

# Land of the Giants – Part III

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Sue flicked through the channels idly. ‘Deal, or no deal?’ yelled the irritating game show host. This lame idiocy was the final straw that prompted her to rise, resolving to retire for the night merely out of boredom; even with forty-odd channels there wasn’t a single show worth watching. She couldn’t believe people could be entertained by such tripe. As if disappointed with the human race, Sue plodded glumly into the kitchen, dumped her cup in the sink, and grumbled to herself about the state of the untidy bench. Ascending the stairs was like a chore. Each foot dragged up the steps one by one, carrying her lazily to the bathroom. She brushed her teeth with neither pomp nor vigour, and let down her hair with reluctance. What a waste of a night. She frowned when she realised how often she told herself that very thing before this very mirror. Nothing really excited her any more – that was the problem. She often thought about her adventures with her alien visitors... how could she be expected to spend time normally; going to cafes, maybe nightclubs, perhaps going on a few dates with normal guys, or spending time chatting idly with friends, just like normal people did... how could she be expected to be satisfied with such menial things when she knew the biggest secret of all time? She had *met* aliens. *Aliens!*

However, little did Sue know that her frustrations were unfounded. The night was far from over. She had no idea what kind of surprise was about to alter the otherwise predictable course of this dull evening.

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It was just as she was dozing off that Sue became conscious of the tapping. She froze. Nothing is more unnerving than lying in the apparent safety yet undeniable vulnerability of one’s own bed, and hearing strange noises in the darkness around oneself.

*Birds*, she told herself. The tapping was coming from the direction of the window, and sounded like something sharp rapping away on the glass. She kicked the covers up in a feeble attempt to scare them.

The tapping continued. Nervous, yet always preferring decisive action to idleness, she grasped her mobile phone from the bedside table and slipped out from under the covers, treading with suspense to the window at the foot of the bed, at which point she whipped open the phone and lifted its glowing face to the window.

Sue froze. She blinked, before jumping back with a delayed startled reaction.

*What the...?*

Her hand rose once again, slowly, and the phone bathed the object hovering on the outside of the pane of glass in a bluish glow. It was certainly not a bird. Glinting as it drifted gently in the breeze, its shiny surface betrayed sharp edges lining a sleek shape.

*My God – they’re back!*

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For at least a minute the two bodies faced each other through the thin glass; one small, sleek and metallic, and the other much larger, slender, shapely, and furthermore, clad in underwear.

Sue didn't even take her eyes off the craft as her hands found the window latches and over-zealously shot the window up with excitement. Even if polite protocol and manners did exist between interplanetary races, Sue forgot them in her glee and the visiting vessel found itself suddenly wrapped in giant fingers, sticky from the warmth of bed, and yanked out of its airspace and into the proximity of the immense girl as she clutched it under her gaze.

"You're back!" she beamed down into the expressionless reflective surface at the front of the craft. "Oh – wait."

Sue darted to her door and flicked on the lights, realising and dismissing her bareness in the one thought.

"Um..." she began before realising she had no idea what to say. She almost felt like uttering 'how have you been?' to the silver shape that she clutched in her hands. It was only then that she had an inkling of her rashness in grabbing the entire spaceship so 'impolitely'. After glancing around and seeing no spare flat desk space in her room, she dropped to her knees and lowered the craft towards the floor, apologising for the less-than-formal welcome she had given her tiny visitors. Thinking twice, she lifted it briefly and lowered her head to glance underneath it, and upon spotting several little struts that were unmistakable as legs, she gently rested it on the carpet, withdrew her hands and placed them on her knees, which loomed beside the small spacecraft as she knelt, peering down in anticipation.

In only a few moments her suspense was satisfied. A patch of light appeared beneath the nose of the craft, and Sue leant to one side, her hair cascading down to the carpet as she doubled over, trying to see. Frustrated, she planted her arms either side of the craft, lifted her body and stretched her legs out behind her to lie flat on the carpet. She rolled slightly to one side to let her head rest on the floor, and she peered into the opening curiously.

"Who are you?" she couldn't help uttering. The figures emerging from the ship were a strange and unique sight. The predominant one was clothed in flowing robes with sparkling lining, and donned a gleaming headdress, and the brilliant form of his attire flapped in the breeze as the small platform upon which he grandly stood hovered out from underneath the larger ship. All this grandness, and he was smaller than Sue's little finger.

"Your greatness, Sue," rang out a tiny, familiar synthetic voice, at which Sue smiled, "we come in peace."

"Well... that's very nice of you."

"I," began the voice after a nervous pause, "am Adams, the appointed King and Ruler of Magnesus, the home world of the gallant men whom you have already encountered here on your home world."

"Ooh," uttered Sue, not sure whether or not to be impressed. He might be a King, but he was awfully small nonetheless. She frowned, unsure whether to call the pint-sized little man 'your highness'. She was about to pay her respect by doing so, but felt awkward and embarrassed. It didn't seem as if she

were the one who should be paying respect. Hesitating, she rested her head on her fists, her elbows planted on the carpet either side of the hovering platform from which King Adams and two accompanying figures now found themselves peering nervously into the cavernous cleavage looming ahead and above them. They had to crane their necks to look up into the face of their listener. Naturally unaware of how threatening her innocent pose was to the three men below her nose, Sue waited politely for the King to continue.

To break the silence, she commented; “your English seems much better than last time I met you – well, *your people* I mean.”

“We have received hundreds of hours of your television broadcasts, from which our translating computers piece together your language. This is the only way we can learn about your culture.”

“Mmmm,” agreed Sue appropriately (not really impressed by the unbelievable super computing power required to perform what the tiny man was describing).

“...which brings me to my point,” continued the voice nervously. Sue watched the little man’s barely-discernible lips with amusement as they moved out-of-sync with the words she heard. “We would like you... to visit us on Magnesus.”

Silence.

Sue wasn’t sure if she had heard correctly.

“Um – sorry?”

“We would like to take you to our home planet, Magnesus, to teach us about your culture.”

Sue couldn’t help yielding a giggle, before realising with wide-open eyes that the miniature man was serious.

“No...” she uttered, “that can’t be. That’s not possible.”

“It is possible. We have constructed–”

She didn’t hear. Her mind was whirring. Space travel! It was too fantastic to be true.

Space travel!

There was a silence of about two minutes while Sue’s head spun.

No... already the fantasy rushing through her mind was too unrealistic. She couldn’t leave her home, her job, her... ..or could she? The idea of interplanetary travel was unbelievable. Surely they were joking.

“Are you joking?” she demanded.

She didn’t even listen for the answer. Of course they weren’t joking.

“For how long?”

“You may return when you please.”

Sue sensed danger.

"I have to think about it--"

"Don't think!" snapped the King insubordinately. "You know that if you hesitate, your doubt will overcome you."

"Why is that bad?" she retorted, the mention of doubt suddenly filling her with precisely that.

"Because you will never receive this opportunity again!"

Sue felt torn. She was being given the opportunity of a lifetime, yet the deadliest and most perilous prospect, by a miniature man whose identity was essentially completely unknown and whose face she couldn't even make out clearly, and she was being forced to make the decision on the spot.

"Deal, or no deal?" rose up the tinny voice. Startled, Sue looked down at him, the tiny King between her elbows, hovering in the shadow of her chest, quoting an inane game show. The silly sentence shook her thoughts. *If all that this superior culture can learn about Earth is from bloody 'Deal or no bloody Deal'...*

That was the final straw.

"I'll do it."

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Half an hour later Sue found herself sitting on her bed in a daze, head shaking slowly. The evening had begun so normally; so dully, and now she faced the improbable prospect of going to another planet. This was too surreal. It sounded like the plot of a bad science-fiction movie.

*Perhaps it's a prank.*

The thought was shot down instantly by the sight of the miniature space ships floating gently past the window.

She was to go downstairs to the backyard shortly, where, in the deep black of night, she was to board whatever ship was going to take her off Earth... off to some distant place where no man, woman or child had ever been before. Sue felt a sudden pang of terror.

It didn't help that she was sitting quite exposed in her underwear. They wouldn't even let her take any clothes.

"Not even a bra?" she probed once again, addressing the silver shape hovering beside her at chest height.

"Please trust us. We have foreseen these issues. All is provided."

"But what are you giving me? Some space-outfit? A space-bra?"

"We have foreseen your wish to be clad in familiar clothing. You will receive Earth-like clothing," replied the tiny ship's speakers in an almost pleading tone. It must have been exceedingly frightening

for the crew inside it to be arguing even in a light-hearted fashion with the immense female figure dominating their view through the cockpit windshield.

“So why can’t I just have my own clothing again?”

“Due to the immense energy required to transport it. We are already expending colossal efforts to transport you. We cannot afford extra weight.”

“Very flattering,” mumbled Sue. “So where have you got whatever ‘Earth clothing’ you’re giving me?”

“We have analysed your television broadcasts. Our fabricators have chosen the clothing of the ‘Prada’ race.”

This statement puzzled Sue for a brief moment until she realised that the tiny people had been receiving TV advertisements. Her interest rose at the mention of the brand name, but sunk at the thought that they would only be copies. *I could get copies on ebay any day.*

“That’s not a race of people, that’s just a brand name,” she informed. *Though it may as well be.* Sue suddenly grasped the enormous task that lay ahead of her if she was going to be schooling these beings on Earth culture.

“It is time to board,” announced her small metallic companion, and she rose dutifully, and very bravely.

Sue couldn’t help going through a checklist in her mind. She had hurriedly emailed her work; ‘I have to make an emergency trip to... [and she had selected somewhere remote] Australia, don’t know when I’ll be back,’ and left a similar message on her answering machine. It was an unnatural feeling to abandon her mobile phone.

Soon she was floating down the stairs in a daze before emerging into the backyard.

“I’m going to fly in *that*?” she exclaimed in disgust. She had visualised some grand, sleek craft at the helm of which she’d sit grandly, watching the stars fly by. What she saw was sleek on the outside, yet otherwise looked like a tanning bed, but smaller and with a ‘lid’ from two parts split down the middle and opening outwards instead of one big lid opening from one side. It didn’t even have windows; just a few straps located around the interior, reminding her of an asylum bed.

“I’m afraid you are amongst the largest cargo ever transported. This is the best solution we could find.”

“How long do I have to lie in that for?”

“Around two of your Earth hours.”

*Could be worse,* she thought. In actual fact it wasn’t bad, considering she was probably going to travel about a zillion miles.

With a sigh, Sue abandoned everything familiar, everyone she knew, and everything safe, and climbed into the cramped, coffin-like box, lying down flat on her back and closing her eyes nervously as she prepared to embrace the biggest –or rather *smallest*– adventure any human could imagine.

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The Magnesians wasted no time. No sooner had Sue stretched out flat, there began hissing sounds corresponding to the closing of the great doors, and she had to breathe deeply to allay the claustrophobic feeling that washed through her with the stilling of the air in the narrow chamber.

Suddenly Sue sensed touches on both sides of her body and she shrieked, jolting.

“Please be still,” pleaded a tiny speaker somewhere behind her head.

“What is that?” she demanded.

“You must be securely strapped down. If the cargo in this great vessel were to move, it may be disastrous for the flight.”

“You can call me ‘Sue’, not ‘cargo’.”

“Please accept my apologies, your greatness, Sue. However the fact remains that if you were to roll to one side for example, the ship’s thrusters would be knocked in the other direction and set us off course. This problem is accentuated on this unique journey because we are being tugged by additional ships.”

“Tugged?”

“You are a very great load.”

“You really know how to talk to a lady, I see.”

There was no response from the puzzled alien voice, and Sue’s attention went to the tickles that ran over her body as miniature men ascended her in various spots to drag the straps that she had noticed across her. One set of footsteps ran across her bare abdomen, while she sensed movement crossing her loose T-shirt around and even between her breasts. When there was the lightest sensual touch between the very tip of her inner thighs Sue winced, her legs clamped inadvertently over the object causing the intrusion, and one knee rose as her thighs sheared together. Instantly there was a tiny whistling alarm and the sound of very tiny shouts, only audible due to the smallness of the metallic chamber. Sue relaxed her legs and parted her thighs despite the continued tickle in this very sensitive spot.

