

Tentsion

by

e10

Emily basked luxuriously in the bright midday sun. Despite the gentle breeze cooling her body she felt magnificently warm, and every few minutes she sensed a tickle and wiped a bead of sweat from her skin.

However if one were to look very closely at some of these ‘tickles’ one might not see a bead of sweat at all. In fact at that very moment there was a tickle that trailed swiftly over her skin, beginning at her waist and making its way *upwards* towards her chest in a fashion very unlike most beads of gravity-conforming-sweat. Rather it was a figure, carried by two miniature protrusions beneath it; too small to see, and small enough to be understandably mistaken for a bead of sweat. Emily’s hand rose and the unidentified figure became infinitely less solid, intact and voluminous as it was smeared with unnoticeable resistance over her skin – indeed much like a bead of sweat.

If one wished to look even more closely at another ‘tickle’, one might start with a bird’s-eye view of Emily’s body, then after panning to concentrate on her legs, one would be able to zoom in on a patch of skin just above her knee and see a spot of colour moving against the creamy, developing tan. This spot could easily have been a bead of sweat since it moved in the proper direction, that is, *down* her leg, which was raised at the knee, descending down her widening thigh towards her body. However, zooming in further would reveal that it was definitely not a bead of sweat. Its two little protrusions that carried it down her smooth skin would become discernable, and zooming in even further would allow them to be identified as legs. Very quickly the figure would be recognised as that of a human, and furthermore a male human. Now allow the viewer to come in behind this human male figure, carried along by his miniscule legs, and take in the view that he

himself beheld. His little body would be silhouetted by a vast, bright landscape of hills, valleys and curves rising in a wondrous pattern for miles before him, clad here and there in vibrant, unnatural pink and white where the hills were wrapped in garments of a most artificial material, but otherwise comprised of smooth cream shades of skin; the marvellous landscape being of course the female body with all its subtle and wonderful contours. The man swiftly made his way down the curved slope and was at the conclusion of his descent, having reached the end of the geographical feature that was Emily's thigh, when a shadow appeared over him and Emily's finger wiped the tickle of a man away – again, just like a bead of sweat.

If one were inclined, one could have observed these bead-like marvels for several hours, traipsing across the curvaceous landscape until being invariably mistaken for annoyances to be wiped, brushed and smeared away, though the pattern would quickly become dully repetitive. Only one or two of these miniscule occurrences would even be of slight interest, for example the figure that found himself in the path of a *real* bead of sweat, and even after hilariously bolting down Emily's chest as fast as his miniature legs could carry him (while a few side-steps would have saved him) was swept away by the snowballing moisture, gasping for breath as he was enveloped in her warm, sticky sweat, and as with many others, met his fate between the skin of Emily's belly and the underside of her palm.

Just to single one of these 'tickles' out, let us follow the short adventure of the most successful of the figures. He was able; very able. He was particularly short and very nimble, and thus it was with ease that he scrambled through the long fibres of the vast, strange landscape upon which the motionless giant lay; a blue plane of some kind of fabric which she had brought with her and had laid upon the sand. He looked back briefly in the direction from which he had come in order to behold once more the huge object in which he had been borne, and his mind quickly reflected upon the strange journey he had taken. The object was a vast cavern made of flexible walls which contained various strange, giant objects that for some reason he could name, but the purposes of which he could not explain. *Book, purse, bottle*. The object itself was *bag*. This vocabulary had been passed down from ancient generations, though their significance had been lost over time. Another word popped into his head; the word for the fields of fabric on which she lay and over which he travelled. *Towel*. However to him the most bewildering thing was his purpose. More accurately, the lack thereof. He had

