The Flight
By James Stilton
www.amazonias.net
© 2018

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now starting priority boarding for our gold and platinum members."

I fished my boarding pass from my pocket, picked up my hand luggage, and went to the checkpoint. My company sends me all over the globe. It's not the hugest or richest of companies, and I don't belong to the top executives, so unfortunately I don't fly business class. But at least they buy me priority boarding. And extra legroom.

"Have a nice flight, Mister Dukakis"

"Thank you."

I moved down the ramp, through the connecting corridor and into the plane. I didn't particularly like flying, but it came with the job. I mentally prepared myself. I never get very lucky on flights, and if there's a really fat guy on the plane, I'm guaranteed to sit next to him. Beautiful women, on the other hand, are never my neighbors.

This time, the situation was different.

As I went down the aisle, I saw an amazingly beautiful face sticking far above the seat in front of her. At that moment I was thinking she was somehow standing upright, or sitting on her knees in her seat, because people – especially women - just aren't that tall. She had dark brown hair, tied into a tail. Her eyes were dark as well. She had luscious lips, and a square jaw that make her look strong while still feminine. I looked at the row numbers and to my utmost joy, I saw that I would actually be sitting next to her! I put my hand luggage in the overhead compartment and took a furtive glance at her while doing so. It was then that I noticed that she was just sitting normally in her seat, and that she was, in fact... huge. Her legs pushed against the seat in front of her and her knees were above the level of the tray table. She was crammed like a sardine. But I didn't think of that at that moment. I could only see her legs. She wore cut off jeans shorts that only hid the topmost part of her thighs. My breathing halted for a few seconds, and I stood as frozen to the ground before I was able to point to the window seat, telling her that I was there.
I think she sighed - maybe she had hoped for an empty seat next to her - from experience I know it makes all the difference. She got up with a lot of difficulty, wriggling those big legs out of the seat. I couldn't believe my eyes when she stood upright, and I saw several other passengers look in her direction, their mouths agape. She had to actually bend her head so as not to bump it against the plane ceiling!

I settled myself into the seat (18K). Actually, I didn't need the extra legroom - which was clearly not sufficient for my neighbor - as I'm a short guy of just 1,6 meters. Flights were one of the occasions where the small stature that I had been bullied for at school was actually an advantage.
As the giantess next to me sat down again, my seat shook as with a blast of turbulence.

Throughout the welcome speech of the captain and the showing of the safety video, I tried to get more of an idea of passenger 18J. Sitting next to her, I wasn't in the best position to look at her. I faked an interest in the other side of the plane and in that glance took her in again. She was staring right ahead of her and

her profile was as beautiful as the frontal view. She wore a light blue sweater with long sleeves, and I couldn't see anything of her upper body. But then I lowered my eyes to her thighs, as unobtrusively as possible.

I need to tell you at this point that I have a bit of a weird... deviation. For as long as I can remember, I have loved tall and strong women. I remember being maybe eight years old and measuring myself, in terms of length and size and sometimes also strength, with my female classmates, who almost all were taller and bigger than I was. Years after that, on a Saturday afternoon at home - I remember it like it was yesterday - I was watching TV and for the very first time saw a female bodybuilding contest on the sports channel. Until then, I had thought that bodybuilding was something for men only. The women I saw on TV amazed me, and I couldn't stop watching them. I was fascinated by them flexing their muscles and showing their oiled bodies to the audience.

Since then I have watched countless YouTube movies of female bodybuilders and downloaded a gazillion images of musclewomen from the web. I have gone to gyms now and then in the hope of catching one in real life, but always without success.

And now, I was sitting next to one. For yes, she was not just a huge woman: that first glance at her legs had made it immediately, unequivocally clear to me that she was actually, finally, mercifully... a musclewoman!

Ten minutes later, we were airborne and had started our ten hour flight. I still couldn't believe my luck and feared that any moment she was going to pick another spot. I had glanced around before and noticed that fortunately the flight seemed more or less fully booked. Besides, apart from business class, which I guess she couldn't afford any more than my employer, ours were some of the best seats on the plane, cramped though she was. It really did look I was going to spend the entire flight next to this goddess!

To be able to look at her less conspicuously, I selected a movie, plugged in the headset, and pretended to be watching. I turned my head to my left as far as was possible without raising suspicion, and bowed it slightly. From there, straining my eyes just a little bit, I was able to see more or less the entirety of her upper legs, and her right calf. And boy what a sight it was.

Below her shorts started thighs that were not just massive in volume but also incredibly striated. It looked as if there were at least four or five places in that leg where you could easily put a glass marble without it falling off, even in turbulent conditions. There were muscles there that were invisible in my own legs. And there were beautiful veins, running throughout the tanned skin. Her upper leg was not parallel to the ground, but actually went in an upward slope. The knee, as I had observed before, was pushing against the seat in front of her. She was wearing white sneakers with pink stripes, without any socks. Above her thick and yet still elegant ankle, the lower leg widened into incredibly broad calf muscles that were beautifully defined. The side of her lower leg showed the beautiful striations that always did it for me. Indeed, I noticed that by now I had a huge hardon and had already wetted my pants a little bit with precum. How was I going to survive this flight?

