

The Abatement of Kyle Trinter, Ch. 1-20
By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

Kyle Trinter didn't really know what to expect as he ambled up the walkway to the front door of the one-story suburban house. He had found the place on a website that listed available rooms for rent. As a 22-year-old recent college graduate, Kyle didn't have much of an income yet, and even though he had recently landed an entry-level job at a local accounting firm, he didn't have anything close to the savings that he would need to rent an entire apartment of his own. That would come later, he reassuringly told himself. For now, he had to make do with what he could get, and the room for rent in this house had sparked enough of his interest for him to make the trek and take a tour. The ad had been professional and concise, and the pictures of the interior looked pleasant, open, and clean. Conspicuously, Kyle had noticed how high the ceilings appeared, which allowed a pleasing amount of light to flow into the rooms, making for a bright, cheery atmosphere.

'Not that I'd have to worry about bumping my head on the ceiling or anything,' Kyle had jokingly told himself. At 5'4, and only 125 pounds, Kyle was definitely smaller than the average young man, although ever since his adolescent years he had striven to make up for his size deficiency in other ways. He had worked hard in college, and graduated with a 3.7 GPA. He had never really been able to make it in any sports, since his physique and constitution were a bit too fragile, but, in his mind at least, he more than compensated by being good with numbers and statistics. He had gotten used to other people looking down on him, and had made such a habit of countering these condescensions that he had, without realizing it, developed something of a Napoleon complex.

That was the main reason why he was walking up to this house right now. He could have easily stayed with his parents for at least a few months, as he worked in his new job and saved money, but he had a chip on his shoulder — he wanted to prove that he could look after himself and navigate the world without the help of anyone else. Of course, it went without saying that he had dressed the part too; sporting a well-pressed green golf shirt, which was tucked urbanely into stylish khakis, Kyle certainly looked like a respectable young professional, and his short suave blond haircut completed the picture of youthful confidence.

'And look at this place,' Kyle said to himself, glancing around at the clean-cut lawn, the well-manicured bushes, and the pleasing home exterior. 'This is the spot for a young professional like me...I'm sure the landlady will be thrilled to have a tenant who is employed and works hard.'

With his heart beating a little quicker than usual, both in excitement and anxiety (which he tried to pretend wasn't there), Kyle extended his finger out to ring the doorbell. It wasn't lost on him

that he had to reach up a little higher than expected — the doorbell was so high that it was even with his neck. But not thinking much of it, Kyle pressed it and stood back. A deep, tolling bell resounded somewhere far back in the house. As he waited for the landlady to answer the door, Kyle's eyes wandered around the front porch. Aside from the expected array of healthy potted plants and flowers, there was something else that caught Kyle's eye: a small black dog collar, complete with the limp tail of its leash, lying on the floor, on the side of the porch, the only apparent blemish in an otherwise immaculately-kept presentation.

'Huh,' thought Kyle, shrugging his shoulders, 'I guess the landlady has a dog or something.'

His meandering thoughts snapped back into focus, however, when he began to feel thumping vibrations through the floor of the porch. With each passing second, they got stronger and stronger, until they finally stopped, as a huge shadow emerged from behind the opaque glass of the front door. Kyle felt his mouth go dry as his forehead furrowed. There was no way...no way that the landlady could be that...*that* huge. Surely it was some sort of trick of the light, some odd way that the glass had at reflecting things, but then, in a sudden flurry of motion, the door was opened, and Kyle found himself staring up at the most enormous woman he had ever seen. A huge surge of dark purple overwhelmed his vision — the gigantic woman was wearing a purple skirt that only went down to her mid-thighs, and was pulled so tight against the voluptuous swells of her thick figure that it seemed like it might start tearing down the middle at any moment. Her body was facing him, but Kyle could still glimpse the billowing mass of her gigantic ass extending out behind her, which fluidly joined the thick pillars of her thighs at the point of her sensuous hips...hips that were almost as high as Kyle's shoulders. The woman's breasts, which were each a good deal larger than Kyle's head, were stuffed into the top of the skirt, and Kyle immediately noticed that this woman was so tall that he actually had to look UP at her nipples. Every movement from her huge body was accompanied by the jingles and clinks of innumerable gold and silver bracelets, which adorned her large, strong-looking bare arms, and reflected the afternoon sunlight into his eyes.

Instinctively, he took a step back, his mouth dropping open halfway in unmitigated shock. His step back enabled him to actually look past the woman's colossal breasts and up into her face, which was framed by elegant tumbles of curly brown hair. She was pretty...very pretty...even though she was clearly a good deal older than him, in her mid-40's. But it was her expression that truly caught Kyle off-guard. From the tone of the ad he had read, Kyle had expected this landlady to be business-like and firm...maybe even a little strict. He had come to the tour prepared to make the case for himself as a tenant, but now all that preparation seemed to be flying out the window. The woman was smiling down at him...an adoring smile, almost like she had just discovered her long-lost son. Kyle swallowed nervously, and the first hints of a cold sweat broke out across his brow.

"Kyle Trinter?" asked the enormous woman, her eyebrows going up as her red lips remained fixed in that same cherishing smile. Her voice had a depth and a resonance to it that was not at all surprising, considering the size of the body it was emitting from.

“Th-that’s...that’s me!” Kyle responded, blinking up at her. The sound of his own voice, much like the size of his body, seemed pitiful in comparison to hers.

A serenade of jingles and clinks from her bracelets sang out as the massive woman bent down luxuriously at her waist, her thick curves straining the confines of her skirt, her expansive bust filling Kyle’s vision. She extended a huge manicured hand down to him, and Kyle automatically held his up as well. The next moment, he felt the firm, encompassing warmth of her hand completely envelop his own, as she squeezed it with gentle yet unmistakable power.

“Oh my goodness,” intoned the woman, her dark eyes going wide as her smile broadened, “You are absolutely *adorable*!”

Kyle forced himself to chuckle as he moved to pull his hand away, but without any apparent effort, the woman held his hand in check, still squeezing it affectionately, not letting him go. Her wide eyes went up and down his little body, taking him in, studying him.

“My name is Martha,” the woman said, blinking at him slowly, doing nothing to disguise how cute she thought he was.

“W-well...heheh, uhhh...nice...to meet you, Martha,” Kyle stammered, as he forced himself to smile up at her. They had been “shaking hands” for at least five seconds now, and as the moments continued to tick by, Kyle felt increasingly accosted by the awkwardness of the situation. This woman was just...just holding his hand...looking him up and down shamelessly, almost like he was a piece of meat or something. But Kyle couldn’t find it within him to pull away, or to say anything. She was far too strong, and in any case, there was something about the easy, steady confidence of her face that held him still and kept him at bay.

“So...you’re actually *Kyle*, who responded to my ad,” murmured Martha, finally releasing his hand as she stood back up to her full height, blinking down at him. “Haha, wow...” She put her hand on her hip, cocking it to the side, showing off just how massive her frame was in the process. Kyle couldn’t believe it — he had seen women who were very tall before, but they were usually quite thin, or at least rather long-limbed. But not this woman...not Martha. She looked like she could easily absorb a hit from a linebacker, and probably even do some damage herself in the process. She was built like a tank.

“Y-yeah...yeah, I’m Kyle,” he replied, nodding.

“Haha well, you sure don’t *look* like you’re 22!” laughed Martha, sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek as she spoke. “If I had to guess, I’d say you looked about 15 or 16...and that’s pushing it, haha!”

“W-well, I—I can assure you that I’m...that I’m exactly a-as old as I said,” Kyle responded, blushing crimson from embarrassment, “If y-you need me to show my ID I’d be happy t—”

“Oh no no no,” chuckled Martha, waving her hand lazily in front of her face, brushing off his words. “There’s no need for that, Kyle. I’ll take you at your word. It’s just...heheh, wow...you sure are a *little* guy, aren’t you?”

“W-well, I...I might *seem* small to, uhm...to someone who...uhhh...” Kyle began, but then he stopped himself as he realized that he had just walked into a trap. Of course it would be terribly impolite for him to say anything about Martha’s size, even though she was speaking that way to him. She wasn’t fat or anything — just...*huge*.

“Someone who what?” Martha asked quickly, her smile dropping a little. “Someone who’s carrying around as much weight as I am, maybe? Someone who’s as BIG as me?”

“I...I’m sorry, I didn’t mean...” Kyle stammered, shaking his head quickly as he held up his hand in a pleading apology. Martha stood there, now putting both hands on her hips, and let him squirm for a few silent moments before bursting out into laughter, which jiggled and gyrated her curves.

“Hahaha, I’m only kidding, Kyle!” she laughed, bending down slightly and extending her big hand as she rubbed his carefully-styled blond hair with her hand, immediately scruffing up his hairdo and making him look like a bed-headed little kid who had just woken up. “I mean, you’re definitely a small guy...way smaller than average...but compared to someone like ME!? Haha, forget it! I’m under no illusions, Kyle. I’m *gigantic*! Have been ever since I was a teenager, and now that I’m 44...heheh, well, let’s just say I’ve enjoyed growing even more into this body.”

She stretched her arms up above her head, making her look even huger, as Kyle gaped up in stunned awe.

“Well come on,” chuckled Martha. “What’s your best guess, Kyle? How tall do you think I am?”

“I...I d-don’t, uhhh...I...” was all he could manage to say.

“Awww, so close!” she teased, winking down at him. “I’m 6’7 in bare feet, and 6’10 in these heels I’m wearing. And you’re what? 5’4...115?”

“Uhh...y-yeah...but 125, actually,” Kyle replied blankly, shocked at how accurately she had just sized him up.

“So I’m 18 inches taller, 195 pounds heavier,” laughed Martha, shaking her head down at him. “Mmmm, you’re shaping up to be a prime candidate already, Kyle. I don’t think I’ll be having any trouble with *you* that I can’t handle myself, huh?”

“Uhh...I...no, I wouldn’t think so,” Kyle said. He wasn’t able to muster up anything other than a dazed answer to the enormous woman’s incredible and intimidating energy.

"Precious," cooed Martha, bending down again and bopping him playfully on the nose with her finger. "Ok Kyle, come on in! Let me show you the house!"

He followed in her wake, trying not to blatantly stare at the hulking mass of undulating ass that was bouncing up and down, up and down in front of him, right at his chest-level. Trailing behind her, Kyle caught a scent of rich and elegant perfume, which combined with her towering form to overwhelm his senses. This woman was just overpowering in every sense. And even still, Kyle didn't once think of turning back. Even though he was intimidated by Martha, his determination to prove himself was only reinforced by her blatant condescension.

'I may be tiny compared to her,' he thought to himself, 'But she'll see how I can hold my own...that I'm *more* than my size.'

"Mmmm, alright so this is the foyer," Martha was saying pleasantly, gesturing around to the spacious entrance room. "I'm sure you noticed in the ad that the ceilings are pretty high, huh?"

"I...did notice that, yes," nodded Kyle. He was now making a conscious effort not to stammer when he was speaking to her.

"Now, of course, that's nothing that *you* need to worry about," chuckled Martha, "But for someone like me, especially when I'm in heels, well..."

And here she reached up casually and brushed the ceiling with her fingertips. Kyle blinked up at the incredible feat, not knowing whether or not he should say anything nor not. The ceilings were so high up that he would never have even considered that it was possible for *anyone* to touch them, especially without jumping...and yet here Martha was, casually brushing the ceiling to and fro with her fingers, as she winked down on him.

"But anyway, yes, the foyer," she trilled, turning and moving down the hallway toward the kitchen. Kyle made a motion to follow her, but then Martha turned her head around over her shoulder.

"No "outside" shoes in the house, if you please," she remarked, that same pleasant lilt still in her voice. Kyle stood there, his brow furrowing slightly in confusion as he glanced down at Martha's 3-inch black heels.

"Heheh, these are some of my "inside" shoes," she laughed, throwing one foot back behind her as she struck a one-footed pose in the hallway. "I never wear these outside. They're only for my own...personal enjoyment."

"Oh...o-oh ok, sure!" Kyle replied, nodding his head as he bent down to take his shoes off. He had been transfixed by the sight of Martha's body filling up the hallway. It wasn't a particularly narrow passageway, and yet she was so big that her hips nearly brushed both walls simultaneously.

Martha watched patiently as Kyle took off his shoes, that same tender smile on her face. When he had finished and stood back up, she didn't carry on the tour immediately. Instead, she just kept standing there in the hallway, almost totally filling it, as she placed both her hands on the walls and smiled down at him silently. Kyle could only stand there awkwardly, feeling like he was being unduly examined by this strange, enormous woman. He was moments away from saying something to break the silence when Martha turned and resumed:

"Alright Kyle, follow me — this is the kitchen, as you can see, all the appliances you could possibly need...new fridge, state-of-the-art dishwasher, granite countertops, stainless steel faucet...haha, you know, the whole nine yards."

"It's...very nice, yes," said Kyle appreciatively as he looked around.

"And I make breakfast at 7:30 every morning," Martha continued, now leaning with her large backside against the counter, making her ass expand outward on either side. Kyle saw that the counter was hip-level to her, but chest-high to him. "With lunch you're on your own, haha, but I also make dinner at 6:30."

"Oh...uhm, that's nice," Kyle replied, "But I...well, haha, of course I appreciate it, b-but I might...be cooking for myself a lot of the time."

"Awww, my *goodness!*" exclaimed Martha, her eyes going wide, "A young man who can cook for himself!?"

"Haha well, I, um..." chuckled Kyle, going a bit red in the face even as he felt a little surge of pride, "I think you'll find that I'm pretty self-sufficient."

"Well if that just isn't the cutest thing I've ever heard!" laughed Martha, as she hugged herself with barely-repressed delight, looking down at him, her dark eyes sparkling. "Well of course you'll be free to make any food you want, Kyle, although I do hope at some point you'll try my cooking? I've had years and years of practice, you know..."

"I...w-well of...of course I will," nodded Kyle. He knew that anything less would have been impolite, but, in his mind, he was just wanting a room to lease, not a mother-figure to make him breakfast and dinner.

"Excellent!" replied Martha, "And of course I'll make sure I bring down some of the...lighter pans from the top shelf...you know, for whenever you want to make food yourself."

"The...lighter pans?" asked Kyle.

"Mhm!" Martha was already reaching far up into one of the top shelves, and a moment later she was bringing down a stack of normal-sized frying pans. It hadn't dawned on him that Martha

was already assuming that he would take the room. “I mean...haha, no offense Kyle, but I don’t think you’d want to use my big ol’ cast iron skillet. Look at this baby!”

Martha put the “lighter pans” on a shelf that Kyle could reach and then stretched her arm over to the back of the stove. A moment later she was wielding a huge black pan in her left hand, waving it up and down effortlessly like it weighed nothing.

“Haha, it may not look like it,” Martha chuckled, “But this thing weighs over 30 pounds! I had it especially made for someone of, you know, my size...I’m sure it doesn’t surprise you that I need a LOT of food, huh?”

Kyle didn’t really know what to say, but his instinct to prove himself took over, and all that came out was: “Oh I can use that pan...no problem!”

“Oho I’m not so sure, Kyle,” chuckled Martha, tilting her head down at him. “Here, give it a shot, why don’t you?”

She put the pan back down on the stove, and Kyle found himself walking up and reaching out for it. Martha stood over him and watched; the expectant smile on her face widened a moment later when Kyle began struggling to lift the pan. He exhaled in surprise, stunned by how heavy it was — he managed to lift it a few inches off the stove before it started falling back down, seemingly on its own accord. Martha laughed and quickly wrapped her hand around Kyle’s much smaller hand that held the handle, instantly steadying the pan.

“See what I mean?” laughed Martha. “Haha don’t feel bad, Kyle — I’d never expect a little guy like you to be able to handle something like that. No worries! Like I said, you can just use the lighter pans...ok, now, on to the living room!”

Kyle gaped down at the stove for a few moments. He couldn’t believe how effortlessly Martha had just humiliated him. A sudden urge to bolt out of the house seized him. Maybe he should just cut his losses and go, he thought...Maybe this whole arrangement was a little too weird.

‘No!’ he replied viciously to himself. ‘What are you talking about!? You came here to show mom and dad that you can live on your own — are you really going to chicken out just because...because this woman is so much bigger and stronger than you?? Come on, toughen up!’

“Kyle!” sang Martha from the other room, “Are you coming?”

“I’m...I’m coming, yes!” he called back.

For the next half-hour, Martha continued Kyle’s tour of her house, covering the living room, dining room, and his bedroom. Kyle was impressed with the house’s layout — Martha kept things nice and clean, and the high ceilings allowed for a pleasing amount of sunlight to fill the

rooms. The house had a kind of old-time feel to it, with books lining the walls, rich ornate carpets covering the dark hardwood floors, and strange but aesthetically-pleasing runic paintings hanging from the walls. Kyle's potential room seemed like the icing on the cake. He had everything he needed: a bed, a desk, a chest of drawers, and even his own private bathroom. Any concerns he may have had about not getting enough privacy were dashed by the knowledge that he had his own private suite.

"Well?" asked Martha, standing in the middle of the doorframe to the bedroom (rising two whole inches above it, and nearly filling the frame out completely), "What do you think, Kyle?"

"It's...it's just what I've been looking for," he answered. "Like...everything!"

"Aw that's lovely to hear!" exclaimed Martha, her bracelets jingling as she clasped her hands together excitedly. "So...when can you move in?"

"I...w-well I think...I think probably tomorrow, actually," Kyle replied, a little taken aback by Martha's quick assumption that he was going to take the place. He knew that he had already implied as much, but wasn't it generally more normal to wait until the potential tenant had actually said that they would be moving in? Even still, this all passed quickly by in Kyle's mind, and in any case he had already spoken his answer.

"Oh that is fantastic!" returned Martha eagerly, smiling broadly from ear to ear. "And a one-year lease is good for now?"

"Yep...perfect," nodded Kyle. "You know, just to let me get on my feet and work at the accounting job for a bit so I can save up...you know, start a 401k...maybe even move some money into a Roth account...adult stuff, haha."

"Aww I know I've said this before," intoned Martha slowly, squinting up her eyes at him as she took a step forward, "But Kyle...you are just...the *cutest* little thing I've ever seen. Do you know that?"

"I...uh..." Kyle stammered, looking awkwardly to the side as the gigantic woman filled more and more of his vision. Before he knew it, she was standing right in front of him, looking over him, so that he was staring straight forward into the underside of her hulking breasts. He felt terribly intimidated, and the need to say something seized him.

"M-my...my mom thinks so, anyway," he chuckled, making an attempt at a joke. He was shuddering a second later, though. Martha had bent down and was staring straight into his face, looking deeply into his eyes, as she brushed his cheek with her huge finger.

"I bet she does, Kyle," she murmured, "I bet she does...lucky woman..."

But all of this lasted only an instant, and Martha had straightened up and was already walking out of the room, beckoning him to follow her.

“Haha well alright Kyle, excellent!” she laughed, her bracelets jingling with her movements, as her massive body strained her purple dress. “Come on into the living room and you can sign the lease!”

Kyle followed after her, trying to dismiss the strangeness of what had just happened.

‘She’s just lonely,’ he told himself reassuringly. ‘She’s just happy to have someone around the house now. Anyone else in my place and she’d be acting the same way. If I have to, I’ll set boundaries, no problem. That’s what adults do, right? They set boundaries with each other. And anyway, the room is perfect. It’s a no-brainer.’

A minute later the lease was signed.

Chapter 2

By the end of the following day, Kyle had moved completely into his new suite. His parents had helped with the whole process, even though Kyle had wanted to handle all of the logistics himself. His dad, however, had wanted to help his son carry some of his heavier bags, and his mother had insisted on tagging along for moral support. Kyle had inwardly winced at their enthusiasm, and even though he knew that he should be thankful to have such caring parents, this knowledge did nothing to change his desire to prove to them (and now to Martha) that he could take care of himself.

“No, no, come on Kyle,” his father had insisted, brushing aside his son’s protests, “I want to help you move in. Just see it as a kind of...oh I don’t know...” sending off” of sorts, you know? To your new life.”

“Mhm!” his mother had agreed. “And besides, Kyle, we wanna see your new place! And hopefully...meet the nice lady you’ll be living with?”

“Heheh...uhh...yeah,” Kyle had muttered. “Hopefully so...”

He had only given his parents the briefest of descriptions of Martha, and had conveniently left out the fact that she was an absolutely hulking 6’7, 320 pounds. Kyle wasn’t quite sure why he didn’t feel comfortable mentioning Martha’s size to his parents — any normal exchange of conversation would have definitely involved mentioning the striking and unusual physical characteristics of the woman he’d be living with for the next year. But for some reason, one that he didn’t want to pin down, Kyle skimmed over talking about it. The truth was that he himself was deeply intimidated and disquieted by Martha’s enormous presence, and he knew that he wouldn’t be able to pull off casually mentioning the fact that, when she wore heels, he was staring into the upper part of her stomach. Surely it would be hard for his parents to see him as an adult when he lived with someone who dwarfed him so completely.

Kyle was immensely thankful, then, when he discovered that Martha wasn’t home when he and his parents arrived to move in his things. His mother expressed her disappointment at not getting to meet Martha, but Kyle was now able to genuinely laugh and shrug his shoulders.

“Oh well,” he chuckled, “Guess she’s out running errands or something.”

“Geez, these ceilings sure are high,” his dad remarked, arching his head up. Being a rather short 5’5 himself, to go along with his wife’s 5’3, Kyle’s parents were definitely shorter than average, but it wasn’t by much. Even still, as Kyle watched his dad gaze up at the ceiling, an image suddenly through his head: a towering 6’10 Martha, in her 3-inch black heels, her huge, voluptuous body squeezed tightly into that purple dress, casually brushing the ceiling with her fingertips, like it was the easiest thing in the world.

Kyle swallowed audibly and started getting nervous. Martha could return at any time.

“Haha yeah, high ceilings...u-uhm...ok well thanks for moving me in guys,” he said quicker than he had intended, “Uhhh — I think, I think I’m gonna maybe take a little nap now, just to get used to the —”

“Goodness! Kyle!” exclaimed his mother suddenly. With an unpleasant wrench in his chest, Kyle saw that she was walking over to examine an open closet in the hallway, a closet they hadn’t noticed as they were busy moving in Kyle’s things. The closet was completely empty except for one thing, and that’s what had drawn his mother’s attention. An enormous long black dress was hanging in the closet, a few inches off the floor. Even though the dress itself was low-cut, it still rose up above everyone’s heads by a good six inches or so, and the shoulders were obviously incredibly broad, broader than both of his parents put together. The dress shined and sparkled darkly when the light hit it. Clearly, it had been made for an absolutely gigantic person...for Martha.

“Is this...?” stammered Kyle’s mother, blinking in perplexity at the dress, “Does this belong to...the woman who lives here!?”

“Ahhh...uhh...ah-yes,” nodded Kyle, trying and failing to act casual. “Yes it does.”

“My god,” breathed his father, joining his wife to stare at the dress. “So she’s, like...wow, huh, I mean...?”

“She’s huge!” blurted out his mother.

“Yeah! Yeah, she’s a, um...a really big woman,” Kyle said quickly. His fear that Martha would be getting back any minute was growing.

“You weren’t gonna tell us that your landlady was a...a giantess!?” asked his father incredulously.

“Well what does it matter, anyway?” retorted Kyle, a little peevishly. “She’s really big...really tall, and all...and I’m short, and that’s just...that’s just how it goes, right? It’s nothing weird or anything — I don’t know why you guys are...are looking at me like that.”

“Well it’s just...” said his mother quietly, turning back to look uneasily at the dress.

“It’s just what, mom?” asked Kyle, now making no secret of his annoyance. A tense silence passed between the three of them.

“Nothing,” murmured his mother, breaking the silence as she shook her head and shrugged. “It’s...it’s nothing.”

But he knew that his mother's uneasiness wasn't just about "nothing," and even though he managed to successfully escort them out of the house a few minutes later, Kyle was left with a bit of a bad taste in his mouth as he laid out on his bed, staring up at the high ceiling. He didn't know Martha very well, but even at this point, he was almost certain that she had purposefully left that closet door open, so that his parents would see her dress. Kyle felt a shiver go through him as he contemplated her motives for doing so. What was she up to!? Was it humorous? Was she making a joke!? Or was there something else going on...something perhaps more sinister? Like her sending his parents a message...? Kyle didn't know. But he did know that he was relieved to finally be moved in, and after a short while, his eyes got heavy and he drifted off into a shallow sleep.

Seemingly only a second later, a sharp knock at his door jolted him awake.

"Oh Kyyyyyle!"

Martha's rich deep voice was emanating from behind the door. The light in his bedroom had completely changed. When he had shut his eyes, the mid-afternoon sun was streaming in through his window, bathing his bedroom in a warm gold. But as he slept, the sun had gone down. The room was now full of strange, crooked shadows, emanating from the lurid streetlight outside that shined its watchful light through the gnarled tree branches of the huge oak in Martha's front yard. Kyle struggled upright into a sitting position in his bed; he had slept far longer than he had intended.

"Y-yes?" he asked, as his heart beat rapidly in his chest. He felt like he had been caught, like he had done something wrong. But he hadn't! He had only been napping...in *his* room! Which he had *just* signed the lease for! Kyle felt himself becoming indignant.

"I've just made some absolutely *delicious* beef stroganoff," Martha spoke through the door, "And I wanted to invite you to eat with me — your first meal in the new place!"

"Oh, I...uh," stammered Kyle, blinking at the closed door. "I think...um, well I'm not exactly, uh...hungry right now, Martha. But...but thanks anyway!"

The truth was that he hadn't been awake long enough to realize if he was hungry or not — he just didn't feel like eating with her right now. But a moment later, his eyes were widening as he pulled his knees up to his chest in an instinctive protective motion (even though he was fully-clothed). Martha had opened his bedroom door without even asking, sending a rich, warm flood of light into the shadowy room.

"H-hey!" protested Kyle. "Um...M-Martha...y-you're not supposed to —"

"Aw Kyle," pouted Martha, as she lifted her arms up above her head and grabbed onto the top of the door frame, leaning slightly forward into his bedroom as she did so. Kyle again couldn't help

but gawk at her enormous body. From her mid-thighs all the way up to her shoulders, no light streamed into the bedroom around her body — she completely filled the door frame.

“It’s your first night here, and already you’re gonna refuse my cooking?” Martha continued, tilting her head at him. “Come on Kyle, I put extra effort into this meal, especially for you, to celebrate my new tenant! Don’t tell me you’re not gonna join me now!”

Kyle could see that Martha was smiling at him, and her voice definitely carried an air of coquettish play to it. But it wasn’t all lightness and fun — he got the sense that Martha wasn’t really *asking* him to join her. She was *telling* him. With all this being considered, Kyle felt like standing his ground and refusing, but the savory, spicy scent of the stroganoff had wafted into the room over Martha’s big shoulders. It *did* smell really good. And now that he had sat with himself for a moment, Kyle realized that he was indeed hungry.

“Heh, well...alright,” he replied finally, affecting a smile.

“Mmmmm good!” intoned Martha, her own smile widening. “Come on, I’ve already set the table for us.”

Dinner was a curious and unsettling affair for Kyle. The food was absolutely delicious; there was no doubt that Martha was an excellent cook, but this didn’t really surprise him. What did surprise him, though, was Martha’s shamelessness in asking him personal questions about his family and his love life. At the moment, Kyle didn’t have anyone he was dating, or even interested in, but he hoped that perhaps he would find someone at his new job. Part of his mission to “make it” in the adult world was finding a suitable partner for himself, preferably a cute sweet girl a little shorter than him, who could play the loving complementary role to his as the masculine primary breadwinner. But really, none of this was any of Martha’s business, and yet the questions evinced her casual and cheerful disregard for any social conventions.

“So you mean to tell me that you’ve never been on a *date* before?!” asked Martha meaningfully, as she helped herself to her second huge bowl of stroganoff and noodles. Kyle wasn’t even a quarter of the way through his first bowl. He had also noticed that Martha had made it a point to give him a small bowl, while she herself was using a bowl that was almost cartoonishly huge, four or five times bigger than his bowl. And what’s more, as if to add insult to injury, she had insisted that he sit on top of a stack of phone books that she had placed in his chair, ostensibly so that she could see his whole face while they were talking. Kyle felt like all of this was rather demeaning, but in her immense and intimidating presence, he didn’t dare complain.

“Well...I-I mean...I went to prom once,” he explained, blushing a little.

“Oooooo, prommmmm!” chuckled Martha, leaning forward so that her mammoth breasts squished themselves up against the table, making them look even huger. “So that was waaay back in high school then, huh?”

"Yeah, but...uh, well, college was busy and all," Kyle continued. He straightened up on top of the pile of phone books. "But I definitely intend on pursuing a relationship sometime soon. Now that I have a stable income and a place of my own." He didn't quite know why he felt like he needed to justify himself to Martha, like he needed to somehow convince her that he wasn't some little kid. Maybe it was the tender, almost hungry way she was looking at him.

"Well I'm not so sure about all that, Kyle," Martha declared, shaking her head wryly as she bent down to her huge bowl, ladling another massive spoon-full of stroganoff into her mouth and swallowing it down like it was nothing a moment later. "All that stuff you just mentioned — relationships, stable income, yadda yadda yadda and all the rest, hahaha, I think you might be getting a little too far ahead of yourself there."

"Huh?" asked Kyle blankly, squinting his eyes up at Martha as she continued staring down at him with that curious grin on her face. "Wh-wha....what do you mean?" He could feel himself getting irritated. "I m-mean...are you...are you seriously suggesting that I...I don't have what it takes to —"

"All I'm saying, Kyle," interrupted Martha, after downing another two huge spoon-fulls, "Is that you're *definitely* a young guy...fresh out of college...with a LOT to learn about the world. And, of course, being as *small* as you are...heheh, well, I'd hate to see you overextend yourself and get burned out. You might not know this now, Kyle, but full time jobs...ohhhhh yeah, they take it out of you. And to slap a *relationship* on top of all that!? Hahaha, it's not a combination for the weak, let me tell you!"

"B-But I'm not...*weak*, Martha!" exclaimed Kyle, his face starting to flush with indignation.

"Heheh, well, you certainly didn't seem very strong, trying to pick up my frying pan!" laughed Martha heartily.

"Not...not *that* kind of weak!" protested Kyle, putting down his spoon angrily.

"Awww, did I hit a nerve, little guy?" Martha teased, reaching across the table to brush Kyle's cheek with a huge finger. Kyle made a jerking movement away from her incoming finger, but he immediately regretted it, since his movement made him feel even more small and juvenile than he already felt next to her. Martha seemed to understand what was going on, and her grin widened as he was forced to accept her teasing caress. Even when she was just touching him with her finger, Kyle couldn't help but feel overpowered by this enormous amazon of a woman. Her fingers...her whole hand...*everything* about her...was just gigantic.

"I'm just looking after you, Kyle," Martha cooed down at him, as she continued stroking his cheek with her finger, "You know that, right? And I'd just *hate* to see my new little tenant get all in over his head in the big, bad adult world too quickly."

Kyle hated everything about this exchange, but it was ridiculous how thoroughly Martha could dominate the trajectory of the conversation, without leaving him any room to protest or respond. She had this uncanny sense of how to trap him in his own insecurities and make him feel small. Right now, if he continued to argue and protest against her condescension, he knew that it would make him seem like a petulant little child. But if he did what he was doing now, and just accepted her supercilious and patronizing attitude (not to mention her demeaning caress of his cheek), then it made him feel just as small. Either way, he was stuck.

“So what did your parents think of the place?” asked Martha mildly, turning back down to her bowl and stirring it a little. Kyle stared at her, trying to get his mind to focus on what was actually happening. Focusing around this enormous hulk of a woman was difficult in and of itself — every movement Martha made seemed to emphasize her hugeness. The wide, jingling bracelets around her strong, thick arms...the way she just towered over him while sitting down, even though he was on top of a pile of phone books...

‘God,’ thought Kyle helplessly, staring at her bracelets, ‘Those would go all the way up my arms, past my elbow...and they wouldn’t stop till they hit my shoulder.’ He shut his eyes, grit his teeth, and shook his head, trying to clear away the torrent of unwanted thoughts in his mind.

“Well?” asked Martha innocently, as she once again helped herself to enormous quantities of stroganoff, spooning into her mouth more than Kyle had eaten, and all just in a matter of seconds. “They *did* help you move in today, didn’t they?”

“I...w-well yeah...yeah they did,” said Kyle, puzzled. How could Martha have known that? Hadn’t she been out when they had moved in? An unsettling thought crept into Kyle’s brain — that Martha had been watching from afar, like with binoculars or something, spying on his every move, and taking notes on his parents.

‘Oh come on!’ he said inwardly, chastising himself, ‘She may be a little weird, a little “off,” but she’s not *that* crazy!’

“And?” asked Martha pleasantly, pushing her empty bowl to the side, erected the huge trunks of her forearms on her elbows (her bracelets barely budged), and leaned her chin down on her interlocked hands. Kyle suddenly knew what she was *really* asking — she wanted to know how his parents had reacted to seeing that dress in the closet.

“They...they thought everything was fine,” muttered Kyle nonchalantly, shrugging, trying to play everything off. But Martha just kept staring at him with that twinkle in her eye, and Kyle knew that he wasn’t going to be able to just ignore what she wanted him to say. He realized that either he was going to bring it up, or she was. With that in mind, he thought he may as well take charge:

“So...um, Martha...you know, now that you mention it,” he said, making a valiant attempt to sound casual and spontaneous, “It was kind of...kind of interesting...there was a dress hanging up, like...you know, in a closet.”

As soon as he had spoken those words, Kyle sank inwardly. The words themselves sounded strange and unnatural — they didn’t sound like the material for a normal, adult conversation at all. And yet he had already spoken them, so he plowed on ahead, his face getting redder the more he spoke:

“A-And I was just...just wondering, umm...did you, uh...” and here he started chuckling a bit, trying to find a different angle, “Eheheh, I mean...did you put it there on purpose? Because, haha, I, uh, don’t remember it being there before.”

“Oh yes, Kyle,” Martha answered instantly, sitting up straight in her chair and arching her shoulders back, re-emphasizing the sheer size of her bust as it hung heavily over the table, “I cleaned out that whole closet the other day, just so I could put my black dress in there.”

“Oh,” Kyle replied, nodding his head. He had been surprised by the speed of her answer. There didn’t seem to be anything left for him except to ask one more question: “S-so...so, uh...why did you do that?”

Martha tilted her head down at him, flashing him an incredulous smile. “Well isn’t it obvious Kyle?” she began, “I’m an understanding landlady, haha. I wanted you and your folks to have a nice little time without having ME as a distraction. I’m not under any illusions, Kyle — I know how big of an impression I can make, haha, and I thought to myself, well maybe I should just go out shopping for some new heels or something while Kyle’s moving in. But you see —”

And here she paused and leaned forward into the table, so far that her shadow actually passed over Kyle’s head as she stared down at him. Her grin was deeply unnerving, and he could feel his heart beating fast under the cold cast of her shadow.

“— I wanted your parents to know that they don’t need to be hounding you all the time, now that you’re all moved in, you know? I’m suuuuure they just baby you all the time, especially your mommy, hahaha...but I just wanted to do a little something to show them that you’re in good hands. That there’s no reason to worry about *anything* bad happening to you, now that you’re under MY roof.”

Kyle swallowed audibly in Martha’s shadow. She would have made him feel so small, so tiny, so insignificant, without even opening her mouth...and yet, the words she was saying just made his feeling ten times worse. What on earth was wrong with her!? Did she think that he was some kind of a child?? That he had moved in with her so that she could...*mother* him!? Kyle felt repulsed by the thought, but again, there wasn’t anything that he could say outright that he had the courage for. All he could do was offer another weak little shrug of his shoulders as he retreated further back in his chair, scooting backwards on the pile of phone books.

“W-well...ah....ahaha, uh, I...*appreciate* that, Martha,” he said carefully, “But...I don’t think they were too worried anyway.”

“What did they think of my dress?” asked Martha, ignoring what he had just said. Her eyes sparkled darkly. “What did your mom say, Kyle? Did she like it?”

“She...liked it just fine,” Kyle lied.

“Oh really?” chuckled Martha. “She wasn’t intimidated by it at all?”

“W-well, I mean, yeah, she was a little bit,” replied Kyle. More and more, he just wanted to escape this conversation and get back to his room. As far as he was concerned, he had learned his lesson about eating with Martha: that it was to be avoided at nearly all costs.

“Mmmmm, you’re so short and adorably puny,” hummed Martha affectionately, spider-crawling her massive hand across the table and giving his finger a playful caress. “I’m sure your parents are too...haha, I bet that dress was taller than your mommy AND your daddy, and wider than both of them put together, huh?”

Kyle was amazed at the accuracy of Martha’s guess...if it actually *was* a guess. He was increasingly beginning to think that Martha had hidden herself somehow, maybe in her car across the street, and watched him and his parents move his stuff in. A desperate voice suddenly went up in his head, yelling loud and clear:

‘Red flag!! Reg flag!! She’s nuts, Kyle!! She’s crazy!! You gotta get OUT of here!!’

But what else was there to do? He had already signed the lease, and something told him that Martha would not take kindly to him breaking the lease on the first night. He took a few breaths to calm himself down and then made an attempt at an answer, trying to match Martha’s dark grin:

“Eheh, yeah, it was actually. Pretty, uhm...pretty amazing.”

“Ha! If only they had seen me in person,” chuckled Martha, doing a hair-flip that, for someone her size, was actually rather stylish. A second later she was looking back down at Kyle’s bowl. “Aww, all full already, little guy?”

“Aha, uh, yeah,” he laughed, miming an apology as he clutched his stomach, indicating how full he was, “It was delicious, Martha, but I think —”

“Your little tummy is all fuuuuulllll?” teased Martha. She had suddenly stood up to take his bowl (putting it inside her own empty one, just to re-emphasize how much more she had eaten than him), and as she spoke, she reached her hand down and tickled his stomach with her bare

fingers. Kyle couldn't help but gasp out in laughter as she did so, but a moment later his eyes had gone wide — Martha's giant fingers had snaked under his shirt and were now tickling his bare belly. He felt the warmth of her huge digits, while it mixed with the strange and shocking cold of the metal rings on her fingers. He kicked and struggled on top of the pile of phone books, trying to get away, but Martha held him at bay, seemingly effortlessly, for several long seconds, staring down into his face with that same wide-eyed and hungry expression.

Just as Kyle began to panic from lack of air, Martha stopped, scrunching up her nose at him as she tapped him on both of his cheeks with her finger.

"So. Cute!" she declared, one word for each tap. A moment later she had turned her back from him, carrying their dishes into the kitchen. Kyle was breathless for a few seconds, watching her enormous ass jiggle and gyrate crazily as she walked, and then, out of sheer instinct, he stumbled down from his chair, ran into his room, and closed the door, locking it behind him. For long minutes he lay there in the dark on his bed, staring at the ceiling, wondering what on earth he had gotten himself into.

Chapter 3

For the next few days, everything seemed to settle down for Kyle. After his first few bizarre interactions with Martha, he was relieved to find that, as soon as he started going to work the next day, she appeared to draw herself back from the overt disrespect she had shown him initially. Kyle was so relieved that he had to actually remind himself that what Martha was still doing wasn't really...acceptable. For starters, he continued to be unnerved by the way that she smiled at him whenever he would venture into any of the common areas of the house. She had stopped openly teasing, disparaging, and belittling him, but somehow all of those things were still wrapped up in that wide, aggressive grin of hers that seemed to follow him wherever he went. Kyle had the sense that, whenever he was out of his bedroom, Martha's eyes followed him, along with that grin. And always from high, high above...so that when he turned to look at her, he had to craning his entire body up. She didn't have to do anything to make him feel small; all she had to do was sit there, smiling at him sweetly, and he inevitably shuffled away, feeling the unwilling, creeping red flush in his face and neck from merely being in her presence, and under the power of her gaze.

'But she's not making me eat with her,' Kyle said privately, trying to reassure himself, 'And she's quit with all of this weird "mommy" talk...and she stopped knocking on my door. Guess she just wanted to make an impression on me and retreat when she saw I wasn't playing along.'

With a little effort, Kyle actually managed to convince himself that Martha had dialed herself back because of the firm resistance he had put up in the wake of her onslaught of size-based teasing. Deep down, he knew that this wasn't actually true, but as the days passed by and Martha appeared to leave him alone, it became easier and easier for Kyle to forget what it had been like when Martha had her homing beacon turned directly on him.

It also helped that Kyle had other things to think about: positive things that were contributing noticeably to his self-esteem. He had already made impressive inroads at his new job, and his boss had let him know that he was pleased with his performance. In a cubicle office environment, working a non-physical job, body size and stature was low on the list of essential qualities, and the more time Kyle spent at work, the more confident he became in himself. This is exactly what he had wanted — this is why he had insisted to his parents that he get a room of his own, so that he could be allowed to jump off and fly in the adult world on his own.

And, just as a tasty, delightful little cherry on top, Kyle had met a female co-worker, Laura, a cute, quiet young woman, blonde, two inches shorter at 5'2, and just a few months older, who had apparently taken a liking to him. He had only been at this new job for a week, but Kyle had already had a few lovely conversations with her, and he could tell by the ways her eyes sparkled and lingered on his that there was some real attraction there on her end. What's more, Kyle had even heard a few of the other office women whispering about the two of them, and when they had turned to look at him, they giggled quietly and dispersed. Even the other men seemed to know. Leaving work one day, after a fun conversation with Laura, one of Kyle's male co-workers had come up to him, punched him in the arm, and encouragingly whispered:

“Shoot your shot, man!”

Kyle was still too shy to “shoot his shot” with Laura, but he figured that, since this was a Friday, he’d build his confidence up over the weekend and ask her to dinner sometime early next week. He didn’t want to feel like he was jumping into this new life too quickly, but all the signs were there that there was some legitimate chemistry between him and this girl. Besides, he was making a good impression at work all around, so why not ride the wave to a dinner date with the cute girl from down the hall? Kyle actually felt big when he was around her. Laura didn’t wear heels, and with the lifts that he wore in his loafers, Kyle towered over her by a good 4 inches. He also outweighed her by 15 or 20 pounds as well. It was all perfect.

So perfect, in fact, that when he felt his pocket buzz, and saw that it was a text from Martha, he barely even batted an eye. He was feeling so “on top” of everything that he had conveniently allowed himself to forget who was waiting for him at home.

‘Spaghetti and meatballs tonight!’ read Martha’s text. ‘You’ll be joining me, yes?’

