

The Slave Trade

By Dreamtales

Part One

Terri Johnson leaned back in the back seat of the taxi and looked out towards the evening dusk gathering over Bangkok. The city lights began to glow in the hot, sultry, air as the car sped from the airport along the elevated expressway towards her hotel. Her flight from New York had taken over 24 hours and, here, on the last leg of her journey, she reflected on the events that led up to this moment. Somewhere, out there in this huge foreign metropolis, was the answer to the puzzle that had brought her to this far corner of the world. Even now as she thought of it her heart raced with indignation. When she had first heard of the case, it had chilled her to the bone.

The beautiful blonde investigative reporter was about to undertake one of the most dangerous assignments of her young life - going undercover to research the disappearance of numerous young women in Thailand. The Thai sex industry was notorious in its destruction of young lives - venereal disease, crime, back alley abortions, and AIDS all made the life expectancy of the innocent young Thai girls frighteningly short.

But now a new danger lurked in the streets of Bangkok. Young women were disappearing without a trace, simply falling out of view without ever being seen by friends or family again. There were more rumors than hard facts, but the events seemed to point to a chilling conclusion - the resurgence of the female slave trade!

Terri felt a terrible anger deep inside her as she considered the possibility that, in this supposedly enlightened day and age, young women were still being bought and sold, to be treated as sexual slaves, playthings for the chauvinist pig males that dominated the Thai sex industry. She couldn't comprehend it. It was like something out of medieval times!

Terri had been an ardent feminist all of her life and felt it her duty - her fate! - to liberate oppressed women everywhere they could be found. She was well aware of the advantages she had while growing up - a well to do family, expensive education at Choate and Radcliffe, a spectacular career at a famous New York newspaper - and wanted to help less fortunate women such as the poor Thai bar girls who had little education and few options. She considered this more than just an assignment. It was a crusade, with Terri as the avenging angel who would uncover the truth and save innocent young women from being ruthlessly exploited.

Somewhere, out there in the vast simmering city was an unspeakable evil, the answer to this terrible riddle. As her taxi hurtled towards her destination, Terri vowed silently to find out the truth at all costs.

Later that evening, after checking in to her hotel and changing, Terri found herself walking down the crowded streets of Patpong District, the notorious nightspot and home for thousands of young Thai bar girls. She was dressed as a young tourist out for fun - and a little adventure. Her skimpy halter top and skin tight shorts showed off her beautiful nubile young body and lovely long legs, and sent out a clear signal that she was out looking for a good time. At 5'10" the athletic blonde really stood out from the crowd and towered over most of the slight sexy Thai girls.

As she moved through the early evening throngs, the lovely young Thai bar girls with their copper colored skin and jet black hair called out to her from the nightclub entrances. "Hey, honey! You like have fun?" "Maybe you like girls too? We like you lady!" "Come on, honey, this the place - we got what you want!"

But Terri passed them by. She knew where she was headed - a nondescript bar called the Pussycat's Lair. This was the spot where most of the girls had worked before they disappeared, and it would be the beginning of her investigations. She spied the entrance ahead and ducked inside.

The sultry night air was replaced by a haze of smoke and colored lights. Inside, the noisy dance music was blaring from a cheap sound system, seeming to make more static than music. As her eyes adjusted to the light, she saw a group of young Thai girls slowly dancing onstage, doing a bump and grind to the disco beat. They were in various states of undress, their lithe young bodies undulating erotically as they wrapped themselves around each other, or wriggled around the poles set on the stage. Most wore little more than a g-string and pasties, and even these came off and were thrown to the boisterous male crowd as the music wore on.

Terri took a seat and ordered a drink. After a minute, the music stopped and the girls descended into the crowd, to be replaced by another group of scantily clad ladies dancing to a new tune. Terri had already rebuffed passes from three males in the bar before one of the Thai dancers approached her wearing a smile and little else.

"What's a matter lady? You no like boys? Maybe you buy a drink?" The young Thai bar girl had a sweet face and a beautiful little bod. Her bright friendly eyes showed her youth, but Terri doubted there was much innocence left in the young girl.

"Thanks, but I've already got a drink." Terri smiled.

"You buy me drink we be friends, OK?" said the girl as she placed a bare arm across Terri's shoulder and smiled, her pretty young breasts pushing against Terri's bare back, her dark eyes just inches from Terri's face.

Seems reasonable, thought Terri. "OK, you got a deal." She waited as the young beauty,

clad in only a g-string, wriggled off to get two shots of whisky. "What's your name?" Terri asked as the girl returned.

"My name Marilyn. Like the beautiful American lady Marilyn Monroe. You beautiful American lady too. What your name?"

"I'm Terri. Marilyn, have you worked here very long?"

"Just few weeks. Before I work at other place up street. I know this area good, I work all over."

"Marilyn, I'm trying to find out about those girls who have been disappearing. You know, the ones that worked in this area that were lost. Have you heard anything about this?"

Marilyn's face darkened and she looked down at the floor. "Yes. I have friend - some different friends. They not around now. Some of them work this place. When we hear they gone we frightened. Many girls scared now. They hear stories."

"What kind of stories, Marilyn?"

"We hear they taken by bad people. Maybe they take them away - nobody know where. We don't ask, we don't want trouble. But our friends, they gone."

"What kind of bad people, Marilyn? Do you know who has been taking your friends?"

Marilyn looked very worried. "I don't want trouble. But people talk. The girls - my friend - she work in this bar. Then she not here any more, she not anywhere."

"Who did she work for Marilyn?"

Marilyn motioned with her eyes across the bar. "That man. He have escort service. My friend she work for him. But now nobody see her."

Terri looked across the bar at the man Marilyn had pointed out. He had dark features - Thai, or possibly part Indian. He was dressed impeccably, smiling and holding a drink and surrounded by several nearly nude bar girls hanging on him. "Tell me about your friend and this man."

"Her name Nonny. She work for him, he called Khun Annand. First she like it, she say he very nice, pay good. But then, she go out and no come back." Marilyn took on a very serious expression. "Lady you be careful. You don't fool with these people. Maybe you just forget about it, have good time, OK?"

The music changed and Marilyn finished up her drink. "I have to go dance now. You remember what I say. You be careful."

"Thanks, Marilyn. Don't you worry, I can handle myself." smiled Terri as she started across the crowded dance floor towards Khun Annand.

