

**GIANTESS
MILE**

J. D. TUFTS

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Adam Wheeler and I were an odd duo to a lot of people. This had to do with our relative sizes. Adam is a giant of a guy at six-foot-six and I am a very small person. I stand only five-foot-three, shorter than most women.

Adam and I met in a physics class in college. We were both nineteen. He was there on football scholarship but was also a bright guy. I was a physics major, and he impressed me so much that we ended up being lab partners. Adam would choose physics as a major the following year, I think mostly due to my influence.

“Why don’t you come and stay at my family house this summer?” Adam asked me at the end of Freshman year. He knew I didn’t want to go home, nor pay to stay in the dorms.

“It wouldn’t be an imposition?”

Adam laughed. “I’m the only one there. My Mom keeps the house because she doesn’t want to sell it, but she got a job out of state a year ago, and I get a house rent free without any parents because she needs somebody to keep up on the place.”

“That sounds like a pretty good deal,” I said.

“You should stay. There are four bedrooms and it is a huge house.”

He wasn’t kidding. The living room alone was as big as my parents’ house. All the bedrooms were as large as our living room. It was a great place for parties

and during that summer Adam and I threw some real wild ones. Then in early August he told me something unexpected.

“We need to clean everything up. My Mom is coming tomorrow.”

“Oh shit, do I need to leave.”

“No, she knows you’re here. We just need to make this place presentable.”

We spent the whole evening that night and then the morning cleaning the entire house. It wasn’t exactly trashed, but two young single guys living in a house had apparently not lived up to the standards Adam’s Mom expected.

“There are a few things you need to know about my Mom,” Adam told me. “She expects things a particular way, and she expects people to comply with her wishes. She can be pretty bossy, and its best just to do what she says if you don’t want trouble.”

“Well, it’s her house,” I said. “I’m grateful to be staying here, so I don’t really have a problem doing things the way she wants them.”

Adam nodded his head. “Also, I guess I should warn you that Mom is tall.”

I laughed. “It runs in the family.”

“I mean that she is taller than me,” Adam said.

“Taller than you are?”

“Yeah, a lot taller.”

A strange feeling started to overtake me. I had never seen a woman as tall as Adam, let alone taller. I thought the tallest woman I had ever met was six-foot-four. I wanted to follow up on the issue but for some reason didn't.

I got to see exactly what Adam meant when his mother arrived. I was in the kitchen, having just finished a sandwich when Adam came in from the backyard and walked toward the front door. “Mom's here,” he announced, and he started to walk toward the front door.

I put my plate in the sink and then followed. Adam opened the door and in walked a woman who simply towered over him. I was shocked. Adam's mother was so tall that she had to duck to get through the door of the house, and the door was taller than the doors of most houses, being at least seven feet. I suddenly realized why this house had such high ceilings. She was more than a foot taller than Adam, and his eye level was about to her chest.

“Hey Mom, he said, and they exchanged an awkward hug.

I couldn't stop staring at her. She was dark-haired and beautiful. In addition to

her towering height she was very voluptuous, and her figure was astonishing. She wore a red top and black skirt, the top stretched significantly by her large breasts, and the skirt showing off her endless tanned legs. She didn't look to be in her forties, Adam had told me she was forty-five. I would have guessed her to be forty at the absolute oldest, but more likely in her late thirties.

As I was staring at her she finally turned to me. "You must be Mark," she said. As she walked toward me, I had never felt so tiny in my life, and I had spent my whole life feeling tiny. Her shadow enveloped me as she stood in front of me and I stared up at her in terrified awe.

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Wheeler," I said, and extended my hand.

She smiled at me, and looked down, but did not put her hand out. "We hug in this family," she said. Without hesitation she reached down and picked me up. I thought of struggling, but I remembered what Adam had said about letting his Mom have her way.

She lifted me off the ground and pulled me to her. I felt like a small child again, but when she hugged me with her strong arms against her enormous bosom I immediately got aroused. The effect was instantaneous, and I was hard as a rock. There was no question that she felt it, and I was mortified.

"Well, hello," she whispered in my ear, referencing my hard cock. She giggled and I thought about Adam and if he knew what was happening. I couldn't even see him with the way she was holding me up against her body.

"I'm sorry," I said embarrassed.

She didn't act as if she heard me, just put me down and stood towering over me again. I was grateful that my shirt was long enough to obscure my hard on, but Adam seemed to have a far-off look as if he was distracted by something.

"Call me Pamala," the giantess said. "You're a good friend of my son's and Mrs. Wheeler is just too formal."

I nodded but couldn't will myself to speak. I just kept staring up at this gigantic, gorgeous woman and thinking about how she could do anything to me that she wanted to. She had hugged me and not even cared whether I wanted her to or not. What else might she do?

"What do you two have planned for the rest of the day?" Pamala asked turning to Adam.

"We were just heading out," Adam said. This was news to me. "We're going to meet some friends for pizza."

"That sounds like fun," Pamala said with a smile. She turned back to face me. "It was so good to meet you, Mark."

Adam practically grabbed me when he led me out by the shoulder. He had to make me walk. Staring at his massive mother I was held in place. I was still staring at her as he led me out the door and shut it.

“You weren’t kidding about her,” I said once we were safely outside. “Where are we going for pizza?”

“We aren’t. I was rescuing you,” Adam said. “I’m sorry about Mom. She is usually forward with my friends, but I have never seen her be that way before.”

“She doesn’t hug your other friends?”