Despite his nonchalance, Kyle still felt a little stab of annoyance. Why did she just assume that he would be joining her? Didn’t she know that he could easily have better things to do on a Friday night than eat dinner with his landlady? Of course, he wasn’t actually doing anything tonight, but she didn’t know that!

‘But I *will* be doing something,’ though Kyle determinedly, ‘Next week. I’ll be going on a date with Laura then. So fine...if Martha wants me for her little Friday meal, she’ll get me. This one last time.’

He sent back a bit of a smug reply: ‘It turns out that my schedule is free tonight, so yes I’d be happy to join you.’

Inwardly, Kyle was accepting the invitation as a kind of an allowance to his landlord. In his mind, he was deigning, doing her a favor. She was the eccentric landlady who didn’t have any friends he had seen, who spent her days inside, doing god knows what, and freaking out any young men who were unlucky enough to cross her path. Enough days had passed to where Kyle had managed to push out of his mind the true feelings of tininess, submission, and fear that Martha had inspired in him before.

Kyle drove home thinking about Laura, and his proud boss, and his encouraging co-workers. He couldn’t help but smile to himself. This was the life; this was the adult world; this is what it was all about. He was so pleased with himself that he didn’t even see Martha looming in the kitchen archway when he opened the front door and came inside. He was halfway down the hallway towards his bedroom when the booming, amused sound of Martha’s voice stopped him dead in his tracks:

“So! You’re not even gonna say anything about my dress, Kyle?”

He stumbled a little and then turned quickly around, his heart in his mouth. He beheld a sight that made his blood run cold, even as he found himself blown away by the sheer power and aura of Martha’s figure. The archway to the kitchen was 6’8 tall, and wide enough to accommodate four or five ordinary-sized people. But Martha’s gigantic body filled it up, to the extent that there was only a couple feet of space on either side of her thick wide hips. As usual, she was wearing her 3-inch stylish black platform boots, which made her an intimidating 6’10. She was standing slightly in front of the archway, so that her head had the room it needed to rise up above the top. Her thick, powerful arms gripped the top of both sides of the archway as she leaned slightly forward toward him. Most notable of all, though, was what she was wearing: all down her huge, imposing body, hugging her curves tightly, was the same shimmering black dress that had been hanging in the closet a few days before. The dress had looked so enormous to Kyle before, but now that he was actually seeing it ON Martha, it didn’t look so huge all of a sudden. In fact, it seemed as though the dress itself was straining to accommodate her size. The sound of fabric stretching accompanied every slight movement that Martha made, which was audible in the astonished silence that hung in the air between them. Kyle swallowed a lump in his throat as his eyes scanned up to Martha’s cleavage, which was opened up in an oceanic presentation above him. It looked like her dress was barely even able to contain those megalithic breasts, and the low, revealing U-shaped cleavage line made her chest look even bigger. The open top of the dress was so skimpy that Kyle was surprised her breasts didn’t just bounce right out of her dress.

“It...it I-looks great!” he forced out. His throat had gone dry, so the words came out as more of a croak than anything else. It was incredible — just moments before he had been strolling up to the house, feeling like he was on top of the world. And now he suddenly felt smaller than he had ever felt before.

“Ooooh so you like it?” cooed Martha, taking a step forward through the archway toward him, gyrating and jostling her huge ass around in the process so he could see her whole figure. “I thought I’d dress up a little for our dinner tonight. After all, it’s Friday! So why not go a little fancy, right?”

“Uh...r-right,” stammered Kyle. He had gone very red in the face. Even that simple gesture of hers — stepping forward towards him — was enough to send his body into a dizzying array of reactions. He was scared of her, shocked by her, nervous about her...and yet at the same time, there was no denying how impressive she looked all dressed up. She had even put on some make-up, which made her look even more fearsome and enticing. That was the conundrum that Kyle was struggling with: he was intimidated by her, but he also stood in awe of her size and strength...and the confident, effortless way she carried herself.

‘She’s carrying around 320 pounds,’ Kyle thought. ‘Like it’s nothing.’

“So of course I expect you to dress up as well,” Martha continued, putting her hands on her huge hips as she smiled down at him. “Can’t leave a lady looking all fancy by herself, now, can we?”

Kyle stared up at her. Was she serious!? Dressing up for a meal in her kitchen?? He was already in his work clothes, which were nice enough, right? This is exactly the kind of behavior that had concerned him before. It was clear that his landlady had a few screws loose, but Kyle tried to reassure himself.

‘She must not get out much,’ he thought, as he tried to explain away her bizarre request. ‘That’s why she’s all excited to eat with me. It’s like I’m the only connection she has to the outside world, to a “normal life.” Haha well ok fine, I’ll give it to her. Just this once though, because next weekend, I’ll have plans.’

“S-Sure, Martha!” he said out loud, forcing his mouth into a smile. “I’ll...uh, change into something a little...a little nicer before dinner.”

“Mmmmmm, what a good boy!” she intoned, as her plush lips broke out into an open-mouthed smile. “Ok wonderful — dinner in thirty minutes! Don’t be late!”

Kyle went to his room, almost in a kind of stupor, and took off his work clothes, ultimately deciding to dress himself in a pair of nice khakis and a green golf shirt with a collar, which he dutifully tucked into his pants. This was the general fraternity outfit that he had worn many times in college (despite not actually belonging to a fraternity), and he figured that it would be “fancy” enough for Martha’s tastes. He slipped his feet again into his loafers, complete with the inch-high lifts that made him 5’5, and walked towards the door.

‘God this is so stupid,’ he thought, shaking his head at himself as he paused with his hand on the door knob. ‘Why am I even humoring her!?’ Right then and there, he thought about taking all his clothes off, stretching himself out on his bed, and ordering a pizza. Who was Martha to say that he couldn’t do that?? He was just renting a room from her — he wasn’t, like...her son or anything! He could always say that he had had a tiring day at work, and that he wasn’t up for a social dinner. There was nothing...*nothing*...that she could say to counter that, or to make him feel guilty about.

He turned the doorknob and went into the hallway. It was easier this way. Just this once, he’d play along, just to make his own living situation easier. And he’d make sure that he let Martha know, in no uncertain terms, that her “mandatory dress-up Friday dinner” would not become a normal thing.

When he got to the kitchen, however, he felt his confidence melting away once again. Martha was sitting in her big chair, completely filling it as usual, and in front of her on the table was a gigantic serving bowl piled high with steaming spaghetti and meatballs. The rich smell wafted down into Kyle’s nose, making his mouth water. But it was the chair arrangement that had

caught him off guard. When they had eaten together before, he had sat across the table from Martha, like any normal arrangement would have had them. With a jolt, however, Kyle saw that Martha was patting her huge hand on top of the stack of phone books in the chair — *his* chair — right next to her.

"Well don't you just look precious!" exclaimed Martha warmly. "Hahaha you look like you're a little boy on his way to church! Well come on over here, little boy! Come sit next to me!"

"I...uh, o-ok," Kyle muttered, coming around the table. Again, he thought of saying something in protest, but how could he have said anything without sounding petty, or calling attention to the strangeness of the situation? He figured it was better to just keep playing along.

'Just eat quickly and be done with it,' he told himself as he hopped up on top of the pile of phone books. 'This'll all be over soon.'

"It's sooooo wonderful to have you join me here tonight," purred Martha, snaking her giant hand around to Kyle's far shoulder and encompassing it completely. He suddenly felt himself bowing forward as he was weighed down by the weight of her bare arm on his back. "They've been working you too hard at that new job of yours! I've barely even had any time to see you!"

"I...th-they...they're not working me too hard," muttered Kyle nervously, as he felt Martha's massive hand gently massaging his shoulder. It was incredible — he glanced to the side and saw her long, thick, ringed fingers hanging all the way over his shoulder, spanning almost as far down as his nipples. In every way, this woman was gargantuan, and she made him feel unbelievably small.

"Oh I don't know about that," countered Martha, scooting her chair even closer to his, so that the seats bumped up against each other. In the same stroke, she pulled him closer to her, and he felt the firm, padded expanse of her left breast pressing into his other shoulder, his neck and the right side of his face.

"I think they're being too hard on you," she persisted, "It being your first week at all. Haha, especially for a little guy like you, they should be eeeeeasing you into the job, not just tossing you out in the deep end, expecting you to swim!"

"I-It doesn't matter how sm—" Kyle began indignantly, but Martha just kept talking, her rich, deep voice, easily drowning his out:

"So they'd better be careful over there at your office! Otherwise I'm gonna have to go up there and give them a little piece of my mind!"

Kyle hoped to god that she was just joking, but from her tone he couldn't tell. He tried to distract himself from her heavy, gripping embrace by looking down at the table. He saw a small little empty bowl in front of him, but he didn't see any bowl that Martha had laid out for herself.

Apparently Martha caught his eyes going back and forth, and a deep chuckle went through her body, permeating into his own.

“Heheh, so you’re ready to eat, huh?”

“I...y-yes, I think so,” answered Kyle. He sighed in relief as Martha removed her hand from her shoulder and her arm from his back. But the relief didn’t last long.

“Well alrighty then,” Martha continued genially, “Let me just dish my little guest up from my bowl, and see how much he can eat THIS time, haha.”

“F-from...from your bowl!?” asked Kyle blankly, looking at the colossal bowl of spaghetti and meatballs in front of them. Martha laughed as she nodded, pulling the bowl towards her with her pinkie finger. Kyle doubted that he could have moved the bowl using both of his hands.

“Well yeah!” Martha giggled, as she spooned Kyle out a little serving into his miniature bowl. “Can’t have you wasting food like you did last time — so I’ll just start small and see how much you eat. Heheh, a tiiiiny little portion for a tiiiiiny little belly!”

She rubbed her massive palm right into Kyle’s stomach, covering it completely, as she playfully jiggled her hand around in a circle. Kyle instinctively tried to lean back away from her hand, but there was nowhere to go.

“Oooooo does that tickle?” she cooed at him, bringing her face close to his as she continued rubbing his belly with her huge hand.

“A...A l-little,” he replied, blushing red with embarrassment.

“You’re just the cutest little thing,” breathed Martha into his face, “I could just about eat you up for dinner instead! Aaarrgh!” She playfully bit at the air in between them, and again, Kyle tried to recoil, but couldn’t. Martha’s teeth snapped closed right in front of his face, and the very next moment, her mouth was open again, this time in laughter.

“Hahaha ok ok enough of that!” she giggled. “Time to eat!”

The next several minutes passed by in a surreal flash for Kyle. He and Martha were carrying on some kind of mundane conversation, with him droning on about his new job and how excited he was, but in reality, only one thing was really happening: he was watching Martha eat. Over and over again, she twirled her gigantic fork into the hulking pile of pasta in her bowl, drawing out a monstrous hunk of pasta, and then inserted it sensuously into her mouth (while she watched him, of course), drawing it out moments later completely clean. Then she would spear one of the huge meatballs, or sometimes two at a time, and do the same thing, putting them into her mouth and then drawing her clean fork out again mere seconds later. She hardly even seemed

to be chewing. Kyle was flabbergasted — it didn't seem possible that anyone, even someone as huge as Martha, could eat so much so fast, and so effortlessly. He looked down at his own little helping of pasta in his bowl. Martha had made it a point to slice up one of the huge meatballs into sixths, and she had given him one piece. For Kyle, it was about as much as he could eat, which made him feel incredibly small. A quick glance to the side at Martha's breasts (which continued to brush the side of his face), coupled with a scan of her big, sprawling stomach, completed the picture. Martha wasn't fat — she was just enormous in every way, and it was starting to get to him. He wanted to escape. But he continued jabbering on, desperate to get it all over with while still making the encounter seem normal.

"Woah woah woah!" Martha interrupted suddenly, extending a finger down and shushing him on the lips. "What did you just say!? Who is this...*Laura*?"

"Oh just...just a colleague of mine," replied Kyle. He didn't know why he should be feeling nervous right now, like he had done something wrong by mentioning her, but he did. He was starting to resent these unwanted feelings, and he found his emotions hardening against Martha. What business was it of hers, anyway!?

"Hmmm well she sounds like a liiiittle bit more than a colleague," Martha declared, clattering her fork down inside her empty bowl. "With you talking about her like that."

Kyle felt himself flare up inside. This was it — this was the moment where he'd put his foot down. He had endured enough of Martha's ridiculousness.

"W-well...well so what if she is?" he retorted, sitting up as straight as he could on the phone books as he looked up at her challengingly. "I'm an adult, and I can have whatever relationships I want!"

What happened next caught Kyle by surprise. Without pausing to consider his answer, Martha swiftly reached out and snatched him up off his seat, her hands going almost all the way around his waist, as she held him aloft in the air in front of her. His body was dangling in between her and the table, with his legs kicking in the air. Martha held him like that for a few moments, evidently delighting in his struggles, before whipping him around and planting him down in the plush, vast expanse of her lap. It had all happened so fast that Kyle was completely thrown for a loop, unable to react at all. He suddenly found himself surrounded on all sides by Martha's warm, voluminous flesh. Her lap extended far out on either side of him, and her titanic thick thighs supported his comparatively-tiny legs. Her gigantic weighty breasts were now hugging both sides of his face — his head was smack-dab in the middle of her chasmic cleavage. Two enormous hands came to rest on his thighs, kneading them lovingly (and covering them) as Martha's rich voice came from above, vibrating through every part of his body.

"Oh Kyle," she purred softly, rubbing up his thighs as she spoke, "It really is adorable how you think you're cut out for the adult world. Hahaha but come on...a *girlfriend*!? A *love interest*?? Please, Kyle...all of that kind of stuff is for people who can handle it, physically and emotionally.

And you're just not there Kyle. I doubt you ever will be. Mmmmm, you're too small, too fragile...too *precious*, haha...no, no, I'm not gonna let that happen. You'll be safe, right here with ME."

Kyle's worst fears had been confirmed: Martha was completely crazy. And yet, even as he realized this, his cock was responding to the show of power that Martha was displaying. The feeling of her huge hands on his thighs, coupled with those massive tits of hers squeezing both sides of his face, was starting to make him hard. He just couldn't help it. But her words fed the fire inside him, and he lashed out without considering his situation.

"I didn't ASK your opinion, you...you crazy lady!!" he yelled, squirming to get away. "Y-You can't run my life! A-And you're INSANE to think that you can!! Get off me!! Get off!! Let me go, you...you *freak*!!"

His world was suddenly spinning, and a split-second later Kyle found himself face-down, his head hanging over her thick left thigh, as his lower legs dangled over her right. Martha had flipped him over onto his stomach in her lap, and had now slapped her huge left hand down in the middle of his back, preventing him from getting away. A tearing sound ripped through the air, and Kyle felt a sudden cold gust of air against his butt cheeks. He stopped his squirming and froze in fear. Martha had just ripped open his khakis...with one hand.

"Ohhhhhh no," came her deep voice, now terrifyingly hardened and severe, unlike he had ever heard before. Her voice was like ice. "Nooooo, no, no. You do NOT speak to me like that, little boy."

"I-I'm s-sorry!" choked Kyle desperately, already regretting his words. "I'm s-sorry!! I—I t-take it back!!"

"Oh you WILL be sorry," laughed Martha darkly. "After a little punishment."

SMACK

Her giant hand came down squarely on top of Kyle's bare ass cheeks. He yelped in pain, and resumed squirming in place. But Martha's other hand held him down easily.

SMACK

She did it again...harder this time. Kyle shouted once more in pain.

"That hurts, doesn't it?" came her stony, ice-cold voice. "Hopefully this teaches you to choose your words carefully, Kyle."

"It d-does!!" he cried, nodding his head. "It d—"

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK*

Martha continued spanking him, paying no heed to his cries. She didn't stop until she had spanked his bare ass fifteen times, and she had saved the hardest one for last. Kyle's cries had gone from pained, to desperate, to embarrassingly abandoned. The last two spans had him sounding like a trapped animal, almost inhuman in his wails. Tears were streaming down his face, and his throat burned from screaming. The last spank had him seeing stars.

"That enough?" Martha asked after the last one. "That enough to teach you, little boy?"

"Y-y-yesss..." he blubbered, hardly able to even form the word. After an agonizing few moments, he found himself suddenly hoisted up in the air, facing the table, away from Martha. He shivered in shock as he felt her huge, plush lips suddenly against his smarting ass cheeks.

Mwah *Mwah* *Mwah*

She was kissing his butt cheeks, her soft lips lingering with each smooch. Despite the horrendous pain he was in, Kyle felt himself get hard again.

"Theeeeere," cooed Martha, in quite a different voice. "Theeeeere we go, little guy. Momma's gonna make it aallll better. Mmmmm she hates to do that to you...really, she does. But she knows you've learned your lesson."

A moment later she had flipped him back around, holding him aloft above her. Her big eyes met his, and winked. Kyle felt totally defeated, violated, and abused. And he could see the triumph in her eyes.

Chapter 4

The rest of the weekend was a hazy, surreal nightmare for Kyle. He spent all of it locked away in his room, hiding from Martha. He thanked his stars that he had a few power bars to keep him from going hungry, and he was able to walk shakily to his private bathroom to refill his water bottle...but aside from occasionally forcing himself to eat and drink, he mostly just laid on his bed, trying to fall asleep to escape the horror of his current reality. Most of the time, though, he ended up simply staring up at the ceiling, his vision becoming muddled as he focused his eyes on nothing in particular.

He was wracked by terrible feelings of shock and violation because of what had happened. Sure, he had thought that Martha was odd before, and even a little crazy, maybe, but nothing...*nothing*...had prepared him for what she had done to him at dinner. It wasn't just that she had basically guilted him into having dinner with her, even though their landlady-tenant relationship didn't really call for that kind of regular intimacy; it wasn't just that she had kept up in her relentless teasing and mockery of him for being short and small; it wasn't even just that she had suddenly declared to him that she was going to lord herself over his life and prevent him from going out on a date with Laura...yes, those were all things that bothered Kyle, especially her assertion that he wasn't "adult" enough to have a girlfriend (that had *really* gotten to him).

The real kicker was the swift, sudden, and shameless physical violence that Martha had subjected him to...and the specific *kind* of violence. She had torn his pants off (an incredible and intimidating physical feat in and of itself!) and *spanked* his bare ass over and over, like he had been a little child! The pain had been intense, to the point of making Kyle crack his voice like a kid from screaming, but even more than the pain itself was the abject humiliation and degradation that it had caused Kyle to feel in his mind, in his entire person. Not only was Martha mocking him and teasing him like her little child — now she was actually *treating* him like one, complete with corporeal punishment. Her harsh discipline had stunned him in body and spirit, and over the weekend he tried to recover from it all the only way he knew how: hiding from Martha, and making sure that he didn't come across her.

Of course, Kyle wasn't actually "locked away" from Martha at all — she had made sure to keep a key to his private suite. But Kyle didn't know this; instead, he reassured himself that at least he was safe in his little "pod," away from Martha's clutches, while he figured out what to do next. A few times, though, he heard the unmistakable creaking in the floor of Martha's approaching footsteps in the hallway, halting quite obviously in front of his door. And if the creaking in the floor hadn't been enough of a giveaway, Kyle had seen her huge shadow fall across the thin strip of light under the door, obscuring it completely. Martha was just standing there silently, directly in front of his door. She wasn't knocking...she wasn't saying or doing anything at all...she was simply standing there.

Over the weekend, Martha performed this same charade a few times, and each time she did, Kyle had felt his entire body seize up in uncontrollable fear and anxiety. He was terribly afraid

that she was going to call for him...to knock...or even worse, to break down the door. Kyle was well-acquainted with Martha's strength by now, and he had no doubt in his mind that she had the ability to do something like that. But, in a way, her silence was even worse. It was weirder, more bizarre, more mysterious, and more consistent somehow with his view of Martha as an absolute lunatic. What on earth was she doing!? Just...just *standing* there...in front of his door?? Doing *nothing*?? Her presence made him feel like a little trapped animal in a cage, but even still, Kyle couldn't help but notice that, through his fear, his awe at Martha's enormous body still came through...and sometimes, he even registered that he was getting a little aroused at the thought of this gigantic, amazonian beast of a woman taking such a pronounced interest in him. The way her steps literally shook the floor of his bedroom when she was near...the incredible way that her enormous body covered up all the light under the door...she really was an incredible, unimaginably dominant specimen of feminine power.

But Kyle tried to push these thoughts down, as soon as he became aware of them. He hated these kinds of base, primitive reactions that he was having — he was *scared* of Martha...*terrified*! She was absolutely *crazy*, and he wanted *nothing* whatsoever to do with her!

In this same vein, considering his predicament, he thought very seriously about calling his parents from his bedroom, and urging them to come pick him up, or, even more dramatically, to call the police. He *had* been assaulted, after all. Kyle knew that this was probably the most logical course of action, but he didn't follow through in it. He was simply too ashamed to admit that he had been manhandled in this way. What would his parents think!? Here he was, finally in his own room, with his own job, making his own way in the world, and suddenly he would have to take it all back and move in with his parents again?? Such a thing would have been intolerably humiliating for him.

He thought of Laura...his pretty colleague at work. What would *she* have thought, upon hearing that he had to move back in with his parents because he had been dominated by his crazy amazon of a landlady!? No, no, it just wasn't feasible to get his parents (or the police) involved. The story would be all over the news, since it was a small town and not much happened. And what's more (even though Kyle wasn't as aware of this line of thought), he wasn't confident that the police could do anything to help him. Martha was crazy, but she was a smooth talker, and she had an uncanny way of manipulating others to get what she wanted. And if Kyle's parents had suddenly shown up, well...he couldn't be sure that Martha wouldn't manhandle them as well. She certainly would have outmatched both of them in strength. He shuddered to think of Martha doing something humiliating to his parents. He had no way to predict her behavior towards them, and so he would spare himself the humiliation of getting them involved.

So, having no good options, Kyle called in sick from work for the first two days of the week. He wasn't yet ready to deal with facing Martha again. Even though he was contractually obligated to stay with her (or at least continue paying for his suite), he hadn't yet worked out what he needed to do. So Monday passed by, with Kyle still living on his store of power bars (he had another couple day's worth left) and water from his bathroom sink.

On Tuesday morning, however, when he went to fill up his water bottle from the sink, a little oozing drizzle came out for a few moments, and then...nothing. Kyle's heart started beating faster. No water!? Surely it was just...just a problem with the sink. He bent down, adjusting the various water valves down below. They were all open, and still, no water. He went over to the tub and tried to turn it on. The same thing happened: a little choking drizzle of water, and then nothing. Kyle looked up blankly at the wall. So Martha had shut the water off. That had to be it. She was literally smoking him out of his room, like a hunter smoking out a fox from a hole. He felt a little sick to his stomach for a few minutes, and he sat on the edge of the tub with his head in his hands, trying to figure out what to do. Again, there were no good options.

Finally, he decided that he simply had to go out of his room and face Martha. He would try and play it cool...there was no way he was going to be able to face her and chastise her for her behavior towards him. Even though he hated to admit it, Kyle knew that he would crumble under Martha's pressure if he tried to confront her like that. No, his best bet was to just try and act like nothing had happened at all.

'Maybe she was just...just, like...playing around or something,' Kyle said to himself, as he geared up to venture out. 'Maybe she had her fun and now...it's all over and she'll just leave me alone.'

Deep down, Kyle knew this was wishful thinking, but he had done so much thinking and agonizing in his room the past three days that he felt totally exhausted. He dressed himself in his work clothes, forcing himself to go through the motions. Maybe, even though he had called out sick today, he'd show up at work a little late — maybe he'd get to see Laura! Kyle felt his confidence build as he walked up to the door and turned the knob. He wasn't going to let Martha control his life. He was an adult! And if she tried to get in his way again, he *would* call the cops.

His heart hammered against his breastplate as he cracked the door and peered out. No sign of Martha.

'Come on Kyle,' he thought to himself, 'Go out *confidently*! Don't tiptoe around! Just *go*!'

His skin prickled with anxiety as he stepped out and began walking toward the kitchen. His mouth was parched — he had gone all night and morning without a drink of water. His loafers made soft noises against the hardwood floor of the hallway...still no Martha. He reached the kitchen and couldn't help looking around. It appeared that he was alone.

Sighing in relief, Kyle walked over to the sink and began re-filling his water bottle. This was perfect! He'd make himself a sandwich and then eat it in the car on the way to work...his life would return to normal, and all the craziness of Friday would fade away into the past, like it never, ever happened.

"And just what do you think you're doing?"

Kyle's heart froze, and he stopped breathing. Martha's deep, amused voice infused his body. He turned around, shaking. She was standing there before him, her colossal body squeezed into an alluring violet dress, sporting a pair of shiny black platform heels that made her a fearsome 6'11. Kyle blinked, registering that his face was even with the top part of Martha's stomach. She had her hands on her hips, and her bare arms looked even huger than he remembered. Worst still was the expression in her face: there was a playful twinkle in her eye, but she wasn't exactly smiling. Her cheeks looked hardened; there was something severe in her look.

"I...I'm j-just...just g-getting some...s-some water," stuttered Kyle. Any plans he had been concocting about facing her like an adult had vaporized instantly, like smoke in the wind.

"Oh I'm sorry," teased Martha, pouting down at him, "Were you having trouble with the faucets in your suite, Kyle? Water not coming out?"

"Y-yeah," he nodded shakily.

"Huh, how strange!" Martha mused, putting her hand up to her chin and stroking it. "I got all those pipes and appliances re-done just a couple months ago. There's nothing wrong with *them*, I'm sure. The only thing I could think of is if someone...turned the water off."

Her dark eyes gleamed down at him, and her mouth curled into a smirking smile. Kyle couldn't say anything...he just stood there, breathing heavily, as he looked past Martha toward the front door. If he could only somehow get by her...escape...then hop in his car and drive away.

"You're dressed awfully fancy, Kyle," giggled Martha, as her voluminous hips and weighty breasts giggled, "Were you going somewhere?"

"I...was just thinking of...g-going in to work, a-actually," he replied, "Since I...I c-called off yesterday and all."

"Aw well alright then!" smiled Martha breezily, "Don't let me stop you! Big man going to his big boy job, hahaha!"

Kyle returned her chuckle uneasily. Was she actually going to let him go? It seemed too good to be true. But whatever the cause, Kyle was going to take whatever he could get. He turned back to resume re-filling his water bottle.

"Oh there's just...one little thing I should mention," Martha added. Kyle suddenly felt her gigantic body pressing up against his back. She had crossed the kitchen in two strides and was now pinning him to the sink. Her heavy breasts were straddling the top of his head, weighing him down. He saw a huge, manicured hand lower down into his vision from above, as it deftly turned off the kitchen faucet.

"Now that I'm in charge of you, Kyle," Martha purred, massaging his shoulders with her enormous hands, "There are a few rules that you're going to be following. Because, haha, I can't have my little son going off the rails like he did on Friday, now, can I?"

Kyle was stunned. His mind was blank...his worst fears had been realized. Martha *wasn't* going to stop with her insanity. In fact, she was only going deeper and deeper down into it — she had just called him her *son*.

"Can I?" repeated Martha, a little more forcefully.

"N-no!" stammered Kyle, more from fear than anything else. Martha quickly flipped him around, so that he got a face-full of the top of her stomach. She backed away from him one pace, allowing him to see up in between the giant orbs of her breasts and up into her face.

"And so, rule number one!" laughed Martha, as the bracelets jingled around on her massive, solid arm as she put up one long finger in his face, "ALL your sustenance...all your food and drink, will come from ME from now on!"

"Wh-what!?" cried Kyle, going pale.

"Mmhmm!" chuckled Martha, nodding slowly down at him as her eyes went wide with pleasure. "It's the only way, Kyle. You're my sweet little son now, and I would just hate it if you choked on your food, or if your poooooor little belly couldn't digest the adult food you've been trying to eat. Haha, you haven't been feeling well, right? Well I'm sure that's why. And so, from now on, whenever you eat anything, I'm going to chew it up for you, and feed it to you, mouth-to-mouth, like any good mommy should."

Kyle had no response. This was all so crazy that he was utterly unable to react at all. Martha continued in that same deep, pleasant voice:

"And whenever you drink anything, Kyle, I can't have my little boy choking on his water, or making a mess of himself, spilling it all down his shirt and pants. So whenever you get thirsty, just let momma know and she'll be MORE than happy to give you aalllll the milk you need."

With a flourish, Martha reached down, grabbed her right tit, and pulled it up out of her tight dress. Her gargantuan breast seemed to jump out of the dress itself, like it was thrilled to finally be free of the silky violet confines. And now that her breast wasn't being squished in the dress, it looked even huger still. Kyle's mouth dropped open as Martha cupped her breast in her hand, pinching her nipple in between her fingers as she pointed it down directly at him. The nipple was a deep, textured red, and was so erect that it jutted out a full inch-and-a-half.

"And seeing as how my poor baby hasn't had anything to drink all morning," Martha persisted, "I think it's high time he got some...hydration. Come here little guy, come here."

Too late, Kyle tried to make a break for it, attempting to dash around Martha's incoming figure. But she was too big and quick for him; he felt a massive, powerful hand latch all the way around his upper arm and jerk him up off his feet, and the next moment, Kyle found himself pinned up against the counter, his vision obscured the creamy white behemoth of Martha's boob. He opened his mouth to scream, but before any sound could come out, Martha had inserted her nipple straight into his mouth, blocking out all sound that would have escaped. Chuckling deeply, she pinched the bottom of her nipple and squeezed her breast with her other hand, encouraging the free flow of milk, quickly filling Kyle's mouth. He struggled and tried to spit it out, but Martha cupped his chin in her hand, forcing his mouth to stay closed.

"Mmmmmmmpphhhhh!!" squealed Kyle, with his mouth closed. He would have flailed against her huge body, but he couldn't move any of his limbs; she had him completely pinned.

"That's right, go on...go on," hummed Martha. "Swallow my milk, Kyle. Nourish that sweet little body of yours. You've got to grow biiiiiig and strong, hahaha. Drink it down, Kyle....*drink it...downnnn*."

Now that her milk was flowing freely, Martha stopped squeezing her breast, took her other hand, and pinched Kyle's nose shut. He had no choice now. To get air, he needed to swallow the milk in his mouth. He gulped it down, hating how sweet and delicious it actually tasted. He gasped for breath, but a few seconds later his mouth was full of milk again. Over and over, he had to keep swallowing Martha's milk to continue breathing. And all the while, she cooed down to him, running her hand lovingly through his hair as she kept his nose pinched shut. Kyle lost track of time as he succumbed to her effortless domination.

After a while, once Martha was apparently satisfied that he had been adequately nourished, she stepped back away from the counter, letting him back down onto his feet. Kyle was gasping for air as he stood on two shaky legs. He felt like his mind was breaking. Never...never in his life could he have imagined that something like this could have happened. He was so far off the map now that he knew he couldn't even tell anybody about it — nobody would believe him! They would think that HE was insane!

But Martha wasn't finished with him yet.

"Ok Kyle!" she chirped happily, putting her breast back into her dress and clapping her hands, "Now that we've got you all fed, there's only one more thing to do before you go off to work!"

"Wh-what...what's that?" asked Kyle weakly, dreading the answer. He found himself hoping that it was something as innocuous as a "goodbye kiss." As humiliated as he felt, and as much as he hated to admit it, Martha's easy domination of him had caused his cock to harden a little in his khakis. Subconsciously, he wouldn't have minded feeling his mouth encompassed by the huge, soft plushness of her lips. But in his conscious mind, he was already gearing up to leave and never come back.

Martha strode over to the counter next to him, bent down, and opened one of the bottom drawers. A moment later she was pulling out a package of something...no...no it couldn't be...it couldn't be possible...!! Kyle felt his blood run cold, even in the midst of the shock he was already suffering.

Diapers.

"Thaaaaat's right!" laughed Martha, shaking the package in his face. "I can't have my little boy using those high-flush toilets all by himself — he might fall in! No, no, we've gotta make sure that he doesn't make a mess of himself!"

Kyle couldn't even bring himself to resist now; he was too stunned. Martha had crossed so many lines so quickly that his head was spinning. He didn't even move to protest as Martha picked him up, sat down, and then laid him cross-ways across her gigantic lap. With her thighs squished down against the chair, her lap was so wide that it spanned most of the length of Kyle's entire body. Kyle felt her gently unbuckle his pants and remove them.

"Heheh, don't worry Kyle," giggled Martha, "I'm not ripping your pants off this time...because you're being suuuuuch a good little boy!"

Within a minute, she had replaced his underwear with a diaper, and she even bent down and planted a little kiss on the head of his partially-erect cock, making it bounce in arousal.

"Ooooo did my little baby like that?" she teased, winking down at him. "Well then maybe he'll get a little more later...as long as he follows the rules."

"Th-the rules?" asked Kyle weakly, looking up at her.

"I'm putting this pretty little seal on my baby's diaper," Martha announced, closing up Kyle's diaper with a bright pink piece of electrical tape. "If he knows what's good for him, my little boy will keep this diaper on aaaaalll day long. I'm going to check it when he comes home. And let me just tell you, Kyle...you *don't* want to know what happens if this seal is broken."

Kyle didn't need to be told twice. At this point, he assumed that Martha was capable of anything.

"And," continued Martha, resuming her use of the third-person to address him, "If my little baby doesn't come home tonight, I'm going *straight* over to his parents' house. He doesn't want that, now, does he?"

Kyle shook his head. She had him trapped — all her bases were covered. There was nothing he could do. He didn't even want to think about how Martha knew where his parents lived, or to consider what on earth she was going to do if she went over there. A minute later he was

walking out the front door on his way to work, a diaper encompassing his nether regions, with a belly full of breast milk, blinking blankly into the sunlight.

Chapter 5

It was immediately apparent to everyone at Kyle's workplace that he hadn't fully recovered from the "illness" that had caused him to call out sick for the first couple days of the week. Kyle was trying as hard as he could to behave normally, to carry on as if nothing untoward or surreal or grotesque hadn't just happened to him. But try as he might, the sensation of Martha's breast milk sloshing around in his stomach, coupled with the scratchy and uncomfortable feeling of the diaper clinging to him under his khakis, made normal behavior impossible. Of course, this wasn't even considering how traumatized he was about what had just happened, about what Martha had just done to him. She was a completely, totally insane psycho...a dangerously unstable woman whose instability was made all the more terrifying by the fact that she was 6'7, 320-pound amazonian freak who had the power to snap him in two with her bare hands.

'She's a...a *monster*...' thought Kyle, over and over again, as he vainly tried to get some work done at his desk. 'And she has me trapped! I can't go to my parents'...I can't take this diaper off...I can't do anything other than what she wants.'

He thought of going to the police again, but he had to remind himself what Martha had promised to do if he went anywhere other than straight back home after work: she was going to go over to his parents' house and...and then god knows what she would do next. He had to protect them from her — this was the adult thing to do now...the manly thing. He needed to just play along with her for the time being, and then plot his escape another way.

But in the midst of all of this trauma and anxiety, Kyle had noticed that something else had kept cropping up in his brain, something as unwelcome as it was disquieting. Over and over, he remembered how Martha had bent her head down, when she had stripped him of his pants, and planted a kiss directly onto the head of his erect cock. Her big, plush lips had felt incredible on his cockhead, if only just for that instant the two had been touching. Kyle was finding himself stuck in a loop of imagining what exactly a full blowjob from Martha would feel like. She *had* strongly hinted that such a thing could happen, as long as he behaved himself. As much as he hated to admit it, Kyle couldn't deny that the possibility was...intriguing to say the least.

'I mean...I'll just...I could just *pretend* to be a "good boy" for her,' he thought. 'And...well, she wouldn't know the difference, would she? She'd reward me and then that would...uh...lull her into a false sense of security, maybe? And then I could use that to help me...uhm...to help me plot my next move. It'll be like I'm a double agent or something. Yeah! That's it!'

As Kyle twisted his mind up in these mental gymnastics, his boss, Ted, poked his head into the office.

"Uh...Kyle?" Ted ventured.

"Hmm?! Oh! Oh hi Ted," Kyle said quickly, breaking quickly away from his thoughts. "Uh w-what's....uh...what's up?"

“Just...seeing how you were doing,” Ted replied carefully. “You...sure you’re all better, Kyle?”

“Yeah! Yeah, why?” Kyle replied, a little too quickly, with an overdone grin to match.

“Well it’s just that...everyone who’s seen you has told me you seem...a little out of sorts still.” Ted’s words weren’t accusatory; rather, they were searching. He seemed to be genuinely concerned that Kyle might still be sick.

“Out of...o-out of sorts!?” laughed Kyle, turning red. “Oh...uh, no! Hahaha no, I...I feel *fine*! Really, I...I do!”

“Hmmm,” frowned Ted, “Well if I may say so, Kyle, you don’t exactly *look* fine. You’re really pale, and your clothes...well it seems like you just kinda threw them on in a hurry. And what’s more, I’m told that you’ve been here three hours already and haven’t really had anything to show for it. All very unlike you.”

Kyle opened his mouth to answer as the shade of red deepened across his cheeks. He really didn’t know what he was going to say, but he had to say *something*. Ted put his hand up, however, and kept talking. With his well-built, 6’0 physique, together with the natural authority in his voice, Ted was clearly used to being the boss. But he had been in charge long enough to learn well how to navigate these kinds of situations.

“Look, I’m not *accusing* you, Kyle, or anything like that,” he continued, an earnest concern in his voice, “I just don’t want you coming back to the office too quickly after you’ve been sick, you know? I’d really hate to see you try and get back to work too early and delay your recovery...and of course, the last thing we need is for you to spread whatever you’ve got to the rest of the office. But I’m really just thinking about you here, champ. Why don’t you take the rest of the day off, and if you feel better tomorrow, of course come on in.”

Kyle’s shoulders slumped. Of course, Ted didn’t know what he was condemning Kyle to with his words. Kyle thought about protesting, but he knew already that doing so would arouse suspicion, or worse, imply that he didn’t care about the health of his co-workers. Reluctantly, Kyle nodded his head.

“Good, Kyle, good,” nodded Ted appreciatively, “And look, I appreciate you making the effort to come back in early. But your effort or attitude were never in doubt for me — I just want you to get better, ok?”

“O-ok,” replied Kyle, looking down at the floor. It was impossible for his voice not to sound defeated. He glanced back up, and caught Ted giving him a strange, searching look. It was like his boss knew that something wasn’t quite right, but couldn’t exactly put his finger on it. In any case, Kyle’s attention immediately shifted to Laura as she poked her head in the doorway, next to Ted (and 10 inches under him).

“Aw, I just overheard, Kyle,” Laura said warmly, giving him a regretful smile. “Yeah, Ted’s right — you go home and rest up! I’d really hate for you to miss Friday!”

“What’s...uh, Friday?” Kyle asked.

“Haha well I was just thinking,” Laura began, blushing as she twirled her long blond hair in her fingers, “How nice it would be if the two of us...you know...went out for drinks after work?”

Kyle gaped at her, blinking, and then he made sure that a big smile splayed across his face. He really was happy she had asked him...really, he was...but the first thought that had passed through his mind was, of course, he was going to sneak out past Martha...how he was going to escape her stranglehold on his life. But it was only Tuesday — he had over three days to figure it out! And besides, saying anything else was impossible.

“O-of...of *course* that would be nice!” he forced out, nodding as he laughed.

“Well, excellent!” smiled Laura, clapping her hands. “Just make sure you’re all healed by then, ok?”

“Haha I...I’ll do that,” chuckled Kyle. But inwardly, he was of course wondering how he was going to make it all happen. None of them knew what he was dealing with...although, again, Kyle couldn’t help but notice how Ted was looking at him. There was something searching in Ted’s gaze. But Kyle couldn’t worry about that right now. Dutifully, he packed up his things and went back home, trying to swallow the dread that grew inside him the closer he got to Martha’s house. He thought of disobeying her, of going to his parents’, and (again) considered going to the police, but he reminded himself that he couldn’t put anything past her.

‘She may have put a tracking device on my car, for all I know,’ he thought with a shudder. ‘Better do exactly what she says...for now.’

Coming in the front door, Kyle was immediately met with a wall of delicious smells: the rich, savory smell of cooking meat mixed with the hearty, earthy scents of seasoned, baked vegetables. Kyle couldn’t help but immediately feel hungry as he closed the front door. He went over the plan again in his head — he was going to play along with her, and try to make things as normal as possible. Perhaps, if he was on his best behavior for the next few days, Martha might even “allow” him to go out on Friday night as a reward. Maybe he wouldn’t even have to find a way to sneak past her!

“Is that my little baby?” came Martha’s big, rich voice from the kitchen. “Home so soon?!”

“I...uh, th-they sent me home early!” he called in answer. His brain was telling him to retreat to his bedroom, but the rest of his body (especially his cock, which had already hardened a little at

the sound of Martha's voice) was driving him towards the kitchen. He felt himself walking towards Martha's voice.

"Awwww do they have a rule against diapers in your office?" teased Martha. "I'm sure it was pretty obvious that my little dumpling had...a little something extra in his pants today, hahaha!"

Kyle had reached the kitchen, and he was now staring at Martha's backside. She was turned around, stirring a pot on the stove. But even though Kyle couldn't see her face, his feet felt rooted to the floor — he was utterly transfixed by her figure. She was wearing a pair of incredibly tight jeans that highlighted every luscious swerve of her tremendous curves. Kyle found himself wondering whether his entire body could have fit in one of the jean legs. She was wearing a tight black top, which showed off her big, strong, feminine arms. Her silver bracelets clinked lightly together as she gently stirred.

"N-no...no, uh...that wasn't it," Kyle stammered after a few moments. "They...sent m-me home just to...just to make sure that I w-wasn't...still sick."

"Oh *no*!" came Martha's deep and exaggerated voice. She turned around, and Kyle saw now that she was wearing a large black apron. If Kyle had been wearing the same apron, it would have gone down to his ankles, but on Martha, of course, it only went down to just above her knees. However, it wasn't the size of the apron itself that caught Kyle's attention; it was what was written on it. Emblazoned out across the chest area, in big, unmistakable white letters, spelling out: "No Bitchin' in MOMMY'S Kitchen."

"Was my little boy not feeeeeeling well!?" asked Martha, feigning genuine concern as she pouted down at him. "Why didn't he tell me? I'd make sure to take *good* care of him!"

"I...I know you would!" Kyle burst out quickly, nodding. "But it...uh...I—I'm not sick! B-But my boss...he th...he thought that I was and h-he just...he sent me home early just to, uh...to be sure. I mean...ehaha, can't be too careful these days, huh? Y-you know!?"

