

# Land of the Giants

## Part II

by

e10

Major Monty McGill eagerly shook the hand of his friend and comrade Jim Cooper as they left the impressive hall of Ministry of Defence chambers.

“Jim I don’t think I’ve ever been this excited!”

“Just don’t let it shake your usual cool, Monty! This is big. This is the biggest thing I’ve ever been on too.”

The two men looked at each other briefly before realising Cooper’s accidental pun and chuckling with laughter. The planet of giants that Jim had stumbled upon had instantly become the talk of the town, or *galaxy* rather, and the fact that both him and McGill had been chosen to return to study the planet further not only was a great honour, but would turn them into heroes.

McGill was not at all resentful that his friend had been made captain and commander of the journey, as he himself was only captain of a repair ship, and not the experienced Scout that Cooper was. It was only due to his crew’s experience in communicating with the giant female ‘Sue’, whose name had become an icon throughout the world, that he was chosen to return, and even then only with the skeleton of his repair crew; his trusty mechanics had been dropped in favour of scientists, anthropological experts and plenty of trained soldiers – just in case there was a sticky situation.

It was this crew that disembarked two weeks later in the *Miroitement*, a proud shiny silver craft; the flagship of the fleet.

As it blasted gracefully into the blackness of space, it was cheered by onlookers at the spaceport and by millions watching on television.

There was, however, another observer; one not quite so welcome. The *Miroitement* glided through the vastness of space, unaware that there fell an invisible object into its wake, following silently in the blackness.

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Even if Earth's astronomers had have had a clue as to the action that was occurring in the night sky above them, even the mightiest of their telescopes wouldn't have been able to focus on the tiny, almost invisible objects hurtling back and forth through the heavens.

If there had have been observers above, looking down on the action, they might have seen two pitch black objects chasing each other. The reason for this strange effect, was that one of these objects had a silver coat that was so shiny, that only the reflection of the world around it could ever be seen, and the other was so black, that it literally swallowed light, making it absolutely invisible when in the concealing blackness of space.

This was the reason that made it so difficult for Jim Cooper and his crew to combat the enemy craft. They had been followed to the giant planet, and it was only during their deceleration that they detected the ship shadowing them.

When, during the swirling dance of the space-dogfight, they were jolted by a tremendous explosion on the hull, McGill began urging his captain and friend to head for the only known point in the solar system that was considered to be 'friendly'. Jim Cooper quickly conceded, after remembering how he had been saved by the giant of a woman, to whose coordinates he now ordered his ship to be navigated, and the damaged engines whined as the craft fled into the atmosphere of the planet of giants, the black ship of the enemy descending in pursuit.

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With her window wide open in the warm summer night, Sue could never have noticed the entry of the injured spacecraft unless she had been listening out for the engines' hum, which had become a whimper due to the damage

taken in the encounter with the enemy ship, which had resulted in the ship having only barely enough power to limp through to the location where Jim's ship had found itself only months earlier, only just able to keep itself in the air.

Of course Sue wasn't listening at all, as she was fast asleep, and didn't even stir at the small zap, flash of light and puff of smoke which signalled the demise of one of the ship's engines, causing it to drop instantly from the air. In fact she was so sound asleep, that its collision with her bare thigh, protruding to the side of the bed from underneath the thin sheet, incurred only a slight moan as she unconsciously drew her leg up, knee rising in the air, and shifted to her side, her leg dropping involuntarily onto the smooth object that now lay helpless and trapped in the sheets between her knees.

While this object had little chance of being noticed, a second object, as black as the night, ran absolutely zero chance of being noticed as it skulked at the window of Sue's room for several minutes, before concluding that its attack on the silver ship was over now that it was concealed beneath the leg of the giant female, and retreating back into the night.

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Sue woke slowly, as was usual on a Saturday morning in the absence of her alarm clock's piercing ring, but became quickly aware of the presence of a foreign object tucked between her knees. Propping her head up with instant curiosity, eyes narrowing with the harsh light, she struggled to identify the strange object. Sliding her leg off it, there was a squeak as her skin rubbed over its smooth surface, revealing a rounded, perfect reflection of the room. It looked like an upside-down steel bowl.

Sitting up straight, Sue became worried as she knew she had not gone to sleep with whatever the object was, and a frown appeared on her face in concern. Reaching for the object, she clamped it firmly with her hands on both sides and lifted it from the sheets over her leg, surprised somewhat at its weight.

The object was about two feet long and had a similar width, and the instant she turned it over in her hands and saw the odd shapes over its surface distorting the reflection of her puzzled face into similarly odd shapes, her

mind cast back to her fantastical encounter with the miniature beings, of which only her flatmate Liz was a confidant.

“Liz!” she yelled excitedly.

“What is it?” came back a worried yell, thinking something had happened.

“Guess who’s back!”

Loud footsteps could be heard as the other girl’s curiosity gave her haste, and in moments Sue’s bedroom door swung open. There stood Liz, clad only in a damp towel, and wet, uncombed hair hanging over her shoulder.

“Oh my God, they’re back!” she exclaimed, barely needed to look at the object in Sue’s hands to identify it. The events with the tiny ships and miniature spacemen had been exciting for the both of them and over the past months they had talked about it frequently; sometimes almost longingly.

Sue steadied the ship, holding it with both hands, as she heaved and swung her legs out of bed, kicking away her sheets. Sitting upright on the bed, she lowered the craft onto her bare thighs and smiled at the cool smoothness of the silver hull. She wore only her black underwear and a loose, small T-shirt, but was not bashful in front of her friend and did not bother dressing.

“Hang on, is it the same guys though?” questioned Liz as she sat beside her flatmate.

“Don’t know. It’s definitely a different spaceship. The last one was grey.”

Sue bent closer to it, and spoke clearly into –onto– the tiny craft.

“Can you still speak?”

\* \* \*

“Well, McGill, this is why you’re here!” stated Jim Cooper, handing command over to the man who was the only one to have had experience communicating with the giants, as they stared straight ahead at a bow-shaped line of black patterns with loops about a foot high extending all the way across the ship bridge’s wide windows. They were simply the laces of

the huge female's black underwear, into which the ship's nose poked as they lay there helpless. They couldn't even see her face; their view limited to the maximum height of her belly-button.

Major McGill was scared. They had survived a battle and been thrown into contact with the giant woman, or *women* now, far earlier than they had anticipated. He had hoped to have some time to prepare himself.

Luckily much work had been done for him. The intelligent computers back home had pieced together a good command of the giants' language not only from the conversations he had already established with 'Sue', but also from recordings that Cooper's scout ship had made of the planet's broadcasts that were emitted continually into space.

"Ahhh, yes," he began, speaking into the microphone for the computer to translate.

\* \* \*

"*Ah, yes,*" emanated a synthetic voice from the silver object in Sue's lap, and both girls looked at each other excitedly.

"Are you the same little guys that visited us last time, and we helped you save that tiny man?"

"...yes."

Sue now lifted the ship into the air. Holding it by the sides, she peered into what appeared to be the front, but the surface was so reflective that she could not see that there were ten or so men standing frozen only inches from her nose, staring out at the giant, attractive face that filled their entire vision.

"Come out of there, we want to see you. We won't hurt you."

"*We would like to... stay ...in here. May we please stay ...in here?*"

"No, come out, we want to see you."

Several moments went by, indicating that the small people were obviously deliberating the request, but the fact that it seemed more of a command that

they were in no position to refuse, and the additional factor that they looked out to see two sweet-looking smiles on the faces of two lovely young, albeit giant, ladies, convinced them to concede.

Sue couldn't discern any lines at all on the expertly constructed spaceship, and as such was not aware of there being any doors. There was, however, and it was in fact opening on the underside of the ship, above her lap.