“I’m sorry,” she uttered nervously, “what was that?”

“Uh,” hesitated the tiny voice, before it concluded that it was a better idea to tell the truth, “several men installing the restraints over your legs... ah... suffered minor injuries.”

“Oh my, I’m so sorry. I hope they are alright. Sorry, sorry!” the last words were uttered in the direction of her crotch where she assumed the unfortunate men were being rescued.

After lying as still as she possibly could, and biting her lip to resist the remaining few minutes of tickles, Sue was almost completely immobile under the firm pressure of the numerous straps.

“When do we leave?” she enquired.

“Several minutes ago.”

“Oh! Where are we?”

“Just past what you call ‘Jupiter’.”

“I see.”

No she didn't.

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Sue felt less and less at ease during the journey; or what at least she assumed was the journey. It was disconcertingly quiet. Not reducing her nervousness was the fact that she couldn't move a muscle, but mostly it was the slow realisation of the massive leap into the unknown that she had hurriedly taken that caused her tension to grow.

However, the underlying excitement and anticipation of adventure caused time to feel faster (despite the fact that at one infinitesimally short point of the journey, time was actually completely still as Sue defied mankind's current understand of physics, assumed infinite mass and shot at infinite speed through a length of space effectively reduced to zero in the process), so when there was a small metallic clunk in the hull that caused Sue to panic at the thought of meteor showers and asteroids, she was shocked to hear the little voice announce “we're here”.

Her tension turned to almost insufferable suspense. She was moments away from being the first person in human history to see an alien planet.

She had to close her eyes and bite her lip to suppress the anticipation. She felt the tickles of men running back and forth over her body removing the restraint straps and cursed them to work faster. Moments later when she felt a luxurious warmth and the insides of her eyelids glowed red with a sudden burst of sunshine, her excitement spiralled.

Sue didn't even remember ascending awkwardly out of the great spacecraft or her muscles responding uncoordinatedly after the long period of inaction. All she remembered was the sight that greeted her when she rose to full height.

It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

There was nothing remotely like it on Earth – there were islands; hundreds of them, but not flat little things like in the tropics. They rose from glistening blue water, with walls of jagged yet enchanting cliffs that had spiralling staircases cut into the stone, and where there weren't vivid lively greens of forests on the gentle slopes atop the cliffs, with clustered or lone trees filling every nook on the steep slopes below, there was the brilliant white of castle-like buildings standing proudly amongst the foliage.

The islands ranged from small lumps of stone lucky to have a single dwelling atop, to greater sized shapes with smooth planes and even high slopes and hills, and between all of them were channels of blue ocean; sparkling in the sun and brilliantly deep in the shadows. Boats of all sizes dotted the water, their common feature were the striking and slender white sails and hulls that glistened in shades of copper and brass.

The breathtaking sight was absorbed in one wonderful moment until the surreal sensation struck Sue. It was miniature. Upon glancing about her, moving her head and changing her perspective, it became unreal. It was like looking at a beautiful landscape from a plane or atop a skyscraper, except that these grand islands were not distant and colossal, but were features ranging in size between a coffee table and perhaps two large beds pushed together, and were only metres from her feet.

She looked down at her body; completely out of place in the striking scene as she was still clad in her underwear and daggy T-shirt, and her gaze fell to the scene around her feet. There was kaleidoscopic motion on all sides except for where the large craft stretched out behind her, and she had to concentrate through dizzied vision to take it in. She saw jeep-like vehicles zooming about gleaming ships on the flat solid surface –the tarmac– and hundreds upon hundreds of figures of people, some attending to the craft which it dawned on her overwhelmed mind were the tugs that had assisted her through space, but the rest motionless as they craned their necks; thousands of upturned faces scattered about the feet of Sue standing awkwardly in her underwear.

It was just at that moment, under those thousands of gazes, that she finally sensed the heaviness, while the rest of the blood rushed from her head.

Whoomp.

That was the sound of a giant, beautiful, scantily-clad lady descending unconsciously from the heavens down towards hundreds of panicking and fleeing people, and crashing with colossal force on top of a vast and powerful ship that became a doomed piece of machinery under her immense weight.

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Sue awoke to a very peaceful scene, and experienced one of those moments in which you wonder where you are. In her case it was quite understandable because the ceiling above her slowly-opening eyes was utterly unfamiliar to her.

She sat bolt upright. *Whose room is this?*

The minimal furnishings gave her no clue but the strange arching, girder-lined ceiling jolted her memory and she tensed up. *Where are they all?*

Taking a more detailed look at her surroundings, Sue saw that she lay on not a bed but a construction. It was comprised of the kind of girders one sees holding up kilometre-long bridges, resting on regular supports of solid concrete. There was no mattress but instead she was suspended between the two long sides in a type of solid yet comfortable hammock, and supporting cables were

pinned to the ground at either side. She was covered in a single sheet, and what caught her attention was the fact that it didn't hang lightly off her curves like it should have, but sagged down heavily in every niche like a huge tarpaulin covering something extremely large would.

*Oh yes, I AM large.* She became aware of the heavy sensation and had to remind herself that while at home on Earth where she was 'normal' and these beings were tiny, here they were the normal ones and she was tremendously giant. That explained the shape of the structure in which she found herself; it wasn't a room but a hangar. The ceiling arched overhead –probably a total of three metres wide– and was supported by dozens of curved beams. Big industrial lamps (though Sue estimated them to be merely the size of her fist) hung from the central girder, and light cascaded in through numerous circular windows in the door that filled the end of the half-cylindrical hangar. Suddenly there was a vertical slit of light that indicated this door was opening, and Sue froze with suspense.

The light outside was blinding and she only made out a dark object hovering close to the ground, and she was still rubbing her eyes when she was startled by a voice beside her as the intruding object zoomed in quickly.

"Greetings, your highness Sue."

Upon focussing on his tiny robes she made out the king.

"Um, greetings," replied Sue. The man stood alone on a floating circular platform that wavered gently with the breeze and in Sue's breath. "What happened?"

"I apologise deeply for the shock that led to your collapse," the tiny amplified voice began while Sue recalled the sight of hundreds of miniature beings fleeing from beneath her, "but the news of your arrival caused such a frenzy of excitement that the landing area became flooded with spectators. The base chief of security will be fired as soon as he awakens."

"Awakens?"

The king froze, realising he had already said too much, but yielded beneath the gaze of the gigantic woman.

"He ...ah... was injured in your fall."

"Oh no! I hope nobody was hurt!" Sue felt an instant pang of dread.

"No! Of course not," uttered the King quickly, before adding quietly, "...not seriously."

Sue didn't want to pursue the subject any further and was content to accept the statement.

"When do I get my new clothes?" she asked, tugging the sheet up her body in embarrassment at the fact that she was still clad in her underwear.

"Right away. But we must measure you first."

"Oh," she grunted with disappointment. It appeared it might be a while before she got something to wear. However there was movement through the bright opening and soon several more hovering carriages could be made out beside her bed.

"Seth, Master of Costumes," announced the king, "must request a moment of cooperation."

Sue looked down at the tiny, skinny little figure. He looked as if he would break under her breath.

“He-llllo,” he almost sang, leaning towards a microphone of sorts on his own platform. *So there are gay aliens too*, thought Sue. She concealed a smile at the fact that whatever supercomputer was translating as he spoke also conveyed the singing in his very camp voice, but she complied and rose at his request, letting the sheet slide gracefully off her ascending body. There was an audible hush of awe from all of the floating platforms as Sue’s full shapely body came to dominate the gigantic interior. Her head almost touched the ceiling and she had to steady herself with a hand on the girders upon sensing the heaviness that caused the blood to rush from her head. Motion felt slow and sluggish, and she marvelled as her attention was caught by the sight of her breasts bouncing heavily and shuddering with her movement – she smiled as she realised that they wobbled precisely as a twenty-metre-high hill of jelly should.

Very quickly the little craft rose up from her ankle-height. They began from her shoulders and Sue grinned at the tiny men atop the flying machines working nervously, occasionally casting glances up at her benevolent face before humbly snapping their attention back to their work. They zoomed from one side to the other, carrying an almost invisible strip that Sue only barely sensed wrapping over her skin. They were an advanced interstellar race yet they still used measuring tape. The first measurement was between a platform hovering by one shoulder and another that pulled the tape taught across to her other shoulder. Upon attempting the next measurement, one craft tucked itself with its nervous little pilot under Sue’s arm as she raised it considerably, and the other craft manoeuvred around her opposite breast, bringing the tape over her chest. However, upon trying to take up the slack, the little flying machine wheezed audibly and struggled, and the measuring tape merely lined the tips of Sue’s breasts, which she knew would be an inadequate measurement. Despite the awkward nature of the scene she was brazen and confident as usual, and she simply reached for the two craft close to her body and the men jumped in terror as the platforms beneath them were clasped in gigantic feminine fingers.

“OK?” Sue comforted to the little beings clutching the railings of the small objects that she had plucked out of flight. She didn’t wait for a response and tugged the two crafts back around her chest so that the tape pulled snugly on her breasts. “How’s that?”

After a nervous yet grateful response from ‘Seth, Master of Costumes’, Sue released the tiny spaceships and they wavered unsteadily after popping out of her grasp.

She watched as the men on their little machines circled her waist and then hips with the measuring tape, then there was a hesitant request for the highness to widen her legs, which she did obligingly (keen to receive her new clothes), and a daring little hovering craft ducked out of sight between her thighs before she sensed the touch of the tape around the very top of her leg. She hadn’t even yet noticed the six men rushing about her bare feet, and realised it was lucky she hadn’t bowled them over –or worse– when she had shifted her foot.

Soon the process was complete, and the king assured her she would be clothed in an impressive fifteen minutes.

Fourteen minutes later Sue was indeed impressed; though more by the speed than the clothes.

“Couldn’t you have chosen something a little more... modest?” The costume master was without reply, but Sue consoled him upon seeing his terrified expression.

She looked as if she were ready to go partying; she had been provided with a miniskirt –not the most appropriate garment considering that every person on the planet was going to be viewing her from her feet– and a very attractive cream-coloured lace bra that was only just covered by a quite revealing white top that probably accentuated the fact that her breasts were huge enough to swallow people of this planet between them. She hoped she wasn’t going to be meeting dignitaries and so forth, because even if they were brought up to her face height, she could imagine it would be fairly intimidating to have her cavernous cleavage looming below. She was very happy with the shoes though; they were sleek and very beautiful high-heeled sandals, and she smiled and waved to the men surrounding her toes, who erupted into a round of applause.

The tailors couldn’t enjoy their moment long though, since they were rushed off when the king, rising up into view with the fantastic giant woman’s body scrolling past from her ankle to her shoulder before him, invited Sue to exit the hangar and view the island that had been dedicated especially for her comfort. She eagerly accepted.

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“Oh my God,” was all that Sue could manage upon first taking in the view. The island was spectacular.

It was certainly much bigger than the craggy little outcrops rising out of the sea that she had observed during her first few shaky moments on the alien planet; there was a vivid green jungle at her feet that stretched out for probably the size of a tennis court, broken only by the bare area in which her hangar squatted imposingly, and to one side rose a rocky ridge almost to her head height, leading up even further to a range of hills that blocked the view of whatever lay on the other side – perhaps the island continued even further. Half way along the ridge cascaded a glistening waterfall; collecting water from the hills above and spilling it out over the cliff edge into a pool below, from which rose strange mists that snaked through the ankle-high trees of the surrounding jungle. Sue drew a sharp breath as she beheld the surreally beautiful sight.