Kyle's words had grown steadily faster and more desperate; the reason was simple. As he spoke, Martha had started walking toward him, and she was standing over him completely, her hands on her hips, as he choked out the last few words. Kyle was intensely intimidated — Martha was wearing her 4-inch black platform heels, making her a fearsome 6'11, and Kyle found himself staring straight into the top of Martha's stomach. He was directly eye-level with the all-caps word "MOMMY'S" on Martha's apron.

"Well it's good that my baby's home early," Martha intoned, completely ignoring everything he had just said, "Because now I can get him to taste-test my gravy for the roast in the oven!"

"O-oh! Oh...um...ok!" exclaimed Kyle. He actually felt a little excited about this proposition — everything was smelling absolutely delicious, there was no denying that. He had been afraid that Martha was going to chastise him for not telling her he was "sick" (even though he had no

doubt in his mind that she knew *exactly* what was going on)...and that maybe she was even going to do something crazy like take his temperature anally or...

But he caught himself having these thoughts, and labored to shake them away.

'Don't let her in your head!' he repeated to himself. 'Don't let her take control!'

"Mmmm goooooood!" Martha smiled, and without further ado, she bent down and scooped him up off his feet with one arm, performing the motion as easily as if she was lifting air. Kyle felt his organs squish together as she turned around and headed back towards the stove. Kyle saw the pot of bubbling gravy, and again, he felt a surge of hunger. His stomach actually growled audibly this time, and Martha heard it.

"Oooooo was that a little tummy rumble I just heard!?" she squealed, her eyes going wide with delight. "Is my baby hunnnnngry!?"

Martha's bracelets jingled around on her big forearm as she held her hand up to Kyle's face, her manicured fingers dancing around teasingly before his eyes. She was taking evident delight in the obvious comparison — her hand was easily big enough to palm Kyle's entire face, in addition to even more of his head. But she was just getting started. After a few seconds, Martha's fingers made their way down to Kyle's stomach, and began gently poking and prodding it. Kyle started involuntarily squirming in her grasp, trying to get away from her fingers. He felt a deep rumble rising up from Martha's diaphragm, and he registered that she had started laughing.

"Heheheh...aww, is this little tummy-wummy hungry!?" she teased, poking and prodding into his soft flesh with her strong fingers. "Mommy fed it hourssss ago with lots of her rich, creamy milk! Is that not enough for you, baby? Do you want more? Do you wanna eat more to grow all big and strong like mommy? Hahahaha!"

As she teased him relentlessly, Martha's fingers sped up, now poking and prodding Kyle's stomach with new vigor. He had been trying to hold in his laughter for a bit, but now that she was speeding up, and showing no signs of letting up, he felt his resistance crumble, and he started bursting out in forced exhalations of laughter. The sound only seemed to fuel Martha's enthusiasm, and her eyes only grew wider, sparkling with devious delight.

"Awww he's *ticklish*, is he!?" she cried, baring her teeth in a wide grin as she bore down on him, "Does that tickle, baby? Right there? How about there?"

She moved her fingers quickly from the right side of his stomach to the left, digging her fingers directly down into all his most vulnerable places. Kyle howled with laughter, losing all control of himself, as his arms and legs flailed in spontaneous desperation for relief. But of course, his arms and legs were absolutely nothing compared to Martha's single forearm, and she drilled down into him even harder, all while holding his flailing body firmly to her hip using her other

arm. The rapid sounds of her bracelets clinking together as she tormented him added insult to injury — the sound seemed to mock him, and drive home the crushing reality of his submission to her. Even as he continued yelping with laughter, Kyle felt his cock harden completely inside his diaper

“Ooooo, *yeah*, that’s a good spot right there!” chuckled Martha. Her fingers started digging into his ribs, starting with the lowest and taking them one by one. Kyle’s eyes rolled back into his head as he felt her huge fingers nestling perfectly in between his ribs, getting at the absolute worst spots. She shook her fingers mercilessly, driving him to a hitherto-unattained frenzy of wild laughter.

“AHAHAHAUAHAUAHAHAHAHAHAUAHAHAUGHAHAUGHHAUGH!!!
SSTTTTAAAWWWPPPAHAHAHAHAUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

Kyle’s howls were beginning to morph into high-pitched shrieks. His entire body was beet-red, and he was gasping for air. But still, Martha didn’t stop. She only went faster...and *harder*.

“Aaaaaand we’re just gonna count little baby’s ribs!” she sang.
“One....twwwwwwooooooo...threeeeeeeee...”

She went on and on, never letting up. Once she had gotten to the twelfth rib on his left side, Kyle was praying that she would at least give him a breather, but she didn’t.

“Yaaaaay!” cheered Martha, shaking his body in her iron grip. “Twelve ribs on the left side! Now let’s just make sure my little baby’s got twelve on....the RIGHT SIDE!!”

She dug her huge hand into the bottom of Kyle’s right ribs, and he screamed out in laughter, panicking as his head shook back and forth. It felt like Martha was literally taking her hand and grabbing up *underneath* Kyle’s ribcage, reaching vulnerable spots he never even knew existed. Once she got to the sixth rib, Kyle’s screams had morphed into inhuman wails. And that only seemed to drive Martha on harder and faster. Once she reached his twelfth rib, the only sound in the kitchen was the clinking of Martha’s silver bracelets, moving even more rapidly still in a constant, crazed barrage of metal on metal as she tormented him with her giant hand.

ClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClinkClink

Kyle wasn’t even making noises anymore — he had become too overwhelmed, too vanquished, too dominated. There was nothing he could do except hang there and suffer in Martha’s grasp, his body twitching in agony as his legs hung limply down. And, just at the moment where he felt like he was going to pass out, Kyle wet himself.

“Aaaaaand twelve ribs on THIS side!” giggled Martha, finally stopping her assault as she bounced Kyle’s limp body joyfully against her huge hip. “Perfect! My little boy’s got aaaaall his ribs!”

But right then, Martha noticed Kyle's eyes darting down in panic towards his groin area, and she instantly seemed to know what was going on. Kyle was totally helpless now — she had ground his resistance into dust, and now there was no way for him to stop himself urinating. The fact that he had a full erection wasn't making it any easier.

"Waaaaaaait," hummed Martha, bending her face down towards Kyle's crotch, "Waaaaaaait just a second...Do I...Do I hear what I *think* I hear!?"

She put her ear down, settling it straight down on top of the slight tent of Kyle's erection. For a moment he was terrified that he would pee all over her, but then, of course, he was reminded that he was wearing a diaper.

"I DO!" cried Martha, her eyes glimmering with delight as she stared straight at him. "My little baby's wet his diaper! Awwww how cuuuuute! Haha well go on, then...get it all out...get it aalllll out before Mommy changes you."

Kyle didn't even have the mental energy to deal with the prospect of Martha "changing" him. He finished urinating in his diaper, and no less than a minute later, Martha had whisked him out of the kitchen and laid him on his back on a baby-changing table in the living room that Kyle had never seen before.

"Oh good! My little guy knows what's good for him," cooed Martha, tearing through the thick electrical pink tape of the seal with a single swipe of her sharp red nail. "All right now, little guy, legs in the air!"

Kyle felt her giant hands wrapping easily all the way around his ankles, encouraging them to lift up, and the next minute or so...well...Martha changed his diaper. Kyle couldn't believe this was happening to him, and yet, there was something profanely comforting (and arousing) about feeling Martha's giant hands gently, lovingly cleaning him off with baby wipes. His erection hadn't died down, and he found himself hoping that Martha would spend some extra attention on it. He wasn't disappointed — she spent a full thirty seconds slowly, lovingly going around and around his hard cock with a baby wipe, and the only reason Kyle didn't cum right then and there was because Martha abruptly stopped, seeming to sense his impending orgasm.

"And just to think," she chuckled, turning her head sideways so she was looking down into his eyes, "That you didn't think you needed diapers. Well, haha...obviously you do!"

A few seconds later she had taped him up in a brand new diaper. Kyle's first impression was sheer relief; he couldn't deny that it felt good to have a fresh, clean diaper hugging him all around. Martha seemed to know the exact right tightness to tape it all up. But as soon as he became aware of these feelings, he tried to fight them off. She had literally just...just *tortured* him! She had almost made him pass out! So why wasn't his erection going away??

“Now...” she purred, her eyebrows going up and down at him, “About that taste test...”

Chapter 6

Kyle didn't know why he had expected Martha's taste test to be normal -- of course, it was anything but. She was holding him up on her hip as she stirred the pot of tasty-looking gravy on the stove, bouncing him lightly on her thick curves. At the moment, Kyle was still completely worn-out from the merciless tickling that Martha had put him through, and from the sheer weight of the mental humiliation of him urinating on himself and having Martha actually *change* his *diaper*. He would have protested her holding him aloft like this on her hip, with his feet hanging languidly in the air, but he was far too exhausted and defeated for that. Plus, the gravy smelled soooo good, and he was actually relishing the idea of tasting something other than Martha's breast milk.

"There, let's just turn off the gas for a minute," Martha purred, switching off the stove as she turned and gave his ear a little love nibble. Her plush lips brushed his earlobe as she whispered sexily into his ear, and once again Kyle had to try with all his might to resist the growth of his throbbing erection in between his legs. Her voice seemed to echo far down into the deepest recesses of his groin whenever she spoke to him, especially this close.

"Wouldn't want my little baby's precious, tiny tongue to get burned, now, would I?"

Kyle could only manage to shake his head. He couldn't believe how turned-on he was, especially considering the horror of what Martha had just done to him. This woman was a total, complete psycho! She was utterly insane, and could DEFINITELY not be trusted with his well-being! And yet...and yet...here he was, held up on her thick, luscious hip by a bare arm that was bigger and stronger than one of his legs...and he had a massive erection. More disturbingly to Kyle, though, was the realization that a big part of him LIKED this situation. He WANTED to be on her hip like that, with his legs dangling in the air. And, despite his desperate attempts at convincing himself that it wasn't true, he knew that he WANTED Martha to play with his cock, to tease it, to stroke it, to suck it...to make it shoot its whole shameful load out and down her hungry throat.

"WOULD I?" Martha repeated, a little louder, in his ear.

"N-no! No!" squeaked Kyle, shaking his head more energetically this time. Martha chuckled in his ear and turned back to stirring the pot. After another minute or so, she had apparently decided that it was cool enough for him to taste. She dipped the wooden spoon into the thick, fragrant gravy and slowly drew it out. Smiling broadly, she brought the spoon up to Kyle's mouth, which was starting to water by now.

'God,' he thought helplessly, 'It just smells SO GOOD!' His lips parted, slightly trembling, as he opened his mouth for a first taste. But just then, with a hearty chuckle, Martha pulled the spoon back, away from his supplicating lips, and stuck the entire spoon in between her own thick lips, pulling it out clean a moment later.

"B-But...But I thought," began Kyle, confused, but Martha silenced him with a shake of her head. Her lips were still closed. She put the spoon back into the pot and, with her free hand, she beckoned Kyle wordlessly to get closer to her mouth. He leaned forward, doing as she asked, and then, with a sudden shot, he understood. She was going to feed him the gravy from her own mouth. His heart sank, even as it simultaneously (and bizarrely) began to speed up. He was deflated and dejected by this new humiliation, but he was also excited, and even more turned-on than before.

'I'm gonna kiss her!' squeaked a voice inside his head. 'I'm gonna feel those big sexy lips on...on mine!' He tried to ignore this voice, but doing so was impossible, not with Martha's grinning lips dominating his vision. The next moment, he felt a huge, shuddering vibration rattle through his entire body. Martha was moaning out into him as she parted her lips to receive his, and her moaning felt like it was jiggling and vibrating every atom in his body. In an instant, he felt her huge lips close over his entire mouth, forming a tight seal. Her giant, sinewy tongue played around with his, effortlessly dominating it and making it do whatever she wanted it to.

Kyle tasted the rich, delicious gravy that was flowing into his mouth, and it was so delectable, so perfectly balanced, that for a moment he even forgot the humiliating way that Martha was feeding it to him. He swallowed it down hungrily, and he tried to pull away from her lips, but Martha wasn't having it. She continued to make out with him in a dominating, controlling fashion, sticking her tongue far down his throat and gagging him, all the while preventing him from breathing with the airtight seal of her lips. They were so big compared to Kyle's that they actually covered his entire mouth AND his nose, so that he couldn't get any air whatsoever.

Soon his face had turned completely pink, and then a light red, then red, and then a dark red. His poor, tormented body was now shaking against Martha's, desperately trying to fight for oxygen. But she just kept moaning into him, holding him fast to her hip with her powerful arms, pushing him up against the counter to quell the kicking of his little legs against her thick flesh. Kyle felt his eyes roll back into his head. This was it. She was going to suffocate him...right here...right now...in her kitchen. The blackness began to descend...and then...

"Well alright then!" laughed Martha, pulling her lips off his face with a loud smack as she sat him down on the counter, propping his exhausted body up against the window sill, "What did you think, Kyle? What's the gravy verdict?"

Dinner was a wholly cheerless affair for Kyle, even as Martha laughed loudly, talked animatedly, and kept filling up her plate with seconds, thirds, and fourths. Kyle could only manage to nibble on his food, and even this paltry amount of nourishment contributed to him feeling sick to his stomach. Martha had just completely manhandled him, forcing him to piss himself, all while barely lifting a finger. She had literally pushed him to the brink of passing out, in two cruel and unusual ways, and still there she was, chatting happily away, gesturing with her huge arms, filling her belly with incredible amounts of food, reinforcing her already-prodigious size advantage over him.

Kyle could only sit there with slumped shoulders on the pile of phone books and stare at her hopelessly. There was just no way he could think of somehow escaping from her on Friday for his date with Laura. Laura, sweet, kind Laura...who was only 5'2. In every way, she was the opposite of Martha. And yet, Kyle felt like she was unattainable...and not because Laura didn't want him. Oh no! She had been perfectly clear about asking him out. SHE had been the one to bring it up, after all! But Kyle felt hopeless as he sat there, watching Martha knock back pound after pound of food. It was impossible for him not to feel completely submissive and tiny in her presence. Everything about her dwarfed him: her voice, her gestures, her aura, her energy, and, of course, her body. And the worst part was, Kyle was *turned-on* by her gigantic form and presence. He hated himself for it, but his cock seemed to be following along to a tune that he did not understand.

"Hellooooo, little boy!" Martha's voice burst through his melancholy thoughts, and he felt her huge hand gently wrap around the back of his head and give it a little shake. She had reached clear across the table, her arm easily spanning it, and Kyle wasn't able to avoid noticing that he couldn't even reach across the table to Martha's plate, let alone her body. And yet here she was, reaching all the way across with that huge, strong, solid arm of hers, with her clinking silver bracelets, and grabbing him by the neck like he was her plaything.

"*Someone's* not listening to me!" she chided, giving him a teasing wink as she shook her hand against his neck, vibrating his entire body in the process.

"I...I s-sorry, uhhh...w-what!?" he stammered. "What d-did you say?"

"I was *asking* you, silly boy," chuckled Martha, letting go of his neck and leaning back in her chair, "Why your boss thinks it's such a good idea to have such a small little baby like you working in a..." and here, Martha chortled, her face turning red with mirth, "An *office*...hahaha...with a...*desk* and everything! I mean, I'm SURE it's precious, looking at you sitting in one of those office chairs, trying to put those tiny little elbows up on your desk...hahaha, but REALLY, after the jokes are all worn out, your boss is really just wasting his time, isn't he?"

Kyle felt the indignation igniting quickly again inside him. At this point, he was fairly certain that Martha was intentionally goading him on, but he didn't even care. He didn't care if he was somehow playing into some big, sick, manipulative plan of hers. His parents had taught him to stand up for himself, and right now, that's exactly what he needed to do! He needed to forget all this beta nonsense about how she was controlling his life! She was only controlling it because he was ALLOWING her to!

"I'll have you know, Martha," he retorted, his face turning very red indeed, "That I'm an EXCELLENT employee, and that my boss, Ted...that's his name, thinks very highly of me. And ALSO, while I'm on the SUBJECT, you'd be interested to know that I'm actually NOT the smallest OR the shortest one in the office! There's a woman named Laura who's TWO WHOLE INCHES shorter than me...AND she does quite a good job too, in fact!"

Martha had been listening to this whole tirade with evident amusement, and as Kyle ranted on, she quietly removed a silver bracelet from her wrist. It was one of the smaller ones she wore, and it was so small that it never went down her arm past her wrist, even when she was holding her arm up. Her wrist filled the confines of the bracelet completely.

"Hmmm, *Ted*," Martha murmured softly, almost to herself, as she turned the bracelet over and over in between her fingers. "That's a good strong name. Haha, good strong name for a good strong *man*, I'll bet. Ted's at least 6 feet tall, I'm guessing?"

"How would I know?" shot back Kyle rudely, privately acknowledging that Martha was right.

"Aaaaand *Laura*," continued Martha. Kyle felt a chill, just hearing Martha speak aloud the name of the girl he had a crush on. "SHE sounds like quite the little firecracker, huh? I can tell you like her, Kyle."

Even though Kyle was still fuming, he thought it best not to say anything at all. He knew Martha was baiting him, prodding him into venting out in anger again. But he hadn't forgotten what had happened the last time he had tried to stand up for himself to Martha when Laura's name had been on the line. Martha had turned his ass into jelly as she spanked him so hard that he thought he was going to lose his mind. He wasn't going to risk that kind of punishment now, and so he simply bowed his head, staring at his uneaten food, hoping that Martha would change the subject.

"Know how I can tell you have a crush on her?" Martha continued, bending her head down lower so that she could stare into his face. Kyle knew that she would force him to respond if he made no reaction, and so he looked up helplessly into her eyes, shrugging and shaking his head.

"You get all emotional and crazy whenever she gets brought up," Martha said softly, smiling down on him lovingly. Her silver bracelets tinkled on her arm as she brought her hand across the table again, and gently caressed the side of Kyle's cheek with her huge fingers. He stiffened at her touch...his arms and legs...and his cock. At this point, he knew better than to pull his face away, and so he just sat there, tormented by her gentle fingers, as she pet him like a little animal.

"Mmmmm, yes, my little baby remembers what happened last time he pitched a fit," Martha cooed at him. "And he just came verrrrry close to doing it again...mmmmm, but I can tell that he's learning."

For a full minute, Martha didn't even talk. She just kept petting him across the table with her giant hand, occasionally turning her head sideways to look at him at a different angle. Kyle's face was hot and red now, with humiliation...and arousal.

"But I know that you don't *really* have a crush on her, Kyle," Martha finally continued, pulling her hand away from his cheek. "This woman sounds like an actual adult, who does her job well, and isn't sent home early because he's...ahem..." *sick*."

Kyle jerked his head up and glared at Martha, who only smiled back at him sweetly. She had propped her big forearms up on the table, forming an intimidating triangle, and she was flipping her silver wrist bracelet from hand to hand, her eyes never leaving his, as her full lips parted slightly in pleasure. She was daring him to lose his temper...Kyle knew it...but he wasn't going to take the bait. He was going to stay in control.

"It's not so much that you have a crush on HER," Martha persisted, "But rather it's that my *little* boy has become enamored with the idea of what it's like to be a "*big* boy," to be an adult, to actually live in the big word and do the things that grown-ups do."

Kyle bit his tongue and made no response. Martha blinked her eyes slowly and kept going.

"And of course, it's completely natural for you to feel that way, Kyle. Haha, I mean, especially for someone your age, you're *expected* to be at that level. It must be a real wake-up call, a real reality check, to be told that aaaaaall your growth is over, and that you've come up short...heheh...waaaay short."

"I haven't come up short," mumbled Kyle quietly. He was trying as hard as he could to keep his voice from shaking. "I'm not a little kid anymore. I AM an adult."

Without speaking, Martha reached over and took one of his little arms in her gigantic hand. Kyle inhaled sharply, feeling the overwhelming warmth, strength, and size in her massive palm. Her hand had absolutely no trouble going all the way around his wrist, and it didn't stop there...it went up, up, and up his forearm, until it stopped at his elbow.

"Mmmm, look at that," whispered Martha. "My hand...it goes all the way around your arm...easily. And how about this...I can just keep going. Look!"

A moment later, her hand was wrapped completely around his bicep, with plenty of extra room for her fingers; they overlapped each other, showing how much more girth they could have wrapped around.

"Does THIS look like an adult's arm to you!?" she chuckled, shaking her head. She brought the silver bracelet forward and threaded his hand through it, drawing it up his arm. The bracelet had so much space that it never caught on anything, not even when Martha drew it up past his elbow onto his bicep. Her meaning was painfully clear: her wrist was thicker than his upper arm...way thicker.

“Yeahhhh,” breathed Martha softly, finally taking the bracelet off after some long, excruciating moments of turning it this way and that on his bicep, to show how much room it still had. “You really are a biggggg boy, Kyle...a big, strrrrrong boy.”

Kyle was shaking his head, staring down at the table, but he couldn’t think of anything to say. She was so effortlessly overwhelming him...dominating him...and she was hardly doing anything at all. The worst part about it was that his cock was as hard as a rock in his diaper, pressing up against the fabric that was taped around his midsection. His face was hot and red and his blood was pounding in his ears. He hated himself; he hated how helpless and tiny he felt...how pathetic she made him feel.

“And look at your plate!” Martha laughed softly. “I gave you a chance to eat your own food, just because of how nice I am, and what happens? You don’t touch it! You can’t eat it! It’s because your poooooor little stomach can’t digest adult food!”

“N-no, it’s not why I --” stammered Kyle quickly, but it was too late. Martha had pulled the plate out of his reach, tipped it up to her lips, and poured the whole thing down into her mouth. For the next several moments, she chewed, staring at him and smiling. Her mouth wasn’t even full. And Kyle knew what was coming next. Sure enough, Martha was beckoning him forward with her finger, and he had no choice but to obey. A minute later she was force-feeding him the last remnants of his dinner through her mouth, having chewed it all up herself into a swallowable puree with her powerful jaws. Kyle had taken it all in, feeling his eyebrows crease up against each other as he tried his absolute hardest not to choke or spit anything out. He knew, without even having to think about it, that Martha would punish him severely if he let her “hard work” go to waste.

“You see?” Martha declared softly, now bouncing Kyle gently on her huge knee as she wrapped her huge arm around his back, engulfing his shoulder completely in her massive hand, like she was holding a tennis ball. “You need me to do EVERYTHING for you, Kyle...without me, you’d be going hungry, wetting your pants, getting lost, and god knows what else. Oh I hate to even think about it! It’s sooooo much better with you *here*, all safe and sound with ME.”

She curled her other hand underneath Kyle’s chin, utterly dwarfing it, and effortlessly directed it up towards her face. Kyle had just enough time to see that shadow of her head descend on him before his lips and nose were once again engulfed in an airtight kiss. His hands and arms shook, trying to convey his panic that he wasn’t getting any air, but even in the midst of his panic, he had the good sense not to actually try to hit her. His blows wouldn’t have mattered to her, of course, but he didn’t want to risk making Martha angry. He had no idea what she was capable of, and didn’t want to find out.

But as the kiss went on and on, with Martha moaning out into his mouth as her tongue romped dominantly against his own, writing and twisting it into submission, Kyle felt his mind beginning to break. She was going to kill him! He raised his arms to try and fight her, but already, he found that he had no strength left. As Martha continued moaning and kissing him, Kyle felt his

arms and legs go completely limp as his eyes rolled back into his head. He felt himself going under...down, down into the depths...as he began to lose consciousness. Martha didn't let up this time. She just kept kissing him, her hot mouth completely sealing his mouth and nose, and Kyle had just enough time to wonder if he would ever wake up again before he passed away in a dead faint, his entire body going completely limp in Martha's lap.

After a few seconds more, Martha finally slurped her lips off Kyle's and stared down at him, blinking...studying him. Her huge fingers reached down and brushed his cheek lovingly, and then moved down to his neck, tracing his veins and tendons gently, and then kept going down his chest, his stomach, his hips...and finally lingering on his crotch. She splayed out her whole hand, covering the entirety of his lap with her single hand. She pressed her palm down, and felt the poke of his erection. She paused, brought her hand up, and then brought it back down once more, poking herself in the palm again with his cock. She did this several times, expressionlessly, her full lips pursed in curiosity.

"Time for a bath, my little baby?" she whispered down at him, holding the back of his head in her hand, which completely palmed his skull. She made him perform the "no" motion with her hand, turning his head lightly back and forth.

"No?" she whispered. "Not yet? Mmmmm, ok. But don't get too dirty...because mommy's gonna clean you eventually."

She sighed and stood up, carrying him to his room with one arm, taking his clothes off and tucking him gently into bed. She checked his pulse before she left, just to make sure everything was still in order. Before she left, though, Martha made sure to place a baby monitor by his bed, turning it on right before she turned to leave.

"Good night, sweetheart," she cooed at him, closing the door and locking it from the outside.

Kyle called out sick to work the next day, and then once more on Thursday. He tried to come up with some excuse to Ted on the phone, claiming that he was still sick, but it didn't quite sound like Ted was buying it.

"So what did the doctor say it was?" asked Ted again.

"I...I...uhhh...he's, I'm..." stammered Kyle, who was watching Martha bounce her giant breasts at him from across the kitchen, indicating that she was ready to breastfeed him. "I'm not...sure."

"Ok Kyle," said Ted, sounding exasperated on the other end, "Now you've really got me concerned. This isn't like you at all! You don't know what you have, you can't give me a straight answer about any doctor's visits, you were looking shifty and nervous when you were in the office before...Kyle are you...are you on drugs or something?"

"N-no!" cried Kyle, shaking his head as Martha approached, a sly smile on her face.

"N-no...Ted, I...I *promise* it's not that!"

There was silence on the other end for a moment, and Martha was standing before him now, in all her 6'11 glory in her shiny black platform heels, a tight lavender dress hugging every inch of her delectable curves. Her mammaries looked even huger than usual, and Kyle saw that there were dark wet spots coming through her dress where her nipples were poking out. He found himself wondering if she was lactating just for him...if her body was biologically responding to him like it would if she had actually just had a baby. Martha held out a giant hand and started counting down fingers. 5.....4.....Kyle knew he didn't have long.

"Kyle," Ted's voice came over the phone, hushed and deadly serious, "Don't get mad at me for asking but...I have to. Are you...is someone...hurting you?"

Kyle had not expected this question AT ALL, and he was so surprised that he was unable to hide it from Martha. She cocked her head down at him, and her smile widened. 3.....2.....

"Yes!" squeaked Kyle into the phone.

"Where are you, Kyle?" Ted's voice came immediately back. "What address?"

1....

Martha's fist closed, and she swooped her hand down, plucking the phone out of Kyle's hand. She licked her lips, bouncing up and down in her platform heels, so that her heavy breasts jiggled and gyrated crazily up and down. Despite the situation, Kyle couldn't help but gawk at them...and with a start, he realized that his stomach was growling.

"Hellloooooo!" sang Martha musically into the phone, holding it up to her ear with two fingers.

"And who might I be speaking to?"

Chapter 7

Kyle stood there stunned, gawking up at Martha's immense form looming above, her tight lavender dress expanding hugely on either side of him as it strained to contain her thick, hulking hips. But Kyle couldn't even focus on the fact that a single one of Martha's powerful thighs was easily twice as thick as his entire body; he couldn't even pause to gawk at how he was actually staring forward into the *top of her stomach* as she towered over him at a monstrous 6'11 in her big, sexy platform heels. He wasn't even able to process the fact that she had just snatched his phone out of his hand right at the exact moment he had admitted to his boss that he was being hurt...that was all he had been able to get out of his mouth before Martha's swift interruption.

But somehow, despite the obvious gravity of the situation, all he could truly focus on were those two dark spots around her nipples, which were becoming ever-darker, and expanding. Martha was lactating, in preparation for feeding him...and although Kyle absolutely hated himself for the intense feeling and emotion the sight fired within him, there was no denying it: he wanted Martha's milk. He hungered for it...lusted after it. He longed to feel that huge, powerful palm of hers completely encompassing his skull as she pulled him in tight to her colossal, all-encompassing breasts. As much as these thoughts and desires pained him, and flew in the face of everything he wanted to be, he couldn't resist. Martha's power over him was growing more and more with each passing day, and as he watched her tongue the front of her bright teeth and wink down at him, he felt his cock twinge upward of its own accord.

"Oh yes?" Martha's eyebrows went up in evident interest, holding Kyle's phone up to her ear, "Is that right? And your name is...Ted? Hmmmm, that's funny, I don't remember my little baby mentioning you before, but then again, it's hard to keep track of all his little...ahem, "friends" out there in the big, wide world."

Kyle blinked, the spell of Martha's milk briefly broken, and he started to panic. Martha was already talking crazy to Ted, and Kyle had no idea what she would say next. At this point, he assumed that she was capable of anything -- maybe she would start talking about how she breastfed him, or how she made him wear a diaper, or how she changed him, or any host of other horrible things that she could say.

'But you told him!' piped up a tiny voice in his head. 'You told him what she was doing to you! If she acts all crazy on the phone, that'll just confirm what you said, and then maybe...maybe he'll get the cops involved and rescue you!'

A vision of Laura's smiling visage suddenly flashed across his mind, and Kyle very nearly got choked up. He *wanted* her...really, he did! He *wanted* to go out with her on Friday (which was tomorrow!)...he *wanted* to smile and talk and laugh with her and run his hands through her hair and kiss her and be her boyfriend and have...a...a normal adult life! But even as he stressed to himself desperately, over and over how much he wanted all these things, he could not keep his eyes from drinking up the fearsome, awe-inspiring bulk of Martha's gigantic body towering over him. The flame of rebellion was flaring briefly within him, but even as that tiny voice chattered

excitedly about getting rescued and being allowed to live a normal life, another voice was already beginning to drown it out, a voice that said emotionlessly, and quite simply:

‘You don’t *really* want to be rescued, do you? No, what you *really* want is to be dominated by crazy, giant Martha...*that’s* what you really want.’

But even as he was momentarily lost in the furor of these competing thoughts, Kyle started back to the present moment. His feet had both left the ground; Martha had reached down, taken him gently but firmly by the collar of his shirt, and lifted him up off the floor with one hand while she chatted breezily away, holding the phone up to her ear with her free hand. The feat of effortless strength came as no shock to Kyle, but he still hadn’t gotten used to feeling like a literal plaything in her hands. His nervous eyes shifted to the side, looking straight into her huge, fleshy forearm.

‘Oh my god,’ he thought, unable to stifle the relentless cascade of size comparison thoughts that had already worn a searing rut in his mind, ‘Her forearm is bigger than my leg...her *forearm*...’

“Well I’m terribly sorry Mr. Ted,” Martha was saying cheerfully into the phone, “But I can’t put him back on, unfortunately. My little tyke hasn’t eaten all day and it’s high time for his meal!”

Kyle’s breath became more labored as his heart rate intensified in tandem. Martha was purposefully dangling his limp body next to her huge left tit, and looking down, she amused herself by gently brushing his face directly into her giant erect nipple, which was poking two whole inches up from underneath her bra and dress.

He could hear the faint, mechanical sound of Ted’s voice high up by Martha’s head. It was so strange for Kyle to hear Ted’s voice in Martha’s kitchen -- it was like a last relic remnant of the outside world encroaching on the profane reality his life had become.

“Mmmm...ohhhh....oh you will?” Martha inquired, eyebrows going up. Kyle’s heart sank; he knew that Ted was trying to do the right thing, to stand up for him, but from the tone of Martha’s voice, she was just going to toy with him.

“Hahaha, now where is all this coming from, Mr. Ted?” Martha laughed. She spun around, clearly enjoying herself, and ended up plopping straight down into her big kitchen chair. Kyle marveled at how someone so tall and massive could move with such easy grace. But he didn’t have much time to think, because Martha had swiftly bared her left breast and was slowly, inexorably, guiding his little head toward the fat, engorged nipple, which was already dripping with thick white beads of her creamy milk.

“You wouldn’t be saying such silly things if you knew, Ted...if you knew, what good care I’ve been taking of him! Heheh, I know the little guy needs a lot of attention, and I’m sure you’ve been an amiable, patient man, letting him make believe for a while, but sooner or later, a baby needs his Mommy.”

Right at the word “mommy,” Martha had forced her protruding nipple straight into Kyle’s mouth. He tried to put up some degree of resistance, but he may as well have been trying to move an entire oak tree with his bare hands. Martha’s hands held him effortlessly in place, and now the only way of resisting her was to now swallow the deluging swell of warm, sweet milk that was rapidly filling his mouth. But Kyle was terribly hungry (since Martha had been teasing him all day with her breasts, and of course not allowing him to eat any “real” food), and in any case, in this crazy moment, he knew that he was lying to himself if he said he didn’t want to drink her milk. It wasn’t just because he was hungry...it was because he was beginning to crave it all the time. He closed his eyes and began to swallow, hating (yet loving) the intense sensation of goosebumps pricking up across his entire body as he drank down the delicious milk of his captor.

“Of course he’s still here!” laughed Martha. Kyle could feel her nipple growing even bigger and fatter in his mouth. He sucked on it harder. “He’s been listening this whole time! What? What’s that? Hahaha nooooo, Ted, I can’t put him on speakerphone right now – he’s too busy having his dinner. Wanna know what he’s having, Ted? I’ll give you a clue: what do babies drink?”

Kyle could hear the distant buzz of Ted’s voice on the other end, but the more milk he swallowed, the less he cared. Drinking Martha’s milk had begun to have a kind of erotically hypnotic effect on him, one that inevitably wore off after mealtimes, but that, in the midst of drinking, was quite powerful. He couldn’t stop thinking about how huge and powerful Martha was, and how weak and pathetic his little body was in comparison with hers...and how she dominated him not only in body, but in mind and spirit as well. The more this mentality sank into his psyche, the less odd it seemed that he was breastfeeding from her.

“Aww Ted,” cooed Martha into the phone, “It’s obvious that your heart is in the right place, but I’d really, really hate for you to waste your time like that. You have my personal assurance that little Kyle is right where he needs to be, all safe and sound, with me.”

She pulled him off her nipple, and his puckering lips made a *pop* sound as they came off. Clearly, Kyle wanted more, but Martha had decided that he had had enough. After a few moments, his blurry vision began to correct itself, and he found himself looking up at Martha as she cradled him in her lap. He hadn’t noticed it before, but his phone looked miniature in her huge hand -- in fact, he couldn’t even see it. Martha looked like she was chatting amiably with a friend, and her expression only added to the surreal situation.

“Mhm, alright Ted, you do that,” trilled Martha happily, “You just go right on ahead and do that. But let me just offer a word of caution – I have a cozy, happy home here with my little guy, and I would...shall we say, *not take kindly*...AT ALL...to it being interrupted or invaded by interlopers who are trying to interfere in what makes us BOTH very happy. Mhmm....ohhhh oh ok, haha...mmm yes...yes, well alright, like I said, do whatever you want, Ted. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Kyle heard Ted's voice still talking quickly and animatedly before it suddenly went dead. Martha had hung up on him. Kyle saw the huge alabaster form of Martha's arm stretch beyond him as she deposited his phone on the kitchen table. And then, with a swiftness that surprised him, she flipped his body over, forcing his legs to straddle her midsection, as she made him lie on her lap, facing up at her. Kyle hadn't known what to expect from her after she hung up, but now he saw that she was smiling down at him warmly. Any fear that he had about her punishing him for divulging his situation to Ted vaporized.

'She didn't know the context of the conversation,' he thought to himself reassuringly. 'She doesn't know what I answered "Yes!" to...for all she knows I was just talking about work.'

For several long moments, Martha just held him there in her lap, staring down at him with that warm, slow smile, her eyes steadily fixed on his face. She was studying him. Kyle tried to look back at her meekly, but found that he was unable to hold her stare for more than a few seconds at a time. Her eyes, and the intentions behind them, were just too powerful to meet head-on. Kyle had to look off to the side a few times. He wondered whether Martha would let him have a little more milk, if he asked nicely.

Quite suddenly, Martha spread her huge thighs open a little, exposing his upper legs, his ass, and his lower torso to the air. At the same time, still smiling, she held up her right index finger, showing off the sharp, red, manicured nail. And then, without the smile leaving her face, Martha lowered her finger under her thighs, punctured through his pants and his diaper with her sharp nail, and thrust her finger straight up Kyle's ass, all the way to her second knuckle.

Kyle's mouth shot open, and he tried to scream...but nothing came out. The pain that was shooting through his ass was so intense and burning that he felt like Martha was wrenching his entire life force out of his ass with her finger. His eyes watered instantly, and he stared up at her wildly, blinking over and over, trying all he could to beg for mercy. Through his tears, he saw that the top tip of her lip had angled upward slightly, so that her smile had a hint of a snarl to it. And then he saw her lips part, revealing her clenching teeth.

But a moment later he couldn't even see her face anymore, because his eyes had rolled back into his head from the pain. Martha had hooked her finger up inside him and was now digging it up and down, back and forth, forging deeper and deeper ahead into his ass. The muscles of her sculpted cheeks clenched and unclenched, until at last she relaxed her jaw and spoke genially down to him:

"That was *Ted*, Kyle...a man who calls himself "*Ted*." Huh...I answered the phone quite pleasantly, don't you think? But he wasn't too pleasant with ME. Now why could that be, little Kyle? Why would Mr. Ted not be amiably inclined towards me? It wouldn't be because of something that YOU said to him, now, would it?"

"N-nooooooooo!!!" Kyle screamed, finally finding his words. The sound of his voice subconsciously shocked him -- it sounded so wild, so inhuman...but the pain was so intense that he wasn't even thinking about how he sounded. He just wanted it to stop.

"Noooo?" laughed Martha heartily, wiggling her finger up to the third knuckle, "No? Well then why was such a biiiiig, established, professional man so upset with me, little guy? He says that he's your "boss," Kyle. Haha, I tried to play along with him for a while, but apparently he was quite serious."

She stopped moving her finger around and bent down low towards Kyle's face. The pain was still acute, but since she had stopped moving her finger it was at least bearable enough for Kyle to open his eyes. Through the mist of his tears, he saw that Martha's face was mere inches away from his own now. A chill went through him, mixing and congealing unpleasantly with the searing heat of his physical pain.

"He said that he was going to get the authorities involved, Kyle," she whispered. "He said that he knew what was going on here, and that I wasn't going to get away with it." She straightened back up and threw her head back, laughing a loud, hearty, musical laugh. "Hahahaha, I...I didn't even know what the man was talking about, getting himself all whipped up about nothing! How could he possibly know what a perfectly splendid setup we've got here!? Unless..."

And here, Martha's wide smile faded a little, and she inclined her head to the side, looking down at him, scrutinizing him. All the while, her finger was all the way up his ass, unmoving, poised to either withdraw, or to begin burrowing aggressively once more.

"Unlesssssss my little baby decided to blab his little mouth about things that he KNOWS he has no business talking about...ESPECIALLY to strangers!"

Kyle knew that now was not the time to point out that Ted was, in fact, not a stranger, but his boss. He only shook his head, over and over.

"Reeeeeally?" Martha cooed at him, inclining her head to the side still further, so that she looked rather insane. "Is my little baby suuuuuure about that? Because, heheh, I'm sure you're aware, little guy, that your mother does NOT tolerate being lied to by anyone, but ESPECIALLY by the little one who she feeds and provides for every day."

Kyle shook his head even more adamantly. He was afraid that if he spoke, his voice would quiver and waver so much that Martha would see right through his lie. The fact was, of course, that Kyle HAD alerted Ted to the direness of his situation, but he was certainly regretting that decision now. All he could hope for now would be that Martha would believe him and stop violating him.

For what seemed like an eternity, she held the same position, her head tilted far over to the right of her shoulder, peering down at him, analyzing him, while her finger throbbed in his ass. Kyle

could actually feel the pulse of her heartbeat thundering through her finger and into his intestines. It was so crazy...and yet, now that the pain was starting to fade away, it curdled together with the unspeakable arousal he was now experiencing. His cock was rising up, pointing towards Martha's face through his pants.

"Mmmmm *good!*" Martha purred deeply at last. She crinkled her eyes down at him affectionately. "I knew that my little baby wouldn't try to do something like that to me...to US, to our HOME, hahaha!" She was all smiles again now, but she had not yet removed her finger from his ass. Kyle desperately wanted her to, but at the same time...he wanted her to leave it in. He tried to fight this horrible submissive urge within him, but the more he tried to fight it, the more he noticed how huge Martha's breasts were compared to his pitiful little torso...how enormous her thighs were underneath him...and how big her finger felt in his ass.

He glanced down and drew a sharp, involuntary intake of breath. Her big wrist was right in between his outspread legs, and he could see that it looked to be about the same size as one of his legs. It was incredible...she was an absolute giant, a monster, compared to him.

"Ooooo, what's this little thing poking up here?" Martha giggled. She hadn't taken her finger out of his ass, and she was now bringing her other index finger down to playfully tap on the tip of Kyle's erect cock, which was trying to push up through the fabric of his pants. Up until this point, Martha had only punctured through the bottom part of Kyle's pants, leaving the rest of them intact. For a few seconds, Martha just sat there with Kyle on her lap, smiling and chuckling at the obvious erection as she batted at it with the tip of her finger. But then, with a suddenness that shocked Kyle, she took her free hand, slid her huge fingers down under his waistband, and tore the pants off his hips, like they were made of tissue paper. Kyle's hard cock was now bouncing in the free air, much to Martha's delight.

"Wowwwww!" she squealed, jiggling her finger excitedly in his ass. "Look at THAT thing! Hahahaha, my little baby's got a little stiffy!" She brought her face down closer to Kyle, so close that he could barely see anything else.

"Does my little man like it when Mommy sticks her finger up his ass?" she cooed. "Hmmmm?"

Kyle shook his head. Martha arched an eyebrow down at him.

"No? Really?" she persisted. She turned away from him and fixed her gaze on his erection. For long moments she just sat there, staring at it, until finally she pivoted back and stared him straight in the face once more.

"Because...see...it SEEMS like you really like it!" she laughed. "Because if you DIDN'T like it, your little toy soldier down here wouldn't be standing so stiffly to attention. That's how anatomy works, baby! It looks like Mommy's got a thing or two to teach baby about his own body. See, watch!"

Much to Kyle's horror, Martha started playing games with her finger in his ass. She wormed it around deeper and deeper as she watched him squirm; she made her whole arm vibrate crazily as she shook her finger deep inside him. Kyle yelped out, and would have cum very soon if Martha hadn't relented, laughing ecstatically at his reaction. But she didn't stop there. She turned her finger around and around, like she was busy combing for something in some far-to-reach place. Kyle inhaled sharply as her hooked finger got close to his prostate, but didn't quite touch it.