"Ooh, Sue, it's underneath," exclaimed Liz when she bent and looked under the craft. At her words Sue lifted the ship to see for herself, and in doing so inadvertently threw the two men who had been cautiously descending the lowering stairs out into the open. They fell briefly through the air before striking Sue's abdomen and tumbling over the front of her underwear into her lap.

Both of the women giggled enthusiastically, and Sue didn't even need to ask Liz to pull the men from her lap, as the latter reached over and took the first man by the foot and lifted him into the air, while the second fell slightly further and was wedged when Sue leaned to the side to place the ship on her pillow. She had to widen her legs to take hold of the man.

"So why have you come back to visit us?" asked Sue with a smile to the small man as she gently righted him and wrapped her fingers around his body until only his tiny head protruded from her fist. He made miniature squeaking sounds that were unrecognisable as words, and Sue recalled that she had never been able to speak to the people; only to the ship. Genuinely interested, she repeated the question, turning her head to the spaceship on the pillow and lowering the man to her lap.

"*We... need help,*" came the answer from the seemingly inanimate object.

"Well!" laughed the girls together. "What's new?"

"*We... are stranded. Damaged,*" continued the synthetic voice in its strange tone.

"Then we'll have some time to play with you," chimed in Liz. The ship had no response to this statement, and remained motionless, as if nervous. Despite the fact that it had been motionless the whole time, she took it to

mean that it was in fact nervous, and added, “but we’ll be nice. We’re not going to hurt you.”

As if in ironic response to her claim, the man whom she held dangling by the foot at her chest suddenly slipped from her fingertips, and struck the damp fabric of her towel in the small valley between her legs. As she was using only one towel to cover her entire torso, there was very little fabric covering her lap and the man tumbled immediately forward and over the edge.

Liz squealed quietly and delved her hand under the towel, blushing. She withdrew a man who was fifty times smaller but a hundred times more embarrassed than she was, and excused herself, standing and placing the man into Sue’s palm.

“I think I better get dressed first!” exclaimed Liz with a laugh on her red face, before her expression fell with a realisation and she let out a groan of disappointment. “I can’t stay. I was just getting ready to go to a family get-together. You won’t let them zoom off without me –I mean– without me having a chance to, well, *play* with them ...will you?”

“Well I’m not going to shoo them away if that’s what you mean, but I won’t stop them from going if they have to.”

Liz looked a trifle disappointed but knew her flatmate and friend was right. She sent a petite little wave in the spaceship’s direction before trudging out the door.

“I think I better get dressed too,” mumbled Sue quietly when Liz had left the room. However the visit of the spacemen was too much excitement to waste time having a shower, and she concluded to just pull on some clothes.

Dropping the men she held onto the bed beside her hip, Sue stood up and held the ship before her body, marvelling at her reflection in it. It was so shiny that it seemed like a solid, rounded mirror.

Noticing she had put fingermarks around its edges, Sue flopped the ship onto the bed, and put one knee beside it, bending down so that she could polish it with the fabric of her T-shirt. The fact that the object was so foreign, looking nothing like Earth’s own spindly and basic spacecraft (and the fact that it was the length of her arm), almost made Sue forget that there were people

inside it, as she unreservedly pulled her own T-shirt out over the entire spacecraft to polish the furthest edge.

Satisfied with its cleanliness, she left it on the bed while going to her cupboard. She selected a nice skirt, since she was seeing a friend that afternoon for coffee, and ducked quickly behind the cupboard door to slip out of the T-shirt and don a bra. She emerged moments later in the short pink skirt and a tight white T-shirt. Slipping her feet into a pair of light high-heeled sandals that were new and which she was keen to show off to her friend later that day, she excused herself with a casual wave and the command to 'stay there', and went down the stairs to get coffee, closing the door lightly behind her.

The instant she was gone, there entered something entirely different.

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There was a chill wind that followed the black shape that floated silently through the open window and into the room. The ship floated slowly and cautiously, as if claustrophobic to the cavernous space that was Sue's bedroom. It did a long panning sweep before its pointed end came to rest, aimed at the silver ship lying helpless on the covers of her bed.

From inside the shiny and helpless ship, a shaken and nervous crew looked out the one-way windows of their stranded ship's bridge at the ominous black shape of the enemy ship as it approached them. Its features were invisible, as it was so black that no light escaped it to give them away, and to them its approach was only obvious by the increasing size of the vacant, black silhouette in their vision.

The enemy ship stopped and the expanding of the blackness ceased. The crew of the *Miroitement* stood frozen to the spot as they waited in suspense, not even able to tell if their foe were training their guns on their incapacitated ship or not.

Just as there began the frightening hum of a cannon charging to fire, a second shape enveloped the black hole in their view; it was cream, white and pink and rose up suddenly behind the black silhouette, and the crew of the

*Miroitement* watched as the enemy ship became simply a mere outline before the front of their giant saviour's body.

As if in panic, the black ship began thrusting backwards, but it soon found itself, to cheers from within its silver counterpart, held fast in two giant hands.

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“What is this?” exclaimed Sue. She hadn't even intended to catch the black shape that hovered in her room, but it had shot backwards into her and she couldn't help grabbing it. It was really sinister, since it was purely black; not a single feature was distinguishable. She repeated her rhetorical question in wonder, “what *is* that?”

She sensed its surface was very smooth and immediately knew it was another ship of some kind with more miniature people, but she couldn't take her mind off its extraordinary appearance. In fact she was so engrossed in her wonder that she failed to notice the hum that the crew of the first ship had heard only moments earlier. It was by some unconscious sixth sense that her hand involuntarily jerked, so that when a bright green bolt shot loudly out of an invisible turret on the ship's surface, it zapped past her and resulted in only a loud, shocked shriek.

Sue dropped the ship in fright. It fell instantly from her hands and hit the floor without bouncing, yielding a hissing crunch. Sensing warmth on the skin of her legs, Sue looked down at herself and immediately saw the brown, singed hole in her skirt. The green bolt that had emanated from the black ship had torn straight through the fabric between her legs and only centimetres from her crotch.

“Why you little...” began Sue, her gaze snapping back to the black object on the ground, where she glared so fiercely that her piercing look almost burnt its own hole in the tiny ship. She had no time to deliberate revenge though, as the hum resumed and there was suddenly a second green bolt. This one had no chance of hitting its target as Sue had already begun a dive to her left where she grabbed a T-shirt that she had worn the previous day and flung it towards the craft on the ground.

The projectile struck and covered the black silhouette, and was instantly followed by Sue's athletic body. In seconds her knees were on either side of the large lump under the yellow T-shirt, and it was pinned to the ground securely under her thighs. Only now did its approximate shape even become clear as the fabric that stretched over it highlighted its contours. Sue looked down between her legs and saw a sharp lump move under the fabric; seemingly rotating. It reminded her instantly of an Earth-ship's cannon turret and realised it was probably the source of the hot green bolt.

With the craft pinned safely under her, Sue reached down and planted her fingers in the fabric on either side of the rotating lump and then scrunched. With a squealing and crunching of metal her fingers came together, her nails tearing the turret to pieces. There was a pop and a tiny puff of smoke began filtering out from between the strands the yellow fabric, and she relaxed, though she suddenly wondered if the small weapon had been manned.

Becoming aware that there was a hissing in the room, Sue turned to see sparks and electrical flashes around her small stereo, the unfortunate receiver of the first green bolt. There was a mark on the wall from the second.

“Oh, you are going to pay for that!” exclaimed Sue, raising her hand high in anger. She was about to strike, and probably destroy, the lump of a ship beneath her, but the instant she realised how helpless it and its tiny occupants were, trapped between her giant thighs, she calmed and took a deep breath. Lowering her arm, her gaze rose to her bed, where the silver ship lay watching the scene as if in glee.

“Do you know these guys?” she demanded.