Glancing around, she saw that the island’s edges were comprised of the same rocky cliffs leading down into the dazzling blue water – merely one or two steps for her. Close on all sides were more islands, all clad in the vivid greens of jungle and dotted with rocky hills or cliffs, though none as big as hers. Past the surrounding islands she could make out the shimmering white buildings of the alien civilisation; seemingly distant but once she put the view in perspective probably no more than a city block’s walk.

“Please follow,” invited the amplified voice on a floating platform that struggled to rise up to her shoulder height, its volume diminished in the open air where it competed with the gentle breeze.

Sue eagerly accepted and the platform wobbled away in the direction of the ridge. She found herself gingerly wading through the jungle of shin-high trees; eyes constantly cast down in order to navigate her feet around and over the forest giants, the canopy of which was often so dense that she couldn't even see the out-of-place high heels with which she had been inadequately equipped. The heels sunk into the soft ground, while branches and boughs were often caught in the arch between toe and heel, snapping like twigs as she brought her foot down through the foliage.

She was so concentrated on her delicate progress that she failed to notice the hovering platform halting before her, and she bumped it with her chest, sending it reeling. Despite the heaviness of her movement, her quick reaction sent her arm shooting out to catch the craft, her fingers wrapping solidly around its circular form, and as she brought it to her face with an apologetic look she made out the figure of the king and a couple of what she assumed to be guards clinging dizzily to the rails around them.

"Sorry," she whispered.

The little royalty took a moment to collect himself before replying but was humble in the grasp of the giant woman, who momentarily forgot to release the small vessel. Only when he indicated to draw her attention to their destination did Sue finally loosen her grasp of the platform as she beheld the graceful waterfall filling the shimmering pool at her feet.

"This is where you may bathe," announced the king proudly. Sue looked at him with wide-open eyes; not out of disbelief since it was fairly obvious now that she thought about it, but since she had never been treated to such luxury as to be able to bath alone in a sparkling jungle waterfall, which was at such a perfect shoulder height that it seemed it had been created just for her personal enjoyment. She knelt to test the water, feeling the touch of the tips of the trees on her backside and around her thighs as she lowered herself over and between them, and as she extended her hand she exclaimed at sensing heat in the crystal-clear water. *Of course – that explains the mist.*

"The waterfall is fed by natural hot springs," explained the king unnecessarily. Sue almost shivered with excitement. "The rest of the island may be explored at your leisure. Right now, if you would oblige us, a crowd is waiting to welcome you in our city square."

While Sue felt the urge to continue the adventurous discovery of the island, she felt a duty to accept the invitation. After all, an entire planet was waiting for her.

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Transport was, not surprisingly, by foot. While the little hovering craft glided along before her ankles, Sue picked her way over the jungle of her island, breaking into strides as the trees thinned out near the edge, and pausing as she reached the rocky cliffs.

"How do I get over?" she asked rhetorically, not particularly confident that some magic stepping platform would rise out of the water to bridge the metre-wide gap between her island and the next. She glanced along the canal between the islands. A few yards away a little bridge spanned the gap,

though it clearly wasn't meant for large loads since it was no wider than her foot and she knew it would crumble beneath her.

The little king was without reply and ummed-and-ahhed as he puzzled how to give bad news to a woman who was so giant that his wellbeing depended even on her mood.

However Sue did not expect an answer and prepared herself for the hop, which almost ended up being a disaster thanks to the unfamiliar heaviness that she bore due to the strange planet's increased gravity. While it was a close shave for Sue, her colossal jump was somewhat more catastrophic for the opposite cliffs that were unlucky enough to be the landing zone for her giant, hurtling foot. Her high heel smashed through the rocks as if they were sand and flattened the jagged edges into dust. She looked behind her apologetically but resolved herself to the fact that if these little people wanted her as a guest they were going to have to put up with the odd bit of carnage.

The island on which Sue now found herself was no more populated than her jungle paradise, but after a few dozen careful steps she undertook another giant leap, crushing another patch of land upon impact, and found herself on an island dotted with sparse yet grand-looking white mansions. She approached the first –skipping the polite yet superfluous formality of asking– and stooped to inspect it. She was quite interested in its bizarre yet striking architecture, which reminded her of the autumnal Elven castle from the Lord of the Rings movie. With her increased heaviness weighing painfully on her back as she bent over, she instead lowered herself momentarily, planting a knee on either side of the lawn before the grand structure (grand as far as miniature mansions go; it was only as high as her shin), dispensing with the short-lived concerns for her modesty as she accepted that no futile attempts were going to prevent a trillion tiny men seeing her underwear up the hopelessly short skirt with which she had been provided, just as the inhabitants of the house would see if they looked out their front windows. They obviously had done so, since only moments later half a dozen little figures, including several obviously excited young men, spewed out of the door and onto the grass between her knees, where they stared with craned necks up into the huge, alluring cavern walled between Sue's inner thighs and the interior of her skirt.

Sue noted the architectural characteristics with interest, wondering why Earth architects hadn't come up with anything remotely as strikingly attractive, before noticing the undeniable form of a motor vehicle, which quickly found itself becoming airborne in her grasp. It too was striking and attractive –in stark contrast to most of the ugly things populating Earth roads– and she was so concentrated on its appearance that she failed to notice that a driver was clinging in panic to the wheel as she held the car almost on its side below her nose. She apologised hurriedly and planted the vehicle with the barely audible crunch of its suspension being utterly overloaded, which did not however prevent it tootling nervously past as Sue lifted her knee, which she realised she had lowered into its path.

Her curiosity satisfied, Sue rose with ground-trembling thuds, to the terror of the little people stumbling between her feet, before starting off after the king's hovering vehicle.

“Hold on,” she began inquisitively, her voice heard over the entire island while the king's craft halted, “if you have hover-cars of whatever your little thing is called, why do you need road cars like that one?”

“They are not needed anywhere on our planet. That is a recreational vehicle.”

“How do you get around then?” asked Sue, suddenly becoming aware of the lack of other hovering vehicles or spaceships, as she’d expect.

“By sea; in yachts.”

“Yachts?” exclaimed Sue, looking around and indeed identifying the tips of several sails visible in the canals around the island. She couldn’t imagine a slower and more hopeless method of mass-transit.

“Every other powered method of transport is disastrous for the environment – any environment. I suspect your planet will come to realise that soon.”

Sue picked her way over the landscaped gardens, trees and stepped over a couple of mansions to approach the canal and admired the brass-coloured vessel gliding by. It had grand sails not unlike the modern yachts to which she was accustomed. It was almost past when she crouched and reached out with extended fingers aimed at its mast. She hesitated.

“May I?” she thought it better to ask this time.

“Of course, but please cradle the vessel by its hull,” acquiesced the king, adding the latter part hurriedly with concern for the wellbeing of the boat.

Sue shifted her foot with a rumble in order to reach further, and landed a finger on the stern of the ship, tugging it gently backwards through the water, yielding an unnatural wave of froth splashing out to either side. When it fell into her shadow in the brilliant blue water, Sue slid her hand underneath the vessel, which was almost two feet long, admiring the slickness of its hull in her grip; so smooth that her fingers slipped and she almost tipped it over. With a tightened grasp and fingers pressing firmly on either side, Sue heaved and lifted the yacht out of the water.

“Wow,” she whispered as if holding a precious and impressive model, though this ‘model’ had dozens of people clinging unsteadily to the railings on its deck and waving proudly when they could spare an arm. Sue steadied it by clasping the hull with her other hand while she admired the sleek vessel. The tug of its full, billowing sails almost felt as if it was trying to be on its way, so she lowered the craft benevolently to its element and tapped the stern to get it going again, inadvertently throwing every person off their feet with the sudden acceleration.

The king uttered an apologetic request to continue moving and Sue obliged with a sweet smile for the nervous little royalty, before rising and leaping directly over the little vessel, whose occupants were treated to the terrifying sight of a colossal female body soaring overhead, blocking out the sun as her legs stretched from one horizon to the other, before the terrific boom of her landing on the shore beside them sent a shockwave through the water, rocking their grand little boat until she was long gone.

Sue made her way across two more similarly-populated islands without event before she was confronted with a particularly high cliff –just over her shoulder height– and had to undertake an awkward manoeuvre in order to ascend it.

She had one leg planted on an outcrop to one side while attempting to throw the other knee onto the land above, before she realised that the cliff was laced with stairways and dwellings of sorts cut into the rock. There appeared tens of little figures protruding from the otherwise sheer rock face, and in frustration Sue urged them to retreat to safety while she struggled to keep her body from crushing the delicate features in which they stood. As she heaved and brought her other leg up to another outcrop, she looked down her body nervously and saw little people retreating hurriedly as her chest, pressed against the rock, rolled upwards like a gravity-defying steamroller. She was pinned awkwardly with legs spread wide and her abdomen pushed dangerously against the tiny dwellings, in which frightened people must have been clinging nervously to the rear walls watching the massive wall of the giant woman’s body filling their windows, when she saw a mass of little figures begin to swarm onto the top of the cliff, onto which she had firmly planted her hands and wished to pull herself up.

“Get off – go away!” she hissed as she struggled. She heaved and brought a knee up, unable to delay, and hoped no-one found themselves under it. Her knee slammed thunderously into the ground and knocked dozens of people of their feet, but they continued to flock around her excitedly, spilling around her knee like gushing water. They beheld the most awesome yet simultaneously terrifying sight as the giant female ascended above them; her massive limbs rising momentarily. With her other foot still propped on an outcrop to one side, her legs were spread awkwardly, while tiny men and women insisted on standing and cheering directly below her crotch in the shadow of her short skirt. Sue attempted to lift her leg up, negotiating it with difficulty into the crowd, which stumbled away from her descending knee as if magnetically repelled. Sue relaxed, panting, and cursed the silly little people under her breath. At least they had the sense and speed to get out of her way.

Finally she was able to struggle to her feet against her new, incredible weight, and grinned smugly as she finally became aware of the rumbling of the ground with each of her steps. Beholding the island before her, it was instantly obvious that it was more densely populated. Only metres down the slope sprouted tall apartment buildings out of a surface covered not with trees but with narrow winding streets and sprinkled with intricate ornaments that reminded Sue of streetlamps but could in fact have had any purpose. In any case they came out second best when she began to pick her way through the streets, knocking many down as she avoided dense crowds of people around her descending high heels. She became quickly confident in the miniature men and women’s ability to dodge the sole of her foot, and assumed a more rapid pace

With the apartment buildings as high as her thighs, startled residents flocked to their windows as the giant shapes of bare shapely legs whooshed past, while Sue kept her eyes downturned to the little figures scattering about her shiny, heeled feet. Soon she came to a tight T-intersection and was forced to step entirely over a building, her toes crashing thunderously into the street on the other side.

She felt like a goddess; a powerful –no, *omnipotent*– goddess. She was wading through a city of worshippers, their grand buildings not even as high as her hips. On a whim she halted at some cross-roads, and as if to bless a chosen little subject, she stooped sensually and took a man from a balcony between her thumb and forefinger.

“Hello, little one,” were the words with which she blessed him, washed in her hot breath, as she peered with utter superiority at his miniature face. Sue was so deep in the sensation of divinity that she almost tossed him to her side at a mere whim, but shook herself out of it as she saw a terrified expression appear on his face in response to the glazed stare of her giant, glistening eyes. She lowered him benevolently onto the roof of the nearest building and turned to look for the king for directions.

Sue continued to bask in the glory of near-divinity while she traversed the large island, waist-deep in buildings and leaving a trail of minor destruction and awed spectators, before coming to a halt at its edge.

“How do you expect me to get across that?” she exclaimed. Before her was a channel of brilliant blue sea water far too wide to jump even with a run-up, and even without the extra gravity. It was the width of a small road or an alley, and like every other square foot of water she had seen, was dotted with ships and yachts. To her left and right were little pedestrian bridges no wider than her shoe and certainly no more useful at keeping her above water.

She repeated the question after a lack of response.

“I... don’t understand,” admitted the king, stuttering.

“How do I get across it?”

The king appeared to seek counsel from one of his advisors.

“Is there a problem with the water?”