Terri took an immediate dislike to Khun Annand. He was expensively coifed - Italian designer suit, gold cufflinks, large rings, thick gold bracelets bright and shiny in the dark bar. His hair was slicked back and his dark featured face had obviously been well pampered, glistening with oil from an expensive facial. He was sitting by the bar with two scantily clad Thai girls hanging on him, giggling at his inane little jokes. He smiled with a mouth full of perfect white teeth and raised an eyebrow as Terri approached.

"So pretty lady. What you think of my bar? How do you like the ladies?" Khun Annand had a bright gleam in his eyes.

"I hear you are Khun Annand, and you have an escort service. Is this true?"

"I deal with the ladies if that's what you mean. I help them find boyfriends, to have a good time. I'm their friend - isn't that right, ladies?" He smiled at the two girls who continued to caress him, while one began gnawing on his earlobe and smiling at Terri.

Terri ignored the girls and pressed on. "I want to know about your escort service. What kind of business do you do?"

"It depends. Are you a buyer or a seller?" He laughed out loud at his little joke, the bar girls tittering along with him. Then he stopped laughing and looked over Terri, scanning her long lovely body up and down with a practiced eye. "You're a very pretty girl. We don't get many like you in here. If you want to do business I can get you very good business - very good!" He reached out and placed his warm hand on her bare thigh, smiling coldly and looking directly into Terri's eyes. "We could use a pretty girl like you."

"I'm not interested in your business or your money." Terri spat out in disgust as she slapped away his hand. "I'm looking for a friend. Maybe you know her - her name is Nonny."

"Nonny?" Smiled Khun Annand. He looked at his two companions and shrugged. "Do I know a Nonny? So many girls, they come and they go. Who knows where they end up?" Then he laughed and smiled at Terri. "But no. I am forgetting my manners. You are a nice lady. I will buy you a drink, and then we can talk some more, OK?" He called to the bar tender. "Hey, you get me a special drink for the beautiful American lady!"

Terri hated to accept his hospitality, but reluctantly took the drink in order to continue the conversation. Maybe if she could get this sleazebag to open up she could get a break in the case. She clinked glasses with Khun Annand and forced a smile as she downed the drink. "So tell me where you get your girls?"

"Hey, they all come to me. They are from all over. These girls, they are mostly from the countryside, farm girls - they are very poor. They want to go to the big city to make good money, to send it back to their families. What I do is to help them make money, to help their poor families. You can go ahead and ask these girls, they will tell you - I treat them all very well." He placed his hand on one of the girls' little bare rear and smiled at Terri. "How about this one? You like her? I'll give you a very special price!"

Terri lost her temper. "You fucking bastard! It sleazy assholes like you that are exploiting these young women. They don't know any better - they're just innocent girls from the farm. You take them and use them and spit them out. You don't care if they get AIDS, or pregnant, or hooked on dope." She leaned forward and narrowed her eyes, looking intently into Khun Annand's face, "Or get sold into slavery!"

"Hey, look lady, I don't know what you're talking about! I run a nice respectable business - no nasty stuff! Why don't you just relax!"

Terri appealed to the two Thai bar girls with Khun Annand. "Don't you girls understand? He's not your friend, he's just trying to use you for your bodies! As soon as you get into trouble he'll cast you aside!"

One of the girls replied. "Lady, we don't want trouble! Why you not just drink and dance and forget about it?" Then she squinted at Terri, looking at her closely. "Lady? You OK, lady?"

Terri's head was spinning. Shit! she thought - it must be the jet lag! Too much booze - how many drinks did she have? The room started to get fuzzy as she felt hot and cold flashes surging through her body. She got up from her chair and stumbled forward, unable to keep her balance. "I-I don't feel so good. I need air!"

The music seemed to get louder, then softer, the lights spinning, bright colors... She was so dizzy.... Her mind racing ... never felt like this before! The drink! Must be drugged! That bastard!

As she staggered forward, she felt her clothes begin to fall from her! Her halter top slid from her breasts, she grabbed it to keep it from dropping to the floor. Then her pants began to slide down her legs! What was happening to her? Was she being stripped naked? But she couldn't feel any hands on her! Why were her clothes dropping off?

Desperate to escape, she lurched across the room, bumping into the stage. She crawled up on the elevated platform, surrounded by naked dancing girls... her clothes falling to the

floor... lights spinning, voices, faces laughing... the dizziness overwhelming...

Terri struggled to stand, but fell again, the room spinning... now completely naked, crawling on her knees... men pointing at her, laughter... the disco music blaring... young Thai girls' faces looking down at her... blacking out... falling... falling.... into darkness...

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Part Two

Terri woke up with a nasty headache. Squinting open her eyes, she was met with bolts of pain! What a hangover - it must have been the mother of all benders!

“Lady you OK?” There were several young Thai girls leaning over her with a look of concern on their faces.

“I-I’m all right. Just help me get up and I’ll be fine.” Terri fought the waves of dizziness and nausea as the girls helped her to her feet. What was going on? Where on earth was she?

Now standing, Terri could see that she was stark naked! In fact she was surrounded by a group of Thai bar girls, all of them completely nude! Looking around, they appeared to be in a huge container - a big rectangular room with no doors or windows - sort of like a train boxcar. There was a huge tarp over the top, with a light filtering through the cloth. What was happening here?

“W-where am I?” Terri asked, holding her aching head in her hands.

The girls all had a worried look on their faces and regarded Terri with concern. One of them stepped forward, “Lady, you in bad place. You in real trouble now. Now you trapped, just like us!”

“Trapped? What do you mean?” She fought to come to her senses. “Is it Khun Annand? Is he the one that has trapped you girls here?”

“Yes, he very bad man. He keep us here long time. Now you here with us - it’s very bad thing! You nice foreign lady - now you in big trouble!”

Terri couldn’t understand the situation. It seemed like they were being held like animals - herded like docile cows into a cattle car! As she thought of the arrogance of Khun Annand, her blood began to boil. How dare he treat these poor defenseless women like this - kept stark naked like sex objects in a huge container! And to think that he had the supreme arrogance to think that she, an American citizen, a modern professional woman, could be treated like this! She vowed to get him - to free these poor unfortunate slave girls and bring him down if it was her last act on earth!

Terri approached one of the girls. “I’m looking for someone. Her name’s Nonny. Have any of you heard of her?”

Another girl came up to Terri, “Yes. I’m Nonny! How you know my name?” She was heartbreakingly lovely, with big innocent eyes, high cheekbones and a graceful long nubile body.

“Nonny, my name is Terri. I met a friend of yours - her name is Marilyn. She told me you disappeared, that nobody has heard from you. She’s worried about you. She told me you were working for Khun Annand before you disappeared.”