Adam grimaced as we walked toward his car in the driveway. “I’ve never seen her hug one of my friends like that.”

“So, where are we going?”

“You can decide. I just thought it was best that we get out of the house for a while.”

“Okay, then pizza it is,” I grinned.

Neither of us said anything until we got to the pizza place and ordered a pizza to share. Once it was in front of us, I thought it was safe to turn the topic back to Adam’s Mom.

“When you said she was taller than you I found it hard to believe, but then I saw it. How can anybody be that tall? How come you’re so short?”

Once the question came out of my mouth, I realized how absurd it was coming from me, and from anybody directed at Adam. I guess it must have shown on my face because Adam suddenly laughed.

“My Dad was not a tall man,” Adam said. “He was a few inches taller than you actually. He died when I was five and Mom remarried my stepfather a few years later. They’re divorced now. My Mom still calls my Dad the love of her life.”

I hadn’t known any of this family history. Adam had mentioned that his father had passed away to me in conversation, but when I had asked about it, he had changed the subject, and I knew it was the kind of thing you really didn’t want to press a person on.

“How tall is your Mom?” I asked.

“Seven-foot-nine,” Adam said. He sighed a heavy world-weary sigh. “She kind of gets attention wherever she goes.”

“I bet,” I said.

We turned the conversation to other things. After the pizza we went to a movie, and then we went back to the house. Adam’s mother was nowhere to be found, and so I went to sleep. I woke up in the middle of the night feeling hungry. I looked at my clock and saw it was after one, but I had to get up and eat something. I had this insatiable craving.

Once in the kitchen I found some leftover fried chicken and heated up in the microwave. I sat at the kitchen counter on a stool, enjoying my meal, and starting to feel a little sleepy again. I planned to go back to bed as I washed off my plate and put it in the dishwasher and then Pamala appeared.

I had just seen her earlier that day, but it was amazing that I had forgotten how big she was. She seemed to be even bigger now, but I knew that was impossible, only that my mind had somehow blocked out the reality of her true size. The floor creaked with each step she took, responding to her massive weight with each step.

She was wearing a nightgown now, and she was braless, her huge breasts practically exposed through the thin material. They were incredibly firm both for breasts so huge, and for a woman her age. They stuck out so far in front that her nightgown was practically floating over the rest of her, only having contact with the peaks of her mountainous breasts. I knew I was staring, but I couldn't make myself stop.

"What are you doing up, Mark?" She was standing where I had been sitting while I ate, but now I was on the other side of the counter near the sink.

"I woke up hungry and thought I would get myself something to eat. How about you?"

She rubbed the back of her neck with her hand. "I always have trouble sleeping," she said. "I guess I'm just an insomniac."

There was an awkward silence between us. “I guess I should be getting back to bed.”

“Do you have to go so soon?” she asked. “I would like to get to know you.”

There were two stools on the other side of the counter, and she sat down on one, gesturing for me to take the stool next to her. Both stools were very tall, and so it was hard for me to climb up on one. I had done it earlier, but nobody was watching me then. Doing it in front of Pamala reminded me how ridiculously tiny I was compared to her, as if I needed any reminder.

“How did you and Adam meet?” Pamala asked, looking down at me with a warm smile.

I told her the story and she listened intently. “A lot of people think we’re unlikely friends,” I said.

“Maybe you remind him of his father,” Pamala said.

I didn’t know what to say to such an odd comment, so I remained silent.

“You look a lot like Adam’s father,” Pamala continued. “When I first saw you, I was struck by the resemblance. Has Adam told you anything about his father?”

“Only that he passed away,” I said.

“He was the love of my life,” Pamala said wistfully. “I tried to move on, but I had a hard time doing that. Leon, that was Adam’s father, he was a tiny man. Yet, he wasn’t afraid of having a wife so much bigger than he was.”

Pamala stretched her body as she said this, looking enraptured in her memories of her dead husband. Then her eyes settled on me in a predatory way, and I could feel something constricting in my chest.

“When I saw you today, I couldn’t resist picking you up and holding you against my body the way I used to do to him. He was always so helpless to my strength, and you are even tinier. He used to enjoy it so much. I thought that you might not, but then I felt that you definitely did. Why did my holding you excite you?”

I jumped off the stool suddenly, which made it wobble and almost tip over. “I think I better get back to bed,” I said.

Pamala’s huge hand shot out and gripped my shoulder. She wasn’t holding me very hard, but it kind of hurt anyway. She suddenly had a stern expression on her face.

“Answer my question, little man,” she commanded.

I remembered again what Adam had said. It was best to let his mother have her way. That had not meant as much as it did after I had met her and seen what a towering presence she was. She could break me in half with hardly any effort. It would be foolish to defy her.

“When you lifted me, I felt small and helpless,” I said. “It made me feel like being a little kid again.”

“And that aroused you?”

I shook my head. “It was exciting and different, but the thing that really turned me on was being held against your breasts.”

Pamala laughed and let go of me. “You like big breasts?”

“Yes,” I said, and I could hear my own voice quiver.

Pamala reached under her nightgown and lifted it up, taking it all the way over her head and throwing it to the floor. She now stood in front of me, her huge breasts exposed, the only thing she was wearing was a lacy pair of red panties.

Even with those gargantuan breasts now free for me to gawk at, I couldn’t help but regard the rest of her body. Pamala had strong muscular shoulders and thick powerful arms, that I knew could bend me to her whims if I was ever foolish enough to disobey her. Her thighs were gorgeous, but thick and strong looking. Her endless legs looked incredibly sexy as I regarded them, and when I finally tore myself away, her wide voluptuous hips caught my attention. I wondered about her voluptuous behind, which I had never gotten to appreciate.

