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HER SPECIAL BOY

A GIANTESS STORY

J. D. TUFTS

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Greta had been watching him for twenty minutes, the small boy sitting alone at table fifteen, reading a book and drinking a coffee. Normally, as owner of this shop, she would not spend so much time watching a customer, unless there was something seriously wrong, but today, there was something very right. For fifteen minutes, Greta had been looking at this beautiful boy and thinking about violating her most sacred of rules, not to mix her pleasure pursuits with that of her business.

Yet, it was hard to ignore that this young man at table fifteen fit so perfectly what her friends always called “Greta Boys.” It was well known that Greta had a very particular taste in men, and that was she liked men who were incredibly tiny, and boyish. This young man at table fifteen looked like a tiny little doll. She couldn’t be sure just how small he was, but she thought for sure he was the smallest man she had seen in quite a while, and adorable to boot.

What was a hinderance was how her own size made approaching the perfect little “Greta Boys” so difficult. Greta had always been big, from a very young age. She stood six feet tall at nine years old, and then six-foot-ten by the time she was twelve. The following year, puberty had hit her like a truck, and she blossomed into a voluptuous young woman, while sprouting to her current seven-foot-five-inch height.

She had been intimidating to grown men at that age, let alone boys her own age, but Greta had been so enormous that she couldn’t run from her size. What she had decided to do was embrace it, and she found she had liked being a towering giantess. Her taste in men was an extension of that. Dating little men made her size seem even more exaggerated, and this turned her on immensely.

The problem was, she scared most men away. Even big men didn’t like being dwarfed, and often when men did express interest in her, it was her size and looks alone that attracted them. Greta wanted the whole package, and her idea of

a perfect man was a tiny, boyishly good-looking man, with high intelligence, a kind personality, and a great sense of humor. At the age of thirty-two, she had yet to find him.

She was still thinking about this perfect little “Greta Boy” at table fifteen, and how he was reading a physics book by Michio Kaku, dressed in a white polo shirt and blue jeans. He had short cropped light brown hair, and blue eyes. When she looked at him, the thought of having her hands on him made her shiver.

She had been watching him from her back office, where there was a two-way glass window that allowed her to look out at the customers. Her physical presence was so overwhelming to people that she often did not mingle out in the front of the house. One of the hazards of being a giantess was that you tended to intimidate people.

Yet, today she knew she would have to. She had to talk to this young man. She would not forgive herself if she didn’t, so she rose from her desk, ducked way down to get through her office door, and headed out to the front of the coffee shop. She emerged out the front of the backroom, and she could see the reactions of several customers who had never seen her before. This excited her, watching the little people react to how huge she was.

The little “Greta Boy” had not spotted her yet. She began to walk toward him, slowly, because she knew her massive weight would alert him to her presence while she walked along the floor. She of course couldn’t get all the way to the table without him being alerted to her presence. Once she got close, her enormous shadow fell over him, and he looked up to see what could possibly have blocked out all the light.

Greta smiled at the young man because she didn’t want him to be alarmed. She

was glad to see that the first look she saw on his face was not terror, but awe. He looked up at her as if he was witnessing the emergence of a goddess into his line of sight. Immediately, he looked shy and overwhelmed.

“How are you today, sir?” Greta said in her most businesslike tone. “I’m Greta, the owner.”

It took him a moment to realize she had spoken to him, which again amused her. Greta realized he was even cuter close up, and the way he was looking at her was driving her crazy. She just wanted to scoop him up and take him into her arms right there, but of course that wouldn’t be appropriate.

“Fine...I’m great actually,” he stammered. “Thank you for asking.”

Such a polite boy. “I couldn’t help but notice the book you’re reading,” Greta said. “Are you a physicist?”

“No,” he said, looking shy again. He looked almost as if he was blushing, not expecting this conversation to continue. “I’m a philosophy grad student,” he told her. “I’m interested in science though.”

Greta nodded, and she decided that was enough of testing the waters. Before she made her retreat, she looked at the mirror behind them, and enjoyed the image of her towering over the tiny man. She was wearing a grey dress that day, modest, but it showed off her thick hourglass figure. She loved seeing this tiny man with his small bone structure looking up at her. It sent a shiver through her.

“Let me know if you need anything,” she said, and put her hand gently on the tabletop before she walked off. She knew she couldn’t touch him, but this was meant as a clear signal for her desire for intimacy.

