

The Lost Islands

by

e10

...*And if you look to port –remember, that’s the left– you’ll see the some of the twelve hundred scenic yet thoroughly uncharted Los Ilios Islands. Why wouldn’t anyone chart and claim these spectacular islands, you ask? The reason is that if you planted a flag on the west side of a smaller one, it would be on the east side within ten years. The Los Ilios Islands are simply the peaks of a giant underwater mountain range that it is slowly tipping on its side. The islands are so temporary in height and shape that only the biggest survive more than a few decades; it would be better called the Los Ilios Reef...*

Samantha glanced to her side. He certainly wasn’t exaggerating; the islands were tiny. Some seemed to be only a few metres wide and had just a single, lonely palm tree; she felt she could probably sink some of them just by touching them with her toes. Thinking about her toes, she glanced down her body at her feet, which slumped towards the endless horizon on either side of her, and verified that her toenails were indeed still painted bright red as they had been five minutes earlier. Satisfied that the toenail situation was under control, she let her gaze drift back to the scattered islands and lazily soaked up the comfortable sunshine.

When her book dropped from her hands and hit the white deck below the banana lounge upon which she so comfortably lay, Samantha gave in and let sleep prevail. Her eyelids drifted slowly shut and her heartbeat slowed and fell in time with the lazy, low grumbling of a lumbering diesel engine five floors below her.

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Samantha awoke with a start and felt something pinning her legs down. She immediately sensed the cold and dampness, and tried to lift her knees, but in

the meekness of the moment of waking she could not overcome the force pulling down on her legs. Her heartbeat quickened.

Her eyes snapped open and in the dimness she could not grasp where she was.

When her mind cleared and took in the scene Samantha grumbled out of frustration, which turned to a whine of dismay. The blue sky had been replaced by black clouds and her book was soaked. It was as wet as her sarong, the light material of which usually drifted gently in the breeze but now clung heavily to the banana lounge and almost seemed to suck her legs down with its sopping depression. It made a watery slurp as she twisted her body and sat up.

Anna Karina's 400 odd pages were now a mushy and infinitely less readable single wad of spongy pulp. Samantha repeated the whine of dismay, though she was glad that she wore only the sarong over her bikini and not anything heavier. A quick glance over her body satisfied her concern that her bikini was not too transparent, as it was the kind that was somewhat looser and resulted in little ruffles around the crotch; very nice for comfort but prone to becoming a bit too see-through when wet.

It seemed to be still quite warm – she couldn't complain about that. However, just as she noted this to herself, Samantha felt a sudden and surprisingly strong gush of wind that brought with it a chilling snap. She jumped to her feet and began making her way towards the haven of glass doors at the other end of the high-up deck. The wet and heavy sarong, stretched between her legs like a net, immediately began protesting with violent flapping in the wind that was asserting itself with increasing strength.

Samantha couldn't help feeling a bit nervous, especially as the deck was now completely empty of other passengers, and she clenched her teeth and accelerated to a trot.

Suddenly she yelped as the wind punched and caught her sarong with such force that it, combined with the slippery deck, literally pulled her legs from under her. She fell on her side with a dull thud and winced in pain, her face breaking into an expression of despair; the kind of expression that would make someone who knew her intimately laugh at the relatively minor

misfortune and her exaggerated, pained reaction to it. She grumbled and got to her feet.

Improving the aerodynamics of her upper body by ducking into the wind did nothing to reduce the severity of the sarong catching the gusts in a very effective sail-like manner. She yanked at it, regretting having knotted it around her waist so tightly, but it didn't yield at all. Samantha staggered several times. The wind was becoming a gale. She braved a glance up and saw with dismay that the glass doors to safety were still five rows of deck-chairs away.

A sudden gust made her stagger again and clutch onto the railing, and before she could resume her battle, a loose chair began scraping its way over the deck and struck her ankle painfully enough to cause her to cry out. She desperately tried to push it away but it stubbornly blocked her path, and she was forced to step over it.

As if fate was waiting for the perfect moment, the instant Samantha lifted her foot over the obstacle and spread out the sarong stretched between her legs, a surge of wind swooped on her and caught this effective sail, transferring its full force to this unlucky girl in her unsteady position. The sensation she felt immediately after the pang of pain when her hip struck the railing, was that of free-falling.

Omnipresent, cold wetness followed the hard splash.

After that was blackness.

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Spurred on by the shock in the voice of his friend, who stood still, stunned, on the crest ahead of and above him, the figure of a young boy clambered quickly up the grassy slope and halted beside the other figure, and when the view opened up before him he was immediately awestruck by the most amazing, shocking and beautiful sight he had seen in his life.

They didn't even go down to investigate. They bolted back in the direction they came, as fast as their little legs could carry them.

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The first to arrive were clearly soldiers. Thin, sheathed blades hung from their hips and bounced against their horses' shanks as they trotted unhurriedly along, sent on a ridiculous-sounding mission simply on the word of a couple of unconvincing young boys, who even at that moment were being sent home to their parents on the assumption that they were making up fanciful tales.

However, as the pair reached the crest upon which the two boys had stood only minutes earlier, the trotting came to an abrupt stop. While one of the soldiers and his horse froze solid out of pure shock, the other had to kick his own horse sharply to startle it out of its daze in order to carry him back to base. His figure disappeared in the darkness between the shrubbery, and as if to draw a curtain on his departure, the sun sunk down comfortably over the distant horizon, the last rays vanished from the air and the tips of the waves crashing on the beach went from a sparkling yellow to a dull grey.

It was not the waves, however, at which the remaining soldier was staring, transfixed. His mouth repeatedly fell open while some deep-down part of his brain repeatedly struggled to shut it again.

It seemed as if it was his horse that decided to investigate, as the man remained motionless when the creature assumed a careful trot down the slope that led to the source of amazement looming up ahead, the solid green surface giving way to softer damp sand as they came onto the beach.

The man awoke from his trance as the offending object loomed frighteningly close and he yanked on the reins in caution. The horse halted. His gaze focussed on the nearest part of the incredible entity; a shape, instantly recognisable but blown out of all possible proportion, comprised of upward curves reaching into the sky, that looked like the ribs of an ancient shipwreck protruding from the sand, except that they were much wider. Impossibly wide. They were the curled fingers of a limp, upturned hand.

His eyes followed the lines of the object that receded down the beach, scrolling it slowly as if skipping to the end would mean missing a vital clue. His gaze ran over the gentle curve of a wrist becoming a forearm, which ended in a valley at an elbow and curved into a rise over an upper-arm which was hundreds of yards away from him. The upper-arm was silhouetted by a rounded shoulder which seemed to press heavily into the sand, which was displaced in large mounds around it.

Long –that is, twenty horse-lengths long– wet hair was matted over the entire shape connected to the shoulder. He could see a nose protruding into the sky but the face remained tantalisingly hidden.

However the features that dominated the dim, looming silhouette were the two giant curves, which were lined with an unfamiliar-looking material and which rose into the sky over the chest, silhouetting the reddish clouds above the horizon. The two curves had a squashed, rounded shape due to gravity sucking down their incredible mass. Every part of the body beyond was invisible to the observer, but these long, high curves of the breasts were enough to keep him transfixed. It was most definitely a she.

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There was a constant bottleneck of motionless figures on the crest above the beach, before one of the officers would yell at the awestruck men and the neighing of crowded horses would startle those at the front of the jam to continue down the now trodden and messy path over the sand.

As they approached the incredible sight, the officers awaiting them would have to shout several times to attract their attention before giving them an order. Soldiers on foot were beginning to arrive and only caused to make the jam on the crest even worse.

It was only when a figure of some obvious authority arrived that the commotion began to subside. He was clad in the brightest uniform of those present and an examination of his chest yielded many more medallions of various types of honour than any other. He was the only man yet *not* to pause, stunned, at the scene –perhaps deliberately, in order to maintain his authority– and his arrival caused any chattering to recede into hushed murmurs.

The figure was followed by wagons, and as he began barking commands, one of the first to be executed was the offloading thereof. On the sand around the female body that caused the commotion as it lay sprawled obtrusively on the beach, were thrown large coils of rope fit only for mooring ships, but which were to attempt to fulfil an entirely different purpose on this occasion.

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If the birds circling high above could have comprehended and appreciated the view with which only they were blessed, they might have fallen from the sky. It was an outstanding and breathtaking sight which they took in; an image too unbelievable to be accurately described by mere words.

The immediate, attention-grabbing object was of course the girl. She was sprawled in a manner to instantly suggest something was wrong; she was on her back and her arms were strewn to either side. Her hip was twisted, causing one thigh to be slightly raised while the other was pressed on its side into the sand, and while her legs were spread apart with knees bent, they were turned enough that her feet slumped in the same direction. The next most obvious oddities were the moving spots scattered around her. The spots

were coloured and of similar shapes, and while they surrounded her on all sides, they all seemed to point inwards at her. From the altitude at which the birds circled the spectacle, it would take a keen observer with good eyesight to realise that these tiny spots around the shapely female, were men.



The girl –this *impossibly* huge girl– wore a small lilac-coloured two-piece bathing suit darkened by wetness. A second item of clothing; a colourful sarong of the thinnest, lightest silk, was bound around her waist. The knot pressed into her abdomen and while the material normally parted down the front of her thigh in order that her shapely leg would enticingly slip through it while she walked, it was now peeled back and strewn over the sand behind her, both legs exposed to the cool, gentle wind. Where the material was still damp it clung to her smooth skin, but the light sarong dried quickly and the extremities were already flapping in the breeze, causing the miniature dots around it to back away nervously.

