



*"Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house,  
not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse..."*

Alyx stirred from his torpor as Lidiya's telepathic voice echoed in his mind. He was feeling cold and stiff – which was not a particularly surprising state of affairs for a vampire in winter.

*"...Probably just as well, because a mouse might be tempted to have a little thing like **you** for **dinner**."*

His eyes sprang open, greeted by the sight of a very, very distant ceiling, before it vanished behind the huge, hovering, flexing mass of something he knew very, very well.

Lidiya's foot.

The sole hung over him, suspended some twenty or thirty feet overhead – although in reality, he knew it was only a matter of inches. A tendon shifted beneath the lightly wrinkled flesh of a vast, soaring, pronounced arch. He *heard* the rumble of that colossal ankle-joint as it shifted – a miniscule sound, but not to him.

Her massive toes flexed next, something green caught between the largest two, dangling above him and... *Lowering*. Her foot was coming down!

Alyx felt a rush of adrenaline, and before he knew it, he was scrambling to one side in an attempt to avoid that which he knew he would not. Truthfully, he didn't know why such instincts of self-preservation still fired; His Mistress could obliterate him with ease at *any* size – he was in no more danger *now* than ever before, but still... The overwhelming *presence*, the simple sight of something so massive moving toward him... It still triggered the old neurons every time. It still made him yell out in shock – if the feint squeak of such a tiny man could be called a 'yell'.

A low giggle rumbled from above, Lidiya's voice *substantially* louder in his ears than it had been inside his head. That was why she'd awoken him in such a way, he realised. Just for the briefest ruse that all was normal, just for a *moment* before she'd shattered the illusion.

He fully expected to get buried under the thick, fleshy mass of Lidiya's sole, or perhaps a gigantic big toe, but instead, she clobbered him with the heavy trio of bowling ball sized berries on that giant sprig of...

Mistletoe.

*Now he understood.*

Wresting control over his adrenaline-fueled shakes, he attempted to reach for the ceiling of flesh above him, only for it to lift upward, teasingly out of reach, and pull away from him. She rocked her ankle, flexed her toes, and bounced the dangling mistletoe between them.

"You'll have to come *closer*, boy~" She purred from high above, prompting him to finally direct his gaze to something other than her foot – which until this moment, had felt like it was an entity unto itself, so totally had it dominated his view and consumed his attention.

He stared up the length of one massive, muscular, and overtly-shapely leg, her huge calf muscle bulging and shifting with every bounce of her ankle. The great mountains of her breasts were just visible to him, largely hidden behind

her knees and thunderously powerful thighs, but he could still see enough of their upper half to make it impossible not recall every experience he'd had of being buried between them, or beneath one.

He tried to move toward her, but couldn't bring himself to rise to his feet - the overwhelming presence of her sheer size seeming to force every muscle in his body into a cowardly, hunched-over posture. And so he crawled - which earned him another sultry chuckle from above.

He didn't look up, not even at the toes bouncing that mistletoe above him. He fixed his eyes on the toes of her other foot, pressed flat to floor, ever so slightly splayed as the heel hovered just barely above the ground - until it shifted. The heel pressed down, the huge foot gently pivoting backward. The toes lifted upward, flexed, curled, then spread again. Their forms dwarfed his little body, and he knew their movements, as idly effortless as they looked, were executed with deliberate precision.

Something moved above him, and he finally glanced upward to see her other foot dangling the mistletoe above the one he'd crawled toward.

"Good little boy~" Her voice cooed, low, deep and smooth, loving and... *utterly authoritative*. "You know where I want you."

Alyx kept crawling, her huge toes slowly dancing in front and above him, as if beckoning him, inviting him into their embrace. The closer he got, the larger they seemed, until he was slipping between the enormous masses of a big and second toe, and feeling like he was crawling between a pair of lionesses.

...Although, relative to him the big toe was probably closer in scale to an *elephant* than a lion.

The shrunken fledgling had ventured scarcely half way between the huge digits when without warning, they slid forward and swept him deep into into the crevice between them. They squeezed him from either side, and he felt his limbs all but disappear into thick, heavy masses of smooth flesh as it molded and formed around him. Every shift of her toes seemed to create a soft fold that smooth skin that would swallow any part of him that it squeezed.

He groaned as she compressed his chest and squeezed the air out of him, then gasped as her foot tilted and lifted him into the air, only for him to fall deeper into the grip, his dangling legs flailing against the ball of her foot. Another squeeze buried his head in a tight cocoon of her smooth, Vampirically flawless flesh, and just like that, the lionesses had their prey.

His hands fumbled in one deep, meaty crevice or another, his arms squeezed and rolled this way and that with every movement of her toes, as if the lionesses were slowly chewing on them.

Remembering what she wanted, he opened his mouth and gave a long, suckling kiss to the flesh that enveloped him. A shiver ran through him, an electric tingle of humbled excitement immediately firing off as he submitted himself to her.

Lidiya's dominance over him – her *ownership* of him – felt so utterly absolute.

...And in moments like this, *so utterly right*.

He could whine about a life of being a run-around errand-boy, but at the end of day, all she had to do was remind him *why* he was in that position. Why he *wanted it* this way.