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“Now I want to know the *whole* story,” said Sue to the man standing in the middle of her outstretched palm. Next to him stood a large box (that is, ‘large’ relative to him – it was perhaps the size of a throwing die), into which he spoke, and which Sue understood to be a translating computer. She had never before wondered how the miniature men came to be able to communicate in her language so quickly, or why she had always had to speak into the ship and had never been answered by any tiny people outside it.

*“The black ship ...is... evil”*

“You’ve said that,” replied Sue, shifting out of a combination of discomfort and frustration, and dropping her leg next to the silver ship as she lay sitting in bed, propped up by her pillow. The craft reached only from her thigh to the middle of her calf, and sat sullenly in the shadow of her other leg, which remained arched above it, its polished surfaces reflecting the dark underside of her thigh and the back of her knee high above, “now tell me *why* it is evil.”

*“They are enemies.”*

“Whose enemies?”

*“Ours... and yours.”*

“They’re not *my* enemies!” retorted Sue, not forgetting however, that they had in fact busted her stereo. She was an intelligent and fair person though, and although the ‘enemy’ ship was a sinister black and had fired upon her, she felt that it was reasonable to assume it was self-defence, and could not so easily be convinced that the occupants of the disabled craft lying helpless under her T-shirt were simply ‘evil’. “How do I know that *you’re* not evil?”

No reply came from the man who looked up at Sue’s giant, attractive, yet probably extremely intimidating face. His miniature expression showed clear fright and nervousness, and she lowered her hand to her chest to give them both a moment’s pause.

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Major McGill was terrified. He had spent barely ten minutes standing in the palm of the huge female, *Sue*. Every hot breath that washed over him brought another difficult question, and he seemed to be without answer. He felt like curling up in a ball in her hand and blocking his ears.

When the ground wobbled and dropped away he had to steady himself on the large translating computer that sat next to him on the soft skin of her palm, while her face ascended into the skies as he was lowered to her chest and out of the limelight. He breathed a sigh of relief and clutched at his heart, grateful for the momentary pause.

Spinning around, he saw her large breasts below him sloping down towards her stomach, which levelled out and spanned all the way to a wide strip of bare skin, after which her pink skirt began, rising up in the distance to the peak of her bare knee. His large, safe ship could just be seen underneath and to either side of her huge leg that rose over it.

The sight of the wondrous, powerful silver ship dwarfed by the huge, frightening yet beautiful female made his breath quicken as his head swam with nervous thoughts. He wondered if he would escape the bedroom of this huge, dangerous woman, let alone the entire planet, alive.

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Sue was weary beginning to find the conversation with the miniature spaceman somewhat tiresome – not because it was long or tiring, but because she felt an instant repulsion at his attempts to convince her that the other ship was ‘evil’. He was probably hoping she’d smash it, and he almost got his way when she sat upright, swinging her legs over the side of the bed, momentarily forgetting that the black ship was still pinned under her bed sheets on the floor, with which she had replaced the yellow T-shirt. Her foot slammed down barely an inch in front of its pointed end and Sue gasped, cringing as she realised what she might have inadvertently done.

She stared idly at the lump under the sheets. It was a deceptively normal sight – a long lump in some silk – and could have been anything; it betrayed nothing of the real significance of what was inside. Life. Beings... little people scared stiff, wandering around halls and passages and looking out windows darkened by the massive folds of Sue’s bed sheets. She smiled unconsciously as she marvelled at the fact. All this was occurring in the lump beside her foot. She stared at her toes, pointing out of the end of the summer high-heel that she wore, and compared them to the tip of the space-ship lump, then bit her lip as she idly lifted her shoe over it, casting what was certainly the cockpit into the shadow of the sole of her toes, revelling in a sudden feeling of utter power. How easily she could do it. It might have been for a second or a minute that she held this position before her true, responsible personality resumed control and she sighed with a smile, lowering her foot.

Resuming her train of thought, she recalled the man's words and looked at him cowering in her palm.

"Don't cower like that, I'm not going to hurt you," she persuaded him.

Sue was most definitely not a fan of war and all those masculine impulses that made men hate each other, which was why the little man had lost favour with her for saying that the enemy ship was evil. They were probably exactly the same as he was; enemies are always alike. However it then struck Sue – maybe they weren't. After all, they *were* all aliens.

She had to know.

Regardless of her curiosity for their appearance, she required their perspective before she could decide what to do with the two groups of little people that had been thrust into her life.

Resolving her course of action, Sue lowered her cupped hand to her hip and with the other she removed the black box and placed it beside her thigh, the man taking his cue and leaping from her palm to the fabric below, where he stumbled comically and tumbled head-first into the depression between the soft folds and the side of Sue's curved thigh, arcing up above him.

"Silly little thing!" she smiled. With her hands free, she then twisted to her other side and planted her hands firmly on each end of the glossy silver spaceship. With a grunt she heaved and lifted the metal craft with more power than had it been driven by its own engines, bringing it to her front and widening her legs so that it could rest snugly in her lap. Only then did Sue pay attention to her perfect reflection in the curved glossiness, which, since the ship lay in her lap, was a view looking up at the underside of her breasts with her downturned face looming high above, and the shadowed insides of her arms stretching out to either side.

"Oh... dear me," she uttered, suppressing her urge to curse (as she didn't want to give her intergalactic visitors a poor impression), "I don't look like *that* from down there do I?"

The particular aspect of the view which concerned her was that her breasts – further distorted by the curvature of the hull– looked absolutely enormous. It was not a particularly becoming sight for the purposes of interplanetary

relations. Therefore it was fortunate for her that it was not possible to determine where the windows were behind the mirrored surface, and thus she was unaware that a dozen people, mostly men, were in fact standing frozen in awe, necks craned, jaws dropped and eyes wide as they peered upwards through the wide ceiling windows at this exact sight.

Resuming her task, Sue peered down her side, attempting to locate the man. She saw the box by her thigh but he was absent, however a wiggle upon the underside of her thigh brought her attention to the fact that he must have tumbled beneath her as she had leaned over to grasp his ship.

“Oops!” she apologised as she shifted, sliding her fingers beneath her thigh, gently locating the man’s figure, “there you are!”

With the man pinned between her thumb and forefinger she clumsily gripped the translating box with her other fingers, and her free hand she placed firmly on the side of the ship in her lap, and tilted it upwards. Sue slid the man in her fingers in underneath the ship, resting her wrist in her crotch before deciding that he wouldn’t be able to free himself from her fingertips to get back inside his ship, so she turned her hand upwards and let the box tumble into her palm (it was so small; about the size of a playing die, that she was not conscious of the fact that it might be sensitive equipment) before angling her thumb and forefinger as close to her palm as possible, and releasing the little man’s figure.

After a few second’s wait Sue wondered whether the little crew had clued on and opened the hatch for him to return. She tilted the ship even further upwards so that she could peer at the underside, so distracted that she was oblivious to the fact that in doing so she had turned the little people’s entire world on its side and that they were at that moment tumbling about helplessly inside the craft in her hands. However the hatch was indeed opening, so she lowered the craft back to her lap, fortunately for its crew, and the hatch was found hovering just between the middle of her thighs; far too high and unsteady for the man to reach, and invisible from Sue’s position, so she couldn’t lift him to it.

Shaking her head at the awkward impracticality and thinking that there had to be a better way to gain access to the craft, Sue resolved not to abandon the clumsy method quite yet, and she widened her legs so that her skirt became stretched between her thighs. Requiring both hands to steady the ship, she

tipped the man and box into this expanse of fabric, where he stumbled over the ripples in the taut material, and placed her hand on the ship so that one end rested on her thighs just above her knees and the other end was suspended in the air by her firm grip.