Her damp hair was matted over her shoulders with several clumps of strands clinging to her cheeks, which betrayed a hint of rosiness in her otherwise cold, limp form. The expression on her face would in any other situation have been taken as a look of absolute peace, like a person in a deep sleep. She looked tranquil. Her lips were slightly parted and her eyes lightly closed. Her face pointed directly into the sky as if she were lying in the sun enjoying a warm yellow glow on the inside of her eyelids.

Suddenly there was increased movement among the cordon of little uniformed men. They converged towards the superior man, who began

vigorously pointing and shouting. After several minutes, groups of men began splitting off and scurrying away in various directions. Some headed away from the giant intruding body that attracted the activity and towards the dunes from which soldiers were still arriving, but most hurried to particular points around the girl's body.

The scene slowly lost its hue and everything assumed sharp silver linings as the evening sky darkened and a dazzling, bright moon crept into view. Within minutes, yellow and orange patches began appearing around the curvaceous body sprawled on the sand; a sight that otherwise could have been mistaken for a candle-lit slumber, but which was in fact the lighting of tens of torches being planted into the ground by miniature men whose figures became colourful specks in the flickering lights.

The strange looking rings scattered beside her powerless limbs were identifiable as coils of rope no more hefty than the cotton that comprised her garments. Men in groups of four ran to each coil of heavy rope, grabbed its end and began dragging it like firemen with their hose, towards the ends of the girl's motionless limbs. Two ropes were brought to each of her wrists and ankles. Tiny trails which looked like those left by a snail remained on the beach as the ropes were dragged over the soft sand. They converged on the girl's figure and looked like wavy rays emanating from her body; like those drawn by a child sketching the sun.

As each group arrived at their destination on the girl's body, where the trail in the sand now ended, two of the men on each rope ran around to the opposite side of the giant limb that loomed before them. One of the girl's hands lay upturned and flat so the wrist's longer side was on the sand, and was only three times the height of the soldiers who stood on either side of it, two of which struggled as they began lifting a heavy rope, whereas on the other side of her body, her other hand lay somewhat upright, so her wrist made a much higher wall that seemed like an impossible barrier for the men who stood below it, craning their necks and wondering how they were to get a heavy ship rope up so high.

While the soldiers around the girl's upturned wrist were feeding the heavy rope from one side to the other, the soldiers clustered around her other wrist and ankles were having trouble heaving the rope up the curved surface of her skin above them. Some were experiencing limited success if the rope remained relatively stiff and could be pushed up without bending, but most

struggled as the rope curled back on itself before reaching the peak of her wrist and ankles.

However, a new method was to save them the trouble. Several soldiers scurried to the groups of men and handed them twine and thin ropes, while others struggled with sacks full of obviously heavy items, which turned out to be rocks. Their purpose became apparent as one end of each thin rope was carefully bound around a large rock (that is, large compared to the men – if the same rock had have been in the girl's hand she could have blown it into the void with a gentle breath), while the other end was tied tightly around the heavy ship rope.

One man in each group began swinging this crude sling over his shoulder, while the other yelled warnings to their invisible partners on the other side of the wall of flesh that was the narrowest part of each of the girl's limbs. With a countdown, the men hurled the rocks over the shapely female wrist and ankles and the men on the opposite side jumped out of the way of the incoming projectile, before rushing to begin pulling the thin rope that would now serve to drag the heavier rope to their side.

Meanwhile, two ropes were already lying over the flat, upturned wrist, but they lay slack and unbound. The men around them waited nervously, some taking the time to gaze in wonder at the body that rose up before them, while others glanced from time to time up at the crest of the dune from which they had come, and from which they now expected vital help and supplies to arrive.

And arrive they did. Wagons bearing some kind of heavy cargo began rumbling over the dune's crest far away up the beach, the horses which dragged them experiencing a moment of rest on the flat ground after having struggled up the hill with the heavy load, before being forced to lug them down through the soft sand, into which the rickety wagon wheels sank. As soon as they arrived near the giant girl's hand and the waiting soldiers, men began unloading the cargo, which appeared to be large beams, fit for building a house.

At the same time arrived a much smaller and seemingly out of place device, but its purpose became clear when a soldier donned it and began hammering on its surface. It was a drum, and the soldier banged out a slow beat that soon fell into a ceaseless chanting rhythm in three fourths timing – the waltz.

Every first beat was struck with one heavy hand and the other two beats more lightly with the other, and after four repetitions, the first beat was hammered even harder.

BRRROM-bom-bom-BOM-bom-bom- BOM-bom-bom- BOM-bom-bom-BRRROM...

The work being carried out on the girl's four limbs suddenly took a new level of order, as the men's movements fell into the repetitious rhythm. The soldiers who had begun digging holes on either side of her wrists, just near the ends of the as-yet slack ropes, sliced into the sand with their spades on the first slow beat, then flung a mound of sand to their sides with the second. In the third beat they brought the spade back to a poised position and with the next heavy beat they thrust it back into the sand.

The sand was soft and the men tireless. When the holes were deeper than the men digging them, the large beams, which in the meantime had been positioned all around the giant imposing girl and looked like matchsticks compared to her body, were lifted at an angle and slid heavily into the holes. Even before the holes were filled in around them, soldiers had lifted the ship ropes and were holding the heavy cables at their waists as they walked in large circles around the protruding beams; wrapping the rope around them.

Scores of ropes were lying idle around the girl's body, because even the crafty tactic of flinging a smaller rope over with a rock was inadequate for the insurmountable height of the girl's thighs or her waist – simply because the men couldn't throw that high. To this aim there soon arrived a brigade of soldiers bustling down the slope onto the beach. Over their backs they carried bows, and behind them trailed younger boys carrying arrows; not entire magazines as they would normally have if they had have been intending to use the projectiles for their intended purpose, but single arrows with a length of line attached to their shaft and a lump of lead instead of a sharp tip. The line was very thin and in some places there were even small weights or hooks attached – they appeared to have been borrowed from fishermen.

Meanwhile, three dozen men were struggling with a different problem. The unfamiliar-looking garment tied around the giant intruder's hill-like hips was drying quickly and its flapping increasing exponentially. While the underside was pinned relatively safely between her parted legs, the upper

side, which hung from the top of her hip and sloped downwards to the sand below her backside, dwarfing the largest tent any of the men had ever seen, was catching the breeze and whipping back and forth violently. The same force applied to a sail would have been enough to propel the largest of the ships in their fleet, yet these mere men were faced with the challenge of finding a way to tame it.

Their technique was ambitious. Twenty men waited patiently in a large cordon behind the huge rise of the female's backside until the wind settled momentarily, at which point a signal was called and they pounced inwards towards the material that draped gracefully over the sand. They flung their bodies onto it while the rest of the task force ran in and began hurriedly shovelling sand –two movements to every one beat of the ever-present drum– over their comrades and onto the silk. They worked at an almost panicked pace in order to pin the dangerous material down before the next gust of wind, but in actual fact there only needed to be a gentle breeze and one end of the girl's sarong lifted from the ground.

The might of the girl's silky garment was shown as it whisked five men from the ground and flung them into the air with a gentle flick. A couple of these men tumbled heavily along the sand, one bowling over another soldier, but the rest were lifted higher and were battered into the back of the girl's thigh. Her soft skin was as hard as stone to these poor souls and their comrades winced at the sight of their insignificant bodies crumpling against the giant girl's flesh. They tumbled to the ground and lay in pain while other men near her feet were sent on the trek up beside her legs to assist their injured mates.

Meanwhile, the highly-ranking man was issuing orders to a group of men who stood solemnly before him, and at the conclusion they bowed as if honoured with a special privilege. They split into two groups; one headed towards the giant intruder's head and the other to her upturned hand.

Three men approached the mysterious giant girl's hair, which flowed randomly over the sand and was by this time beginning to dry. They cautiously made their way over the snaking strands and stopped below a giant ear, before each one swallowed their fears and took a handful of the golden hair and leapt to catch another handful with their other hand a foot above. Thus they began shimmying up the wavy hair of a young woman a

hundred times their size; something not even Rapunzel's prince would have dreamed of.

By this time, the other 'chosen' men reached the girl's hand. It was an easy leap for the athletic men to ascend into her palm. They couldn't help but shiver at the giant fingers curling through the heavens above and over them – if the female giant even twitched she could have crushed them in the palm of her hand. Unwilling to dwell, they immediately began their journey towards the girl's body. After stepping over the two heavy ropes already over her wrist, they made their way cautiously over the soft skin, which sank in small depressions under their feet in a way they had never experienced; it was like having their feet sink into a surface like mud or soft sand, but having the surface spring back up as soon as they took their next step. They traversed the inside of her lower arm, then hurried across the small valley in her elbow; conscious of the notion that if she were in any way awake, the tickle of their feet in the sensitive inside of her elbow might stir her.

