

# Gulliver Retold

## Prologue: The Departure



Images and text by Pandoza  
Based on the novel Gulliver's Travels by Johnathan Swift



8th of April, 1726.

The dawn crept between the buildings of Plymouth as the morning crowds began to fill the quiet streets as they made their way towards the docks. The first cries of the market sellers and the chattering of the maids seemed to push back the chill of the night as the sun warmed the cobbles. Amid the sleepy briskness of the morning shoppers, one small figure flashed across the square, her shoes tapping out a frantic patter as she raced through the lifting shadows.



Sprinting out into the weak morning sun Maria belted through the streets and crossed the bridge. She was fleeing from her grotty bunk, fleeing from her hangover, and fleeing from her old life on the farm, and racing towards a bright future on the open seas. But she was late, and the Righteous would be casting off whether she was on her or not.



Reaching the dock, Maria caught sight of her, towering above the buildings of the city, sails already unfurled. Her scale made Maria's heart skip and she almost missed her footing as she charged through the crowds as she reached the dock. Maria had never seen anything so impressive in her whole life, the yards of cloth of her sails would have covered the village square she was from, and many of the farms around besides. The masts reached far up into the sky, taller than the tallest trees she'd ever seen. The Righteous. Ship of the line.



To Maria's bewilderment the whole scene shifted and she was momentarily disorientated. She felt like the world was slipping somehow. Then she realised: The Righteous was casting off. Crying out in anguish Maria sprinted even harder, she couldn't let this ship go.

"Excuse me!" A maid with a basket.

"Coming Through!" A soldier buying an apple.

"Pardon my leave ma'am!" A woman haggling with a store holder.

And with a final shove through a pair of soldiers, "Get out of my way you idiots!"



Seamen hurried around the deck of the ship, attending to their well practiced duties.

“Ready sail!”

“Aye sir! Ready sail!”

“Smoothly does it Mr Wilson, we’ve got a long way to go and we don’t want to get snagged in the harbour.”

If someone on deck had looked over to the docks one last time they may have seen a small figure running at full pace towards them, screaming at the top of her lungs.



The Righteous was now clear from the dock and the space between them was widening. An abyss of open air was growing by the second. Maria took one last deep breath and leapt out into the void.

For a moment she seemed to be in free fall, the hull of the ship streaking past her as she stretched out. Time slowed as she sailed across the gap. She felt the space and air beneath her, and the salt water lapping below.

With a thud she slammed into the hull, and wooden ladder fixed to the side. Startled she grasped the rungs and held on for a moment. She had made it! Maria took one last look back at the dock and waved it goodbye. She took a deep breath to steady herself then climbed the ladder and pulled herself up to the Gunwale.



Still breathing hard, Maria reached the top of the ladder and almost lost her footing in surprise. A man stood looking at. He was still and calm, with a body like the side of a mountain and skin burnished by long days in the hot sun. When he spoke his accent whispered of far off places that Maria had never even imagined.

“What do we have here then?”

“Maria Gulliver reporting for duty sir, enlisted as deckhand.”

“Well well Gulliver, you do cut it fine. I had given up on you. Hurry aboard now.”

Maria scrambled over the side and stood on the deck, bringing herself as much to attention as she could, shaking with adrenaline and exertion.

“I am Mr Arden, the bo’sun. You had better follow me.”





The boatswain walked swiftly with sure feet along the length of the ship to just below the quarterdeck where the captain stood. He was tall and lean, reminding Maria of a stag at the end of the rut when that huge body has almost been wasted away by exertion and hunger. Although he looked fairly young he had the same calm but stern air as Mr Arden.

“Mr Arden, pray tell me why you are not at your duties.” He said without looking down at them.

“Cap’n, sir, we have a late arrival. Seaman Gulliver here has made it by the skin of her teeth.”

“I see Mr Arden. If punctuality is not her speciality then I assume that you will discover if work rate is. Assign her for now and we will reassess by the Azores.”

“Aye sir.”

“Allow her to stow her possessions and then have her report to Mr Rush for her duties.” Maria began to turn away. “Oh and Mr Arden. She is to have double duties and half rum ration for the week.”

“Aye sir.”