"Oh?" inquired Martha in mock-seriousness. "Right there? Right close to there? What is it, Kyle? What's there, little baby? Did Mommy accidentally touch something sensitive?"

His cock was rock-hard, and so affected by Martha's play that it was beginning to drool a thick line of precum down its length. As Martha continued tormenting his ass, she used her other fingers to tease his bare cock. She touched a finger to the tip of his mushroom head and slowly, luxuriously, drew it back, trailing a long, sticky line of precum along with it.

"Woaaah, haha, my *goodness!*" she laughed, sticking her finger in her mouth and tasting the precum, "There's so *much* of it, Kyle! You've made so *much* for me! And mmmmmm, this isn't even the good stuff!"

She kept dabbing her finger on the tip of his cockhead, drawing out sample after sample of his precum. It was no secret how much she relished the taste. Soon Kyle's ears were full of her loud moans and lip-smackings as she enjoyed his taste, hungry for more.

"But Mommy wants the REAL stuff, baby!" she whined, winking at him playfully as she shook her huge breasts down at him, flexing and unflexing her huge thighs under him, reminding him that, in every direction, she surrounded his little body completely.

"My little man's been such a GOOD little boy today, and Mommy wants to make him feel sooooo gooooo! Come on Kyle...come on, my sweet, sweet little boy...give Mommy what she wants. *Come on...come on...you can do it...let Mommy have it...*"

Martha's finger, which had sat dormant in his ass for the last couple minutes, suddenly came alive again. It quickly became clear that Martha had known exactly where Kyle's prostate was the entire time. Hooking her finger up and burrowing it even deeper into his ass, she pressed the fleshy pad of her index finger hard against Kyle's prostate. His eyes shot open in wild panic as his cock instantly spasmed, gearing up to rocket off a volley of cum. Martha's eyes opened just like his, and her face bore down on him, her nostrils flaring, her lips parted in triumph. And then, all at once, two things happened. Her finger began vibrating powerfully against his prostate, and at the same time, her other hand wrapped powerfully around Kyle's bare cock (encompassing it completely aside from the urethral opening), and began to jack it off as fast as she could.

"Yyyyyyeeeeeeeeeeee!!!"

Kyle squealed out like a little pig. All his limbs spasmed and shook, and he completely lost control of his body. He came harder than he had ever cum in his entire life, shooting a massive geyser of thick white straight up into the air. Martha felt the spasm in his cock, and she quickly turned around. She was ready for the load, and when it exploded up into the air, she reacted. Curling her huge head under the cumshot's trajectory, Martha opened her mouth wide, sticking out her enormous tongue, and caught most of the load directly in her mouth as it came back down.

"Yeeeeeeeaassshhhhh!" she laughed, the cum briefly distorting her words. She blinked and leaned back toward Kyle, who was panting like he had just run an entire marathon. His entire body was red and flushed, and beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Martha showed him her cum-filled open mouth, wriggling her tongue lewdly down at him, before closing her mouth and swallowing the entire load down triumphantly as she stared at him, never breaking eye contact. Kyle whimpered and exhaled in short, uneven bursts in response. He had never been so humiliated, or aroused, in his entire life.

"A quick reward for my little baby," Martha quipped, "And a quick snack for Mommy. The perfect combination! I'm going to do that to you a lot, Kyle...that is, as long as you keep being a good little boy for Mommy."

A few minutes later, Martha had changed Kyle into a new diaper and had allowed him to rest on the sofa. He stared blankly up at the ceiling, listening to her humming cheerily out as she cooked in the kitchen. He had no idea what to do. Was Ted going to rescue him? Was he contacting his parents now? The police!? What would happen, if they showed up? And...perhaps even more terrifyingly...did Kyle actually WANT them to show up?

Chapter 8

That night, Kyle felt far tenser than usual, and not just because of what Martha had done to his ass earlier. Yes, she had forced her finger up his rectum and tormented him for minutes on end until finally hooking it around his prostate and positively milking him for all the cum he was worth. Kyle had never cum so hard in his life, nor had he been filled with such extremes of contradictory emotions – on the one hand, he felt utterly used and violated, but on the other hand, he felt so incredibly alive and aroused, to an obsessive degree. Even hours after his ordeal (or ecstasy, which one he hardly knew), Kyle's mind was buzzing with memories of the bright, wide-eyed, exuberant look Martha had given him as she literally wrapped his prostate around in the constricting python of her big finger, and drained every drop of cum out of his spent cock.

He saw her exultant face whenever he closed his eyes, heard her deep, sexy voice washing through his ears, smelled her sweet breath in his nose, felt the smooth contours of her flesh that hid an unassailable, muscular strength beneath their curves...and, of course, he tasted that rich, hot, creamy goodness of her milk that gushed out her fat nipple, straight into his mouth, filling his cheeks, and practically forcing him to guzzle it down into his stomach so that he could continue to breathe. Martha had violated him, used him, tormented him, over and over and over again – she had robbed him of his dignity as an adult...as a human being! And Kyle just couldn't help it: he was obsessed with her.

But as the sun set and the night began to deepen, Kyle felt a different kind of tension. For the first time in what seemed like forever, he was at least partially preoccupied with some aspect of the outside world, with something other than Martha. He was wondering if he was going to get rescued. His conversation with Ted, and his flash admittance that Martha was abusing him, had clearly conveyed the direness of his situation to his boss. Ted had apparently told Martha that he was "going to get the authorities involved," or something to that effect. Kyle hadn't directly heard what Ted had promised, but it had clearly been enough to get Martha riled up enough to shove her huge finger up his ass.

The uncertainty was agonizing for Kyle, and as the night wore on, he felt himself becoming more and more anxious, more and more afraid. He hardly even knew what he was afraid of; he tried to think about it objectively in his head. Was he afraid of getting hurt in a "police raid" that might happen? Not really, no. Was he anxious that something would go terribly wrong, and that someone else would get hurt? The more Kyle thought about it, the more he realized that this was not his fear either. He somehow felt convinced that nothing dramatic like that was going to happen.

So what was it!? What was he so afraid of, then?? Surely it couldn't be that...that he was actually afraid of...*being rescued*!?

He shuddered under his blanket, turned over, and tried to at least get some sleep. He would occasionally glance over at his closed door, which, as usual, Martha had locked from the

outside. As the night deepened, and he still didn't get any sleep, Kyle began to get the oddest feeling that...this would somehow be the last night that he slept in this room. He didn't know where this feeling came from, only that he was truly beginning to feel like it was real, and that it was a true portend to the future.

'It's because I'm gonna get out of here tomorrow,' he thought to himself, trying to look on the bright side of his very dark night. 'It's because after tomorrow I'm gonna escape this...this nightmare...and then it'll all be over. Then I can go back to my adult life and...hey! Maybe I can even go on that date with Laura tomorrow!'

He tried to cheer himself up with this thought, even though any "cheer" he felt was somehow hollow. Maybe it was because of the occasional crackle of static from the baby monitor on the nightstand next to his bed. Kyle hated that thing, and wished he could just chuck it out of the window. But he didn't dare touch it, not even a little bit, because he knew that somehow, Martha would know.

It was just before dawn before Kyle finally managed to slip off into a kind of half-sleeping stupor. But his tired mind and body didn't even get the reprieve of that semi-conscious state, because only 20 minutes after he had finally dozed off, Martha banged the door of his bedroom open, rattling him awake.

"Good MORNING little baby!" she trilled sweetly. Kyle gathered the covers up around his naked body, cowering away from her presence into the headboard of his bed. She looked absolutely fierce, almost completely filling the doorway with her gigantic body. As usual, she was wearing her shiny black platform heels, which made her a full 6'10, so tall that she actually had to stand back a little from the top of the door frame, which only went up to 6'8. Her thick, enormous hips were almost touching both sides of the doorway, and they looked even more intimidating because of the clothes she was wearing. Her legs were wrapped up in tight black jeans, which were so tight that it looked like her powerful legs were about to shred them at any moment. For her top, Martha was wearing a soft, homely-looking, lavender sweater, which made her look even more "motherly" than she usually did. Needless to say, even though the sweater was thick, Martha's humongous breasts jutted massively out, making her look positively huge.

"I said...good MORNING sweetheart!" Martha called out sweetly again, the big smile remaining unchanged on her face.

"Uh g-good...good morning," Kyle stuttered, tripping over his words. His throat had gone dry.

"Mmmmmm I don't think my little baby slept well last night," declared Martha, ducking a little under the door frame before striding confidently into the room. She stood at the foot of Kyle's bed, her huge hands on her megalithic hips, as she loomed over him, her bright face scrutinizing him as he cowered from her under the covers.

"I heard you tossing and turning aaaaaall night long," Martha continued, shaking her head down at him. "Why couldn't you sleep, honey? Is something on your mind? Something troubling you, perhaps?"

Kyle knew that he couldn't answer truthfully. Of *course* there was something troubling him, but there was no way that he could tell Martha that he had spent all night agonizing over his...his potential *rescue*. Timidly, with the covers all bunched up around his chin, he shook his head.

"No?" Martha asked, mimicking his head shake with one of her own. "Nothing's bothering my little tyke?"

Kyle was terrified. He shook his head again. Was she teasing him? Tormenting him? Or was she genuinely trying to see if he was ok? She was so crazy that he had no idea what to believe. On one hand, in her own perverse kind of way, he knew that she really did "care" for him – maybe she really was actually worried about him not getting enough sleep. On the other hand, though, Kyle felt a nagging, disturbing sense, soaking through his mind like poison, that Martha knew *exactly* why he hadn't been able to sleep the previous night...that she knew what he had said on the phone the other day, and that knew that he was thinking about escape.

But right then, just as Kyle was about to convince himself that Martha was toying with him, her face broke into a glad smile. She looked fresher, happier, and more encouraged than ever.

"Ohhh well that's just *wonderful* to hear, my sweet little boy," Martha breathed down at him. He could smell her seat breath as it washed over him like a wave. "Because mommy's got SO much planned for today!"

Kyle blinked, and for a few moments there was silence between them. Only after this long, awkward silence did Kyle realize that Martha was expecting him to say something.

"Oh! Uh...y-you...um, you do?" he ventured. He was trying to sound as casual and lighthearted as possible, and he knew he was failing miserably. Who was he kidding!?

"MmmHMM, yes I dooooo!" she replied, tilting her head to the side as she looked at him playfully askance. "But first thing's first, of course. My little man's gotta be hungry after all that tossing and turning, huh?"

Kyle couldn't even bring himself to answer. He was too fixated on what Martha was doing. With a sweet, heaving, motherly sigh, she had lowered her enormous body down onto the bed, sitting down next to where Kyle was propped upright against the headboard. Kyle felt the mattress give way beneath her prodigious bulk, and he had to reach out his arm and brace himself to keep from sliding down the big crater that her weight had created. Even though they were both sitting (with Martha sitting a good deal lower because her huge ass sunk so much deeper into the mattress), her mighty torso towered above him by a full 8 inches. The closer Martha got to him, the smaller Kyle felt.

But what Martha did next wiped Kyle's mind clean, even though he knew it was coming. Lifting up her big sweater, she revealed that, in fact, she wasn't wearing anything else underneath it...not even a bra. Her colossal tit came bouncing out from underneath the lavender sweater, and her 2-inch erect nipple seemed to stretch forth in the air between them. It was already dotted with thick, creamy white milk. Just like Pavlov's dog, Kyle felt himself beginning to salivate. His stomach rumbled audibly in hunger, and his cock, which had been getting harder and harder the longer Martha was in the room, was now full-mast between his legs, hidden under the covers.

"Oooooo that was sooooo cute!" Martha cooed. "Little baby's tummy just did a little burble! Hahaha awww, how precious!" She reached out and palmed the back of Kyle's head with her enormous hand. He shivered in pleasure as he felt her long, powerful fingers gently constrict around his skull, and his skin rose up in goosebumps. Part of him, the part that was longing to be rescued from this psychotic giantess of a woman, felt a sick sense of helplessness, but a much larger part of him felt an ecstatic, desperate desire to once again latch his lips around that warm, fat, gigantic nipple and suckle away to his little heart's content.

"Does little baby want his breakfast now?" Martha whispered. She was slowly edging his head closer to her exposed breast with one hand, while she pinched her engorged nipple with her other. A sudden spurt of thick, white milk jumped out, causing Kyle's eyes to widen as it hurtled towards his face. He didn't even have time to react, and it hit him squarely on the cheek. He shuddered as the hot liquid slowly oozed down his face – it was so thick that it hardly seemed to move. Without even thinking of checking himself, Kyle opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue as far as he could to the side, in a desperate attempt to lap up the milk on his face. The thunder of Martha's soft laughter above soaked through him.

"Heheheh ohhhhh my little one's so hungry!" she cooed. "Mmmmm, come here sweetheart, come here...come to mommy."

Martha guided her huge, protruding nipple into Kyle's mouth, and he was suddenly lost in the bliss of her milk, with the warm, voluminous flesh of her breast pressed up all around against his face. He couldn't see anything – all he could do was taste the sweet viscosity of her milk as he sucked it as hard as he could down his throat. His scalp tingled pleasantly; Martha was scratching it gently with her sharp fingernails, murmuring encouragements all the while.

Kyle had enough when Martha finally pulled him away, after what seemed like forever. She was chuckling openly at him as she sat him back upright on the bed, against the headboard.

"Uh-uh!" she teased, shaking her long finger at him, cocking her eyebrow playfully, "Mommy's not going to overfeed you...especially not *this* morning! Haha, then she'd have to deal with you spitting it all back up again!"

"I...I'm not g-going to spit it up!" exclaimed Kyle. Her playful words had caused him to feel indignant, but his response didn't have any dampening effect on his indignity. If anything, it only accentuated his humiliation.

"Ohoho are you sure about that?" asked Martha wryly, "Mmmm, I wouldn't be so confident, baby, seeing as how you don't know what I have planned for you today."

Kyle sat there on the bed, feeling a sense of dread overtake the lingering, blissful warmth he had felt suckling her breast. Already, that warmth had morphed into shame, and Martha's expectant smile was not at all reassuring. He knew the question she wanted him to ask, but he wanted to defy her...and so he just sat there, trying not to ogle her mammoth breasts. Martha put her naked tit away, back under her lavender sweater, and crossed her huge legs, clasping her hands around her knee as she continued to smile sweetly at him. Long moments passed, and neither of them spoke. Kyle knew that she was waiting for him to ask the question, and that she would gladly sit there smiling at him until he did what she wanted. Feeling small and defeated, he relented and acquiesced:

"What...uh, d-do you...do you have planned for me today?"

Martha inhaled sharply through her nose, and her face brightened even more. Kyle was terribly intimidated by her huge body, and by her insanity, but he couldn't help but think how pretty she looked. She had clearly spent a lot of time doing her makeup today – her face looked as rosy and as fresh as ever, and her plush lips were amplified by deep purple lipstick.

"I'm so glad you asked!" she replied cheerily, and without warning, she swung her giant arm down underneath Kyle's little butt and swept him off the bed, standing up all in the same motion.

"Now that you're all nice and fed," she smiled down at him, tickling his belly with her fingernails, "I can show you what's been on my mind recently."

Still cradling him with a single arm, Martha swept out of the bedroom, and Kyle had to blink rapidly to keep his eyes from getting dry. She sure did move quickly, with those long, confident strides.

"You see, little Kyle," Martha was continuing, "I've been thinking...now don't get me wrong, baby, I absolutely LOVE having a little boy all to myself...considering all the cute little perks, and all." She reached her hand down and felt him up, her giant hand covering up his hard cock and jiggling it playfully. Kyle bit his lip and tried as hard as he could not to cum. He somehow sensed that Martha wouldn't be pleased with him losing control so early in the day.

"But you know what?" she kept on, "As much as I like having a little boy, sometimes I wish I had a little girl."

Kyle blinked up at her, bewildered. A surge of strange and competing emotions went through him. Had Martha kidnapped a woman too!? Was she...was she going to *replace* him, or something? Fear, horror, and a bizarre flash of jealousy all blended together in his brain.

“A little girl to dress up and play with,” Martha purred, bopping him on the nose with her finger, “A little girl to dance for me!”

Martha had stopped; they were in the living room, and she was looking past Kyle at something on the coffee table. Feeling a deep sense of uneasiness in the pit of his stomach, he followed her gaze and turned his head to look down. His heart dropped. There on the coffee table, all neatly laid out, was a small pink t-shirt with a sparkly white unicorn on the front, and next to it was...a frilly pink tutu. Kyle blinked, briefly stupefied, and then turned to stare up at Martha with a desperate, pleading look on his face. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure as she slowly started nodding her head up and down. Her cradling hand squeezed both of his butt cheeks at the same time.

“N-no...” Kyle breathed out pitifully, starting to shake his head, “No...n-no, Martha...Martha, please...”

But Martha didn’t even say anything back. All she did was shake her head, mockingly mimicking him, as her smile widened. She brought her face down to his slowly, inexorably, until it was so close that she was rubbing noses with him. Kyle hated that his cock had gotten even harder, but there was nothing he could do to stem his body’s arousal – his animal brain was responding to the totality of Martha’s domination over him, and as his pathetic helplessness increased, his erection did too.

“Mmmm, are you ready to be mommy’s little girl, Kyle?” Martha cooed at him. “Hmmm? Is my sweet baby ready to make mommy proud in her new little outfit?”

Kyle was breathing hard, and he didn’t respond. Martha’s smile didn’t fall off for a moment, but suddenly, in between his butt cheeks, he felt her long, strong index finger beginning to gently probe and wiggle. The sharp point of her fingernail teased the sensitive skin right around the entrance of his anus, and immediately Kyle was nodding vigorously.

“What’s that?” Martha purred. “You’re ready to be mommy’s little girl?”

“Yes!” exclaimed Kyle desperately, still nodding hard. “Y-yes, I...I c-can’t wait!”

The warmth of Martha’s smile could have melted a glacier. Blinking tenderly down at him, she planted an affectionate kiss directly on his forehead (leaving a conspicuous purple lipstick imprint that spanned over half its width), and bent down to let him slide down her big arm onto the floor. Kyle felt a sick sense of unreality as he approached the pink shirt and tutu with his bouncing erection. He couldn’t believe this was happening to him. Privately, he anxiously hoped to be rescued as soon as possible...but he couldn’t devote too much of his thinking to

that far-off hope, because he felt Martha's giant body behind him, insistently prodding him forward with the back with her knee.

A minute later, he was all donned up in the girly pink outfit, and Martha was standing back, clasping her hands in front of her in unabashed delight.

"Awwwww it's sooooo cuuuuute!" she squealed. "Go on, do a little twirl for mommy!"

Kyle awkwardly pivoted around, doing a halting 360-degree turn.

"No, no, that wasn't girly at all!" laughed Martha. "Heheh, maybe it's because I haven't called you by your girl name yet...hmmm...Kyle...Kyla! HA! That was easy! Come on, Kyla, give me a cute little girly spin! And put some effort into it this time!"

Deeply humiliated, Kyle took a deep breath and twirled on his heel, doing the whole 360-spin in one go this time, before coming to a stumbling stop at the end of it.

"Haha, well...that was a little better," chuckled Martha, putting her hands on her hips. Kyle had never felt smaller – wearing a pink tutu and a sparkly unicorn shirt in front of this 6'10 behemoth just made him feel even punier and more pathetic. He tried to stand up as straight as he could, because if he slouched at all, his eyes were even with the lower part of her stomach, dangerously close to the line of her filled-out, tight black jeans.

"I think mommy's gonna have to enroll you in some dance lessons," Martha declared, "If she doesn't see some improvement, haha. But enough of that, little girl. Kyla's got the shirt, and she's got the dress...now let's make her *pretty*."

Before Kyle knew what was happening, Martha had swept him up off his feet, right as she sat down on the sofa in the same motion. He found himself placed on her huge knee, his little legs splayed outward on both sides of her titanic thigh. It took zero contemplation to conclude that the thigh underneath him was easily heavier and more massive than his entire body.

"Now hold still, Kyla!" Martha trilled. She had opened up a little eyeshadow tray that she had fetched from the coffee table, and was now dotting into one of the colors with a little brush. Kyle felt like his world was being turned upside down – how far was she going to take this!? Each step of the way, when he thought it couldn't get any worse...it got worse. But he didn't dare try and run away, or even utter a single word of protest. Martha was far too scary.

For the next fifteen minutes, Martha fussed over his makeup, perfecting his burgundy eyeshadow, tracing eyeliner along his upper eyelids, beautifying his cheeks with blush, and thickening his eyelashes with mascara. The tenderness and precision of her work contrasted so peculiarly with the immense size of her hands, and Kyle's body began to ache from the strain of trying to remain as still as possible. Whenever he moved around a little and became antsy,

Martha would silently wrap her hand around the back of his neck, her fingers going almost all the way around, steadying him effortlessly.

"There!" Martha declared finally, grabbing a mirror and holding it up to Kyle's face, "All done up, and as cute as a button! What do you think, Kyla?"

A bereft, hollow-eyed shell of a human was staring back at Kyle in the mirror. He couldn't even recognize himself anymore. It was all so twisted, so sick, what she had done to him. He felt like throwing up, but at the same time, his erection hadn't even gone down. It poked up under the tutu, hard as ever. She had reduced him to a little girl, and the humiliation and subjugation that her actions emphasized only made him feel hopelessly more aroused.

"I...i-it looks good," Kyle managed to say. Even his voice sounded different; was he speaking in a higher pitch without even meaning to!?

"It looks *precious* and *adorable*, is what you mean to say," Martha laughed, pinching his cheeks. "Don't sell yourself short, Kyla! You are an absolute *peach* of a little girl! The rest of the neighborhood is going to be so jealous of me when they see you!"

"Wh-when they...what!?" stammered Kyle, terrified. But he didn't have to linger too much in his terror, wondering what awful plans Martha had in store, because she had whisked him up off her knee, cradling him to her breast as she strode straight out of the house through the front door. Kyle tried to struggle a little in her grasp, but when they had come out into the front yard, his struggles deflated when he saw what was waiting for him: a bucket swing, hanging from a tree branch, swaying gently back and forth in the morning breeze.

"It's time to make my little Kyla go weeeeeeeeeeeee!" Martha exclaimed happily. Kyle felt her flesh bouncing all around him as she strode up to the swing and deftly held his body up over it, poised to thread his legs down into the twin holes.

"Heheh, juuuuust a second," she mused, and, holding his body up in the crook of her arm, she bent at her waist and tried to insert her arm into one of the leg holes. She was only able to get halfway down her forearm before she couldn't push it through any farther.

"Hmmm, just as I thought," she chuckled, winking down at him and sticking her tongue out, "Just to remind you how tiiiiiiiny you are compared to me. In you go!"

A moment later, Kyle was in the swing, his legs looking pitifully small in the gaping leg holes. But he didn't have much time to let the reality of that size comparison sink in, because Martha had pulled back the swing, rearing up high to release it. Kyle suddenly felt a sense of vertigo, and his legs kicked involuntarily in protest.

"Aaaaaaaaand weeeeeeeeeeeee!" she sang, pushing the swing forward. Kyle found himself whooshing through the air, his eyes watering, as the wind roared forth in his ears. It felt like his

organs were all jostling over each other. Up he went, and then came swinging back down. Martha was ready for him, and he felt the firm push of her massive hands again, and he went even higher.

“Weeeeeeeeeee!!” she laughed out from behind him. “Look at her go! Ohhhhhh, she’s sooooo high!”

“M-Marthaaa!” cried Kyle, losing control. He didn’t even care that he literally *sounded* like a little girl at this point. “Stop! Stop!! It’s too hiiiiigh!!”

“Haha don’t worry baby!” called Martha, pushing him even higher, “Momma’s got you!”

For the next several minutes, she continued to push Kyle on the swing, laughing and delighting in how his pink tutu fluttered in the wind, and how his little legs kicked and flailed in protest. Several people walking by on the sidewalk smiled at the spectacle, but then, when they got a bit of a closer look, their smiles fell away, replaced by uncomfortable expressions of bewilderment and uneasiness. No one seemed willing to do or say anything, though, and they all shuffled quickly by, much to Kyle’s despair.

But then, Kyle saw a dark, shiny car suddenly pull up alongside the curb. His heart leapt in his chest; he recognized the car...it was Ted’s! And then, almost as soon as it had stopped, the two front doors were opening. Ted was coming out of the driver’s side, his face hard-set and serious, and (Kyle’s heart lurched again) alongside him, coming out of the passenger side, was Laura. The two of them joined up and began walking purposefully towards him and Martha, up the lawn. Kyle knew that Martha could see them coming, but she hadn’t changed her behavior in the slightest.

“Weeeeeeeeeee!” she laughed again, “Aww, you’re such a brave little girl, Kyla, hahahaha!”

“Stop! Let him go!” commanded Ted, his loud, masculine, authoritative voice melting over Kyle’s insides like a warm, healing balm. He was finally safe! He was going to be rescued!

But then, his body came to a jolting halt. Martha had caught the bucket swing in her two hands, instantly bringing an end to their “swing time.” Kyle could feel the plush, warm mass of her belly flesh gently squishing into his back as she held him close to her. He saw her two gigantic hands issue forward from behind him and come down, wrapping around both sides of the bucket swing. With a foreboding sense of disquiet, Kyle saw that she was gripping it so hard that her fingers had gone white.

“Hey! I’m talking to you!” Ted barked again. “You let him go!” Kyle saw that Laura was standing next to Ted, looking horrified. He couldn’t meet her eyes. His body bowed forward without him moving; Martha had taken a deep breath behind him, inflating her frame against him, poised to answer.

Chapter 9

“Why *hello*...your voice sounds rather familiar,” Martha began sweetly, affecting a lighthearted tone as Kyle felt her voice vibrate through her breast flesh, which was hugging both sides of his face as she pulled him into her. “And that tone definitely sounds familiar, haha...are you Ted?”

Kyle’s bare legs felt ridiculous sticking out of the bucket swing, to say nothing of the pink tutu or the makeup he had on and how absurd they made him feel. He still wasn’t able to meet Laura’s eyes, even though he could feel her horrified stare going over him. The real drama, though, was transpiring between Martha and Ted.

“That’s me alright,” Ted answered tersely, crossing his arms over his chest as he stood up to his full height. Ted was a well-built 6’0, but his upright stature wordlessly conveyed that, next to Martha, he was going to need to stand up extra-tall to assert himself. In the shiny black platform boots she was wearing, she towered over him at 6’10 – the top of Ted’s head didn’t even come up to Martha’s chin.

“And I’m not going to ask you again,” he said, through gritted teeth.

“Ask me what, dear?” Martha asked airily, “I’m sorry, whenever I’m playing with my little girl, everyone else is kind of in-one-ear, out-the-other, you know? Hahaha...”

The syrup of her voice somehow provided a perfect compliment to her soft, lavender sweater. Kyle heard stretching fabric behind him, and he knew it was from the black jeans that were wrapped tightly around Martha’s huge thighs. She had shifted her weight slightly, still holding him in the bucket swing in her two hands. He tried to reassure himself that Martha was barking up the wrong tree here – she may have been bigger and taller than Ted, but she wasn’t going to win this fight. He would go to the police in a heartbeat and report the abuse...but he had come like this because that’s just the kind of man Ted was. He liked to do things himself...maybe that’s why he had been so successful in the company.

“Listen, lady,” Ted began, but Martha interrupted him.

“Oh! Martha!” she said sunnily, “You can call me Martha!”

“Listen Martha,” Ted resumed, not skipping a beat, “Like I told you over the phone, I’m Kyle’s boss at the accounting firm he works at, and I’ve –”

“Kyle?” cut in Martha, “Who’s Kyle?” She had reached one of her gigantic hands up and had begun to thread her fingers through Kyle’s hair. Despite the tension of the situation, Kyle felt himself exhale through his nose in helpless arousal at the touch of Martha’s huge hand on his scalp. She was just so dominant, so effortless, in everything she did to him. He hadn’t thought it possible before, but in this moment he was actually grateful for the bucket swing and the tutu – they hid the erection that was rising underneath.

“Don’t be ridiculous!” Ted exclaimed, after a moment of confusion. “That’s Kyle right there!” Ted then began addressing him directly: “We’re gonna get you out of this, Kyle – it’s gonna be ok.”

“Ohhhh, you’re talking about *Kyla*!” laughed Martha, now ruffling up Kyle’s hair with her big hand. “Hahaha, I’m sorry, but you’re gonna have to go through me to communicate with this little girl – she’s verrrrrry shy, and gets nervous around other people. Mmmmm, don’t worry, Kyla, don’t be afraid...this man’s just a little confused, is all. He’ll understand soon enough, though, don’t you worry.”

Kyle felt her giant hand wrapping all the way around his left bicep, squeezing hard...not painfully hard, but hard enough to let him know that she meant business. Kyle could feel himself becoming terribly afraid. What on earth did she think was going to happen!? Ted would call the police when he realized that Martha wasn’t going to give him up...and then...and then she would run into the house with him in her arms and lock all the doors and...and there’d be some kind of crazy hostage situation, and –

“I’m not confused at all,” Ted replied sternly, “And you’d better get serious, because I am not playing around here. You need to let Kyle come to us, and we’ll be on our way, without any more trouble.”

“Ah yes, there are two of you,” Martha responded amiably. She had now wrapped both of her hands around both of Kyle’s biceps, and was gently, soothingly massaging her strong fingers into his flesh. His arms felt like twigs in her hands.

“And who might *you* be, sweetheart?” Martha inquired, turning towards Laura. Kyle felt the sickening, panicked heat suddenly rising up within him. He had desperately hoped that Martha would ignore Laura, but now that she had blatantly dragged her into the exchange, his shame and embarrassment deepened. At first, he still wasn’t able to bring his eyes up to meet hers, but when he heard Laura begin to answer in a shaky but clear voice, his eyes darted up to look at her. She looked profoundly distressed, but held her ground, standing up as tall as she could as she answered:

“My name is Laura, and...and I’m Kyle’s friend from work.”

“From work?” chuckled Martha softly, still massaging up and down Kyle’s arms with her hands.

“Yes, from the accounting firm we both work at.”

“Aww Kyla, listen to this young woman talk!” laughed Martha, now starting to massage Kyle’s back, “As if my little girl here could understand the slightest thing about something as grown-up as *accounting*!”

"Y-You need to *quit* it!" shouted Laura, suddenly becoming quite flushed in the face as she balled up her hands and stepped forward. "Let him go! Kyle and I are...are going on a *date* tonight, and he...needs to get ready for it!"

A warm rush of pride surged up inside Kyle's chest. Laura was incredible; she had actually had the guts to say it outright, straight to Martha's face, and he was so happy that she had remembered their scheduled date that he almost forgot himself and smiled. But he didn't have much time to enjoy this momentary joy, because he noticed that Martha had stopped rubbing his back. Very slowly, but deliberately, her giant hand was creeping up his back...towards his neck.

"My little girl doesn't *date*," Martha responded abruptly. Her tone had started to change. There was a distinct tinge of ice in her voice now. "Especially not shameless little hussy office girls who don't know their place."

Laura's mouth dropped open in indignation, and she was about to angrily respond and step forward, but Ted blocked her path, standing in between her and Martha.

"Alright, that's it," he muttered, clearly at the end of his patience. "Laura, keep back. Martha, I've tried to be reasonable, but it's obvious you aren't going to respond to reason. We're just going to have to take Kyle ourselves. Come on Kyle...let's get you out of this thing. And Martha, back up – this is happening."

Ted had strode forward confidently toward the swing, and he was just about three feet away when Martha swiftly placed herself in between Kyle and the incoming Ted. Kyle could suddenly see nothing except the immense black of the skin-tight jeans that were sighing and moaning with every step Martha took. Since this was all he could see, he wasn't able to watch Martha's face, but he didn't need to see her expression to get the full taste of her rancor. She had dropped her geniality completely, and was now spitting venom.

"Get off my property this instant, you pathetic, meddling man," she hissed. "I warned you not to try and come between us, and that is exactly what you've done."

"You're insane!" shouted Ted, "Step aside, or I'll make you!"

"Ohhhh you'll make me, huh?" laughed Martha. "I'd like to see you try."

The eerie confidence of her laugh chilled Kyle to the bone. He suddenly wondered whether Ted was walking into WAY more than he could handle. Up until this point, Kyle had assumed it wouldn't come to something like this, but now that it was actively happening, he realized that, physically speaking, Ted was totally outmatched. This woman could bend frying pans with her bare hands like it was nothing.

Kyle couldn't see what was happening; all he saw was a sudden mighty jiggle in Martha's gigantic ass, and the next thing he knew, she had stepped away from him. Kyle saw Ted

stumbling backward, his arms flailing in the air as he fell back into Laura, who only managed to awkwardly half-catch him as she stumbled back herself. It was clear what had happened: Martha had given Ted a powerful shove to the chest, and he hadn't been expecting it.

"Last chance, big man," mocked Martha, putting her hands on her thick hips and taking a deep breath, inflating her huge chest to new colossal proportions. "Take your little office bitch and leave, or you're reeeeeeally going to regret it."

"Sh-should I call the police!?" Laura asked Ted shakily, helping him back up to his feet. Ted opened his mouth, his eyes blazing, and for a moment it looked like he was going to say "yes." But then, his mouth shut like a trap, and when it opened again, his nostrils were flaring.

"No," he snarled, "Laura you...you go wait in the car. I'll only be a minute. This just got personal."

Laura cautiously began backing away from the impending confrontation, but Martha shot out her huge arm, her long, manicured finger extended with unquestionable authority, pointed directly at the terrified 5'2 woman.

"No," Martha declared simply, her voice untainted by the wavering anger of Ted's, "You're not going anywhere, missy. You're going to stand there and watch this happen. And you're going to do exactly what I say, or else you can kiss that pretty little face of yours goodbye."

Kyle watched as Laura faltered for a moment, seeming to teeter back and forth on her heels, unsure of what to do. Martha commanded such authority with her voice and her presence that the poor woman looked absolutely helpless. In the meantime, though, Ted was gearing up to make a second pass at Martha. He looked absolutely livid. But Martha apparently couldn't contain herself anymore, and she let loose an uproarious laugh, which caused her immense body to quiver and shake with her unequivocal mirth.

"You know, hahahah...you know what's so funny about this, Ted?" she laughed, following his movements with a turn of her head. She wasn't even moving her feet yet. "When you look back on this moment, you're going to forever regret that I GAVE you the opportunity to leave...but you didn't take it, because your pathetic masculine pride got in the way."

Ted grit his teeth and lunged at Martha, attempting to violently shove her backward. But Martha just stood there, her booted feet firmly planted in the grass of her front yard. Ted didn't even manage to budge her an inch. Shocked, he paused, staring straight ahead into the top of her gargantuan breasts. His hands had sunk so deeply into the flesh of her upper chest that they were invisible. Everything that followed seemed to move in slow motion. Ted's head inclined upward, so that he was staring into Martha's grinning face. Kyle could see, for the first time, that Ted was actually scared...and then Ted's eyes got big and his mouth opened, his tongue lolling out...but he wasn't making any sound. Kyle couldn't understand what was going on, until he realized that Martha had wrapped her gigantic left hand around Ted's neck, her fingers nearly

going all the way around it. He saw her knuckles whiten; she was beginning to squeeze. And then, with slow, deliberate intention, she braced her right foot slightly behind her for leverage, and lifted him up off the ground with *one hand*. Kyle's mouth dropped open, and he felt a profound infusion of desperate energy rush through his entire body. She was lifting a fully-grown man up in the air...with one hand. Kyle was horrified by Martha's tremendous show of strength, but at the same time, his body was responding in a way that he was helpless to stop. His cock was pulsating, and fully erect.

Martha held Ted up like this for a few seconds, obviously enjoying his shock at seeing just how strong she was. His eyes were bulging, his mouth hung open, and his feet were kicking wildly in the air. But Martha didn't give him a chance to kick her. After drinking in the sight of his helpless struggle against her, she suddenly balled up the fist of her right hand and swung it forcefully into his face. The knuckles of her fist connected head-on against his face with a sickening, moist thud, and a quick spray of blood suddenly hung like a cloud around his head, before dissipating in the air. Ted's mouth lolled open, and Kyle saw several little specks of white drop out onto the grass. It took him a moment to realize that these little specks were teeth.

Martha tilted her head to the side, her tongue busily licking the front teeth of her exposed smile. She shook her left hand, causing Ted's head to limply roll and bob to and fro. He wasn't quite knocked out, but he had certainly taken a brief leave of his senses, and his body was utterly powerless in Martha's grip.

"Huh?" she teased, making his head move around like a ragdoll, "What was that, big man? I couldn't quite catch that...you said you had something...personal to settle with me? Hmm...hmhmhm, well that's interesting because I've got something personal to settle with YOU too."

With a flourish, she tossed Ted down onto the grass, a few feet away. He lay there groaning, moving his limbs gingerly. Laura had put her hands over her mouth, and she was watching the whole horror show unfold, trembling. Martha locked eyes with her and pointed, silently reminding her not to move. That was all she needed to do – Laura was too petrified to disobey.

"I'll get back to you in a minute, Ted," Martha announced cheerily, "But first, I've gotta give my girl some attention. Like I said, she's a sensitive little thing."

Kyle's breathing became labored as Martha turned toward him, her smile as sweet and bright as the mid-morning sun that was shining all around them. She stepped towards him and lovingly gathered the bucket swing up in her arms, bringing Kyle up to her face while his little legs squished up against her huge tits.

"Mommy's sorry that the mean man has interrupted our little playdate," Martha cooed at him, "She tried to get him to leave, but you know how some men are, baby...they won't take no for an answer."

Martha planted a huge, wet kiss on Kyle's forehead, and his cock twinged in response. Her lips were so plush and thick that it felt like she was kissing his entire forehead.

"Don't you worry, little girl," Martha whispered to him, "Mommy's gonna take care of everything. Just sit back in your swing and enjoy. Mmmrrrrrruughhhhh!"

Martha had seized the back of Kyle's head and brought it forward towards her open mouth. A moment later she had engulfed his mouth in an intense and passionate kiss that made his eyes roll back into his head. Her massive tongue was filling his mouth, probing everything at once, and even going partially down his throat. It felt like she was trying to eat him from the inside out.

SLuuuuurrrpp

And just like that, Martha had pulled away from him, and was now rearing back the bucket swing in her hands, taking him higher and higher up off the ground.

"Just relax and swing while I take care of this, little baby!" came Martha's sweet voice behind him. "Wheeeeeeeeeee!"

She pushed him through the air. The fresh morning breeze was whooshing under Kyle's legs, and he was utterly powerless to stop the trajectory of the swing. His legs weren't long enough to bring himself to a stop by dragging his feet along the ground, and so there was nothing he could do but sit helplessly in the bucket, swinging back and forth while he watched the horror unfold beneath him.

Martha was stalking over to where Ted lay in the grass. Her body moved with such easy, luxurious purpose that it was almost like she was playing a game. There was nothing angry or malicious in her movements...nothing emotional...and that made it all the more surreal and terrifying for Kyle to watch. Lauren was still rooted in place, with her hands still over her mouth. It was clear that he was not in a position to disobey this huge, monstrous woman who had already demonstrated her dominance over Ted.

But Martha was just getting started. When she reached Ted, he somehow found the strength to raise himself up on his elbows and stagger uneasily to his feet.

"G-Get to the car, Laura!" he cried out in a strange, raspy voice. He spat more blood out onto the ground and put himself between Martha and Laura, raising his fists in a pitiful attempt to defend them both. But Laura didn't budge.

"Ohhhh Ted," Martha laughed, shaking her head as she rose up powerfully above him, "You still think you're the one who can tell other people what to do around here. I told her to stay put. You really think she's gonna listen to YOU, especially now that you're like this? You do? Haha well then my work still isn't finished."

Ted ran forward and took a wild swing up at Martha's chin, but she caught his fist in her hand, and, with agonizing deliberateness, slowly curled her fingers around it. Ted's fist disappeared entirely from view, subsumed within the massive mitt of Martha's hand.

"Aaa...Aaaaauuughhhh!! No!! Noooo!!! Stoppppppp!!" yelled Ted, throwing his head back in desperate pain as his other hand fumbled uselessly against Martha's closed fist. She wasn't even moving – she was simply grinning down at him, her grin widening the more she squeezed Ted's hand.

Crrrack *Pop* *Pop* *Crrrruunch*

The bones in Ted's hand were breaking, one by one. He was screaming out now in wordless agony, but Martha didn't let up for an instant. Instead, she simply caught his other hand in hers, and started doing the same thing, although with more ruthless efficiency this time.

Crrrrrackcrackcrack *Thhhhhlock* *Crruuk*

Ted collapsed down on his knees now, his hands held up toward Martha's face as she squeezed them to a pulp. Blood started running out in between her fingers, and still she squeezed even harder. Kyle was watching it all happen, unable to do anything, but of course there was nothing he could've done even if he hadn't been in the swing. Her show of power was so violent, so shameless, and so brutal that Kyle felt completely overtaken by her strength, even though she wasn't even touching him. His cock strained and pulsated under his tutu.

"Can't have you yelling like a little girl, Ted," laughed Martha, "Otherwise the neighbors are gonna start prying!"

She quickly released Ted's hands, or what was left of them, and aimed another powerful punch directly at his face, which connected viciously with his already-broken nose.

"Uuuaaaaaghghh!" choked Ted, and his eyes rolled back in his head as his head lolled unnaturally back and to the side. He fell backwards like a ninepin into the grass, and this time he didn't have the wherewithal to cushion his fall. He landed with a heavy thud and didn't stir.

"So weak," Martha chuckled, "And oh-so-sure of himself...haha, a combination that is pathetically common, especially in men like this. Am I right, Laura?"

Martha stepped on either side of Ted's limp body and dropped down on top of him. Kyle was sure that he heard another crunch, and wasn't sure if it was Ted's upper legs or his pelvis. Martha reached down, grabbed a fistful of Ted's hair, and yanked his head up off the grass. He was obviously unconscious now, but it wasn't enough for Martha...not yet. She reared her fist back and punched him in the face again, spraying blood everywhere.

"I TOLD you, Ted..." came her commanding words, "NOT to poke your NOSE into our COZY little HOME. And NOW you're getting EXACTLY what you DESERVE."

With each stressed word, Martha punched Ted's face again and again. The moist, wet sounds of blood and crunching bone filled the air.

"Y-You're killing himmmmm!" screamed Laura, dancing in place as she cried through her hands.

"Hmmm?" asked Martha, pausing mid-punch, "Oh no, sweetheart, I'm not killing him. But like I said, Ted here is NEVER going to forget this lesson I've taught him."