She kept watching him as he sat at table fifteen, and as the day wore on, the people started to thin out, but the young man was still sitting there.

She was able to catch him as he was finally leaving, and she walked swiftly toward the door. “Excuse me, sir,” she said, and he turned around, just as he had opened the door to leave.

Standing so close to him was a delicious moment, because she got to finally get a full idea of the relative size differences between them. The top of his head was just under the cusp of her huge breasts, and she was sure not to stand too close, as to overwhelm him with them.

“Yes,” the young man said expectantly.

“I don’t usually do this,” Greta started, suddenly feeling a bit nervous herself. “I know this is a bit of an intrusion, but I wouldn’t forgive myself if I didn’t ask this. Would you like to have dinner with me some night?”

She could have only described the look on his face as stunned, and she couldn’t tell if that was good or not. It took a few moments for him to recover himself. “Yes,” he said. “I would love that.”

She smiled and was relieved that this hadn't turned out so awkward. "My name's Greta," she said.

"I'm Jacob," he told her.

The two discussed their schedules and agreed to meet on a Wednesday. Greta was usually at the coffee shop on weekends, but she was the boss, so if he had insisted on weekends, she could have made it work. Wednesdays were the best days for her though.

It was currently Sunday, so that gave her quite a few days to wait. The two exchanged phone numbers, and they spent the next few days exchanging text messages.

There was a bit of dancing around the subject of height for quite a while. Jacob was a very polite boy in general. He didn't want to steer the conversation directly toward sex, like so many men did. He asked her a lot of questions about herself and was actually trying to get to know her.

"Do you have siblings?" Jacob finally asked her. He had just mentioned he had two sisters.

"Yes, I have a brother," Greta wrote. This was the opening to discuss things height related. "He's older than me, and we're both adopted. We have a fairly normal sibling relationship, but it was very strange for him when I was suddenly so much taller than him, and then just kept getting taller."

Greta waited for Jacob to reply. It took a while, and she wasn't sure if he would take the bait. "It must have been tough for you being different," he said.

This was a glorious opening for Greta. She couldn't have asked for a better opportunity to discuss her favorite subject, and she wasn't sure if Jacob had given her that opening on purpose or had stumbled upon it by accident.

"Not really," Greta said. "I always enjoyed being tall. When I was first taller than everyone else, it was a thrill. It made me feel powerful, and though I was too young to really know it at the time, I felt sexy. Then I kept getting even taller. I don't think I could ever be tall, or strong enough."

Greta was lying on her huge custom-made bed in her apartment, wearing only a t-shirt and underwear. She was braless, and her huge nipples were erect. She wondered what Jacob would think if she took a picture of herself right now and sent it to him. She restrained herself, wanting to save the reveal for the date.

He was slow to answer her again. She imagined that he was thinking hard about how he wanted to reply. "Can I ask you a serious question?" he finally wrote her.

"Of course," she said.

"Why did you ask me out?" he wrote.

Some women would have found this question a turnoff, because it meant the man lacked confidence, but Greta was not one of those women. She was well

aware of how much her towering height could overwhelm men, and she enjoyed that reaction. She also knew this was a good opportunity to continue the subject.

“I’ve always loved little men,” Greta wrote. “I love the extreme contrast between a small man and my size. It makes me feel very powerful, and very sexy. When I saw you sitting there, I was very excited. You’re so cute, and I love how small and delicate you are. I spent a lot of time thinking about your small wrists and tiny arms, your slim waist, and how adorable you are.”

She knew that this was really tipping her hand, but after a couple of days of polite texting, she really wanted to get to the meat of it. There was an even longer wait for his answer than there had been before.

Finally, he came back to her. “I’ve never had anybody say anything like that to me before,” he wrote. “It makes me feel sexy.”

“How tall are you?” she wrote. Just typing those words made her excited. She took her free hand and ran it up and down her body, thinking about the little man being in her bed. She could feel that her nipples were as hard as steel.

“I’m five-foot-three,” he wrote her back. “I weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds,” he volunteered.

Greta could feel how wet she was after hearing that. It was startling that she could find a man so tiny. The smallest of the “Greta Boys” she had actually been with had been five-foot-seven, and it hadn’t lasted long because she overwhelmed him so much. In private, he had loved the size comparison as much as she did, but once they were in public, he was too embarrassed to really

enjoy it.

