

The Session

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1.

- "It's always the fucking same thing with you!"

Ellie actually threw the glass she was holding on the floor, where it shattered in a hundred pieces. Then she brought her hands to her face and cried.

- "Baby... please..." I came a couple of steps closer.

- "Don't... Just... just go. I'm done Seth. I'm really done! I can't take this anymore!"

- "Baby, please..." I repeated. "I apologize. I didn't know this would..."

- "I mean it! Stop!"

She turned around to look at me, and her face was a contorted mixture of intense sadness and disgust.

- "Go! Out of the house! Pack your shit! You're not sleeping here tonight!"

Whenever I see this scene in movies, I always wonder why the guy agrees and just packs his stuff and leaves, as if the house isn't also his.

Except that in this case, it was indeed Ellie's house. Entirely. If she said I had to leave... well, then I should leave. But was she serious? Was she actually serious?

I decided to try one more time.

- "Ellie, El... babe... we can work this out."

She ran to the stairs and before she went up she said: "I don't want to see you by the time I get down. Be OUT! Do you understand? SAY YOU UNDERSTAND!"

She was serious.

- "I understand," I said meekly. "I'll... book a hotel."

I used the booking.com app on my phone and found a surprisingly affordable but nice room for the night. This was New York, so it was still two hundred dollars, but okay, fine. It was just one night. Right? I was going to assume that, anyway.

I went to our bedroom, which Ellie was probably avoiding because she'd know I had to be there, sought out some clothes, took my toothbrush, and went into my office to pick up my laptop. I came down again, left Ellie a quick note on the counter, saying how sorry I was, asking her to forgive me, and left. It was two twenty five. By the time I'd get there, I'd be allowed to check in.

2.

The room was nice enough. I'd asked for a high floor and had gotten it, without surcharge. A great view of The City. King size bed, minibar. It all didn't look so bad.

Until I first got bored. And then panicked. What if... this was more than just one of our worse fights? What if...

I got up from the bed, took my phone, and dropped on the bed again. I texted Ellie:

"Honey I miss you already and hope we can sort this out asap. Let me know when you're ready to talk. Love you."

Was that a stupid thing to do? Should I wait? Give her time to process? I decided I was pushing it and was, at all costs, going to resist the temptation to send her any other text. For now.

I killed some time. Browsed my phone, watched some youtube movies... but I couldn't focus on it very much.

Just as I had gotten up to go for a walk, I heard my phone beep.

A text. From her.

I couldn't believe what it said, so I read it again:

I am serious Seth. We are done. I should have done this earlier.

Do not text me again today. We'll talk about the practicalities later.

What?

Fourteen years of relationship, ended, just like this? Now I was really panicking. This *was* fucking serious.

Shit.

I selected her number and called her. Two rings and it went to voicemail. She didn't want to pick up. I hung up and tried again. Again voicemail. I left a message. Then I sent a text.

An hour passed, and something interesting happened. Finally, my anguish turned to anger.

How could she do this to me, just like this? Without talking? Oh sure, she said that she'd tried to talk. Many times. Many many times. That's what women always said. That they tried to make things clear but that the guy was too thick.

Was I? Too thick? Hell no. I had made a mistake. Again. But I knew it. We had talked about it. I thought we were... solid again, after the major struggle six months ago. Apparently not.

Fuck.

She could have been clearer!

And the way she was treating me now. Not leaving anything open. Ignoring me. Being cold and distant. Not picking up the phone... It was... infuriating.

Done.

Really? *Really?*

And then I had this thought.

If it was over, I was free. Free to do whatever I wanted. Free to...

3.

Immediately my heart started to beat faster and I felt blood running through my member. I took my laptop from my bag, jumped on my bed again, and entered the wifi code.

And then I browsed to bookabuiltone.com.

A creative name. Book a built one.

Yes, built ones. They're what I like. What I've always liked. Ever since I was a very young guy. Ever since I had first seen a female bodybuilder on tv. And then in the muscle magazines I bought, where unfortunately musclewomen got only maybe two percent of the space the men got. So I had made my own magazine, cutting out the females and pasting them in a little dummy book, that I hid in the bottom drawer of my desk. When the internet

arrived, I got really lost. So many girls, getting ever bigger. In all countries. Picking up the sport, hitting the gym, growing bigger than men. So sexy, such a dream.