Acting blindly, Sue lowered the craft gently with both hands until she sensed the tug from the hatch making contact with the fabric of skirt between her thighs. She waited for a few moments, in which time, invisibly to her, several little people scurried around in the darkness, from this hatch and up the slope in her skirt (either unaware of or ignoring the fact that in the dimness below the thin fabric beneath their feet loomed a great drop between the insides of her thighs to the surface of the bed below) where they hauled the translating box between them and accompanied Major McGill back to the hatch.

When the tug on her skin subsided, indicating the retraction of the hatch, Sue finally sighed and lifted the entire craft up off her lap, turning to her side to return it to its nest in the folds of her doona.

“Now for you,” she said aloud as she peered over her knees at the large lump in the fabric on the ground. She stood and stepped daintily over the spacecraft, shutting the window as a cautious afterthought, “...no escape now.”

With this added security Sue whipped her silk bed sheets away without hesitation and stood imposingly above the ship; the toes of each foot beside each end – just a bit of extra intimidation as a kind of warning. It was truly a remarkable sight; whatever paint coated it was incredible. It swallowed light like a black hole. The entire ship was simply a black silhouette; absolutely featureless except for its general shape.

“We’ll see about that,” remarked Sue with a gleam of inspiration. She ducked over to her drawers and retrieved a tub of facial powder, and after dropping to her knees before the craft, she held it down with one hand with a force against which the craft’s whopping engines couldn’t even attempt to struggle had they tried – so powerful that the metal frame began to creak and groan. With her other hand she retrieved the smooth application pad and began to smear the feminine powder over every surface of the helpless machine. Soon there lay before her a hypnotising pattern of matte smears and swirls against a backdrop of infinite blackness, and as she had intended

it betrayed every contour of the impressive craft. It was much longer, more slender and more spindly than the silver spaceship; it had winglike protrusions and a bulbous cockpit at the end of a long neck-like hull. That was it! That's what it reminded Sue of: a swan in flight. It was graceful behind its deceptive and sinister coating.

"That's a lovely ship," she complimented pleasantly as a token nicety, before commanding, "now come out of it."

She wasn't yet aware of whether the crew of this new ship could speak English yet, like the others could, but she maintained her assumption that they had to be similar and therefore most likely also had whatever tricky technology it was that helped them learn it. She waited a few moments.

"I won't ask again... come out of your ship." She tapped her foot beside the cockpit threateningly, contemplating whether she should instead adopt a nicer tactic. Undecided and curious, she stooped and crouched over it, parting her legs to gain a better view. Boldly she reached down and wrapped her fingers around the 'neck'; the long section of the hull, just behind the cockpit, and gripped the aft end with her other hand. Sue heaved the weighty spaceship onto her knees before rising to full height. She lifted it to her face and noted that of course she should have powdered its underside too.

Unwilling to flip it over and subject its occupants to such fatal turbulence, she stated to whatever crew was inside that they should brace themselves, then she sat on the edge of her bed. Sue placed the winged ship upwards in her lap so that its long neck faced out into the room, and after grasping her facial powder she widened her legs and with its wings on her thighs she pushed the ship's long hull down between her legs, slowly and as gently as was reasonable tilting it until it was vertical; the front edge of its wings pressing sharply into the skin of her thighs and its cockpit suspended between her ankles, whatever crew was inside left staring out their front window at the carpet between her high-heeled sandals. In this position half of its underside was visible to her and she proceeded to smatter it with powder, prolonging the crew's potentially excruciating vertical position until she was satisfied with her handiwork, and set about getting to the other end of the underside.

To this aim Sue bent over, her chest pressing down onto the rear of the ship, reached down between her legs and grasped the cockpit in her fist, then

pulled it upwards like a lever until the ship was again horizontal, but she didn't stop there; instead she continued lifting it until it was again vertical, but this time the trailing edges of its wings rested on her thighs and its nose was pointed directly in the air. The underside was now facing away from Sue, but instead of turning it around she simply leaned it back just a bit further until it pointed at her chin and she could look down her nose upon the yet bare surface. As she got to work she let it rest against her, and she was either unaware or unconcerned (or perhaps first one then the other) that as she did so, its bulb-like cockpit pressed against her chest, and after a bit of jiggling during the powder-smattering, it eventually snuggled between her breasts. What an experience for the crew; to be helpless as their world was rotated around them, then to slowly be pushed in between the mountainous womanly flesh that now filled their windows on both sides. Soon however, Sue was satisfied with her work, and the world spun once more for the ship's occupants as she lowered it back to her lap.

“There – that's better,” she said aloud and quite proudly. She was feeling satisfied enough that she abandoned her intimidating tactics and wondered how to lure the people out more... ‘nicely’. In any case it didn't help having their enemies only a few feet away (her feet, not theirs), and it was definitely a better idea to separate the ships, so she rose and carried her prize before her, as if she were carrying a tray full of cakes, downstairs to the living room where she was certain she could entice the little things out.

Sue placed the black ship on the glass coffee table and knelt beside it, her elbows at either end of the craft with her head resting in her palms so that her chest hung just above the table and loomed up over the ship. She could see her knees through the table when she looked past the spaceship.

“OK sweeties, you can come out now,” she spoke in a voice that was probably too cute. She rolled her eyes at her overacting and toned down the next sentence, “come out now guys – I won't hurt you.”

She waited patiently for a full five minutes or more, intermittently repeating soothing persuasions to the crew to exit their ship, before her knees began to ache and her stomach began rumbling. Finally she resolved to at least make lunch while she waited. After all, they must have been nervous with a ridiculously enormous young lady (incidentally who had already caught them, busted a part of their ship, and thrown them around turbulently while she smeared their craft) casting them into shadow.

She conceded and rose, striding with a confident air into the kitchen, which turned into a skip of excitement. Sue was quite enjoying her diplomatic responsibilities.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, a command had been ordered in the little black ship on the giant female's coffee table. They too had conceded. They had resolved to leave the ship, however not precisely in the manner in which the enormous lady had intended.

They were abandoning ship.

\* \* \*

When Sue returned bearing a plate laden with a most excellent looking salad sandwich, she sidled past the black ship on the coffee table and slumped into the further end of the comfortable sofa, thinking it a bit more polite than eating right in front of her guests; the thought of pieces of escaped lettuce raining down upon the ship was not appealing to her, though not nearly as unappealing as the thought of being watched by countless little people while she ate her lunch.

As she flopped down onto the couch she grunted in annoyance at feeling some object on the cushion wedging beneath her, pressed right up against her backside, and she instantly glanced nervously in the direction of the coffee table, but of course the black spaceship was there. Frowning, she shifted to one side, balancing her plate, and slid her free hand under her thigh until she grasped the object, and pulled it out from underneath her legs.

It appeared to be a glasses case, and she silently cursed Liz for scattering her belongings all over the place while she dumped it on small table beside the end of the couch. It was a few minutes before a couple of thoughts made her pause. Firstly; Liz hadn't told her she had bought new glasses. She would have told her even if she had just bought a new case. Secondly, if she had have bought a new case, it wouldn't have been in such tacky, bright colours. Sue picked it up and looked at the enigmatic case. It was covered in bright red and yellow stripes. Thirdly, if Liz had have bought anything new at all, she wouldn't have discarded it on the couch to be sat upon.

The only possible conclusion was that the glasses within belonged to somebody else; perhaps a visitor who had forgotten them. Curious, Sue lay her plate aside and turned her attention to determining the owner of the glasses case.

It didn't open straight away. In fact she wasn't sure how it opened; certainly not lengthwise. There was no seam and no hinges. The pattern was so awful that it camouflaged whether there were any hinges at all. Sue lifted it close to her face and scrutinised the troublesome case before she began tugging at each end.

Suddenly it gave way.

That is, the thing had no choice but to give way; not under the immense pressure exerted on it – thousands upon thousands of tonnes of force, for which the escape pod was not designed, bearing down on all sides of the thick hull, which groaned with squealing, stretching steel.