Nonny threw her arms around Terri, pressing her naked body against Terri’s in a warm embrace. “Marilyn, my good friend! You saw Marilyn! She so far away now! So far!”

Nonny drew back and looked at Terri, then shook her head, tears starting to fill her eyes. “Oh Terri, oh you poor, nice lady! Why you get yourself into such trouble! Khun Annand such bad man! First he get all of us - and now he get you too!” Nonny looked into Terri’s eyes and reached out to stroke her face. “Now you just like us!”

Terri’s brain racked to try to figure out what was going on. What did Nonny mean that Khun Annand “got” all of them? How was she “just like them?”

Looking into Nonny’s eyes, Terri felt something else was wrong - something was very different. Then it hit her - the young Thai girl was the same height as herself! Terri was quite tall at 5’10”. She had probably seen dozens of Thai girls, and so far every single one of them had been much shorter than herself, and most were almost a full head shorter. But Nonny and the other girls - all of them! - were just as tall as herself. They were all exactly the same height! Compared to the rest of her worries it seemed a relatively small detail, but still it gave her a very uneasy feeling.

Terri asked Nonny about her observation. “Yes. Khun Annand, he like us all same size.”

Now Terri was really starting to get very worried. The whole situation didn’t make sense. She desperately needed information - how did his kidnapping ring work? It must be a

huge operation. How could he control the girls otherwise? There must be around a dozen girls here! Maybe if she could organize them, they could revolt against him and his accomplices. But how many people did he have?

“Nonny, tell me, this Khun Annand. How does he keep you prisoner in here? Does he have many people to help him? How many guards are there?”

“No. Is only Khun Annand. He keep us by himself.”

What? That couldn't be true! How could one lone man keep a dozen women captive? The poor girls, thought Terri, they were so used to being submissive, they just needed to know their power - to have someone like herself organize them!

Terri decided to take action. She raised her voice and gathered the band of girls together. “Look, girls, we need to organize a revolt. If we all band together I'm sure we can overpower him and escape.”

The girls frowned their concern. “No, lady, it won't work. This Khun Annand, he very big man. We can't fight him.”

Terri was getting into her crusader mode and not in the mood for negativity from the girls. “What do you mean, he's a ‘big man?’ You have to stand up for your rights. I'm a big person too - an American! If he tries to hurt me I can call the American embassy. I'm protected, I've got rights! Same with you girls - you can't be held against your will!”

Another girl repeated the warning. “No, lady, you don't understand. He very big man!”

Terri was starting to get really impatient. There poor girls had apparently been completely brainwashed to obey their male masters. All their life they probably never questioned male authority. Terri could not imagine a group of grown women allowing themselves to be kept stark naked in a cattle car just because they were afraid of one “big man!”

Terri strode to the wall and began to pound on it with her fists. “Khun Annand! Khun Annand! This is Terri Johnson! I'm an American citizen being kept against my will, and if I am not released immediately I will demand to see my Ambassador!”

No response came, so she banged and shouted even louder. “You don't know who you're dealing with! I work for one of the largest newspapers in the world! I'm a famous reporter - known in dozens of countries! This could turn into an international incident!”

Terri was really incensed now, banging and kicking the wall and screaming at the top of her lungs. “I'm warning you Khun Annand! I'm known in my country, and all around the world! You're in big trouble now! I'm an important person - a very big person!”

Terri heard a big noise, unlike anything she had ever heard before, and backed away from the wall, as the Thai girls became frightened and scampered off, first racing frantically in circles around the room and finally crowding together in a group in the corner. Terri heard something else move directly above her, and as she looked up, she saw the huge tarp ceiling being ripped away!

Terri opened her mouth but was too scared to scream! Hovering over the container was the huge Face of Khun Annand! He was a colossal giant! His billboard sized visage laughed down at his tiny captives!

“So, little one! You are a very big person! That’s a good joke - a very good joke!” He leaned his head back and laughed uproariously, then brought his enormous Face back to look straight down at Terri, his giant Eyes smiling at his miniature prisoner.

“What’s the matter, my big important American reporter? I thought you like to talk! Suddenly you are so quiet!”

Terri looked upward in helpless dismay. She was speechless - utterly shocked at her circumstances! How could this be possible? Her mind searched wildly for answers. Either Khun Annand had become a giant or - but this was too horrible to imagine! - she and the Thai girls had been reduced in size to tiny naked dolls!

Terri backed away, her minute naked body cowering in fright from the huge apparition. She tried to respond to his taunting but choked on her words, helplessly caught in a wave of stark fear. She stood dumbfounded, her mouth open and eyes wide in mute incomprehension as she looked straight up at the huge figure towering directly over her!

Suddenly, Khun Annand reached out towards her with a giant Hand - his Fingers easily big enough to circle her waist!

Terri screamed, a tiny squeaking sound, and turned to run - but to where? She was trapped, with no exit from the room, helpless to escape his huge powerful fingers. Desperate to get away, she plunged into the group of naked Thai girls huddling in the corner. Terri elbowed her way into the crowd, her naked skin rubbing against the seething mass of nude bodies. Terri’s bare body was thrown back and forth by her fellow captives, each little figure fighting frantically to escape as the crowd of tiny unclad women squirmed and pushed each other in a pitiful attempt to evade their giant captor’s huge Hand.

Khun Annand laughed, looking down in amusement at the helpless band of naked doll girls. He smiled, pleased at how the arrogant American woman was now reduced to a tiny defenseless prisoner, her previously tall haughty figure now just another tiny body lost in the teeny little group of terrified nude slave girls. He grinned at their pitiful efforts to escape, then reached out and pinched one of the tiny Thai girls’ little naked bottoms, chuckling at the squeals of fright it elicited from the crowd of miniature women, and

laughing as the helpless tiny figures desperately struggled, knocking each other over, and pushing themselves towards the corner in a pathetic attempt to avoid his huge Fingers.

Reaching into the mass of tiny naked women, he easily located Terri, her tiny head with its bright blonde hair and light skin in stark contrast to the raven locks and darker coloring of the Thai girls. Khun Annand's giant Hand caught Terri between his Finger and Thumb, grabbing her by the waist and easily dragging her out from the little group of naked doll girls, then effortlessly lifted her up in the air! Struck speechless with horror, Terri screamed and fought desperately, tapping her tiny fists on his giant Fingers and squeaking frantically. Khun Annand chuckled at the sight of his once proud captive, now naked, tiny and helpless and utterly at his mercy!