I think for the next minute I just kept looking at every square centimeter of that incredibly muscular leg. Then, all of a sudden, she started to flex it. Maybe she was already stiff and in need of some movement. I saw the muscles in the upper leg move first. Then, not minding that she was pushing the seat in front of her, she raised her toes, thereby flexing the calves. I almost creamed my pants. Her flexing lasted for maybe two entire minutes, and then she relaxed everything again. I just continued my subtle staring.

It was another twenty minutes later that it happened. From the corner of my eye, I saw her arm move. I didn't think anything but then felt my shoulder being tapped. My heart skipped a few beats. I turned my

head towards her, grateful for the opportunity to look at her face, almost a foot above mine. I saw her lips move, and quickly took off my headset.

"Sorry, I d-didn't hear you," I said nervously. She was so beautiful. And young! I think she wasn't older than twenty-five or so.

"I asked if you wanted to touch," she said.

"T-touch?" I managed. Touch what?

There was not a hint of embarrassment in what she said next. "You've been watching my legs the whole time. I was wondering if you wanted to touch them."

"What? I- I wasn't watching your legs. I was watching the movie," I said, hearing how unconvincing I sounded.

"Okay, fine," she said. "Enjoy the movie then."

Was she disappointed? She fumbled with a fingernail. I realized my mouth was agape. Then I heard myself speak. Every one of my braincells must have realized I couldn't miss this opportunity. "I'm... I'm sorry, you're right. I... I have been... stealing a few glances at your legs. I was just... I've never seen such big legs on a woman."

"On a woman?" She smiled mischievously, while biting the nail of her little finger in a way that was just beyond sexy. "Or on anyone?"

"Anyone," I added quickly.

"And what do you think? Too big?"

"Eh... not... really. I think your legs are... ehm... very... beautiful, actually."

"Thank you." Her smile was even broader now. "I work hard on them."

"I'm sure you do. Are you like... a professional athlete?"

"Just a personal trainer, who wants to be as big as possible."

"Ah." It was all I could utter.

"You, on the other hand, don't look like an athlete," she then said. "How tall are you?"

I was wondering if she new how incredibly hot I thought this conversation was. "I'm just one meter sixty," I said. "You?"

"Two meter five," she smiled.

"Wow. I guess planes aren't built for people like you huh?"

She laughed. "Not exactly. Long flights are torture for me. Hence my question. I wanted to let time go by faster."

"Your question?" I asked. I knew exactly what she meant, but I just wanted to be sure and wanted her to say it again.

"If you wanted to touch my legs." She was not smiling now, but kept her lips open in some kind of incredibly sexy pout, her head at a slight angle.

"I... I'm very curious how they feel..." was the way I tried to give my desire some semblance of decency.

She then grabbed my hand, and put it on her thigh. Again I thought I was going to cream my pants. I'm sure she saw my mouth drop open further.

"Trace the contours of the muscles with your index finger," she said. It was voiced as a command. I think she had seen in my face that she had me. That I was an admirer. That I would have done just about anything to have this experience.

I did as she asked, putting my finger on the hills that were here muscles and in the crevasses between them. It was the most amazing thing I'd ever felt. I was aware of my breathing having become louder and faster.

A stewardess appeared in the hallway and instinctively I pulled back my hand, but the girl grabbed it and put it back on that tree trunk thigh. The stewardess glanced down and I saw something on her face that was at the same time a frown and a smile as she walked past us.

"Never mind the other people. Pretend it's just you and me on this plane," she whispered. I was only too glad to fantasize about a situation like that. "Keep stroking," she said. "What's your name?"

"I'm Damien," I said weakly.

"I'm Ally," the giantess said. "So what are you going to Japan for?"

"Work," I said, almost drooling while I was stroking the gigantic leg. Her hand was still on mine. "Boring stuff. You?"

"I'm taking a four week judo intensive in Tokyo. Want to explore the calf?"

"Huh? Oh... yes, sure..." I bent forward and let my hand slide down her knee, and then went from her shin to her calf. She did a toe-raise again and it got even bigger.

"You like this, huh?"

"Yes..." I looked at her, almost with tears in my eyes. She saw how excited I was.

"Always have?"

"I've loved big strong women for as long as I can remember," I said.

"Right. I meet your kind a lot. "So funny. I like small, weak guys. I love telling them what they have to do."

"Oh god..." I said.

"You hard?"

I wasn't embarrassed anymore. I was just going with the flow now. "As hard as your calf muscle," I said.

She threw her head back, laughing. "That's not really possible, but I get the idea. Wanna see more?"

"I wanna see everything you want to show me," I said.