It gave way – the end of the case suddenly burst open and its contents were purged into the air at Sue's face height. She saw it in slow motion. She could see individual limbs, sometimes the faces of aghast and terrified miniature people, and their hair colour as it whipped in the wind while they tumbled helplessly in the air. Dozens of figures spread out in a tiny explosion of bodies from the capsule, and began raining down in front of Sue's nose. She felt the first strike her chest before she even had time to react, and the rest were so numerous that she barely registered the soft tap of their bodies hitting her skin.

If a glass drops to the floor the mind instantly calculates its chances of catching it; if they are good the person will dive and attempt to catch it, and if there is no chance they will stand frozen and watch the glass break. The latter case occurred with Sue. With both hands on the capsule, her mind's instant calculation resulted in Sue shutting her eyes in dismay, gritting her teeth and cringing as she sensed the tickle of miniature people tumbling down her sensitive skin and into her cleavage.

After righting the capsule and cradling it with the few remaining passengers until she could carefully lay it aside, Sue craned her neck downwards with

dread. Not only could the people be injured, but it was awfully embarrassing.

There were people everywhere. Sue held out one hand, palm up, and let her other hand descend towards the first few figures in her lap. Biting her lip, she gently pinched a male figure who had tumbled over the edge of her skirt and was wedged between her legs, deposited his writhing figure in her palm, and then plucked another between her thumb and forefinger from atop her thigh. Another lay in the valley made by the front of her skirt sloping between her legs, and he ended up with the others in her palm. She had to empty the first load before she had even finished clearing her legs.

Leaving the worst (most awkward) until last, Sue freed both hands and pulled her T-shirt wide open. Her breasts were bathed in the warm pink light filtering through the fabric, and between them was visible the bridge of white silk of her brassiere that, in addition to its formidable task of supporting her voluptuous chest, was now supporting the relatively insignificant weight of three or four men; miniature, yet very real, and probably quite excited, little men.

“Out you come,” said Sue aloud, trying to conceal her embarrassment with a casual tone. While one hand held her T-shirt open, the other delved into the cavern and scooped males from her cleavage two at a time. When she spotted another couple of figures who hadn’t been caught in her brassiere but had tumbled down between her stomach and T-shirt, it took only a small shake of the fabric before they appeared on her abdomen, pinned to the top seam of her skirt, and with even her subtlest motions dangerously close to slipping under it. “Oh no you don’t,” scalded Sue, as if they were deliberately striving to do so, but even as she slid her fingers down her abdomen to retrieve them she lifted the seam enough for them to slip under it, and she had to swipe her fingers quite deep into the top of her skirt before she found the men’s tiny figures and could drag them out.

It took no less than five minutes of careful shifting and lifting her legs, shaking her clothes and checking her bodice, before Sue was confident that she had discovered all the crew and brought them to safety. She stood up completely, glancing carefully to make sure there were no more men clinging onto her for dear life, then gazed almost angrily at the glasses case that had turned out to be an escape pod. She understood now why it was in such bright colours...

“...but does it have to look so much like a glasses case?”

\* \* \*

With the last few tiny figures shuffling back into the black ship, Sue finally leant back and relaxed.

It had been quite an ordeal, but she had achieved what she had set out to do –find out what the black ship’s crew looked like– and she had verified her initial assumption. They were people who looked just like those from the silver ship. It almost made her sick – they had travelled trillions of miles to some distant planet where they would potentially befriend an alien species, and all they could do was shoot at each other.

If nothing else, Sue felt she would have to have the satisfaction of spoiling their petty little war in some way. She had no idea how, but she would have to mull on it and come up with an idea–

“Shit!”

Interplanetary peace would have to wait. She was running late for her coffee.

\* \* \*

The vote had been unanimous. Major McGill had never before had such a difficult decision that he had been forced to request his crew to vote.

The problem was that the idea –the plan– didn’t seem absolutely necessary to survival. Furthermore its execution would put enough of the crew’s lives at risk that he couldn’t potentially condemn them without, well... *asking* first. Therefore he had organised a vote.

Who wished that the entire crew remain with the ship and concentrate on its repair? And who, on the other hand, wanted some of the crew to man a landing vehicle on an offensive mission to attack their enemy?

There had been a pause after the second question, until he realised that he had to clarify.

No, not the giant, enormous, omnipotent, all-powerful female. She's not the enemy. The enemy *ship*.

The vote had indeed been unanimous. That is, by destroying their enemy's ship, they had a much better chance of survival, even if it did put at least some of the crew at risk. A six-wheeled landing vehicle was made ready – it had been especially constructed for the cavernous terrain of the giant world, and its first test –the leap from the side of the enormous bed to the floor scores of metres below– was passed with spectacular success as the massive vehicle, its fall slowed by various clever devices, struck, rolled and bounced around in its heavy roll-cage like a turtle in its shell, before coming to rest on its side, at which point a nifty pneumatic arm shot out and tipped it upright.

The crew within, shaken but not deterred, gritted their teeth for the journey down the vast stairs, which would prove to be a rough one.

\* \* \*

Sue had known all along that the 'quick coffee' would turn into a whole afternoon of chatting and most likely result in going back to her place for cakes, biscuits and of course more coffee. It had occurred to her as soon as the door had shut behind her, and she was not in the least bit nervous about the intrusion of her interplanetary guests; she would simply tell her friend Kim that it was a toy that Liz's brother had left behind after his last visit... or something.

It really didn't matter because there was nothing wrong with Kim finding out anyway.

She uttered the excuse as soon as they had entered the living room.

"Oh – let me get this out of the way. It's some model that Liz's little brother left behind last time he was here," she deposited her bag on the coffee table beside the sleek black ship, which looked awkwardly small beside it, and wrapped her fingers around the cockpit, sliding her other hand under the aft end of the craft.

"Is it covered in... what *is* that? Powder? It looks like makeup base."

“I, uh... it’s ah...” Sue racked her brains for a viable explanation before the obvious point came to mind, “...how would I know? It’s not mine.”

She sprang energetically up the stairs, each step turbulently shaking the helpless occupants of the ship trapped in her hands, disappeared briefly to deposit it in Liz’s room in accordance with her excuse and also where it was safest, that is, by keeping it separated from the silver one, before joining Kim in the kitchen, who had already made herself at home by beginning the preparation of coffee.

In a few minutes the ladies were seated in front of adjacent sides of the coffee table, somehow still able to chat despite the television being on (though with the sound off); a skill typical to women, which also allowed them to observe and comment on whatever show was on, all the while maintaining their conversation. Men could only dream of such multitasking skills.

“Oh!” exclaimed Sue upon tasting the coffee. “What’s in this?”

Her friend giggled.

“I felt like Irish coffee instead.”

And thus it was that their conversation continued with an extra shot of liquid merriment, and it was during this time that Sue noticed Kim’s attention sometimes being briefly diverted away from both herself and the television. Her friend would glance towards the floor every now and then, as if her gaze had been caught by something.

Sue sighed. While she was unsure of precisely what it was, and furthermore how or why it got there, she had a pretty good idea. So much for trying to conceal the persistent little people.

\* \* \*

Major McGill gripped his friend Jim Cooper’s shoulder nervously; an unnecessary gesture since the latter had already slammed the landing buggy’s clunky gearbox into reverse and was scooting back behind the corner of the cliff-like piece of furniture that appeared to be intended for sitting. High above them, the black ship of their enemy rose gracefully into

their air, visible through the glass of the enormous table looming up in the heavens a few hundred metres away, in the hands of the immense goddess in whose presence the two ships were dwarfed to helpless lumps of metal.

The massive woman began to retreat, holding her prize, and her steps thundered throughout the surroundings, the men in the vehicle feeling each tremble through the seat beneath them.

“Damn!” uttered McGill. There was his chance to take out an enemy ship gone. It would have been no minor success to have achieved such a victory; he would have been well-rewarded.