“Do you like what you see?” Pamala asked with a giggle.

“You’re the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life,” I said. It wasn’t flattery. It was what immediately came to mind as I gazed at her.

“Thank you, little cutie,” she said. “I think you’re so handsome. Plus, you’re so tiny. There is only one place that you belong.”

She stood up to her full towering height, and I was staring up at her again. There was no doubt about what she was about to do, but I had no say in the matter. It was funny that Adam had taken the time to warn me about complying with his mother’s wishes. Perhaps at his size, there was a time when he had felt comfortable rebelling, but I could not see myself as anything but this woman’s toy. She was my mistress by virtue of the natural order.

Pamala reached out for me as she did before, and just as she had earlier in that day, she lifted me up and pulled me to her chest. This time it was different though. She was aiming my head for her nipple, and what she expected of me was not in doubt.

Her breasts were even more beautiful when exposed. They were wonderfully round and full, each at least three times larger than my head. Her brown nipple was erect and waiting for me as she pulled me to it, and I put my mouth on it. Pamala moaned lightly as I began to suckle.

“That’s it, little baby,” she said. “I love to have my nipples sucked. You do it right for me and I will be good to you.”

I had never felt more helpless in my life being held by this powerful giantess against her breast. The warm huge breast took me back to a primordial state. There was something strangely natural about this state of affairs. I was hard again from touching Pamala's giant breast, and I knew she could feel my cock pressing against her.

I don't know how long I worked on her right breast, but once Pamala felt she had gotten enough pleasure she moved me to the left. I did the same there, and she moaned in ecstasy. Due to my size, I had very little experience with women, but now I was bringing pleasure to the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life. I was driving her wild, and she was not only gorgeous but a powerful giantess. She could have any man she wanted, whether he liked it or not. Nobody could defy her power.

When Pamala had experienced enough of my suckling of her left breast she pulled my mouth away gently, and then pulled me up to her face. She kissed me, passionately, forcing her tongue in my mouth and almost gagging me with it at first. Once I got used to it, I realized this forcefulness was a natural state for Pamala. At her size she had become used to taking things and obeying her was its own reward. It was the greatest pleasure I could ever hope to experience.

"Do you want to go to the bedroom, little one?"

"Yes," I said.

Pamala stroked my hair gently and smiled at me. "We're going to have some fun," she said.

Pamala carried me to her bedroom. Her room was the largest of the four bedrooms and it was also the furthest away from Adam's room, something I was very grateful for. There was a twinge of guilt, me about to go to bed with my best friend's mother, but there was no way for me to refuse Pamala's desires anyway.

Her bed was huge, and once we were in the room, she threw me on it as if I was a rag doll. She shut the door and then stared down at me, her hands on her hips, and me looking up at her massive body. She could do whatever she wanted to me right now. The thought sent a shiver up my whole body.

"You're so cute and tiny she said, as she loomed over me. She started to pull her panties down her long legs. "It must be frightening for you to be in the presence of somebody so large. Somebody who can do anything to you."

She was now completely naked, and she crawled onto the bed, now over me and in complete control. Her big hands ran over my body and I felt a shiver move from my chest all the way down to the tip of my dick. She grabbed my shirt, and then ripped it in half as if it were made of tissue paper.

"Oops," she said with a giggle. "It looks like they don't make shirts the way they used to."

She bent down and started to kiss my chest. I moaned in ecstasy, but suddenly thought of Adam overhearing a and stopped myself. Pamala seemed to read my mind.

"Don't worry about Adam," she said. "The walls here are pretty thick and his

room is far away from mine for a reason.”

She reached down and unbuttoned my pants before pulling them off me and I was in my underwear. She lifted me up and kissed me again, this time holding me on the bed. She sat up, her on her knees on the bed, and she holding me like a plaything. She was an amazing kisser, mainly because she kissed me with no self-consciousness and knew exactly what she wanted.

“What do you think of this big body?” she asked, whispering in my ear.

“You have the most amazing body that I’ve ever seen,” I said truthfully. “I can’t believe those curves.”

She laughed and took my head and buried it in her chest for a moment. When she took me out again she said, “I could definitely tell that you liked my tits.” She sat me down on the bed again. “You haven’t seen my ass though.”

With that she turned around and showed me her glorious backside for the first time. Her ass was big, and perfectly round, I could see that there was quite a bit of power and muscle like there was in all of her body.

In addition to her ass though I took note of her back and shoulders. I loved the way her muscles moved under her skin. I was reminded once again of her superior power. Even if she had been a normal sized woman, she would have been stronger than the average woman, and possibly still stronger than me, a less than average size man. At her gargantuan proportions it wasn’t even close. She gazed over her shoulder at me.

“Do you like it, little one,” she said.

“Yes, I do.”

“Come and explore my body.”

I got up and stood on the bed, coming to the beautiful giantess. I was still shorter than her even with her down on her knees, but things were a lot closer. I kissed her neck and she moaned softly, and my hands roamed over her back and shoulders. I reached around her as well as I could to cup her breasts from behind.

“Back to my tits again?” she teased. “You just can’t keep your hands off them it seems.”

She put her big hands over my tiny ones and then gently removed them. Then she turned back around to face me. She was still on her knees, which made her not quite as threatening as she was standing up at her full height. Yet, her predatory look still sent a shiver of fear through me that mixed with my arousal.

