



Alyx guesstimated his size to be somewhere around the two-inch mark – visually, it was difficult to be precise; Lidiya's breasts went from being *masses* to being *landscapes* at around three inches, and distances only got harder to accurately judge the smaller you were.

But he'd been shrunken and set between his Mistress' heaving endowments enough times to know how their consistency and his weight interacted, and two inches was a relatively fortunate size to be, all things considered. Below 1.5 inches, he couldn't spread his limbs out wide enough to keep her cleavage from claiming him – from swallowing him up without warning in a single planned-or-unplanned *jiggle*. Above 3 inches tall, the softness of her flesh conspired with his weight make it a full-time task to stay 'afloat' and out of that crushing, suffocating, numbing, torpor-inducing crevice of... *oppressively enforced relaxation*.

"My my, look at *you~*" The booming purr of Lidiya's voice shook him to alertness. Glancing upward, he expected to see her looming face smirking down at him, but he only saw the underside of her chin. She wasn't talking to *him*.

"I don't look *silly*, do I?" Minako's voice replied as a pair of pointed black ears came into view. Alyx's stomach turned - gravity briefly dropped to almost nothing as Lidiya sat down to the tune of squeaking bed springs. "Oh no, not at all~" The vampiress cooed back, and Alyx watched as a distant hand beckoned to the now fox-featured girl in all her curvaceous, simultaneously under-and-over-dressed, inhuman glory.

"I think it looks lovely on you." Lidiya continued as Minako shyly approached. Her face took on a momentary look of surprise as she spotted the tiny but familiar little figure nestled between Lidiya's breasts.



"Oh!" She blinked, then giggled. "*He* looks lovely on *you*." She mused, earning a chuckle from the vampiress.

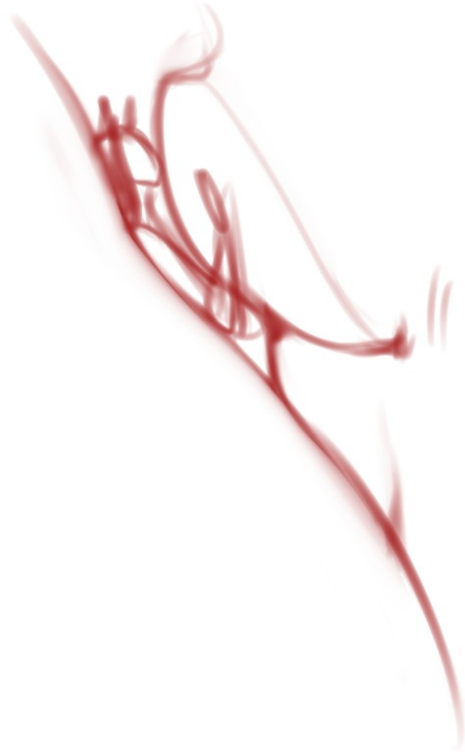
"*That little thing?* He's not stealing my show, is he?" Lidiya smirked as Minako hunched closer and closer to her breasts and their shrunken passenger – her face all but filling Alyx's view at this point.

"Oh? N-no! Not at all!" The amalgamated human-kitsune fumbled for a moment, blushing slightly and glancing to one side. Her timidness still not fully overcome.

But it wouldn't hold her back for long. Not when she was in this form. Feasting her eyes on Lidiya's rack and the helpless little *treat* of a boy squirming between those mountains of maternal femininity, his little face

straining to look up at her as he suspended himself above a delightful canyon of cleavage around a dozen times longer and deeper than he was tall.

“He's just like a cherry on top of a very, very big cake~” Minako giggled over the top of the tiny squeaks coming from Alyx's mouth. She could probably hear the words just fine with the present configuration of her ears, but whatever they were didn't seem to make any difference as she puckered her lips and dove face-first into Lidiya's tits.



She smothered the tiny boy in a kiss that enveloped his whole body. She felt his tiny arms press against them. It made her feel so large, so important, so in control... *And then there was Lidiya...*

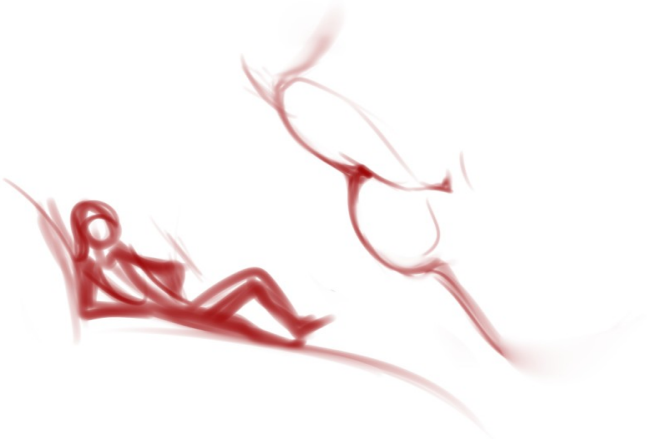
Minako's fingers – hell, her whole damn *face* sank into those huge, soft, heavy swells just like Alyx's body did against her lips. If little Alyx was her pet and tasty treat for evening, then she was Lidiya's. She was even bigger. Even *more* in control here. And that was good for Minako. Minako wanted, no, *needed* someone else to be in control *somewhere*. She'd gotten used to power. Power was great. She liked having power. ...But *independence*? That still wasn't for her. She wanted a guiding hand.