“Looks like you’re my problem now.” the boatswain said grimly. Maria looked at his face and felt that somewhere behind the letterbox of a mouth there might be a grin brewing. She could barely contain her delight.

The Righteous sailed out of harbour and into the bright morning and the open ocean. Maria stowed her pack below deck and was set to work immediately. This was to be the start of a new life. Maria Gulliver was going to see the world.



Maria was used to hard work. In her old life she had been made busy minding the plough, fetching water, and milking cows. Now her duties on board now consisted mostly of scrubbing the decks and long hours of lookout. There was always something to be cleaned, ropes to mend, or rigging to be climbed. Mr Arden was diligent and exacting but scrupulously fair. The captain remained aloof, never speaking to Maria any more directly than on their first meeting. The weather was fair but the winds were light. The Righteous made slow progress south east as it passed the Bay of Biscay looking for the western trade winds off the coast of Portugal, and life slipped into an exhausting but monotonous routine.



The Conways first appeared from their cabin almost a week after the Righteous set sail from Plymouth. Maria caught a fleeting glance of them on the forecabin one afternoon. They stood out from the ship's crew immediately, Lieutenant Conway in his crisp red army uniform and Mrs Conway in a simple but fine woollen dress in a rural style.

"Passengers on the way to the Americas I hear." Maria overheard.

"Travelling to meet his battalion with wife accompanying."

"'Tis a strange thing."

As the days and weeks wore on the Conways were seen more and more above deck, taking the air in the mornings and early afternoons. Maria was constantly distracted by them. She could not help but stare and flush whenever they walked past her. She found them both magnetic. She had never seen anyone she found as captivating. She could not help but stare at Lieutenant Conway's bulge, and Mrs Conway's bosoms, that strained at her corset. They both looked so athletic and trim... and tall. Angels from heaven Maria thought. She found herself staring into Mrs Conway's eyes too often, looking for a sign of acknowledgement, of reciprocation, even of approval. Her gaze was never returned.



The settled weather was drawing to a close. The ship had spent the last two days on a glassy sea. The unseasonable calm brought mutterings from the crew and the captain was seen seldom above deck. When he was he fidgeted with a locket that he kept in his pocket. On the afternoon of the 28th April while a hot sun beat down on the ship, a mass of dark clouds began to form to the south west, the still air turning to a chill breeze in minutes. A storm was about to hit them and there would be no outrunning it.



Maria was not there to see the growing threat of the storm. Below decks she had at last found herself a secluded spot between crates where she would not be seen. There were few moments where she could get time to herself, to scratch the itch and release the tension. There were almost always people about and work to do. Now she allowed herself to relax and her mind to drift. In this dark corner of the hold she slipped her hand down her trousers and began to slowly massage her clit. The wooden walls faded away and Maria pictured herself in a new space, where her mind opened up to new possibilities.



Maria stood on the deck of the ship, the Conways stood before her, observing her. She was humbled before them. They were statuesque, looking down on her, little Maria. She had been summoned to them. Nobody else was there, the ship was still and almost silent. No shouts of the crew, no breaking waves, no rolling of the sea, just the occasional creak of ropes and Maria's quivering breaths.



“Well what do we have here my darling?”

“If it isn’t the pretty little deckhand.”

“Oh yes, the girl who works so hard. We’ve seen you working hard you know.”

“Yes, we’ve seen your tight body working very hard, scrubbing those decks.”

“It is a very tight body, I should like to see what you look like under that shirt deckhand. Have you been working hard?”

Maria gulped, her head bowed. “I have been working very hard m’am.”

“Do you think you deserve a reward?”

“Yes m’am. If you’ll permit.”

“I think we may permit you a reward... If you permit us to use you...” Mrs Conway’s voice hung in the air.

“M’am.” Maria replied in a choked gasp.





The couple drew closer, Lieutenant Conway sliding around behind Maria while Mrs Conway pressed towards her from the front. They seemed to grow larger and larger as they approached. Or was Maria shrinking? Now they loomed over her and Maria could feel the bulk of their bodies. Now Mrs Conway slipped strong fingers under her chin and lifted her face upwards. She looked with amazement, up the body of the enormous woman, over the mountainous swelling of her breasts barely contained by her bodice, and into those hungry eyes.