When I got married, I deleted my collections and threw away my dummy books, not for the first time. I tried to come clean. And I didn't do a bad job at it. I had it under control, mostly. I did occasionally visit those sites – well, maybe once a month – jerked off, cleaned up, and was good again, was there for my wife. I made it work, somehow, this combination of reality and fantasy. That had not been our downfall. There were other things. I don't want to go into that now.

I had to give myself some credit also for never having cheated on my wife, in all those years. In spite of the strong urge to be with a musclemom. Once. Just once. To know what it was like. To have the experience. I could have. There were... resources.

Like book a built one.

I was ready. To book a built one. If this was over anyway, this was my time. Sure, it would be wiser to wait. Till this was all more definitive. Till divorce papers were signed, or something.

But now I was horny. Now I didn't care anymore.

The web connection was good, thank god. I clicked New York. I was fortunate to be in the city with the biggest population of available built ones.

It had been some time since I'd been here, and there were many new names. But would any be available on such a short notice? I wanted her today. Tonight. I better get a move on.

There were about fifteen women listed as permanent residents of the greatest city on earth. And three more visiting. I went over them all. First the residents.

When I say built, I really mean built. Not all women on the site actually were, I knew from having looked at the pictures previously. I needed not just muscles, and muscle definition, but also mass, size, volume. And oh, I almost forgot: height. I am very short myself. Just five feet three. Ellie is actually an inch taller than me – which is definitely something that I found attractive in her, even if she was not built, but rather slim.

I read the profiles and discarded one after another. The face could be a major turnoff for me, and I discarded two on the basis of that. I paused when I saw a blonde girl named Larissa, who was five feet eleven. Oh my god, seven inches taller than I was. That was... yummy. I got out of my jeans, then went to the window, looked outside, but saw no reason to close the curtains. No one was close enough to look inside my room. Larissa was definitely a candidate. I sent her a quick mail, asking her if she was available tonight. Better send it as soon as possible, I thought. Then I went on looking through the other girls.

I discarded most of the rest. Some were tall but had no muscles and were way too slim for my taste, others were thick with muscles but too short. Damn. I sent one other mail to “Freya Muscles”, a self-described dominatrix who would “make me feel who was in charge from the moment we’d meet”. She was five feet ten and moderately muscular – more than I was, but that was easy. But the testimonials about her sounded great, and spoke of great wrestling skills, something that was a definitive bonus.

Finally there were the three travelers. One again was short, another totally unattractive to me. The third and final one was... interesting. It was interesting in its incompleteness. Her name was Alphagal, but there were no pictures, no stats, no testimonials. The only thing it said was: “I’m a tall, strong domme who is new on the scene. I’ll make you obey my every desire. And if you want, I’ll make you sorry you ever met me.”

I found that description not entirely without... appeal - And clearly my little Elvis down there agreed with me. But really, no pics at all? I had to pass.

I looked at my watch. Almost four thirty. I went back to my mailbox. My heart skipped a beat when there was a short reply from Larissa: “available tonight, but need some industry references.”

Shit. I’d never done this before. How could I give references? It reminded me of my first job interviews, when everyone was asking for experience but no one was offering me the chance to get it. I wrote her back, saying she would be my first time, but that I’m a nice, polite, married man who’s so small he wouldn’t pose any trouble to a big gal like her.

Her reply came in five minutes later:

Sorry, can’t do without references.

Good luck.

Lar.

Shit. Shit shit shit.

I desperately refreshed my mail, to see if Freya had written back. Nothing.

How big was the chance that I’d find someone for tonight? I didn’t want to just stare at videos on my screen. I wanted the live experience now!

I went back to the list and went through all of them again, to see if I could upgrade any of the girls in the light of scarcity. I fired off one other email to a girl named Cindy, but wasn’t even sure if I wanted to spend three hundred bucks on her.

Then I came to the mysterious Alphagal again, and I saw something that I had missed before: incomplete as her profile was, it had something that almost all of the others were missing.

A phone number.

I realized that this might be my only chance. My fingers were shaking as I typed in the number. I heard my own breathing as it went over...

- "Yes?"

- "Is this... Alphagal?"

- "It is. And who is this?"

- "Ehm, Steve," I said, making the name up on the spot. "I found you on bookabuiltone and I was... wondering if you're free for a eh... session? Tonight?"

