

A Small Expedition Part 7: The Eyes Have It

Dr. Lila Patel clung to the tip of the blonde stranger's eyelash, her heart pounding as she peered over the edge at the vast, green expanse below. She had climbing gear attached to the mascara-covered lash. She'd climbed up there at great personal risk to confirm what she feared. The eyelash was thick and sturdy, but it swayed and bounced with each blink and twitch of the woman's eye, making it nearly impossible to maintain her grip. Around her, the other researchers clung to the base of other lashes as thick as redwoods, maybe even thicker.

Dr. Patel shouted down to her colleague, Dr. Rajesh Gupta, who was perched precariously halfway up the base of the lash below her. "Raj, this isn't the eye we were expecting!" she hissed, trying to keep her voice low. "We're supposed to be on a research trip with Connie, not... who is this woman?"

Rajesh looked around nervously, his eyes wide with realization. "You're right, Lila. These are definitely not Connie's brown eyes or her dark lashes. We've been dropped off at the wrong location and our radios don't work!"

The news rippled through the group, a mix of confusion, fear, and outrage. They had trained for months for this expedition, only to be stranded on the wrong eyelid of a blonde stranger with green eyes the size of a swimming pool to them.

Dr. Gutpa, one of the organizers of this expedition, called out to the group in a stern voice. "Listen up, everyone! We need to stick together and find a way to communicate with our base camp. Until then, we stay put and avoid falling into that... that abyss." He pointed at the woman's green, speckled eye, which stared and darted past them, completely unaware of their presence.

The researchers nodded, their hearts heavy with the knowledge that they were lost and at the mercy of a complete stranger. They could only hope that the research team would realize their mistake and come looking for them before it was too late. For now, they had to survive, one eyelash, one blink at a time. The researchers clung desperately to the blonde stranger's eyelashes as the woman began to move. They had no way of knowing what she was doing, only that her actions were sending shockwaves through the delicate hairs. Dr. Patel and Dr. Gupta watched in horror as their colleagues were scattered like leaves in a storm, the woman's movements making it nearly impossible for them to maintain their grip.

With each blink, a gust of wind would erupt from her eyelid, the air displacement blowing several of the researchers clean off their perches. They tumbled and spun through the air, screaming and flailing their tiny limbs before disappearing into the vast, green expanse below. The woman's eyelashes swayed and bounced with each movement, making it nearly impossible for those remaining to find some stable footing.

To make matters worse, the woman scratched her eyebrow, her fingernail brushed against the base of the lashes, sending a shockwave of vibrations through the hairs. The researchers at the base were thrown off balance, some of them falling to the woman's cheek, where they struggled to find purchase on the sweat-slicked surface.

Dr. Gupta, still clinging to a sturdy lash near the middle, called out to the remaining team. "Everyone, we need to stick together and find a way to brace ourselves against her movements! If we stay close to the base, we can use the skin and bones of the eyelid as an anchor."

Unfortunately, his words fell on deaf ears as the woman began to scrunch her brow, her skin wrinkling and pulling at the base of the lashes. The researchers at the bottom were thrown into chaos, some of them losing their grip and tumbling down, down, down into the abyss of her eye. Those who managed to hold on found themselves in an even more precarious position as

the woman's eyelashes, now stiff and unyielding from the scrunching, began to whip back and forth with each twitch and movement. The wind from her blinking and facial expressions sent the remaining researchers hurtling through the air, some of them colliding with the woman's cheek, while others were blown up onto the actual lashes themselves.

Dr. Patel and a handful of her colleagues tumbled from their perches on the woman's eyelashes, the sudden movement and air displacement from her blinking and facial expressions proving too much for them to withstand. They plummeted down, down, down, the vast expanse of her eye rushing up to meet them with terrifying speed.

As they hit the surface of her tear-filled eye, Dr. Patel and the others found themselves engulfed in a warm, wet world. The liquid was thick and viscous, clinging to their bodies like a second skin as they sank beneath the surface. They thrashed and struggled, trying desperately to swim back up to the surface, but the weight of the tears was too much for their tiny, smaller-than-dust-sized bodies to overcome. Below them, her pupil loomed like a great beast, ready to consume them.