Maria felt the lieutenant's body push up behind hers, the bulge of his erection filling his gusset and nestling between her shoulder blades. Mrs Conway's hand still cradled Maria's chin with her eye level being somewhere around that heaving bosom. Now she was shrinking faster, but her eyes stayed at the same level. As she held onto Mrs Conway's hand she seemed to rise near weightless, her feet leaving the deck and her body diminishing until the fingers were like the branches of a tree that she dangled from. The chasm of Mrs Conway's cleavage was dark and enticing, and she could easily slip down between those breasts as if they were a narrow dockside alley. Maria reached out and grasped the hem of Mrs Conway's woollen bodice with her tiny fingers. The fabric felt as rough as dry grass at her tiny scale.



Still she kept shrinking, until the fingers were like trees, and then she fell. Was she dropped or did she let go? It was hard to say, but now she was falling down into the darkness that now felt more like a valley than an alley. Hitting the warm skin of Mrs Conway's boob, Maria bounced, then tumbled, scrambling for control, for purchase, finally she turned onto her front and slid down the ever steepening slope. She slid deeper and deeper, until soft skin and warm flesh surrounded her and the light receded above her and it was totally dark.



Maria opened her eyes and the darkness was replaced by a soft, bright light from above her. She sat, thighs spread wide, riding on the top of a mound. The mound radiated a delightful warmth. The surface was firm and tough with a rough network of groves, bobbles, bumps and creases. It was soft to the touch but turgid. It was a nipple, enlarged to a titanic scale. She gripped it with her thighs and ground her hips. Instantly a pleasurable sensation pulsed upwards from her clitoris and through her body. She realised she was naked and she flushed. But was it shame or pleasure? The nipple began to stiffen. She could feel the ridges and folds pucker and tighten below her. And she continued to grind, faster and wetter, smearing herself against it.



In the darkness ahead of her Maria began to perceive a shape. It wasn't moving out of the darkness, instead a light was revealing it. The shape began to coalesce into a face; monumental, as if carved from a mountainside, but made of flesh. It was smiling at her. It was Mrs Conway. She was riding Mrs Conway's nipple. Maria felt encouraged. Mrs Conway was pleased. She was pleasing Mrs Conway. She was pleasuring Mrs Conway. Maria ground her hips against the titanic nipple harder, she picked up her rhythm and threw her whole body into the sinuous motion. As she leaned forwards she used her bodyweight to push with her arms and hands, grasping and massaging. Maria came.



With blurry vision, Maria looked up into Mrs Conway's face. Looking for approval, instead she saw those eyes glance over her to the space behind. Maria kept grinding slowly, feeling the first climax ebb but the next wave begin to rise. She turned to follow the giantess's gaze.

Out of the dark loomed a new shape. It came out of the darkness like a ship through the fog, gradually revealing itself. The shape hung in the air, defying gravity with its bulk, silently advancing. It was an enormous penis. It was fully erect, thick, and almost bobbed as it throbbed, engorged. It was moving towards the nipple, moving towards Maria.

Now it was close enough that she could see that there was a body attached to the great erection, and that gigantic pendulous testicles swung below it that could crush the cottage she grew up in. Lieutenant Conway's cock was coming towards them, and he was aroused.



Maria kept grinding. This was unbelievable. She came hard. A shiver rocked through her body and her legs shook as she gripped the nipple tightly with her thighs. But she wasn't done and neither were the Conways.

As the titanic cock came ever closer and filled her field of vision, Maria could tell it would collide with her. She flipped over onto her back just as the cock's head gently impacted. It pushed ever so slightly further, leaning in, pinning her body against the nipple, and then seemed to stop. She could feel the blood pumping through it, she could feel the nipple getting harder at her back and under her feet. She could see a pool of pre-cum forming at the lieutenant's tip.



Reaching out her arms Maria embraced the wall of flesh before her, her hands felt the thrumming power of the mighty organ. She knew that this was for her. It was so overpowering. She was pushed onto her back and pinned but it felt like an embrace. Maria closed her eyes, opened her mouth wide, and tenderly licked the wall of cock before her. She kissed it, more passionately this time. She tongued it and wiped her whole face against it.