“I think it’s time we got down to business,” she said. She gestured to my crotch. I was fully hard, and my cock was peeking out of my boxer shorts. She reached for them and ripped them apart as easily as she did my shirt. I gasped as she did so, not worried about her indifference to my clothing, but hoping that she didn’t show the same indifference to my tiny helpless body.

She pushed me down flat in the bed easily, and then climbed on top of me, inserting my cock inside her. I was afraid that her weight might crush me, but she seemed expert at putting just enough weight on me that I could feel her power, yet not really hurt me. Immediately she began to move back and forth on my cock, controlling me completely. I felt as if she was using my body, and that I had no part in this experience but to lay back and let her have her way with me.

“Experience my power, little one,” Pamala said to me. “I’m the biggest woman you are ever going to see in your life, let alone get the chance to fuck.”

It felt as if she was pounding me into the bed as she writhed on top of me, and it didn’t take long for my cock to explode. Pamala smiled down at me, very pleased by how easily she had taken my little body.

“You’re mine now,” she said. “You understand that?”

I could do nothing but nod at her. I was exhausted and overwhelmed by this surreal turn of events.

“Go back to your room,” she commanded me, and I obeyed her, but I was devastated that she wasn’t going to allow me to stay and feel her amazing body pressed against mine.

As I went back to bed, I wondered what Adam would think of what had just happened if he knew. He had said it was best to let his other have her way, though I wasn’t sure he had meant have her way with me. Yet, he would have to know that I could not resist her. Nobody could resist her. Pamala could have anything she wanted. That was very clear.

The next morning, I saw Adam at breakfast. "I'm going to be gone most of the day today," he said. "Mom asked me to run some errands for her."

"Okay," I said awkwardly. I wanted to ask Adam if he wanted any company but then he bent down and said to me. "I can't do anything to help you. It is best that you just do what she says."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You know what I mean," Adam said.

Just then, Pamala appeared. She was dressed in a green flower dress, lowcut to show cleavage and short enough to give a generous view of her incredible legs.

"You better get going, Adam," she said. "I'll keep Mark company while you are gone."

Adam stared up at his mother, an expression on his face that I had never seen before. He didn't look exactly angry, but he looked as if he was made deeply uncomfortable by what was happening. There was no question that Adam knew what was going on. Had Pamala told him? I doubted that, but maybe she had taken young lovers in the past.

"I'll see you tonight," Adam told me, and then he walked toward the door. I watched him go, Pamala standing behind me. I didn't know exactly what was

going to happen, but there was no question that Pamala wanted the whole day with me. Once Adam had walked out the door, I felt her big hand on my shoulder.

“I thought I could use a whole day of us to ourselves for a little training,” Pamala said. “Last night was fun, but I think you need to learn some lessons on how to please me.”

With that she spun me around. She reached under her dress and slide her panties down her legs. Once they hit the floor, she put pressure on my shoulders and easily forced me to my knees. It was obvious what she wanted me to do, and I moved under her dress to do my duty.

I had never performed oral sex on a woman before. I had barely had any sexual experience, but I knew that Pamala would expect my best effort, so I tried to give it to her. I inserted my tongue inside her and began to lick. She put her hand to the back of my head, and it was big enough to practically hold my head. I felt that if she wanted to, she could crush my skull like overripe fruit.

“Move your tongue in a circle around my clit,” Pamala commanded. I did what she asked, and she moaned gently. “That’s it,” she said. “Keep doing that.”

She continued to command me as I worked. She moved her left thigh, so it pressed against my face. I moved my hand up to grasp it, to feel the power that she had in that leg and knowing that just that leg was probably far stronger than my whole body.

After several minutes of work, her breathing quickened, and she moved both

legs around me as if they were squeezing me in a vice. “That’s it, little one,” she moaned. “Keep doing that and soon I am going to explode.”

I did what she wanted, and I could hear her breathing get faster. She legs gripped around me tighter. Finally, she pulled me back, so she could sit on the kitchen counter, and her legs came under me, wrapping around my body, and then lifting me up into the air. It was an amazing experience, and a little scary, but I continued to please the giantess, until she let out an earsplitting cry and she came. As she did so, she squeezed me gently with her legs, and then set me back down to the ground.

I looked up at her, flushed and satisfied by what I had just done. I had never been prouder, of myself. She looked down at me with fire in her eyes, this incredible giantess. “You look beautiful,” I said to her.

She smiled at me and reached down to scoop me up. She kissed me, even more passionately than she had the day before. She was so strong, and she gripped me so tightly that I thought she might kill me. I didn’t even care. She could do whatever she wanted to with me at that point. I was her toy to have.

She put me down again briefly, and then she pulled her dress up over her head. “I have to have you again now,” she told me. “Take your clothes off.”

I undressed as quickly as I could, but I never wanted to take my eyes off her incredible body. I stared at her beautiful face, huge breasts, wide hips, and long thick legs. I knew I was going to experience this body again and I could hardly wait. My giantess would have her way with me.

The moment I was naked her arms were around me again. She palmed my butt and squeezed it. "I love your cute little ass," Pamala said. Then she moved me between her legs and inserted me.

She pumped me in and out of her in accordance with her pleasure. I had no power whatsoever, and I loved it. I was nothing to her. All I could do was hold onto her gargantuan body and move my hands over her skin. I could reach up and cup her huge breasts, and play with her nipples, but this was the extent to which I was an active participant in the proceedings.