no idea what was driving him to approach and ascend the *woman*. There was something in him, something ancient, that gave him the strangest, tingling sensation when he cast his gaze upon certain parts of her body; parts that were different to his own – and not only in size. He had experienced these feelings for the first time that morning and they had driven him to climb into the giant *bag* that had loomed over the landscape. From inside it he had looked up as she had stooped, casting him in shadow, the biggest creature he had ever beheld, appearing to stare straight at him as she had grasped the *bag*. His spine had tingled in exhilaration at the sight. He had been lifted high into the air, and from its upper brim where he had been perched he had watched the familiar countryside pass below him under her feet, with magnificent steps that had covered a distance that would take him at least five minutes at his fastest pace. He remembered trying to recall the name of the items upon her feet, and only now did it pop into his head. *Sandals!* These giant pink *sandals* had swooped low over his favourite paths and nooks and crannies, and he had shuddered when he had seen that she brought him towards the home of his clan's nearest, deadliest enemies, but she had simply stepped over their fearful fortress without even noticing. *Isn't she fearful of the Sugar-Men?* he had wondered in awe, but of course he had quickly rejected the thought when he considered that she could have stamped the Sugar-Men armies out of existence. *She would be a fearsome warrior*, he had concluded gravely, oblivious to the rhetorical nature of his conclusion. Her giant paces had brought him over unfamiliar lands and finally to the mysterious, vast beach of which he had only heard stories, and the wondrous ocean of which he often dreamed. From the shadow of the *bag* which she had discarded by her feet he had looked up at her marvellous body and had watched her remove some of the garments in which she had been clad, revealing pink sheets of fabric that clung tightly to those regions of her immense body that made him tingle. Returning his attention to the present, he now glanced upwards, over her hand which loomed before him, and stared once again at the enticing hills high upon her chest high above. The sight of them filled him with a sense of adventure far stronger than he had ever felt, and he leapt with energetic agility onto her finger and began ascending her arm. His nimble feet carried him lightly and without drawing her attention over the back of her hand and across her wrist, up her arm where he skirted easily around the thin wisps of fluffy hairs, and through the depression at her elbow, where he took even lighter and more careful steps since he knew her skin must be sensitive there, and he didn't want her to notice him. He was certain she would squash him without thought. It certainly was strange that he took such a risk without even knowing why. Up

her upper arm he went, and as he ascended her shoulder and turned around he gasped at the marvellous, fantastic and surreal landscape that he beheld.

From his feet there sloped away a creamy expanse of skin that began to rise to form the two mountains that drew him so strongly. They were clad in dazzling pink and white fabric and he saw a puzzling protrusion on the tip of each one. It reminded him of a cairn that was made on the top of a hill to mark a clan's territory, and he wondered if some other men before him had claimed these wonderful hills and built cairns atop them. Far past the hills rose her thigh up into the heavens, peaking at her knee. It was so huge and distant that he felt very small indeed, which of course was perfectly true, but it was not something he often contemplated because it was the most natural thing in the world. Snapping himself from his daze, he turned to his side and craned his neck to look up at her face. Her mouth and eyes were closed tranquilly and she appeared in every way to be sleeping. *What enormous lips*, he thought. They had perfectly normal proportions to her, but to him they were of course immensely huge, and he was mind-boggled while trying to fathom how much food and meat she must consume with them. He was satisfied with a handful of sweet tree-sap. He imagined she might have to eat the whole tree. Another tingle made him turn his attention back to his goal and he made off towards the hills. It would be understandable to have thought that he would have danced upon them joyously like a child in a chocolate factory, but in reality he plodded up the slope slowly and with suspicion. He was shuddering with anticipation – but it was more than that. He was excited in a way he had never felt and it made him very nervous and quite suspicious. His mind raced through many possible explanations, and wondered if it were some devious trick that a *woman* played to entice men up to her so she could perhaps devour them. He looked back at those lips and shook the thought. Even a thousand men wouldn't fill her belly. He climbed over the high seam of the garment that covered these hills and up onto the fabric. The holes between the fibres were dangerously large and he had to leap from strand to strand. He was shivering uncontrollably when he reached what he thought was the cairn on the tip of the mountain. It was large and clearly outlined underneath the pink fabric. After climbing to the top of it he got to his stomach and poked his head down between the thick fibres to try and glimpse the cairn beneath, and with a wiggle he managed to squeeze between the strands until his hand struck a dark pink surface below. It appeared to be flesh, and he wondered who on Earth would build a cairn from flesh, until he realised it mustn't be a cairn at all. He tingled and writhed back out from between the strands of fabric nervously. While