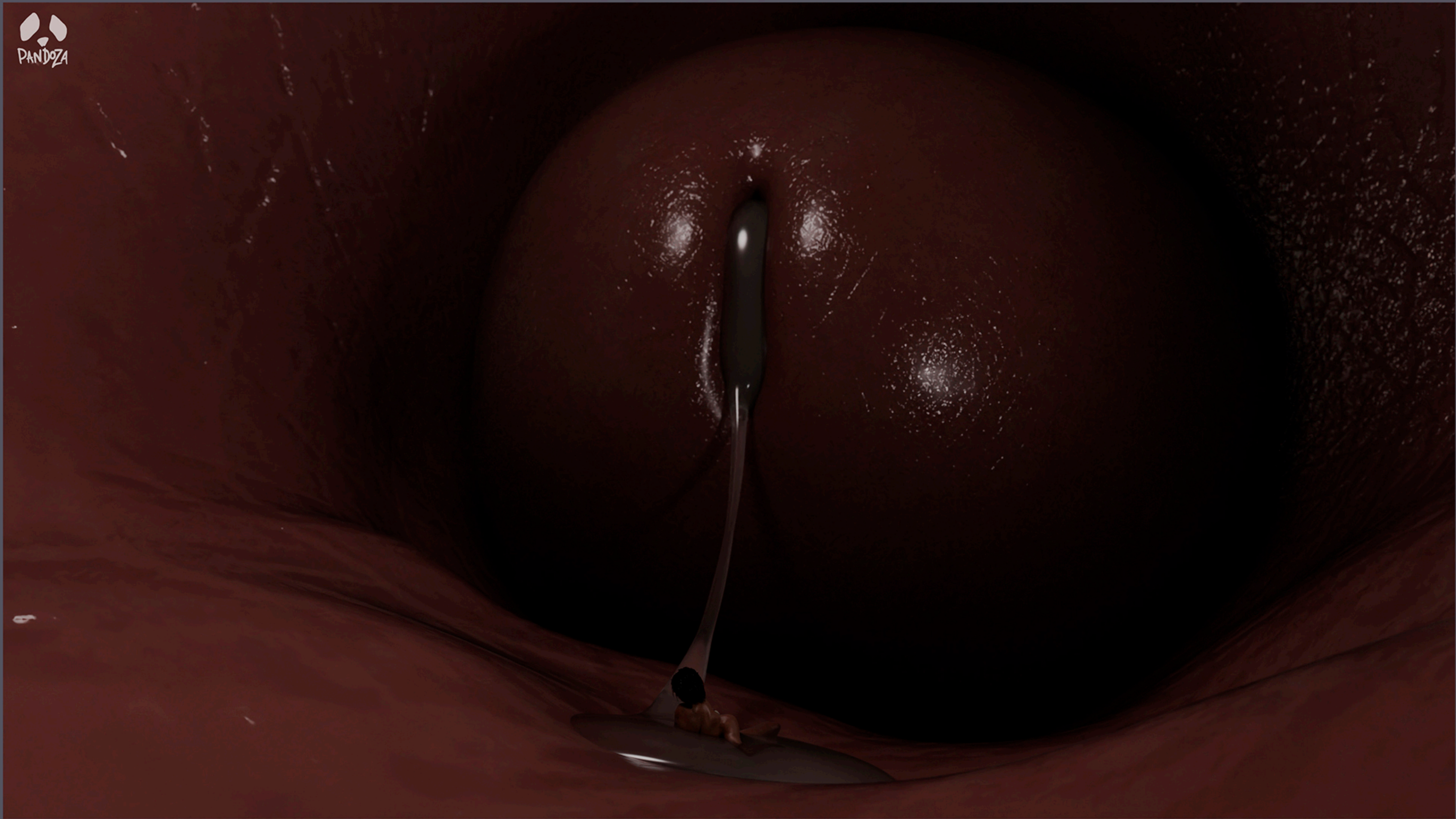
Everything was bigger, far bigger than it had just been. In the dark space she didn't know if they had grown or she had shrunk but it made little difference. She was even more insignificant compared to their gigantic bodies. And now Maria seemed to be flying. Instead of riding on the nipple she was now riding on the cock. It was as if she was riding a dragon. She held on for dear life as she saw where they were headed, towards the slick and glistening pussy of Mrs Conway. Her vulva was thick, and its lips reached out towards them, ready to envelop her.