Meanwhile, the other soldiers had made it via her hair up onto the giant girl's face and were treading no less carefully than their comrades on her arm. A huge female face is not a particularly steady surface, as these men discovered. They had arrived on the slope of her forehead and were forced to sidle around her eyes, which they accomplished on their stomachs, gripping the smooth, cool skin with wide arms to prevent themselves slipping off. The third soldier was attempting to stand on the slope of her cheek, when his foot failed to grip the unpredictable surface of her skin and he tumbled from her face. The fall from the giant girl's cheek was a dangerous one and his scream was cut short as he struck the sand, several soldiers below rushing to help him as he writhed in pain. Another man was sent up the young woman's hair to replace him.

The other two men looked down from atop the girl's cheek at their fallen and injured comrade, and gulped nervously. They steeled themselves and pressed on, crawling on all fours on the wobbly surface of the girl's cheek to her nose, along which they carefully edged before reaching her mouth. The two men stopped and stood, leaning on the wall beside them that was the side of the female's nose, and looked down at the high curves of two wide, pink lips. They approached cautiously and froze in fright at the gap between the glistening lips; it was a jet black crevice. They made out the white shine of her lower teeth, but below that there was empty blackness. However, her skin sloped away dangerously to either side of her mouth and they had little

choice but to make their way onto the sensitive skin of her upper lip, into which their bodies sank since it was far softer than anywhere else on her body, and prepared to leap over the gap.

The first man leapt and flung himself face first onto the girl's lower lip, into which his body sunk like in a soft mattress. He became instantly covered in a thin film of sticky wetness from her shiny, damp lip. He clung on for life, scrambling and kicking, until his foot touched one of her giant lower teeth, from which he pushed himself back up and over onto her chin. The second man learned from his partner's experience and decided to lower himself directly onto the closest of the young woman's lower teeth before climbing up her soft lower lip to his comrade, a feat which almost cost him his life as his feet slipped several times on the slick, wet surface of her teeth, which jutted towards each other like the overhang of two facing cliffs.

At that moment, the men who had scaled her arm were preparing themselves for a solemn yet beautiful moment. They stood on her chest below her neck, and above them loomed two mountainous, tantalising curves, between which they had to pass. The skin beneath their feet was smooth, soft and spongy, and the first of the soldiers took a step towards the valley between the girl's giant breasts. It seemed like a dream and they must have felt as if they ought to be relishing the unique experience; but of course they were soldiers and if they indeed were feeling anything other than diminished and belittled in the presence of this almighty yet unconscious girl, it ought to have been fear. The men ducked instinctively yet completely unnecessarily. The hills of the girl's bosom were higher than if all three had stood on each others' shoulders, and they made their way between them, humbled and in wonder. At the end of the valley there was a gap under the giant, unfamiliar garment which was bound over the giant breasts and bridged from one to the other, and the men had no trouble sliding under it on their stomachs against the smooth, damp skin.

Of course these dangerous expeditions over the familiar yet unreal landscape of this female's body were not without good reason. With men now positioned on the girl's chin and standing at intervals over her stomach, the newly-arrived archers took aim, and on the fourth, loudest beat of the drummers rhythm, the modified arrows were fired high into the air; a dozen at once sailing in a wide arc above the girl's sprawled body. However they were much heavier than normal arrows and the weight of the fishing lines to which they were attached dragged them down sluggishly, and they had no

chance of clearing over her entire body – exactly as had been predicted. The men on the young woman’s body jumped to action as the arrows landed with thuds that wobbled her skin in a dozen places.

Each man grabbed a fishing line and began reeling it in until the point where the effort became much larger as they began lifting the larger, medium-sized rope that was tied to the end of the lines far down below. Their efforts then became rhythmic heaves on the line; pull with the first beat, move one hand forward on the next, bring the other hand forward on the last, and pull again – BOM-bom-bom, BOM-bom-bom. The end of the line and the beginning of the rope soon came in sight and they repeated the process with the rope, until there came a point where their pull was resisted sharply, as the rope below came to an end, where it was tied to the massive shipping rope. The men then gathered the coil of rope at their feet and trudged over the girl’s soft skin –her unconscious yet steady breathing enough to cause those on her chest to stumble– to the other side, where they called a warning before tossing the coil of line and rope, arrow still attached, over the sheer side of the girl’s waist to their comrades below. Then it was back over her stomach to the next arrow that lay on her skin, to repeat the process.

While the men reeled in the next lines, beside and around them, the ropes which they had just delivered to their fellow soldiers down below suddenly became taut and whipped into a firm line, pressing into the curve of the girl’s flesh, particularly over her stomach where her skin was the softest. The ropes were attached to pairs of horses, which struggled as their hooves sunk into the soft sand as they slowly pushed away from the giant body behind them, their efforts causing the heavy ship rope on the other side of the girl’s waist to begin slowly lifting into the air. Cumbersomely it was dragged up the side of her torso, and scraped over the soft skin of her belly beside the men who tirelessly wound more ropes to be dragged over.

The men located at the girl’s mouth, however, had a slightly different task. The material that was dragged up by the horses was not shipping rope, however its normal use was also of a nautical nature. It was a ship’s sail. ‘Borrowed’ hurriedly from a now incapacitated vessel, it had been rolled into a very wide tube of heavy cloth and was rising steadily up the girl’s cheek. The men, steadying themselves nervously against her lower lip, caught the top end of the roll of material as it rose over the crest of her smooth skin, and pushed heavily, as hard as they could with the difficult surface, their feet making dimples in her chin. With their struggling effort,

the tightly wound sail finally slipped over the soft, wet skin of the giant young woman's lip and wedged into the crevice between her lips. The horses' workload doubled as the material was dragged over her teeth and rubbed against the corners of her mouth. The huge sail was not even long enough to reach from one side of her head to the other, despite taking the 'shortcut' between her lips, and men had to shimmy up the ropes hanging from the corners of her mouth, in order to thread more and more ropes through the eyelets in order to make the giant, makeshift gag more secure.

Yet more activity was afoot around the giant intruder. The huge beams were being planted in every location around the girl's body; several dozens along her waist and a dozen on each side of each outstretched arm. At the girl's ankles, rope had already been passed over the huge horizontal columns of flesh, and now it was being fed under it; through the yard-high elliptical gaps made by the upwards curve of her ankle between her heel and her calf. The purpose of this became clear when the two ends of rope were joined to form a loop of thread around her ankle, which in any other situation would have looked like an anklet of cotton. This was joined by three pieces of heavy rope not to the ground, but to the anklet on her other foot as tightly as the men could manage – the soldiers had put the giant girl in shackles. Whether their intent to keep her prisoner was realistic or not; only time would tell.

Meanwhile, the high ranking man's attention was at the girl's thighs. He and a group of squabbling men stood yards behind the activity at her waist, which was slightly twisted so that she lay on one hip and they looked up past the tent-like silk, which was being covered in more and more sand, into the rounded span of cloth, larger than a ship's sail, made by lilac material stretched over one of her backside cheeks. The men constantly pointed and indicated, worried about the engineering problem facing them. That is, the fact that her hips were twisted meant that even if they managed to get a rope up over the high curve of her thigh as taut as possible, then if and when she woke, she would roll over. This would turn her hips flat against the ground and the previously taut rope would become slack and useless.

Their conclusion was, it soon became apparent, to tie her thighs down individually. Several men appeared before their superiors, and were instructed of their 'privilege'. They followed without question, and made their way to the giant backside that loomed high over the bee-like activity of the soldiers around it, and hesitated as they reached the overhang of the

girl's thigh; that is, the one that was on the higher side and beneath which there was a gap about three times their own height, leading to the wall of flesh of the lower thigh several yards further. Gulping, they passed under the threatening mass of flesh and made their way along the inside of the lower thigh until they could make out the evening sky through the wedge-shaped gap between her legs.

The men high up on the girl's waist, in the saddle between her breasts and the rise of her hips, were still hard at work gathering the arrows and winding the lines, so the men who now sat idle on her chin, awaiting instructions, were ordered to drop onto her neck and make their way between her breasts, over the ropes straddling her chest and stomach, and climb the hill of her raised hip.

In moments, the archers below sent a round of weighted arrows up onto the giant female's hip, where they were quickly collected by the soldiers atop it, who had to stumble over the wide lumps made by the seams of the damp lilac material stretched over her hip. After calling down to the men under the inside of the girl's shapely thigh, they fed the arrows down the gap to them.

It was at this moment that there erupted a volcano of water at the higher end of the giant female. She coughed; a splutter that sent a gush of saltwater out from behind the ship's sail that gagged her and high into the air, splashing in heavy drops over the men surrounding her face. This was the least of the effects. A ripple went through her body, originating at her chest with a violent jerk that propelled the men working there into the air – two crashed awkwardly back on her skin and lay sprawled in pain, and the third tumbled over the edge of her waist and struck the sand below. The motion rippled down her body, snapping some of the heavy ropes that were too tight, and yanking some of the beams from the ground. Men fell back in shock and panic and the drummer's beat ceased.

However it was the movement below her waist that caused the most devastation. Her hips, previously on their side, rolled over as the cough stirred the giant unconscious girl. The hip that had been raised in the air now fell down heavily on the sand, erupting in a cloud of dry grains that pelted the soldiers standing near it and of course tossing the two men who had been feeding the rope down between her legs from atop the peak of her hip, far out into the air. The two soldiers underneath her thigh were less fortunate. The immense mass of the young woman's inner thigh slapped down on their

tiny bodies and they were pressed and squashed into the sand under the skin of the back of her thigh, just below her backside, with a force from which there was no escape for two mere mortal men. The soldiers scattered around the girl's waist gasped in horror, and several rushed to the side of her thigh in the hope of assisting their comrades, but they were halted by a command from the superior man. The undertaking –this endeavour– was too important for any one man's life to encumber. Dozens of men would have to perish under the curves of the girl's body if need be. The work had to go on.