“Yes,” uttered Sue with a frown, “it’s wet!”

There was more conversing.

“We have received your television broadcasts that show individuals becoming wet in the ocean. *Swimming*. Is that not normal?”

“That’s only for fun! And you need a bikini! I can’t go swimming in *this!*”

The king seemed stumped. Sue pondered and realised it might not be too unusual for people who lived on a planet covered in islands to be accustomed to water, and the more she waited on the puzzled and nervous king, the closer she came to simply obliging and wading over the channel.

Two minutes later, Sue’s eyes were rolling and little ships were bobbing around her knees as she carefully wading down further into the cool water. A particularly small yacht was swept between her thighs by the gushing waves about her legs, and she was alerted by a gentle prod in her crotch from its mast as she descended. After lifting her skirt to free the tiny boat she let it drift out between her legs and behind her, bobbing in her wake.

With her next step Sue shrieked at a touch inside her thigh.

The king, hovering beside her, enquired worriedly what was the matter.

“Something touched me!” However she didn’t wait for an explanation, but instead thrust her hands with an almighty splash into the water and down past her crotch, in the hope of warding off

whatever awful creature might have brushed her. Instead her hand collided with an object and her natural curiosity (and bravery) caused her fingers to grasp onto it tightly instead of yielding another shriek. Out of the water rose a long dark object trapped in Sue's grasp.

"What's this?" she frowned, her shock forgotten.

"Please be gentle with the passengers inside!" pleaded the king through his translating computer. "It is an undersea transport vessel."

He was not at all lying. As the sheets of water gushed off it its form and texture became visible; it was long, sleek, and metallic, with regular circular portholes through which tiny blurred faces were peering with unidentifiable expressions. Sue lifted it high out of the water and to her face, heeding the little king's request to be 'gentle'.

"You mean a submarine?"

"Yes, quite correct."

"Well I've never held a submarine in my hand before," admitted Sue absently before she realised how silly her statement was. She stooped over as she lowered it back into the water, letting it slide out of her hand as her torso became horizontal, her other hand resting on her knee under the surface. In the eddying currents around her legs the vessel bobbed and turned as she released it, and by the time its motors engaged the water the little submarine was pointing directly at her. Sue waited eagerly to watch it submerge, not realising she was in its way, until finally it resolved to move and dived as hard as it could downwards, startling Sue as it glided towards her legs, disappearing with a pop of white foam beneath the waves. An instant later Sue felt a cold steel tingle gliding through the very tops of her inner thighs, and she shivered with the sudden sensual touch.

Sue held her abdomen and had to bite her lip to hide her smile as she pressed on, wading a few more steps until the water was up to her waist.

"Why do you need submarines?" she queried the king, whose platform was for the first time at her face height.

"Many choose to live under the blue of the sea." This was an intriguing statement and Sue's mind whirled with fantastic thoughts of underwater cities and adventure. She could tell that learning about this planet was going to be a wondrous experience.

"Where under the sea?"

"Right under your feet."

"No," she exclaimed in disbelief, but even before she could expect a response she made out the dim yellow spots through the waves. They were only visible in her shadow where the water was otherwise dark, and even then only just visible, so it was no wonder that she hadn't seen them until now upon looking for them. These spots corresponded to the glow of the illumination inside whatever habitats dotted the sea floor around Sue's feet. Upon considering what type of view these people would be having at that moment, she resumed her pace, postponing her curiosity for later when she didn't run the risk of planting a high heel through a little glass dome or whatever it was from inside of which the people below were peering up her bare, submerged legs.

Sue rose out of the water with colossal, powerful strides as waterfalls cascaded from her thighs. She had to lean forwards and steady herself on the rooves of the nearest buildings as she ascended the rocky slope, but as soon as she was on solid ground she rose to her immense full height, casting rainbows in the showers that rained from her towering, wet body. The grand-looking architecture around her rose only to her knee height and darkened with the sheets of water that poured from above, and all around Sue's feet crowds of people ducked and covered themselves from the torrential downpour, many being knocked off their feet by gushing masses of seawater that ran down Sue's thighs in sheets, over her knees and down her ankles before striking the insignificant bodies of little men and women around her glistening wet high-heels.

By now she was immune to the antlike activities of her excited little followers, and upon noticing a gap in the rooftops so wide that it could only be a grand square, the wet little crowd beneath her found itself plunged into daylight as her giant feet rose away into the air.

Despite her ragged, wet appearance, Sue strode proudly and with great anticipation through the crowded streets, scattering the masses of people with each step. When the square with its multicoloured blanket of bodies came into view behind the line of rooftops, she halted at its mouth with her feet on each side of the street and hands on hips. Beneath her, and rising only to her shins, was a grand archway with ornate decorations, leading into the square. Enthralled by the attention and elated by her sensation of utter omnipotence, Sue stepped over the royal archway in one step., accompanied by the rainbows glistening in the mist drifting off her body. There had never been a grander entrance.

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The scene was almost too much to take in.

Sue stood tall, alert, regal, yet her mind was swimming (like the people in the wash around her feet). Never in her life had she had so much attention on her, never had she been so important, so great, and simply so *huge*. As she towered over the population of the city crowded into the grand square, swarming around the pillars of the beautiful alien structures, a voice echoed, projected loudly, throughout the scene around her ankles. It was like hearing the commentary of a major event that was very far away, yet the event was only the height of Sue's body away from her ears. Despite the echoes, the voice was very royal and commanding, and Sue took an instant like to its speaker, before realising it was the King's real voice – she had only so far heard his computer 'speaking'.

Glancing to her side, she saw him on his platform by her hip, and his tiny arms were indicating to her other side where Sue saw a grand, wide stairway leading to a large platform behind which loomed an important and ancient-looking structure, though she only assumed that they were stairs since the entire area was coated in a multicolour sheet of humanity that filled every inch like moss on a rock.

"Please... ..be ....seated," struggled the translated voice against the buzz of the sea of miniature people around Sue's feet. She frowned, but a moment later there was more of the king's echoing voice in his own language and gradually there appeared spots of cream-coloured surface on the

square atop the stairs, and the human moss around it became more dense as the eager people packed outwards.

Sue lifted her foot and the dynamic mass of bodies below her made space as she lowered it upon the crowd, just squeezing her enormous high heel between the figures, knowing that an unexpected shift would result in men being crushed to a smear under her incalculable weight. The skill of the little people below reminded her of watching construction workers standing around and guiding immense objects dangling from a crane high above; she had always admired their bravery in crowding around such huge objects that could crush them to a pulp.

After several more such precise, dangerous steps Sue stooped forward to steady herself with a hand on the grand building behind the rapidly enlarging gap in the crowd that was to be her seat, and after executing a momentous and awkward manoeuvre managed to twist her body so that her backside loomed threateningly over hundreds of nervous observers.

Confident in the crowd and unable to support herself any longer (nor was the building on which she leant), Sue lowered herself until she felt the warmth of stone, heated by the sun and by its sheet of thousands of little people, pressing against the coolness of her still-damp skirt. The crowd did indeed make enough room, but the instant she had seated herself, the bubble of space burst and bodies swarmed up against her, filling every curve where her body met the stone. With her legs arching over the entire stairway and her feet resting in the main square below, Sue's skirt hung over her legs and sagged over the space beneath the underside of her thighs and down the top few steps, inviting the overenthusiastic population to ascend and climb inside it, crowding up under her crotch and causing a somewhat thrilling yet off-putting tickle across the very top of her inner thighs, which felt to Sue like sitting on a beach with her arched legs facing the sea, and having an unexpected wave wash up between them. She widened her legs and peered down between her thighs to see eager people – actually only men, oddly enough– waving excitedly from the shadow of her crotch, some unable to wave because their arms were pinned to their sides as the crowd pushed them against Sue's sopping underwear and around her damp inner thighs. Frowning, she slid her hand down past her abdomen and pried her fingers between her private area and the men being squashed against it, resulting in a momentary reprieve as little men's figures tumbled and fell about her fingers, but she knew there was nothing she could do except flick them away for long enough to clamp her thighs together tightly.

As she looked up, tugging in vain her hopelessly short skirt down her brightly glistening thighs, the king's natural voice signalled the commencement of the ceremony.

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Forty minutes later, Sue was immensely bored, fatigued from maintaining the same seated, half-stretched position, and chilly from the breeze on her damp top, which clung to every curve and accentuated her already large chest by highlighting the entirely visible lace bra beneath. She noticed with a frown that every man and woman (and perhaps even the more cluey children) would know that she was cold thanks to the proud protrusions on the tip of each colossal breast.

As her gaze drifted Sue noticed with yet another frown that some courageous men had struck upon the idea of taking on the challenge of the foreign goddess by ascending her body. She noticed tiny figures clambering up the slippery slopes of her high heels, and other men around her backside had begun clinging to the damp folds of her top to ascend her hips. Sue reacted to them with bemusement, but made the mistake of blessing them with her attention. Encouraged, a new wave of males attacked the slopes and Sue sensed tickles all over her ankles, over her hips and even up her back. Upon the first triumphant man reaching the peak of her knee and beholding Sue in awe from this prime position, she made the final error of reaching to pick up his little body between her thumb and forefinger, and while this was merely in order to place him aside, the population took it as the ultimate privilege and yearned to also be blessed by the great woman's touch. Instantly Sue's body was swarmed with desperate, clambering figures. She even felt a wiggling struggle against her panties between her tightly-clamped thighs, and uttered in disgust, widening her legs and flicking the manic humanity away from her crotch in waves of tumbling men.

The king's echoing voice became louder and there was a reprieve in the insanity, but Sue stood, pushing herself from the ancient structure behind her with a rumble of cracking stone, while men's bodies poured like water from inside her skirt, dashing figures into the dense crowd, no doubt with tremendous injury, and others tumbled from their precarious positions on her hips.

"I think we've had enough," suggested Sue conclusively as she rose to full height in the sky. The crowd seemed to back away nervously, and the king conceded quickly.

In moments figures were diving out of the way of Sue's feet descending from the heavens, creating massive rumbles throughout the buildings around as they clapped with tremendous thuds on the city streets, as she headed back towards the only structure large enough to even remotely remind her of a comfortable, normal room where she could finally get out of her damp clothes, which in moments were to become sopping again as she waded back through the shipping channel.

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"How am I supposed to shower in privacy?" demanded Sue in a cool voice as she stood at the door of her hangar, beholding the waterfall past the ankle-high sea of jungle trees, over which her sleek form towered gloriously in only her damp underwear and bra, her body posed in a tantalising combination of giant curves as her hand rested on her hip, leaning on one leg while her other building-high leg was forward, kinked at the knee in a most accidentally alluring fashion. Not surprisingly, the action on the ground below, where military-looking vehicles zoomed to and fro, some carting wares and others patrolling for intruders, seemed to grind to an attentive halt.

"We have made plans," announced the king, unable to hide his apologetic tone. He had not spoken during the return from the ill-ended ceremony. Sue had been deep in thought anyway; she had wondered why the people had been so... *worshipping* of her. Naturally her size made her very imposing, but there was something else. She hadn't beheld her like Earth people might see a whale or a giraffe, that is, something large and imposing yet still a 'mere' curiosity. She would have liked to have known what the king was saying throughout his long speech.

Even while her thoughts drifted once again, there commenced action about her. Only inches away from her knees zoomed several flying craft; shiny, glimmering shapes not unlike Earth helicopters, but without thundering rotors. As Sue glanced up, startled, there fell dark dots from the small bellies of the speeding craft and upon the disappearance of the projectiles into the dense foliage each yielded a popping sound. Only moments later, a dense white fog began seeping up through the canopy of the trees. They were smoke bombs.

Sue smiled in the king's direction. It was indeed ingenious. In less than a minute there was a blanket of dense fog wafting up against the cliffs from which the waterfall streamed, yet the cliff-top and the tip of the waterfall were clear. This was a height around Sue's chest; not high enough to block her vision, but adequate to conceal her body from viewers below.