And now the monstrous cock was pushing those labial lips apart and entering. Maria could never have done it on her own, it would have been like pulling down a castle wall single handed. But she sat on the cock, delighted and amazed as a gap opened that she could slip through. She lay down as the curtains pulled aside. Mrs Conway was already wet, Maria could smell her all around. And what was this? The Righteous was stuck in the folds of her labia. It was so tiny that it looked like a scale model, even to Maria, but there were the crew running about on it. Maria laughed.

“Make ready now shipmates, you are coming with me!”

She grasped the ship, pulling it close to her as they were all pushed into the warm, wet darkness of Mrs Conway’s cunt.



Now they were inside. It seemed a cavernous space. A tunnel so mighty that not even the greatest engineers could excavate something of this scale. Maria could feel Mrs Conway's blood pumping through her body, feel her moans through the walls, and she could see the vast head of Lieutenant Conway's cock in front of her.

The air itself was sucked in and out of her lungs as the head pumped in and out. One moment she was in a great hall, the next the far wall was almost falling on top over her. In and out it went, in and out, thrusting ever further, ever harder. The pre-cum was now dribbling out of it, and Maria lay in a puddle of its juices, staring up.



Maria was not idle. The Righteous had shrunk further and she now held it in one hand. Maria thought about all those men onboard, thrown about as if in a storm on a wild sea, themselves almost as tiny to her as she was the giants. She was a giant to them. She forced the keel of the ship against her clit, smearing the whole thing against her pussy. Up and down, she wanted to push the whole thing inside her, with all of the crew. She felt the hull crack as she thrust and she couldn't hold it in any longer.



Maria came, she came as hard as she ever had done, and she felt the walls around her shudder and constrict as Mrs Conway came, and just a beat later, the monstrous dragon in front of her came too, spilling gallon after gallon of hot, thick spunk all over her, like a waterfall had opened from a cliff above her head and was washing her away. The world rocked and she began tumbling away. Maria began to cry out...



... and snapped back to the real world as it tumbled and pitched, crates falling around her. She held up her arms and fell to the ground.



“What the devil do you think you’re doing Gulliver!”

Maria was dazed and a little giddy, Mr Arden was in front of her, bellowing.

“Sir, I...”  
“Get up you laggard!” He shouted. “It’s no squall we’re in, its a full blown storm that’ll rip this ship to shreds if we don’t get the sails down. Get topside now and help cut those sails loose or there won’t be a deck for you to hide below!”