Now was the time for her to share the information. “I’m seven-foot-five,” she typed. Then she wrote, savoring the contrast, “I weight three hundred and ninety pounds.”

Greta couldn’t wait for his reaction, she put a hand between her legs and started masturbating immediately. She was starting to really work herself into a frenzy when he texted her back.

“That’s very big,” was all he said.

She was disappointed in his text, and she wanted to text him back something lascivious, but she kept herself in check. Instead, she just thought of her huge body looming over him, of him disappearing when she put her arms around him. It was so exciting to think about their comparative sizes. It didn’t take her long before she was coming, and then when she returned to the conversation, she steered things toward more mundane topics.

It seemed as if Jacob was shy, and she would have to do some work if she wanted to open things up with him. She was fine with that. Greta loved to conquer, and she thought Jacob would be her biggest conquest, even though he was really her smallest target. She thought about his tininess, and how he was one third her size. That thought alone made her breathless.

When the day of the date came, she chose the dress she owned that made her look the most massive. It was a bright red dress, that displayed her curves, and accentuated the length of her body. It was also lowcut, in order to display her

prominent cleavage. She wore a pair of five-inch heels with the outfit as well, not showing Jacob any mercy.

They were supposed to eat at a nice Italian restaurant. Greta arrived a few minutes late because she wanted Jacob to see her entrance. She saw him sitting at a table near the front window as she pulled up in her customized Dodge Challenger. Then she walked up to the front door and bent way down to get through.

She could see Jacob's expression of shock and knew that she had done her job correctly. Even though he had already seen her, he was stunned at how she looked tonight. She knew a part of it was how beautiful and sexy she looked, but that was not unrelated to her massiveness.

She walked over to her little man, looming larger and larger over him. He got to his feet to greet her, and immediately noticed that he was now looking up at her huge breasts. She smiled to herself. This was such a pleasant feeling. She wished they could just skip the dinner.

"Hello, Jacob," she said, smiling down at him. She wasn't sure how much of that smile he could see, but it didn't matter. She reached out, and then pulled his tiny body to her huge one. She loved the feeling of him against her.

"You look amazing," he said, his face against her stomach.

He must feel like a child, she thought, and this thrilled her. It was such an incredible feeling to completely overwhelm this little man. She had to remind herself that there was such a thing as going too far, but she was already

incredibly aroused. What she wanted now was to have him in her bed as soon as possible.

“Thank you,” she said to his compliment. “You look quite nice yourself.”

The two sat down, and Jacob looked around, seeming to notice that all the people around them were staring. “Everybody is going to be looking at us,” Greta said, studying the menu. “It is just something that comes with the territory of dating me. You’re going to have to get used to it.”

Jacob nodded. “I guess so,” he said.

There wasn’t much conversation as they chose their food and ordered, but once the waiter had walked away, Jacob asked the question that had been in his mind.

“Why me?” he asked. “You could have anybody you want.”

“And I want you,” she said, folding her hands in front of herself. “I love the contrast between us. It is very exciting to me. I would normally never ask out a customer. It isn’t even something I had thought about until I saw you.”

Jacob blushed, and she loved the look on the little man’s face. She was wet between her legs, and her nipples were already hard. This dinner would be very difficult, because all she wanted was for it to be over.

They learned more about each other during the meal. Greta talked about how she had ended up owning a coffee shop, how she had been a software developer, but had given that work up. “I worked for a big corporation for years, and it was draining on me,” she said.

“It’s good to be able to do something you’re passionate about,” Jacob said.

“Well, like you working on your PhD,” she said.

“Exactly,” he said.

“What year are you?”

“Third,” he reminded her.

That was right, she thought. He was twenty-five years old, which was seven years younger than her. They had learned this through their texting, but neither of them made a big deal of it. Greta just loved the fact that he was younger. It made the dynamic between them more exciting, with her already towering over him.

They were soon done with dinner, and the conversation had gone so fast. It seemed like they were on the same page about everything they talked about so far, but Greta knew there was so much more to learn about her special little man. They sat at the table talking for quite a bit, but as the evening went on, it was obvious they needed to leave.

The two stood up again, and again Greta was extremely turned on by how much she towered over him. When he stood close to her, he disappeared from her view, being blocked out by her enormous breasts. She reached her hand out to him, and he took it. She shivered as she felt his tiny hand disappear inside her huge one. She led him out the door, and she felt that he would follow her anywhere.