"Don't you dare come until I'm finished," Pamala told me, and I tried to comply, but this was the most erotic experience of my life, and I feared that I would not be able to make it.

To my relief, it did not take Pamala long to reach her own climax. When she was done, she removed me and lifted me up to cuddle me against her chest and kiss me gently. "You are a perfect little man," she whispered to me.

"You're a goddess," I told her, and she smiled.

"Don't you forget it," she said.

PART TWO

I was asleep, with Pamala's big body surrounding me, when I felt her huge hand moving up my chest and knew what was about to happen. She was caressing my naked chest, she always wanted me to sleep naked, while she slept in her nightgown, and then suddenly she flipped me over. Her mouth covered my own and her tongue entered my mouth as she fondled my much smaller body. I had been semi-hard when I was asleep, but now I was hard as a rock. Pamela ran her fingers up my shaft, and then reached down to cup and play with my balls.

Pamala always loved to tease me, but I knew she wasn't going to just egg me on and torture me right now. When Pamala woke up horny, she needed her lust to be sated as soon as possible, and that meant taking my much smaller body roughly, and with no regard for my own pleasure or desires. Ironically, I found myself enjoying that very much, but there was always some fear about her hurting me when she got worked up like this.

When she broke the kiss, Pamala rose up, her huge legs straddling me. She did not put her full weight on me, but I was trapped just the same. I looked up at her beautiful face, as she smiled, and then lifted her nightgown over her head to reveal her gigantic perfect body. As many times as I had seen her naked, I was still astounded every time I saw it.

She had an incredible hourglass figure, with hips so wide that if she lay on her side they were almost as tall as me. Pamala would have remarked that wasn't much of an accomplishment, since I was only five-foot-three. She loved to tease me about being so small and that excited me as much as anything.

Her waist was significantly thicker than mine, but tiny compared to those

incredible hips. When you looked up further, her enormous breasts were a truly astounding sight. Even as big as she was, her breasts were proportionately astounding. Each of them, when pressed against me, spanned my body to the base of my neck to my groin. They were remarkably well-shaped and firm, both for breasts so preposterously large, and for breasts belonging to a forty-five-year-old woman.

One of my favorite things that Pamala enjoyed doing to me, was to pick me up and cradle me in her arms while she held me to one of her breasts. I would suck her nipples like a baby nursing its mother, while she stroked my hair and made me feel tiny. After being a small person my whole life, I had never enjoyed the feeling of being small so much since I had met Pamala. She made the feeling of being tiny seem like ecstasy, and I would often become aroused just thinking about our comparative sizes.

Looking at Pamala's naked body that morning, something I had the pleasure to see for many mornings over the past year, I still felt as if I must be dreaming. I had spent a whole year as the lover of a giantess, and yet now I still could not believe it. I had somehow lucked into a fantasy that other men could only dream of.

Pamala grabbed my hard dick and inserted it into herself as she climbed on top of me. Despite her size, her pussy would still feel somewhat tight as my dick would enter her. Maybe it was the powerful muscles contracting around it. All I knew was that it felt great and I had never spent too much time examining the phenomenon. Pamala put her weight on me then, and I felt the air go out of me.

When she did this, I often struggle to breath. Pamala would play with putting her full body weight on top of me, and then easing it off, knowing that it was painful for me to feel the full weight of a seven-foot-nine woman on top of me. You wouldn't know it if you were looking at a photograph, at least one that didn't show her standing next to a normal person or some other height indicator, but

Pamala weighed four hundred and twenty pounds. That was almost exactly three times my weight, and when she pressed her full weight down on me it was certainly obvious.

She enjoyed watching me wince in pain, and then she would ease up a little to watch the relief on my face. I assumed she liked it because it emphasized how completely she dominated me with ease. Pamala could have had a lover who was tall and large by normal standards and still dominated them, but what I think she liked about me was that she hardly had to try at all. She loved how just fitting our bodies together was an act of dominance for her.

She started to ride me, and the whole bed moved with her thrusts. The feeling was incredible, as was the sight of Pamala's massive tits bouncing far above me. The whole bed moved back and forth, and the headboard slammed against the wall. Every time she did this, I thought that this time she was going to break the bed, or the legs were going to give, but it never happened. Pamala liked strong sturdy furniture.

"Please, Pamala," I gasped as she grinded into my hips. It felt like she was going to split me in half.

"I'm sorry, little one," she said, and she reached her hand down under my butt. She got up on her knees and then began to thrust me inside her. "This will be much better for you."

Without the pain mixing with the pleasure, plus the excitement of being lifted up so easily by my much larger lover, I felt as if I was going to come any second. I knew I couldn't without angering Pamala. She wouldn't tolerate my reaching orgasm before her. Fortunately for me, she wasn't that far off, and she let out a loud wail as she reached her climax and squeezed me against her body.

When it was over, she cuddled me as usual. She loved to cuddle, and I loved being held against her giant body. Having my head resting on one of her giant breasts and her strong arms around me was as amazing as the sex itself. It made me feel safe in a way that nothing else did.

After about a half hour of rest, Pamala decided it was time to put me to work.

“I think it’s time to make me breakfast,” she told me.

I got out of bed and made my way to the kitchen, not bothering to put my clothes on. This was something that Pamala had insisted on, ever since she had reclaimed her house and moved me in on a permanent basis. One of her first decrees was that I was to always be naked when at home, unless she gave me specific permission not to be. She, of course, was clothed most of the time. This satisfied her in a number of ways, first giving her easy access to my body she wanted, second, emphasizing my smallness and the fact that I was to be treated like an object, and third she enjoyed looking at me.