Martha let his head drop back into the grass. Kyle couldn't even make a face out anymore. There was just a gooey mess of oozing red. And then, she reached down, wrapped her hands around both sides of his ribcage, and squeezed.

Pop...pop pop...poppoppoppoppoppoppoppop

The sound of snapping ribs sounded out into the air, and Laura screamed again. The most disturbing thing was that Ted's body didn't even react...didn't even move an inch. He was completely out cold. Kyle wondered whether he was dead.

"Alright I think that's probably enough," laughed Martha happily, standing up as she scooped Ted's bloodied body up in her arms. "Open the car door, honey."

Laura did as she was told, and a moment later Martha had tossed Ted into the back seat.

"Now," she said, facing Laura as she whipped out a white handkerchief and started casually wiping the blood off her hands, "I think you'd better get Mr. Ted to a hospital as quickly as you can. Just my opinion. But before you do, little girl, just a parting word of caution from me."

Martha stepped up even closer to Laura, looming over her completely as she continued wiping the blood off her hands. The poor little woman was visibly shaking...a complete wreck.

"If ANY of this ever gets back to me...if I EVER have to deal with the police, or endure another interruption in my sweet life I have here with my little baby...then —"

BANG

Martha brought her fist down *hard*, straight into the roof of the car on the driver's side, leaving a dent that was a foot wide and 6 inches deep.

"That'll be your pretty little face, missy," Martha breathed down at Laura, smiling sweetly. "And believe me when I tell you, I won't go easy on you like I did with Ted here. I'll kill you."

Laura nodded vigorously.

“Now run on, little girl,” Martha chuckled, straightening back up again. “Get big boss man to the hospital.”

Laura didn’t need to be told twice. Seconds later she was screeching away from the house in Ted’s car, and was gone from view soon after. Martha turned and waltzed back up the lawn to where Kyle was still swinging. She caught the bucket in her hands, which still had some blood on them.

“You know what, baby?” she exclaimed to Kyle, her eyes shining brightly, “I was just thinking a minute ago...you were dancing sooooo well earlier this morning, but I think you need more practice. There’s potential there, but only if we tap into it!”

“Wh-what?” Kyle asked, totally bewildered.

“Mhmm,” nodded Martha, noticing his erection under the tutu and licking her lips, “And so I think I’m gonna enroll you in some dance lessons!”

Chapter 10

The next few days, Martha was especially loving and attentive to Kyle. Up until this point, she had been steadily dominating his life more and more with each passing day, but now her behavior had passed into a wholly new realm. It seemed that Kyle couldn't go anywhere in the house without Martha somehow being involved. When he woke up the morning after Martha's gruesome assault on Ted (after dark and disquieting dreams, of course), he felt bloated and sluggish. The events of the previous day, coupled with his dreams, was the cause of the heaviness, he figured. Sighing out, Kyle remembered the diaper he now slept in. He would go down the hall to the bathroom (the one that had water, now that Martha had shut his off) and try to relieve himself.

And so Kyle stepped out of his bedroom, only to find Martha standing out in the hall beside the doorway, all decked out in a velvet purple dress and those intimidating black-booted heels that made her 6'11.

"And how is my precious little sweet pea this morning?" Martha cooed, clasping her hands together as she peered down at him with those wide, gleaming dark eyes.

"F-Fine..." sputtered Kyle. He hated how high his voice always sounded whenever he spoke to her. He didn't know whether it was because her voice was so big and deep, or because he was always so nervous and tightened up internally when he tried to answer her. Either way, it was impossible for him not to feel utterly minuscule in her presence, in every way.

"I wanted to come in and sing my baby a little wake-up song," continued Martha charmingly, "But I thought no...no, he needs his sleep. I got a little worried last night, you know."

"Oh...uhm...why?" asked Kyle. He was trying to get the images of Martha pounding Ted into a bloody pulp out of his mind, but it was impossible. He still didn't know whether Ted had survived or not. And yet, despite the obvious horror of the whole situation, Kyle could not control the way his cock was responding to Martha's enormous presence. Just hearing her voice...smelling her perfumed scent...seeing how she filled and stretched that gargantuan dress with her body...he was helpless. He could literally feel the blood draining straight down into his cock.

Martha bent down low towards Kyle, causing him to inadvertently back up against the wall. She was so huge that it felt like she was coming down on top of him from the sky to smother him. She took his chin in her mammoth hand, gently squeezing and massaging the sides of his face with her fingers. Kyle knew that, if she wanted to, she could crush his head like a melon. But her touch was warm and soft, and her full voice was barely above a whisper as she purred down into his face:

"I kept hearing my little tyke moaning in his sleep on the baby monitor," Martha explained patiently, with evident sympathy in her eyes. "And I felt so, so bad for you. Obviously you had a bit of a scare yesterday, with that mean man trying to come take you away."

"Oh...y-yeah..." Kyle replied. There was no way he was going to argue with her at this point about Ted.

"And so I figured, my baby could use a little warm milk," Martha continued, softly caressing Kyle's face with her big hand. It was amazing to think that these were the same hands that had...had done those terrible things the other day. "And so I came into your room and sat down on the bed and fed you some. And what do you know, it settled you straight down!"

"I...y-you...you came in and...gave me milk!?" Kyle asked incredulously.

"Straight from the source, sweetheart," smiled Martha. She bounced her colossal breasts a few times for emphasis. Kyle could feel them pushing through the air in front of him. "And you didn't even wake up! Awww it was just so precious – your little mouth puckered and started sucking as soon as I brought my nipple out. Mmmmm, it's clear what you *really* wanted."

Kyle blinked and tried to nod. He was stunned by this revelation – Martha had breastfed him...*in his sleep!*? So *that's* why he had felt so bloated! It was an unsettling idea, the thought of her sneaking into his room and doing that, all without him noticing, without him waking up. How was it even possible that someone so huge could move so quietly? The whole prospect was deeply disturbing, but Kyle knew that he couldn't show any sign of his feelings, and so he simply attempted a smile.

"Such a precious little baby," Martha muttered. "Ugh...it almost hurts me how cute you are sometimes."

She seemed to consider something for a moment, and then leaned in, closed her eyes, and engulfed his mouth in a long, slow, deep kiss. Unlike the day before, she wasn't playing around inside his mouth with her tongue, but her big lips wrapped around his entire mouth, sealing it shut completely. Kyle stared helplessly at Martha's closed eyes, hoping that she would pull away from the kiss and let him breathe. When she finally did, a few seconds later, he tried hard to hide the fact that he was gasping for breath.

"So I'm assuming you were going down the hall to the bathroom?" Martha smiled pleasantly, straightening back up to her full height, towering over him. "After drinking all that milk last night? Hmhm, I was surprised how much you drank, actually. I had to stop because I saw your little tummy getting bloated."

"I...I w-was, yes," Kyle nodded meekly.

"Oh baby...baby," Martha grinned, shaking her head slowly back and forth, "We both know you aren't potty-trained yet!" Her eyes dropped down to his diaper, and the next instant she had scooped him up off his feet, taking him into the living room, where a new crib was standing

prominently next to the sofa. Kyle had an instinct to resist, but Martha's giant hands were holding him to her body, and there was nothing he could do.

"Just let it all out, baby," she whispered into his ear, "And let momma take care of the rest."

This morning diaper-changing was just the start of it. For the next few days, Kyle didn't get a single moment to himself. Always, Martha was there, petting him, hugging him, squeezing him, breastfeeding him on her lap, twirling her huge fingers through his hair, lifting his arms up and down like he was a little doll, and so much more. It was like she couldn't bear the thought of him being out of her sight; even when she was making dinner, she now insisted on carrying him around her front in a papoose, situated directly in between her giant breasts. It was absolutely ridiculous – Kyle's head and neck were sticking up in between her breasts, which essentially swallowed the rest of his torso, with his legs and feet popping out underneath, a few inches off the floor.

More and more, Martha wasn't allowing Kyle to walk around by himself. She insisted that he needed to save his energy for his "dancing practice," which would inevitably happen each afternoon, when she would put him in the tutu and have him dance for her. Kyle of course found all of this horribly demeaning, but he had no good way of countering her. His fear of her had already been intense, but after seeing what she had done to Ted, it was profound.

And it wasn't just the dancing, the breastfeeding, and the constant "mothering" that was degrading for Kyle. Martha was gradually tightening her hold on him, making everything more extreme. For instance, ever since that first morning after, when she had changed his diaper in the crib in the living room, Martha no longer allowed Kyle to use the restroom in the hallway. She kept the door locked, and since the water was shut off in the bathroom in his bedroom, Kyle had no choice but to "go" in his diaper. It was incredible how effortlessly Martha had forced him into this hopelessly degrading practice; all it had taken was a simple little statement, with a genial shake of her head, one afternoon when Martha had caught Kyle trying to open the locked bathroom door.

"Uh-uh little one!" she had tisked, "Doors are locked for a reason, you know. It's like mommy said before: she hasn't potty-trained you yet. Why do you think she's put a diaper on you, hmmm?"

Kyle had been unable to answer, and had simply lowered his hand from the locked doorknob, slumping his shoulders in defeat.

"Mhm, so all little baby has to do," Martha smiled lovingly, "Is to let mommy know when he's got a full diaper...and she'll take care of everything."

Kyle had been forced to accept this bizarre state of affairs, along with everything else, but he found himself discouraged and disturbed by how easily he slipped into these new patterns, almost like he was made for them. It was certainly embarrassing and distressing at first, but a

couple days into this “new order,” Kyle found himself beginning to “go” in his diaper almost without thinking about it, and...maybe even taking something like pleasure out of it. Something about letting go...about not worrying about any mess he would make (since Martha would clean him all up) was, in some strange, twisted way, reassuring. And as much as Kyle tried to remind himself, over and over, how much of a monster Martha actually was, his mind and body were hopelessly captive to her every whim...to the point where he began to subconsciously wonder whether or not it made more sense to just give into the sick, submissive pleasure of the whole arrangement, rather than to exist in a constant state of repressed terror.

Whenever Kyle’s fear and anxiety seemed to rise to a fever pitch, though, Martha would always seem to know exactly what to do to put his restless mind at ease. After she had changed his diaper for the first time, Kyle had wandered around for the next hour or so in a horrified trance, apparently too emotionally stunned and degraded to do or say anything. At first, Martha had watched him from afar as she happily knitted in her gigantic rocking chair (a baby-blue onesie for him, of course), but after an hour had passed, and Kyle still hadn’t broken out of his mental loop of astonished humiliation, she had acted. Putting down her knitting and rising swiftly up in her chair, she crossed the living room in three strides and bent down low in front of Kyle. He had been tottering around aimlessly, but as soon as she had bent down in front of him, his legs halted on their own.

ccrrrrrrrack

The rapidfire staccato sound of her undoing the velcro diaper cracked out into the air. Kyle felt the lovely coolness of the air against his exposed privates; it had only been an hour since she had put a fresh diaper on him, and he hadn’t had time to do any “business” in it. For a moment, he managed to feel hope. Martha had decided diapers weren’t a good idea for him! Or...or maybe it had just been her idea of a little joke, just to amuse herself. It would be like her, to do something like that...

But then, without uttering a word, Martha had made a fist, inserted her big forearm in between Kyle’s legs, and hooked it underneath his bare ass. Kyle saw her thick, padded bicep flex as she lifted him up off the ground with one arm...with him straddling her forearm. At this point, he wasn’t even surprised at this show of strength – he knew full well what Martha could do. He was surprised, though, when she didn’t hold him in midair, giggling at him and teasing him like he thought she would. Instead, she simply yawned her mouth open and brought her forearm up to her face. Kyle’s ever-present erection got closer and closer to her lips, and he barely had an instant to recognize what she was doing before it was already happening.

Haammmppffff

Martha’s hungry mouth clamped down over the entirety of his cock and balls, sucking them powerfully into her hot, wet mouth. Before, Kyle had enjoyed the feel of the cool air against them, but that had been fleeting – his quivering mouth shot open and he was groping into the air as his entire groin area was suddenly awash in the wet, searing heat of Martha’s vacuuming

lips. His arms and legs flailed on their own accord, momentarily shot through with the shock of the stimulation, but all at once, Kyle felt Martha's fist open up out and across his upper back, unfurling itself into a huge, outstretched hand that spread the width of his shoulder blades, steadying his spasmodic motion. She was holding Kyle tightly up to her mouth, completely dominating and controlling his entire body, using only her forearm, her hand, and of course, her huge, ravenous mouth. Kyle's initial struggles fizzled out almost instantly, and he felt himself slumping over the top of Martha's head, his mouth sagging open from the overstimulation, unable to process the intensity of the pleasure she was giving him. After a few quick, labored breaths, Kyle shut his eyes tightly and gritted his teeth. His lips were shaking.

"Ggggggggggyyyyyyyyyyyuuuuuuuhhhhhhhh!!"

A long, whining whimper crescendoed into a full-out squeal as Kyle felt Martha's tongue twist around his cock and squeeze it like a tube. At the same time, both of her cheeks puckered as she dramatically increased the suction of her lips. It was all over in an instant. Kyle shot a long, exhaustive load of hot white cum straight down her throat, which she eagerly swallowed with long, slow, deliberate flexes of her throat, as she moaned encouragingly all the while.

"Mmmmmmmmm!!! Mmmm!! Mm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!"

Her moans vibrated through the length of Kyle's shaking body, seemingly urging every last drop of cum from his balls. When at last Martha finally had her fill, she dropped Kyle back down to the floor, steadying his shaky legs with one big arm while she velcroed his diaper back on.

"There we go!" she chirped happily, rising back up to her full height and admiring the state she had left him in. "Just what my little boy needed!"

The following evening, the two of them were eating dinner in the dining room, when Martha sprang another surprise on Kyle, a surprise of a very different sort. She was halfway through her fourth ribeye steak when she put her fork down and looked to her left, admiring the sight of Kyle before her. She no longer allowed him to eat at the table, since she insisted that the table was only for grown-ups, and that he would make a mess. Instead, she had ordered a custom-built high-chair, which had arrived the day before. Kyle, despite his horror at the new delivery, was of course in no position to refuse it, and now found himself airborne, both legs sticking out of his seat, with his entire torso strapped into this degrading new piece of furniture. Every once in a while, Martha would chew a bite of potato, or perhaps even a piece of steak, and then feed Kyle out of her mouth. But for the most part, he was just watching her eat.

"You know, sweetheart," Martha began, right after she put her fork down, "I really feel like our little household has grown so warm and close together these past few days, don't you?"

Kyle nodded his head mechanically.

"I mean, don't get me wrong, pumpkin," Martha laughed, "I always knew things would work out this way, but I think it's just...well, it's just nice to recognize how far we've both come...all the progress that's been made...and how close we've grown together. Isn't it lovely, baby?"

Kyle nodded again. The worst part about it was, with each passing day, the submissive, degraded, helplessly erotic side of his brain seemed to be taking over the rest of him, and at this point, if he was being honest, a significant part of him really did agree with what Martha was saying. But no...no! He was far from vanquished – he had to stay strong! Something would give...something, surely, at some point. There was no way he could stay trapped here forever.

"And so I've been thinking," continued Martha, now leaning her chin in on her huge forearms, smiling directly at him, "How wonderful it would be to have your parents over for dinner."

Kyle didn't have anything in his mouth at the moment, but it didn't matter – he suddenly felt like he was choking. His throat had seized up, and he was unable to make a sound.

"They would get to see how well taken-care-of you are," continued Martha cheerfully, picking her fork back up and returning back to her steak, "Just in case they were worried that you would be all on your own, in some cold, distant old lady's house who didn't care about anything except getting her rent money. Can you imagine? Hahaha, no, no, they'll be relieved to see my little baby treated right."

"Y-you...you can't...please..." Kyle pleaded, finding his voice at last.

"I can't what, honey?" Martha asked patiently, as she bit off 8 ounces in one bite and dispatched it down her throat in seconds.

"Y-you...can't, uuuhhhm...they can't," corrected Kyle. He had already been trained to know that he was in no place to tell Martha what she could and couldn't do. "They...can't c-come over here."

"What are you talking about, silly boy?" Martha laughed, "Of course they can!" She brought her phone out and opened the keypad. "Here, what's their number? I'm going to invite them over for dinner tomorrow, right now!"

"No!!" cried Kyle desperately, but even in the midst of his panicked despair, he knew to temper his voice. "N-no, I...I mean...I mean to say, uhm...it's...it's kind of...of late, and they're...uh...they're probably asleep."

Martha's lip curled up in knowing amusement, and her eyes sparkled darkly. Kyle had become familiar with this expression, and it gave him chills – the expression was obviously humorous and sly, but there was something else in it, something dark and intense, that made it utterly menacing. Kyle had no idea if Martha was actually this crazy, or was playing some grotesque

game with him – at this point, he had started to think that she really, truly did see him as her literal baby.

“Awwww, you’re such a little momma’s boy!” Martha laughed softly, almost too herself. “You don’t wanna make your birth mommy sad when she sees how I’ve taken her place! You love her, don’t you, Kyle? You care for her?”

Kyle paused, not knowing what the right answer was, but then he nodded after a few seconds, out of options.

“Mmmm, of course you do,” cooed Martha, “You’re a sweet little baby. Which is why it’s all the more important to have them over – they won’t be sad, honey! They’ll be relieved! God, I can’t imagine the anxiety your poor mother had, letting you go out into the world like she did. Thank heaven you found ME, and not someone else. Come on, baby, give me their number – I’m not going to hear another word about it.”

Kyle felt a horrible, wrenching deflation within him, but there was nothing more he could do. He heard the edge that had crept into Martha’s voice in that last sentence. If he protested anymore, she would punish him...hurt him...and so he gave her the number. Martha smiled happily, typing it into the keypad, and then, right as the ringtone began, she abruptly handed her phone to Kyle. Surprised, he took it, feeling the heat from her hand in the outward casing.

“Make it convincing,” she ordered matter-of-factly, leaning in on her forearms as she blinked at him. “Get them here tomorrow night.” She was usually smiling, but right now, Martha’s face was utterly expressionless. Kyle was terrified. And just then, he heard the sound of his mother’s voice on the other end.

“Hello, Melody Trinter speaking.”

“H-hi...uhhh...m-mom?” It was bizarre how “wrong” Kyle felt calling her that, in front of Martha. But her face was still blank as she leaned in, watching him closely.

“Kyle!? Oh my god, it’s really you!! Dad and I have been so worried about you! It’s been...*weeks*, Kyle! *Weeks* since we heard anything from you! We’ve tried calling...uhhh, oh god, did something happen to you? Did you lose your phone? You’re calling from another number?”

“M-mom...mom, it’s...it’s ok.” All of a sudden, Kyle felt in control of the situation. The truth was, of course, that Martha was working through him, but he knew exactly what he needed to do, and what tone to take. “I’m fine, mom. My phone’s been having some...issues, and uhm...Martha, you know, the lady I live with, was nice enough to let me use her phone.”

“Well it’s just so nice to hear your voice! You sound ok...is everything ok!?”

“Hahaha, mom!” Kyle’s laughter sounded like someone else’s in his ears. “I’m *fine*...things have just been busy, one thing after the other, you know, and I just kinda let stuff pile up, but I realized today that I hadn’t talked to you guys in a while, so I wanted to call and invite you guys to dinner over here tomorrow!”

“Oh! Oh well Kyle that’s lovely! Jim! Dinner over at Kyle’s place tomorrow night? Yeah? Ok yeah! Great! Should we bring anything?”

“Oh, uh, no...uhm, Martha’s making...”

“Beef stroganoff,” Martha said, her tone and face still emotionless. Kyle’s stomach churned. He needed to get this done now...and get off the phone.

“Beef stroganoff.”

“Ohhhhhh, sounds good! I’m sure, uhm...Martha...Martha’s a wonderful cook! And what a treat – we finally get to meet her!”

“Haha yeah...yeah...”

“Seven,” Martha said mechanically.

“A-And it’ll be at seven,” Kyle added. “Does that work?”

“Sounds good to us, Kyle,” Melody said.

“Okay great well I...I’d love to chat more but I need to run...work...project kinda running overtime, haha, but it’s nice to talk and I’ll...uh, look forward to seeing you guys tomorrow!”

“Oh...haha, oh okay, well we’ll have more time to talk tomorrow, yes,” Melody said. “See you then, Kyle! We love you!”

“Love you too,” Kyle finished, and hung up. An immense weight seemed to have been lifted from his shoulders. “Th-they’re...they’re coming t-tomorrow,” he said in a hollow voice.

Martha closed her eyes slowly, and when she opened them, they were warm and glad once more.

“Oh *wonderful*, baby,” she exclaimed happily, as she returned back to her dinner. “Just wonderful! We’ll have a grand old time.”

Kyle felt his spirits rise, even as the icy terror of her expressionless face lingered in his mind.

Chapter 11

That night, Kyle hardly managed to sleep a wink. It didn't matter that he was both mentally and physically exhausted. His body felt drained enough, even without the everything he was stressing about mentally – Martha was making him cum four to five times a day now, using every manner of dirty, creative tricks to get at his juices and guzzle them down her throat. There wasn't anything Kyle could do to prevent her, though, especially since any hint of pushback on his part could be met with a violent reprisal. Ever since witnessing what she had done to Ted, Kyle had meekly and swiftly followed any order Martha had given him, and even gone out of his way to make sure she knew how much he appreciated her attention.

The thing was, though, that Kyle didn't really even need to pretend anymore. Despite his disgust with himself, and his desperate desire to be an "adult," Kyle was steadily becoming absorbed into Martha's sexual fold. He was aroused by her immense body, her towering height, and her ability to effortlessly dominate him in every way. But even more than that, he was transported by her relentless desire to baby him, to OWN him...and the way she forced him to dance in a tutu for her, the fact that she didn't let him eat any solid food on his own, the breastfeeding, the endless milking of his cock, the dominant, delighted flash in her eyes, the way her flesh would bob and jiggle as she bent over him to change his diaper...it was all just so horribly arousing to Kyle, and it overwhelmed his protests completely. Against every dwindling effort he made to prevent it, he truly was becoming her little baby.

The prospect of having his parents come over for dinner, however, was an entirely new horror that Kyle now had to face. It was enough to completely deplete his mental energy, as he thought through all the nightmare scenarios that were possible. What was Martha going to do!? Kyle's first instinct was to assume that he couldn't put *anything* past her. But...but surely she wouldn't do...some of the things he was terrified of, right!?

'I mean, there's just...there's just now way that she'd...talk about my...my diaper, or...or god forbid...*breastfeed* me in front of them...' Kyle thought to himself, as he nervously fiddled with his diaper, tossing and turning in the crib he now slept in, in Martha's living room. 'God no...that would be too much, even for her. It wouldn't be like her to overstep...like that, because...because mom and dad would know something was wrong and...they'd do something about it...call the cops after they left, get social workers involved...something.'

With a dreadful sinking feeling in his stomach, Kyle felt these private assurances ring hollow in his mind. Even talking to himself, he could tell that he sounded desperate, like he was trying to convince himself of something that he knew wasn't true. But after a few hours, he managed to work it all out somehow in his mind – Martha would probably just get a huge kick out of hosting his parents, and might even make some suggestive comments here or there...but really, her main objective was to humiliate him, by showing how "normal" she could be when she chose to. She would be sweet and charming, would ask his parents a whole lot of questions about when he was a baby, all while winking at him across the table of course...that kind of thing. This was another power play on her part, to show how there wasn't any escape from her.

At least, that's what Kyle had managed to work out in his mind. At least it seemed to do the job of calming his tormented mind long enough for him to drift off into an uneasy sleep. What he hadn't realized was that, for the last half-hour, he hadn't been alone. As he turned over the turgid thoughts in his mind, Martha had come into the living room, impossibly light on her feet, and had sat down in the huge armchair in the far corner of the room. There she remained, sitting silent in the darkness, listening intently to the sound of Kyle's breathing. Only when his breath had taken on the telltale shallowness of sleep did a smile creep across her face in the dark.

Right at the same time, in the dead of night, on the other side of town, a light was on in the upstairs bedroom of a suburban house. A young woman was wrapped up in her night robe, hunched over her desk, scouring through a mess of tabs on her computer. The bright artificial light from her screen blended with the small desk lamp, creating a lone swell of light that stood out starkly against the darkness of the rest of the bedroom.

It was Laura, and she was hard at work. For several nights now, she hadn't even been going to bed until 3 or 4 in the morning, choosing instead to work at her desk, despite needing to wake up at 7 every morning for her job. But this covert night work was not related to her job. Ever since she had witnessed Martha's brutal beatdown of Ted, Laura hadn't been able to sleep well. It was certainly consolation that Ted had actually managed to survive the attack, but the trauma of witnessing it was burned into Laura's mind. She had managed to get Ted to the hospital in time, and had stopped by a few times to see him. His face was swollen beyond recognition, and he was having to work through a long and arduous neurological recovery. The image of his battered face kept returning to her, no matter where she was or what she was doing.

To Laura, though, the worst part about the whole horrible situation was the fact that Kyle was still trapped in the same house with that...that monster...that terrible beast of a woman. Whenever Laura remembered the way that Kyle had looked – with his tutu on, trapped in the swing, with that gigantic woman wrapping her hands all the way around his arms like they were little twigs...and the way that Kyle's head had been thrust backwards as Martha mauled his face with her lips, right in front of them.

'Like he was...her property,' Laura kept thinking to herself, as she reached for her mug of sweet tangerine tea (which was supposed to keep her awake). 'The way she talked about him...calling him "Kyla," like he was her little daughter or something...'

No matter how many times Laura had thought about it, the whole situation made her shudder and feel sick to her stomach. But as she felt the hot tea against her lips, she remembered that she had to hunker down and focus. Kyle needed her, and she was going to get to the bottom of this mystery...the mystery of who Martha actually was, and how to stop her without alerting the authorities. Laura knew full well that Martha's threat to kill her, should the cops get involved, was completely serious. She put NOTHING past this crazy woman.

After another hefty sip of her tea, Laura honed back to her screen, willing herself to power forward. She had reasoned that the first thing she needed to do was actually track down who this “Martha” person actually was. Laura felt like she needed to learn as much about her adversary as she could. Any information she found out, she could end up using against Martha somehow. Maybe she had escaped from a mental institution...or maybe she was wanted, and had already committed a series of crimes. Maybe there were other people, other authorities, who she could contact who would know what to do. A few times, Laura had come close to calling the cops, but thus far she had resisted the urge. She was scared for her own life, yes, but she was also terribly afraid that if Martha somehow got wind of law enforcement activity around her house, she might even hurt Kyle.

‘I’m on my own now,’ she had said to herself determinedly. ‘It’s up to me to save him.’

Laura found it hard to believe that somehow as obviously unhinged (and gigantic) as Martha would have gone unnoticed for so long, but despite her best efforts, Laura had not been able to find anything useful about her over the past few days. She had combed through address books, searched Martha’s name on the internet while combining it with the name of their city, her street, and even estimations of Martha’s height, all in an effort to somehow locate some information about her. But so far, nothing had turned up.

“That means I’ve gotta turn it up,” Laura muttered to herself. “There’s gotta be something that leads back to her...something...she’s not a ghost...she’s real, and I know there’s stuff out there. But where...?”

Laura started looking deeper. After a few dead ends on several real estate sites, she finally managed to track down the name of the company who had sold the house 9 years before.

“That’s gotta be when Martha bought it,” Laura murmured out loud, taking another drink of her tea. Her heart had started to beat a little faster as her eyes lingered on the name: James Pinkerton Legacy Group...a real estate company based in London. One way or another, they had had dealings with Martha.

“London?” Laura asked herself out loud, puzzled. This was certainly quite odd...a UK-based real estate company...selling a home in the US? It was bizarre. And yet, somehow, it was a perfect fit for this case.

“Bizarre is good,” Laura said out loud, rearranging herself in her chair. “Bizarre means we’re making progress. She glanced at the clock. It was 4 am, and her heart sank a little...it was much too early to call. But then, in a flash, Laura remembered that London was 6 hours ahead. Feeling nervous and excited at the same time, she took out her phone and started dialing the number.

A few hours later, back on the other side of town, Kyle felt himself waking up. As usual, he didn’t remember any of his dreams. Before, he had often lied awake in the morning, thinking of

the vivid dreams he had had the night before, but ever since moving in with Martha, the dreams had started to fade. When he fell asleep he just slept through the night.

'Like a baby,' he couldn't help thinking. As he lay there in the fetal position in his crib, his eyes still closed, and the scratch of his diaper grating against the skin of his waist, Kyle felt the crushing reality of his smallness, of his insignificance, compared to his gigantic captor. He *wanted* to escape...truly, he did. Or, at least, that's what he knew he must keep telling himself. The alternative – that each day he was learning to love and embrace his new role as Martha's weak, submissive little baby who craved for her sexually-charged, motherly attention – was too horrific to contemplate.

Kyle then noticed that the rich, savory smells of Martha's cooking was conspicuously absent. Usually, she was cooking up sausage and eggs for herself before he woke up, in preparation for a long breakfast session where she strapped him into his high chair and let him salivate over her colossal tits as she consumed 3,000 calories like it was nothing. If she was feeling extra generous, she might even let him have a mouthful of her sweet, warm milk before she had finished.

But this morning, everything was different. There were no savory smells, and no background noises of pan-fried food. An eerie silence reigned over the house. Kyle finally opened his eyes, half-fearing that he would be staring straight up at Martha's huge face peering down at him, with that tender, knowing smile etched across her lips...but he saw nothing except the white of the 10-foot ceiling.

And then, he heard it: the rhythmic sound of heavy breathing...in and out...in and out. The sound itself had arrived gradually in his ears, but it was only in this instant that Kyle had become aware of it. Subconsciously, he realized that the sound had been going on the whole time, but that he had become aware of it imperceptibly as he woke up. He shut his eyes tightly in fear, not daring to move out of his fetal position.

"Whooooo....whoooo....whooooo...whoooo...."

For the next ten minutes, Kyle lay there, stock still, listening to the sound of the heavy breathing. He knew it was Martha. It had to be her – who else could fill up a room like that, just by breathing hard? And what on earth was she doing!? Was she just...just sitting there, next to his crib, breathing hard to intimidate him until he poked his head up out!? It was an awful, bizarre image, and yet Kyle knew Martha was totally capable of doing something like that. He wanted to hide from her; he wanted to keep on pretending to be asleep forever. But he knew that eventually, she would come and snatch him out of the crib...and in any case (Kyle remembered with a sickening descent in his stomach), his parents were coming over for dinner that night. There was no escaping his situation, so he may as well deal with it now.

Ever so slowly, Kyle opened his eyes, propped himself up his hands and knees, and peered over the end of his crib. What he saw made his breath catch in his chest, and his cock, which

had already become semi-hard just from listening to the sound of Martha's breathing, stiffened out to its full length. Martha's huge body was sitting not very far away from the crib, maybe 10 feet or so, with her back to him. At first, Kyle couldn't tell what she was sitting on, since her enormous thighs and ass concealed most of whatever it was...Kyle later realized that it was an ottoman. But it was her outfit – and what she was doing – that caught him by surprise. Her massive body was squeezed into incredibly tight athletic wear: a t-shirt and spandex shorts, by the look of it. Kyle had never seen her in this kind of outfit before, and it only served to emphasize her insane, voluptuous curves. But even more noteworthy was the fact that she was holding two huge weights, one in each hand, and lifting them up in an arc that met directly above her head, over and over again. With an incredulous gulp, Kyle saw that "100" was etched in white at the end of each weight.

Time seemed to stand still as he watched Martha lifting those gigantic weights up above her head, over and over again, in the same effortless, fluid motion. Her heavy breathing seemed to emanate from her desire to maintain a steady rhythm, rather than the actual difficulty of lifting the weights. After a minute or so, Kyle blinked and realized that she hadn't taken a break once...and she was still going.

'She must have lifted those things thirty...forty times already,' he thought to himself. Each weight wasn't too far away from his own 125-pound body weight...so essentially she was lifting two of him up over her head, over and over, without even breaking a sweat.

Without any warning, and without even stopping her lifting cadence, Martha pivoted her giant ass and hulking thighs on the ottoman, and she turned around, facing him. Kyle froze in place; he felt like he had been caught doing something he wasn't supposed to, but the shock of seeing her exultant smile had temporarily paralyzed his body.

"Little baby snooping on mommy while she's working out?" Martha quipped knowingly, winking at him as she held 200 pounds up over her head, lowered it down, and then lifted it up again.

Kyle made a series of stumbling, sputtering noises before he finally settled on simply trying to sheepishly shrug and nod. Martha just sat there, grinning knowingly at him and arching her eyebrow, as she completed 10 more reps over her head before finally putting down the weights, standing up, and striding over to him. Kyle gaped at her voluminous flesh jiggling crazily in her tight spandex, and as she approached him, he realized that she had indeed broken out in a little sweat, which dotted her forehead and her flushed cheeks. It made her look even more hungry and intimidating than usual as she stood imposingly over his crib with her hands on her hips, enveloping his body completely in her shadow. Her arms and shoulders were pumped up from her workout, looking even bigger and more powerful than usual.

"Well, whaddya think, sweetheart?" she chuckled, striking a double-biceps pose that made her arms look even huger. "You like mommy's pump?"

Kyle nodded again. He wasn't even responding in the way he thought she wanted him to – she was so enormous and powerful that he felt utterly taken by her presence.

"Such a precious little tyke," Martha cooed at him, dropping her arms, reaching down, and cupping his chin with her massive hand. "You know that I'm pumping myself up to look good for tonight, don't you?"

"F-For...tonight?" Kyle asked, his voice sounding very small and measly coming after hers. It didn't help that his voice was shaking as well.

"Oh yes, for tonight," Martha smiled, squeezing his jaw with a gentle yet firm grip that hinted at the astounding strength in her hand. "Mommy wants to make sure that she makes...a good impression."

"I...I'm s-sure that you will," Kyle heard himself saying, his jaw moving in Martha's hand. "M-My...my parents w-will...they'll...really like you." He didn't really even know what he was saying, only that he felt ridiculous talking as his chin was being held this way in Martha's hand. She pursed her lips hard and the bottom of her chin trembled for an instant – it was clear that she was trying unsuccessfully to suppress a laugh. Kyle felt a little flame of anger rouse up inside him; he knew that Martha was laughing at his pathetic attempt to carry on a normal conversation with her. But, of course, he didn't dare let any sign of his emotion show...or, at least, he thought it wasn't showing.

Evidently, though, Martha saw something in his eyes, and the next moment, she had pulled up on his chin, literally dragging him to his feet in his crib with the force of a single hand. And even though he was standing in the crib, which was a good foot-and-a-half off the floor, Kyle still wasn't taller than her – in her 3-inch wedge sneakers, Martha stood at a towering 6'10. With the 18 inches of extra height, Kyle's head was still slightly below hers, something Martha blatantly acknowledged by passing the palm of her free hand over the top of his head, showing how he still didn't quite measure up to her. After silently and humorously humiliating him like this, Martha dropped her hand away from Kyle's chin and began slowly, deliberately caressing his shoulders and upper arms. Kyle hated it when she did this; her gigantic hands just seemed to swallow up his little arms, and the knowing, confident squeezes she was giving him communicated a simple, wordless truth: she could make him feel good, or she could snap his arms in two.

"I'm sure..." Martha declared, cocking her head at him and fixing him with her intense stare, "That I'll really like *them*, you mean."

Kyle swallowed and nodded instantly. Even though his hard cock was pressing up painfully against his diaper, his blood had run cold. Despite her smile, Kyle detected an edge in Martha's voice that reminded him of times past when she had become abruptly and terrifyingly violent towards him. These memories made it all the worse, then, when Martha, after a few long seconds of silent, intense staring, suddenly clamped her hands under Kyle's shoulders and

immediately, and, chuckling to herself, she lifted up her shirt and bra, and brought Kyle's head forward into her breast. For the next five minutes she silently breastfed him her warm, creamy milk, gently pumping his cock with her massive hand the whole time...and each time she sensed an impending orgasm, she stopped her pumping and flicked the head of his cock lightly with her index finger, making Kyle mew and whimper a series of burbling sobs into her breast.

The whole day passed by in this same agonizing pattern. Kyle had gotten used to Martha making him cum in her mouth, or on her tits, or in her hand, over and over again...but today was different. Today she was teasing him, torturing him, keeping him on the edge of sanity, as she tugged and sucked at his cock all day long, never letting him cum. She breastfed him past the point of comfort, to the extent where his little belly was visibly swollen with her rich milk, making Kyle feel pain and discomfort when he tried to move. Martha seemed delighted by the whole spectacle, and she remarked, with a humorous flash in her eyes:

"I think my little baby gained a few pounds today! Haha...stuffed with all that milk and cum...it's weighing you down, I can see it!"

Kyle knew that Martha was doing all this to exert her dominance over him, to hit home that, even though his parents were coming over later, SHE was the one in charge of him. Kyle silently prayed that she was doing all this to compensate for the "normal" dinner they were all about to have. In his mind, he was desperately hoping that Martha's reasoning was: 'We may have a typical, ordinary dinner with your parents, and they won't *really* know what's going on since I'm going to play it all cool...but I'm gonna make it hard for YOU to pretend like nothing's amiss...I'm gonna make you so frustrated that you won't be able to help it, and you'll expose yourself!'

At least, that's what Kyle was hoping she was thinking. Deep down, he had much darker expectations, thoughts that he didn't dare dwell on.

Around 5:30, and hour-and-a-half before his parents were scheduled to come, Martha ordered Kyle to dress himself up for the occasion.

"Put on those hilarious little khakis you used to wear to...ahem...haha, your "job,"" Martha laughed. "And a nice little polo shirt...with a collar!"

"O-Okay!" nodded Kyle. He felt a surge of hope. Martha was telling him to dress up normally – this was surely a good sign! Never mind, of course, that she had been suckling hungrily on his cock five minutes before, only to pull away to his desperate wails at the last moment...and never mind that he would be wearing his diaper underneath. All that mattered was the appearance of normalcy to his parents.

When Kyle had dressed himself, Martha pointed to his crib. She was wearing her "No Bitchin' in MOMMY'S Kitchen" black apron, and had been working on the beef stroganoff in the kitchen for the past hour or so.

"Now it's time for my little sweet pea to take a nap," Martha declared, winking down at him. "I don't want my little tyke nodding off at dinner."

Kyle thought about protesting, but he quickly thought the better of it. In any case, it was definitely true that Martha had exhausted him. Dressed in his nice clothes, and feeling ridiculous, Kyle climbed into his crib, curled up, and fell asleep way faster than he had expected.

The sound of the doorbell jolted Kyle awake. The light in the living room was different – it was darker, deeper...the sun had set. The delicious, savory smell of the beef stroganoff hung in the air. Kyle's mind whirled and screeched into catch-up mode...that sound...the doorbell...that was...that meant...

"Get the door, sweetheart!" he heard Martha call from the kitchen. "Let them in!"

Kyle almost fell forward on his face trying to get out of the crib. His heart was pounding in his chest as he shuffled up to the giant front door. Behind the glass, he could see the dark outlines of two people...his parents. For an instant, he felt utterly sick. He couldn't let them in...not here...not into this house, this insanity. But his hand was already turning the locks back, and the next moment he pushed the door open.

"Oh Kyle!!" cried Melody, his mother, stepping forward and embracing him. Kyle smelled her perfume, and had to fight an instinct to pull off her and run away back into the house.

"There he is!" smiled Jim, his father, taking his turn to hug Kyle next. Despite his nap, Kyle had not slept off the majority of the milk in his stomach, and he could feel it sloshing around uncomfortably as his parents squeezed him.

"H-Hey! Uhh, th-thanks...thanks for coming, guys!" Kyle managed to say, stepping back and looking at them both. At 5'5, Jim stood an inch taller than Kyle, and Melody, in her 2-inch pumps, stood an inch taller than her son as well. They were both dressed semi-formally, just like Kyle. He felt the color flush into his face, even as his stomach dropped at the apparent normalcy of the interaction. He *had* this...he could do it...he could pull this off!

"Well it's just so nice to finally get a peek at your life!" Melody exclaimed, her eyes brightly going over him.

"Heheh y-yeah, well, it's...there's not much to see," Kyle chuckled, not knowing where the ingenuity for normal conversation came from, "Just normal, boring old stuff...office job, yadda yadda, haha..."

"Well we're very proud of you," Jim declared. "Work going ok?"

"Mhmm," Kyle nodded. "Yep...all...all going well!"

He lingered for a moment on the doorstep. He knew that he should invite his parents inside, but he didn't want to yet. Something was preventing him.

"And how's everything over at your guy's place?" Kyle asked. "I m-mean, haha, I guess you all are already over the, uh...the "empty-nester" thing, right? Like...b-because it's already been a few years since I went to college and...a-and that, uhm...mentality probably doesn't last longer than...longer than..."

But his words slowly died in his throat, because he saw that his parents' expressions had changed. They weren't looking at him anymore. Instead, they were looking far up above him. Their smiles had disappeared, and their eyes had gone wide. Melody even took a step back, and unconsciously grasped for Jim's arm. Kyle felt a heavy, warm, strong weight against both of his shoulders, and, glancing down, he saw a pair of huge hands completely encompass his shoulders and upper arms, with the fingers going all the way down to his nipples. The fingernails were filed and sharpened to fearsome, clawlike points, and they had been painted black. The nail polish matched the color of the familiar black and sparkly long sleeves of a dress that all of them had seen before. Kyle felt the hands pull him slightly back on his heels, and his shoulders bumped backward into a pair of thick, solid hips. Two enormous breasts cushioned both sides of his head, and his cock surged up in helpless response. The air seemed to crackle with electricity.

"Why hello there, Mr. and Mrs. Trinter," intoned Martha, the deep pleasure of her voice infusing the evening air, "Welcome to our home!"

Chapter 12

For a few long, halting moments, no one spoke. Kyle was completely tongue-tied, literally under the authority of Martha's huge hands pressing down into his shoulders and chest – at this point, all he was trying to do was will his erection down, which had pumped straight up the instant Martha had touched him. In a strange moment of relief, he thanked his stars that he was wearing a diaper, which actually helped to hide erections from obvious view. He felt Martha's long, thick, strong fingers begin to slowly, lovingly massage his upper chest, digging into the thin fibers of his pectoral muscles, and he had to make another titanic effort not to flutter his eyelids, or leave his mouth hanging open, or act in any way that would betray how *good* it felt. His parents, Jim and Melody, looked like they were trying to say something, but nothing was coming out of their mouths. Melody was still clutching her husband's arm, and after a few seconds, her eyes shot down from Martha to her Kyle, watching as he was lovingly caressed by this enormous monster of a woman. Kyle could feel his mother's eyes on him, searching him desperately, as if to ask, 'Is this...what you *want*!?'