“Wait,” whispered Cooper. He pointed, and the other became aware of what he had seen. From their perspective, one of the massive columns that supported the wide sheet of glass blocked their view of a part of the giant table’s surface. From behind this pillar there now appeared a distinctive shape.

“A Phantom!” And indeed it was a ‘Phantom’ – the sleek craft of their enemy that was able to hover gently above the ground and was thus far superior to their own clumsy, wheeled vehicles. “Has it seen us?”

“Let’s hope not – we *must* have the first shot.”

“But the *woman!*”

“Women,” corrected Cooper. He indicated a second towering figure looming far in the background, just as the first, the one they had come to know as *Sue*, re-entered the cavernous room. “They can’t do anything to us that our enemies wouldn’t do given the slightest opportunity. At least with those huge women we have a chance of receiving compassion.”

McGill knew his companion was right, and even as they spoke the situation became more urgent as the Phantom slid over the edge of the giant table and fell towards the earth, rocking through the air in the same manner in which a feather falls, until its hovering devices found solid ground against which to repel, and it righted itself just above the surface. Perhaps it was extremely good fortune, or perhaps the occupants were shaken from the drop, but in any case the scouting vehicle turned away from the observers.

“This is our chance!” McGill uttered, and while Jim edged the tank out into the open, he whirled and shouted to the gunner behind him, who manned the large rotating turret atop their vehicle and who had of course had his gun trained on the enemy tank the entire time, to fire. Suddenly the intense, concentrated look on the gunner’s face vanished in surprise. McGill shouted once more before whipping his head to the front, just in time to see—

“Reverse!” he screamed as the enormous female foot descended upon their large, yet diminutive vehicle. The men in the armoured tank saw it in slow motion; they could see every detail on the underside of the huge, triangular sole of *Sue*’s shoe as it enlarged above them. Man-sized toes could be seen protruding above the front rim, and behind and above the silhouette rose a massive pillar of smooth skin, widening into the splendid curves of her calf. Even further above loomed the shadowy, cavernous interior between her thighs within the short garment she wore around the tops of her legs, and although her curvaceous body above was so high that it was blurred by the distance, it was clear that she was not even glancing downwards – she might crush them out of existence without even intending to!

It happened so quickly –yet with such horrifying suspense– that the men barely knew what happened. Jim Cooper, with amazing reflexes, slammed his foot on the pedal almost before he had crunched the gears into reverse, and with agonising speed the wheels spun and clutched at the fibres of the surface beneath them before the lumbering vehicle began to lurch backwards. They were cast in shadow. None dared to look up at their fate. Suddenly... *whoomph!* Once, during a frightful storm, McGill had seen a giant old tree fall only fifty metres before the car he was in. That was all he could think of in this moment, in which the rim of the colossal woman’s shoe descended like that old tree, however not fifty metres away but fifty centimetres, and not gracefully falling but thrust downwards by a million tonnes of an omnipotent female towering above. Even before the sole struck the surface there was a violent rush of air that lifted the front four wheels off the ground and heaved the stomach of every man in the vehicle. Then the shockwave hit. The surface seemed to bounce as if it were elastic, and the heavy tank was tossed like a toy.

The men in the armoured car sat still for what seemed like an eternity, shocked by their excruciatingly close scrape with death. Before them, barely ten metres away, loomed the massive profile of *Sue*’s huge shoe; a stylishly sloping shape of shining leather, with the massive column beneath her heel

rising twice their height into the air, and thick straps that ran up the sides of her immense, shapely foot. They could see her painted toenails, and McGill stared at them solemnly, wondering how such pretty little things might well have been his doom.

“Monty!” shouted Jim Cooper, for the second time, snapping the Major back to reality. “We have to hit them!”

McGill shook his head as if to wake himself from a dream and craned his neck upwards to take in the situation. The pillar-like leg rose up to a dizzying height, where it disappeared to the side at the knee, and where the other calf appeared, sloping diagonally down with the other enormous foot hanging in the air; seemingly defying physics. From this unique sight it was clear that *Sue* was sitting with crossed legs on the couch, the front panel of which comprised the giant wall that rose up beside them, and her shoe now blocked the path between them and their enemy.

“Over there!” shouted somebody. Heads turned. Perhaps two hundred metres away was another enormous foot, planted on the ground while its counterpart loomed high above the surface, as its giant owner sat with crossed legs in the same manner as the first woman. However, they could see the upper body and face of this second –new– giant, since the table high above was comprised of glass, providing them with a view of the dark underside of various round objects which were presumably drinking vessels; verified only moments later as the second woman reached for one with a momentous movement, and proceeded to drink from it as she concentrated her attention on her companion high above the men.

It was difficult to communicate with the crew of the tank, as the women’s voices boomed and echoed through their vehicle, but a plan was concocted nevertheless, and in moments they were moving once more.

It was extremely daring and very risky, but if it succeeded they would be safe from reprisal, should they miss their enemy. Jim navigated the tank towards the archway that rose before them, that is, the archway formed by the column under the heel of the giant lady and the slope of the sole leading down to her toes. They were sneaking *under* her foot.

The nose of the vehicle reached the mouth of this cave. The men shuddered nervously while the shadow crept over their car as they rumbled forwards. It

was chilling to think how many tonnes of female flesh hung precariously above them, ready to crunch them at any moment. It was a huge risk; she could shift her foot idly and smear the tank into scrap.

As they emerged cautiously on the other side, their luck turned, though thankfully not as badly as it could have been. That is, *Sue* remained still, but their enemies hadn't. They must have turned to view the colossal female foot, and were at that moment pointed directly towards McGill's crew.

"Fire!" he yelled. From behind him rang out the sizzle of the cannon, but the agile hovering vehicle had anticipated the shot and had strafed to its side, letting out a burst of fire that struck the wall of fabric of the couch behind them. The pilot of the enemy vehicle must have gauged McGill's advantage—using the huge female foot for cover—in a split second, as the Phantom slid rapidly towards the other side of the vast plain beneath the table, and the men could only watch with frustration as a second cannon shut fizzed away beside the moving target, and in seconds it was shielded by the sloping wall of skin comprising the other huge woman's foot, and both parties knew that a strike on the skin of either of the giant beings would result in the capture of both of them.

And thus began a careful, cautious fire-fight, of huge risk, deadly consequence, and miniature proportions.

\* \* \*

"Ah... Sue," began Kim after a period of distracted long enough for her host to pause mid-conversation, speaking slowly out of a mix of amazement and puzzlement, "there's a toy car shooting a laser at me from behind your foot."

Sue rolled her eyes as she leaned forward and glanced over her knee. There it was indeed.

She hadn't seen a car before—that is, not a miniature one from the little space guys—but from above it didn't seem vastly different to a type of tank she had seen on television; not the big type with massive guns though, the type that was longer and had wheels, not tracks. The other major difference was that this one fit in her hand.

Her fingers wrapped around it comfortably, like the handle of a tennis racket, and Sue leaned back in the couch as she lifted it from the floor, over her knees and to her face, pointing its little tennis-racket-handle-like front to her nose so that she could peer into the little windows at the astonished and frightened expressions of the men holding tight onto their armrests. Despite his size she recognised the one she already knew, and ignoring Kim's inquisitive enquiries, she addressed him.

“What are you shooting at my friend for?”

Even as she uttered the question, her eyes gazed past the object trapped in her fist and fell on the carpet at Kim's feet; more specifically at the foreign, odd-shaped object that lay at them.

“He wasn't shooting at you – he was shooting at *that!* Grab it!”

