

“Would you like to get under my big toes?” Marina invited, smiling and laughing as if it were a good joke she had told.

Jimmy watched Marina's gigantic toes move almost orderly in a hypnotic motion, coming and going, like a beckoning hand. Suddenly they stretched and contracted all at once, releasing in that time a subtle but noticeable whiff of odor, which hit Jimmy's nostrils hard.

“But I don't think you're going to like it,” the giant babysitter said finally, lifting and lowering her big toe as if crushing something invisible. Jimmy watched as her big toe spread and sank into the surface of the flip flop, showing off her shiny, perfect pearly pedicure.

“Oh?” he said surprised, as if he had just come out of a trance. “What? No, I mean of course I'm going to like it, why wouldn't I?”

“Would you?” Marina pretended to be shy, positioning her feet together and raising her heels, leaving her stiff toes well in Jimmy's view, like a big display. “Do you think my feet are pretty, then?”

“Yes, I do! I do!” replied Jimmy, surprised at the speed of her reactions and responses. How could she make him talk like that? Not that he hadn't already noticed the clear beauty of Marina's feet, but to be blunt like that was not like him.

“You are so cute,” Marina laughed softly, with her finger on her lips. If Jimmy looked up, he could see Marina's face just as graceful and attractive. But he was still immersed in the hypnosis of the giantess's toes, held in the same position and showing off her perfect pearly pedicure. Finally, she positioned the soles of her feet back in their *havaianas* flip flops.

“Do you want to know what they look like underneath?” she said again, now occasionally moving her toes.

“I do!” Said Jimmy blushing and surprised at the answer. But he couldn't fool himself that the attraction and curiosity were undeniable.

“Really?” Aw, you so sweet!” Marina said excitedly, clasping her palms together. “I won't hurt you, don't worry.”

“And why would you do that?” asked Jimmy confused.

“Oh, you trust me so much! How lovely!” Said Marina affectionately. “Come here, little one, you can crawl under there,” and she showed the junction of the sole with her toes, lifting them very rigidly. A well rounded and massive region that began the extension of the sole. “I promise I won't knead you... Too much!” And laughed.

Jimmy blushed and began to wonder what it felt like to be stepped on by Marina. What had been pressed under the skin of those huge soles? A small ant, perhaps? Unaware or aware? An object, a Lego piece? Another kind of bug, a grape? Jimmy's imagination was running wild.