- "Well good to meet you, Steve. Thanks for calling."

Her voice was delicious and made my dick feel pop up anew. A heavy, darkish, authoritative yet warm voice. And it oozed self-confidence.

- "Ehm, you're welcome. So ehm... are you free?"

- "As a matter of fact I am, Steve. Where exactly are you?"

- "A hotel. Downtown Manhattan. Lower East."

- "I could make that anytime after eight. I charge four hundred per hour."

- "Oh..." I said, hesitating. "That seems... more than the others."

- "Are you going to haggle with an amazon, boy?"

That was... oh my god that was exciting. Not just her voice, or what she said, but the fact that she said it. That she had sniffed me out, had felt what I needed.

- "Ehm, no, Mistress..." I said it so naturally, and it was so fucking hot to say it, for the first time ever, to a real person, in all seriousness. "It's just that... there's not much information on you in your profile. The others have pictures."

- "I'm not the others, boy. I like to keep myself as a surprise. Do you need to know anything more than that I'm really tall, really strong, really built, and really goodlooking?"

- "Oh my god... ehm, okay and ehm... really... female, right?"

- "Born and bred," she said.

- "Great. Well, then... how do we... proceed?"

- “You open your bank account, send me a two hundred dollar deposit – the number is in my profile - and mail me a screenshot, together with the hotel address and your room number. When I get that, I’ll confirm that I’ll be on my way. You good with that?”

- “Ehm, yes, mistress.”

- ‘I’m looking forward to use you, Stevie...’

Click.

4.

I was sweating and my cock was throbbing like hell, as if it was going to explode. I knew that I could just work it now – it would need only a couple of seconds – and I’d feel totally different about this whole situation. I wouldn’t have this thing, whatever it was, with another woman on the very day that me and my wife split. That would be better. For everyone. Except that after I’d come, I’d feel like shit. The whole situation would be rubbed in my face again and I’d be desperate and have a horribly lonely night.

And I just wanted to do this. I didn’t care about anything else, or anyone else then Alphagal. God she sounded hot.

But was she real? Who said she was actually going to be here? If I paid her now and she bailed out on me there probably would be no way to get my money back, or to find her.

That was not a reason to stop now though. I opened the bank app on my laptop – I knew that my app wouldn’t let me take a screenshot – copy pasted the account number from Alphagal’s profile, and paid her. Then I took the screenshot and copy pasted it in an email, where I wrote:

Hi Mistress,

Here is the proof of my tribute. My room number is 1423, in the Millennium hotel.

I look very much forward to being yours.

Steve.

Five minutes later, there was an answer:

Good boy. Though it’s not a tribute, it’s a payment. You may have the chance to tribute to me later. See you at around eight fifteen, Stevie.

God this was hot. I wasn't sure how I was going to survive the next couple of hours. I decided that, to prevent accidental orgasms while browsing the web, it would be better if I left the room. I took the elevator down and walked the streets. I actually hadn't had lunch yet so I bought a sandwich in a small restaurant and gorged it down quickly with a coke. Then I walked more. It was seven by the time I was back in the lobby, and I ordered a sparkling water. I slowly drank it up on a plush chair, and then finally went up to my room.

I took a long shower, making sure to thoroughly do my armpits, as I had not brought any deodorant. My nails looked okay. I put on the one pair of fresh briefs and socks I had brought with me. Then I put the room in order, trying several combinations of all the different lights, until I found the most atmospheric one. It was getting dark outside. I put my jeans back on, and then sat on my bed. I checked my email again. Nothing new. No text from Ellie either. I was ready.

Ready for Alphagal.

I'm not sure what I was most nervous about: that she would come, or that she would not. At 8.22 it was finally time to stop wondering, as there was a loud knock on the door. I jumped up from the bed, and opened it.

5.

My first thought was that at least she must be wearing platform shoes: my eyes were at the level of her nipples! But as I looked down she caught me and said "no heels baby. All body height. Mind if I come in?"

I let her in and quickly closed the door. Then I turned around and took a closer look. My mouth fell open.

I could at least confirm, next to her height, her looks. She was beautiful. Dark brown hair in a ponytail, brown eyes, a beautiful face with only a tiny touch of make up. A mischievous, slight smile on her face as she looked down, far down, on me.

She was dressed in a baggy tracksuit and I didn't know what was under there, but I knew I was going to find out soon. Over her shoulder was the strap of a small gym bag.