Bewildered, Kim leaned forward slowly and much less decisively than she would have, had she known what was really going on; that is, that there was a miniature mobile armoury full of aggressive little men beside her shoe. Lowering her arm past her sleek calves, her fingers slid over the shiny surface of the helpless object, which could no longer hover under the immense pressure and which she therefore unintentionally flattened to the ground, before her fingertips found grip on its hull and under its stubby wings and it was lifted higher into the air than its powerful engines could ever have achieved and with more acceleration than its occupants could handle.

“What is it?” she asked as she lifted the advanced military vehicle to her chest height, where she turned it over in her hands.

“Umm... maybe a bit more gently,” suggested Sue as she debated whether to spill the beans, her decision settling as she watched her friend unwittingly shaking a vehicle full of men with probably enough energy to be fatal to the lot of them, “there are men inside.”

Her statement succeeded in prolonging the unlucky men's lives by ceasing the torturous tossing of their vehicle, and naturally yielded a very strange expression on her friend's face as she lowered the alien tank to her lap and stared at the speaker.

“There are *what* inside?” Of course Kim had heard correctly and Sue didn’t need to repeat herself; instead her unreproducible expression made the smile on Kim’s face disappear as she realised it was not a joke of some kind, and was replaced by a frown of puzzlement and finally a raised eyebrow of disbelief.

“It’s true,” said Sue, “there are real, living, breathing men inside that thing.”

This had the opposite effect to what was desired, by making Kim lift the object to her face with curiosity (and still plenty of disbelief), before Sue uttered another protest and conceded to tell her the whole story.

\* \* \*

Thus the content of the girls’ conversation was vastly different to what they had anticipated at the beginning of their casual coffee chat. Kim was so entranced by the story and Sue so occupied with telling it that neither noticed the television still droning away in the background until the very conclusion, at which point Sue grasped the remote control and snapped off the set.

“So is it dangerous?” asked Kim slowly.

“What?”

“The lasers or whatever they are.”

“Good grief – you’re right!” said Sue, realising that the vehicles still bore weapons. “Snap it off.”

Lifting the tank in her hands back to her scrutiny, Sue saw that even as she relaxed her grip and peeled her fingers from the hull, a small protrusion on the unit’s roof began rotating towards the other side of the room where Kim sat with the ‘enemy’ tank. Sue lowered the fingertips of her other hand to the weapon’s barrel, which was approximately the same diameter as a matchstick or a toothpick, and pinched it between thumb and forefinger. With a delicate tug she bent the heavy steel barrel out of all usable proportions, and within the vehicle, invisible to her, a tiny man lurched out of the gunner’s cabin in terror, as steel squealed and twisted, heavy bearings were crushed and powerful gears mashed into lumps of metal.

“I can’t see it,” admitted Kim after watching her friend disable the wheeled vehicle. Sue rose, placing the car on the coffee table, and edged around to help. She accepted the vehicle in her palm and peered over its shiny surface until she found the most aggressive-looking protrusion. It was barely a lump and had no graspable barrel, so she pried her fingernail under it and gently sliced a formidable tear in the tank’s hull as she twisted her nail under it, exposing a mesh of miniature, unperceivable little mechanical components that sparked and fumed.

“Why are they enemies?” enquired Kim upon receiving the disarmed vehicle in her lap.

“Don’t know. Probably some macho crap.”

“Same as here, huh?”

“Yeah, same as here,” mused Sue, sighing as she thought of all the idiots of the world, proclaiming themselves to be righteous and invading everyone else in the name of whatever garbage they were trying to spread.

After a very long silent pause, Sue spoke.

“You know what? Let’s teach them a lesson.”

“What do you mean? Hurt them?”

“No, not hurt them. I don’t quite know yet. It just seems to me that...” she looked for the right words, “...that in this world we’re pretty much helpless, apart from voting once every few years. But here, now, to these little guys—”

“We’re Gods.”

“Goddesses!” The two friends laughed together.

After another pause, it was again Sue who spoke.

“Let’s give them a step in the right direction. I mean... we can’t solve their interplanetary conflict or whatever. We can’t lecture them either; well we

could, but it wouldn't help. We have to do something to make them work it out themselves."

"We could make them work together somehow... like try to make them escape from us – by cooperating."

"Hmm... too mean," replied Sue, "I don't want to be mean to them."

"Let's just see what happens when we put them together then."

The idea was accepted. The girls resolved to get the men out of their cars and see what happened when they actually met. "Maybe you'll like each other," laughed Sue as they gathered the two vehicles and got to the ground.

The ladies slid onto their stomachs on the carpet, facing each other with their legs stretching off in opposite directions, and propped up on their elbows so that their breasts hung like huge walls behind the little vehicles before them. Kim smiled to herself at the sight of her friend's cleavage rising up from behind the tank like a narrow alley between two tall buildings. Sue lowered her forearm and placed it on the carpet as a massive barrier between the enemies until the appropriate time. For not the first time, she ordered the miniature people to show themselves.

Having learnt by experience, those in the wheeled car before her emerged promptly, but those in the odd-shaped thing in front of Kim required a short bout of tapping on the roof of the vehicle before they were convinced. Having never seen the tiny figures, Kim gasped in wonder, her mind reeling with the fact of having half a dozen real, miniature men stumbling around on the carpet beneath her face. From her perspective, her hair, which hung down beside her cheeks, seemed to point directly at the tiny bodies, and somehow made the sight more surreal, perhaps due to the size comparison it provided.

With what appeared to be all of the men in the open, Sue removed their vehicle and Kim followed suit.

"Now," began Sue slowly, preparing to lift her arm, "be nice!"

She raised her arm cautiously and the ladies waited for a result. However, they had not fully thought it through, and after a brief moment of

bewilderment between their tiny male guests, a green spark shot out from one, missed its target and struck Sue's breast, while a yellow spark shot out simultaneously and just as wildly and found Kim's chest. Both girls yelped with surprise – the impact was only a warm tingle, and Sue's arm slammed back into the ground.

“Didn't think of that,” she uttered, looking at her friend with a naughty ‘oops’ look that yielded a giggle. However, perhaps in misunderstanding the omnipotent girls’ intent; perhaps assuming the giant females wanted the men to kill each other for their amusement, and thus thinking that a fire-fight was about to ensue, both teams of alien visitors rushed for cover, so when the two ladies lowered their gazes, they were just in time to see a dozen figures fleeing towards both of their bodies; a few men ducking to the sides behind their elbows, while others ran for their chests. Sue witnessed two men leap over the open collar of Kim's shirt and disappear into the shadow of her cleavage, before she dropped her gaze and saw two more scrambling over the seam of her top, pressed into the carpet as she lay, and disappearing between her breasts, the sight of their figures replaced by a tickling sensation on her sensitive skin as they wiggled through and squeezed into the point where her breasts met. Kim shrieked as she experienced a similar sensation.

“Don't get up,” warned Sue from experience, though a tad too late as her friend instantly rolled to her side and propped herself up, letting the men tumble down through her bosom and disappear inside her shirt, yielding more shrieking. Sue instead slid a single finger into her cleavage and slid it down until certain she it had overtaken the struggling figures, and scraped them out. The two men popped out like corks out of a champagne bottle and Sue felt somewhat guilty as they tumbled along the carpet.

After Kim had also completed the delicate and tricky process of retrieving the miniature people who had disappeared in her bodice, the task was set upon of relieving the opponents of their weapons, which proved much easier than anticipated. With her bunch of men collected in her palm, Sue ordered them to drop their weapons, and despite the absence of the translating machine the meaning was clear. Half a dozen miniature objects, small enough to be metal filings, dropped from tiny hands that rose into the air. It seemed that without the protection of a hull, the small people had no bravado whatsoever to defy an order.

With the enemies disarmed, the girls tried again. Sue lifted her arm and caused the men to flee in opposite directions; directly into the girls' chests, though this time they were stopped in their tracks by massive walls of female hands.

"They won't mix," stated Kim accurately.