She walked him to her car, and there she stepped back just far enough so she could look down and see his face. "I had a lovely evening," she said.

"I did too," he answered.

She let the moment hang in the air awkwardly, because she loved seeing his embarrassment. There was nothing that he could do. Then she took pity on him. She reached way down, and then put her hands under his arms. He looked surprised, but there was nothing he could do. She lifted him in the air with barely any effort.

Greta had been waiting for this moment ever since she had laid her eyes on him. He was even lighter than she expected, and she held him easily. She pulled his tiny body to her huge one and gave him a deep kiss. He did not resist her, not that he could have if he wanted to.

Greta felt his cock get hard and start to press against her instantly. He wanted her as much as she wanted him, he was just afraid. As she kept kissing him, she could feel his hunger for her. His little body trembled in her arms.

“I’m going to take you home with me,” she whispered in his ear. All he could do was nod, and she walked around to her car door, to deposit him in her passenger seat.

It wasn’t a long drive, and soon they pulled up to her driveway. She didn’t wait for Jacob to get out of the car but reached over and scooped him up. He did not resist, and curled up in her big, strong arms, letting her carry him into the house.

“You’re such a little darling,” Greta said, as she opened the door.

“I’m glad you think so,” he said.

Greta laughed. “I don’t know why I wouldn’t,” she said. “Now let’s go to the bedroom.”

The house was a single floor, with very high ceilings. Greta had some renovations done, to make the doors more her size, and everything in the house was oversized to meet her stature. That made Jacob’s tininess even more obvious.

She took him into the bedroom and sat him on the edge of her huge bed. “Are you ready?” she asked him.

Jacob didn’t answer, but his eyes went wide as he stared way up at her. He obviously wasn’t sure what he was supposed to be ready for. Greta knew that he could not possibly be prepared for her, and she would overwhelm him

completely.

She reached down and pulled her dress up over her head. She was standing in front of him now, a back lace bra, and matching panties all that was covering her massive body. Jacob's jaw dropped open.

"Have you ever been with a big, strong girl before?" Greta asked him.

Jacob blushed. "A lot of girls are big and strong compared to me," he said.

Greta laughed, but not cruelly. "I guess You're right," she said. "You're so tiny. Have you dated women who are bigger than you?"

Jacob nodded.

"Nothing like me though," Greta said. She didn't wait for an answer, but instead began to slowly run her hands up her long body, and over her big breasts. "You've never seen anything close to me."

Greta then leaned her big body down to Jacob to kiss him. He put his little hands up, to grab hold of her neck, and she thought he looked so darling. They kissed like that for several seconds, and then she couldn't handle anymore. She knew that she had to take him. She pushed him down on the bed in one swift motion, and then climbed on top of him.

The thing that turned her on more than anything was the way that his little body simply disappeared under hers. Anybody who was watching them would no longer be able to see him. She moved her huge body over him, and then she got her chest to his face. His little hands reached up and touched her big breasts. She loved that feeling as well, his tininess compared to her bigness. Her epic tits were too much for any man, but much too much for this little doll of a man under her.

This didn't stop her from lowering them on him, and then she felt her breasts envelop his face, basically smothering him. She wouldn't really let him die, giving him enough air to breath as she slowly lifted her breasts off him here and there. She could hear him gasp under her each time, and then she would dip down to smother him again.

Finally, she was done with playing, and she sat up, just long enough to reach around and unhook her bra. She set her big breasts free and set the enormous brassiere aside. She could see Jacob's face reacting to her tremendous tits now bare before him, and she smiled to herself, before bringing them back down on top of him.

Jacob grabbed one tit again, and let the nipple slip into his mouth. The feeling sent tingles through Greta's tits, and then through her whole body immediately. She loved getting her big tits sucked, and this tiny little man went to work right away. He sucked her enthusiastically, and it wasn't too long until her pussy had soaked her panties. She could smell her own arousal, and she knew Jacob probably did as well.

"You're so good at that," she said, and then she removed her nipple from his mouth and gave him one more passionate kiss. "I think playtime is over," Greta said. "It's time to get down to business."