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The word of the fate of the two soldiers –that is, whether the men were still actually alive or not seemed irrelevant, imprisoned under the girl's immovable thigh– quickly reached the men on the other side, and the work assumed a hushed solemnity, the only audible sounds being the creaking of the wooden beams, the screeching of rope being tightened, and the beating of the drum which had nervously resumed.

With the girl's legs now lying flat on the sand; feet pointing in opposite directions, the engineering task was markedly different. More men were sent up her arm, through the valley between her breasts, climbing over the house-sized knot of the silky garment and onto the front of her abdomen, where they stumbled around as their feet caught in the uneven holes in the strands of her giant lilac undergarment. The fabric was loose and had long ripples and creases which originated in lines from her crotch, and required extreme care from the men who were forced to clamber over them, collecting the arrows fired up from below. The folds of the damp fabric were sometimes up to their shoulders in height, and they had to clamber over them, running the risk that the unsupported material would give way. The man who had to fetch an arrow that landed on the steepest part of the giant crotch, leading down into the crevice between the girl's upper thighs, had to lie flat on his stomach and edge his way down the slope, propping himself with his foot wedged into the top of her thigh, to grasp the line. Even as he did so, the crumpled fabric on which he lay yielded under even his tiny weight, and he tumbled into the crevice, luckily catching onto the rope. With his legs wide and his feet propped against the soft skin of the insides of the top of the girl's thighs, he grasped the rope and shuffled back up onto the front of her crotch, collapsing on the lilac material, extremely lucky not to have been considered another expendable loss.

The task of binding the girl's thighs was passed on to a group of extremely unwilling men, who were sent from between her feet, up the valley created by her giant, rounded legs, and into the dead-end in the black shadow of her crotch, where neither the light of the torches or the moon's silver beams could reach. Above them loomed the femininity which was in normal circumstances the ultimate goal for keen young men such as they, but in this moment they dwelled nervously, their thoughts on their comrades who perished under these legs only minutes earlier and only yards away. Arrows were fired over and tumbled down the slopes of the insides of her legs to these men, who fetched them hurriedly while others laboured away digging holes for heavy beams.

Many of the other ropes needed to be renewed or replaced, even after such a minor, unaware movement of the girl, and those in charge knew with deep sombreness, that much more reinforcement was needed if they were to hope to be able to even remotely restrain a *deliberate* movement of the giant female monster who had thrust herself into their world. Even at that moment, dozens of additional ropes were being set up in the same manner. However, one of the officers approached the superior man, who, after hearing a suggestion of some kind, seemed to congratulate his subordinate for his ingenuity, and dispatched a group of men to attach a special set of ropes in a special spot on the girl's figure.

The high ranking man beamed with confidence. Not only was the bonding of the giant girl now going very positively, but other types of pacifiers, which were not so quick to mobilise as the infantry, were now on the way as well.

* * *

It was well into the short summer night when the artillery arrived. There was a round of applause from the fatigued men, subdued quickly and nervously in fear of waking their female guest, as the heavy wagons bearing their powerful cargo creaked over the crest to the beach. The soldiers' celebrations were questionable, since even these heavy military units looked like bugs compared to the rolling hills of the girl's figure. On the other hand, in her unconscious state she was substantially less mobile, even than these cumbersome clunking devices.

The first three wagons bore the most immediately useful weapons; ballistae, three times the length of a horse and designed to plant a quarter-tonne arrow in a ship's hull from two-hundred yards. In the hands of the girl whom they now approached, they might have looked like a children's toy. Following them were four wagons full of large boulders, that were not themselves weapons, rather they were ammunition for the weapons that now began rumbling over the crest behind them – catapults made of a mechanical amalgamation of wood, iron and rope; sleek objects with a long shaft and a large scoop that might have been suitable as a dessert spoon for the young lady upon whom they were potentially going to have to fire.

The ballistae were immediately put to use sending their giant arrows over the girl's body like flying matchsticks with a trail of cotton. Fired, wound and reloaded to the rhythmic beat of the drum, they sent projectiles in triplets one after the other over the young woman to the men on the other side, until there were no more ships from which to borrow mooring ropes.

* * *

Samantha awoke with a groan of pain and a stiff body. There was nothing worse than waking up with a headache, but in this case it temporarily distracted her battered mind from the rest of her senses. She let out another groan.

It could have been likened to being born; that is, being introduced –or in this case *reintroduced*– to her senses one by one in an unknown and unfamiliar environment. The closest thing that adults ever experience in everyday life, with the obvious exception of being knocked out in the same manner as Samantha had been, was the morning after a grand party, when one discovers that the brain is extremely unimpressed to have been deliberately subjected to the poisons of alcohol and wishes to reap a painful punishment on its host in the form of an aching body and a throbbing headache.

The first thing to which Samantha was reintroduced was meek consciousness.

Where am I?

With her third groan Samantha was now reintroduced to the first of her senses as she felt a dull pain in her mouth.

Have I been drinking?

She tried to lick her dry, stinging lips but found she couldn't even move her tongue. Something was in her mouth and she tried to spit it out, but upon her teeth closing together she detected that something was firmly pressed between them. She was alerted that something was wrong and her eyes creaked open slowly.

Blue light flooded in and the sounds in her ears crept into her awareness – seagulls and crashing waves. The sound of water ignited a wick in her mind and as if there were a line of fireworks connected to it, the last things she had experienced exploded one by one into her thoughts.

Water... the ship, on the deck... the rain! Anna Karina – soaked! ... a storm?

There was more.

... the glass doors at the end of the deck... the chair ...the railing... the wind...

Everything seemed to stop as she remembered stepping over the chair, the gust of wind ripping at her sarong, and her hip striking the railing, but nothing after that.

I fell overboard!

Panic coursed through her body. She tried to sit up but she was so weak that her limbs wouldn't even move. She had never been knocked out before (let alone nearly drowned) and had no idea whether this utter weakness was normal or not. After her arm refused another attempt to move, she turned her head to the side, conscious of some odd pains as she did so, though she was more concentrated on her numb body at this stage.

Through painful, blurry vision Samantha made out the cream colour of her arm stretching away over a darker surface, which could only be sand. She squinted and blinked to get the watery blur out of her eyes, then held them shut for a few seconds.

When Samantha forced her eyes open her heart stopped in surprise, shock and bewilderment. She made out some strange objects; firstly, a row of more than a dozen sticks of some kind poked into the ground beside her outstretched arm, but more importantly, there were threads of cotton bound to these sticks and wrapped over her arm.

Alarm bells rang and her thoughts went back to the foreign object in her mouth, and her panic rose simultaneously with her confusion.

What is going on here!?

Terrible thoughts crossed her mind about kidnapping and other such extreme possibilities, but they were quickly quenched by the immediate need to free herself. Her body injected her arteries with a squirt of adrenaline and Samantha focussed on her hand as she pried her wrist away from the sand. The first thread snapped and the second and third threads held but tore the little sticks from the ground. They looked like oversized matches.

With the snapping of several more threads, Samantha's arm came loose and her hand shot immediately to her mouth, where her fingers pried between her lips and grasped something which she quickly tore away to discover to be a gag. It was comprised of two more of the little sticks, dangling from the ends of what looked like a piece of cloth, but which felt incredibly fine to the touch. This was, however, not of high importance to Samantha at this time and she tossed the object to the side.

She twisted her head to the other side and brought her now free arm over to begin tearing the tiny sticks and threads from her other trapped arm. As soon as she had both arms free, Samantha lifted her head quickly in a movement to prop herself on her elbows, which she suddenly discovered to be a mistake.

Pain shot instantly through her neck and she gasped. Her hands shot to her throat and tried to grasp something that had suddenly tightened around her neck, but her fingers scrabbled hopelessly at something that was too thin to be grasped. However, while the urgency of freeing her neck did not lose importance, other objects in her vision began to draw her attention and her fingers slowed to a halt, and finally her hands fell still.

Samantha's breathing stopped.

There were people.

A human figure is the most easily recognisable shape in the world, and Samantha's eyes made no mistake. There were men; soldiers, to be exact, which was immediately apparent from their uniforms, but this wasn't the fact that made her breath cease. They were, without any chance of an optical illusion or some deceptive trick, tiny. They were tiny people.

She blinked.

The sharp pressure around her neck persisted but the sensation of pain seemed to fade in importance as her eyes bulged with the sight that was thrown upon her. She looked down at her body, clad in her familiar lilac bikini with her guilty sarong strewn to the side, yet she was matted in a web of threads bound to the sticks in the sand, and saw scattered to either side the impossibly-sized figures of men bearing pointed objects of some kind;

miniature men that couldn't have been taller than Samantha's thumb was wide. She tried to gasp but somehow failed to find air.