Khun Annand brought Terri up to within inches of his giant Face and smiled at the tiny struggling creature trapped in the palm of his Hand. He casually inspected her, his expert eye noting her lovely blonde hair, exquisite figure, and beautiful tiny face. "Very nice. Yes, very, very nice! You will be an excellent addition to my collection! There are many people who will be willing to pay a king's ransom for a beautiful little specimen like you."

Still struggling to comprehend her predicament, Terri finally found her voice, asking in a pitiful tiny squeak, "W-what did y-you do to m-me?"

Khun Annand grinned broadly at his helpless captive, his huge teeth gleaming menacingly "You have been reduced in size, my big important American lady - shrunk to a little tiny girl only seven inches tall! I've made you little so that you can be a part of my collection of doll women!"

Terri recoiled in fright, "N-no! Never! I'm not a doll! I'm a person - a human being! Y-you can't keep me in a collection like a - like an insect! I'll never submit to you as long as I live!!"

"Brave words, my little one!" Khun Annand chuckled, "But I'm afraid they're impossible to live up to! You see, you are now completely in my power, just like all of my other little prisoners!"

Terri screamed "Y-you fiend! You can't make me obey you! I-I don't care what you do! I'll never give in to you! "

"Ah, you must understand, little one, all has now changed for you! Yes, it was true - yesterday you were a big important American reporter - a famous news writer. A person to be reckoned with! But today everything is different. Now you are just one of my little playthings, to do with as I please. If you amuse me or my clients, we may keep you and care for you."

Then Khun Annand brought the tiny nude closer, bringing his Hand containing his tiny

prisoner up to the level of his huge Face so that his giant Eyes seemed to bore right through her minute defenseless body, “But if you do not obey my slightest whim - if you cease to amuse me - I will crush you like the helpless tiny doll girl you are!”

Terri’s blood ran cold as she looked into the blackness of his huge eyes. There was no mercy there for her - only cold authority, that must be helplessly obeyed! Her tiny nude body huddled in the palm of his Hand, shivering in terror as her little eyes opened wide, trapped in his overwhelming gaze!

“And now” said the huge Face of Khun Annand, “You must kneel down before me and promise to be my eternal slave!”

“Never!” squeaked Terri, her tiny face set with determination. “I’ll never agree to be your slave! I don’t care what you do to me! You’ll never get me to kneel to a disgusting pig like you!”

Khun Annand laughed at the tiny figure squirming before him. “Yes, you will be a challenge. You certainly have spirit, little one! But don’t worry - we have ways of making you submit.” He casually reached down and picked up a huge cotton ball. “You will soon see that resistance is futile, little one!” He laughed again as he stuck the cotton ball in Terri’s tiny face.

Terri struggled frantically, helpless to stop his huge powerful fingers from covering her little face with the giant cotton ball. Her tiny body stiffened as she smelled a chemical - something in the ball that was making her sleepy! She squirmed, the room spinning, as Khun Annand’s huge laughing Face seemed to fill her whole universe. As she struggled desperately, she became weaker and weaker. The last sound she heard was the low rumble of his laughter seeming to echo endlessly, then silence and darkness!

Khun Annand smiled down at the tiny naked figure passed out helplessly in the palm of his Hand. “Yes, my little one, you will learn to obey your Master! I will teach you, and you will learn!”

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Part Three

The little bell tinkled as the door swing open to the jewelry shop. Striding through the door came a bearded dark featured man wearing an expensive suit, his features Arabic.

The young clerk stood to attention and smiled at the customer. “Greetings, sir! Welcome

to our jewelry store. My name is Visit and I am at your service.” He gestured towards the glass cases with his arm. “What do you like today? We have emeralds, rubies, precious stones from Burma and Laos...”

A side door opened and Khun Annand strode in, an eager look on his face. “Sultan! Welcome to our humble store! It is always good to see you! Please,” he stepped towards the rear of the shop and opened a door, “please come in to our special private room!”

The Sultan smiled as he strode through the door. As the young boy followed, Khun Annand swatted him on the head and whispered fiercely, “Visit! You fool! You have insulted the Sultan! How dare you sully him with offers of cheap baubles!”

As Khun Annand and Visit followed and arrayed themselves behind the elegant glass counters in the dimly lit back room, the Sultan smiled and replied, “Khun Annand, you must be more tolerant. These young boys have a lot to learn. It is just like my country - it takes time for them to appreciate the ways of their elders!”

Khun Annand leaned over the display case and flicked a switch. “Now, Sultan, here is what you desire. We have here only the best for you. Look!” He reached down and picked up a thick gold ring holding a huge diamond. He held it up to the light, “See how it sparkles - only the finest! You will not see this elsewhere in Bangkok!”

The Sultan grunted, eyeing the bright jewel, “Mmmm, yes. It is nice.” He looked up at Khun Annand and smiled, nodding. “Yes, put it aside for me.”

Then Khun Annand looked at the Sultan and raised his eyebrows, “We have many more beautiful jewels, but...” He paused for words, “Perhaps you would like to examine some items of a more... exotic nature?”

“My dear Annand, you intrigue me. Let me see of what you speak!”

Khun Annand moved down the counter and switched on another light in the glass case. There, illuminated below the counter, was a group of a half dozen tiny naked Thai girls, their little light brown bodies and dark hair glowing in the soft light. Each girl was laid out on a red velvet display cloth, a small strap across their waists holding them in place. Their small faces tried bravely to force a smile, but the fear in their tiny faces was impossible to hide.

The Sultan leaned over, his huge Face inches from the glass as he examined each girl. Finally, he straightened up and pointed to one small figure. “Yes, let me see that one!”

“A very good choice!” smiled Khun Annand, as he reached under the counter and picked up the small rectangle of velvet covered cardboard containing the miniature girl. He placed the tiny package on the counter and slipped the strap off the tiny woman, freeing the miniature naked girl and allowing her to climb slowly to her feet.

“You will see we have only the best here! Our girls are unspoiled virgins, well bred city girls who are trained to exist only for your pleasure. Observe!”

Khun Annand placed his huge Fingers on the counter top, next to the miniature nude girl. She stood erect, her tiny body barely taller than his wrist. Her minute figure was perfect - small pert breasts and lovely little behind, her dark hair framing a tiny angelic face. The diminutive girl got back down on her knees and bowed deeply to Khun Annand and the Sultan, then looked up and smiled, “My Masters! Your tiny slave wishes to have the honor of being your pleasure object! Please allow me the great delight to service you, to let this unworthy little servant obey your slightest command!”