"Kyle, your parents are just standing there!" Martha chuckled, rubbing him a little harder. "Didn't you invite them inside yet?"

"I...d-didn't, no!" squeaked out Kyle, hating how scared and high-pitched his voice sounded compared to hers. He felt his hair get ruffled by a gust of hot wind as Martha exhaled above him, purposefully straight down onto his head. He didn't have to see her face to know that she was rolling her eyes and grinning down at his parents, who continued to stand there, locked to each other like statues.

"Ohhh psssssh, I'm so sorry, Melody, Jim," Martha purred, shaking Kyle ever so slightly with her hands, so that his vision became a momentary blur. "Kyle isn't really used to houseguests, so you'll have to forgive his manners." And then, cocking her head to the side, Martha angled her head downward, around the expanse of her huge breasts, so that she could make eye-contact with the 5'4 Kyle in the midst of her grip. Her eyes twinkled at him, boring into him...without even looking, Kyle knew that she had put on her ferocious 6-inch platform heels, which made her a stunning 7'1. And that sparkling, long-sleeve, form-fitting black dress she had on...somehow it made her look even bigger. Every movement she made shimmered, accentuating the shape of her huge arms, the thick swerve of her massive hips, and the impossible behemoths of her breasts.

"Kyle?" Martha's voice came to his ears once again, snapping him out of the semi-trance he had been in, staring up at her face past her breasts. She was still smiling sweetly down at him, but he could detect the sharpened edge of something new in her voice. He stiffened up immediately and turned to his parents, forcing a smile.

"Aaahh, hahaha, um, s-sorry!" he exclaimed, forcing out a strange laugh, "You...um, yes, come in! Come on in!"

He gestured awkwardly to the side, and only felt the heavy weight of Martha's hands lift from his shoulders when he crossed the threshold of the front door. Moving a few paces inside, he turned back to see his parents following him. His eyes darted nervously up to theirs, trying to gauge how uncomfortable they were. His father, Jim, was never really one to express emotion too obviously, but even he looked a bit out of his depth as he walked past Martha, who had stepped aside, allowing them to enter before her. Melody still had her eyes fixed on Kyle; he knew she was trying hard to read in between the lines of his expressions, his words, and his mannerisms. In a crazy moment, he wondered whether he could somehow communicate to her, in some sort of code, that he was in trouble, that he was a captive. But the immense, sparkling dark shadow looming tall behind his parents doused the idea before it even had a chance to flame up. There was no way he could get anything by Martha – she would know. And then she would punish him...maybe even his parents too. It was impossible.

"So, this is the, uh, the foyer!" Kyle announced, swallowing down his fear as he spread his arms, smiling widely. He didn't know where he got the resolve to continue – a few moments before, he had been on the verge of melting down under the weight of Martha's hands. But as he saw his parents looking around the house, and the glinting smile and gleaming eyes of Martha above them as she brought up the rear, he remembered that she had made him "dress up" for the occasion – and it hit him. *She* had just as much reason to play it cool as *he* did! The last thing SHE wanted was for his parents to know about the things that went on in her house! How could he have been so afraid of her somehow exposing herself!? It all made sense now – of course, that's why she had gotten all dressed-up too! She wanted to keep up the facade of her bizarre, "homely" atmosphere, to keep his parents from getting suspicious.

An enormous weight lifted from Kyle's chest, and, in his exuberance, he suddenly became outwardly euphoric as he beckoned his parents in with grinning exaggeration.

"Come onnnnnn, come on! Haha I'm not gonna bite!" he laughed, gesturing them inside. The words sounded so odd and surreal in his mouth, but when his eyes twitched up to Martha, he could see she was matching his grin with one of her own. A feeling of warmth spread throughout his body, and he suddenly felt a strange affection for her. She was "in" on the whole thing. She was going to help him have a normal dinner; she was going to help keep his parents placated.

"Nice place you've got here, uhh...Martha," Jim remarked, looking around and nodding his head.

"Why thank youuuu!" Martha replied, turning to close the door. "I've spent the last 10 years or so making it my own, so it better be homey by now, don't you think?" The door shut with a contained but heavy thud, which shook through the hardwood floors beneath their feet. A ponderous click quickly followed, and Kyle tried to ignore the automatic fear response in his gut. There was no way that Martha was going to do anything to his parents...no way, no way...

Melody's face suddenly twisted up, and her mouth formed a small "o" shape as she glanced toward the kitchen.

"Ooooo, my goodness!" she exclaimed, "Martha, that smells delicious!"

"Oh well I'm glad you think so!" Martha smiled, taking two strides in her heavy 6-inch platform heels, which easily overtook everyone in the foyer. It was ridiculous how much space she took up. The foyer itself wasn't unduly small, but Jim, Melody, and Kyle all unconsciously squished together against the wall so that the enormous woman could pass by. And even still, one of Martha's enormous ass cheeks brushed all three of them on the way by. As Kyle was 5'4, and both of his parents stood at 5'5 (Melody on some 2-inch pumps), Martha's gargantuan butt cheek actually pressed into their shoulders as she passed. Since they were all already backed up against the wall, they simply had to endure the fleshy press of Martha's ass as she sauntered by. Kyle knew that she was doing this on purpose, but she had kept talking, with her head averted toward the kitchen, to pretend like she didn't know what was going on. "Beef stroganoff is one of my specialties, as Kyle is already well-aware."

Kyle had been hoping that Martha would make a beeline for the kitchen, so that it would be natural to follow her there, rather than going to the living room – where his crib was. But much to Kyle's anxiety, after brushing her ass by them, Martha crossed a huge leg across her body and turned straight toward the living room. For a moment, Kyle was mesmerized by the sight of Martha's gigantic ass in that sparkly black dress; each step she took sent her 320-plus pounds of curves shivering and shaking. It was incredible how much weight, how much sheer mass she moved with a simple step. Kyle still hadn't wrapped his mind around how strong she had to be just to effortlessly carry around all that thick mass with her, wherever she went.

"Aww you cook for him?" Melody replied, giving her son a warm look as she and Jim followed Martha into the living room. "That's so sweet of you, Martha – see, Jim? I knew he hadn't quite let go of that "little boy" in him!"

"Mommm!" sighed Kyle a little petulantly as he rolled his eyes. He was well-aware that this kind of an exchange with his mother appeared totally ordinary, but his insides were roiling with the secret irony of it all. He wasn't able to avoid making eye contact with Martha. Her dark eyes glinted down humorously at him.

"Come on Melody, why do you have to do that to him?" Jim asked, rolling in his own eyes in tandem with his son's.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" chuckled Melody, shaking her head at Kyle, "I can't help it...heh, I guess I'm still getting used to you...you know, being out on your own."

Melody and Jim had sat down together on a sofa as they talked, and, almost simultaneously, they noticed the baby crib. Kyle felt an icy chill go through his chest as he watched them, but he quickly reminded himself that the crib itself wasn't damning; it didn't mean anything in and of

itself. The fact that his parents were already looking around elsewhere in the room was proof enough of that. Kyle returned to his senses, and had been going to sit down in the smaller armchair on the opposite side of the living room, closest to the kitchen. But Martha was already sitting there, her immense bulk squeezed into it so tightly that it seemed like the armchair might break apart at any moment. She smiled at him sweetly, inclining her head toward the big armchair...*her* armchair...next to the sofa. The one she routinely breastfed him in...

"Why don't you go sit over there, next to your parents?" Martha suggested warmly, pointing. The huge silver bracelets chinked teasingly on her wrist, barely able to go down her forearm. "I'm gonna have to go check on the stroganoff here in a minute."

Kyle tried not to slump his shoulders as he shuffled over to Martha's armchair. It was absolutely gigantic. He knew this had all been part of her plan, to highlight how puny he was compared to her, but he was socially trapped in the situation. He didn't have any good alternative, and so, with evident awkwardness, managed to hoist himself up onto Martha's armchair and turned himself around, where his feet dangled in the air, a few inches off the floor. He could barely even reach the armrests on either side (which, in any case, came up to his nipples), and so he just slouched there, his arms by his sides, looking even tinier. He tried not to look at the milk stain on the right armrest. At this point, he assumed that Martha had let it splash there days before, as part of her grand plan.

"I can tell that's not usually his chair," chuckled Melody to Martha, then turning to her son and blinking at him with a big smile on her face. Kyle wasn't sure if she was just engaging in some awkward parental humor, or if she was truly nervous about her son's situation, and was trying to tease out the truth with her little comments.

"Oh, but it *is* his chair," Martha replied meaningfully, "In a manner of speaking."

A few seconds of silence followed. At this point, Kyle had no idea what Martha's plan was. He had thought that she was going to play along and keep up normal appearances, but now, with that comment, the prospect of her revealing the actual truth became very real. He readjusted himself in the huge armchair, and felt like he was tumbling down into a dark vortex.

"So!" Jim piped up, "Martha...uh...so you said you've had this place for how many years now?"

"Just about ten," Martha replied, leaning forward as she clasped her huge hands together in between her legs. The little chair groaned audibly with every movement she made. Kyle found it difficult not to stare at the long, fearsome black nails that she had sharpened to fine, clawlike points.

"About ten, right, you had mentioned that before," nodded Jim. "And what do you...um...what do you do?" Martha didn't answer right away. Instead, she just sat there, her hands between her legs, blinking her dark eyes sweetly at him. Jim chuckled and readjusted his body next to his wife. "I mean...heheh...what do you do for a living?"

"Well right now," answered Martha, "I'm a homemaker."

"Oh! A homemaker!" Jim exclaimed, nodding again, "Nice, nice..." He had opened his mouth again, with the intention of asking whether Martha was married or not, but she was already speaking again.

"But a while back," she continued, "I was actually in show business."

Kyle's ears perked up. He had been staring at Martha's sharp nails, but now he had just heard new information about his gigantic captor. Martha had never told him anything about her past, and at this point, the extent of her psychological hold on him was so complete that he ate up anything new he heard about her.

"Oh really? Show business?" replied Jim. "So...you did the whole LA thing, then?"

"We actually met out there, god, how many years back?" Melody added, looking at her husband.

"Way too long ago," chuckled Jim. "And lemme tell you, we didn't go slow either." He pointed at Kyle. "A couple dates later and this guy was –"

"Jim! Seriously!?" Melody cut in, shaking her head. "And *you* lecture *me* about embarrassing him??"

"Oh I don't think you two have to worry," smiled Martha warmly, straightening up in her chair, and making it groan out again, "From what I've seen, Kyle is *very* open about...those kinds of things."

A few seconds of puzzled silence followed. Jim was looking at Martha with his brows creased, and Melody had quickly turned to look at Kyle, searching his face with renewed intensity. Martha could have easily diffused the scene by switching the subject back to her past, or to something else entirely, but she didn't. Instead, she just sat there for a few long moments, letting the silence deepen, as she maintained her warm smile. Kyle felt paralyzed, completely rooted to Martha's oversized armchair. He could think of nothing to say that would somehow explain Martha's suggestive comment. He could feel his mother's eyes on him, but there was no way that he could bring himself to meet them. Deep in his bones, he felt that, as soon as they made eye contact, she would somehow understand exactly what was going on. Did he want that, though?! Maybe that was his only escape route out of this nightmare – for his parents to infer that something was wrong, and then do something about it clandestinely, without Martha knowing.

Jim was shuffling uncomfortably on the sofa.

“Uhm, okay, well –” was how he began to break the silence, in awkward, confused, and halted words, but just then, Martha interrupted him with a deep, musical laugh. Despite the direness of his situation, Kyle felt the soundwaves of her laughter vibrating through his entire body, straight down to the root of his cock. As she laughed, Martha sat forward in her chair, clasping her hands in between her legs with a playful jingle of silver bracelets. A crack sounded out into the air; some inner part of the armchair had snapped.

“Oh I’m so sorry, Kyle!” Martha laughed out mirthfully, ignoring the fact that her movement had broken the chair, “First your parents embarrass you one by one, and now I’m embarrassing you in front of them! Hahahaha I really didn’t mean to spill your secret, Kyle, although...you never actually *told* me it was a secret, did you?”

“S-Secret...?” whimpered Kyle. His mind had whipped up into a terrifying whirl of trying to identify which terrible secret Martha was about to tell his parents. A cold sweat had broken out on his forehead, and he had started to hyperventilate.

“Welllll,” continued Martha, grinning mischievously, “Who was that young girl from your office? The one you keep talking about?”

Kyle’s mind came to a screeching halt. Was she...was she actually bailing him out here!?

“Ohh...uhh...L-Laura, you mean?” he asked, trying to smile. But just hearing himself speak her name aloud brought back the memories of a few days before, when he had seen her last...her terrified face...as she struggled to drag the gruesomely-battered Ted into the car.

“Aha yes, Laaaaura,” chimed Martha, nodding as she leaned back into her seat once more, making it groan out piteously, like part of it was about to snap again. “*That’s* her name, yes!” She shot a sidelong glance over to Kyle’s parents. “I’m making your son uncomfortable, I know, but I just thought that you two would be happy to hear that he...”and here Martha sighed out pleasantly, shaking her head triumphantly, “...seems to have found someone!”

Melody and Jim both looked over at Kyle – they were clearly still catching up to what exactly had been said, but Melody was already breathing out a kind of halting laughter. She seemed relieved.

“Oh! A girlfriend *already*, Kyle!?” she asked, her eyebrows going up.

“Atta boy,” chuckled Jim. He put his hand on his wife’s knee. “See? I told you he’d be fine. Not even a couple months gone by and already he’s seeing someone.”

“Mmmm, and she’s verrrry pretty too,” Martha added. Kyle didn’t have the slightest clue what Martha’s endgame was at this point, so he opened his mouth to somehow reclaim the conversation. But his mother was already talking.

“So she’s actually come over here?” Melody asked Kyle brightly. “Kyle! When exactly were you going to tell us that you had a girlfriend!?”

Kyle was stammering and laughing and tripping over himself, all the while feeling like this whole situation was quickly getting out of control. He felt like he was being pulled apart from such a dizzying number of angles that it took all his energy to try and just maintain the natural, embarrassed, and proud reaction that he knew was expected of him in this position.

“Haha, I...w-well, we haven’t...uhm...we haven’t exactly, you know...hammered things out yet,” he stuttered, blushing through his smile. His father’s smile started fading.

“Hammered...things out?” Jim asked, confused all over again.

“I think he means that he hasn’t officially asked her out yet,” Martha offered helpfully, as she tilted her head to the side, looking at Kyle. “Isn’t that right?”

“Oh, what!?” Jim burst out, shaking his head and performing his best masculine-father impression, “She’s already been over here and you haven’t even asked her out yet!?”

“I...b-but I...no, wait...!” Kyle choked out, holding up his hand. How could this conversation be going so badly?? The past was all flooding back into his memory now – all those awkward nights in high school when he was alone in his bedroom...his parents trying and failing to help him open up and be more confident...him resisting their efforts because he didn’t want to be babied...even that one time when he pretended to have a girlfriend, just as a way to assuage their concern...it was all coming back to haunt him all over again, except this time, it was in a far more outlandish and grotesque situation. As he looked over in a panic at Martha, Kyle couldn’t help but wonder if she knew all that about him. If she had, she couldn’t have played this conversation any better.

“And I know it’s not my business to be poking around in your son’s private life,” Martha sighed genially, “But I couldn’t stop myself from giving him a little...womanly advice, if you will.”

“Oooh I’d like to hear this advice!” declared Melody, sitting up even straighter on the sofa and turning back to look at her son. She was smiling...playful...and still searching his face. Kyle couldn’t decide how much of her exuberance was real and how much was put on for the sake of the interaction.

Martha turned to Kyle and recited her “womanly advice” with a gleam in her eye:

“Well, I just told him to let her in.” She paused, letting the words hang in the air. “To his life, I mean. I told him that nothing makes a real man feel better than a real woman. I know you feel like you have to be tough, Kyle...feel like you have to radiate...strength...”

And here, Martha put her hand up to cover her mouth, coughing for a moment. But Kyle felt certain that the cough was just a ruse to shield her laughter – he was *sure* that he had seen the corners of her mouth twitch upward before her huge hand came up to hide them.

“Strength...sorry...” she continued, “You know, being as small as you are.” Her voice had taken on a soft, tender quality, one that sounded in earnest, like she really was giving out meaningful advice. Kyle could see his parents leaning forward, eating it up.

“And the real important thing to remember, the advice a lot of men don’t hear, is that there’s real strength in being *open* and *vulnerable* with your significant other, you know? It’s not the stereotypical kind of male strength we usually think of, but let me tell you, it’s something that women reeeeeeally notice.”

Both of Kyle’s parents were nodding exaggeratedly, Melody especially so.

“Wow, I hope you’re listening to this, Kyle!” she exclaimed. “Martha just hit it on the head right there. You’d do well to listen to *that* advice!”

“And the best thing about it,” Martha laughed, spreading her massive hands out openly towards Kyle, “Is that it’s free!”

Just then, a timer went off in the kitchen, and Martha’s eyes went wide.

“Oooop! And *that’s* the stroganoff!” she declared excitedly. “Please excuse me for a moment – I’m gonna go make sure it’s all ready, and then we can all eat!”

The armchair creaked and groaned some more as Martha made to stand up. With her fierce-looking boots anchored firmly on the hardwood floor, she started to rise...and as she did, the armchair was lifted up, first on its front legs, and then completely off the floor. Martha’s ass was so enormous that it had become tightly lodged in between the armrests, and even the act of standing up wasn’t enough to dislodge her.

“Oh...!” Jim exclaimed, an involuntary noise that escaped his lips as he realized what was happening. Melody was watching, clearly bamboozled by the sight. Martha paused in the middle of standing up, looked back at the armchair lodged around her ass, and then turned back to the company, giving them a knowing look as she grinned and shook her head.

“Pssssh...this...*this* is *exactly* what I deserve,” she sighed, her eyes dancing across the room to Kyle, “For thinking that I could fit in your armchair. You’re doing fine in the Big Mama seat, but Big Mama...well...she made a mistake.”

And then, instead of doing the obvious thing and prying the armchair off her ass, Martha simply flexed her butt cheeks...*hard*. The hidden wood frame of the armchair abruptly snapped in two, and it crumpled down to the floor in a heap.

“Don’t worry dear, I’ll buy you another one,” Martha trilled, moving towards the kitchen with a casual wave of her hand (and a tinkling of her silver bracelets), “That old thing was already broken anyway.”

The deep, thudding vibrations of her footsteps strangely didn’t seem to get any softer as she went into the kitchen. Kyle was left alone with his parents. They were all staring at the remnants of the “little” armchair, which was actually just normal-sized...and then Kyle made a shrugging motion as he sighed out, hoping to somehow transition normally from the outrageous thing they had just witnessed. Unlike his parents, he didn’t feel the least bit surprised that Martha was capable of doing something like that.

“Good...*god*...” Jim whispered in a low voice, leaning in toward Kyle, “She’s...she’s really something else, huh?”

“Yeah, she’s, um, she’s pretty...intense sometimes,” Kyle managed to say. All Jim could do was turn back and stare again at the ruined armchair. His mind looked like it had been blown. Melody blinked a few times and then managed a smile at her son.

“So you’re...you’re happy here?” she asked, her eyes going back and forth in Kyle’s. “It sounds like things are going pretty well so far, yes?”

“Yeah! I’m happy...yeah!” nodded Kyle, having to swallow a little bit. His throat had gone dry. “Just a lot of...you know, uhm...a lot of changes happening. But I’m up to it! Totally! Work’s good, been, uhhh...eating well and everything, seeing that girl Martha told you about...”

He was getting himself on a roll, but his mother interrupted him.

“Laura?” she asked. “That’s her name, right?”

“Y-yeah...Laura.” Kyle suddenly regretted bringing her up again. He didn’t want to talk about her. He didn’t want to talk about any of that.

“You know...” said Melody in a whisper, leaning in close to Kyle next to her husband, “Martha might be a little...eccentric, you know...obviously...but, well – that was actually some pretty good advice she gave you about Laura.”

“Mom,” began Kyle, starting to shake his head, “I–”

“Because you *do* tend to try and bottle up your emotions, so you can seem tough on the outside,” his mother continued, “But really...especially that part about you opening up –”

“I get it, mom, yes, yes, I know!” Kyle whispered back, holding up both hands in a pleading motion. All he could think about was the way Martha had “opened him up” from behind the day

before...and then strangely, Martha's absence from the room caused the images of her sucking on his cock all day long to come flooding back in his mind. Her plush lips sucking and puckering around his length, not letting him cum...breastfeeding him over and over...filling his swollen belly with more of her warm milk. It was all deluging his mind now, and his cold sweat had given way to a hot one. His heart was beating so fast. Something was coming up in his stomach...and for a moment, Kyle was afraid he was going to throw up. But then, just as he recognized it as a gas bubble, it rushed up his throat and escaped his lips, buzzing them on the way out.

Buuurrrrraaaap

A milk burp.

Both Jim and Melody blinked, taken aback. His mother had just opened her mouth to chastise him when Martha's deep, pleasant voice came ringing in from the kitchen.

"Excuse you!" she laughed. "I'll accept that as a prelude to the meal – everyone into the dining room, please! I've already served up your bowls!"

Kyle thanked his lucky stars that Martha had bailed him out of that conversation, though he was paranoid that his parents would somehow catch a whiff of milk on the air through his burp. Giving her son a slightly disapproving look, Melody rose up off the couch, followed by Jim, who shot Kyle a 'Oooo careful, you'll get in trouble with the ladies!' look. They all walked past the crib on the way to the dining room, and Melody even looked down into it, like she was checking for a baby. Kyle felt his stomach churn. Less than half an hour before, he had been curled up there, asleep.

Martha was already standing at her place at the table in the dining room. Kyle recognized his place next to hers by the familiar pile of telephone books. He felt his heart drop, but then again, what else had he expected? He quickly moved over to his spot beside Martha and sat down, hopefully hiding the phone books in the process. Both Jim and Melody had spots across the table – they were facing each other, the parents on one side, and Kyle and Martha on the other. Kyle felt Martha's gigantic, warm hand wrap lovingly around his far shoulder as she sat down, which then slid away from his shoulder and down his back in a long, erotic scratch of her long black nails. Kyle was completely erect now. Just sitting this close to Martha was enough to have this kind of an effect on him now. Even with the aid of the phone books, the top of his head didn't even come up to her chin. Her colossal body breathed in and out next to him, dwarfing him completely. There was plenty of space between Kyle's body and the table, but, even though Martha's huge chair was pushed a full two feet back from the table, her thick curves were still pushed up against it. The table actually looked like it was pressing a few inches into her flesh.

Kyle saw that his parents had been served regular portions of the beef stroganoff in their bowls, in contrast to Martha's bowl, which, true to form, was about four times bigger. Kyle felt his left

hand engulfed in the huge warmth of Martha's right, as she reached out across the table to Melody.

"All right, everyone hold hands," purred Martha, "And I'll say grace."

"Uh, wait a second," Melody cut in, staring at the empty table in front of her son, "Where's Kyle's bowl?"

Chapter 13

“Bless us oh Lord,” sang out Martha in prayer-rhythm, completely ignoring Melody’s question, “And these thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from thy bounty, through Christ our Lord, *Amen!*”

Kyle swallowed down his fear as he felt Martha’s gigantic hand squeeze his at the end of the prayer. It was hard for him not to stare stupidly at the empty space on the table, where his bowl of beef stroganoff should have been, but he had already realized that, if he was going to survive this dinner, he was going to have to play it all off.

“Oh, I’m – I’m actually not hungry,” he said quickly, in answer to his mother’s initial question. Next to him, Martha was already digging into her massive bowl, using a cup-sized spoon to ladle colossal quantities of the stroganoff into her mouth. She hardly even seemed to chew before she swallowed and had another giant spoonful waiting at her lips. Across the table, both of Kyle’s parents were looking at him hesitantly, though Jim had shrugged and was beginning to eat. Melody, though, hadn’t picked up her spoon yet. Her eyes were studying Kyle closely, as if she didn’t quite believe what he was saying.

“Not hungry?” she asked after a few seconds. “But...it’s dinner time! You invited us over here – you should be eating with us!”

“I know, I knowwww, heheh,” Kyle sighed, trying to make light of the situation as he desperately cooked up some excuse. “But I accidentally kinda had a...a bigger lunch than I intended, and it just...you know...I tried to go for a walk around the block, to uhm, heh, to try and walk it off, right? But I don’t know, it’s just...my stomach still feels kinda heavy, and I’d rather uh...I’ brother just sit here with you guys while you eat...I mean, if that’s ok.”

Melody sat there, unmoving, as her stare remained fixed on him, unbroken. Kyle felt his heart sink; he knew that she wasn’t buying his story, and, worse, that she was trying to understand why he would lie to her about something so apparently trivial. She blinked, looked into her bowl, and then looked back at him. There wasn’t any way around it – she looked troubled, almost as if she was on the verge of calling him out and demanding that he tell her the truth.

“Honey, just leave it, he said he’s not hungry,” muttered Jim, who was already a few spoonfuls into his dinner. He glanced up from his meal. “As long as you’re not feeling sick or anything, right?”

“Oh nooo, no, not sick,” Kyle chuckled, shaking his head. “Just...you know...full.”

The real irony, which Kyle was only too aware of, was that he wasn’t actually lying at all. Sure, he had sprinkled in that bit about the walk around the block (which he had substituted for his nap in the crib), but the rest was basically true – he had drank more of Martha’s milk than he had intended that afternoon, until he was stuffed to the brim. And the truth was that, as a result,

he really wasn't all that hungry. But they couldn't know that – and they wouldn't know that, as long as Martha kept up the facade.

"See, he's fine," Jim smiled, going back to his meal. "Come on, Melody, you gotta try this stroganoff. Martha, it's delicious!"

"Oh I'm so happy you like it, Jim!" smiled Martha warmly. "Now Melody, I'm sure you've made a similar recipe at some point – and no doubt fed it to Kyle, of course – so I'd like to know how my own personal recipe measures up!"

Spurred on by these words, Kyle's mother directed her attention to her bowl, though the oddity of her son not eating anything still obviously sat uneasily with her. For his part, Kyle was trying hard not to fixate on watching Martha eat. Somehow she managed to carry on perfectly normal conversation in the midst of downing the most enormous spoonfuls of food in between her words, and the short pauses in between sentences. It made Kyle's head spin thinking about how much she was actually consuming – and how quickly. Glancing side-eyed at her colossal bowl a few moments later, Kyle saw that the stroganoff was nearly all gone.

'That has to be like, literally...two or three pounds of food,' he thought helplessly. Under the table, and inside his diaper, his erection was growing again. Martha was such a massive, hulking beast of a woman – an absolute animal – and yet somehow she had all the looks, all the conversational tricks, all the mental gymnastics to complete her physical domination. In every conceivable sense, she eclipsed him, and left him sitting there next to her at the table, lusting after her body, her appetite, and the milk that he could almost feel her producing in those irresistible breasts that were straining her black sparkly dress to its limits. Kyle had the sense that, if Martha had wanted to, she could have flexed her muscles hard, and the dress would have torn all the way down in four or five places – her breasts, her shoulders, her biceps, her forearms, and of course, her hips and ass. She could have shredded it, just like she could shred him. But she had kept him alive – and uninjured – all this time for a reason. And deep down, as much as he shivered to admit it, Kyle knew what that reason was.

In the meantime, Melody had sampled a spoonful of the stroganoff, and was looking down, blinking at the table, as she slowly nodded her head. Martha was watching her closely, and Kyle got even more nervous when he saw the muscle in her cheek flexing, then unflexing a few times as she watched her. In every other conspicuous physical aspect, Martha was as calm as could be – but Kyle had seen her jaw set like that before. He was afraid of what might come next.

"So...you like it, Melody?" Martha inquired, her dark eyes flashing eagerly.

"I do, yes," Melody nodded, her voice subdued. Kyle began to worry that his mother was gearing up for something – like, the next moment, she would throw down her spoon, stand up out of her chair, and point accusingly at Martha, demanding to know just what the hell was going on. He could sense something of that type of energy in his mother's countenance, but he could

also see her weighing her options. It wasn't at all to be discounted how physically imposing Martha was. A moment later, a slaverling gullet sound proved this point exactly. Kyle turned in surprise to see that Martha had taken her gigantic bowl in both hands, tipped it up, and poured the remainder of her helping into her gaping mouth. She didn't even make a pretense of chewing anymore; she was literally just dumping it all down her throat. And when she had poured it all down, Kyle had watched in horrified arousal as her huge, thick tongue issued forth and proceeded to lick and lap up all the excess juice. The hungry sounds of her busy tongue and open mouth mauled any attempted conversation, and all the other three could do was watch her finish. The next moment, she had placed the giant bowl down on the table, which was now totally white and clean inside, and wiped her mouth daintily (as an obvious contrasting joke) with her napkin.

"Please forgive me," she chuckled to Kyle's parents across the table. Jim was staring at her with a kind of bemused awe, but it was clear that Melody had found her latest stunt positively revolting. "I haven't eaten too much today, and...well, I've just had soooo much taken out of me, heheh, that I really couldn't hold myself back just then." She held up her massive hands, extending her long, thick fingers all at once, and then smacked them down into her voluminous belly, jiggling it playfully. "A big girl like me has to eat a LOT of calories every day, especially when she's...*depended* on like I am."

She let the conversational silence thicken around the table, while the only sound that remained was the audible jiggling of her belly against the table. Both Jim and Melody clearly had no idea what to make of what she had just said, so she just sat there, smiling, bouncing her belly around, until she finally turned to Kyle and said, winking at him:

"Momma's gotta get herself a second helping!" And then, turning to Jim and Melody, she added: "Excuse me a moment, you two, I'll be right back."

Martha then pushed back her chair, abruptly rising from it (as the chair groaned out in relief) as she seized her enormous bowl off the table with two fingers and went traipsing away into the kitchen. All the bowls and utensils on the dining room table shook audibly with each step she took; even once she had reached the kitchen, the dining room table and floor trembled noticeably in reaction to the movement of her feet.

Kyle had been staring at her wake, his entire body twisted around the back of his chair so that he could watch her enormous body move and sway in that odd, uncanny way – it was crazy to see someone so massive move with such apparent ease and dexterity, almost waltzing about, like she weighed nothing at all. And yet, whenever her feet came down, the reality of her weight was blatantly clear. How much did she weigh now, again? 320!? Kyle felt like she was looking even bigger these days...even more rotund, solid, and strong. And, now that he thought about it, her breasts were certainly bigger, and her nipples seemed to fill more of his mouth. She had been on a ravenous food-kick recently, even by her standards, and up until this moment, Kyle hadn't "put two and two together," so to speak. But, spurred on by what Martha had just said, it was clear now why she was eating more: more and more each day, she was breastfeeding him,

and so she was fueling herself up, for her body to make more and more milk for him to suckle, for him to drink down...it was his only source of nutrition at this point.

'It's what I'm made up of now,' he thought, his erection desperately pressing into his diaper as he looked down helplessly at his body perched up on top of the phone books in the chair. 'Her milk. I'm...I'm made of her milk now...'

"Kyle!?"

His mother's voice caused his attention to snap back into the present, and he bent himself back around to face his parents across the table. They both looked concerned and uncomfortable, but Melody's face had gone white. She looked distinctly worried. Kyle realized that he had been gaping after Martha the whole time, his mouth slightly open, as his mind had wandered to all the profane things that were progressively usurping his mind. He also realized that his face was completely flushed, and that he had started to sweat. It wasn't from embarrassment, though – it was from sheer, lustful desire. He wanted Martha to pick him up, smother him, dominate him, manhandle him, take her giant, hot mouth and latch onto his cock and balls, sucking and sucking until he squealed out like a pig and came over and over in her mouth. And then, when he was all empty and worn out, an exhausted husk, he wanted her to cradle him up close, warming him with her body heat, her prodigious breasts surrounding him, as she guided a fat, dribbling nipple into his mouth to refuel him and start the cycle over again.

"Huh?" he asked blankly, blinking across the table at his mother.

"Are you okay, Kyle?" Melody asked, leaning over her bowl at him. "Your...your face is all flushed."

"I'm...fine," he managed to say, his face getting even redder when his mother pointed out its color.

Melody kept staring hard at him, and upon receiving nothing reassuring from her son, she squirmed in her chair, turning to her husband, who was still spooning beef stroganoff into his mouth. He was eating slower now, though, and was now watching his son closer as well. Even Jim could tell that something was up. Martha was humming away in the kitchen, and from there came the loud sound of giant ladles of stroganoff splatting into her bowl. The parents shared a look, and then Melody turned back to Kyle, squirmed uncomfortably in her seat again, and then asked in a whisper, leaning forward:

"What did...what did she call herself when she was talking to you? *Momma!*?"

"Oh...oh, heheh, yeah, that's...that's just something she does," Kyle whispered back, waving away her concern. He could see a way out of this – he could see a way to explain it all away. "Something she calls herself, uh...sometimes. You know, kinda like the "Mom of the House" type thing?" He paused for effect, and continued, feeling a surge of confidence as he spoke. "I

mean, haha, I'm sure you guys can tell that she's a little...oh, I don't know...a little eccentric, right?"

Melody blinked at her son, her eyes getting wider. "A *little*...uhm, yes, I'd say so." Jim nodded slightly in agreement.

"But...I mean, you know," continued Kyle, amazed at himself for being so quick on his feet, "I kind of just humor her most of the time, right? Think about it – she's not married, no kids, lives here all alone...I honestly think she's lonely. And this is sorta her way of, like, having her own household."

He stopped talking and looked back and forth between his parents, trying as hard as he could not to have a look of desperation, like he was begging them to buy his explanation. They sat there staring at him for a couple seconds, and then their eyes wandered across the table; clearly they were thinking about what Kyle had just said. He felt an immense sense of relief, and took the opportunity to try and redirect the conversation elsewhere. An idea popped into his head; he had happened to glance at the sports section of the newspaper on the kitchen table the other day in between feeding sessions with Martha, and had seen that the local baseball team was doing well. Somehow, he managed to remember that now, and tried to use it to steer the conversation.

"So dad! Uh, been keeping up with the Boomers lately?" he asked, trying as hard as he could to keep his voice light and casual. "I saw they're on a five-game winning streak here...pretty good, huh?"

Jim cleared his throat and nodded, looking at his son. "Mhm, yeah! Um, pretty good...pretty good..."

"You think we'll make the playoffs this year?" Kyle asked, feeling a bit of momentum. "How many years has it been since we had a good October run?"

"Heh! Feels like ages," Jim chuckled. His brow furrowed slightly as he cocked his head to the side. "You been watching the games?"

"Oh! I...y-yeah...yeah, some of them," Kyle lied, not quite knowing why he hadn't told the truth.

"Huh, so you go to a bar or something, I guess?" Jim asked.

"A bar?" Kyle asked, confused.

"Well it's just that..." Jim explained, looking back into the living room, "Martha doesn't seem to have a TV here."

“That’s because television is bad for you, Mr. Trinter,” came Martha’s big, warm voice. She had been in the kitchen for a while, and Kyle had wondered what she was doing. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he somehow knew that, after getting more food, she had been standing there silently, listening to their conversation. And now she had returned to the dining room, reasserting her presence as she sat back down in her gigantic chair, which groaned out again and sagged under her weight. She had filled up her bowl even fuller than last time, to the point where it was nearly overflowing. Kyle, Melody, and Jim all couldn’t help but gawk at the bowl as Martha put it down in front of her. It had to be, what...two gallons!? Or even more. Even considering her gargantuan size, it was hard to conceive of how someone could eat so much food. But Martha didn’t even wait for anyone to respond to her – she promptly got to work on her second stroganoff helping, and within 15 seconds, the bowl was already a quarter empty.

“Just like smartphones,” Martha added, in between her hulking portions of food, “All the young people these days, looking down at their screens every waking moment they aren’t doing something...it’s bad for the brain! Well, not in *my* house. Kyla...ahem, haha WOW, Freudian slip there ahahaha – *Kyle* knows the rules in this house. No screen time unless he’s done something exxxtra special to earn it. Right sweetheart?

Martha reached her free hand over and playfully tousled Kyle’s hair, her silver bracelets singing out into the air as she moved her hand quickly over his scalp. Kyle froze. There was nothing he could do to keep Martha from doing whatever she wanted, but, up until this point, things had at least seemed passably normal. Kyle had been hoping beyond hope that Martha would keep up appearances long enough for his parents to leave without knowing their true relationship, but now she was starting to let herself loose a little – the cracks in the facade were beginning to show. Martha had complete control over whether the facade would stand, or whether it would all come tumbling down.

“God, you two must’ve had quite a time with this little guy growing up, hmmm?” Martha laughed. She was still tousling Kyle’s hair, but then she abruptly stopped and extended her fingers out across his scalp, showing how easily she palmed his head. “Look how small he is now compared to me, hahaha! I can’t imagine how tiny he was when he was younger!”

Melody and Jim were watching all of this happen with a mixture of intense discomfort and something bordering on outrage, Melody especially...although Jim had abandoned his causal, aloof demeanor and was now hyper-focused on what was going on between his son and Martha. She seemed to have touched a nerve when she made fun of Kyle’s size.

“Because, see, I was 6 feet tall by the time I was 12,” Martha continued, squeezing down on Kyle’s head and flexing her fingers to show how far down they went. It was incredible – with her palm directly on the top of his head, her long, thick fingers extended all the way down past Kyle’s eyebrows, almost obscuring his eyes. She finally let him go, after giving his head one last squeeze.

"And 6'4 by the time I was a freshman in high school," Martha kept on, staring off into space as she wistfully recounted her past. Even though he had just been mauled by her hand, an event which had decisively ended any hope he had of keeping up appearances with his parents, Kyle found himself drawn to what Martha was saying. He had never heard her speak of her past life before. Had she always been like this!? It was impossible to imagine her as anything other than what she was, simply because of the sheer force of her personality. What had she been like in school?

But even as Kyle was wondering these things, Martha turned to look down at him, her dark eyes sparkling playfully as she read him like a book.

"I can tell you're wondering what on earth I could've been like back then," she chuckled. "Well, remember that I wasn't just a 6'4 freshman...I was a 6'4, *280-pound* freshman."

"Y-You were...280 pounds!?" Jim blurted out, in a rare moment when his inner thoughts found their way out through his mouth, "In high school!?"

"Mmmhm, as a *freshman* in high school," nodded Martha slowly at him. She stretched her huge arms up, her black dress straining out audibly, like it was threatening to tear in four or five different places at once. "My BMI was 34.1 then, and I knowwww, I know, I didn't quite have the curves I do now. But that's one of the beauties of age! If they take care of themselves the right way, women really can grow into themselves!"

None of the other three knew how to respond to this, so Martha just kept going. She lowered her arms, downed three more quick helpings of stroganoff, before continuing:

"Now speaking of which...Jim, did I hear you and Kyle talking about sports?"

"Oh, uhm...yes. Just, you know, talkin' about the Boomers," he muttered, looking down into his bowl. His own discomfort now matched his wife's. Both he and Melody both looked like they were trying to decide what the best way was to ask the question: 'What the hell is going on here?!'

"You know," Martha grinned, raising an eyebrow down at Kyle as she addressed Jim, "I used to be a professional athlete."

"Oh! Uh, you did?" Normally Jim would have been engrossed in such information, but right now, it was clear that he wasn't processing the conversation in a normal way. He was struggling to get his bearings. Kyle, though, wasn't able to hide the intrigue he felt. Martha had dropped another crumb from her past in his path, and although he knew that she had done so deliberately, and was probably leading him somewhere to a dinner finale that wouldn't end well, he couldn't resist picking up the crumb and eating it. In every sense of the word, Martha obsessed him.

"You w-were...a pro athlete!?" he piped up, reddening at the high-pitched sound of his voice compared to hers.

"Ohhh yesss honey," Martha cooed at him, reaching down and cupping his chin in her giant hand, as she pet his face slowly with her thumb. "Any guess what sport?" Kyle tried as hard as he could to keep his eyelids from fluttering, but it was impossible. At Martha's touch, his body had been wracked by intensely pleasant chills. His cock was rock-hard. And, for the first time since he had woken up, he realized how hungry he was.

"Okay, I—I'm sorry," Melody burst out, putting both of her hands down on the table loud enough so that both Martha and Kyle turned to look at her. "Just...what...what is going on here?"

Martha hadn't let Kyle's face go. She was still cupping his chin, still stroking the side of his cheek with her enormous thumb. There wasn't anything Kyle could do – he was trapped, frozen, in suspended animation in Martha's grip. Any sense of normalcy was impossible now, and he felt a strange kind of perverted relief wash over him. Realizing that he had zero power in this situation was enough to help him relax a little from the tension that had finally broken. But, behind this immediate relief, the same dark fears still lurked. He had no idea what Martha would do.

The silence was noticeable now. Melody's question was pointed, and had escaped her mouth with abrupt, shaky force. It wasn't the kind of question that could be ignored, and yet, Martha hadn't answered it yet. She was just sitting there, with Kyle's chin in her vice-like grip, lovingly petting his cheek with her thumb. His parents couldn't even see his face now, since her hand was so huge that it swallowed up his features completely. Melody and Jim were sitting there, looking tenser than Kyle had ever seen them, and he saw, looking at a sideways view of Martha's face, that she was just reveling in it. He could feel her drinking in the silence, feeding off of their confusion, their discomfort, and most of all, their fear.

"What are you talking about, Melody?" Martha finally asked, the quiet fullness of her friendly voice somehow even more terrifying.

"The...THIS!" Melody exclaimed, gesturing out in front of her. "THIS is what I'm talking about! You and...you and Kyle! Are you...are you two *dating*!?"

"PPPPPPAAAAUUUUHAHAHAHAHA!!"

Martha immediately burst out into a loud, throaty laugh that shook the furniture. Kyle felt his whole body vibrating from the soundwaves of her mirth. The next moment, he felt the strong grip of her hand leave his chin and then, right after, encircle his neck, with her fingers easily going all the way around. He heard her long, sharp black nails tapping against each other by his Adam's apple. Both Jim and Melody opened their mouths, and looked like they were about to protest, but they didn't have time. Kyle felt his organs jostle around inside of his body as Martha lifted him up off the pile of phone books, using only one hand, and the next second, he

found himself plopped down on top of her huge, meaty thighs which expanded out a ludicrous amount on either side of him. And then, her huge hand pressed sideways against his front, nearly covering his chest completely, as she pushed his body back against hers. Those mammoth megaliths of her breasts came into view on either side of him, like two fleshy centurions guarding him. Everywhere around him, her size, her flesh, her bulk surrounded him, threatening to absorb him into itself. He made one pitiful attempt to wrest free of her grip, but he may as well have been trying to move a tree. Martha was holding him fast, and she was so huge that, even in her lap, Kyle's head barely reached the bottom of her chin. Then, pushing Kyle back until her breasts pressed over his ears, Martha spoke. Kyle only managed to hear the muffled vibrations of her words through her breasts, but they sounded in his ears as clear as ringing bells, and struck him to the core.