As she waded into the shallow sea of whiteness, Sue stepped blindly but carefully through the trees, resulting on the stubbing of her toe on a jungle giant and the destruction of numerous others. Unbeknownst to her, a patrol vehicle was rolled over by her passing foot and its human contents, thrown from the cabin, stumbled about, dazed in the dim fog.

Sue edged in the direction of the glistening water tumbling off the cliff; the only object visible now that she was waist-high in the clouds, which strived to thrust thin wisps up at the cliff-top as the gentle breeze wafted the gas to and fro. A step later, she stumbled as her foot sunk into water, trembling the earth and creating an invisible tidal wave below that swamped the jungle about the pool. However Sue moaned in luxurious delight. The water was exquisitely hot. Her height lessened slightly as she waded into the shallow pool; only as deep as her shins.

"There is a pool deep enough for you to immerse yourself, to the left of the waterfall," informed a voice invisibly calling from somewhere about Sue's hip, startling her as she discovered she was not alone in the fog.

"Where are you?" she demanded. "Come out from there."

"I am afraid your waist is the maximum altitude of my craft," replied the king apologetically yet truthfully, yet Sue couldn't know that.

With a brief thinning of cloud Sue made out a dim shape and clutched at it. Her hand emerged from the white fog around her chest height with the king and his advisors trapped in the no-longer hovering craft. Out of curiosity, Sue held the small object with its very nervous occupants in front of her face, listening to its struggling engines whine, and with quite deserved audacity, she released it. The translating computer attempted to translate a yell of fright as the occupants beheld Sue's figure soaring higher as they descended rapidly. Confirming the King's claim, the craft wheezed and struggled, and only just managed to maintain height just in front of Sue's belly before its dim form became invisible in the fog. Satisfied but still annoyed that the king remained with her, she stepped forward cautiously, feeling the cold metal of the craft bumping against her approaching thigh. It was knocked briefly into her crotch before she ushered it around her hip with the gentle touch of her fingers, and nudged it away.

When Sue could reach the cliff she held onto its edge to steady herself while she stripped her fine, giant lace underwear from beneath her, creating massive whooshing splashes as she lifted one leg after the other out of the water. She habitually tossed the garment aside, letting it disappear in the mist as she frowned with annoyance at her lack of forethought. There was a soft thud and some

cracking of trees as it landed invisibly somewhere behind her. After attempting to waft some clouds upwards to better conceal her chest, she found that it merely resulted in the fog thinning, and she removed her bra with the acceptance that a distant observer who could see her towering form over the low clouds might catch a glimpse or two of her bare chest.

However, unbeknownst to her, there were closer observers who found themselves, quite unwittingly, beholding her marvellous form. One of the military patrols, with fine competence, had lost their way in the fog and was only moments earlier spinning its wheels in a swampy patch on the pool's edge that had been created by a wall of water exploding at them from nowhere, battering and drenching their vehicle and rendering the ground useless, when there was a terrific thud and the cracking of boughs above them as a huge form struck the canopy above, blackening the few visible metres of foliage around them. Scared and unaware that they the dark shape stretched above them was a giant pair of female underwear which formed a vast tent that threatened to snap the trees that sagged under it, the men abandoned their vehicle and scattered out from underneath the dimness just as several trees yielded to the heavy lace, which sunk down to enclose the helpless jeep.

Approaching the edge of the pool, while the men were only dimly aware of the colossal form towering above them, they could hear the waterfall roaring and could sense the buffeting of air from some great, momentous movements above.

Despite the danger of remaining by the hot pool, the men were drawn by the unique situation and became hypnotised as the flow of the waterfall momentarily ceased, before assuming an altered roar, splashing randomly all about the pool and creating tempestuous waves. The goddess had stepped into the great flow of water. Two men clambered onto an outcrop of rock above the water, out of reach of the hazardous tumult, and were soon followed by the others.

With the whooshing movements above, slowly, the cloud began to thin.

The men gradually made out more and more of the dim, divine being towering over them, and when there was a sudden thinning of fog before them they realised with a shock that they were only thirty metres from the great columns that were her shins. Several men recoiled in shock, but were stayed by the tantalising and mesmerising sight.

Slowly and with torturous suspense, the fog drifted to and fro to reveal parts of the giantess' body at a time. There was a giant thigh in the sky one moment, before whiteness reigned again, then an instant later a dim knee became visible, and for an alluring, unforgettable second there was a pair of hips, curves accentuated by the men's perspective almost directly below, and glistening with the steaming hot water that cascaded down them.

Sue exulted in the hot flow. It was more than luxurious; it was divine. She rubbed her hands over her body in utter delight, savouring the moment.

For the men below, the delight was indescribable, and the moment was almost a daze of awe. The fog thinned further, and the men's necks ached with pain as they craned almost backwards, to gaze at the beautiful form above, agonisingly revealed metre by metre, until they dimly beheld the goddess in her entire glory.

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Ten minutes of languishing in the luxurious, steamy stream of the great waterfall relaxed Sue just enough for intergalactic jetlag to finally hit her like a hammer.

For a moment she thought she was about to faint, but in her dizzy mind she realised that she could barely keep her eyes open even while standing, and after a habitual and confused attempt to turn the waterfall off at the tap, she trod out of the pool, her haphazard, stumbling step shaking the earth tremendously. With the clouds dimming, she made out a dark patch, stooped down through the dimness to retrieve it, and lifted her underwear into the air, noticing the unusual weight.

The panties were stretched taught as they ascended into the open air, and Sue's brow furrowed as she found a jeep-like vehicle –too drab to be anything but military– somehow snagged in the lace and dangling helplessly hundreds of feet in the air beneath Sue's fingers. She unhooked it, and as there were no apparent passengers it was with her customary brazenness that she merely tossed the jeep behind her, where it splashed loudly in the pool.

“Oops,” she muttered, forgetting in her sleepy daze precisely where she was, while she tugged the underwear uncomfortably up her wet body, snatching her bra from the cliff-top, and stomping carelessly back through the jungle. The new activity in her hangar was ignored as she waded through the scattering workers and slumped thankfully into the hammock suspended in the heavy mesh of girders, steel and wires that was her bed.

\*

Jetlag-sleep is heavy and dreamless. Sue awoke an indeterminable time later having felt as if she had been hit with a hammer (an *Earth* hammer).

Activities around the hangar interior halted as hundreds of men; construction workers and soldiers, were startled by movement, and turned to watch in awe as a sleek, massive arch formed by the giant alien female's thigh and shin rose momentarily into the air, her knee at the tip, from which the sheets slipped and fell away as if being ceremoniously unveiled to reveal her gleaming, bare, tantalising leg. To the giant girl it was a lazy, restless motion, but to the men watching it seemed a sign of divinity, and they were transfixed.

Only after a luxuriously long period of dozing relaxation did Sue's mind separate dream from reality, and she fully recalled her situation as her eyes focussed on the girders supporting the ceiling above. Glancing about the room, she noted some changes from the appearance of the previous day, and spotted numerous men, whom she blessed with a cheerful wink (to their obvious delight), assuming them to be construction workers due to their positions dangling from the girders of a new addition; a set of wire shelves, whereby the wires were in fact heavy struts and girders. While the uppermost tier appeared unfinished, the lower levels were being filled even as she watched.

The lowest drawer contained what appeared to be perfectly-folded layers of fabric, and Sue realised with the delight that this was to be her wardrobe for her stay on the alien planet. The next drawer up was presently being equipped with items of clothing; a heavy beam-crane ran on rails above the drawer, tugging what looked like an elegant skirt into it, concluding when the apparel was still only half way in and hung out over the rim. As she watched, men climbing nimbly about the girders at the base of the clothes-drawer disengaged the crane's hooks and led them to more men waiting on the rim, who then abseiled down Sue's new skirt, to attach the hooks to the lowest seam, before the crane began heaving it upwards with the rappelling men ensuring it folded nicely as it was pulled into the drawer. It was a remarkable amount of engineering effort for something that would take Sue moments with only a few flicks of her wrist.

Eagerly, she inspected the other items that were waiting upon a similar installation into the shelves. Sue's cheeks reddened at the sight of another crane hauling a pair of intimate-looking lace underwear, in which several hard-hat wearing men were had perched themselves precariously in order to guide the ascent and push away from the girders on which their valuable cargo might get snagged. The queue on the ground included a hefty brassier towed by a truck that looked like an aircraft-tug from an airport, several light items that might have been tops on the back of tilt-tray trucks, and behind them some heavy earth-moving equipment was positioning a pair of striking high-heeled sandals neatly beside the shelves. The massive operation was almost laughable thanks to the tiny eagerness with which the dozens of men with their heavy equipment worked.

Sue smiled sweetly as she swung her legs out over the side of her hammock, carefully placing her bare feet between the trucks, pausing relaxedly before lifting her body off the bed and arching forward over the hard-working men.

"Let me give you a hand," she whispered to the scores of workers, feeling bashful that so much effort was being made on her behalf. Sue reached down and lifted the lingerie from the crane's hook, sensing the men's figures weighing down the light lace before she delicately collected all three workers in her hand and sorted the underwear away, unaware of the calls of protest below and around her.

Keen to clothe herself, Sue sat back on the edge of her bed and reached down towards a folded skirt on the tray of a truck, before realising that it was strapped down, and thus the entire truck ended up in her lap while she freed the garment. Distracted and without thinking, she discarded the vehicle onto her bed while reaching for another. It was while she had a second truck balanced on her knees that the king appeared, zooming hurriedly through the hangar doors.

"Please, Miss Sue, please stop!" urged the translated little voice.

Sue glanced up in surprise.

"The men are honoured to undertake this work – it is not a chore, but a blessing!"

Sue frowned and rolled her eyes but accepted, since she had what she was after anyway. Work slowed to a standstill as the battalion of workers were frozen at the sight of the mighty woman rising majestically to full height and dressing herself while towering over the army of heavy vehicles at her feet.

“So,” began Sue, glancing in the king’s direction as she flicked her hair out of the tight top that she had just donned, “what’s on for today?”

\*

‘Nothing’ was basically the message in the king’s long-winded waffling.

“When am I going to start telling you all about our culture?” enquired Sue with a frown, reminding the little man of the original purpose of her journey, which, despite the distracting wonders of visiting an alien planet, she was still keen to fulfil.

“In due course – but we wish to show you *our* planet and culture first,” he replied, then continued before his colossal listener could protest, “so today a guide will escort you to visit some beautiful and scenic places.”

“Escort? Why, am I in danger?”

“Lead,” corrected the little voice, and considering it was just a translating computer, Sue let it slip. Soon the king had excused himself and was hovering away, when he halted and from a distance where his projected voice was barely still audible, added, “please be so kind as to don the bathing costume which the royal tailor has hurriedly manufactured after yesterday’s... misunderstanding. You may have to wade through a sea at one stage.”

\*

Thus, approximately an hour later, after Sue had requested that miniature space fighters fly into her hangar-bedroom to drop smoke bombs in order to provide her with a few minutes’ privacy in order to change into the bikini with which she had been provided without having to usher out hundreds upon hundreds of tiny keen-eyed workers, she found herself towering above the apartment blocks neighbouring a glistening sea at least twenty metres wide in the direction of her destination and dotted with scores upon scores of gleaming sailing vessels, ranging in size from yachts the length of her hand to liners the length of her body. Close around her, where the sky’s reflection could not block visibility into the water, were the fleeting patches of light corresponding to submarines darting to and fro between various underwater dwellings. Sue hadn’t realised how agile the undersea vessels could be; Earth subs were large and clumsy – these craft were more like shining fish moving nimbly through the water.

First one high-heeled sandal and then the other was placed on the roof of the apartment by Sue’s waist, her bare feet descending back into the crowd that had gathered on the road below her, though without receiving a scrap of her attention, before she tugged her skirt down off her hips and habitually let it fall down her legs, where it struck the ground with a great whoosh of air that blasted the populace off their feet and trapped scores of people in a ring of fabric around her bare feet.