However her body seemed to find more adrenaline and she sat up, instantly snapping every rope across her chest and sending the tiny sticks hurtling through the air. She sensed that the circle of tiny figures around her got larger as the men backed away in fright at her movement. Without deliberating Samantha leaned to the side and with a single swipe of her hand, she collected several figures of men between her fingers. She hadn't even intended to do this, but had been compelled by a form of urgent curiosity, which in this surreal situation had turned into a desperate need to see what the impossible objects were. Thrusting her hand to her face, she opened her fingers to see three writhing men – *real* men. Her fingers fell limp out of shock and the male figures tumbled from her face height. Her blank eyes didn't even see them strike her body and tumble into her lap. Samantha's face lost all expression.

Her eyes sunk downwards and took in the sight of hundreds of specks of men converging on her hips with little steps that were so tiny it seemed as if they should have been cute or funny. Their pointed objects were aimed at her skin and she became aware of a barrage of insignificant pricking as if someone was tapping her with a rose. Her hand lowered to her hip on its own accord and she absently –in a daze– slapped her palm flat onto half a dozen tiny figures, causing the others beside her hip to bolt in panic like a tiny explosion of figures away from her hand.

From her view she didn't even see the bodies of the men who became unstuck from the underside of her palm and tumbled limply to the ground, as she lifted her hand off the sand and reached for the fleeing figures. She caught one man between her thumb and forefinger and her hand ascended back towards her face, which was becoming increasingly pale, though not just from shock but from blood loss. Her other hand hadn't left her throat, which was still stinging with pain due to whatever it was that was wrapped tightly around it. Her eyes focussed on the flailing limbs of the man writhing between her thumb and forefinger, but in contrast her thoughts lost all focus as the blackness developed over her eyes.

“Can you... help me, ...sir?” she uttered in confusion to the miniature figure as her eyes slowly drooped and shut. Her fingers lost their grip and released the man over her chest. He plummeted and struck her breast hard enough to

cause a tiny wobble in her soft flesh, before tumbling down the slope and colliding with the strand of elastic between the cups of her bikini top and with his last ounce of strength, clutching onto it for dear life.

Samantha's white face assumed a peaceful expression as the tightness around her neck continued to restrict her blood flow, until finally she slumped back to the ground with a tremor that threw up a cloud of sand and shook hundreds of the male figures around her from their feet.

Everything went dark once again for poor Samantha.

A roar of applause went up throughout the hundreds of men scattered around the giant they had captured.

The ropes hadn't worked; they had snapped at her slightest movement. The beams hadn't held; they had been uprooted from the ground like twigs compared to the girl, but the noose was brilliant.

That is, the extra ropes that had been tied around her neck at the end of the night, incidentally only upon the suggestion of one of the officers who had been struck by the bright idea, were not tied to the ground, but tied in a noose-shape; similar to a lasso. The end of this giant, makeshift lasso was tied to a beam in the ground, and as soon as the giant girl had lifted her head she had pulled it tight and secured her recapture. Even as they applauded, the ropes were being loosened so she could breathe again –for their aim was not to harm her– and re-tied to the beam.

However, it was not expected that the giant female would fall for the same trap twice. The men did not hold her might in any less regard after their small victory; in fact the lifeless bodies being carried out from between her legs where they fell from her fingers, and the flattened figures in the giant hand-shaped imprint in the sand, reminded them of the danger of the fearsome task they undertook.

* * *

They were not without a plan of action, however, and even at that moment, a wagon arrived with a special delivery. In it was carted a load of medicine, but it was not intended to cure anyone; rather it was delivered in such quantities as to do quite the opposite.

Furthermore, the engineers had arrived.

With the break of the new day, work began on the biggest endeavour, not only in the literal sense regarding the giant girl, but in the sheer quantity of equipment and manpower, that these people had ever undertaken.

Men were labouring not only in the vicinity of the huge female body, but elsewhere also, where the largest trees in the forests were being felled at a

desperate, reckless pace. Ships were being stripped of their ropes, and thin ropes were being wound together into thick monstrous cables that might even have a chance of being more than an annoying strand of cotton to the immense girl for whom they were intended.

The purpose of the work that was being undertaken on the beach in the bright morning sun was not immediately obvious. At about ten intervals along the length of the girl's legs, men were shovelling sand to create what appeared to be trenches towards the towering rounded walls of her skin.

Around her arms, any remaining ropes and the beams that had so easily given way to the young lady's movements were being removed and a set of ropes was being attached to her wrist. At the completion of this 'bracelet' of shipping rope, several more cables, which had been fired from one side of her body to the other by the powerful ballistae, were attached. Concurrently there were dozens and dozens of smooth wooden logs being carted into the space between the giant arm and the wide curve of the girl's waist.

When the otherwise endless beat of the drum faltered for a moment, the fatigued drummer boy was changed after having thumped out an entire night of repetitive rhythm and the beat soon resumed.

The purpose of the mechanics around the unconscious girl's arms slowly became apparent. The large logs were being lined up parallel to her arms, and the closest were shoved as close to her skin as possible. Each 'bracelet' was connected via heavy cables to an extremely large group of horses on the opposite side of her figure, which were harnessed into a complicated net of ropes designed to transfer their effort as efficiently as possible. Furthermore, dozens of men also began taking hold of the ropes in preparation for the almighty task, which would need as much combined horse and manpower as they could get.

Simultaneously, timed to the persistent drum beat, both parties on opposite sides of the unknowing girl began heaving. There sounded a loud combined wheezing and grunting of hundreds of men and horses alike, as they began straining to shift the arms of the giant onto the wooden rollers in order to pull them close to her body.

If the young lady had have known how much effort was being made on her account she might have been flattered. If she were in an agreeable mood she

might even have considered moving her arms for them to save them the effort, but on the other hand that would have been highly unlikely considering the previous treatment she had received. It was more likely that she would simply lift her arms and suspend a hundred helpless horses and as many dangling men in the air, until she decided what their fate would be.

However, this question remained purely theoretical since there were a group of men busying themselves making sure that she didn't unexpectedly wake up again. On the sand below her cheek were the wagons containing the tranquilising medicine that had been ordered, and there were about ten men situated on her face and concentrated about her mouth. They pulled the medicine powder up by the bucket-load and on the other side of her face they laboriously heaved up drums of water.

It was while two men were steadily pouring water into the dim red cavern below the glistening white teeth, washing down the powder which had been dumped into the crevice only moments earlier, that inevitable disaster struck. They were perched literally inside her lips as they stood daringly on her lower teeth, balancing the barrel between them. On the other side their comrade was carefully making his way along the slippery top teeth that were each as wide as he was tall, to the man who stood on her top lip and handed buckets of powder down to him. It was most likely the dryness of the powder that caused the unconscious twitch of the girl's lips. They quickly slapped together in a motion that would be completely unnoticeable for a normal person, but with the size difference at play in this situation it meant an uncanny end for the three men unlucky enough to be positioned between her pink lips. They had no idea what had happened; having been struck by a tremendous force from behind and pummelled between two soft walls of wetness, then when the girl's giant lips relaxed and again parted, the men found themselves no longer crouching on the glistening white teeth but between them, plummeting into blackness.

The other men on her face had been thrown from the feet but rushed to the edge of the female lips to search for their fellow soldiers, and though they were certain they heard several muffled shouts, they saw a slow, slithering movement of the girl's sparkling pink tongue and the calls ceased. The water barrel had tumbled into her mouth as well, and it must have been more of an annoyance in her throat than the men's bodies, because in a millisecond there was an almighty cough and the barrel rocketed into the air, higher than imaginable for the aghast soldiers on the beach below, splintering with the

sheer force. Of course the men on her face had no hope of remaining there as she jolted, and they joined the increasing number of injured as they tumbled to the ground amongst her scattered locks of hair.

More men were ordered up onto her face, but the medicine wagon had been turned over by her motion and this would mean a dangerous delay in resuming the supply of the precious drug. The other work around her body was increased in speed by the quickening of the drum beat. It appeared as if it might become a race against time.

* * *

The quickened pace of the thousands of men and horses at work on the girl did nothing to reduce the difficulty of their task, yet the groups that were pulling her arms towards her body via the ship-rope-bracelets were doing a splendid job considering the enormity of their project. Her arms were slowly bouncing over the rolling logs and when they were up to the last few tiring pulls and her arms were alongside her body, work was begun digging more trenches in the space where her arms had been, similar to those beside her legs.

The men shovelling sand in the trenches beneath her legs had already reached her body and were now effectively digging tunnels underneath her limbs, whereby her smooth skin formed an inward-bulging ceiling and threatened to cause the sand through which they dug to collapse and bury them under hundreds of tonnes of female flesh. However there was less danger for these men than, for example, the men whose duty it was to dig similar tunnels underneath her backside. While the men under her legs could resurface between the insides of her thighs after twenty yards or so, the men underneath her body had to tunnel three times that before seeing light, and ran the risk of becoming a permanent feature of the beach below her buttocks if the sand decided to cave in under the girl's pressure. For these men, the ceiling was not made of skin but of damp fabric, the colour unidentifiable in the dimness. The flesh of her backside was soft and pressed into the cavity they dug, and several times some of the men stopped to reach up and touch the strange material, the strands of which were as wide as their hands. Even after having spent an entire night working around the impossibly large girl, it was still difficult for them to fathom that the seemingly endless ceiling under which they tirelessly dug was actually part of a human being; a young, beautiful, giant human girl.

They worked on regardless, and since the sand was soft and the drum beats were fast, after no more than two hours of work there were two dozen trenches underneath the girl's unconscious body, from one side to the other.