"No, Melody, of *course* we're not dating...I'm his *mother*."

Chapter 14

The only thing Kyle could hear was Martha's heartbeat thundering in his ears, which were both covered up by her enormous breasts smushed onto both sides of his head. He was sitting in her lap, straddling her huge, meaty thighs that had started gently flexing underneath him, bouncing his body slowly up and down in between her tits. Martha's massive, black-clawed hand was still directly on his chest, nearly covering it completely, as she held him closely to her mighty body in a protective, possessing gesture of control and domination. A muffled jingle of silver bracelets sounded out in Kyle's blocked ears, and he saw Martha's huge left arm extend past him, gathering a colossal ladle of stroganoff from her two-gallon bowl and spooning it up to her mouth. Kyle heard the deep gurgle of the food as Martha wolfed it down, and felt the rushing, vibrating force of her throat above his head as she swallowed it down. Despite the insane, ridiculous scene, and despite the fact that he was directly facing his horrified parents across the table, he was rock hard...possibly harder than he had ever been in his entire life. Martha had just openly claimed him as her own...as her...her...son. And, right in character for her, she had cheerfully gone right back to eating.

Kyle's parents, though, were obviously not going to go down without a fight. After several long seconds of shocked silence, during which they both stared open-mouthed across the table, Kyle's father spoke first.

"Now...just a minute...!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, though not quite shouting. "What are you...wh—"

But Kyle's mother cut him off. She was shouting.

"You are...you are a CRAZY person, talking like that!" she yelled, pointing at Martha across the table. Kyle had never seen her like this before – her eyes were wide and aggressive, wild, almost. Something instinctual had kicked in. Kyle couldn't see Martha's expression; all he could see was that she was helping herself to another giant ladle-full of stroganoff. As expected, she didn't appear the least bit bothered by this reaction...she had likely anticipated it, and even egged it on. Kyle caught himself staring at the jingling silver bracelets around Martha's wrist, which could barely go down her arm at all...the same bracelets that she had slipped, with plenty of room to spare, all the way up his little thigh. His cock throbbed. He knew that if Martha were to touch him down there, he would have been utterly helpless – he would instantly explode into his diaper that was velcroed around his waist.

"Things have been WAY off ever since we got here," continued Melody, her face reddening with anger, "And NOW that you...it all makes sense now. You've tricked our son into some weird, perverted little game that you're playing, and...and..."

"We're not going to stand for it!" Jim finished, trying his best to convey a hard, masculine aura as he slammed his fists into the table and stood up abruptly out of his chair. At 5'5, though, Jim could only look so imposing. Kyle felt the immense flesh behind him start to shake and jiggle,

and despite his hopeless, erotic despair in the situation, he had been expecting that – Martha could only hold her laughter in for so long. The next thing he knew, Martha had used her free hand to edge him forward on her lap, so that his head came out from between her gargantuan tits, still guarding both sides of him, immense, fleshy centurions. Kyle could hear normally now, which is why Martha had adjusted him.

“Do you hear that, Kyla?” she intoned amusedly, a deep current of laughter beginning to build up in her gigantic diaphragm. She was openly using her pet name for him now. “Your parents are “not going to stand” for you being involved in my “perverted little games.” Mmmm, that has a nice little ring to it! Perverted little games...”

“That’s what they are!” shouted Melody, still sitting down in her chair, but with her fists balled up in front of her. “Perverted, disgusting...uhhhh...uh roleplaying bullcrap or whatever it is you call it!”

“Bullcrap” was about the worst language Kyle had ever heard his mother use. He wasn’t focused on that, though, because Martha had slowly started to draw little circles around his nipples through his shirt with her long, sharp black fingernails. He couldn’t help it; he closed his eyes, sucking in a deep breath, trying his hardest not to blow his load right then and there. The mere purposeful touch of those nails on his nipples was nearly enough to send him over the edge completely.

“Mmmm yes, perverted...disgusting,” cooed Martha as she teased Kyle with her nails, “Those are just words people use when they can’t share in the pleasure. You see, Melody” – and here Martha pinched Kyle’s nipple in between her nails and twisted it slightly, causing him to wince and shut his eyes even tighter – “It takes two to tango, as they say, and your little son here...mmm, he’s so submissive, so hopelessly *perverted*, as you like to say, that I’ve been able to turn him into my little daughter!”

“What kind of sick shit *is* this!?” Jim demanded, taking an aggressive step towards Martha. Clearly he had been trying to up the ante by using an actual curse word, but as soon as he stepped towards Martha, she turned and fixed him with such a menacing smile that he had stopped dead in his tracks, unable to will himself any closer to her.

“*Good* choice, Mr. Trinter,” Martha hummed, nodding her head slowly up and down at him as she continued teasing and tormenting Kyle’s nipples through his shirt. “I’m a head taller than you sitting down...and from the looks of it I outweigh you by a good 200 pounds. Probably not the best move to try and intimidate me.” Her eyes became dark and a terrifying energy seemed to harden around her. “Because if you tried to take Kyla away from me, I’d *crush* you.”

“Dad! M-Mom! Don’t!” Kyle stammered, his eyes shooting open. He knew that tone from Martha; he knew she meant it literally. “Don’t try and do anything!”

"You see?" Martha continued, her voice switching back with frightening rapidity to the deep, calm, syrupy sweetness from before. "Kyla knows the rules in this house. Ooooo, I've had to discipline her a few times...more than a few times, that's for sure! But she's turned out to be a very good learner. *Haven't* you, dear?"

As she spoke to Kyle, still teasing his nipples, she used her other hand to spoon one last ladle of stroganoff into her mouth, swallowing it down loudly. And then, using the same free hand, she cupped her left breast next to Kyle's head, shaking and jiggling it against the side of his face, against his body, as she rubbed her own nipple. Within seconds, a large protrusion...one of her enormous nipples...was beginning to stick out beneath the black sparkles of her tight dress, already a full inch long, and growing and thickening with each passing moment.

"How rude of all of the grownups to be bickering here when this little girl hasn't even had anything to eat yet!" Martha observed. She stopped teasing Kyle's nipples, and instead slid the long, sharp black nail of her forefinger up Kyle's neck to his mouth. She slipped her finger inside, prodding around the interior of his cheek; Kyle instinctively began sucking on her finger, but then stopped after a couple seconds, trying to use all his willpower to keep himself from totally reverting to his submissive, broken baby self.

"Oooo YES, you see that?!" Martha laughed, slipping her finger out of his mouth and holding her huge hand open next to his face, dwarfing it completely. "You see how hungry he is?"

Jim remained standing, although at Martha's words he began backing up towards his wife, who was still sitting across the table. He retreated behind her chair, randomly grasping at the chair's posts as he stared at Martha and Kyle with growing alarm. Melody's eyes had widened further still, and when she spoke, her voice trembled with foreboding:

"K-Kyle...Kyle what...what is she talking about?"

Responding to the teasing touch of her sharp nail, Martha's growing nipple was now pressing into her dress so hard that an audible stretching sounded out into the air. It was unbelievable – Kyle had never seen her nipple so big, so engorged, so...*ready* for him. The aberration of this scene taking place in front of his actual parents was probably making her even more aroused, and this suspicion was confirmed when Kyle glanced helplessly up at her, more in a kind of desperate, hopeless plea than anything else – a plea for her to stop? A plea for her to let him suck on that gigantic nipple? Kyle really had no idea anymore...all that he knew was that he had no power in this situation, and that he looked to her for everything. Staring up into her face, Kyle's heart flamed up; true to his suspicions, she looked more aroused, more fearsomely *alive* than he had ever seen her before. Her cheeks were flushed a vibrant crimson; her black eyes were wide and excited, sparkling with the dark energy of the situation; her nose was flared, her nostrils dilating with the fever pitch of excitement. He could feel her mighty heart beating quickly through her body all around him, in her chest behind him, in her gargantuan thighs beneath him, and in those colossal breasts on either side of him. But most of all, that slow, steady smile of hers, the merest hint of a smirk, remained...the scariest, most devastatingly sexy and powerful

aspect of her: the control she had over him, over his parents, over the entire situation, over *herself*. Everything that happened was because SHE said it would happen, and she would not allow anything to deviate from her will. Kyle whimpered pitifully up at her, leaning into her left breast, his eyes lowering back down to that ridiculous nipple, which by now was protruding, fat and expanding, two full inches out from her breast.

“Aren’t you going to answer her, sweetie?” Martha murmured, the velvety depth of her voice infusing the air around him, drawing him in closer to her. “She seems very confused.”

Across the table, his parents were silent, not even able to respond to Martha’s tone. It suddenly hit him like an icy splash of water in the face: they WERE actually waiting for him to explain. They were afraid of Martha, and unable to challenge her, but more than anything, they were looking to him to tell them what on earth was going on. What would he say!? How could he possibly even *begin* to explain?

“You’ll have to excuse her,” Martha chuckled, shaking her head as she laced her enormous right hand through Kyle’s hair, petting him like a little animal. “When she gets this hungry, everything else kind of...how should I say it...goes out the window. She gets tunnel vision. You see?”

As she spoke, Martha gently squeezed her left breast with her other hand, and instantly, Kyle’s lips parted, trembling with thirst – a thick white burble of milk had suddenly emerged from beneath Martha’s dress, right at the tip of her long, fat nipple. Martha squeezed again, grinning down at Kyle’s reaction, and a couple rich, creamy white drops descended down, dripping onto Kyle’s left thigh. Two drops were all that was needed to soak the full thigh of his khakis all the way through. Kyle shuddered as he felt the warm milk sink through, touching his skin. He wanted to drink...he wanted to drink her milk so, so badly. It didn’t matter that his parents were there. He was hardly thinking of them anymore.

“Kyle!?!”

Melody’s strained, panicked voice rose up over the din in his brain, and he briefly managed to wrench his eyes away from Martha’s drooling nipple to look across the table at his parents. He could barely even make out their shapes anymore, let alone their faces. Martha was right; he DID have tunnel vision now. He saw only what he wanted. But he had to respond to her, to his own mother, surely...he HAD to...

“He can’t hear you,” Martha sang out softly, “Or if he CAN hear you, he doesn’t care anymore.”

The sound of a loud, meaty smack filled the air, and Kyle smelled the hot flesh, the brief vapor of sweat, the irresistible musk he had grown to revere – Martha had flopped her gigantic breast straight out of her dress, and it was sitting there right now, right in front of him, steaming in the low light of the dining room in all its naked glory. Her two-inch nipple now stretched completely free, growing another quarter inch into the air, and thickening even more around the base. Kyle’s eyes drifted over the dark, dotted areola, honing straight onto the fat mountain of her

monstrous tit. He glanced up slightly, but not as far as Martha's dark eyes – he was too paralyzed by arousal to meet her stare. But he looked as far up as her mouth, and saw her lips parted in a grin, her white teeth gleaming in the dining room light. Martha was still grinning down at him, watching him closely as his eyes descended helplessly back down to her tit, almost crossing themselves in focus as another thick white drop of her creamy milk dripped down onto his thigh, soaking completely through the crotch of his pants. A little whimper escaped his lips, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear: the pitiful sound of total desperation, total defeat. He could feel himself trembling, as his lips parted on their own accord. He was hopeless; there was nothing he could do to stem the tide of his desire, his lust for her milk. His cock was painfully erect in his diaper, so much so that he hardly even noticed himself losing control and wetting himself. He knew that she was waiting for him to beg, and he couldn't hold back any longer. Surrendering everything, he tore his eyes away from her giant bubbling nipple and willed them up to Martha's face, finally making eye contact with her. Those huge, dark eyes penetrated his, holding them captive; she raised her eyebrows expectantly.

"P-Please..." Kyle whispered, his mouth parched dry from being open for so long.

"Sorry?" replied Martha loudly, her face brightening pleasantly as she blinked rapidly a few times, inclining her head down. "I didn't quite catch that, sweetie. You need to learn to speak up when you want something. Mommy can't read your mind."

Both Jim and Melody were like statues across the table, too stunned to speak or even move. But Kyle wasn't thinking about them anymore. He had milk on the brain.

"Please!" he exclaimed, much louder this time, so that there could be no doubt, "Please...I-let me...let me..."

Martha's smirk widened as she looked away from Kyle over to his parents. She shrugged at them, shaking her head lightly as she affected a puzzled look, as if to say, 'What on earth is he talking about!? Kids these days!'

"Let you WHAT, dear?" she bore in, turning abruptly back to him and locking her eyes onto his. "Come on honey, you need to give me something I can work with here."

"Let me DRINK!" Kyle cried out, his voice cracking with the force of his words. "Pleeeeeease, let me drink your milk!! Pleeeeeeasssse!" His emotions were a wreck, and he started crying from the intensity of his desire.

But Martha still didn't give him what he wanted. She inclined her head down at him, maintaining her dominating eye contact. Even through the misty-eyed whimpering of his desperation, Kyle understood in a flash the coup de grace that she wanted. He gathered himself together, took a deep breath, and spoke the final words in a clear, measured tone, surprising even himself with the dead-set evenness of his tone:

"Please let me drink your milk....mommy."

Martha's eyes flashed triumphantly, and she immediately reached behind his head, cupping it in the clawed mitt of her giant hand, guiding his lips toward their prize.

"That's it, baby," she purred down at him. "That's all you had to say. Drink up, little one. Drink up to be bigggg and strong for mommy."

Kyle's lips latched around her long, fat nipple, and the next moment he was in heaven, his eyes shut tightly as he sucked and sucked away. A thick stream of her milk began flowing directly into his mouth, and he swallowed it eagerly down into his tummy. Martha gently pet the back of his head, lovingly scratching his scalp and neck with her nails, as she cooed down to him:

"Gooood girl, gooood girl..."

Then, after a few long seconds had passed by, with Kyle tucked in and lost to the world, Martha looked up across the table to his parents, still too dumbfounded to speak.

"Heheh, look at her," Martha chuckled, indicating with her open hand to Kyle sucking away in her lap. "I don't know who you thought you were coming over to see tonight, but I think it's clear now that, whoever this was before, she's a different person now. She's MINE now."

"I...I just don't..." Melody stammered, rising slowly up out of her chair to join her husband. In her two-inch pumps, Melody was 5'7, two inches taller than Jim. "I don't understand how this...how..." Her shaking voice trailed off.

"How!?" Martha laughed, her immense bulk shaking in her chair, vibrating Kyle's entire body along with it. "It's very simple, Mrs. Trinter. This little thing here, who you THOUGHT was your son, is really just a precious, mewling, submissive little girlie, with a rapacious thirst for her mommy's milk."

"N-no he's not!" Jim replied, his voice also shaking. "He's KYLE...and he's our son!"

Martha arched her eyebrow and again silently indicated with her hand down to Kyle sucking away on her nipple.

"What do you say, honey?" Martha asked sweetly down to him. Kyle's lips immediately un-latched from her nipple, causing streams of thick white to run down his chin as he coughed a few times before he spoke:

"Thank you sooooo much for your milk, mommy!" he cried up to her quickly, before instantly sucking his lips back onto her nipple, which was so huge now that it nearly filled his mouth completely.

"I don't know what more you need to see," Martha sighed across the table at his parents, winking at them despite the affected wistfulness of her tone. But then, she quickly seemed to change her mind; her face had brightened up again, as if lit up by a new idea.

"Ooooo, but now that I'm thinking about it," Martha continued cheerfully, "There is a LOT more that I could show you!" As she continued to let Kyle drink, her right hand came down and patted his little butt. For a few moments Martha just kept her hand there, marveling at how huge it was compared to Kyle's tiny ass. But then she patted him a few more times, more purposefully, and shot her head up to Jim and Melody.

"Uh-oh!" Martha intoned in a foreboding, humorous voice. "I think someone's got a dirty diaper!"

She began pulling Kyle away from her nipple, but it took a bit of effort on Martha's part (from her single hand, anyway), since Kyle's lips immediately latched back on as soon as they came popping off. Martha actually started laughing when she wrestled Kyle away from her tit with her left hand, and he held his little arms out desperately, trying to pull himself back to the source of the milk.

"Such a little milk monster you are!" she tsked playfully, squishing her breast back into her dress. "But we don't want you to get a diaper rash now, do we? Noooo, we've gotta get you changed!"

"No..." Melody managed to say in a low voice. She was holding her hands up and beginning to back away from the table, Jim following her in horrified retreat.

"I think my little one got a little too excited," Martha chuckled, lifting Kyle up like he weighed absolutely nothing and depositing him gently down on his back, directly on the dining room table. She began unbuckling his belt, and unzipping his pants.

"Please..." begged Jim. He and Melody were almost in the living room now, keeping their distance, but still watching the horror unfold. "Please don't."

"What!?" Martha burst out incredulously, her eyes going wide as she laughed again. "Please don't change his diaper!? What kind of parenting advice is that?? Nooo, no, Mr. Trinter, if my little girl makes a mess in her diaper, it's got to be changed!"

With a flourish, Martha whipped off Kyle's khakis, exposing his white diaper underneath. Melody hid her eyes and leaned into her husband, muttering "Oh god...oh god." Not wasting any time, Martha winked down at Kyle, who was totally helpless at this point, and ripped off the velcro tape around his diaper, exposing his bouncing erection to the world. Now Jim was hiding his face together with his wife; they were both totally broken.

"Mmmm, rock-hard as ever!" Martha announced cheerfully, blowing a cool gust of wind onto Kyle's cock, making it twitch and bounce in the air. "Just like you always are when you're

feeding. Hahaha you're such a little sub that you get hard breastfeeding from mommy. And oooop! Look at that! No number two, but PLENTY of number one!" She bent her face close down to Kyle's. "Someone got a little too excited, huh? Peed her pants, hmmm? Wet her diaper? Awww, don't worry baby, mommy's gonna get you all nice and changed."

Kyle's parents were whispering to each other as Martha coolly changed Kyle, manipulating his little legs with her hands like it was nothing, humming pleasantly to herself as she tossed away the soiled diaper into the kitchen trash and tenderly wiped all around Kyle's groin with a baby wipe. Kyle grit his teeth and held his load, knowing that Martha had not given him permission to cum yet. Plus there still existed the will, deep somewhere in the recesses of his brain, not to ejaculate in front of his parents. But that was a secondary will; the real reason he was not cumming at Martha's soft, tender touch around his crotch was because he knew she would punish him if he lost control.

A rustle of activity made Martha glance up, right after she had secured the velcro on Kyle's new diaper. Melody and Jim were huddled together, shuffling towards the front door.

"Leaving so soon?" Martha called after them. "You don't want any of my blueberry crumble for dessert?"

They both turned around in the foyer, the front door behind them, and stared. Kyle was lying on the dining room table, but he turned his head, somehow managing to meet their stare. They were clearly traumatized by what they had just witnessed, and were searching one last time for something in his expression that they could recognize. But they found nothing.

"There's nothing left for you here," Martha declared in quite a different voice, its timbre suddenly deepened and menacing. "Your son is mine now. It's obvious to you now – your Kyle has now become my little Kyla, and this is exactly what she wants. Isn't that right, dear?"

Kyle rose up into a kneeling position on the table and nodded. How could he lie now? He felt the firm, heavy weight of Martha's hands enveloping his shoulders, her black-clawed fingers going all the way down past his nipples as she held him firmly.

"There you have it," Martha announced, rubbing Kyle's upper body with her hands as she stared icily at his parents. "I can see that the two of you clearly do not appreciate our bond. Leave."

Melody and Jim lingered a bit longer, straining after something in their hapless son, some sign that he was still there. But then the next moment they were both fumbling with the heavy lock, working together to pull it back with all their strength. Martha had abruptly stood up, her hands still on Kyle's shoulders, towering over 7 feet, her huge body seeming to swallow him up. Her pose was threatening, and her eyes seemed to burn like dark coals.

"Get out of here!" she boomed, not quite shouting, but shaking the floor and walls with the intensity of her voice. "Get out of our lives! And never come back!"

Mere seconds later, the two of them had fled out the door, letting it bang shut behind them. Martha sighed out, massaging Kyle's shoulders as she listened to the sound of their car start and leave the driveway. And then, in an instant, she had lifted Kyle up by his armpits and spun him around to face her radiant face. She was beaming with pride, and her dark eyes looked almost glassy. Was she...was she getting emotional!?

"Oh well DONE little baby!" Martha intoned, shaking him earnestly. "I know how hard that must have been for you, but you did soooooo well!"

Kyle couldn't answer. In every sense, physical, mental, spiritual...he was completely exhausted. But still, even as the dull horror of the events of dinner began to harden in his mind, he managed to twitch his lips up at the corners and give Martha a little smile. And...he...he was proud of himself, wasn't he?

"Mmmm, my sweet girl deserves a reward for being such an obedient daughter!" Martha cooed, and the next moment she had flipped Kyle upside down, holding him aloft by his thighs, her huge hands going all the way around them as she held him there. The rat-tat-tat of the velcro diaper sounded out into the air again. She was ripping it off...with her teeth. Another cool gust of wind greeted his cock and balls, and the next instant, Kyle was crying out in pleasure as Martha swallowed up his entire package in her mouth, slurping and sucking on him with passionate, relentless vigor. A couple seconds later Kyle was cumming hard down her throat, but Martha didn't stop. She just kept sucking, kept growling into his midsection, shaking her head back and forth hungrily as she shut her eyes, her eager tongue wrapping around his cock and balls in the midst of her suckle, willing every last drop of cum from his body.

Ten minutes later, long after Kyle's body had gone limp in her grasp, Martha smacked her lips loudly, finally popping her mouth off Kyle's groin after swallowing seven separate loads. She was pretty sure he had passed out after the fourth one, but his little body had still twitched a little each time he came afterward. She laid him out lovingly on the dining room table, fastening his diaper back on. Then she sat down in her chair, leaned in on her elbows, and stared down hard at him, her face expressionless. For half an hour she kept this position, unmoving. Until, at last, with a satisfied sigh, she rose up, picked him up off the table, and gently laid him to rest in his crib. Tomorrow she would try something fun...something new.

Chapter 15

When Kyle woke up the next morning, he came to slowly, gradually becoming aware of the blank white ceiling high above him. His entire body was sore from Martha's voracious assault on his nether-regions from the previous night...but really, that in and of itself wasn't anything new. What was unique about last night was that she had kept going, even after he had passed out, hungrily sucking on his cock and draining every last drop of cum that his outsized, outmatched, and outclassed body could muster. But of course, Kyle had no idea what had happened after he felt the darkness descending over his eyes, his orgasmic squeals drowned out by Martha's hungry growling as she snarled into his cock. And all of this after she had breastfed him so much of her milk, letting him suck on her fat, drooling nipple, a nipple so huge that it completely filled his mouth, shooting that thick, warm milk down his throat as she petted his head with her gigantic hand, scratching the back of his neck with those ferocious black-clawed nails. As he blinked up at the ceiling, Kyle could only relive the sheer transporting pleasure of gulping down that milk, of succumbing to Martha's power, of just letting go...and that blowjob at the end of the night, it had been especially intense, because she was rewarding him, commending him for being such a good boy when his parents came over –

His parents!!

Kyle snapped fully awake, and he felt his breath catch in his chest. His parents had come over last night, and, abruptly, the crazy memories came flooding back into his brain, a deluge of shock, embarrassment, and pain. Martha had *breastfed* him in front of his parents! Changed his *diaper*! And worst of all, she had claimed him as her "son" in front of them, severing his connection with them, point-blank telling his own mother that she, Martha, had usurped her position for good...and Kyle had just lain there, sunken deep in the warm, voluptuous flesh of Martha's thighs, her nipple stretching his cheeks, and taken it. No, he hadn't just "taken it" – he had visibly assented to it! He could hear Martha's immense, feminine voice now: "Your son is mine now...isn't that right, dear?"

He had nodded. With his own parents watching, he had nodded his head. And they had turned heel and left, recognizing that there was nothing that they could emotionally access in their son anymore. Now the next morning, as Kyle thought back to these awful events, he felt a shame, a disgust, rising up from deep within his stomach, a revulsion and a repugnance for what he had become like he had never experienced before. There was "post-nut clarity," and then there was this. Minutes passed as Kyle just stared up at the ceiling, the whole terrible crush of last night's memories seeming to build up on his chest, pressing him down into the soft bedding of his crib.

His crib...

'I've got to get out of here,' Kyle thought desperately, the panic setting in. 'Martha's turned me into this...this pathetic little child, this...baby...and I'm not a baby! I'm an adult man who...who got confused, who got manipulated by this conniving, evil woman! I don't want to live here anymore; I don't want to be around her anymore; I want her out of my life! I can put all this

behind me! I can go to my parents and tell them that...that she drugged me, or something...and even though it's not really true, it's...I mean, it's *kind* of true, isn't it!? She's been using her...her body, and, uh...and her crazy mind tricks to just...to mislead me, to confuse me...to make me feel like I couldn't escape from her. And the violence too! Oh god...yeah – I can use that when I'm explaining myself to my parents! I can tell them that she was violent with me, and...and forced me to do all these things! That would work...that would be believable! And then I could finally, uhm...finally start a new life...somewhere else...far away from here, and...and put all of this behind me!

It took Kyle about 10 minutes to reach this mental stage, where he had, once again, somehow managed to talk himself into a rational explanation for how he had gotten into this position in the first place. As his mind feverishly worked, he was still looking up at the white ceiling, disconnected from his body minus the dull, aching pain he felt throughout his muscles. When at last he had arrived at the conclusion that he needed to plot a way out of Martha's house, he finally "snapped back" into his body and decided that the first step was to get out of this ridiculous crib. He realized that he hadn't heard Martha anywhere in the house – none of her customary, cheery whistling from the kitchen, none of her heavy workouts from the living room, and, crucially, none of her heavy footsteps on the wooden floorboards.

A hope rose in Kyle's chest. Maybe...just maybe...Martha was out of the house! Perhaps she had gone shopping or something, and, flush with the success from the previous night, she had left him home alone, confident that her newly-proclaimed "son" now knew his true place and could be trusted to not escape. This could be his chance! No doubt she had deadbolted the doors as usual, but he could get out through a window or something...and if she had bolted those too, he could always just break it! His heart quickened as he moved to stand up and begin his escape.

But when he tried to move his arms and legs, he found that he couldn't move...not one inch. In desperation, he looked down at his body, and found that he had been tightly swaddled in white cloth, so that his entire figure looked like a helplessly-wriggling cocoon.

"Wh-what!?" he choked out, squirming around as he tried to free his arms. But Martha had swaddled him so tightly that, after a minute's struggle, it had become clear that he had no hope of freeing himself. He switched tactics, wildly attempting to kick his legs out of the compact cloth. But the result was only more vigorous squirming; he could barely even move his toes, let alone his feet or legs. How had he not realized that he had been swaddled up like this!? He had actually lain awake in bed – for ten whole minutes – without knowing.

'It's because this is your natural state,' said a voice in his head. Whose voice, though? Martha's voice? *His* voice!? It was becoming impossible to distinguish between the two. It wasn't just that Martha had physically dominated and subjugated him – over the last few weeks and months, ever since she had laid eyes on him, Martha had slowly, inexorably broken him down mentally, so that he wasn't even sure anymore who he was...or if he actually had a "personality" anymore. When he tried to delve deep into himself, into the labyrinth of his own

thoughts, her huge, smiling visage was waiting for him around every corner, and behind every closed door. Everywhere he tried to turn...there she was. It was a horrible, crushing thing to realize, making him feel completely helpless and empty; and yet, at the same time, her complete dominance of his entire person, physical and mental, made him so aroused, so transported by a desire to latch his lips onto one of those fat, jutting nipples, or to have those plush, hungry lips wrap themselves around his cock and suck his cum straight out of his defeated body, over and over, until he passed out. As he lay there, helplessly swaddled in the crib, Kyle tried his hardest to pretend that Martha had somehow tricked him, or corrupted him, where he had been pure before. But there was no getting around it now. She hadn't "corrupted" anything in him – no, she had *exposed everything* in him. His submissive nature, his desire to be dwarfed and dominated, his longing to be teased, bullied, and humiliated, and, most importantly, his fervent wish to be subjugated by a huge, overbearing, powerful female who would treat him like her own long-lost son, who would breastfeed him, change his diaper, and otherwise treat exactly like the child he was.

'This is what I've come to,' Kyle thought miserably, staring down helplessly at his captive body. 'This is all I am...'

For over an hour more, he just lay there, despairing, allowing the crushing reality of his present condition to fully sink into his bones. There was no hope of escaping...Laura was a distant memory...the mere idea of working a job or having a girlfriend now seemed absurd...and even the shocked expressions of his parents were beginning to fade in his mind. What did it matter that they were shocked – he had a new caretaker, one who owned him, body and soul.

But the longer Kyle lay there, the more he felt something else rising to the surface of his mind, something that stood in opposition to this overwhelming sensation of despair. He had realized one important thing: he wasn't happy about any of this. Yes, he could submit to his new life, his new identity, and his new "mother," but the act of submission didn't make him feel happy, or even begrudgingly content. No – it made him feel hopeless, miserable, and despairing. And, strangely, noticing these awful feelings in himself gave him an injection of hope.

'If I was actually a true submissive,' he thought to himself, 'If I actually wanted to be Martha's "baby," then wouldn't I be happy now? I mean, maybe I wouldn't be happy at first, since it would take me time to get used to, but wouldn't I at least feel...kind of good? Maybe unsure, or nervous...but not like this! Not this horrible misery! It's like my mind is trying to remind itself that this isn't who I am! And...it's...it's NOT who I am! I'm Kyle! Not "Kyla!" And...and I'm an ADULT, who CAN work a job, who CAN go out with Laura, who CAN pay rent and pay bills and...and do ALL the other stuff that adults can do! Martha's just been...uhhh...what's the term...gaslighting me! Yeah, that's it. Gaslighting me...the whole time! And I've been falling for it!'

It had taken him a while to work his mind around to this conclusion, but after an hour he had finally managed to do it. There were still murmurings in the back of his mind, whispering to him that this WAS what he really wanted, and that his misery was all the result of his "adult" self

trying in vain to assert itself against the reality of his true nature...that Martha hadn't yet fully "trained" him to stop resisting. But, for the moment, Kyle managed to push these misgivings out of his mind, and to settle instead on the only thing that gave him hope: somehow escaping Martha's clutches. He knew that he had no hope of overpowering her physically...not the slightest hope, at least as things stood now. He would have to gain about 40 pounds and train for weeks or months just to get into anything approaching an adequate physical condition to oppose her. And even then...he shuddered to think...

'No,' he thought, feeling the weight pressing on his chest, the weight of what he needed to do. 'I've got to somehow convince her to let me go. I can't try and trick her...she's insane, but she's not stupid. She'll smell out anything clever I try to do, and then...she'll punish me.'

He couldn't believe he had reached this point, but right now, he could think of no other way out.

'I've got to beg her,' he thought, staring up at the ceiling. 'I've got to get on my knees and just...BEG her to let me go. I've got to say that this has been all my fault, and that I've made a terrible mistake, and that...that I'm not the right pick to be her "son," that it doesn't make me happy, and that I'm pleading with her to let me go.'

At first, this plan didn't seem good at all. Kyle was afraid, terribly afraid, of how Martha would react. She might hurt him. Or...even worse...she might decide to just END him, right then and there. But the more Kyle thought about it, the more he felt that it was a chance he had to take. In any case, he didn't really think she would go that far...would she?!

'But even if she does,' he thought grimly as he stared at his swaddle, 'It would be better than living like...like THIS.'

Right around this time, Kyle noticed something that had been steadily more and more apparent the longer he lay there: Martha wasn't home. It had been well over an hour since he had woken up, and he hadn't heard the slightest sound from her. Either she was home and was asleep (not likely, since she always woke up very early and never napped), or she was home and was sitting somewhere very quietly, not moving an inch...this option seemed especially unsettling, and so Kyle tried not to dwell on it too much.

'No, no, she's huge,' he thought to himself. 'If she were home, I'd have heard SOMETHING, at least...she can't even walk or shift slightly in a chair without making noise. She must be out running errands. Plus, of course, it'd be just like her to swaddle me up like this and leave the house...like, in a show of power over me.'

All he could do now was wait for her to get home, and Kyle used this time to try and practice his pleading pitch to Martha for his freedom. As he suspected before he started, though, practicing didn't help too much, nor did it make the task seem any less daunting and terrifying. But his resolve had solidified – this was what he was going to do.

Finally, in a moment that made his stomach roil in a sickening clench, Kyle felt Martha's footsteps as she walked up to her front porch. He didn't even hear her footsteps first – he *felt* them, even though the crib he was in was raised up off the floor. It didn't matter; the four wooden legs of the crib carried the deep vibrations of her huge platform heels...a few seconds later, Kyle could be sure that she was wearing those monstrous 6-inch boots. The dull, thudding energy of her footsteps was all he needed to hear; the next moment, she was unlocking all the numerous deadbolts on her front door. Instinctively, Kyle squirmed in place, trying one last time to somehow free himself, but it was all useless. And in any case (as he reminded himself), that wasn't part of his current plan. Despite the sick feeling in his stomach, and despite the rapid cadence his heart was hammering away in his chest, he had to keep his cool...he *HAD* to.

"Helloooooo!" came Martha's deep, sing-song voice from the foyer, followed by the powerful hammer-stroke of the heavy front door shutting. From the rustling sound that accompanied her movements, it sounded like she was carrying a load of plastic bags. "Is my little Kyla still asleep? Hrrmmmm? After SUCH a big night, I bet she issssss! I bet she..."

But Martha cut herself off as she strode into the living room. At a fearsome 7'1 in her platform boots, she could see from across the room that Kyle was wide awake. She stopped for an instant, blinking, and for a second, Kyle actually thought that she looked surprised. He had never seen that expression on her face before, and even witnessing a flicker of it gave him a much-needed injection of confidence. But when he took in her whole figure, that confidence faded as quickly as Martha's look of surprise – an almost-impossibly tight red t-shirt was stretched across her enormous torso, threatening to tear down the middle of her huge, weighty breasts. The red t-shirt was gigantic, in and of itself, but it was stretched so thin that Kyle could see the warm, fleshy expanse of her belly poking out underneath. Martha had huge, powerful muscles, of course, but she also had a luscious, feminine shape, which somehow made her look even more imposing. That, and the way that her thick, powerful thighs were squeezed into her skin-tight black jeans. Kyle could literally see her massive ass bulging out behind her, even though she was facing him. She grinned warmly down at him and shifted her weight to one booted foot. The ten to fifteen plastic bags on her big forearm rustled ominously.

"Had a good sleep, little baby?" Martha asked sweetly. "I certainly hope so – you were tucked *out* last night, haha!"

"I...I did...y-yes," nodded Kyle. He could already feel his resolve slipping, but he tried his best to shove down his fears.

"Mmmm, that's wonderful to hear," Martha purred, shifting her weight again slightly as she reached her free hand down to the bottom of her tight red shirt. Kyle felt his heart skip a beat as she slowly, sensually, lifted her shirt up, revealing her fleshy stomach, and then...BOING! Her left tit came bounding out, happy to be free. She cupped it in her huge hand, bouncing it up and down and winking at him as the tip of her massive, engorged nipple started oozing milk.

"I think someone's ready for her breakfast," Martha cooed. She slowly approached Kyle's crib, not even bothering to put the plastic bags down, and, in one swift, clean motion, scooped him up out of the crib with one arm and brought his mouth up to her fat nipple. Kyle didn't resist...he couldn't. Even with all his pent-up resolve, with that drooling nipple in front of his mouth, his instincts took over, and he took it in his mouth and sucked, his eyes rolling back in his head, until he was full. But when Martha laid him back down in his crib, and began to unwrap his swaddle, all Kyle's emotions from before rushed back into his mind. It was now or never.

"P-please...please...Martha..." he began, his voice shaking as he climbed out of his loose swaddle and fell on his knees before her in his crib. Martha stepped back a bit, staring down at him carefully. She could tell he was about to say something he had been thinking about for a while.

"Yes, baby?" she asked sweetly.

"I'm...I'm *b-begging* you Martha...please..." Kyle pleaded. His heart felt like it was about to explode out of his chest; his lungs were burning like fire. But he kept going. "I...I've made a mistake...a t-terrible mistake! It's not y-your fault at all! It's all my fault...all of it! I n-never wanted this...any of this. I got confused, I-I...I thought I felt a certain way but...b-but I don't actually feel that way, and...and I don't think I'm the right person for...t-to, to fill the role that you want from me. I'm begging you Martha – please...PLEASE let me go! I'm not what you want...I'm not! Y-you...you deserve someone else who...who WANTS this kind of thing. Please...please let me walk out of here...please..."

As his pleading became more and more animated, Kyle actually clasped his hands together and held them up to Martha like he was praying to her. And, in a very real sense, that's exactly what he was doing. There was nothing to prevent her from keeping him there forever, from hurting him, or even from taking his life away. In every sense, he was begging, pleading, praying, to a higher authority, to an entity so much greater and more powerful than himself. For long moments after he forced out those final words, Kyle held this position, kneeling in his crib, his shaking hands clasped together and outstretched towards his gigantic captor, hanging by a thread of sanity on her response.

Martha just stood there, unmoving. Her expression was impossible to decipher. At first, it seemed to Kyle that her dark eyes turned black and burned like coals...but then he wondered if that was just all in his imagination. As the silent seconds ticked by, he could feel himself becoming more and more terrified. This was NOT what he had expected at all. If anything, he had expected her to get angry with him, even violently so...or perhaps to be hurt that he would actually want to leave her. But this...this silence...and her expressionless face...it was giving him the creeps. It was making him feel like something else was going on. Something that he couldn't even begin to guess at.

"Okay sweetheart," Martha said suddenly, her voice as sweet as ever. "Whatever you say."

Kyle was stunned. He just mouthed at the air for a few moments, like a fish out of water, before he finally found his voice.

“S-So you’re...you’re okay with...letting me go?!” A wild hope had suddenly risen up in his chest.

“Of course,” Martha said simply, shrugging as she smiled a bit sadly down at him. “I’d really hate to hold you here against your will, Kyle. It’s just that, your constant arousal around me, you know? And the way you just seemed to LOVE drinking my milk...?”

“Y-yeah...it was, uhhh...I was...I know it was a l-little confusing,” Kyle stammered, overcome with joy. He exhaled and, for the first time in a long time, there was a big smile on his face. “I was confused...so confused...s-so like I said, uhhh...not your fault at all!”

“Mhm...well,” Martha sighed a little regretfully, reaching into one of the plastic bags and pulling out a small pink dress, adorned with little synthetic roses and bumblebees. “I guess you won’t be wanting to try on any of the clothes I bought for you this morning, huh?”

Kyle blinked at the little dress shining in the late morning sun streaming in through the windows. He felt another pull on his conscience, but this time it was from the other direction.

‘Look at all those bags,’ he thought to himself, his eyes going over them. ‘They’re full of clothes that she bought for me...she spent all that money...on me.’ And in that moment, in an extraordinary twist, Kyle felt sorry for Martha. She cared for him, she really did. And if he left her, that care would be gone – no one would cook for him like she did, or feed him like she did. No one would make him cum like she did. No one would EVER devote such complete time and energy to making him feel good...and safe...and happy.

‘But I’m NOT happy!’ he reminded himself, trying to shake off these remnant doubts swirling around in his mind. ‘This ISN’T what I want!’

“N-no...uhm...I’m s-sorry, Martha,” Kyle stuttered. “But that’s, uhh...no thank you.”

“Oh that’s alright,” said Martha cheerily, putting the dress back in the bag. “I can return all these, no problem.”

Kyle could hardly believe his ears as he shakily climbed down out of the crib. He still had a diaper on, and an oversized white shirt from the previous night, but he barely even noticed that now. All he was concerned with, in this moment, was getting out of Martha’s house. But when his bare feet reached the floor, he found himself staring up at Martha’s huge, looming form, in her tight red shirt, thigh black jeans, and those fearsome 6-inch platform heels. She TOWERED over him, to the point where he was staring straight forward into the exposed flesh of her lower stomach, peeking out underneath her shirt. He swallowed nervously, mustering up the courage

to actually make the move to leave. Meanwhile, Martha just stood there, smiling down at him, waiting patiently.

“So I guess I’ll...uhh...I’ll just be on my way then,” Kyle mumbled awkwardly. This whole situation was so weird, so totally unlike anything he had prepared himself for – it felt bizarrely anti-climactic. After hesitating once...then twice...he finally marshaled the courage to step towards the door. But then he felt a cold shadow pass over him, and he saw Martha’s huge legs stepping in between him and his freedom. He looked up at her, confused; in an instant, the panic had returned.

“Oh no, Kyle,” smiled Martha, slowly shaking her head. She had put all the plastic bags down, and now she had her hands on her hips. Kyle noticed that she had painted her long, claw-like nails blood-red today. “I think you’ve misunderstood me.”

“I...I have?” he squeaked. It felt like his joy had been made of tissue paper, and was now caught in a torrential downpour.

“Mhm,” intoned Martha meaningfully. “Look, Kyle – I’ve got no problem with you wanting to leave.”

“Y-you...you don’t?” Kyle was totally stupefied. He didn’t know whether to hope or despair. In the meantime, he just held his breath.

“Absolutely not,” Martha declared matter-of-factly. “But Kyle...come on. Let’s be real here. I can’t just let you out into the world like this!”

“Oh...the, uh...haha, right, the diaper!” Kyle laughed strangely. “I can just change out of it and _”

“No Kyle,” interrupted Martha, “It’s not just the diaper I’m talking about. It’s *everything*. I’ve spent the last few weeks totally BABYING you! When was the last time you ate solid food? When was the last time you had any nutrition except my breastmilk, for godsakes!? And just LOOK at you! It’s not just that you’re short, Kyle – you’re short AND scrawny...super-skinny! I can’t just let a little waif like you, who’s gotten used to my babying, out into the world! You’ll get eaten alive out there, Kyle! The real world is a harsh, unforgiving place! Oh no...I’m not going to let that happen to you.”

“Th-then...then what are...what are you going to do!?” asked Kyle desperately.