She pulled her sweater over her head, revealing a pink shirt. To my amazement, she started to unbutton it.

"It's hot in here, isn't it?" she puffed.

"Very," I played along, feeling my cock swell more in anticipation.

Under the shirt, she wore a black sleeveless tank top that revealed... heaven. Her arms were the biggest ones I had ever seen. Massive and defined, both upper and lower arms.

"What do you think?" she asked as she flexed her right arm right in front of me.

"Oh my god...," I stammered. "This is so... so... I just... I can't..."

"Haha. That's the effect I usually have on little men like you, yes. At the sight of my muscles they become drooling idiots. I love it. Just love it. Can you give me the blanket?"

I reached for the plastic wrapped blanket that was on the floor and I gave it to her. She tore up the wrapping.

"It's cold in here, isn't it?" she smiled.

Again I played along, not able to believe she might do what I was thinking about. "Very," I said.

"This should be better," Ally said as she spread the blanket over both of us. "And it provides some privacy."

She bent towards me and, careful not to throw off the blanket, moved her hands towards my groin. I felt her open my zipper and pull my cock out."

"Oooohh god," I moaned. I was definitely dreaming. Things like this didn't happen to me. Ever.

"Wow, you're all wet, you horny little boy!"

She jerked me a couple of times and it was hard to contain myself. "I guess I better not let you come yet, right? We still have many hours to kill." Then she grabbed my hand again and moved it to her chest. "Feel up those big boobs, little one," she said.

"I... don't know how long I can hold this," I said, while stroking her massive, juicy boobs.

"You will hold it as long as I tell you to hold it, little slave-worshipper," she said sternly."

"If you talk like that, I can't guarantee obedience," I said.

Under the blanket, she found my free hand, and squeezed it hard with her huge hand. I was barely able to suppress a scream. "Say that again, little one?" She was looking at me with a smile, her mouth half open.

"I meant... yes, mistress, of course."

"That's a lot better. I knew you know how to please and obey musclegirls."

"Yes, mistress," I stammered, as she loosened her grip on my hand.

"Open my pants and please me, slave."

I pulled down her zipper. With a lot of effort, she lifted herself slightly and both of us used one hand to pull her pants down.

"What are you waiting for?" she said.

I moved my hand towards her pussy, and felt wetness right before she said: "Your tongue, stupid!" She slightly lifted the blanket so that I could move my head under it. I did so with little worry for my fellow passengers. I would gladly be arrested for doing this. Still, I was a little bit more apprehensive when I heard her moan loudly as I moved my tongue into her wetness. She clearly had no inhibitions whatsoever.
She searched for my hand under the blanket, found it, and squeezed it again. I moaned in pain, but it was delicious. She kept on the pressure. With my free hand, I touched her leg wherever I could. "Yes, good boy," she said between moans. "Keep worshipping those big legs."

"Yes mistress," I said between two licks.

I think she came a minute later, without too much noise. She pulled me back by the hair, up from under the cover.

"That was good work, little one," she said, letting her head rest on the top of the seat, the way only very tall people could. "If I let you come now, will you be able to serve me again like this?"

"My tongue is always ready," I said, smartly. "But in any case, I think I'd be horny again five minutes later."

"That's what I like to hear," Ally she said. I felt her hand move towards me again. She grabbed my cock, and started jerking. "Lean toward me," she said. "Put your head against my shoulder."

I obeyed, wondering if she wanted to be romantic all of sudden. Instead, she moved her mouth as close to my ear as possible, and started whispering dirty talk. This woman knew exactly what buttons to push.

"You're my little slave, aren't you?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Mistress wants you to prove that you're worthy of her attention."

"Anything, mistress."

"When you come, you will come as loud as you can. Otherwise mistress won't be happy with you. If you please her, maybe mistress will stay with you in your hotel in Tokyo. Would slave boy like that?"

"Oh god... Oh god yes."

"Good, then you know what to do. Please mistress. Come loudly for her. And put your hand on my bicep while I jerk you off."

I did so, my hand feeling the roundness and the hardness of that gigantic bicep. I was moaning heavily. She jerked faster. I was very close already.

There was nothing I wanted more than that this giant musclepacked female bodybuilder would stay with me in Tokyo. Fuck everything else. I took her word for it. I couldn't risk anything. Seconds later, I came very loudly, not minding the heads that turned toward us or the stewardess that approached us.

"Is everything all right here?" I heard someone say. I didn't care. I rested my head against the shoulder of my goddess.

"Yes, no worries. I think my little boyfriend here just had some sort of wet dream."

I didn't hear or see the stewardess reaction to that.

"Your mistress is very pleased. I hope you have a nice hotel for her."

"I'll ask for an upgrade," I said.

"You're a good little slave. Let's hope the walls will be sound proof, for our neighbor's sake. Cause me and my big body are gonna make you scream even louder!"

I was already horny again…