"Let's make them," said Sue as she lowered her hand over the group of men. When it rose, she had plucked three men between her fingers and they writhed, feet dangling, within her grip. Kim had instinctively lowered her arms and formed an imposing ring around the enemy men, and Sue lowered her hand towards her friend's, before pausing.

"They're just going to beat them up, aren't they," said Kim, expressing both their minds.

"Yes," admitted Sue ruefully. She suspended the men in the air while she pondered.

"They'll always fight if we mix them together," said Kim, breaking into Sue's thought chain. However her words must have struck a chord.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Sue, involuntarily jerking the poor men in the air. She leapt to her feet, cringing as she became aware of the human (rather *humanlike*) cargo in her hand, which she lowered apologetically to the group of men on the floor between her feet, before shooting upstairs.

\* \* \*

"Is your ship repaired?" she blurted to the silver object on her bed, but her question answered itself when she saw its shadow a short distance underneath it, betraying the fact that it was not on but *above* her bed. "Good."

Sue glided closer and without formalities lowered her hands on either end of the hovering craft, before yanking back before she could singe her fingers at the hot rear of the ship. Instead she clasped the ship's sides and marvelled at how light it was, as it was of course suspended by its own advanced means. Carrying it was like guiding a balloon and she even uttered a 'wow' of surprise before returning to her task.

Negotiating it through the door without burning herself or wrecking any more of her paintwork, she entered Liz's room with the ship, then, aided by its hovering (though it was still helpless in her grip) she lifted it to face height so she could see its entire form, then uttered a command that echoed through its hull.

“Now destroy your enemy's ship.”

After a brief pause the remaining crew in the ship accepted this blessing and Sue watched as part of the flawless silver hull opened into a gaping hole, through which then emerged a large –perhaps the width of her little finger–rod, obviously the barrel of a weapon.

“Thankyou!” she laughed triumphantly, gripping the small shaft and pinching it until the steel crumpled between her fingers, her ruse succeeding way too easily on the gullible, predictable little people. The stump of a cannon retracted sorrowfully back into the ship and the hole closed up as the crew angrily accepted their defeat.

The black ship had jumped into motion as soon as she had entered, and Sue now beheld the sight of it hovering above Liz's bed.

“You're making this too easy for me,” she laughed as she wrapped her fingers around the neck just behind the cockpit. Swinging it around in the correct direction was so effortless that it reminded her of a novelty blow-up baseball bat, and she almost over-corrected and slammed it into the wall.

She now controlled both heavy, hovering ships with just one hand each, and smiled excitedly to herself as she navigated down the stairs, holding them before her and pointed in at her body so that their engines were safely directed away, and she was greeted with a gasp of admiration as she emerged into the living room where Kim guarded the dozen or so warring men.

While Kim interestedly inspected the craft, Sue set upon the now tiresome – yet this time much more significant– task of relieving the two ships of their occupants. When the flow of crew had ceased, dozens of tiny faces peered up expectantly at Sue from between her feet. However she knew that it was

likely that some crew still remained in the ships, and she and Kim had planned for this.

Sue stepped to the black ship first (since the crew of the silver might already be wary of her trickery) and lifted her foot over it menacingly.

After a quick nod to Kim, who placed herself conveniently between the two craft, blocking their view of each other, Sue lifted her foot high; high enough for the crew of the silver ship to see. She was straining to keep her face straight and maintain as mean an expression as she could muster, but she wasn't great at acting and a laugh began to break through. Eventually she could no longer hold it, and instead, with her leg still raised and foot poised to strike, she burst into laughter, and it only took a minor bit of acting for it to appear as an evil cackle. Even Kim was startled, and unbeknownst to Sue, it was this laugh that was the final straw that convinced the remaining occupants of black ship.

They poured out; half a dozen of them, and Sue smiled as she slammed her foot down onto the carpet, crunching a roll of aluminium foil in her hand behind her back for a realistic sound. It was convincing; the violence of her stamp send scores of people sprawling, and bounced the ship clean off the floor. Kim leaned over to gather these last few little men while Sue moved to the next ship.

Fearing for their life and utterly convinced they were nearing the end of it, the remaining crew in the silver ship fled even while Sue was raising her foot. They were collected by a swipe of Kim's hand, and the frustration of the realisation that they had now been tricked twice was enhanced by the echoing giggling high above.

\* \* \*

"Let's see if they get it," said Sue as she stared down at the specks between her legs. The swan-like black ship was about a metre in front of her, and she stood with her heeled feet wide apart and just behind the large group of miniature figures huddled bewildered in a crowd. Some stared up into the cavernous space inside her skirt and she became somewhat self-conscious and pressed the front of the garment to fill the space between her legs somewhat but maintained her deliberately wide and imposing stance.

These people, trapped between her feet and the black, powdered ship, were in actual fact the crew of the silver ship. Some began nervously stumbling towards their own spacecraft, somewhat to Sue's side, but she shifted her weight onto one leg and brought her foot over, hovering her toes in the would-be escapees path until they got the point and were guided back to the group.

"Go on," she said.

Kim stood beside her with a similar group between her feet, standing puzzled beneath a foreign ship.

Slowly they began to realise.

Driven from behind by a few shepherding motions of Sue's feet, at first just a small group of the crew approached the unfamiliar ship. Sue dropped to her knees, carefully placing them either side of the crowd, and doubled over to peer under the craft, cast a glance down her body to make sure that the men in the shadow of her skirt were not fleeing out behind her between her feet.

She saw a few individuals turn their gazes upwards at her face as they approached the lowered ramp into the ship, seeking affirmation, and she gave a nod. When they still hesitated, she delicately reached under the ship and poked the closes, knocking him to his knees in front of the ramp, for which she apologised sweetly but which accomplished the task. He entered the enemy ship.

Soon there was a steady, trudging flow of people into both ships; Kim having adopted her friend's tactics.

When there were no figures left scattered on the carpet, the two triumphant ladies stood, stretching their aching legs, and before they relaxed on the couch to watch, Sue clearly made a demonstration of opening the window and gesturing to the outside world and the darkening skies above.

It was a full half hour before one of the ships began hovering; the silver one with the black ship's crew, and the girls put it down to unfamiliarity with the control.

However it showed that Sue's assumption was correct. The people were similar enough that they could use each other's equipment, and it reminded her once more of Earth's conflicts. She smiled with satisfaction; she was sure the plan would work.

She knew there was no way she could solve a conflict millions of miles away, but she was happy that they had done something good. That is, these two groups of people were going to take a message back to their homeworlds. Firstly, they would have to cooperate – or not survive. There was no way they could get home safely in an enemy ship, and Sue could think of no way of achieving this without cooperation of some kind. Secondly, they now knew that there were bigger things in the universe than their own petty squabbles – something that a few groups of people on Earth would do good to realise.

After a while the second, black ship rose, and while it wavered unsteadily for a moment, Sue gave it a smile and a little wave. While she didn't know what the individuals inside were thinking, she was convinced that they understood, and when the ship drifted slowly towards her, it rocked back and forth in what could not be mistaken for anything but a sign of recognition and forgiveness. After a brief pause, during which the crew inside beheld their saviour for what might be the last time, the swanlike ship turned and banked towards the window. As soon as it passed through the open frame its black shape disappeared in the dimness and the ladies were left in silence.

“Think we did something good?” asked Kim quietly after a pause.

“I'm certain we did something good.”

“Think they'll be back?”

“Hope so,” mused Sue, “it was fun—”

“Being a god?”

“Being a *goddess!*”

The girls laughed, turned to their cold Irish coffees, before Sue rose and shut the window, pondering, trying to recollect, wondering, if she had in fact found *all* the little men who had been scattered on her at some point in time.

She ran a hand over her figure as if searching for misplaced little men. There had been several occasions... and after all she hadn't *counted* them, had she? She smiled to herself and the window slid shut with a bang.

THE END