Khun Annand twitched his little Finger, then raised his eyebrow at the tiny nude figure. The miniature slave girl bowed again, her tiny forehead touching the counter, and smiled up at Khun Annand. “It is as you wish Master! I hope that this little one may be worthy of you!”

With that the tiny naked Thai girl got to her feet and walked over to Khun Annand’s Hand, wrapping her tiny arms around his giant palm, and twisting her miniature leg around his little Finger. She pushed her little naked body against his hand and slowly, rhythmically began grinding her tiny groin against Khun Annand’s giant Hand, her lovely little doll sized rear end circling erotically.

The Sultan watched with amusement as the tiny sex slave became more and more aroused, her little voice first groaning, then squealing in delight as her rhythmic thrusts came faster and faster. After a minute, she was squeaking and crying, her little high pitched voice becoming breathless with excitement. Finally, with one prolong squeak, her tiny body shuddered against his giant Hand, and she dropped back to the floor, utterly spent.

Pausing to catch her breath, the tiny nude collected herself and went back to her crouching position. She bowed deeply again, prostrating herself to Khun Annand and the Sultan. Then she looked up at her giant audience, her smiling tiny face and little lithe body covered in sweat from her exertions. “My Masters! I thank you for your kind indulgence! I hope that my unworthy efforts may have brought you some small amusement!”

Khun Annand looked up expectantly at the Sultan, who stifled a yawn. “Yes, yes. It is all the same. Your girls are well trained, Annand, but they are so... predictable! I do not come here for everyday items, Annand. Show me something that will be out of the ordinary. Surprise me, delight me, my good friend!”

Khun Annand snapped his fingers to signal Visit to take away the tiny nude girl. Then he leaned on the counter and theatrically furrowed his brow. “So, you want something out of the ordinary? Hmmm... Sultan, I know you are a man of impeccable taste. You like horses, no?” The Sultan nodded. “I think you will appreciate this one. She is exquisite,

but... she is not a domesticated animal. She is not a packhorse, but like a wild stallion! A free spirit! But one which I can train for you, bend to your will!”

“Show me this creature, Annand! You have my undivided attention!”

Khun Annand snapped his fingers again, as Visit rushed back. He whispered into the boy’s ear. Visit nodded, then sped off, returning in a few seconds with a small velvet covered box less than a foot tall. He placed it on the counter between Khun Annand and the Sultan.

Khun Annand leaned over the box and slowly opened the lid. He gestured to the Sultan to take a look inside. The Sultan leaned over, then raised his eyebrows in an expression of shock and delight. “Annand! It is exquisite! You are truly a genius! Please - let me see more!”

Khun Annand slowly leaned the box over until it was lying on its side on the counter. Then he lowered his huge face close to the opening and called out, “Come, come my little one! Your Masters await you!”

Terri was still recovering from a drug induced slumber. She heard Khun Annand’s giant Voice as if in a dream, and lethargically crawled out of the box and on to the counter, the cold glass shocking her naked flesh and giving her goose bumps. Her tiny nude body with its light skin seemed to glow in the soft light of the jewelry store, her lovely blonde hair glistening in the dim room. She squinted up at the huge giants, and fought to bring herself back to full consciousness.

“You see?” Smiled Khun Annand, his Face inches from the tiny girl and almost at the level of the counter. “It is as I told you! She is truly lovely - one of a kind!”

Terri’s mind was reeling. The last few days had been a blurry nightmare of drug induced visions, physical humiliations, and sexual depravities. The one constant recurring image for her had been the huge Face of Khun Annand, glowering over her and taunting her mercilessly.

As the tiny nude crawled across the counter, her eyes focused on the scene below the glass. There, lined up in the dim light, she saw Nonny and the other naked Thai girls strapped to the display case, waiting to be bought by the customers. Looking up at the two giants, she suddenly realized that she was in a common jewelry store, with she and the Thai girls being offered for sale as mere pleasure objects!

The horror of her realization jolted Terri to consciousness. She stood and looked up at her captors, her tiny face full of the anger rising within her. “You bastards! You... you fiends! How dare you treat human beings like this! How dare you treat women like objects to be bought and sold! You devils!” Consumed with anger, Terri rushed to the edge of the counter and pounded her tiny fists against Khun Annand’s leg, screaming and swearing at

the top of her small voice.

Khun Annand smiled at the Sultan. “You see, my friend? She has the spirit of a wild mustang!” He lowered his huge Face to the level of the counter, grinning at the tiny frenzied nude. “Yes, taming this little one has been a delightful challenge!”

“But we have many ways of bending such a creature to our will. Observe!” Khun Annand picked up a bottle and poured a small amount of liquid into a cotton ball, then bent down to pick up the tiny captive.

Terri shrank back in fear. “N-no! Please! D-don’t!” As Khun Annand’s huge Hand approached, she turned and scampered down the counter.

Khun Annand chuckled as he scooped up the tiny figure, then nestled her in the palm of his Hand. Terri’s tiny body squirmed frantically, helpless to resist as he held the cotton ball over her face. As the seconds passed, her struggles became weaker and weaker. Finally, Khun Annand placed the tiny motionless figure back on the counter top.

Terri struggled lethargically to her knees, completely dazed. As the drugs took effect, she began breathing deeply, her miniature breasts heaving. Her skin tingled all over, hot flashes coursing through her tiny body. Then after a few seconds she began panting, sweat breaking out, her face feverish. She was feeling an erotic charge, more powerful by far than anything she had ever before encountered! Her little naked body tingled all over, becoming consumed with an overwhelming lust!

Khun Annand stood and placed his pants front against the counter, and began rubbing his huge Member, which began bulging against his pants leg. Then, winking at the Sultan, he called out to the tiny nude. “Here, little one! This is what you seek! Come to your Master! Come, my little slave!”

As if in a dream, Terri rose to her feet, helpless to resist the erotic attraction of Khun Annand’s giant cock. She staggered forward, finally falling against his pants front and grasping onto the warm bulge of his huge Member with both arms. She held on fast, barely keeping her balance, and began kissing the fabric covering his huge penis as the powerful waves of carnal emotion washed over her.

Khun Annand looked down with amusement at the tiny figure grasping his pants leg, then with a flick of his Hand, he batted the tiny body away. Terri fell backwards, landing in a heap on the counter top.

“Insect!” Boomed Khun Annand. “How dare you approach your Master in such an insolent manner! Have you so soon forgotten the lessons that your Master has so generously given you?”