At first, I struggled with it. It was hard to get used to the fact I was naked when I was used to wearing clothes, and sometimes I felt like I was always cold. After a while, it started to feel natural. I loved to catch Pamala looking at me during some of our idle moments, and it made me feel sexy and desired. There was also that indescribable feeling of vulnerability my nakedness caused, especially when I was standing next to my gigantic fully dressed lover.

As I walked out of the room that morning, I glanced behind me to see Pamala staring at my butt. It made me blush a little bit. She told me that she loved my tiny ass, saying it looked like a baby’s bottom, and she could barely keep herself

from squeezing it every time she saw me.

Once I was in the kitchen, I went to work making an elaborate breakfast for my love. It consisted of eggs, bacon, hash browns and pancakes. I could barely cook the simplest thing for myself prior to meeting Pamala. I used to joke that I could burn water I was trying to boil. Pamala had whipped me into shape in no time, and I had become an increasingly better cook, which was good because it was obvious Pamala expected me to do all the cooking.

While I worked on this, Pamala stayed in the bedroom, only coming out when I announced everything was ready. She emerged in a grey t-shirt and red sweatpants, her favorite outfit for lazily lounging around while I waited on her hand and foot.

I presented her with the breakfast and she looked pleased. “Thank you, my little chef,” she said and leaned over to kiss me on the cheek. As we ate, we talked about the rest of the day.

“Adam wants to do something with me,” I said. Adam was Pamala’s son, and it was through him that I had met her in the first place.

“Can’t he wait until school starts up again. He knows how I wanted to have you completely to myself all summer.”

“Of course, it’s up to you,” I said. “I just thought I would bring it up.”

Pamala seemed to think about this for a few moments. “I suppose it would be okay,” she said. “You can give him a call after you clean up and do the dishes.”

I called Adam as soon as I was done, and he picked up on the first ring. “Hey dude, the warden gave me a day pass. What did you have in mind?”

“I’ll pick you up in a couple hours,” Adam said. “I just want to give us a chance to talk. I’ll text you when I’m on my way.”

Then he hung up without saying anything. It was a very odd exchange. Adam and I hadn’t talked since the end of the school year, but it seemed like he was mad at me for something. I started to think about the past school year.

My relationship with Pamala had begun this past summer. Adam had told me that I could crash at his family home, rather than travel all the way back to my home state. The understanding was that it would just be us, but his mother had shown up and taken a liking to me right away. It turns out, I resembled her late husband, Adam’s father, and she had a thing for small men. Adam had tried to warn me about his mother at first, but there was no stopping her from having her way.

I took a shower and got dressed, after obtaining Pamala’s permission of course, and waited for Adam to tell me he was on his way. When he finally sent me the message it had been ninety minutes of me violating the “no clothes” policy Pamela had set down, but she didn’t seem to mind too much.

When Adam arrived, I got in the car and he took me to a pizza place. This was the same pizza place he had warned me about his mother initially, I couldn’t help

but notice. He barely said a word before we sat down with our food, and finally I needed to say something.

“Okay dude, what the hell’s going on?”

Adam was silent for what felt like an eternity. He was a large guy by normal standards, six-foot-six, and having him mad at me might have been intimidating before I met his mother. Now I was used to being around somebody much larger, and Adam knew he would have to deal with his mother’s wrath if he and I had a confrontation.

Finally, he spoke. “Are you happy with my, Mom?” he asked.

This struck me as an absurd question. “Of course, I’m happy. I’ve never been this happy in my life.”

Adam let out a deep sigh. “Well, I haven’t gotten to see you all summer and I haven’t gotten to see her,” he said. “It’s hard enough losing your best friend, and it’s hard enough losing your Mom, but to lose them both, and to each other. That is really hard.”

I was floored by this. I thought this might be some kind of jealousy on Adam’s part, but I didn’t expect this. “I don’t know what to say,” I said to him. “Why don’t you talk to your Mom about this?”

“I think she would just read it all wrong,” Adam said. “She would think I was

judging her for having a relationship with somebody my age or being offended on behalf of my dad.”

“I’m sure it isn’t like that,” I said. “You need to give your Mom some credit. She will listen to you and I’m sure this can be worked out.”

“I don’t know,” Adam said. He shook his head and I felt awkward.

I changed the subject to the upcoming school year and Adam perked up. He knew that he was at least going to see me during that time, though I would be expected to be home and be with his mother every day. Pamala worked from home, so she was practically at the house all the time, and she wanted me to be at the house or with her, every second I wasn’t at school. I understood why Adam felt the way that he did.

Adam dropped me off after we finished our pizza, and we discussed which classes we were taking when school started back up in a few weeks. We had the same major, physics, so it was a given we would be in some of the same classes, but we made our schedules line up exactly. We both enrolled using our phones, and then I went into the house.

“Pamala, I’m home,” I said, as I began to strip off my clothing. I knew she would want to see me naked when she came into the living room.

She walked out from the back of the house, wearing a green dress that hugged her curves in marvelous ways. She walked toward me swiftly and picked me up in her arms, before giving me a big kiss. “Did you have fun?” she asked.

“I think I need to tell you some things about Adam,” I said.

Her playful look disappeared, and she became grave and serious. “Okay, we’ll talk in the bedroom.”