There was momentary confusion and chaos while she lifted her feet out of the sunken garment but soon both her skirt and her top drooped over floors 7 to 12 of the building beside her, and Sue towered in magnificent glory, clad in a well-fitting bikini; a sight that even at normal size would have been stunning, but at her colossal height was awesome. She collected the clothes and shoes and stepped into the water.

With the guide craft hovering some distance before her, warning boats to make way, Sue waded through the as yet ankle-deep water, grimacing now and then upon contacting an uncomfortable rock, until the depth increased and she felt sand yielding beneath her. Ships rocked and swayed in the swells caused by her giant strides and those that were closest tended to dip their masts towards her, as if to honour her passing, as they were sucked into her wake. The passengers on one yacht cowered in fright as she allowed it to pass between her legs, feeling its mast scrape high inside her thigh as the boat was sucked into her passing leg. The yellow gleams under the surface also seemed to stop in awe, sometimes crowding around her body descending through the constantly-deepening sea.

Soon Sue was holding her clothes high above her head and letting boats pass beneath her raised arms, nudging several ships out of her way with her elbows, and once even having to push a small yacht out of her way by prodding its hull with her chest.

Luckily the body of water did not deepen further, and soon Sue was on the opposite island, beholding the beautiful scene that was her destination. The far shore was comprised not of rocky outcrops but of a wide, gleaming white beach, dotted sparsely with the figures of inhabitants of the few structures lying snugly in the greenery lining the beach. As she approached, Sue made out the same military vehicles that patrolled her island directing the miniature people off the beach so that she could have it to herself, and without invitation she lowered herself to the expanse of warm sand and stretched out luxuriously on her back parallel to the shore so that she could fit on the sand, the protrusions of her body such as her breasts and knee arched high in the air visible over the treetops from anyway on the island. Her face bore a wide smile of satisfaction. Perhaps being an honoured and revered giant woman on a picturesque alien planet might be even more agreeable than she had thought.

\*

About half an hour later, Sue had undertaken an odd number of body turns, leaving the sand churned up into hills in a long female shape, and was lying on her stomach with her head resting on the backs of her hands, the curve of her backside looming over the trees, when she sensed an irritation on her fingers.

Opening her eyes, an eyebrow lifted as she made out the figure of a man, blurred by the proximity to her face, as he leaned on her finger near her nose. Sue ignored him and remained idle, unwilling to move from her comfortable pose, but upon seeing him leap boldly onto the back of her fingers and make his way into the area of sand bordered by her neck, shoulder and arm bent back to her face, she lifted her head to regard him suspiciously and certainly not without annoyance. Not far from her hand squatted a shining vehicle with an open roof, surrounded by three more men, all topless and

proud. Sue smelled rich daddy's boys, and presumed the one bravely making his way into her private space was doing so on a bet. Still unwilling to spend an unnecessary ounce of energy on these little annoyances, yet keen to make a short end of it, Sue lowered her face over the intruding man, and opened her mouth.

It was an odd sensation for her. She had done it in her usual calm, decisive manner, but she now had second thoughts as she had her eyes half closed, inches above the sand, while she held her lips wide open around a real, living, and panicking, man. With a couple of tongue movements she found his body and pinned it to the roof of her mouth, closing her lips over his legs. Lifting her head again, the man's friends emitted audible cries of dismay, misunderstanding the giant goddess' intentions, but Sue craned her neck forward, and unwilling to have the belittled male writhing against her tongue and thumping on the inner sides of her teeth any longer than necessary, she half-spat, half-dropped him from her mouth onto the sand beside his comrades, and returned to her luxurious relaxation.

Unfortunately, as was becoming usual, the miniature men misinterpreted, and with almost religious blindness took Sue's blunt removal of the man from her proximity to be a form of blessing. It seemed that any type of interaction she might be even forced to undertake would result in the same mad, devoted desperation for more attention. When she opened her eyes upon once again sensing feathery touches over her wrist, Sue now saw all four fit little bodies clambering over her arm, and she frowned with frustration.

"Don't you little things take a hint?"

At the untranslated utterance the men turned their faces heavenward enthusiastically and began showing off their muscles to the goddess. Sue almost laughed. It was a really quite pathetic and she suddenly felt a slight bit of pity for the keen young men.

Amused, she raised her head and propped her chin on her elbows, thus peeling her heavy chest from the dunes her breasts had created in the fine sand until they loomed imposingly above the little arena formed between her arms, and watched the men growing increasingly animated in their actions. One was even attempting acrobatics to impress her. She smiled appreciatively for the amusement, but with the distraction she had failed to notice that another youth had been struck with the idea of approaching the wondrous giant woman, and was trotting into the gloomy shadows underneath her breasts. Moments later, when Sue noticed his absence, she glimpsed the young man dangling with both arms clamped over the string bridging her bikini top, swinging and kicking against the seam of the nearer cup in an attempt to ascend into it.

"Oh no you don't!" exclaimed Sue conclusively, and it was barely a fraction of a second before her fingers had delved between her breasts and found his intruding body. She had only a loose hold on his limbs and he managed to struggle out of her fingertips after she had dragged him into the clearing beneath her chest. He was almost on his feet again, but unwilling to postpone his punishment, Sue instantly lowered her hand and did what seemed most natural to do to a bug – flicked him.

Her heart stopped with sudden regret as his body vanished, realising she might even kill him with such an insignificant action. Whirling, she saw a dot hurtling over the sea before plummeting with a pop into the water about a metre from the shore where she lay. There was a moment of painful

suspenseful stillness, before there appeared a patch of colour splashing amongst the swells, and Sue breathed a sigh of relief.

“Well, can’t have you lot getting jealous,” she stated as she lowered her finger, wound in readiness, to the next man, who held his hands in hopeless defence before Sue flicked him from her sight. The two others followed in quick succession, to Sue’s amusement and supreme satisfaction, mumbling to herself, “...wish I could do this with Earth men!”

Moments later a buzzing sound distracted her once again, and she lifted her head to see a military jeep tugging the youths’ shiny car away while soldiers bowed apologetically for their failure to prevent the intrusion. Glancing seaward, she saw a dull-coloured boat –without mast, indicating it was powered and definitely also military–pulling the splashing intruders out of the water.

A few minutes later, Sue was relaxing again when she felt yet another touch, and she lifted her head in annoyance to see a man’s figure hammering on her arm for her attention. She raised her hand to flick him hundreds of metres away, but something about his manner stayed her finger; he seemed neither enthusiastic to impress like the youths nor pathetically humble like a religious devotee, but desperate.

There was something else strange about him.

Almost instantly, another military jeep appeared and four men jumped from it, hurriedly clutching the man, who struggled in desperation as Sue watched them take him away.

Something was amiss, her senses told her. This uncomfortable feeling of suspecting that there was more than met the eye with this quick confrontation grew as the jeep receded, but only as it disappeared into a gloomy gap in the thick trees further up the beach did something in Sue’s mind click. She jumped up into the air with mighty thuds that shook the earth and left deep depressions in the sand. Two strides took her to the place where the jeep was swallowed by the thick jungle and she towered above the trees, legs spread in keen readiness, scanning the ground beneath her, but the canopy of the jungle was too thick to see through clearly.

“Give that man back!” she ordered, though she knew it was useless, before dropping to her knees, the rumble echoing out over the beach. Shooting her hands down into the trees, she began prying the treetops apart in search of the jeep, but in vain. There was a gleaming structure squatting in a clearing nearby, and with the thought that he might have been taken inside, Sue clamped her hands on each corner of the building and was about to tear it from its foundations, but she calmed herself, knowing it was both useless and pointless to begin wreaking such destruction on her hosts. She would mention it to the king later.

Excited, flustered and energetic, Sue found she was sweating when she rose to full height, her towering bikini-clad body glistening over the landscape.

“Take me somewhere else,” she commanded to the open air, knowing the guide would be somewhere about. There was no more relaxing to be done now.

It was not long before Sue discovered, in fact, how undeniably well-suited the planet was for relaxing. It had not taken long for the morning's excitement to be forgotten as she traversed the countryside, finding one luxurious scene for relaxing after another.

It was at the third such temptation that she yielded and lowered her immense body to the cradle formed by giant dunes in the stunning island paradise, and it was only then that she realised she had not eaten since arriving, and with all the distractions, her hunger had crept up on her until her stomach groaned with dissatisfaction.

It was with impressive efficiency; only minutes after communicating her hunger and watching the guide ship shoot off hurriedly, that three large ships came into view over the nearest hills, their motors buzzing with alien whirrs. Sue watched with keen, hungry interest, before crossing her legs and sitting up straight in preparation for what she correctly assumed to be her meal, though unsure of how it was to be delivered.

As she sat, her lower back propped against a dune, one of the gleaming ships approached her from the side, and she tensed nervously as it came nearer and nearer. A frown appeared on Sue's face as the spacecraft continued, intruding into her personal space as it hovered slowly directly in front of her chest. Wingless, its hull was only inches away from her breasts when it appeared to cease movement, Sue still with puzzlement. She waited patiently but in moments her curiosity only heightened when the craft began descending vertically. Moments later she felt heat washing over her thighs and lifted her hands, ready to grab the ship in case its engines were about to burn her. However, she felt a touch of cold metal on her crossed legs before the heat increased, and seconds later the touch gradually became heavier as the whine of the engines disappeared. The ship had landed in her lap. Before she had the chance to attempt prying it open out of curiosity, there was a audible click and more whirring, and a wisp of deliciously scented steam escaped from a slit along the ship's upper surface. The long doors to its cargo bay were opening outwards, and moments later Sue found herself sitting cross-legged with a spaceship in her lap, peeled outwards like a bag of aluminium foil, with two whales the size of trout steaming appetisingly in the interior.

"Don't you want to get out?" queried Sue towards the men in the cockpit, which she angled to her face after grasping the ship in her hands, but was unwilling to wait for them to ponder, and returned the ship onto her thighs to eat.

Sue sincerely hoped that whales weren't endangered on this planet, as she grasped one delicately between the fingertips of both hands, though she wondered if she could resist the appetising meal even if she found out that they were. She had keenly finished the entire first whale before noticing that the other two ships were hovering on either side of her, and had opened their cargo bay doors to reveal steaming bread and a fine mix of greenery. When Sue grasped at the food in the ships, her light touch disturbed their stable hovering and caused them to bob up and down – just as if she were dining with her plates beside her on a waterbed.

After the delicious meal Sue felt supremely satisfied and unbearably weary, and before the food ships had even disappeared from sight she had leaned back upon the dune, and drifted off to sleep.

\*

Interplanetary jetlag was no different to terrestrial jetlag, discovered Sue as she awoke to the setting sun. She felt the depressing energetic feeling that she wasn't going to be able to sleep properly at all that night, and was going to be tossing and turning restlessly for hours and hours.

"Am I due back at the hangar?" she asked the guide ship, that had waited dutifully beside her the whole time.

"No," replied a timid, translated voice. Sue realised that this was the first time that the guide ship had 'spoken'. Perhaps they were under orders not to communicate unless directly spoken to. This notion was reinforced when Sue instructed the crew to take her somewhere interesting which she could still enjoy at night, but was replied not with words but with an almost cute beckoning motion of the tiny craft.

Sue followed, finding herself destroying a greater number of trees and other obstacles unlucky enough to be found at her feet; not just due to a lack of light but because her gaze was distracted by the spectacular sunset and the surreal sight of the landscape; a lava flow, where the bright red and yellow sea poured and seeped in channels around the jet-black islands.

A splash of water around her foot pulled her attention back down to her path, and she saw that the guide ship, now using a searchlight to light a little patch of jungle before it like a floating torch, had halted. Before her was a bay with a little town; not strikingly different to most of the scenery she had already seen, though it had a remarkably good view of the sunset between two majestic headlands, but there was something about it that made Sue inadvertently groan with delight. Puzzled, she scanned the scene below her to discover the mystery, but only when she closed her eyes to enjoy the vague sensation of pleasure did she realise that it was caused by the aroma.