- "Can I use the bathroom?" she asked. And then: "Hello-ooo," as I didn't immediately reply. My mouth was agape as I stared at her enormous figure. "Of course," I said.

She disappeared and for a moment I feared, absurdly, that she was never going to come out of that bathroom again.

But just two minutes later, Alphagal returned.

She'd gotten rid of the tracksuit. Under it, she was wearing a sober black halter top that seemed uncomfortably tight for two huge boobs, black sports panties, and black socks with a white trim. But that wasn't what got my attention. The rest of her body was visible, and it blew me away. All over, beautiful, tanned skin was laid over incredibly defined muscle. Everything about her, every limb or other body part seemed at least twice as wide as my own: her biceps, forearms, thighs, calves, chest... She had shoulders that would put any male swimmer to shame, and incredible traps in between. And her abs were as if chiseled out of granite.

- "You understand why I don't use pictures?" she said as she saw me stare.

- "N-no picture can do you justice," I stammered. "Oh my god."

- "Exactly. This more or less what you were looking for?"

- "More. Much... more." I could hardly speak.

- "I never lie," she said. "Now why don't you lose some of those clothes so we can see who has got the bigger muscles here, hmm?"

There would be no person in the universe who wouldn't know the answer to that from spotting us from a mile away, but I was happy to oblige. I lost the pants again and removed my sweater, and then I stood near my bed, just gawking at her.

She took a few steps until she stood right in front of me. It was moment I had fantasized about for many years. Except that it was better than my wildest dreams, for I didn't know women so big and tall actually existed.

There were maybe four inches between her body and mine. She looked down and I looked up. She smiled and said nothing, just staring in my eyes with her big brown ones.

- "So you wanted to book a big one, eh?"

- "And I got one," I said.

- "Tell me the story." She put her hands on my cheeks – hands so big it seemed they could enwrap my entire head – and I felt I was going to come right there.

- "What... story," I managed to say.

- “What happened? Or do you always book your girls on the night itself? Seemed like some sort of emergency. Mind if I take a guess?” She was stroking my cheeks now.

- “G-go ahead.”

- “You had a fight with the missus. She threw you out. You saw your chance... It’s your first time. How am I doing?” Oh god, her voice was divine.

- “H-how do you know that?”

- “Like I said, just guessing. Based on... some experience.”

With that, I suddenly realized how young she looked.

- “You... you don’t look like you can have all that many years of experience. May- may I ask how old you are?”

- “You may, my little one. I’m twenty three. You?”

- “Forty five,” I said, realizing it was almost exactly double her age.

In an excruciatingly sexy move, she licked her lips and said “Mmm, old enough to be my daddy. I like that... I really like that.”

- “Ooh,” was all I could muster.

- “So the wife threw you out, and here you are, finally, with your fantasy, right?”

- “Exactly right” I sighed.

- “And you wanna be dominated by this big body, right?”

I let out another sigh and just nodded my head, my mouth open.

- “Say it,” she said. And not a hair on my head considered not obeying.

- “I... wanna be dominated by your big body...”

She put one hand in my neck. “Mmmm, good boy. How does it feel to say that?”

- “W-wonderful,” I said. It *was* indeed wonderful to say it. Kinky.

- “Why don’t you say it again? Elaborate. For me.”

- “I wanna be dominated by your huge, muscular body... and feel... very small and weak and controlled by you... Aaaah.”

- “Yes baby, you own it. That’s the way. And you will be. Dominated. Controlled. As much and as long as I want. Isn’t that right?”

- “Yes, mistress.”

Suddenly, she bent through her knees, and I felt her hand under my crotch and then was aware of how my feet left the ground. She was lifting me with one hand!

- “Oh my god, you’re so strong!” I said, right to her face now, as my eyes were level with hers.

- “I told you I never lie. Strongest twenty-something girl you ever met.” She pushed a few hairs behind her ear with her free hand. “But you’re incredibly light anyway. How much do you weigh, little Stevie?”

- “About one twenty five. And I’m five three. You?”

- “Oh my god, you’re tiiiiiny!” There was a delightful smile on her face. “I’m slightly bigger and heavier, I would say. Six feet ten – or seven feet one in my tallest heels – and two hundred sixty pounds. Double your weight, it seems.”

- “Oh my god, you’re a giantess!”