Since there was no time to waste, more men quickly got to work and the trenches' purpose soon became clear. Logs; immense logs freshly felled from the most giant trees, each trunk as wide as a man was tall, were being rolled down the beach and positioned with their ends pointing into the trenches. Large ropes were tied around their trunks and the opposite ends were carried hurriedly through the dim tunnels and tied to waiting horses on

the other side, while small logs were being positioned to allow the huge ones to roll over them and into the trenches.

On this day there was no rest for the poor horses. They now began heaving the huge logs through the tunnels, and despite being tremendously overworked they managed it slowly and the work maintained a steady pace. Within another two hours the two dozen logs were underneath the girl's body and poked out to either side.

It was a mammoth achievement to have been completed so quickly, but as their 'tranquilliser' supply grew lower it seemed to be taking an excruciating amount of time. The men expected that at any moment the girl would wake and they would be at her mercy.

Soldiers were trained not to fear death and many envisioned a proper death on the battlefield; an honourable death on the end of an enemy's sword. However they now faced the prospect that if the slumbering female stirred and woke, they could find themselves becoming a forgotten splat under her foot or an unnoticed smear wiped off on her clothes. It was a daunting thought.

It was this fear that drove the men harder and the work did not slow as the new, reinforced, threefold heavier ropes were dragged down the beach. They were thicker than a man's waist and were so bulky that an attempt to use a powerful ballista to fire a giant arrow trailing one such rope failed miserably, with the arrow falling from the sky and landing between the girl's feet. There was a hushed, nervous murmur at the close call, because if it had have struck her skin it might have woken her, and she would have been unlikely to have been pleased.

Thus, lighter ropes were sent flying over the giant female body, and as on the previous night, they were employed to drag the heavy ropes. However even this was difficult, and dozens upon dozens of men were sent scrambling up the girl's arms and onto her body, where they traversed her stomach, tugging and heaving the rope off her skin to lighten the load



on the horses below. Six men were assigned to climb her breasts, which was truly an honour, to guide one of the ropes over the protruding hills. They ascended her flesh on all fours, sinking into it even with their tiny weight and making progress very slow. Their movements caused ripples in the soft flesh. When they reached the wall made by the seam of the unfamiliar lilac garment, which provided large foot-holes between its strands, they found an arrow and a thin rope already waiting for them. When it came to lifting the heavy rope up however, they struck a problem as the weight depressed the girl's soft flesh and the rope was pulled tight into it, halting further progress. Furthermore, the depression caused two men to slip down the side of the girl's breast; one of them luckily catching onto the lilac material while the other joined the list of injured as he lay sprawled on the sand in her shadow.

While the unsuccessful rope was rerouted over the girl's chest, all other ropes were being tied on either side to each end of the giant logs that lay beneath her, creating a strap. Altogether they formed a closed cage of heavy bonds; no longer relying on the weak sand to hold her the girl's gigantic power. She was covered in more than two dozen of these strong straps from neck to feet, and as the last dose of tranquilising medicine was delivered, the men could do little else but wait.

This time Samantha woke pleasantly. She felt not aches but an almost tranquil light-headedness. Her head rolled to the side, and her eyes popped open and focussed on the nearby figures.

“Oh... hello, it's you.”

She spoke aloud and startled herself from the dreamy daze. The next sound to come from her mouth was a small yelp as she realised she was back in reality, and furthermore she remembered the last things she had seen before her deep 'sleep'.

Nervous panic rose in her but she remained calm and steadied her breath. There truly were miniature men only a foot away from her eyes, which remained wide open and focussed on their tiny bodies. Samantha didn't yet realise it but her composure was an enormous benefit at this stage because if she had have lifted her head she would have tightened the same thin noose that had been so effectively employed against her last time.

She took her time to study the men, as they seemed in no hurry to act. She had no way to accurately judge but they couldn't have been taller than her thumb was wide. Despite the difficulty in making out detail, she could immediately tell that they were dressed in odd clothes that seemed somehow old-fashioned. Furthermore they all wore the same colours.

Uniforms, thought Samantha. She then made out miniature spikes hanging from some of their belts; ...*soldiers*.

She took a deep breath and tried to lift her arm. It was pinned down and she felt pins and needles in both hands – she knew she must be very weak.

It was a few minutes before she concluded that she needed to be the one to make the first step, whatever it would have to be. With few options, she began testing possibilities, and decided to make a bold move, although in her clearly advantageous situation with respect to size supremacy, not many actions could very well be classed as 'bold'.

“Who are you, and why have you done this to me?” she asked plainly. Her voice, though meek from lack of strength, was confident since her only concern was that they didn't speak her language.

Several minutes of waiting while the men looked around nervously indicated that they didn't.

“Well then,” said Samantha to nobody in particular although her voice rang out over tens of hundreds of men, not quite knowing what to say. She rolled her head back to the vertical position to stare into the sky, and after a few seconds she heaved her arms upwards.

“Hmmmmmph,” she groaned out loud as if she felt she had to put on a performance for the thousands of spectators who backed away nervously. Her arms left the sand but she felt very firm tightness around her entire body.

Raising her head slowly to inspect, she felt a gentle yank around her neck and recalled the trap. There was a hushed disappointed sigh amongst the tense soldiers as she lowered her head.

She was quite clever, and by shifting her head from one side to the other she found the direction in which the noose could not tighten, and with a few slight tugs she pulled the trap from the sand, to a louder murmur of disappointment from her spectators.

Samantha then tried rolling her body to the side. She leant one way and then heaved the other, but she didn't yet know the nature of her bonds and didn't realise that it was her own weight that kept the logs that constrained her in place. Compared to her, they were sticks about as wide as her finger, which she could have snapped in her hands, but when thirty or so were strapped tightly behind her they posed much more of a challenge.

She sensed some tickling over her stomach, and she tilted her neck forward until she could see over her body. Her heart skipped a beat at the sight of miniature people, whom she could just see through her cleavage.

Oh my... there are little men walking over me!

Being thrust into this strange world with miniature men was mind-blowing enough, but seeing them so close –interacting with her– made the reality hit home. She didn't know what to think.

“Ugh!” was the result. She frowned in disgust and heaved with her stomach, watching the men lose their balance and fall to their feet. Samantha hadn't yet realised that they had few opportunities to disembark her giant figure since the drop down the side of her waist was dangerous if not deadly, as many of their unlucky comrades had already discovered. She wiggled her stomach and saw some of them tumble towards her abdomen, but through the gap between her breasts, only through which she could see the spectacle, she watched more and more men appear – they were huddling in the middle of her stomach where they had the least chance of plummeting off the edge of her body. Some even had the nerve to enter the shadow between her breasts and her eyes widened as she made out their tiny figures hugging the wall made by the inside of her breast.

Samantha wheezed an ‘oomph’ as she thrust her breasts into the air, tensing her chest as she attempted, with her arms bound to her sides, to shake the males from this personal area. She could barely lift her chest from the sand due to the inhibiting wooden logs below her, however her next attempt was to roll her chest from side to side. Her breasts wobbled somewhat, and to the

miniature men it was a turbulent ride, and those that didn't stumble back out into the daylight on her stomach, tumbled in the opposite direction towards Samantha's neck and were caught briefly in the cavity of her collarbone before plunging over her shoulder. As to their fate, Samantha was completely indifferent.

When her neck muscles complained of being craned in such an uncomfortable position, she let her head drop back to the sand but didn't relent her writhing, though not just to shake the men from her body but to continue her struggle for freedom.

* * *

While the most distant men watched in nervousness at the violent movements of the giant girl, feeling the tremors in the ground beneath them, those somewhat closer with a better view of her body cringed in horror at the predicament of their comrades on her chest, and those men who were much closer were staggering with the earth-trembling shudders and had to struggle just to stay on their feet.

Most terrifying however, were the female grunts that echoed over the entire beach; sounds that normally were soft and even sensual, boomed out and penetrated the air, causing many of the men to cover their ears – not against the volume but out of fright.

The male figures stranded on the giant girl's body were being thrown around like rice in a basket. With every roll of her body at least one man tumbled down her waist. She heaved her stomach upwards and they bounced off their feet and struck her skin, and then she grunted and heaved again and they bounced and struck once more. Tens of men ran down her body, over her abdomen and onto the plane of lilac material covering her crotch, where they could obtain relative safety from the heaving of her chest and stomach, until the omnipotent female sensed the tickling of their bodies through the fabric of the garment and she heaved her crotch in the air, pushing upwards with her back.

It was a powerful thrust and her crotch rose high enough that her backside left the sand. Several of the giant logs were also yanked from their sandy trenches and lifted into the air, though their bonds with the ropes around her remained intact. The men at the front could see their fellow soldiers on the other side of her body through the gap underneath the giant curve of her buttocks, and even as they glanced through this gap, they saw men's figures fall through it and strike the sand beneath her. They had tumbled down the front of her crotch, between the tops of her thighs, and into their comrades' vision only seconds before the girl let out a resounding wheeze and relaxed her body. Her backside smacked back down onto the sand and while the front rows of men fell to the ground with the tremor, there would have been no hope for those who lay beneath her.

* * *

Samantha let her body slump with a grunt. She had no idea how many men she had just doomed, but even if she had have known the consequences of even her slightest movement, she had higher priorities at this stage.