There was something almost undetectable in the air. Sniffing the plants surrounding the bay yielded no further clue, though it was so subtle that she suspected she wouldn't detect the source anyway. Regardless, it was there to be enjoyed, and Sue slid and sunk down into the warm water where a hillside could provide her with a comfortable headrest.

She found her mind drifting in almost a trancelike fashion as she watched the sunset fade into darkness, and the glowing patches of moving light from the light submarine traffic to and from the town's marina beside her became a mesmerising dance that caught Sue's attention and amused her greatly.

As she lay in utter, aroma-enhanced relaxation, Sue was overcome with subtle waves of desire. Opening her eyes and finding herself alone, she glanced around her for the guide ship, but her gaze fell instead on the dark, glistening shapes of submarines docked at the marina. With her inhibitions gone, she glided her hand beneath the surface towards the nearest vessel, and if there had been an observer on the jetty, they would have been startled to suddenly see giant fingers rising out of the still water on either side of an unsuspecting submarine, and clasping around its hull to pull it down into the swirling water, leaving no trace but for the bobbing of the neighbouring vessels.

With eyes closed, Sue bit her lip as she ran her fingers over the hull of the foot-long submarine, and almost unwillingly, she found her hands guiding its sleek shape down to her legs. Even if its powerful motors had have been running, the submarine could not have resisted the giant woman's desires. From the perspective of the rounded glass protrusion of its cockpit, the deep blue of the dim sky, glimmering through the waves above, narrowed into a thin channel bounded by the utter blackness of the female thighs which rose above the vessel on either side, before the blue of the sky disappeared altogether.

Sue's eyes were shut as waves rippled around the bay for some time, until she let out a little cry, her breasts surging out of the surface momentarily, before collapsing back into the cool water, heart pounding.

The giant woman's arm moved subtly under the water, and somewhere close to the jetty there popped a vessel up to the surface, bobbing as it settled, with the shocked taxi driver inside it maintaining his terrified grip on his seat, heart pounding, until finally managing to calm himself enough to free a hand and turn the lights back off.

\*

Sue's fears of insomnia had been unfounded, she realised upon waking the next morning. She had slept like a log; or rather a *naked* log, as she soon discovered thanks to the cool draft drifting through the light sheets.

Luckily, the hangar appeared empty of miniature presence and she dressed in relative comfort of privacy – little did she know that there was a concealed pair of eyes beholding the great movements of her colossal body, in awe of her beauty, as she donned a bikini in preparation for unavoidable sea crossings, before slipping a dress over her head that was so light it would scarcely matter if it got wet, and so short it barely covered her thighs anyway. Her curvaceous figure formed a graceful silhouette in the semi-transparent material. As she thundered elegantly overhead to the vast hangar doors, the watcher scampered further into the darkness to await his opportunity.

Upon finding the scene outside almost empty but for a light military presence, Sue stooped and picked up the nearest jeep, looking at its complement of four nervous men in the eyes (all at once).

"Where is the king?" demanded Sue. Not confident that the patrol vehicle would have a translating machine on board, she placed it at her feet, instead declaring an order in a loud voice, broadcasting over the countryside, "bring the king to me!"

Her thoughts were scattered but consistent in her suspicions. Something was amiss – the king was taking too long to start "learning Earth's culture", and the suppressed intrusion by that odd little man on the previous day nagged her in a way that she couldn't yet pinpoint.

Sue waited idly for ten minutes before one of the gleaming dots of air traffic on the horizon grew to become a ship speeding towards her. It decelerating upon approach and hovered briefly only inches above the tarmac at her feet, before lifting off and disappearing as quickly as it had come. She was about to utter a protest when she saw that it had in fact deposited a smaller vehicle in front of her

toes. It fell into her shadow as Sue bent over to inspect it, but nevertheless she made out the unmistakable figure of the king in his robes sitting in the open rear seat of a luxurious-looking limousine not unlike those of the 1930s.

Sue squatted and looked down at the king through her parted knees – it was the most demeaning way to communicate with the diminutive royalty, but she was disinclined to lift him and his car up to her level, and she preferred to leave it that way.

The king was about to begin speaking but was drowned out by Sue's voice demanding an explanation as to her idleness.

"You can't have brought me so far at such great expense, as you said, just to have me lying around, relaxing—" she paused inadvertently as she thought of her 'relaxation' in the aroma-pool, "... all day long!"

"I apologise," began the king, "since I have been distracted with other matters—"

Suddenly Sue's gaze was caught by movement beside the vehicle. It happened so quickly that she barely had time to comprehend. A figure had dashed from the cover of the hangar towards the royal car... two guards had sprung from the cabin to tackle him... he struggled, and broke free momentarily, crying out. The translating computer caught only one of his words and blurted it out for Sue to clearly make out.

"Deceit!"

Startled, she blinked before recognising the desperate figure from the previous day. This time there was no escaping; or rather, for the guards there was no escaping with the captured prisoner. Sue's hands shot out and with giant delicacy she somehow managed to close her fist around both guards and wrap the fingers of her other hand around the mystery man. She brought him instantly to her nose for scrutinising, and exclaimed in surprise.

"You!"

\*

Major Monty MacGill felt sick under the debilitating, crushing pressure of his saviour's fingers. That is, she had been his saviour once –arguably twice– before, and now he was trying to repay the favour. Furthermore, he was no longer 'Major'. His protests at the plans to entice the giant, benevolent Earth creature to his home planet had cost him his rank long ago.

"You!" repeated Sue, finally realising that it was her subconscious recognition of the man on the previous day that had disturbed her. She could have savoured the satisfaction of having solved the mystery longer, but from his desperation it was clear that he had something important to say. Thinking quickly, Sue brought her hand containing the angrily-writhing soldiers around to her rear, and slid the two men down into the back of her bikini bottom, where, in case they were armed, they could not harm the 'intruder'.

As it dawned on him that catastrophe was looming, the king began uttering protests at the man's insanity, attempting to convince the goddess that he was mad; not to be heard, not to be allowed to speak, but with her thumb and forefinger Sue lifted the king from the vehicular throne and clasped him securely in her hand. Into the seat she lowered MacGill.

"Thank God! You don't know your danger!" were the first words uttered.

"I knew you, back on Earth—" began Sue, before the man interrupted desperately, dispensing with pleasantries.

"You are in danger!" he repeated. "You've been deceived!"

"In what way?" she pressed, realising her suspicions had been well-founded.

"What did he tell you? Why are you here?"

"To... to teach him *—you—* about Earth."

"What rubbish! What deceit!"

"Why?" urged Sue, "why then am I really here?"

"Remember the war?"

"What war?" suddenly she was puzzled, but quickly nodded upon recalling the deep-black ship back in her bedroom, back on Earth, and the petty struggle in which she had interfered and subsequently concluded.

"The war here, *our* war!"

"Well?"

"Well you're a *weapon!*"

\*

It didn't need much explanation. Sue held the king so that only his helpless little head protruded from the cell made by her fingers wrapped around his body, locked together by her thumb as she made a clenched fist around his figure. She felt so deceived that she wanted to plant her lips over his head and bite it clean off; a suitable manner in which she wouldn't mind dealing with a great deal of men.

Enticed by good motives, she had been brought to this planet as an instrument of war – mainly in the role of propaganda, it seemed. What could be more thrilling to the population, and demotivating to the enemy, than an apparent alliance with a race of giant, godlike beings able to crush battalions of foes under their *—her—* feet?

"Wait," mused Sue, ever alert, objective and clear-thinking, "couldn't my presence here aid the cause of peace? I mean, couldn't I be a *deterrent* against action?"

“That is the argument the king uses to convince the populace – but the scholars, the educated, know better!”

“Know what better?”

“That he plans to escalate the war! Those who are wise enough to know our enemy and know the politics of war, know that this will only provoke them!”

“Why would he want to do that?”

“For the same reasons that dictators on your planet do the same things.”

Sue beheld the silent little man in her hand with even more loathing suspicion. It was hard to imagine that she held this grand, powerful, war-mongering dictator merely in her fist. She could tense her fingers and end his life, this thought causing her to pause to consider.

“Should I...” she probed, “...finish him?”

The king trembled with terror. Sue felt it. She tightened her grip, feeling her fingernails cutting into her palm while her fingertips crushed him painfully.

“No,” advised MacGill, “I’m not a wise man, but I’m certain that such mercilessness could not lead to peace.”

She knew he was right, and Sue abandoned her rash judgement, realising that it was her injured pride at the deception for which she had fallen, that caused her to hold such atypically vengeful thoughts. Her grip loosened.

“You do not realise,” continued MacGill, “that you are a god... a *goddess*. You are the mightiest being ever to have existed, and the peoples of our planet consider you to be divine. I know otherwise, for I have visited your planet and your home, but they do not...”

“So?” replied Sue a little bluntly, considering the unique ‘compliment’ she had received.

“So... please don’t judge him like a vengeful god would, but instead show the people benevolence. We can’t afford to propagate more violence.”

“You’ve already convinced me not to finish him,” interrupted Sue, pausing. “But, well... what am I to do now? I’m not going to stay here and be your benevolent goddess for you.”

The man; the only person within ten trillion miles Sue might call a friend, was silent.

“I didn’t expect you to,” he finally replied.

There was a long pause, before he continued.

“You can hold the king ransom until he returns you to your home planet. But...”

“But what?”

“...nothing,” he finally concluded.

Sue sat gloomily. What could she –a normal person, thrown into an extraordinary situation– possibly do?

Whether in an attempt to provide an answer or not, fate took its opportunity to enter the scene, as three distant black dots in the sky began to enlarge, unnoticed by the preoccupied souls outside the hangar door.

\*

The wailing sirens put Sue into a stunned confusion before her companion's shocked outbursts pulled her attention down to him.

"Attacking..." he stammered, "they're attacking!"

"What? Who's attacking?" the black dots were still barely visible.

"They've never attacked us here... *here* – our home! I told them! I told them this would happen!"

Sue was glancing about her, panic rising but still unable to grasp the danger. "Told who? What would happen?"

"That your presence would precipitate an attack on our home planet."

She was about to protest her innocence but a crackling hiss startled her, and after a second scalding shot narrowly missed her thigh, she jumped to action, grabbing the entire car in which MacGill crouched, and dived into the hangar. The source of the fire was still not clear.

"What are they?"

"'Vultures' – enemy ships!"

"The same as that black thing... from my room?" blurted Sue, panting, "are they dangerous?"

"Of course! We can't defend against them here."

"Why not?" she demanded incredulously. "Aren't you fighting a war against them?"

"Our fleet is not stationed here on our home planet - there has never been a conflict on either of our home planets. It's just not done!"

"Until now."

"Until now!"

"Great." There was a thundering explosion. Sue looked out the hangar door and saw several military jeeps scooting past, firing small shots of light up into the air outside of her view. In an instant there was a flash of light and all three vanished, leaving in their place a mess of charred, cracked tarmac. She gasped in shock, only now realising the seriousness of the situation and the deadliness of the tiny attackers. "So how do we escape then?"

“We must get out of here,” urged ex-Major MacGill, “we must get you somewhere safe.”

At that instant there was a crackling explosion of sparks and the wall of the hangar split inwards as if pierced by a giant knife. Light streamed in and flashes of fire appeared on the sheets of Sue’s bed.

“Oh God,” she stammered, backing away from the newly-formed window.

“We have to make a run for it. They’ll never hit a target that moves as fast as you,” shouted the tiny man, still perched in the car in her hand. The king was also still wrapped in her fingers. Sue was about to discard him and leave him to his fate, but thought better of it, her noble quality showing as she resolved to save his life. Furthermore, she would do as MacGill advised – run for it. That way she would save the lives of any more men trying to put up hopeless opposition to the descending black ships.