Using all her strength, Terri fought to contain her overpowering erotic desire. She slowly

rose to a kneeling position and bowed to Khun Annand, touching her tiny head to the counter, then said in a droning voice, “My.... Master! Your... slave... wishes... to approach! Please... allow this... insignificant... creature... to touch.... Master!”

Khun Annand chuckled, then tapped the bulge on his pants leg. “Good! Very good, my little one! You are learning! Slowly, but learning!”

Terri slowly stood and, overcome by passion, rushed in a daze towards Khun Annand, almost losing her balance as she finally fell against his pants leg. Then, slowly, she reached up and took his zipper in both hands. Gradually, hanging her body weight and using all of her strength, she pulled down the zipper and opened the huge fly. Then she reached inside and pulled on his huge underwear, again having to use the full weight of her tiny body to bring it open.

Khun Annand’s huge Member fell out of his pants and onto the counter. Terri gasped, her tiny body overcome with lust and in awe of the giant Penis before her. It was as long as she was tall, incomprehensibly huge and more erotically powerful than anything she had ever imagined!

Terri approached and was about to touch the giant Cock, then suddenly remembered herself and shrank back in mute fear. She stopped and, cowering, looked straight up at the stern visage of Khun Annand, who was looking straight down at her. Helplessly obedient, Terri dropped to her knees. “Master! Please allow this... unworthy... little one... to have the great honor... to touch your magnificent manhood!”

Khun Annand smiled and raised an eyebrow at the Sultan. Then he curled his finger, signaling Terri to advance. Terri rose and moved towards the giant Penis, first swinging her little leg over it and straddling it like a rider on a horse, then lowering her tiny stomach and breasts hard against it, finally wrapping her entire tiny body around his Member, her tiny arms and legs circling the giant cock. She started kissing his flesh, and began working feverishly, sliding her tiny body up and down the length of his member, her minute back and buttock muscles rippling with the effort.

As Terri worked, her tiny body undulating frenetically, the huge Member started to grow beneath her, steadily becoming bigger and harder. As it grew, the growing Cock lifted off of the counter, carrying its tiny passenger with it. Desperate to hang on to the giant Penis, Terri adjusted her arms and legs, stretching them to their limit and straining to circle the growing hot Member underneath her. After a minute of intense effort, the giant Cock dwarfed her, and the realization of its growing size spurred her to new heights, causing her to fall into a paroxysm of erotic frenzy. Her tiny body undulated wildly, wrapped tightly around the huge appendage as she panted and screamed with overwhelming desire.

As she was about to bring the huge Member to a climax, Terri jumped off the Cock and raced around to the front of Khun Annand’s Penis, getting down on her knees and kissing

and nibbling the sensitive tip. Khun Annand reached down and finished the process, bringing himself off and causing a huge spurt of semen to strike Terri full in the face. As the thick liquid gushed over her again and again, soaking her tiny head and coursing down her naked body, she began licking his Penis and gulping the semen, while hanging onto the huge hot Member with both arms.

Khun Annand shook his Cock, hitting Terri's tiny head and causing the minute doll woman to fall backwards onto the counter. She lay there on her back, first gasping for breath, and then began slowly rising to her knees. Completely obsessed with her erotic mission, she started crawling back across the counter, semen dripping from her tiny soaked body, towards the giant Penis. As she advanced on her hands and knees, she craned her tiny head upwards towards Khun Annand and began to plead in a faint breathless voice. "Please... more... please... Master..."

With a final shake of his Cock Khun Annand again struck the tiny figure, and Terri collapsed in a tiny heap on the counter. As she lay panting, she started rubbing her semen covered hands over her breasts and down her tiny body, across her flat stomach and lithe legs. Still utterly possessed by the powerful aphrodisiac, she lay in the pool of semen, writhing in an erotic rapture. She began to masturbate, her tiny groin thrusting upwards as her fingers explored her vagina, her squeaks of pleasure coming faster and faster until, her miniature body arching in a final shudder, she collapsed and lay moaning on the counter, a tiny nude figure in a small pool of sperm.

Smiling down at the spent figure, Khun Annand zipped his fly and smiled at the Sultan. "You see my friend, it is hard work to train these little ones!" He winked at the Sultan, "Yes, very hard work, but someone must do it!" Then with a nod to his assistant. "Visit, clean up this little mess while the Sultan and I go out for a well deserved drink!"

The shop bell rang as the two friends strode arm in arm out the door and into the midday sun.

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The Slave Trade
By Dreamtales

Part Four

The shop bell rang as a young Thai couple entered, a pretty young woman together with a thin, sullen looking young man with a crew cut.

"We looking for a ring. We going to be married." the young woman smiled shyly, as Visit stood passively behind the counter. He could see from their dress and demeanor that they were not well to do, and had already decided not to waste much time on them.

“We heard that this shop has the best jewels. Maybe you can help us select one? It very important to us.” She paused a moment, an earnest look on her face. “We hear the owner, Khun Annand, has a very good eye for diamonds. Maybe we can talk to him?”

“Khun Annand is a busy man. His time is important.” Visit gestured to the display cases. “We have what you see here. There is no need to bother him.”

“Please. We have money.” She took a big wad of Baht out and placed it on the counter before Visit. “Our friends tell us that Khun Annand is the best one to talk to.” She stood before Visit with an imploring look on her face. “Please.”

Visit frowned at the pile of money. “Just a minute. I’ll see if he is available.”

In a moment Khun Annand walked brusquely through the back door. He looked at the young couple, his face clearly showing his impatience. “Yes. Now what do you want? I don’t have all day.”

The young man glanced at his companion, who nodded, almost imperceptibly.

In a flash the young man bounded the counter and, in one swift motion, grabbed Khun Annand by the throat, slamming him back against the wall and knocking him breathless. Visit stepped forward, “Now see here! What do you think...”

The movement was almost too quick to see. The thin young man whipped around and kicked Visit in the stomach, then struck his jaw with his right fist, immediately following through with his right elbow. The shop assistant was caught completely unaware and instantly crumpled to the floor, unconscious!

The young man quickly kneeled and checked Visit’s pulse, satisfying himself that the inert figure was still breathing, then spun back to Khun Annand, once again grabbing him and slamming him against the wall. He brought his intent gaze to within an inch of Khun Annand’s frightened face, then shouted, “You worthless FUCK! My sister! Where is she? Tell me now!” Khun Annand was transfixed by the expression on the young man’s face - his eyes were utterly fierce, deadly serious, unlike anything he had before seen! The young man had changed his grip, his hand now circling the slave trader’s neck. The faint cracking noise Khun Annand heard was the sound of his own windpipe being crushed as the young man slowly tightened his grip!