She tilted her foot onto its side, watching his trapped little body slip into the valley between her toes and the ball her foot. He was *so small*, not much taller than the combined width of her two largest toes. Curling those thick digits once more, she squeezed him into their underside, feeling his whole body tense in her grip – as well as the tiny, tell-tale *prod* of his excitement against the bottom of one of one of them. A gentle shake, and it slipped between them.

The vampiress felt him quiver, before he repeated his wanton, open-mouthed kiss to her flexing, gripping flesh.

"Look at you, *making out* with my *toes*." She teased, if simply stating fact could be considered 'teasing'.

"It makes me think of that painting, 'My Wife's Lovers' – you know? The one that's just a room full of cats?"

Alyx didn't respond with anything but more worshipful kisses, the roaming massaging motions of his hands, and the steady grinding of his hips as he thrust between the thick, smooth, heavy pillows of her toes – at this size, a tiny fold in the skin of her toes was all he needed to find ecstasy with his Mistress.

"Maybe I need a picture – 'My Fledgling's Lovers', and it's just a picture of my toes~" She mused. "**Ten big girls** who push you around and squeeze you tight. It's really no wonder you love this, is it?"

He couldn't help but chuckle at those words – she certainly had a point, and it did line up with the experience of being at her feet whilst he was so small. He was about to reply, when the big toe of her other foot pressed its huge, meaty bulk into his back. It mashed him deep into the flesh of her toes, deeper than those toes could squeeze him on their own, completely immobilizing him in a tight crevice. He yelped another tiny, startled squeak, and was about to protest her toes began to make small, sharp, rhythmic squeezes. Each clench squeezed the air from him, and crucially, stroked and squeezed his cock in a smooth, flexing crevice.

"Amusing as it is, I can't be letting you get yourself off between my toes." She spoke, her bright red eyes locked upon him. A smirk then spread across her lips.

"My toes don't *let* you cum. They **make** you cum."

Alyx wheezed some vague sound of acknowledgement – breathing, and thus speaking, being all but impossible he was repeatedly squeezed breathless. Were he not a vampire, he'd be slowly asphyxiating.

Well, he *was* slowly asphyxiating, but to an altogether less fatal effect; His limbs turned limp and numb, whilst his core – and his cock – grew ever more sensitive.

He began to twitch, his tiny torso shivering and writhing as she pulsed her toes around in him on one great, bear-hugging squeeze after another.

His pulse pounded to pump oxygen that he didn't have or need, his undead blood pumping ever faster through his body, through the engorged prick he she she had wedged betwixt her toes – or perhaps just in in a single fold of one. He really couldn't tell. It didn't matter. All that mattered was that those massive digits were working him over with a *humiliating* degree of efficacy.

It felt so good, he wanted to cry out, but a lack of air and a wall of Lidiya's toe-meat meant that all he could do was murmur open-mouthed, drooling kisses into to some face-engulfing fold on the underside of her big toe.

Feeling his orgasm building, he began to twitch. He felt moisture around the head of his sensitized cock. He felt the hot, pulsing pleasure. He twisted, writhed. Gaspd. And then he felt her *stop*.

Her toes relaxed, and he lay there, wedged between them, his weakened limbs refusing to move, and his cock in a desperate, twitching frenzy, on fire with the urge to blow.

"Nnnnnnhhhh!!!" He whined, a pitiful squeak. He should've known she wouldn't make things *that* easy. Not even for Christmas.

He gasped for breath with which to speak – the idea of communicating via the telepathic link with his sire not coming to his pleasure-hazed mind. Of course, didn't need to speak – she knew what he was about to say anyway.

Again, she bounced the Mistletoe above him.

"Who owns you~?" She cooed.

"You do, Mistress." He wheezed.

"Who do you *worship*~?"

"You, Mistress."

She chuckled, and with him still held under her toes, slowly lowered her foot to floor again. The pressure on him mounted, her flesh squeezing in around him in new ways, and soon, the only sound he could hear was his own pounding pulse, seemingly inside his own ears.

Everything became still.

Painfully, maddeningly still, until in desperation, he once again kissed the thick, crushing wall of his prison.

...And all but wept in relief as it began those pulsing squeezes again.

Bliss flooded through him, even more intense this time – and *far* more intense than anything he would've achieved had she allowed him to simply grind *himself* against her as he had been.

She was going to make him cum, and she was going to do a far better job of it than he would.

*With nothing but her toes.*

Alyx didn't last another twenty seconds. Ten, maybe fifteen, before he blew, writhing as gasping in the darkness beneath those huge, heavy digits. She let him lay there for a while, feeling his tiny, tiny little twitches. After a minute, she could feel his kisses once more – feeble, tired and shaky now.

Spreading her toes she peered down at peered down him, smirking.

"Fucked you *good*, didn't I?" She grinned, smug and knowing, watching his little head nod in response.

"Now, my **toes** are gonna cum, and they're gonna cum a **way** bigger load than you. **All over you.**" She boasted, causing a rather befuddled expression to form on Alyx's face.

"You *what?*" He blinked several times in rapid succession, trying to parse the words he'd just heard and find something that made sense.

A moment later, three milky white, bowling ball sized mistletoe berries violently exploded between her clenching toes, gushing several gallons of white goo all over him.

"Merry Christmas, you filthy animal."