Dr. Patel could feel the moisture seeping into her suit, the fabric growing heavier and more sodden with each passing second. She could see her colleagues, now little more than motes of dust in the gloom, struggling and drowning all around her. Their muffled cries and screams were swallowed up by the relentless, churning liquid. As she sank deeper and deeper, Dr. Patel could feel her lungs burning, her body screaming for air that was not to be found in this watery abyss. The world around her grew dark and hazy, the edges of her vision fading as the lack of oxygen took its toll. She could only think of the cruel irony of drowning in a single, massive drop of eye fluid, not even enough for a tear, a fate she had never imagined for herself or her team.

Suddenly, without warning, the woman blinked, her eyelid sweeping across the surface of her eye like a tidal wave. The force of the blink sent the water churning and frothing, all unnoticed to their unaware hostess, the sudden rush of wind and air tearing at Dr. Patel and the remaining researchers. They were tossed and battered by the turbulent currents, their tiny bodies slamming against the woman's eyelashes and the surface of her eye with devastating force. In an instant, it was over. Dr. Patel and the others, now little more than flecks of moisture themselves, were obliterated by the sheer force of the woman's blink. Their bodies, already weakened by their ordeal in the tears, could not withstand the onslaught of wind and pressure. They were ripped apart, shattered into microscopic pieces, and finally, mercifully, erased from existence. Their only epitaph would maybe be a bit of residue that the giantess would see out of the corner of her eye. If their remains stuck around enough to coalesce into something that she could actually notice.

Dr. Gutpa and a few of his colleagues clung desperately to the base of the blonde woman's eyelashes, their hearts pounding as they watched the horrific scene unfold before them. They could only stare in horror as Dr. Patel and the others plummeted into the churning abyss of the woman's eye, the surface of her tear-filled orb rising up to swallow them whole. Their muffled screams and struggles grew fainter and fainter, until finally, they were silenced by the relentless, merciless liquid and the seismic inconsequence of a blink.

Dr. Gutpa and the survivors huddled together, their bodies pressed against the woman's eyelid as they tried to brace against the onslaught of her movements. But it was no use. With each blink, each twitch, and each scrunch of her brow, the woman's eyelashes whipped and swayed, threatening to dislodge them at any moment.

Over the span of a few long, horrific minutes, the temperature around them began to rise, and a new threat emerged. Beads of sweat began to form on the woman's brow, growing

larger and larger until they dripped down onto her cheek and eyelashes. The first few drops caught Dr. Gutpa and his colleagues by surprise; the salty, warm liquid stinging their eyes and mouths as it splashed against them. They knew they were too small to fight these excretions.

They tried to dodge and find higher ground, but there was nowhere to hide from the onslaught of sweat. It poured down around them, the rivulets growing wider and more numerous with each passing second. Dr. Gutpa watched in dismay as his colleagues were swept away, one by one, their tiny bodies no match for the sheer volume of sweat pouring down the woman's face. She merely blinked to remove the accumulating sweat from her eyes. That simple gesture was catastrophic for them, but barely enough to curb the sweat of arousal for her.

Dr. Gutpa tried to hold on, gripping his fingers onto equipment that latched onto the base of the eyelash as the sweat threatened to wash him away. But it was no use. With a final, desperate cry, he felt himself being swept off his feet, the current of sweat too strong to resist. He tumbled and spun, the world around him a blur of moisture and the woman's glistening skin until he and the rest of his team dropped into her eye. As he was dragged down, down, down into the churning, frothy waters of her gorgeous green eye, Dr. Gutpa had a final, terrifying realisation. The woman was making out with someone, her passions rising to a fever pitch. In the heavens above showed a man hanging above them in the sky. With each heated kiss and caress, more and more sweat poured down her face, washing away the last of the researchers. Some splashed into her eye with Gutpa, others washed down her face.

He floundered in the deep sea of her eye until the stranger's body wracked with pleasure, and she clinched her eyes shut in that unique bliss one could only achieve when a lover hits the exact perfect spot of sensation. Her pleasure led to all of the poor, tiny people either being drowned or crushed, their remains expelled when a tear of pure exaltation seeped out of the corner of her eye. Like that, they were gone.