regaining his breath he surveyed the landscape from the peak and marvelled at the wonderful curves that led down her body. Covering her lap was another garment and it seemed to be even more enticing than the hills on which he stood, and driven by his desire to explore further he began his descent down to her bare skin below. However he travelled too hastily and lost his footing on the steepest slope, and while he was tumbling helplessly through the air down the pink fabric a word suddenly popped into his mind and he instantly remembered it represented the part of the *woman's* body from which he was now partially airborne and very rapidly departing. *Bosom*. It was not without a smile of satisfaction at his impressive vocabulary that he struck her bare skin, but it was quickly wiped from his face when he realised she might have sensed him, and when he looked up his heart froze at the sight of a monstrously large hand descending towards him. It was only through his agility, quick reaction and steady nerves that he dodged the huge finger that trailed along the seam of the fabric, at the bottom of which he had just landed. With a shudder he watched the tip of her finger swipe heavily over her skin precisely where he had just lain. With no desire to dawdle he darted off downwards towards the expanse of pink that mystified him so enticingly. The journey over her stomach was uneventful but for the enjoyment of travelling over those wonderful smooth curves of cream. Soon he ascended the gentle slope of her abdomen and from a position only a few yards past her gaping belly-button he beheld the seam of the garment stretching across her skin from far away on one side to far away on the other. It followed a lovely line; curving up with her abdomen in the middle and sloping gently away to each side, where it was stretched tightly enough over her hips to leave a long horizontal crevice-like gap underneath the fabric. In the background loomed her leg with the arched knee, rising into the heavens. He took a path down the precise centre of her body and ascended the high seam with excitement. Again he was shivering, and during his progression over the fabric he stumbled into the gaps between threads several times. The surface sloped away down between her legs and the rising level of his excitement told him there was something there he was meant to see; something that drew him irresistibly. He descended as far as he could before he had to consider turning round and descending the fabric like a ladder; he was deep enough to be fully in the shadow of the inside of her thigh rising up over him, but he instead opted to climb back up and skirt sideways over the pink surface of her crotch to the seam at the side of the fabric, under which he planned to crawl, since he was convinced that his alluring goal was underneath it. With agitating excitement he reached the seam, which ran along the join between her vast leg and her crotch, and

hopped down onto her skin, steadying himself on the slope that led dangerously into the crevice between her legs, by grasping at the great pink fibres of the seam. It was when he had dropped to his stomach on the sensitive, smooth white skin and had his upper body half tucked under the tight seam that the shadow fell, and he was caught completely unaware by the female finger that ran upwards along this delicate seam, collecting moist sweat as it steamrolled up her skin, too immense to escape. He was turned into a smudge on her fingertip and was smeared into the fabric as the finger trailed up the seam of her bikini bottom.

Emily sat up on her elbows idly and glanced over the beach around her before her eyes fell on her upturned hand and noticed a reddish discolouration on her fingers.

“Ugh! What the...?” she exclaimed, turning her nose up. She glanced over her body and her expression worsened by the frowning of her brow when she saw a dot of red here and there. “What *is* that?”

The question answered itself when a minute movement in the corner of her vision caught her attention and she peered down to see a man stumbling over her towel beside her elbow. “Men!” she stated rhetorically and not without a hint of arguably unwarranted dismay (that is, they weren’t really *that* much of a bother). She shifted her weight, raised her closer arm and flicked him into the infinity of the sandy beach.

After sitting up, Emily wetted her finger with her tongue and wiped a couple of smudges off her skin before the dissatisfaction combined with a pang of hunger to make her resolve to head back to the camp for lunch. She could rinse off in the cold beach-shower on the way.

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Jennifer looked up to see Emily plodding down the path to the campsite in her short jeans-skirt and bikini top. She was an early riser and had obviously spent the first hours of the day at the beach while the others hadn't even crawled out of their tents, with the obvious exception of Jennifer who was at the advanced stage of cooking a light breakfast of an egg and a piece of toast.

“Mmm... what’s for lunch?” asked Emily light-heartedly.

“Lunch!” exclaimed Jennifer, missing the almost indistinct sarcasm in Emily’s voice. “This is breakfast.”

Emily had to explain that she was joking while she slumped into the deck chair, dropping her bag beside her. The conversation brought Renee from her tent and the other two could be heard stirring.

“Ugh!” came a startled exclamation from an indistinct direction but clearly in Rachel’s voice. The other girls hesitated before it was repeated and they got to their feet. “Ugh! Oh... oh yuck!”

“What is it?” they cried in unison, throwing open the flap to Rachel’s tent. In the darkness they made out her figure but could not discern the reason for her exclamation. In the few seconds that it took for their eyes to adjust they watched her furiously swiping at herself and brushing some invisible enemy, before the sight became clear. There sat Rachel, bare legs folded underneath her and her sleeping bag tossed to the side, clad only in her underwear and thin tank-top, with numerous –no, *countless*– miniature specks wiggling about over her body. It became obvious what they were just as she uttered it out loud.