Lifting her crotch had been partially successful and she repeated the action, surging with her muscles and being rewarding with the sound of creaking wood, alerting her to the presence of the logs to which she was bound. All she had to do was to break those and she was free.

After another crotch thrust, after which Samantha craned her neck and to her satisfaction saw markedly fewer male figures over her body, she twisted her hips back and forth to attempt to wriggle out of or loosen the ropes. She experienced little success, but unknowingly sealed the fate of a couple of soldiers who had tumbled from her waist and had lain immobile under the overhang of her hips, with which they became unwillingly and intimately acquainted, quite to the detriment to their bodies' ability to remain solid.

Samantha tested every avenue, and soon she began tensing and lifting her thigh. She felt the twine tighten, with which she was bound, and begin pressing almost painfully into her flesh. She relaxed and then tried again.

* * *

The men watched in horror as the long leg that comprised the wall stretching to either side of them rose into the air, the knee ascending and the smooth line of the thigh forming an upwards slope, interrupted only by six depressions made by the giant ropes that stressed to remain intact under the huge force.

Murmurs became shouts of terror as the dreaded sound of wood slowly splintering rang out through the air. While all men backed away in fright, many of those at the front of the large cordon ran in terror, an act that while in battle would result in instant execution from an officer, was in this case tolerated simply because the officers too were reeling in terror.

The giant leg relaxed and smacked the ground with an earth-shaking thump, before quickly rising again, resulting in loud splintering followed by a bone-shattering crack.

From underneath the raised building-high cylinder of flesh was flung half of what used to be one of the sturdiest trees in the forest; reduced to a mangled shard by the fearsome female. Still bound to the heavy rope, it swung out before smacking back against the wall of flesh that was her leg, its demise sending a wave of terror through the crowd of soldiers.

* * *

“Ah!” exclaimed Samantha. *Did it! That wasn't so hard.*

With one thigh pinning each of the sticks to the ground, it was an easy task to bend them by lifting the other thigh. She repeated the effort and was rewarded by another shattering crack. She rolled her head and looked down her nose to see not only two splintered sticks, but also hundreds of fleeing figures.

“Well, not so tough now, are we?” she said out loud, backing up her confidence with a giggle through her nose. She might have been jumping the gun a bit because her work wasn't over yet. The little people had done a superb job at the challenging task; few people would even attempt to capture a girl a hundred times their size and a million times their own weight, and even fewer who would even partially succeed.

When the next few pushes yielded no further progress Samantha relaxed and let the stinging in her leg reside, caused by the piercing pressure of the thin ropes. She closed her eyes and calmed her breathing. If she ignored the tightness over her body she could have imagined she was lying on a beach soaking up the sun. In reality of course she *was* – just unwillingly.

It was during these few minutes of relaxation that she suddenly squealed and her body shuddered in reaction to a sharp prick in the soft skin of her waist; just above her bikini bottom and towards her back. The pinching pain had been at a spot close to the sand and was easily reachable by little hands, so she had no trouble guessing what –or who– the perpetrator had to be. Leaning her head closer to her shoulder, she cast her eyes down her body and took in the sight of an almost unidentifiable figure moving beside her hip.

A tiny, quick movement from this little figure resulted in another sharp prick but since she was expecting it, it resulted only in Samantha biting her lip in

frustration. With little compassion in mind, she rolled her hips away from the tiny man and succeeding in shifting her skin a fraction away from him and he drew closer to strike again, exactly to Samantha's plan, and with a grunt she heaved her crotch up and threw her weight towards him. The man's tiny body simply disappeared under the flesh of her hip. Samantha smiled with satisfaction.

This man was not acting alone however; it was just that the other men had taken more 'convincing' by their superiors, and the scene that Samantha took in when she turned around, was that of an attack. Her eyes widened at the sight of countless miniature figures stirring up little puffs of sand as the bolted towards her, waving miniature twigs that she could only guess were spears.

"Oh dear," she said and waited in suspense while the horde converged on her from both sides at a cumbersome pace – they were so tiny that even at full speed they covered the distance slowly enough to make Samantha roll her eyes.

She didn't know what to expect, but what she got when the front line of stampeding men reached her restrained body, was a hundred simultaneous miniature pricks and she squealed with the sting. Her body instinctively tensed and thrust into the air, and when it thumped back down the closest soldiers were thrown back with the rumble, giving Samantha a small reprieve before the second round.

It was not unbearably painful; in fact none of the attackers even drew blood, but being repeatedly stung was no pleasant experience and Samantha writhed desperately to shake them away. She enjoyed partial success when she flattened six or so men with a particularly wide wiggle of her hips but the onslaught was relentless.

Fatigued, she let her body lie limp under the constriction of the ropes, yet shuddered with every prick, whimpering softly to herself. *So mean...* she thought, before whining aloud in frustration.

"Why are you so mean?!"

With an increase in willpower she was donated a kick of adrenaline and resumed her attack on the logs binding her legs, using the same tactic that

had achieved the destruction of two of which only minutes earlier. She thrust upwards with one knee, the ropes cutting into her thigh, but the pain was rewarded with a slow creak that became a cracking sound as she increased the pressure, and finally there was a snap. Half of the stick shot out from under her thigh and slammed devastatingly into several men who had been attacking the smooth skin of her thigh in that spot.

Samantha laughed out loud, relaxed her leg, then thrust again, and again with success.

She suddenly had the freedom to move her calf somewhat, and as the relentless pricking persisted on both sides, her need to escape increased. There were few men around her ankles whom she could swipe at with her newly won lower-leg freedom, though she did anyway, thus removing them from existence with her bare foot. More importantly, she began pushing upwards with her foot; increasing her power and instantly snapping another log.

The stinging was becoming unbearable and Samantha attempted to roll her body away. She rocked back and forth and achieved temporary salvation as the men backed off. Basking in the relief, she continued rocking, but an idea crept into her head and she began pushing with her free foot every time she rolled in the corresponding direction. Soon her body was heaving back and forth thunderously and the men were beginning to back away.

However, they hadn't decided to do so quickly enough, because when Samantha counted down from three and gave an extra hard shove, she succeeded.

She rolled over.

* * *

The men on one side of the giant girl's body looked up in awe as the huge heavy logs they had so laboriously planted in the ground, suddenly rose up away from them. The female figure doubled in height as she rolled onto her side, her vast back, shoulders, backside and the backs of her thighs, matted with sand and lined with the logs, ascending into the air and turning away from them.

The men on the other side, however, looked up in horror.

They saw with open mouths as the giant girl's arm on the opposite side became visible as her body began turning over towards them. Her hips were twisting and rising up into the air, as were her shoulders. In slow motion they saw her giant hills of breasts begin wobbling to her side towards them as gravity pulled at their enormous mass. When her body was at its peak height, that is, when she was fully on her side and ready to topple, they were cast into her shadow.

The last images many of the men saw were of various parts of a feminine body; enticing, alluring shapes blown out of all imaginable proportions, descending down from the heavens at an unescapable speed. Many held their hands up in protection but there was no defence against the infinite mass of flesh that bore down on them.

Boom.

* * *

Slap. Samantha oomphed at the slap of her chest smacking into the sand. She was fully aware that scores of men had just been flattened under her body, but the stinging was over and she didn't care one bit. In fact they deserved it, she told herself. When she pushed her face out of the sand she could even make out several male figures struggling against the flesh of her breast, which pinned them firmly to the ground. She briefly considered lifting her chest to free them, but on second thought she shifted her weight and they disappeared under her skin completely. She felt their tickling and became aware of more tickling from her neck to her toes, but the wellbeing of these men was not on her list of priorities, and her thoughts went back to escaping.

Despite her success, she didn't seem to be in a better position in this respect. However she was unwilling to waste time for fear of another bout of stinging attack, and she quickly began wiggling her hips to try and further loosen the bonds around her legs, resulting in the cessation of much of the tickling from her waist downwards. She cringed and didn't want to imagine what she had just done to the poor men.

In any case she soon experienced success, as the ropes around her thighs shifted towards her knees and allowed her a bit more freedom. Although she

was still cocooned like a butterfly in the rings of ropes and logs, she decided she was ready to attempt a larger manoeuvre, and after a deep breath she tensed her hips and attempted to pull her legs closer by pushing her backside into the air.

This was not an easily movement without the aid of her arms, and if it had have been on any surface other than soft sand she would have slumped back down in a heap. However, her knees began shifting, shuffling upwards and her backside rose. Thankfully for her conscience, she did not see the limp bodies that came unstuck from the front of her bikini bottom or from the sweat on her abdomen, dropping insignificantly into the sand below.

Soon her face was pushed on its side into the sand as her body was arched, with her knees almost directly under her backside, which was now high in the air. Unknown to her, there were a pile of figures lying unconscious or immobile directly below her crotch, but with a quick shuffle of her knees, which now landed almost on top of the unfortunate men, they were covered in a thin layer of sand and Samantha would be none the wiser.

In this arched position she was perched only her knees and on her chest and face. Her breasts hurt somewhat with the weight of her entire upper body pressing them into the sand. Now that her knees were close to her body, she grunted, tensing her shoulders and shoving herself with an awkward wobble, off the ground. Her face rose as her backside sunk down onto her feet. The manoeuvre was almost too successful as she reeled backwards, almost toppling once again, but as she came to a rest in this kneeling position she let out a sigh of relief that echoed over the whole beach. Her head was light for a few moments since it was the first time she had been vertical for almost a whole day.