“Sakrapan! Do not kill him - yet!” Shouted the young woman. “Annand you may not know my friend. He is Muay Thai - a champion kick boxer! He could snap your neck in a moment!” She leaned across the counter, her fierce eyes flashing intently at Khun Annand’s now red face and bulging eyes. “He is also Nonny’s brother. I am Marilyn, her friend!”

“Now, Sakrapan, release Khun Annand so he can tell us what he has done with her!”

Sakrapan relaxed his grip and, in a blur of motion, brought his knee up into Khun Annand's groin. As Khun Annand gasped and fell forward, Sakrapan caught his arm in an elbow lock. Using the arm as a lever, he slammed the shopkeeper's head into the counter, cracking the glass.

Marilyn lowered her head to speak to Khun Annand. There was a trickle of blood running out of his mouth and onto the cracked glass top of the counter. She grabbed his hair, lifting his bloody face off of the counter and shouted fiercely. "Now you pig! Tell us where she is! Now!"

The frightened slave trader cried out in anguish and fear. "Please! Please do not hurt me! I will tell you, but have mercy!" Sakrapan leaned into the arm lock, eliciting a cry of pain from Khun Annand. "All right! She is in the back! Just let me go!"

In a quick, lithe movement, Sakrapan twisted his hips and snapped Khun Annand's arm. The slave trader screamed and for an instant stood before Sakrapan, his left arm hanging limply at his side, a shocked, uncomprehending expression on his face. Sakrapan spat in his face, then, quickly placing his hands on his shoulders, spun him around and kicked him from behind, propelling Khun Annand through the back door of the shop. The shopkeeper landed in a heap on the floor of the back room, then struggled to a kneeling position just in time to be caught full in the side of the head by a powerful roundhouse kick from Sakrapan. Khun Annand collapsed, a whimpering bloody mass, while Sakrapan stood over him, his arms and legs ready to lash out, alert and waiting for any movement.

Marilyn entered the room, and looked cautiously round, finally standing in stark astonishment in front of the display case full of shrunken women. There, strapped to a tiny display backing, was her friend Nonny! Her tiny nude figure was lined up in the case with almost a dozen other girls! In a daze she looked down at the tiny women, her mouth wide open in mute shock!

As if in a dream, Marilyn took the girls out and onto the counter, freeing them from their straps. As they rose to their feet and gathered together, Nonny cried out in a little voice. "Marilyn! The American woman! You must find her! She is back there - in the box!"

Marilyn felt she was sleepwalking, so amazed was she at what she had found. She took the little box down from the shelf and placed it on the counter, slowly lowering it so the tiny blonde nude could crawl out. Marilyn's eyes filled with tears as she saw Terri's once proud figure, now a tiny helpless doll-like figure, crawl out of her miniature prison and onto the glass counter!

Marilyn fought back her sobs as she beheld the confused, helpless little figure. "Terri! Oh, Terri we are here now! Don't worry - we will help you!"

Terri stopped and went into a kneeling position on the counter. Looking up in confusion,

she cried in a little plaintive voice. “Master? Where is... my Master? Your.... little slave... is ready to be... your... pleasure object!”

Meanwhile, Sakrapan, leaning over Khun Annand, called out “Marilyn! What should we do with this stinking piece of filth?”

Marilyn’s face darkened as she rose from the counter and turned to look down at Khun Annand, bloodied and cowering on the floor. In a droning voice she said, “The... ducks...”

“What?” asked Sakrapan, uncomprehending.

“The ducks ... we must... feed the ducks!”

Khun Annand screamed in horror. Ten minutes later, his agonized screams could still be heard as Marilyn and Sakrapan left the shop with their tiny precious cargo.

The two young women laughed as they splashed through the surf, their nubile naked bodies glistening in the bright sunshine. Squealing and giggling, the pair gamboled through the waves, the breakers first crashing in ivory foam, then sweeping in bright turquoise sheets over the pristine white sands. The powerful waves smacked into their legs and kicked up a spray of water, creating a miniature rainbow against the cloudless blue sky.

Terri squeezed Nonny’s hand and smiled up at the brown beauty towering over her. It had been almost three weeks since their rescue, and Nonny’s recovery had progressed much faster than her blonde companion’s. Terri now barely came up to Nonny’s shoulders, only about 10 inches tall while Nonny was well over a foot. Nonny had been teasing Terri about her lack of growth, although Terri knew it was only a temporary phenomenon. The doctor in Bangkok had advised that because she had been shrunk more recently she would probably be the slowest to grow back.

The last few weeks had been a revelation for Terri. On doctor's orders to rest and enjoy herself and put her nighmarish ordeal behind her, she was able to spend all day just having fun. For the first time in her life she was not worrying about studying hard or working long hours to achieve her goals. Exploring her new world in her shrunken state, it was like she was suddenly transported to a marvelous new world that had always been there, but that she was previously too blind to see.

“Look! It’s so beautiful!” cried Terri, as she let go of Nonny’s hand and scampered through the shallow water towards a huge bright object. “Oh! I’ve never seen anything so lovely!”

The giant seashell was covered in bright reds and streaks of pink and blue, and was almost waist high to tiny Terri. She knelt before the magical object and started tugging at it, working her tiny muscles in an effort to dislodge her huge discovery from the sand.

“Move it, shrimp!” giggled Nonny, as she ran over and pushed the little blonde out of the way, then bent over from the waist, wrapping her much larger arms around the half buried shell.

Terri’s little body was flung several inches as she landed on her naked butt, then rolled to a sitting position. “Hey! What’s the big idea you bully!”

Nonny, still bent over at the waist, turned her head and stuck out her tongue at Terri. “Nyahhh! What you gonna do about it, shorty?”

Terri rose to her feet and tiptoed towards Nonny, whose beautiful bare rear was sticking right up towards the sky and was much too good a target to ignore! The little blonde rushed over and smacked the big lovely tushie with her open hand, then squealed and took off running!

Terri had a good head start but Nonny’s legs were much longer. Splashing through the surf, the raven haired copper skinned beauty soon honed in on her little blonde target, then launched into a faultless tackle, bringing both of the little naked women crashing down into the salt water. They rolled over and over together, wrestling and giggling, their faces alternately doused in the water, or blinded by the bright blue sky.