“Men!”

“Oh, God,” muttered the others in annoyance as they let the flap drop down over the tent of the complaining girl, pottering back to their seats. Jennifer accelerated to a trot to tend to her egg.

Rachel emerged quickly and despite her over-reaction the others had to grant her a bit more sympathy since in the bright light they made out considerably more of the tiny annoying figures than before. It appeared Rachel had been the victim of a full onslaught during the night. Men were clinging to every inch of her top and could be seen lining the seam of her underwear from one hip to the other. When she brushed at her legs dozens became unstuck from the inside of her thighs.

“Yuck,” stated Emily, “there are heaps.”

She was prompted to look over her own body and noticed one ascending her ankle. He was soon between her fingertips and after a brief second in front

of her eyes she pinched methodically and turned the man to a smudge which disappeared upon rubbing the tips of her fingers together. Her attention went again to poor Rachel's plight.

"They are *so* disgusting," uttered Rachel, rubbing her stomach, causing some men to be dislodged but most to be dismembered and desolidified. By this time Natalie had emerged from her tent and paid her sympathies by remarking that she too had discovered not a small number of men scattered throughout her sleeping bag.

"Maybe there's a nest," suggested someone.

"It's not a *nest*," corrected Jennifer.

"What is it then?" queried Natalie.

Renee was busy collecting men from her own voluptuous body and depositing them in her cupped palm.

"It's a *city*," said Jennifer.

"Never heard that before."

"She's right," chimed in Emily, who usually refrained from arguments but had a final word in a select few.

"Fine, well maybe there's a *city*."

There was no disagreement on this topic and those not busy with tiny males or breakfast glanced around idly, disappointed that there was no *city* in near enough proximity to be identified from the comfort of their chairs. Meanwhile Rachel had tied a towel around her waist and was bending over and reaching up inside it under its folds. With a couple of awkward off-balance steps she withdrew her crimson underwear.

"Yuck!" was the unanimous exclamation. There were hundreds of squirming figures clinging onto the garment that she held up between her fingers, which was twisted enough for the outside to be indistinguishable from the inside – a point that was meaningless since there were men on both sides.

“Why do they have to do that?” whinged Rachel, “why do they have to go for... *here*? Why can’t they be attracted to food instead, like all other animals?”

“They’re not animals,” corrected Jennifer once again, eyes on her egg. She decided it was ready and began to lift it from the pan.

“What are they then?” queried Natalie. Rachel was indignant and wasn’t in the mood for a biology lesson anyway.

“They’re men,” replied Jennifer, too slow in continuing to avoid a sarcastic noise of ridicule at the blatancy of her obvious statement, “I mean, *human* men.”

“Yeah, we’ve all heard Year 12 history,” retorted Natalie.

“Well Rachel complained about how they went for *her* and not for our food. I was just explaining why,” replied Jennifer defensively.

“Why?” asked Emily with a furrowing brow.

“Because it’s in their instinct; from back when humans reproduced... together.”

“That’s stupid,” concluded Emily, “why should they have that instinct? We don’t. As if I ever dream of *men*. I don’t even notice them if I step on them.”

“I told you it’s just an instinct.”

Renee, who had been silent the whole time but seemed genuinely interested, diverted her attention from the contents of her cupped hand and asked Jennifer to elaborate (it seemed she had not paid attention to that particular class in Year 12).

“Well you know that we both started off as the same species,” began Jennifer, keen to have a willing audience. She bit into her egg-on-toast as she finished her sentence and gave Renee a chance to interrupt.

“I know we started as apes.”

“No, that’s *way* further back,” she uttered through her munching, “but once we had turned into people –how we look now– we were all the same size and men were even bigger than women, on average.”

The surreal statement silenced the others, though Rachel was still busy brushing men off her body while Jennifer continued.

“We were just as advanced then as we are now, and in fact it was these precursor people who invented a few different types of cloning.” She put off her meal to concentrate her words at the most important part. “But they invented it at a time when they had no idea of life. They had no idea that the forms of reproduction that they were creating could continue without their interference. I won’t go into it, but how we reproduce today was just one of many types that they invented, but ours gained what’s called *critical mass* and snowballed into a self-propagating process.”

She lost two-quarters of her audience with her overly-scientific terms and had to win them back.

