men, Renee looked to the only place above the surface she could store the otherwise helpless men, and while continually pummelled by heavy rain, she grasped the light yet sopping fabric of Angela's brassiere, her chest floating on the surface, and tossed the men onto her friend's breast, letting the thin material slap down and press them tightly yet safely into her skin.

It took Renee ten hampered strokes to reach the ship, dragging her floating friend behind her, and immediately began commanding her.

“Angela! Hold onto the ship! Angela! Hold it!”

The almost senseless girl got some of the message and when Renee pushed her onto the ship she flung her arms over it, splintering upper levels and smashing the side with her chest.

Renee's fingers now found the boat's solid bow, and she kicked strongly, pulling at the water with her free hand. When she saw that the stationary yacht was already twenty metres away she became re-energised, realising that the swells were carrying the small party towards land.

In five painful minutes the swells started becoming waves, and Renee's mind, still in overdrive, felt both relief at the assistance she would receive in hauling her burden, but fear at the destructive power of the strong surges of water.

With the first wave that broke over them, Angela disappeared from the ship which was briefly submerged in tumultuous white water. Renee shouted desperately, and saw a limb grasping aimlessly close to her. With a strong reach she clasped Angela's bare leg and pulled her close. Gaining consciousness despite the turbulence she suffered, Angela groped for the boat and found it, her fingers smashing through its thin wooden walls but finding solid steel hull nonetheless.

Desperate, Angela pulled the boat to her and flung her leg over it, bringing her other leg up over the other side and clinging to the saviour of a ship with all the strength she could muster. Her body was wrapped around it like a person clinging to a pole, and her calves pressed into it heavily, bending the smokestack and ripping antennae from the roof, and helpless people in cabins with portholes in the middle of the ship reeled as their view went black with the inside of Angela's thighs clamping over their windows.

Renee pulled and struggled as each wave washed heavily over the trio of the two young women and the ship, until her feet rang out with pain when it struck something solid below, and she cried out with relief. After several more metres she again found the ocean floor and spun to stand. With heavy steps through the surging water she towed the craft and its large burden through the water that became shallower and shallower, more than once crying out in pain as she stepped on a sharp shell, coral or rock.

When a large wave washed completely over the ship and the girl wrapped around it, Renee lost sight of Angela as she disappeared from the ferry, but with regaining consciousness her figure appeared several metres ahead, stumbling giddily. Renee guided her with shouted commands, and as the water became lower and the waves lesser, the ferry sinking from Renee's chest to her waist, then to her thighs until finally she was stooping to drag it through the water, Renee's mind began relaxing as the danger receded, despite the ever-pummelling rain, and as her memory of the events began fading, so did her vision, and Renee fell unconscious on the sand.

* * *

A choked cough erupted in the quiet warm air and Renee's eyes burst open, the recollection of her panic sending a wave of shock through her body, until the sight of golden sand and a blue sky, and the sound of waves washing in the distance calmed her instantly.

Raising her head, she looked about her, her gaze stopping on her left, at which point her heart relaxed and head dropped to the sand with relief.

Minutes later she raised herself giddily and crawled awkwardly to the ship that lay on its side, cast in the shadow of a kneeling figure that towered over it. Angela was picking parts from the ferry and retrieving people trapped inside it, adding those she found to the crowd of hundreds that lay between

her knees, comforting each other in the shade of her thighs and treating those with injuries.

Angela, the passengers on the ferry, the two pilots and a dozen or so men tangled in Renee's hair and tucked in Angela's chest, owed their lives to this special young woman. It was thanks only to Renee that they had been saved... maybe she *was* destined to perform something great. Maybe this was the reason she was being protected after all.

Only time would tell, but that is another story.

THE END