

# A Date with Lygia

A story about giantess and foot fetish.

## Part I

Each of Lygia's strides were impacting my body under her foot's crushing weight...

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

I was soaked in sweat, not only from my own body, but from the giant's immense foot, which continued to descend on me mercilessly without pause.

***Boom Squash! Boom Squash!***

Her gym socks were laden with sweat which weighed them down like giant moistened blankets, scented by her ever constant and growing foot odor.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

I honestly didn't even care how humiliating this was. Lygia was a kind and polite woman with a sweet demeanor and attitude in her dealings with people, small or otherwise. A smile more often than not adorning her face, she had an empathic nature which seemed to understand how each person felt when talking to her, and made you feel at ease.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

It felt like she had been running for hours at this point. When you are inside the shoes of a giant person, time can seem to move absurdly slow sometimes, but then suddenly can feel surprisingly fast

depending on the whims of the giant. It's as if the universe is playing with your perception of space-time with no concern for your feelings.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

I could see Lygia running through the park. Her black lycra pants showing off and outlining her fit sweaty body. Sweat even marking her panties in the front and back from her exertion. The white top that was managing to contain her irresistibly swaying breasts was also visible soaking through from her perspiration while her short, wavy black hair swayed softly with each firm step.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

The smiling face under the sun, running through the tree-lined park filled my mind as she continued on her path.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

My body was still firmly stuck like a bug, glued to her enormous foot by her sweat which acted like glue, immobilizing my body completely. Her sweat was hot, sticky, and permeating the scent of her warm and ever present feet, but even through it all, the incredible pheromones filled my senses, intoxicating me with each breath.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

She was smiling because she stepped on me, I could feel it. Her enormous satisfaction at stepping on someone small like me could be felt with each flex and arch of her foot, and each wiggle of her toes. I decided to indulge myself until my body finally got tired, or maybe even burst, it wouldn't take much, a slight increase in pressure would be all it would take to pop my tiny body like a grape, no! An ant under her immense foot flesh.

Death, if it came under Lygia's feet, would be the best thing in the world to me. The mere thought that my life had been reduced to being crushed by giant women who thought it was great to shove my

tiny body into their shoes before trampling me for hours on end, with no concern for my well being, treating me as nothing but an insect her titanic form.

***Boom squash! Boom squash!***

The socks, though heavy with accumulated sweat, still acted like cushions (if that was possible) from Lygia's cruel and devastating footsteps. The insole of the sneaker was also incredibly cozy (if one could say that within my condition). I think it was the best sneaker I have ever been used as a small extra insole for, because it was very responsive and my shape seemed to mold along with the texture as if making me apart of it. I'm sure Lygia spent quite a bit of money on these shoes.

I think it helped keep me from fainting from fatigue (this is quite common with harder shoes like high-heeled sandals or if you are stuck on bare feet). Despite all the back and forth in Lygia's shoes, after a while, you start to get used to the rhythm, and once you are sure that you won't pop off like a bug stuck to someone's shoe, you begin to relax.

Of course, this relaxing is a form of complacency as you become accustomed to the surroundings and environment, as well as the routine of her foot falls. You just predict the rhythm of the impacts your body receives in a situation like that. Spending the day inside a giant person's shoe can be suffocating, distressing, and painful, and the way you are stepped on depends on what region under the foot you are placed and what the person is doing, it can be regular walking or strenuous exercise. In a few hours of the giant's activity, you may end up shifting around and the pace of their footsteps can change in a heartbeat. A little one can be trapped for hours under the sole of a

giant person while they are sitting or standing, as well as constantly being shaken and squeezed if they get caught between the toes while they are walking.

I was completely crushed next to the ball of Lygia's foot. And since Lygia runs about six to seven kilometers a day (according to herself), I was almost an hour into the same rhythmic routine.

Her foot goes up...

It goes down...

And boom! Crushed.

Her foot goes up again.

It goes down and...

Boom! Crushed again.

It goes up...

Goes down...

... Boom! Completely crushed.

The arousing feeling of being completely humiliated by Lygia had already made up my mind: If she wanted to leave me for hours on end to be permanently squished flat under her powerful smelly feet like a helpless bug, that was fine. I had already embraced the idea and made peace with it, I was eager to burst like a grape under her gigantic sole. The fact was, being trampled by someone so kind was actually turning me on enough to drive me crazy, my mind was completely filled with the thought of Lygia, her smiling face, and more importantly her feet, the very same feet that were pressed against me now were captivating my very thoughts, one could say they had seeped into my very soul due to my level of obsession

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*Please Lygia, pop me under your powerful giant, sweaty, smelly sole.*

I gave in to the constant motion of her foot and relaxed as best I could as all worries and concerns melted away, a haze filling my mind as I let the scent of her feet once again overtake my senses.

Then as I began to feel dizzy, a light invaded Lygia's shoe...