“What I mean is; our way of reproducing was so efficient that it overtook sexual reproduction altogether. That’s *evolution*. We –us and men– became two different species, since there was no longer any need for us to reproduce *together*.”

“But why are they so small?” asked Renee with unusual insight.

“Nobody knows. That’s the trick of evolution. But there are theories.”

“Like what?”

“Well, for one thing, being small is waaaaay more efficient than being large. You use a ridiculously smaller proportion of food and energy and that’s why there can be so many tiny men compared to relatively few of us.”

“There are heaps of us!”

“Yes, but if you imagine every acre of forest and how many cities of men are in each one... there are billions more men.”

This silenced the critics. Jennifer continued.

“But that theory doesn’t explain why we didn’t get smaller too. Another theory is that men became pretty much useless because they didn’t have to hunt any more and then they didn’t have to ...ah... impregnate us ...any more. And then they just dwindled away. That has basically the same problem as the first theory though.”

Jennifer bit into her egg and gave enough of a pause to allow Rachel to hold up a figure between her fingers and personally ask it why it was so small, to the laughter of the other girls. The man was given no opportunity to answer and quickly found himself much more airborne than he had even been before.

“My favourite theory though,” continued Jennifer unusually loudly relative to her normal reserved behaviour, “is not based on much solid evidence, but says that since men had conquered everything in their world, and since they have an instinct –an irresistible instinct– to conquer everything, the only thing left to conquer on the planet was everything that was too small to be worth conquering if they were normal sized ...I mean... *woman-sized*.”

“I don’t get it.”

“Well if they had have stayed woman-sized they would have nothing to fight against but other humans, and that would result in the destruction of the race. Evolution *predicted* this! Evolution caused them to become smaller so that they could turn their conquering instincts away from each other and to the only un-conquered things on the planet. Bugs! Ants!”

“But there are no ants anymore.”

“That’s because they’ve all been conquered!”

Jennifer’s argument was a strong and passionate one, and it evoked a discussion that lasted the duration of both the preparation and consumption of lunch (or breakfast for some), all the while Rachel discovering the odd man here and there, some of whom ended up on one of the girls’ fingertips as a prop with which to reinforce an argument, but all of whose fates were either as a flying projectile hurtling between the giant female bodies or a miniature smear thereon.

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After lunch had settled Renee concluded that if there were a man's nest – no... *city*– it had to be found, and she rose her satisfied body from her chair and began to plod around the campsite. Soon she exclaimed in delight and a couple of the girls wandered over to join her.

Renee disturbed a patch of earth with her toe and they watched men begin sprawling out of a hole, ready to defend their lair against whichever clan of men were attacking, though they had no appropriate defence against Renee's huge bare feet and their only tactic was to begin crawling all over them in an astoundingly similar manner to the tiny six-legged race whose place on Earth they had taken over. Natalie warned her with an exclamation of disgust but Renee wasn't perturbed and simply shook her feet a little.

“Have you ever seen ants?” asked Jennifer. She received a negative reply. “They look... I mean they act... just like that.”

“There are much bigger men than these though,” commented Renee slightly off-topic, while she looked down at the activity around her feet.

“Yeah of course. And you know what? They all correspond in size to some previous existing species of ant.”

The three girls stood in silence and contemplated this before Natalie piped up.

“We have men that are almost a centimetre long at our holiday house.”

“Sugar-Men.”

“I saw some *huge* ones in the dunes yesterday,” added Renee, holding her fingers to a distance of about two centimetres apart, under the other girls' gazes, “about *that* big!”

A voice interrupted the girl's contemplation of the beings at their feet and they looked up. There stood a couple of younger girls from the neighbouring campsite.

“What are you looking at?” repeated the taller of the two.

“Oh, nothing,” said Renee casually, “just a nest of men.”

“*City*,” corrected the shorter of the two, to a laugh from the older girls, who strode back to the circle of chairs between their tents, discussing whether they should move their campsite, which they decided against, instead opting that Rachel should seal her tent better from then on.

Only then as they mentioned that point did the others think of their own abodes, and moments after crawling through the flap of their corresponding tents there emitted groans of dismay from Emily, Natalie and Jennifer. Rachel had already done all her groaning and Renee was the only one to have sealed her tent properly, so while the others were on hands and knees collecting men from their personal belongings she potted off down towards the beach, keen on finding some of those ‘huge’ men she had seen the day before.

But then again, that’s another story...