“*Someone's* come a long way...” Lidiya mused as she watched, and felt Minako bury herself in her breasts and toy with the little morsel between them. It was the daintly little hands creeping over the sides of her corset to knead and massage them that really caught her attention, though.



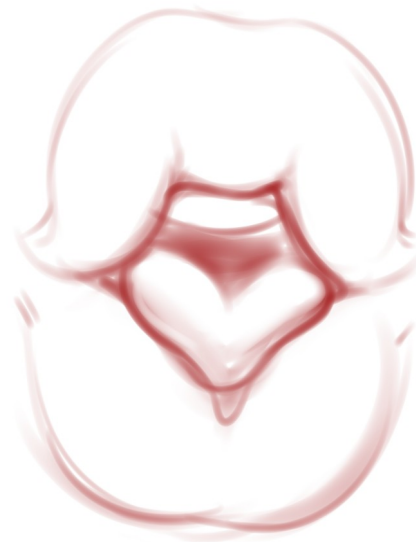
"I'm just not sure if it's Minako or Atsuko that's come further."

The girl paused, a muffled giggle escaping from between the big redhead's breasts. She lifted her head a little, though her chin remained buried, wedged deep in the vampiress' valley. Alyx was plastered to her lips, but a languidly extending tongue gently pried him off them, and gently smeared him back onto his Mistress' mountains.



"I don't know... Whoever I am right now?"
The girl shrugged, vulpine ears twitching
"Minsuko?" She postulated, then giggled up
at Lidiya again, before her eyes snapped
down the saliva-soaked little whelp just
under her nose.

It was funny, she thought, how oblivious and
wholly ass-backwards her initial judgement
of him had been, and yet... He still delighted
her. Just in a completely different way. Well,
perhaps not *completely* different - his tongue
was still good for all the same things as it
ever was.



...And it was a tongue that Alyx saw
come slurping toward him, trailing a line
through the abyss of Lidiya's cleavage.
Its wet tip flicked under his legs, curling
under his hips and sending him sliding,
squealing toward her open mouth, only
for him to come to a stop half way, left
lying on that huge, hot, prehensile
muscle as it tasted him.

A predatory chuckle washed over him in
the form of a wall of hot air from
Minako's beckoning maw. Her half-lidded
eyes were looking straight down at him,
but he could still make out the blinding,
fire-engine-red of Lidiya's lips and hair
reflected in them.





His sweet girl was becoming another monster just like all the others. It was all Lidiya's fault and... as much as he'd *grumble* about it, deep down, he knew his complaints to be illogical sentimental horse-hockey. He *knew* Minako was infinitely better off now than she ever would have been otherwise.

Minako knew it, too. Atsuko knew it. They *all* knew it. But it just went unsaid, at least as far as words were concerned.



Slowly, Minako pulled her tongue back in, and with it her prize. She was still clutching at Lidiya's breasts, but it was the tiny movements on her tongue that she fixated her senses on at this moment. She closed her mouth, plunging him fully into hot, humid darkness.

She felt him turning himself around on her tongue, looking toward her sealed lips. Tiny little Alyx. Adorable little Alyx. Her sweet little Alyx – well, he was vaguely salty, if anything, but that didn't matter. He was *completely hers* right now, and to prove it, both to him, and perhaps more importantly, to herself, she slowly pressed him to the roof of her mouth.

She felt him resist, felt his teeny, tiny little fingers grip at her taste buds. Felt his little feet on her palate. She felt him lean back further, lower and lower, down onto his back, until she had him laid out flat, his head and his feet all turned to their sides. She was *fully in control*, and right now, she liked *every second of it*.

"Are you *toying* with him~?" Lidiya asked a question she already knew the answer to – not because of her telepathic link with her fledgling, but because it was written all over Minako's smug, blissful little face.

The smugness swiftly vanished, a deep red blush quickly taking its place as she glanced up at Lidiya's bright red eyes.



Lidiya's hands squeezed around Minako's waist, sliding down to grip her rear. She leaned forward, and Minako's mouth slowly opened, presenting her soaked little catch once more – and beyond Minako's lips, Alyx saw naught but those of his Mistress, parting and advancing.

Without a word, their lips met, sealing around one another. Lidiya's tongue steamrolled him in an instant – their huge, flexing masses of sensory muscle smearing Alyx back and forth between them. A second or two in one mouth, a second or two in the next – a deep moan from one cavernous throat, a deep moan from the other.

Minako shivered as, without breaking their kiss, Lidiya stood up with her, lifting her weight from the ground as if she were as weightless as the little toy between their tongues. Just like that, she went from a feeling of full control, to a sudden and total loss of it.

She felt Lidiya turn around, switching their places and angling her toward the bed, and in what seemed like an almost instinctive response, she squeezed her thighs wantingly around Lidiya's waist.

Neither Minako, nor Atsuko had ever dreamed of a female lover before, but then, neither of them had ever dreamed of being *Minsuko*, either.

If they had, they'd have probably picked a better nickname beforehand. Oh well, she was going to be stuck with it now, wasn't she?