She walked us back to our bedroom and sat me on the bed, while she sat on the edge next to me. I told her about everything that Adam told me. At first, I thought this might be wrong. I had told Adam to contact her himself and discuss things with her, but I had the impression that he wasn’t going to be brave enough to do it. I thought something else must be going on here, and if I broached things with Pamala, at least she would know what she was in for.

Pamala was quiet for a moment. “I thought this might happen,” she said.

“It’s only natural,” I said. “He just wants to have more time with either of us.”

Pamala shook her head. “It’s more than that. Have you ever known Adam to have a girlfriend?”

I thought about it. Girls often threw themselves at Adam due to his size and he had his pick of them. He often rejected girls who were really into him, but he often dated girls. “He’s had a ton of girlfriends,” I said.

“I’m not talking about girls he went on a few dates with. I mean a serious girlfriend.”

“I see your point,” I said. “Though I’m not getting what that has to do with anything.”

Pamala’s face seemed pained, as if she didn’t want to continue the conversation but then she asked me another question. “What kind of girls does he usually go out with?”

“Tall and athletic,” I answered. “By usual standards,” I added.

“The tallest girls he can find,” Pamala said. “Except no matter how tall they are it is never good enough for him.”

It was as if I was frozen in place for a long time as the implications of what she was saying started to dawn on me. “You can’t be saying what I think you’re saying,” I said.

“You’ve read Freud, right?”

“This is not the kind of thing he was talking about.”

“My son grew up with a mother, an example of femininity, who was the biggest strongest woman on the planet, and it has warped his sense of what a woman is. He wants the biggest woman and he’ll settle for nothing less.”

“You have to be wrong about this,” I said.

“I wish I was,” Pamala told me.

There was a long silence between us. I didn’t want to think about what she had just said, but now it was on my mind. I had been out in public with Pamala, seen how men stared at her, and were obsessed with her beauty and size. Then they would look at me and be baffled by why she was with me. Could Pamala be right? This even affected her own son?

“Try not to worry about it, little lover,” Pamala said. “I’m sure Adam will be in better spirits once school starts. The summer must be hard for him knowing that you and I were together. He must have been insanely jealous.”

Pamala was giving me lascivious look, and my cock responded to it immediately. She leaned way down and kissed me again, and pressed her bigger body into me, making me feel tiny. Then she lifted me up into her arms and lay back onto the bed, positioning me on top of her.

“I want you to taste me,” she whispered when she broke the kiss.

I made my way down Pamala’s giant body. Laying on top of her soft mountainous tits was such a thrill that it made me sad to leave them behind, but I had no right to refuse my goddess. I kissed her body every step of the way, kissing her big breasts and then her soft flat stomach, before making my way down her hips, and moving onto her strong beautiful legs.

I kissed her powerful thighs as I made my way up to her panties. Pamala cooed in delight at my worship of her and sighed in anticipation as I reached up and slid her panties down her legs. They were a lacy black pair that usually made her butt look fantastic, and I smiled at the thought of the last time I had seen her walking around the house in them.

After I brought her panties down to the floor, I climbed back up those beautiful legs to her waiting pussy. I could feel the quiver of Pamala's body as she waited for my tongue. As I entered her and started licking, she let out a soft moan of pleasure. She had spent a year teaching me exactly how to pleasure her, and I was about to put all the skills I had acquired to the test.

Pamala responded the way I hoped, and she was clutching at the bedsheets as I moved her closer and closer to her climax. I thought she was almost there, but then she took her legs and wrapped them around me, her thighs pressed against my ears. "I could crush the life out of you right now," she said. "There is nothing you could do to escape or fight back. I'm so much stronger than you that your body is insignificant to me."

She squeezed me to the point that it was actually painful and for a moment I stopped licking.

"Don't stop!" Pamala boomed. "I want you to keep going. I want you to make me come even if means your death."

She had never done anything like this before. Pamala was always dominant, but she had never acted violently. It was frightening, but I could do nothing but comply. She held me between her legs again, m helpless in her vicelike grip. I licked like my life depended on it, because it might have, and I could hear Pamala's excited moans as a guide that I was doing everything right. When she

reached her climax, she screamed and bucked her body furiously, but did not squeeze me more. When she finally stopped squeezing me between her legs, I quickly freed myself and moved away from her.

Pamala looked delighted by what had just happened, but I was looking at her with genuine fear. I didn't say anything, I didn't dare, but we regarded each other in that moment. She was looking at me with an expression of pure bliss, while I was thinking that something had changed in this moment and there was no going back.

"I'm sorry, little one," Pamala said. "I just couldn't help myself."

"What just happened?" I asked.

Pamala shrugged. "Sometimes I get intoxicated by my own strength. I hope you know that I would never really harm you." She sat up and looked at me with an evil grin coming over her face. "Hurt you is another matter entirely."

I usually got an erection when I ate Pamala out, but my fear had caused my dick to soften. With the way she was looking at me I found myself hardening again. There was something about this crueller side of her that was sexy, even as I was now a little fearful.

"What's bringing this on?" I asked.

Pamala sighed. "I guess this whole conversation about Adam has made me think

about what I really want. Despite my size, men view me as a sex object. Even my own son can't help himself. So, I decided to be a little rougher with you. I just wanted to emphasize that this is all about me. What you want is hardly important."

With that, Pamala stood up at her full height. As many times as I had seen this, it never ceased to be exciting to me. My lover was nearly eight feet tall. I didn't think there was another man in the world who could make this claim. At that moment I knew how lucky I was, and my fear disappeared. So what if Pamala were to crush me? My whole life was about serving this goddess. If she wanted to end it at any time that was her right.