Suddenly a huge shadow loomed over the tiny pair, cutting off the sun and bringing an abrupt halt to the little roughhousing. The two tiny women rolled apart and looked up in awe at an enormous figure towering above them. The Giant seemed to block the sky as it glared down in anger at the miniature girls, its hands on its hips and an angry scowl on its face! In a deafening Voice the Giant boomed, “There you are! What you two think you doing?”

It was Marilyn! And she was pissed!

“How many time I tell you!” scolded the huge woman. “You don’t go to beach by yourself! You never listen to Marilyn!” She was clad in the briefest of string bikinis, and her huge beautiful sexy body had turned a golden hue over the past few weeks at the beach. The two miniature girls craned their tiny heads to look up at the giant women, the tops of their heads well below her shapely knees. “It so dangerous! You two so little! A big wave could wash you away! What if someone come by and just pick you two up! They could take you anywhere! Maybe I never see you again!”

The two tiny girls sat kneeling before the angry giant, listening to her harangue with a serious look on their faces. Abruptly, they both stuck out their tongues at Marilyn and ran away giggling and laughing, their lithe little naked bodies jumping through the shallows.

There was no way they could escape. Marilyn walked over and easily scooped up the two little figures, one in each hand. She carried the two tiny squirming nudes back up the beach and set them both down on a large woven straw mat. The sun was filtering through the palm trees overhead, creating patches of light and dark on the white sand beach.

Marilyn sighed, then began scolding the two little nude girls. “You two such trouble! Here Marilyn rescue you, then try to help you, invite you to stay at Marilyn’s beach house until you grow back. But what I get in return? Do you thank Marilyn? Do you listen to your friend? No! You run off and make trouble - do dangerous thing! Every day you cause Marilyn trouble!”

Marilyn leaned over and glared at the tiny women on the straw mat. “Now you stay right here! You don’t move off this blanket!”

The two tiny girls waited for the giant’s tirade to end, then Nonny spoke up. “But we don’t like it up here on the beach - it’s no fun here! We so far from the ocean! It’s so hot!”

Terri chimed in, “Yeah, Marilyn! And what about these giant mosquitoes? They’re all over the place! And there’s monkeys up in those trees! What if one climbed down and grabbed us, huh? They could carry us away! What’s so great about this place? It’s dangerous here, too!”

Marilyn ignored the tiny pair as she lay face down on the grass mat next to them and untied her bikini top, letting the straps fall to either side and revealing the sides of her lovely breasts, the flash of white skin making a sharp contrast to her deep tan.

“Yeah!” squeaked Nonny. “You just like ordering us around. You just like slave driver! I think you rescue us just to have your own little slaves! Maybe we better off with Khun Annand!”

The two tiny girls suddenly looked at each other, grinned and then dropped to their knees and bowed to the giant woman lying down on the mat next to them.

“Oh, Master!” they giggled. “Your tiny slaves are here to fulfill your slightest wish! Please Master, let these insignificant creatures pleasure you!” Then the two little nude women fell backwards, rolling on their little bare bottoms and almost splitting their sides as they were overcome with fits of laughter.

Marilyn rolled over on her side, facing away from Terri and Nonny. Looking back over her shoulder, she said. “You two stop squeaking! You so noisy! Why you not just shut up and stay on blanket? Stop bothering me you little pests!”

Marilyn was much too big for the tiny women to have much chance of retribution. Terri ran over and tried kicking Marilyn’s big sexy rear, but her tiny foot just bounced off

ineffectually. Marilyn giggled and smiled over her shoulder at the tiny blonde, “Watch it little doll girl! Maybe I think you are big mosquito and squish you by mistake!”

Terri held a finger up to her mouth to warn Nonny to silence, then motioned her to follow. The two miniature women scampered over to a palm tree, where the rest of Marilyn’s iced drink was sitting. Working together, the tiny maidens leaned the glass over and extracted an ice cube. Terri whispered to Nonny, who ran over to the sleeping giantess and pulled on her giant bikini bottom. The two little figures giggled as Terri dropped the big hunk of ice down into the suit bottom and watched it nestle between the huge cheeks of Marilyn’s lovely rear end!

“Yaaaa!” screamed Marilyn, who leapt up from her nap and began hopping around, her bikini top popping off as she danced about. Desperately tearing off her bathing suit bottom, in a matter of seconds she stood stark naked before the tiny duo, a shocked look on her beautiful face.

Once again the little pair collapsed on the ground in helpless laughter, kicking their little legs and pointing and roaring in delight at their huge dumbfounded quarry.

“That does it! Now you two really gonna get it! I really mad now!” shouted the angry giant Marilyn as she raced after the tiny pair, who jumped to their feet and tried to scramble away. Marilyn’s huge Hands easily caught them, grabbing them by their tiny waists, then picking them high up in the air and holding them upside down as she carried the tiny squirming prisoners over to a nearby chair.

Marilyn sat down and laid the two little practical jokers face down across her bare thigh and began spanking their little naked bottoms, lining up the little lovely matched pairs of ass cheeks and using one huge Hand to swat both of them. Terri and Nonny giggled and kicked their tiny legs helplessly as the angry Giant smacked their tiny unclad rears. Although Marilyn was holding back and only giving them little love pats, it still really stung their miniature naked bottoms. They knew she wasn’t really trying to hurt them - considering their tiny size the punishment could easily have been much worse!

“Marilyn!” it was Sakrapan calling from the bungalow across the beach.

“What is it?” cried Marilyn, holding the two tiny prisoners face down with one Hand as she looked up.

“We have a package from Bangkok!” He looked worried.

“Ohhh no!” cried Marilyn in dismay, as the tiny swarm of naked women streamed past Sakrapan and ran towards Marilyn, the diminutive girls laughing and giggling as they skipped across the white sands.

“Oooh, Terri!” “Hi Nonny!” “What Marilyn doing to you guys?” “Hey, you two been bad

girls?” laughed the tiny group of shrunken women as they raced across the beach and clustered around Marilyn’s shapely legs.

“Hey guys! Great to see you here!” laughed Terri, as she and Nonny squirmed away from Marilyn’s grip and dropped to the ground, then rushed to embrace each girl one by one.

“Ayaaaa!” screamed Marilyn, looking down in dismay as the little crowd of tiny women squealed and hopped around her excitedly. “I give up! You little guys win!”

Terri was overwhelmed by the crush of miniature women, her tiny smiling face almost lost in the throng. “Oh, boy!” she beamed, “Now we’re really gonna have some fun!”

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