“If I run, I have to travel light,” she told MacGill, not waiting for a response as she brought her other hand to the car in order to pluck him from it, letting the luxury lump of metal smash to pieces as she tossed it aside. With both men in one hand, she decisively slid the other hand into her light dress and pulled one bikini cup wide open, placing her friend in the sagging fabric that she instantly let snap back onto her breast so that the man’s figure was merely a writhing, protesting protrusion in the snug elastic, and after lifting the king to her face and bathing him in a glare that said ‘you’d better be thankful for this’, she slid him under the fabric pulled tightly over her other breast, running her fingers over each male lump pinned where her nipples ought to be before adding, “and I need to have my hands free.”

Her exit from the hangar was not a moment too soon, as a shower of sparks erupted into the space where she had stood only a moment earlier. Over the first island she simply bolted, but after slowing to a torturously slow wade while crossing the first canal she climbed the slope and realised she needed a plan, opting for a line of cliffs an island away. There was a channel in between, and she leapt the gap, smashing a house to smithereens under her quite impractical high-heel upon her landing, stumbling and flattening another building with her knee. However upon reaching and ascending the cliffs her spirits rose with elation at the superb protection they provided; below her was a narrow, curving chasm between the high rocky walls, and the only line-of-view access to this was from directly above where she stood, and from whence she simply stepped over the edge, preparing herself for hitting the water.

The splash was momentous, and Sue stumbled as her feet found the rocky sea floor, so that when she righted herself, flicking her now sopping hair back over her shoulders, her human cargo formed two male shapes on the tips of her breasts, clearly visible in the wet, clinging fabric.

“Hold on,” she reassured, and ducked nervously. It seemed like an eternity that she waited, hearing occasional crackles above, unsure of her next move. She had no idea what to do if and when one of more of the invaders appeared over the cliffs above her. To complicate matters, there appeared one and then another yacht, sailing on the channelled winds in the chasm, but unable to turn around upon encountering Sue blocking the narrow way.

“Oh, get out of here!” she cursed, rising and widening her legs. Sue bent over to grasp the first yacht by its stern and push it between her legs, but its mast caught on her light yet sopping and clingy dress, which she then dragged up her thighs and gave the boat another, this time successful, shove. She was about to reach for the second boat when a crackling wave of heat passed overhead and

reminded her to duck. Shrieking, Sue lowered herself and twisted her body to allow a small gap before her stomach. The dozens of frightened passengers on the deck could have reached up and touched the curves of her breasts looming above, as she tugged the ship downstream past her hip and nudged it off towards safety.

She was not given a reprieve. Moments later there was a burst of sparks on the rocky wall beside her, and she was forced to sink further into the water. Sue was up to her chin in the cool salt water before cringing as she recalled the men trapped, pinned in her bikini top, and hurriedly rolled back, thrusting her chest out of the water and into the air. Suddenly there was a glimpse of a jet black shape hovering cautiously high above the crevice in which Sue hid. She needed desperately to execute her plan. "Breathe!" she commanded, holding her chest high as long as she could afford, before uttering "sorry!" and plunging her breasts and the two helpless men into the water regretfully but out of necessity, so that she could sink into the lowest corner.

Sue bit her lip nervously, trying to count the seconds, waiting desperately for the black ship to follow her; to fall into her trap. How long could a man hold his breath? She was about to lift herself and give them a chance to breathe—a chance at life—but the black silhouette appeared above. She froze. It was almost time... almost there. She couldn't wait any longer. The men would die, pinned to her body. She leapt desperately. With her one bound; heavy but assisted by water, she soared powerfully into the air, hand on the cliff edge, higher above the ridges on either side; higher and faster than any person could imagine such a massive body could move, and with one arm reaching for the heavens her hand found the long, sleek neck of the invaders' ship.

Even as she fell back into the gloomy chasm seemingly miles below, the powerful grip she had on the doomed ship pulled it from the sky, knocking it on the cliffs and rendering it flightless. However it was still dangerous, and before its cannons could react, even if just to commit an act of kamikaze in the confined space, Sue thrust it down into the water with her, planting her mighty fingers on its hull and tearing the steel open with her fingernails. Water gushed in and slowly drowned the great spaceship as Sue forced it under, lifting a leg over its buoyant form and pinning it down further with her colossal weight until she pulled her thighs together and crushed it to its watery extermination.

However Sue was not given time to enjoy the satisfaction of her victory. High above appeared the second sleek almost swanlike shape, cautiously out of range after witnessing its comrades demise, and Sue knew it was going to get tougher. She used the natural advantage of the cover she had chosen, and pulled herself upstream through a tight bend and out of sight, followed by flashing explosions.

An innocent yacht bobbed helplessly in the next bend of the crevice, but this boat didn't seem a concern since the channel here was sufficiently wide, and Sue was already mid-stride past the crowded vessel, when an explosion on the cliffs above yielded a sharp pain on her shoulder. Whirling, she saw the rock that had dislodged and struck her splash heavily into the water. Suddenly there began a low rumbling beside her, and she was given only the merest fraction of a second to reach as she saw the entire cliff shuddering with movement. Her hands shot out to either side and slammed thunderously into the rocky walls.

"Get out, get out of here!" she yelled down at the yacht floating under the cliffs that were about to topple and cause the imminent doom of all aboard. "Get out!"

Whether the crew had a translator on board was doubtful, but they got the meaning. Painfully slowly, while Sue's arms began to ache and the heavy rock face urged bit by bit to shear off and topple into the water, ropes were pulled and sails heaved on the little boat, but with both arms pinned horizontally on the opposing cliff faces, Sue had no way to accelerate its escape. Adding to her dismay, she made out the darting, glowing blurs of submarines in the waters below.

Finally, after only a few yet very painful seconds, the yacht began to idly drift past Sue, entering the tunnel underneath her arm and coasting slowly past the graceful, creamy curve of her hip rising out of the depths. Her arms trembled with pain. When the vessel was finally clear Sue had to move desperately, and she thrust away from the still-solid cliff face and planted her back against the falling one, ignoring the painful scratching of the rocky surface, but with the massive smashing shock of her movement half of the long piece that was giving way cracked again, and a long chunk plummeted into the water with a resounding boom.

Sue was unhurt and was planning to release the rest of the cliff and dive out of the way, when beside her emerged a shape from the depths; a submarine, full of passengers, yet helpless and immobile after having been struck heavily by the descending rocks. Sue urged its pilot to get the craft out of the way to safety, but quickly realised its plight after it began hissing and several hatches opened, from which appeared panicked people. "Get back in," she urged, and with her back propping the falling cliff Sue reached down unsteadily and managed to grasp the submarine by its hull, lifting it immediately to her chest where she clamped it protectively.

"I need my hands!" she protested aloud, though none who heard could help her. Desperately and awkwardly, she used the nose of the submarine, with its terrified pilot and passengers staring out the glass front helplessly, to lift up her sopping dress, dragging the fabric up her thigh by sliding the vessel's hull up between her legs and over her crotch, until its nose finally cleared the top seam of her bikini bottom, upon which she tilted the craft downwards to pry open the seam, and shoved it downwards into her bikini. Its tail and useless propellor protruded comically, pointing high into the air, and her dress caught on its shape, hanging down heavily on either side.

With no desire to dwell, Sue planted her now-free hand on the opposing cliff and used it to pull herself, leaping, out of the way of the cliff behind her, which toppled, plummeting into the water with a resounding crash and massive buffeting waves. Stumbling in the tumult, Sue whirled to see the creepy black ship looming at the other end of the chasm. She made a split-second decision.

The crew of the attacking ship was about to fire on their cornered quarry, when they gasped for a fraction of a second at the terrifying sight of a massive, black object hurtling towards them. Shinier yet just as deadly as any asteroid, the immense high-heeled shoe collided with their starboard wing and sent their ship into a downwards yaw.

Sue exclaimed with delight, but her victory was not complete. The enemy craft corrected its spin and its wing began to rise. It was still too far and high to grab. She reached into the water, lifting her leg, and tore off her other shoe, hurtling it without delay, and unfortunately without effect, as the shiny high-heel sailed past the black shape. She cried out in dismay, but was not without an alternative. Hurriedly, as the black ship slowly limped around to bring its cannons towards her, Sue ripped at the wet folds of fabric clinging to her curves, and tore her dress upwards and over her head. There was no-one to behold her comical sight –a woman half-submerged, clad in a bright bikini, with two man-shaped protrusions for nipples and a submarine plunged into her bikini bottom–

except for the crew of the ship facing her, who found no humour in the terrifying sight. Sue hurled the sopping clumps of fabric with all her might. Her aim was not perfect, but it didn't need to be. The dress unfurled mid-air to become a wide, hurtling expanse of heavy net-like mass, and the enemy ship did not escape.

The dress struck with awesome force, and the ship was hurled backwards helplessly. It was not damaged critically, but its engines simply could not struggle under the weight. The cockpit was covered by the clinging fabric, so the men inside could only see dim, watery blurs as the ship struck the ground heavily, and they cowered in fright as a towering blur appeared in view, growing larger and larger, and accompanied by giant, whopping thuds of footsteps. Their world went black as the shape loomed directly above them, and high above, Sue looked calmly down her nose and raised her leg over the dark, sleek shape outlined by the lightly-coloured dress, held her foot suspensefully over the ill-fated ship and its crew, before stomping down decisively.

There was one more to go.

Standing over the wreckage of its comrade, Sue scanned the heavens for the third black ship, but only saw it just in time, gliding low and confidently over the landscape, unafraid of being in her range. Its guns began blazing and Sue leapt to her side to avoid the hissing heat. A sharp prod in her crotch upon bending her thigh reminded of the submarine and she tore it from her bikini bottom and planted it safely on the ground as she rose, darting energetically away. She was a majestic, awesome sight; a voluptuous, giant-sized beauty clad only in a bikini, bounding over the countryside in colossal leaps, with each of which there was an explosion of uprooted trees and debris.

She had to entice the ship to stay low, yet be able to reach it without approaching directly from the front where it could easily hit her. While she was afraid of the laser-like bolts shooting past, Sue could have no idea of the awful injury even just one hit could cause.

Upon taking in her surroundings between her giant strides, she realised with dismay that she had found herself on an open plain, with nothing but flatness for several islands to each side.

Whirling, she took the bravest action.

Sue darted back towards the approaching, blasting ship, but she tacked into the fire like a yacht tacking into the wind. She leapt three strides to her left, then four to her right, then one to her left, making her leaps as random as possible, but still having to dive precariously through the line of fire with each turn. Her adrenaline fuelled her rampage-like onslaught, and she saw the flashes of light beaming at her almost in slow motion. An eternity went in a second as she ran, before she found herself leaping without hesitation at the jet-black shape.

She found it with open hands, but found herself in an open dive, unprotected against her heavy, painful collision with the ground. Before she knew it, she had opened her eyes, suppressing the pain, and was staring into the empty, depthless black of the alien ship's cockpit. Her hands were on its hull but she knew it could fire and destroy them both in a fraction of a second.

Stretched out otherwise immobile on the ground, Sue attacked the ship with the only free part of her body; yanking the craft towards her as she plunged her face towards it, and the men inside looked out of the cockpit windows in sheer terror to behold the sight of the giant woman's sharp, glistening teeth descending over them.

Sue bit down mercilessly, and with one bite tore the cockpit to pieces. She didn't even want to view the destruction that she let fall from her lips.

Moments later, Sue pulled the men from her top, thankful that they appeared unhurt, and brought the king high to her face.

In a conclusive tone that left no room for debate, she stated, "now it's time for you to take me home."

\*

A week later, Sue sat once more in front of the television.

"Deal, or no—" The television host didn't have the chance to finish his sentence before Sue turned the set off.

"Oh well..." she said aloud. Despite being somewhat grateful to be home, she felt a heavy heart at knowing what sort of adventure she was missing. On the other hand, she knew that her presence on the beautiful alien planet could only be for the worse for the tiny people – and their enemies. She sighed, and reached for her companion, lifting Major MacGill from his perch on the armrest.

"...at least I still have you."

THE END