The first thing Samantha did was to observe the scene. Glancing to her side, she saw a full body print in the sand, marred by horizontal lines that had been laboriously dug by the miniature men in order to house the logs that were now stuck to her back. She could have made the same trenches by running her finger through the sand. She smiled at the thought that the sticks on her back had experienced somewhat of a role reversal; previously she had been pinned to them but they were now pinned to her.

Further afar were the scattering remnants of the army that had attempted to imprison her. Unless they came up with a miracle, their chances seemed slim now.

“Serves you right,” she said out loud, directing her voice to the soldiers who now fled in panic, albeit at a speed which could have allowed her to catch every single one before they reached the safety of the dunes.

However just as she spoke there was a click from somewhere beside her and it was only her quick reaction that caused her to jolt her stomach away from a giant arrow about half the length of her little finger, which now sailed past her ineffectively

“Why you little—!” she exclaimed, startled. Her gaze found a machine that looked like a crossbow on wheels and would have fit into her palm. Unsteadily, she dragged one foot up beside her other knee and pushed herself, somewhat prematurely, onto her feet. Samantha staggered to the side, almost toppling since she could barely keep her balance with most of her body still bound by ropes, but her gaze never left the wheeled weapon and her third step ended with her foot slamming down on top of it. The machine was not even big enough for its remains to protrude from behind the outline of her toes, and when she lifted her leg she saw only flattened, unidentifiable shards of wood, yielding a smile that spread across her face.

The big artillery had only just begun its onslaught however, and in an instant Samantha’s calf was pummelled with boulders hurled from giant catapults and it felt to her like someone had kicked some pebbles at her leg, which now rose in the direction of the offending machine.

* * *

The men operating the catapult scattered as the girl’s immense foot descended momentarily towards it. The proud machine erupted in an explosion of splintering wood accompanied by yells of terror from the fleeing men.

Those brave enough to look upwards saw the impossibly huge, towering figure of the female who had been thrown into their world, standing up straight for the first time. Lying limply, she had been enormous. Standing over them, she was godlike. The view was so unfathomable that many of the

men simply halted, awestruck. Their gazes were drawn from her building-sized feet up her tower-like calves. From there on, there were no more comparisons to buildings because there were no structures big enough to even compare to. Her knees were higher than the tallest treetops, and above them rose thighs larger than a ship's hull and infinitely more curvaceous.

The males below suddenly gained an appreciation of the unfamiliar garment she wore as it clung to the curves of the giant goddess, forming graceful and alluring lines hundreds of yards in the air above the transfixed men. No ship's sail ever made would have caught the breeze as did the silky garment that was fixed around her waist and bellowed in hundred-yard arcs above their heads. Her smooth stomach led to the overhang of breasts larger than the richest men's houses, which were restrained by the other unfamiliar, lilac-coloured garment, to which stuck specks that only the men with the keenest eyes made out to be the figures of their unfortunate comrades. Above that loomed her face, which peered down at the men at her feet with the strangest of expressions. The men who looked upwards in awe became enchanted by the godlike being while simultaneously cringing in fear at the anger in her eyes.

* * *

As Samantha stared down at the fleeing men, noting that many had in fact stopped, probably in fright, and were peering back up at her, her fury receded somewhat and her feminine compassion took its chance to float back to the surface.

"Oh, you poor things," she said quietly. After all, they didn't stand much chance against her, although the bonds around her body nagged and reminded her of their crimes. Her resultant feeling was a compromise between compassion and anger and she directed her voice at the men below but spoke for her own sake, "well, you can't say you didn't deserve it."

She forced her gaze away and returned her attention to her own predicament. With her arms no longer pinned to the ground she could shift them back and forth slightly over her chest, and used this technique to twist her hand so she could grab a rope that cut into her wrist.

Within seconds of prying with her fingernail, the twine that bonded her was frayed into several small strands and she yanked at them to loosen them one

by one. In moments her wrists were free. In minutes her lower arms were free and she was on the way to freedom.

When she wriggled out of the last of the bonds around her legs, ignoring for the moment the other ropes that didn't actually confine any of her limbs, Samantha breathed a sigh of relief and spread her legs, standing with feet apart to enjoy the movement and let the blood flow. She waved her arms in the air and closed her eyes, soaking in the sun, breeze and freedom.

It was a full minute before she reopened her eyes and was forced back to reality by the sight of tens of figures directly below her, situated between her feet. Slightly ashamed, she brought her legs together again, making sure she avoided any men when planting her foot onto the sand.

“Now... who or what are you?” she asked out loud without expecting an answer, her curiosity finally having the chance to take priority again. She stooped down low and saw that many of the figures were simply standing at her feet and gawking up at her. Bravely, she delicately pinched one between her thumb and forefinger. He didn't even resist. She planted him in her cupped hand and plucked another one between her fingers; again without resistance.

Samantha rose to full height and lifted the man between her fingers to her nose. He writhed; his little hands beating on the skin of her thumb, and now that her free limbs had forgotten the sting of the ropes, all she felt was pity.

She glanced down into her cupped hand, which she held by her chest, and saw the man on his back, propping himself up with his arms and looking up at her in absolute helplessness.

“Oh no,” groaned Samantha at the sudden overwhelming feeling of compassion at the utter vulnerability of these tiny men. She knew that she had had no choice, but she regretted her rather forceful acts against the miniature people. She glanced down at tens of figures strewn over the sand, and only then for the first time noticed more than a few men actually stuck to her body. She dropped to her knees and instantly began gently peeling them from her skin and from her bikini. She finished her sentence almost caringly, “...what are we going to do with you?”

* * *



On her hands and knees Samantha tried to help with the clean-up as best she could. The men worked beneath her nervously; accepting that she had become peaceful towards them and knowing that their attempt to constrain her was over. They also knew that if they resumed any hostility towards her, she would stamp them out of existence.

She didn't know quite what to do so she began scooping up the remains of the ballista and catapult that she had crushed, and tipped them in a pile near the flow of miniature traffic beside her, though none of the tiny figures seemed to even glance at the rubble, though probably more out of fear than a lack of interest in the scrapped weapons.

Watching the men closely, none of whom even dared to look up in her direction, Samantha saw that they were carrying injured comrades with difficulty, and decided she could help. As slowly as she could, she planted her knees into the sand, not needing to watch for men below since they stayed respectfully clear of her, and bent over close to the ground.

A man who was supporting a limping fellow soldier was thrown off his feet as his comrade suddenly was whisked from his arms, and he stumbled back in fright when he saw the injured man ascending into the air between the giant girl's fingers. Samantha placed him gently in her palm, then looked for another candidate.

When, after retrieving four soldiers, several men started angrily (and quite boldly) waving at her, she sunk in disappointment and felt useless. She carefully deposited the injured back on the ground with their fellows, and stood up, the plodding traffic below receding from her as if she were taking off in an aeroplane. It was a bit overwhelming and she began carefully making her way across the sand away from the uncanny site.

When she was far enough away to be sure of not stepping on any men, Samantha began strolling. She was feeling too many things at once and was simply confused. Although there was some strange attraction to the mystery of this place; this surreal island, she of course needed to get back to civilisation. A pang of hunger in her stomach reinforced the notion and combined with the utter confusion that lay behind her on the beach, she made a decision.

Walking to the waterline, Samantha glanced left and right at the two nearest islands of the 'Los Ilianos Reef', as the captain of the ship had called it. There was no greater or lesser chance of being found on any particular one, and she waded into the water, and on a whim chose to go right.

Although she was no strong swimmer, it was not a difficult task crossing to the next island since it was barely two hundred metres away and half of the distance was shallow enough to wade. There were decent-sized bushes and she even boldly decided to eat something that looked like a nectarine.

A couple of hours of contemplation later, Samantha drifted off to sleep on the sand, exhausted by the events.

* * *

A terrible feeling of déjà vu greeted Samantha when she awoke to bright sunshine.

Raising her head, she felt sharp tightness over her body, and after blinking several times in the light, her heart stopped at the sight of half a dozen twines of rope cast over her body.

Her mouth fell open and her gaze shot around her to see dozens of figures on the sand. Samantha shook her head in disbelief. They looked to be about as tall as her finger.

“Oh, please no...” she cried out. She looked back to the ropes over her body and saw them pegged into the sand with little sticks. With the smallest movement of her arm one came loose, and the figures around her murmured and backed away nervously as she freed her arm and began picking each peg out of the ground.

When Samantha sat up, the remaining ropes on her torso peeled away uselessly and those on her legs were pulled from the ground as soon as she lifted her knees.

“Amateurs,” she said with a hint of scorn.

She leaned over and effortlessly scooped up the closest man in her hand while those around stumbled back in fright. Bringing him to her face, by now sensitised to the sight of miniature people, Samantha wondered why he was so big compared to the people on the last island. It was a step in the right direction though. Maybe the next island had foot-high inhabitants – a few more and she might even stop trying to tie her to the beach. Samantha wondered whether, if she had have decided to go in the opposite direction, she would right now be staring at dust-like specks of men scattered in the palm of her hand.

A sharp sting made her wince in pain and glance down to her thigh, where a man was about to again thrust a spear into her bikini bottom.

“Oh no you don’t,” she said as the man was whisked into the air.

Samantha sighed.

“Well,” she resolved, “here we go again.”

THE END