She removed his clothes without any restraint, merely ripping his garments off like they were tissue paper. If he had any objections to her destroying his clothing, he did not voice them. It wouldn't have done him any good anyway. Greta was in an absolute sexual frenzy. She was ready to show this little man what a big giantess could do, and nothing was going to stop her. She was too strong to be restrained.

She loved the feeling of Jacob's tiny body against hers, making her feel like an absolute beast. She slipped his hard dick inside her, and then she took him. She had to be careful not to crush him under her massive weight, but she enjoyed putting as much on him as he could take.

"Are you okay, little one?" she would ask.

Jacob nodded his head, looking in awe of the massiveness hovering over him. She pushed him down into the mattress and took her pleasure. The feeling of riding this tiny man made her feel more powerful than she ever had before.

It wasn't long until she came, and Jacob exploded with her. He was such a good boy, having been able to hold off that long. The contrast between their relative sizes had been very exciting for both of them, but she could only imagine how overwhelmed he must have been with her enormity pressing down on him.

She rolled over onto the bed, and pulled him with her, cuddling him and covering him with kisses. "That was amazing," she told him.

"I can't believe a woman like you wants me," he said. The sincerity in his voice touched Greta deeply.

“Why would you say that?” she asked, putting her finger to his cheek.

“I’m so tiny,” he told her. When he said this, he buried his face in her neck, as if hiding himself from her.

“That’s why I want you,” she whispered in his ear. “I look at you, those little hands, and wrists, and elbows, and it drives me crazy.”

Jacob started kissing her neck, and that was getting her wild. She reached down and gripped his cock. To her surprise, he was already getting hard again. She began to stroke his cock gently, and Jacob began to get hard again.

“I must excite you a lot,” she whispered.

“You’re so big, and so strong,” Jacob said desperately. “You’re a goddess. All I want is to worship you.”

Greta giggled. How could this little man be so perfect? “You’re going to worship me,” she said. “That’s the perfect place for you to be.”

Soon Jacob was hard again, and then she lowered him down between her legs. She used him, letting him ride on the wave of her tremendously powerful body. He wasn’t anywhere close to being an equal to her. They seemed to both like it this way. She pumped him up and down while his dick thrust inside her.

Watching his little body like this was just as exciting. He was the smallest guy she had ever been with, and he loved the contrast just as much as she did. She thought she would never find that. Looking down at his incredible tininess contrasted to her, was getting her so hot, and then she was exploding.

“Oh my God!” she screamed, and she squeezed him, being sure not to crush him with her titanic strength.

She came so hard that she was exhausted, and Jacob climbed up her big body to wrap his arms around her neck and give her a kiss. She hugged her little man, covering him with kisses again. “I can’t believe I found somebody like you,” she said.

“I’m yours,” Jacob told her. “I’m yours forever.”

It would be only a few weeks before they moved in together. Greta thought that they were moving far too fast, but even her friends told her that sometimes it seemed right. People would see her and Jacob together, and once they got over the extreme contrast of their size, they no doubt thought they were perfect.

“I’ve never felt this way before,” Jacob told her. “I just want to worship you and serve you.”

He was true to his word. Once he moved into Greta’s house, he waited on her hand in foot. He even decided to quit his PhD program, having found his real passion. He kept Greta’s house clean and had dinner on the table when she got

home from running her coffee shop.

One of Greta's special rules for her special boy, was that he was to be naked constantly, except when company was over. She liked to watch him as he did his chores for her, completely naked. The sight of his slim little body got her very excited, and then she would be so excited that sometimes she would have to take him.

There was nothing better than just grabbing her already naked little man, and then taking him on the first available surface. Jacob would act as if he was fighting her sometimes, but she knew that he wanted it, and also that he didn't stand a chance of resisting her.

Their lives together were bliss. It wasn't the relationship that many people would have wanted, but it was the one they wanted. They were deliriously happy. After a while Greta set up a home gym for herself. She had it done during a time she knew Jacob would be out of the house, doing some errands for her. He came home to find it.

"What's this, my goddess?" he asked her.

"I was thinking how it's such a shame that I can't get any taller," she told him. "I thought I might be able to get bigger in other ways, and stronger."

Jacob shuddered at the thought of it. Greta loved seeing that little body of his react.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” she asked him.

There was no reason for him to answer. He just held his arms out and she picked him up, giving him a passionate kiss. He was hers, now and always. It was all he ever wanted to be.