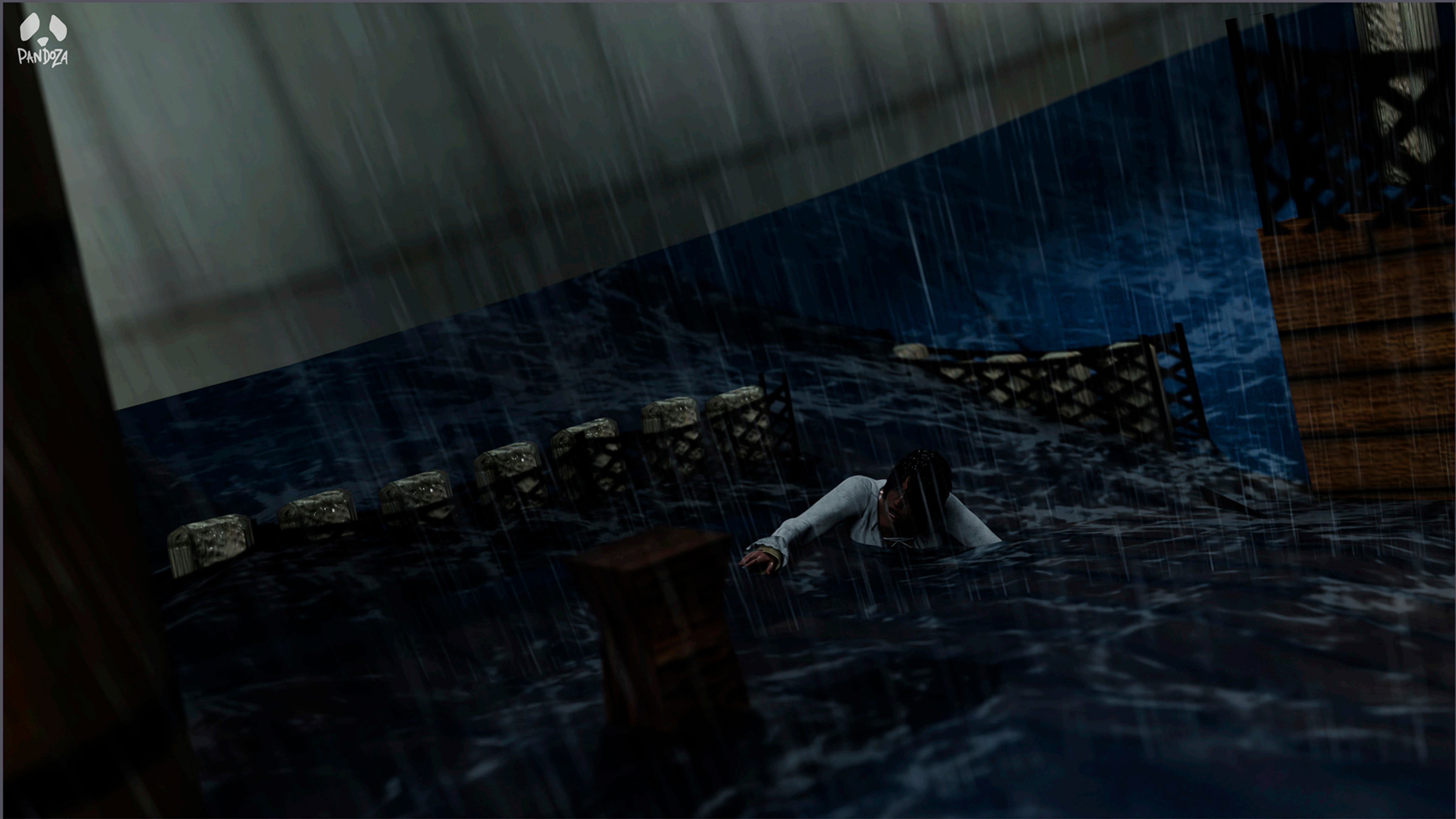


Maria staggered to her feet and was immediately thrown back down. Holding onto ropes and chains she pulled herself up to the hatch and out into the storm. The best orgasm of her life was quickly forgotten as the strength in her legs came back and the brute force of the rain hit her like a torrent of nails. Maria saw shadows of men running around, trying to secure some things and cut others loose. But she did not know what she was supposed to do. The ship rode up a huge wave, going from a valley to the peak of a mountain, where for an instant Maria could see the sea lit by a streak of lightening. There was nothing but dark and writhing water as far as the eye could see.





The next moment the ship was almost in free fall as it slid down a wave into the valley looking up at the peaks. Rearing up on the port side was a truly monstrous swell. Maria could only watch in horror as the ship turned, exposing its flank to the mountain of water growing upwards, ever higher, that was about to crash down on top of them all.



The wave broke over the Righteous, flooding her whole deck. Maria had hold of a rope but the power of the water prized open her grip, and she was swept overboard.



Her body was already numb but the shock when she hit the water almost froze Maria completely. She fought to stay on the surface, trying only to swim up. As her arms thrashed they struck a wooden crate and she held onto it for dear life as the waves tossed her hundreds of feet upwards, only to plummet back down.

Maria cried out for help but salt water filled her mouth, and as she gasped for air it got into her lungs. Coughing and fighting for breath and to stay afloat she could do nothing more than watch as the Righteous, still afloat, was tossed further and further away from her, until she lost sight of it completely in the darkness.



She couldn't tell how long she hung onto that crate for. Hauling her body up onto it as much as she could, Maria drifted in and out of consciousness. Slowly the swell began to lessen, and the rain eased. The storm was passing. She gripped the crate with frozen and shivering hands to the last of her strength.



Maria tasted grit in her mouth.

She flexed her fingers. Sand.

Her body was supported. Dry land.

Her eyes fluttered open briefly before closing again. She was too tired. It was still dark.

She felt the wetness of the waves wash over her legs. A beach.

She was too tired to keep thinking.

Darkness washed over her and she lost consciousness.