"Do you ever think about what excited you about us being together?" Pamala asked me.

"There isn't much to think about. You're the most beautiful and sexiest woman I've ever seen."

"I mean deep down. What is the psychological basis for you getting so turned on by being with a bigger and stronger woman? Especially one that is twice your age."

I froze for a moment. I knew what this was about. "You're thinking about our conversation about Adam. You want to know if I have 'Mommy issues', is that it?"

Pamala smiled at me in a sheepish almost girlish way. "I realized that with you I'm getting a little bored with the usual. I thought I wanted to try something new.

Crushing you between my legs might have been a little scary for you. Maybe there are other avenues that we could explore.”

I wanted to be disgusted by what Pamala was proposing, but the truth was I was still hard as a rock. This idea was enticing me more than I wanted to admit. “When you’re a little boy your mother is bigger than you, and you look up to her. I imagine that must have been so much more dramatic for Adam. His mother didn’t just dwarf him but everybody else around.”

I got up from the bed and stood next to Pamala. I loved this comparison, because if I stared straight ahead, I would be looking at the upper part of her stomach. Her breasts were over my head, and I would have to stand on my tiptoes to be able to really reach them. The feeling of being dwarfed like this was indescribable.

Pamala reached her hand out and brought it around to the back of my head, stroking my hair and rubbing my neck. “My sweet little boy,” she purred. She looked down at my hardon. “Is that for Mommy?”

“Yes Mommy,” I said.

Pamala bent over and reached way down to touch my cock. This gave me a great view of the generous cleavage she displayed from the top of her dress. Her tits were so huge they looked like they might pop out from that dress at any moment. Pamala grasped my cock and squeezed it gently.

“Oh, it’s so naughty getting hard looking at your Mommy like that.”

“I can’t help it, Mommy. You’re so sexy. I can’t help what happens when I look at you.”

Pamala was quiet for a moment and slowly licked her lips. “I guess you really can’t help yourself.” She let go of my cock and stood back up at her towering height. “It’s the natural reaction to looking at all this woman.”

“I’m sorry I’m so bad, Mommy,” I said.

“It’s okay, sweetie,” Pamala said. “Are you hungry?”

I knew exactly what she was thinking. “Oh yes, very much, Mommy.”

Pamala leaned down again and lifted me up off the ground, placing one hand on my butt and the other around my legs. She put me in the crook of her left arm and pulled down the shoulder of her dress to reveal her huge breast, covered in a lacy black bra. She pulled her bra strap down and took out her breast, the beautiful nipple pointing at me.

“It’s time to let your Mommy feed you,” she said.

I took her nipple into my mouth and sucked it as if I was starving. Pamala moaned immediately. “You are a hungry little boy,” she said.

While she held me in the air, she was able to take off the rest of her dress and drop it to the floor. She stepped out of it as easily, while still holding me as if I weighed nothing. She then began to undo her bra.

“I think that one has about had it,” she said. “Why don’t you try the other one.”

She removed her bra and transferred me to the other arm. Her strength never ceased to astound me. She was able to lift me as if I was really an infant, and there was no sign of any strain whatsoever. I sucked that nipple as I had the previous one, and Pamala started to play with my hard cock at the same time.

“Oh, you’re still hard for, Mommy,” she said. “You sucking on my nipple feels so good.”

She pulled me from her nipple and moved me up to her mouth, kissing me passionately. She pulled my much smaller body against her huge powerful frame. Again, I was a little afraid, and she actually hurt me a bit too, but I knew she was just excited, and I knew what was coming next.

“I know I,” she said, “But I can’t help myself. I’m so excited. It’s time to fuck your Mommy.”

With that she threw me back on the bed. When I looked up she had removed her panties in one swift motion and was now as naked as I was. Within seconds, she was on the bed and she grabbed my left ankle to pull me toward her.

“Oh Mommy,” I said, as she loomed over me and came down to kiss my neck. “You’re so big and strong. I want you to take me.”

She reached down and grabbed my cock yet again. “Don’t worry, sweetie. I’ll do whatever I want to you.”

She inserted me into her. I expected her to remain on top, but instead she grabbed my body and flipped us over. My head was now resting between her huge tits while her arms held me in a tight grip, one around me back and the other on my butt.

“Fuck your Mommy!” Pamala ordered. “Fuck your Mommy right now!”

This was getting Pamala hot like I had never seen. So, I thrust inside her, talking to her the whole time. “I’ve wanted this for so long, Mommy. All my friends have wanted you. They keep talking about how hot you are. I would pretend to get mad, but really I wanted you more than any of them.”

Pamala was going wild as I said these things to her. She let go of me and reached her arms up to grasp the headboard. I was disappointed at first, but why soon became apparent.

“I want to come inside you, Mommy. I want you to feel me spurt in your pussy and get every drop of my come.”

When I said this, Pamala came hard, and I could feel her vaginal muscles

contracting around my dick. She twisted the metal headboard like it was made of paper, and soon she had distorted it so much that it didn't even look like a headboard at all. She had completely crushed it with her strength. As I watched that I exploded inside her. Pamala could feel how intensely I was coming and was even more pleased.

When we came down from our orgasms, Pamala wrapped her arms around me gently. "You've made Mommy very happy," she said.

I was still inside her, but she pulled me out and up to her face so she could kiss me. I had found this incredibly hot, but I didn't know what to make of this fantasy. It felt like everything had changed. I fell asleep as Pamala held me in her arms, trying not to think too hard about what we had just done.