- “Yeah baby. Now... tell me, what sort of things do you like?”

6.

- “Eh... this is... quite a good start,” I said.

- “What’s ‘this’, Stevie? Describe it. Describe for your Mistress what is happening.”

- “Ehm... You’re-“

- “Describe me in third person. Not ‘you’.”

- “What? Oh, okay. “I’m being lifted by an enormously muscular female bodybuilder. My feet are dangling above the ground. She’s lifting me with just one arm and I can see the bicep in that arm bulge. It’s huge.”

- “Mmm, you’re good at this. You can touch that bicep if you want.”

I didn't need to be told twice. With my index and middle finger, I gently stroked the bulge of her upper arm. She smiled as I moaned in delight. "It's so big..." I said.

- "Duh," she replied.

- "I mean... so incredibly huge. What is it, like... eighteen inches?"

- "Closer to nineteen, actually. But I'm still young."

I then gripped her bicep with my entire hand and felt I could only cover a small part of its circumference.

- "Mmm, that's good, baby, feeling your tiny hand around my gun... Now, what else do you like? Just speak freely to Mistress. She's heard it all before. No shame."

- "I... I like to be lifted in all possible ways, like this, over the shoulder, overhead, cradled... I love to wrestle and to be caught in all kinds of holds: headlocks, armlocks, scissors... I love to worship muscles... to serve and to obey. I love role playing games. I love a tiny bit of pain... I love to be dominated..."

- "The whole shebang," she said. "Hmm, we won't have time to do all of that, so I guess you have to choose."

I felt a twinge of panic. "Do you have to go after one hour?"

- "Not at all," she said. "Do you have more money?"

- "I... might," I said, relieved.

- "It's just that... well... you tell me when you wanna come, okay? Not before the end of the hour, I presume."

- "You... can make me come?"

- "You think I can't?" She closed her eyes to a slit and looked at me defyingly.

- "Haha, of course, I can come just by looking at you. I meant... you do that sort of thing too? Not everyone does."

- "I know what you meant, silly. And yes, Mistress does do that sort of thing to. At least with the guys she likes."

- "Okay. Well then... for now... can you humiliate me a bit?"

She smiled again. "Of course. On a scale from one to seven, where seven is the most mean, what do you choose?"

- "Hmm, all these choices. Let's say four."

She walked with me to the wall, and then, with her hand still under her crotch, stretched her arm against the wall, so that I sat on her lower arm, my face now high above hers. My mouth fell open again at such a display of power.

- "Look how light you are to Mistress. She lifts your weak little body any way she can, hmm, little guy? Then she moved her free hand to my crotch, feeling the bulge. After she had massaged it for a bit, she took the rim of my briefs with her two fingers, and lowered it, so that the upper part of my throbbing dick was visible."

- "Oooh, look at how wet my weak one already is for me. Why are you so wet, little boy?"

- "I'm wet and hard for Mistress' muscles and power," I moaned more than spoke.

- "Mmmm, it makes me hot when small guys are hot for my power. It makes me feel even more powerful than I already am... Look..."

With that, she flexed her free arm hard, to a gigantic bicep. On it was a thick vein that was throbbing with power.

- "See baby," she said, "of all the built ones, you booked the biggest one! Think this bicep can make you come, hmm?"

- "In a milisecond," I said.

- "Mmmm, I'm sure," she said as she twisted her forearm, making the bicep muscle dance with power. "Cause this beast on my arm is so big and you are such a small lit-"

She stopped when she saw me explode, spontaneously, without her or me touch my dick anywhere. My semen was all over her arm.

- "Oh," she said. "You actually came,"

- "I did," I moaned.

She didn't seem to be in a hurry to put me down, but swiped up some of my semen from my arm, and put it into her mouth.

- "Protein for my big muscles," she smiled, and licked her lips. "We have half an hour more, baby. This was a bit unexpected. How would you like to fill the rest of your time with me?"

- "I eh..."

The power of the orgasm was gone, and with that, this sweet dream. Excitement was gone in an instant, and reality crushed down on me. I saw her look at me with a subtle smile on her face.

- “Aww, poor little one wonders what he’s been doing huh?”

- “Shit... What... was I thinking. I need to go home.”

As I moved to get off the bed, I suddenly felt her arm around my neck.

- “Hmmm,” she said. “I think I’m not done playing yet...”