“It’s very simple,” Martha stated, stepping towards him even closer, so that their size difference was even more pronounced. “I’m going to spend the next couple weeks toughening you up! You want to live in the real world? Fine by me! But I’m going to make sure that you’re ready for it – I’m gonna put you through a strict conditioning program, Kyle. Lifting weights, lots of push-ups and sit-ups, and so forth. And I’m gonna feed you a lot of good, hearty food – real

people food – that'll make you big and strong! And then, after a couple weeks, when you've put on some good muscle weight...well then...you're free to go."

Once again, Kyle could hardly believe his ears. The last few minutes had been such an emotional roller coaster for him that he almost felt dizzy. Part of him was disappointed that he couldn't leave right then and there. But another part of him was relieved that Martha actually seemed serious about letting him go. And all that conditioning, and good hearty food? Well...that didn't sound so bad, did it? It was almost too perfect to believe, but as he stared up at Martha, she extended her huge hand down toward his, a perfectly genuine expression on her face.

"So what do you think, Kyle?" she asked, cracking a grin. It was real – for the first time, Kyle actually felt like Martha was talking to him like an adult. "Do we have a deal?"

He hesitated, and then reached his hand up. Her hand engulfed his completely, squeezing with firm, warm pressure. This time, Kyle was the one who was smiling.

"Deal."

A number of hours before, in the dead of night, across town, Laura had been hunched over the desk in her bedroom, when she suddenly sat bolt upright. For many nights on end she had been following the leads of James Pinkerton Legacy Group, that strange real estate firm based in London. It had been dead end after dead end, and she had been on the verge of giving up hope, when she finally received an email straight from a secretary at the firm. It read:

Ms. Abernathy:

Per your request, invoking the 2000 Freedom of information Act, I am legally obligated to honor your request and provide you with the following information. 172 McCafferty Drive, single-family residence, was purchased 9 years ago by one Martha J. Bartel, with stated occupation as an employee of Voleria Circus. No down payment or mortgage; home paid for upfront in cash.

Thank you,

Jennifer Kline

While reading this message, Laura's heart had skipped several beats, and she didn't breathe until the end, when she let out a huge exhale and reclined back in her chair, staring up at the ceiling. She finally had a name...and a lot more.

Chapter 16

“Wait, so...you’re telling me that you need the entire week off!?” Peter asked incredulously into the phone as he sat at his desk. His plate had been full for the last couple weeks, ever since he had to step in as the acting accounting manager for Ted, who had apparently injured himself in some sort of...what had it been? The details were hazy, but the story Peter had been told was that Ted had fallen down some stairs in his home and broken a few bones. It had been very odd, though, that Ted hadn’t told him this information himself. In fact, ever since his mysterious injury, Peter hadn’t heard from Ted at all. No one in the office had. A few broken bones would have been painful, sure, but to not hear from Ted this long...? It was weird. Ted had always been so hands-on, so in-charge of everything...so to have him go suddenly silent like this was bizarre to say the least.

And now Laura, one of the most solid, dependable employees at the firm, was taking a whole week of her paid leave off, without announcing it ahead of time. This was technically allowed, but Peter was truly thrown for a loop, since he would have expected someone like Laura to keep him informed about any lengthy absences.

“Yes, Peter, I’m really sorry to have to spring this on you last-minute,” Laura replied back on the other end, a genuine sense of understanding and empathy evident in her tone. “And I know how tight things have been at the office ever since...Ted hurt himself...but I’ve made sure to manage all the invoices, and I’ve lined up a couple auditors for Musgrove, Inc next week, one for their financial statements and accounting systems, with an emphasis on the last 12 quarters, and one for their fiscal records going back a decade. Plus I resolved all the discrepancies I found with the Timberview hotel chain...remember, the ones we talked about?”

“Mhm,” nodded Peter, his heart already sinking a little. Laura was really on top of it, he had to give her that. It was exactly this type of proactivity that he was going to miss for the next week.

“And I also made sure to get a head start on the year-end financial statement,” Laura added, “And I emailed some of the Excel spreadsheets to you – I know a lot can change in a few months, but a lot of the work is just getting the graphs and charts in place for the algorithms, you know? We can always substitute different numbers when the data fluctuate.”

“Heh, well...I can’t really complain, can I?” chuckled Peter. “We’re just lucky to have you, Laura. That’s all I can say.”

“Thanks, Peter,” Laura replied back, trying to sound as light and natural as possible. “And again, I’m really sorry to be so sudden with all this. Something came up and I...just really need to take the full week.”

“Well I know it’s none of my business,” Peter said kindly, “But I hope it’s nothing too serious, Laura. You always know that you can call me or anyone else here if you need help or...you know, someone to talk to.”

"I really appreciate it, Peter, thanks," Laura responded quickly. "I'll be in touch in a week, okay? Alright, bye!"

She hung up the phone and took a deep breath, letting it out again as she sat on her bed. Her eyes traveled down to all the documents and newspaper clippings that she had scattered in a semicircle all over her bedroom floor. Ever since she had learned Martha's full name, Laura had kicked her investigations into overdrive, spending all of her free time trying to discover who this monster of a woman actually was, and the nature of her past life. There had been a lot of information, far more than Laura had hoped for. It was this sheer volume of information that had prompted her to ask for a week off from work – her obsession with Martha (and, of course, freeing Kyle from her clutches) had developed to such an extent that Laura had actually been covertly doing her investigatory work while she was at her desk at her actual job, and, being a principled person, this didn't sit right with her. And so she had decided to take some time to focus solely on this bizarre, disturbing case.

Martha's ominous words rang in her ears, promising to kill Laura if she even got a whiff of the police being involved, so Laura had taken the law enforcement option off the table. She wasn't going to risk calling the cops, not only because she feared for her own safety, but also because she feared for Kyle's as well. She had no idea what Martha would do to him if the police suddenly showed up on her doorstep. Laura had resolved, therefore, to go at the investigation alone, and already, she had unearthed a surprising amount of information.

She sank down from her position on her bed and sat on the floor, among the dozens of documents and articles, picking them up one by one and browning over them for the umpteenth time, making sure that she had all her information correct. So far, she had found out that Martha had been employed for years by a traveling circus, called Voleria, and that she had become well-known for performing feats of strength under the stage name "Mama Gargantua," shortened to "Mama G" in later articles after she had become more famous. Laura had winced when she had read that name for the first time.

'Ugh, god,' she thought, her insides almost writhing with disgust, 'Even back then she was obsessed with the "mommy" thing...she's totally crazy.'

Early in her career, apparently, Martha had performed more conventional acts, like lifting heavy weights, and Laura found some early magazine articles, some of them over 20 years old, which showed her lifting huge barbells weighing 200 pounds or more above her head. Even when she had been in her early 20's, Martha had been an absolute beast of a woman, just as tall and muscled as she was now, though perhaps not quite as big. Laura had found several of these early photos, all with Martha wearing a skin-tight circus suit of black and bright pink, which showed off her enormous arms and legs, with a huge pink "G" on her chest, distorted by her giant breasts.

Gradually, though, as Laura read through the more recent articles and documents, she discovered that Martha's act had become progressively extreme as the years went by. Initially just a typical "strongwoman," she had started to spice up her act with more aggressive feats of strength. She had started crushing apples in her bare hands, and watermelons with her legs, and had apparently taken great pleasure in tossing out the mangled fruit to the eager crowd. Laura had even found a grainy picture of Martha handing a disfigured piece of watermelon to a man in the crowd. It was such a strange, unsettling experience for Laura to find all these pictures...and at first she could hardly believe that there was all this information out there about this gigantic, crazy woman. But there could be no doubt who it was in those pictures – her face looked a bit younger, and she didn't have quite the amount of middle-aged padding on her curves, but that was Martha alright. No one else looked like *that*.

And then, when Martha had apparently gotten tired of crushing fruit, she had switched to crushing other things with her hands, biceps, and thighs – chairs, sofas...and even rocks. She bent metal kitchenware and tore up phone books too...and apparently the crowds absolutely loved it. Laura had found higher and higher-resolution pictures of Martha's feats, which coincided with her increased popularity. One particularly impressive one was her holding up two torn halves of a massive phone book, while a large boulder lay crumbled into pieces at her feet, with a pile of broken furniture looming behind her. Laura's eyes had popped out at just how massive Martha's muscles had been...but she quickly reminded herself that they were STILL probably *at least* that big, and that they were just hidden under some extra curvaceous weight. The longer Laura focused on this case, the more easily she was able to digest these pictures and stories – it had made her sick initially, thinking about what Martha had done to Ted, and what she might be doing to poor Kyle right now...but Laura had forced herself to handle the traumatic memories and reminded herself that Kyle was depending on her to rescue him. And this rescue depended on Laura learning as much as she could about her adversary, until a plan could begin to form in her mind about how Martha should be dealt with.

Laura had not been surprised to learn, then, that Martha's circus career had taken a more alarming turn as her act became more and more extreme. Apparently, just around 5 years before the present, with her circus career in full bloom, Martha had started incorporating the crowd into her act. She would kidnap certain men from the stands, even going so far as to stalk into the crowd herself, wrench the poor guy out of his seat, and then bring him into the ring. There she would humiliate him in a variety of ways, wrestling him, pinning him, making him submit, lifting him high above her head...all manner of things. There were more pictures, and, with a knot in her stomach, Laura could see an obvious pattern in the types of men Martha chose to kidnap for her act. Invariably, they were short, small, rather petite men, men who looked soft and weak...

'Kind of like Kyle,' thought Laura, before inwardly chiding herself. 'But no...wait, Kyle doesn't look "weak!" He's just...well...small! Small-boned, petite...and so cute! There's nothing wrong with him!'

Laura didn't at all like that she and Martha apparently shared a taste for small men, but she reminded herself that it was for completely different reasons. Laura liked small guys because they didn't overwhelm her, and because she just thought they were cute – Martha, on the other hand, liked small men because she wanted to totally dominate them, to overwhelm them, to humiliate them into total submission so that she could mold them into whatever she liked.

'It's sick...just...sick,' thought Laura, going through these more recent pictures of Martha laughing as she twisted these small guys into uncomfortable positions, lifted them over her head as they yelled out, and compared her huge arms and legs with theirs, pointing to the discrepancy in their sizes as she burst out laughing for the crowd. In one particular picture, Laura had been struck by the faces in the crowd witnessing Martha humiliating a short, small man by flexing her giant biceps next to his head – all of them had been rapt with attention, many of them laughing, but a few of them had just been sitting there with their mouths closed, their eyes wide, hardly believing what they were seeing. The small man in question certainly looked uncomfortable, but then again, what was he supposed to do!? Martha literally plucked these little guys out of the crowd and made them a part of the show.

Laura also noticed that, as the years went by, Martha began to look fiercer and fiercer. The earliest photos of her were noticeable enough, since she was so big and tall, but her outfits were more "normal." As she had become more popular, though, Martha had devoted more and more energy to her appearance. She had started braiding her dark hair into pigtails, and then cornrows, which made her look like some kind of a barbarian, amazonian warrior. Her makeup became thicker and more vibrant, and her eyes, which had always looked imposing even in the earlier pictures, took on an especially intimidating dark gleam. She hadn't even painted her nails in the earliest shows, but in her later shows, she had grown her nails out and filed them down into long, sharp, scary-looking claws, which she always painted black. In every sense of the word, "Mama G" had become more and more extreme, more and more imposing and terrifying...and apparently the Voleria Circus loved it because she was one of the star attractions. Ticket sales were through the roof.

And then...as Laura had found more recent articles, she had learned that Martha had started to get into trouble. In one incident, she had actually broken a male patron's arm in the middle of an act, forcing a cancellation of the rest of the performance. Laura picked up a clipping of a local newspaper that had reported on the incident:

Attendees to the popular Voleria Circus are complaining the day after a performance was canceled due to an accident that left many spectators traumatized. Famed performer "Mama G," a strongwoman known for her creative feats of strength, is facing accusations of negligence, and potentially even assault, after she broke the arm of a male spectator whom she had plucked from the stands during her act. The spectator, who was not available for comment and still recuperating in the hospital, apparently suffered the injury when Mama G was demonstrating her "bicep crush," during which she routinely crushes a variety of fruits by flexing her muscles. This time, however, she had trapped the man's forearm in between her muscles, and had flexed, resulting in the injury. Mike G, one of the spectators, was shocked by what he

saw. *"We all thought it was all part of the act," he told WGTV News, "Until we heard the snap. We all gasped, and the guy was yelling. It was awful!" Susan B, another spectator, was angry and upset. "This is the circus!" she exclaimed to our reporter, "But Mama G turned it into a horror show! There were a bunch of kids in the stands that'll never forget what they saw! She should be charged!"*

When reached for comment, a Timberwater police spokesperson replied that they are investigating the incident, with no further comment at this time.

For her part, "Mama G" surprisingly made herself available for an interview after the performance was canceled. "Look, if anything this is just further proof that our men need to drink their milk!" she laughed, apparently unfazed by what had happened. "It's not my fault that the little guy had brittle bones!"

Upon being asked whether or not she was worried about the young man, or about whether or not she would be charged, "Mama G" was similarly flippant.

"Oh please...it's just a broken arm," she replied airily. "And as to being charged – that's absurd. Every attendee has to sign a document that absolves the performers from legal action should something like this occur. There's not a case to be made. Period."

Our reporter noted that "Mama G" displayed a surprising lack of concern throughout the entire interview, and had even asked him if he was interested in feeling the bicep that had broken the man's arm. He sensibly declined.

When Laura had read this article, she hadn't believed how "in-character" all of this was for Martha. So she had been hurting people for years now...whether on purpose or not. Laura strongly suspected that Martha had intentionally broken that man's arm, as a show of strength, as a joke, and maybe even as manifestation of some sick sexual satisfaction that she got in dominating others. The circus was a fittingly wild and flamboyant backdrop that she could blend into, without anything seeming too far out of the ordinary. Laura had to give Martha credit – her clever plan had worked for years, but clearly, as time went on, not even the circus could disguise the insanity of who Martha truly was.

The final mention of Martha that Laura could find proved this point beyond any doubt. Dated just a few years in the past, the brief article posted on a circus-centered internet forum announced that Voleria had fired Martha for "a regular pattern of sexual misconduct." Laura felt her heart skip a little when she read that phrase – she had known that Martha's crazy business with Kyle was, at its heart, sexual...but now she had identified a distinct pattern in her behavior. The article did not elaborate on the nature of Martha's "misconduct," but Laura was able to scroll down and read the comments that people had posted on the forum in response.

"Nooooooooo not Mama G!" lamented one comment. "I'll never get to see her live again! It was totally crazy what she was capable of, strength-wise. Olympic-level talent. Such a shame."

“A long time coming,” read another comment, “An absolute lunatic who gave strongwomen everywhere a bad name. The rumors I’ve heard about her...”

“I work at Voleria,” declared another user, “She wasn’t just picking men out of the stands for her act anymore. She had actually started nabbing male patrons as they left, taking them back to her trailer, and straight-up fucking them. I’m talking about the “r” word here. Everyone was terrified of her, so no charges were filed, and it went on for a few weeks before it finally got leaked up to the management and they fired her. They didn’t do it in person, though. Can’t say that I blame them. We were all scared to come to work the next day, since we thought she might show up. This is serious stuff, guys. “Mama G” isn’t some act – it was a persona that contained the insanity that is Martha Bartel. And now that she doesn’t have that persona anymore, I shudder to think what she’ll unleash on god knows what poor soul.”

Laura read this comment over and over again, her breathing intensifying the more she read. Never in her life had she been more certain of a required course of action. She HAD to do something about this woman. Kyle was a prisoner in her house...right now...and she was doing profane things to him. It was a nightmare – her cute co-worker had been kidnapped by one of the worst people imaginable. Laura remembered when Kyle had told her, beaming that he had found a room to rent, and that he was going to use the savings to put a downpayment on a house in the next couple years. Sure, it had seemed like a longshot at the time, but that’s one thing that had attracted Laura to Kyle: he was optimistic. Plus of course it didn’t hurt that he had big plans. But it had all been a terrible mistake, because that ad for a room had been a spider web woven by Martha...to catch her little flies.

Several times, Laura felt a retching sensation in her stomach, and was very nearly sick, but she finally managed to pull herself together. She was on the case, and Kyle was depending on her to find a way to rescue him. The vision of him in that ridiculous tutu, in the swing, totally at Martha’s mercy, made Laura even more determined.

So Laura hunkered down and kept working. It seemed crazy that Martha had managed to stay under the radar for so long after getting fired, given her clear inability to control herself. Apparently, she hadn’t been charged and had been allowed to flee the state she was in...to the house that she had bought a few years before she was fired. It was so odd – Martha had bought the house many states away from where she had been working at Voleria.

‘Was she...*planning* on getting fired?’ Laura thought to herself. ‘Did she buy that house as a contingency? Did she know that she’d eventually go too far?’

It certainly seemed like a possibility; anything was possible for Martha. This was the main reason why Laura hadn’t gone to the police – she knew that Martha’s threat had been real. Under no circumstances could the cops get anywhere near this situation, or else Laura was afraid that Martha wouldn’t just go after her, but that she might do something awful to Kyle...even more awful than what she was doing right now. Martha had this utterly bizarre and

depraved attitude about her and Kyle's relationship, and, as much as she hated to, Laura could envision a scenario in which Martha, barricaded in her house by the police and confronted with the prospect of having Kyle taken away from her, might do something drastic...like a m*rder s*icide...something that crazy. It was certainly possible.

"So I've got to find a way to get Kyle out of there myself," Laura said aloud, sitting up straighter on the floor, surrounded by all the data she had amassed. The sound of her own firm, determined voice reignited her resolve. "That's what this comes down to. I can't involve the cops. I can't involve anyone else. I've got to do this myself. There's got to be a way...some way...to get him out of that house, without her realizing. I've got to do some surveillance on that house, to learn her patterns, when she leaves..."

Laura stared straight ahead, up to her desk, where there was a pair of binoculars sitting. Her grandfather had given them to her so that she could bird-watch. She smiled grimly, appreciating the insanity of the current situation. There wouldn't be a lot of bird-watching happening for the foreseeable future.

The next morning, Kyle woke up to his alarm, and for a few seconds, he panicked, nearly toppling down off his bed onto the floor. For weeks now he had been sleeping in a crib, and had subconsciously gotten used to the bars on all sides, keeping him caged in. When he had reached over to turn off his alarm, he had recoiled from the edge of the bed, fearful of the distance to the floor below. But then, all in an instant, he remembered what was happening. Martha wasn't treating him like a baby anymore! He wasn't sleeping in a crib – he was sleeping in his real bed! In HIS room! And Martha was going to let him leave! Just...after a couple weeks of "getting him ready" for the outside world. Thinking about that idea now, Kyle couldn't help but think that it was a really weird way for her to react, but what did he care now? He was finally going to get out of there! And he could find a way to somehow explain everything to his parents, and then go back to work and...and have that dinner date with Laura!

Laura...Laura...Kyle's stomach twisted itself up just thinking about her, and about what she had witnessed Martha do. He had no idea what Laura was up to right now, but Kyle sincerely hoped that seeing that horrible incident hadn't forever turned her off from him. The more he thought about it, the more worried he felt about it. What had she thought about him wearing that tutu? And about Martha kissing him!? It made him feel dirty...and guilty. But what did he have to feel guilty about!? He...he hadn't WANTED any of this...surely! And just because Martha had found a way to...to...well...turn him on all the time...didn't mean that he was HAPPY about any of it! No, he would be able to explain to Laura what had happened, and how crazy and scary Martha was, and all the rest of it.

'But look at me, getting ahead of myself already!' he chuckled to himself. 'Let's just put one foot in front of the other, and I'll be out of here before I – '

But here his thoughts trailed away, because he suddenly became aware of a wet sensation in his crotch, and all over the sheets around his midsection. With a sickening jolt, Kyle realized

that, during the night, he had wet the bed. He couldn't believe it – all those weeks in a diaper had made him mentally regress over 20 years, to the point where he couldn't even go a full night without doing...well...something like *this*. He felt the shame beginning to burn in his ears and cheeks, but he quickly rallied, purely out of self-preservation.

'I've got to hide this,' he thought desperately. 'Otherwise Martha will use it as proof that I'm not ready for the "real world." It's nothing. It's just...lots of things are happening now. It's just my body adjusting. That's all.'

Five minutes later, he had managed to clean himself up, and had stuffed the wet sheets into a plastic bag from the closet and hidden them away behind a stack of boxes. He shut the closet door, satisfied that his embarrassing mishap was hidden away. He was just in the process of putting on his "training" t-shirt and sweatpants when he heard a cheerful whistle coming from the living room...like always, Kyle felt an automatic twinge in his cock, and his heart rate increased. This was something he was going to have to get over. But even more than all that, Kyle was shocked by another aspect of his body's reaction. His stomach, which had already felt twisted with the anxiety of thinking about Laura, Martha, and his bed-wetting, was now suddenly twisted up in an entirely new way. He was hungry...for one thing, and one thing only.

"Yooo-hoooo!" came Martha's jovial voice, seeming to send its vibrations directly down into his groin. "Kyyyyyle! I heard your alarm go off a while ago – it's time to start our traaaaaaining! I'm all ready in the living room!"

"I-o-okay, yeah!" Kyle called back, hating that he was incapable of speaking to her without stuttering. "I'm...I'm coming! B-Be there in just a minute!"

He knew that the shorts Martha had given him were tight for a reason. Try as he might, he couldn't hide his erection. Surely she would use that against him too. But Kyle suddenly felt a surge of confidence. So what if Martha intimidated him? So what if she had tapped into some strange fetish-thing he had going on? None of this had anything to do with his ability to function in the real world! He would show her that he was ready.

And so, with this newfound defiance and determination on his face, Kyle took a deep breath and left his bedroom, trying as hard as he could to ignore the growing hunger in the pit of his stomach.

Chapter 17

Kyle hated how fast his heart was beating as he walked slowly down the darkened hallway towards the living room, which was bathed in bright morning sunshine.

PhewPhewPhewPhewPhewPhewPhew

He heard the deep and foreboding sound of quick, rapid breathing, and he knew that Martha was doing some kind of workout or warmup in preparation for him. Even though he was still in the hallway, he was sure that he could already smell the musky scent of her perfume, made all the more intense and intoxicating by her body heat...could he actually feel that too? Even from all the way back here, in the hallway!? Kyle wondered if he was truly starting to lose his mind, but he quickly managed to remind himself that he was just recovering from his strange conditioning under Martha's wing, and that now, she was giving him an opportunity to "toughen up" before she let him go.

PhewPhewPhewPhewPhewPhewPhew

With these things in mind, he clenched his jaw slightly in determination, ignoring both the hunger in his stomach and the twinge in his cock, as he rounded the hallway opening and came out into the cheery brightness of Martha's living room. His eyes snapped straight to her, and what he beheld did not ease the hunger in his stomach, or the pressure in his groin. Martha was lying parallel to the floor, performing a strenuous set of one-arm push-ups that had been going on, in rapid, staccato succession, at the rate of two reps every second, for as long as Kyle had opened his bedroom door. She was dressed in a pair of black spandex shorts that were hugging for dear life onto the immense curves of her thighs, hips, and ass. Kyle saw that she was wearing a pair of white tennis shoes...but, more than anything else, his eyes were drawn to her top, which was a tight white t-shirt that looked to have some black lettering on the front that, from her current position, Kyle couldn't quite make out.

But it was what was *under* Martha's t-shirt that had drawn Kyle's attention – her mammoth breasts, which looked as big and juicy as ever, were pressing hard into the tight white t-shirt, making it seem like the shirt itself was on the verge of ripping. And as Martha descended in the midst of her pushups, her breasts were so enormous that they were squished outward, on either side of her body, between her chest and the floor, making them look even huger. Kyle couldn't believe it; as much as he had fixated on Martha's boobs before, he had never quite seen them squished like *this*, and his hunger seemed to double in his stomach. He could literally hear her milk sloshing around inside those massive mammaries...from *across the room*.

"There's my little trainee!" Martha smiled brightly, averting her head up slightly as she continued to bust out her one-armed push-ups at the same insane rate, "Hold on there, I've just got forty more...then we can get started!"

PhewPhewPhewPhewPhewPhewPhew

It was incredible – even though she was just doing push-ups, Kyle could actually feel the hardwood floor bowing slightly beneath his feet. She was so heavy that even her sturdy floors had trouble withstanding her weight. Kyle was now, in essence, forced to stand there and watch as Martha banged out the remainder of her set, taking her whole colossal figure in as he helplessly watched her thick curves bounce and jiggle with her movements. But, of course, more than anything, he was forced to watch those megalithic breasts go *SquishSquishSquish* with astonishing rapidity, and Kyle was so overwhelmed by the show of strength, and the sensory overload of watching her body, that he tried to distract himself by staring out of the open window. It really was a beautiful day, with a clear blue sky, and no clouds in sight.

‘I’ve got this,’ he breathed to himself, bouncing nervously up and down on his toes as he tried to ignore the fact that the bulge of his erection was clearly visible through his tight training shorts. ‘It’s a really nice day, and this is the first day of my training...of getting back out into the normal world. I should be thankful that Martha’s helping me...really, I should...and I need to show her that I can be a man and handle myself.’

In the midst of this silent pep talk, Kyle suddenly registered that he no longer heard Martha’s short, forceful exhales, and that he wasn’t feeling the floor bowing beneath his feet. He blinked at the sun coming in through the living room window, his heart skipping a beat, and then turned around...and found himself staring straight into a series of cartoonishly stretched-out black letters on a white background...Martha’s t-shirt...she had stood up and was standing there with her hands on her hips, looming over him as she stood very close to his body. Kyle stared at the stretched black letters, hardly understanding that they were letters at all, since all he could register right now was the alluring warmth and intoxicating, musky aroma that was coming off her body. He could literally feel the air trembling with the vibrations of her deep breaths. Everything about her was gigantic – everything – from her massive hands on her thick, wide hips, to the solid, sturdy muscle of her impressive forearms accentuated by her big silver bracelets, to the immense pillars of her colossal thighs stretching her black yoga pants to the limit. And those breasts...those huge, gigantic, fleshy globes...they had to each be at least two or three times the size of his head. And inside them...Kyle swallowed, his throat dry...her milk...he could smell it.

“Aww, don’t be too intimidated by what it says,” Martha chuckled down at him, her upper body jiggling in beguiling humor, “It’s just a fun little joke, after all!”

“What it...says?” Kyle asked, confused, but then quickly understood that Martha was talking about the letters on her t-shirt. He had been too focused on everything else to even process them as words. But now that Martha had called attention to them, he re-focused his eyes and read, with difficulty, the words that were absurdly stretched across her chest:

“Personal Trainer

[noun]

One Who Gets Pleasure Inflicting Pain on Others”

“Oh...eheh...” Kyle managed to say, trying to smile, but not quite able to as his mind flashed back to Martha nearly pummeling Ted to death. A cold fear surged within him, his eyes climbing up to her face, where her dark, flashing eyes met his and held them there in the midst of her smile. Kyle felt his fear diminish slightly. That smile...it was different...it was actually warm and...loving!?

“I got this shirt yeeeeeears ago,” Martha explained cheerfully, extending one of her huge, long, clawed fingers along the stretched-out words (Kyle noticed that she had painted her nails white...a completely different color for her), “Just as a joke when I was working in the...well, when I was working a different job.” She started laughing. “As you can see, I’ve gotten juuuuust a little bigger since then!”

It suddenly occurred to Kyle that he actually had no idea what Martha did for a living. He had never seen her go into work, or talk about her job, or even work from home. He could feel himself becoming intrigued when she had hinted at a past job – what was Martha like, working at...a *job*!?

“So you were...uh...you were smaller?” Kyle asked blankly, feeling like he had to keep the conversation going.

“Hey! There’s no need to rub it in!” Martha responded instantly, feigning indignation as she crossed her thick strong forearms across her chest, squishing her breast up against her powerful torso. But even her fake, playful outrage was enough to make Kyle take a step backwards.

“It’s not my fault that women put on a few pounds when they get to be middle-aged!” Martha continued, still clearly trying to play up her faux indignation, before she paused and lifted up her arms, flexing them in a striking display of size and strength. Kyle cowered beneath her, staring up in awe at the massive biceps and forearms being flexed high above his head. It was true, Martha certainly wasn’t “lean,” and Kyle found himself wondering what on earth Martha had looked like when she was 15 or 20 years younger...and, of course, none of this helped the erection pressing into the front of his shorts. But even though there was some added “padding” to her figure, the truth could not be concealed: Martha was an absolute *unit*, and the size of her muscles was plain to see.

“I still think I’ve got it, though,” Martha grinned, turning her head right to left as she admired her biceps, before fixing her dark, penetrating eyes down on Kyle. “Don’t you?”

He nodded mutely, not knowing what else to say.

“Well that’s good,” Martha nodded, lowering her arms, the big silver bracelets jingling as she moved, “Because it’s important that my little trainee has a healthy respect for his personal trainer. How else am I going to help you reach your ultimate goal?”

Kyle blinked up at her, apparently not reacting quickly enough, because Martha turned her head slightly to the side, raising her eyebrows as she kept her gaze fixed on him.

"You...DO have a goal," she prompted meaningfully, "Don't you...Kyle?"

Just hearing Martha use his real name like that made Kyle excited, and he remembered what was actually going on here. He nodded vigorously, causing Martha to turn her face up in a warm smile.

"Mmmm good," she cooed, bending at the waist as she brought her face down, down, down, until it was even with his, with only inches separating them. Kyle could smell her warm, sweet breath as it washed over him. "I want to hear you say it, Kyle. What's your goal?"

"M-My goal..." he stammered, trying hard to speak with conviction and force, before shutting his eyes, swallowing, and then looking Martha square in the eye, starting over again as he spoke in a loud, clear voice:

"My goal is to get stronger and...and tougher, so that I can go out into the world and start a...life, an ADULT life, without having people, uhm...without having other people boss me around!"

His voice had grown steadily in confidence as he spoke, and he finished off his declaration on a crescendo, so that his voice actually echoed off the walls. This was by far the loudest and most confidently he had ever spoken directly to Martha, and she reacted by smiling even broader, her eyes going wide in shining approval.

"Yes!!" she intoned encouragingly, nodding her head up and down with her huge face so close to his, "That's IT, Kyle! That's EXACTLY it! THAT'S the spirit I want from you!"

She straightened back up, putting her hands back on her hips once again as Kyle buzzed from her praise.

"Because, you know, this isn't going to be easy," Martha continued, her eyes going slowly and deliberately over his body, "Since you're suuuuch a small, slight little thing right now. But I've got you for two weeks Kyle. That's it. Two weeks. Two weeks to turn you from this unbearably cute, scrawny, timid little sweetheart into a tough, strong, assertive young man, who knows how to stand up for himself, and who won't let ANYONE walk all over him. I think you can do it, Kyle. In fact, I know you can. Do you think you can do it?"

"Y-Yes," Kyle nodded, inwardly wincing that he was still unable to speak around Martha without stuttering.

"I'm sorry," Martha quipped, cocking her head to the side as she brought her hand up to her ear, "I didn't quite catch that. I asked, do you THINK you can DO it!?"

"YES!" cried Kyle, nodding his head energetically in response.

"Good!" grinned Martha happily, evidently enjoying the new energy that Kyle was displaying.

"That's the confidence I want to see. That's all I ask, Kyle – heheh, I mean, I know that you're never going to be as big or strong as ME...but you don't have to look like *this* to be able to stand up for yourself, right?"

"Right," Kyle smiled, feeling the warmth of Martha's positivity soaking through him.

"Mmmm all right then," Martha said, suddenly clapping her hands, "Let's get to work!"

She turned and walked over to the coffee table, reaching down to unlatch a black case on top of it that Kyle was just noticing now. He had to fight through a strange urge that had suddenly come up from within him, a kind of desperate sadness that was almost sickening – usually, by this time in the morning, Martha would have fed him some milk, and caressed him, and maybe even sucked his cock and swallowed his cum. But now that she was treating him like a "normal" person, none of that was happening anymore. The sinking feeling inside him was surprising...and intense. He *missed* all that stuff. But he inwardly recoiled at this feeling, determined to harden himself and re-condition his mind and body to be an adult.

"We'll start with something small," Martha declared, opening the case and beckoning Kyle to come closer. "Nothing too crazy in the beginning..."

Kyle approached, his heart beating way too fast for the occasion, and looked down into the open case. His eyes fell on a colorful assortment of hand grippers – six to be exact – ranging in color, left to right, from pink, to orange, red, green, blue, and black. A sense of relief washed over him as his eyes went over the grippers. This didn't seem so bad, after all.

"Now don't breathe too easily," Martha warned, a tinge of knowing humor in her voice as she picked up the pink gripper. Holding it up to Kyle's face, she pressed the two metal bars together easily, using only her thumb and forefinger. Kyle didn't even see the muscles on her forearm contract; she appeared to be making no effort whatsoever.

"That may look easy enough to you," she chuckled, opening and closing the pink gripper over and over with her two fingers, "But here...why don't you give it a shot?"

She handed the gripper to Kyle, and he braced himself, trying to flex his hand and pull the two metal ends together. But he could barely make them budge. Shocked at how weak he appeared to be, Kyle set his teeth and tried again. This time he got the two handles a bit closer together, but not by much. He tried a couple more times and then relented, his forearm burning as he winced in pain.

“See?” Martha intoned mildly, a touch of gentle care in her voice as she smiled down at him, “Not so easy as it looks, huh?” She picked up the orange and red grippers in each hand and squeezed them together easily, opening and closing them over and over as Kyle marveled at the cords of muscle flexing and relaxing in her forearms. “And the pink one is by far the easiest one of these – it just keeps on getting harder and harder, the higher up you go!”

She put the orange and red grippers down and picked up the green and blue ones, working them over and over in much the same way as the first two, still apparently without any effort.

“Now I don’t know about green and blue,” Martha continued, over the steady clink of the grippers pressing together, “But I DO know, in two week’s time, that we can *definitely* get you working over the pink, the orange...and maaaaybe even the red one. It’s not going to be easy, Kyle, but that’s the whole point. The outside world isn’t easy, either, and I’m not going to sugarcoat it for you. No, I’m going to toughen you up. How about it, Kyle? Are you game?”

“Yeah...” he nodded, but then, hating how small his voice sounded compared to Martha’s, he repeated “Yeah!” in a much stronger, more assured tone. She smiled approvingly.

“Mmm, that’s *exactly* what I want from you, Kyle,” she intoned meaningfully, setting down the green and blue grippers. “I can’t do this for you. I can encourage you, and push you, and believe in you completely, but when it really comes down to it, it’s gotta be YOU who decides to push through the adversity and come out on top.”

Kyle nodded, not knowing what else to say, and his eyes again went over Martha’s huge, powerful body standing there before him, in all its 6’7 320-pound glory, and, for the first time he could remember, he actually managed to shut out his helpless lust for her to dominate him, his submissive longing for her to manhandle him, and his ravenous hunger for her to feed him. It was incredible; just seeing her standing there, with her gorgeous, dark eyes flashing down at him with genuine belief and energy, Kyle truly did start to believe in himself. If *Martha* believed in him, what did it matter that other people didn’t? What did it matter that they might say that he was too short or too skinny or too timid? SHE could dominate them all effortlessly – she was bigger and stronger than ALL of them, and SHE believed in him.

Kyle began to feel himself swelling with enthusiasm as a wide smile spread across his face. He couldn’t wait to get started with his training. But then, something pricked in his mind, and his eyes suddenly were drawn to the black gripper in the far end of the case.

“So that one...the black one,” he said, pointing at it, “I’m never going to be able to pull it? That’s the hardest one, right?”

Martha’s face abruptly grew serious, and she silently reached down and brought out the black gripper, bracing it in her huge hand as the silver bracelets jingle on her powerful wrist. She held the gripper up to his face.

"This is the Tetting Hercules gripper," she declared, her voice deadpan and deep, without any hint of her previous humor. "With an RGC rating of 295 pounds. Most olympians can't move it."

She squeezed the black bars together...and for the first time, Kyle actually saw her hand tremble, as the cords of muscle on her mighty forearm flexed and bulged. Surprised, he looked up to her face, and saw that the muscles of her jaw were set; her lip curled, and Kyle could see that her teeth were clenched.

"And this is the first lesson of the day, Kyle," Martha breathed, grinding the black bars of the gripper against each other, just to show how, despite the difficulty, she had overwhelmingly mastered the contraption, "I am your trainer, but you should NOT, under any circumstances, compare yourself to me."

She suddenly swooped down with her free hand, swiping Kyle up off the floor, and proceeded to carry him around her living room, her huge breast pressing into his body as her massive hand snaked up around his buttocks, easily supporting him against her giant arm as she continued grinding the black bars of the gripper together.

"You'll never be my physical equal, Kyle," Martha continued, her voice matter-of-fact, "NEVER...and that's fine! The point of your training is NOT to get you to MY level."

Tossing the black gripper back into the case, Martha extended out her hand for Kyle, spreading her fingers and nodding to him silently. Kyle knew what she wanted from him and, with his cock back to twinging in his pants, he held out his hand to hers. He shuddered with timid pleasure as he felt the huge warmth of her hand against his. The comparison was absolutely ridiculous. The tips of his fingers didn't even come up to her middle knuckles. Her giant palm nearly spanned the size of his entire hand, fingers and all...and Kyle saw that her pinkie finger alone was far longer, wider, and thicker than his middle finger. Her long, sharp white nails only intensified the absurdity of the comparison, and, just like that, Kyle's heart was hammering away again in his chest, as a cold sweat began to break out across his forehead. He wanted her to take him, to dominate him, to make him her little baby again.

"You'll never be on my level, Kyle," Martha said softly, almost whispering in his ear as they both marveled at the hand comparison. He could feel her other hand gently squeezing his buttocks, not in a sexual way, but rather in a kind, encouraging way, in a way that made him pay extra attention to her words. "And that's *okay*. You don't need to be on my level to defend yourself against regular people. But it certainly helps to have someone like me as your trainer, right?"

Kyle nodded, looking up towards Martha's face, and he was relieved to see her break into a smile again. All those flooding feelings of submissive desire began to draw back, and he felt a renewed determination and desire to play his part, to put in the work, to make Martha proud.

"I...uhm...th-thank you...thank you...Martha," Kyle managed to say, his voice suddenly quivering with emotion. She was doing so much for him, really. She was going to make him a man again.

"Aww, it's the least I can do, Kyle," Martha replied brightly, bouncing him a few times in her arm before setting him back down on her hardwood floor. She cracked the knuckles of her giant hands and then thrust her arms upward, striking an immensely impressive double-biceps pose as she towered over Kyle, her bright smile flashing down at him.

"So how about it?" she challenged, "You ready to really get started?"

Kyle nodded, and with a smile of his own, he struck his own double-biceps pose in response, feeling a bit ridiculous, but somehow still empowered by his colossal trainer.

"Let's do it!" he exclaimed energetically. Martha paused for a moment, her nostrils flaring, and for an instant, Kyle thought he caught a look of fierce hunger in her eyes. But the next second it all passed, and she was clapping her hands encouragingly.

"All right, aaaaall right, excellent!" she chanted. "Now we'll start with the pink gripper, four sets of five half-squeezes each...we'll start slow and build up from there!"

And they did. That first day of "training" was definitely the hardest for Kyle, and by the end of their first session, his hands and forearms were completely worn out. But, with Martha's steady encouragement, by the end of the third day he was actually able to close the pink gripper completely with his right hand, a tremendous achievement that earned him a beaming smile from Martha, in addition to a body-jarring clap on the back. The rest of the first week proceeded more or less in this same exact cadence, with Kyle's initial workouts being extremely difficult, but becoming easier and easier with time.

Martha ran the gamut on his body – she put him through arm curls, shoulder raises, dips, and pull-ups (and by the end of the first week, Kyle could do two whole pull-ups!). She made him do body-weight squats until his legs trembled; she made him perform calf-raises until he simply couldn't do another rep. She made him do push-ups, getting down near the floor with him, her head turned sideways as she barked encouragement at him...until his chest sank to the floor. She made him do set after set of sit-ups, holding his feet to the floor with her huge hands, bracing the weight of her arms easily against that of his entire body, until his core felt like it was on fire. And all the time, she only encouraged him – she never put him down, or shouted abuse, or teased him, or made him feel ashamed that he couldn't complete a rep. Instead, she kept a positive outlook, though taking care to keep the pressure on him through each workout.

"I'm only hard on you because I believe in you," she would say again and again as Kyle fought for breath, his muscles exhausted at the end of the day, as Martha comforted him on her lap, bouncing him steadily on her knee to get his blood flowing. "I know it hurts now, Kyle, but remember, this is all to toughen you up. You wanna get tough, right?"

“Yes...!” Kyle would answer, out of breath, nodding his head forcefully. “I do! And I’m...I’m gonna do it! I’m gonna push through!”

“Mmmm, of course you are,” Martha would hum supportively. “And every day, every workout, every rep, you’re one step closer.”

By the end of the first week, Kyle was actually thinking more about his workout progress than he was about how much he missed Martha’s domination. Of course, the errant thought would pop into his head, but he truly was conditioning himself, both mentally and physically, to be an adult again. The harder he worked, the better he felt, and he was starting to see it in his body. His muscles were developing, his appetite for real food had doubled, and, more than anything else, he felt an inexorable sense of positivity and purpose beginning to take hold in his mind. He was really doing it – and, with Martha’s help, he was one week away from rejoining the outside world as an adult once more.

What Kyle hadn’t noticed, though – and, really, who would notice – was that all throughout the week, there had been a nondescript car parked across the street. If someone had looked closer, they would have noticed that this car had rental license plates, and that its windows were obscured by black curtains. And then, if someone had peered even closer, they might have noticed, between the passenger seat curtains, the glint of the sun reflecting off a pair of binoculars that were aimed straight at Martha’s living room window, or even the golden glimmer of blond hair that fell over one of the lenses.

Chapter 18

Laura was being very, very careful as she peered through her binoculars at Martha's house across the street. The last thing she wanted to do was alert Martha to her presence, and so she had taken every conceivable precaution to ensure that her stakeout would go undetected. For one thing, she had taken the trouble to rent an older, nondescript car from a private dealership, with license plates that wouldn't lead back to her since she had rented the car under a false identity, using a specially-made fake ID. Laura wasn't normally one to do these kinds of things – sneaking around under assumed names, breaking the law, and so on – but, in her mind, desperate times called for desperate measures. The most important thing right now was getting an idea of what Martha was doing to Kyle, without Martha having any inkling whatsoever that Laura was watching. If the titanic, terrifying madwoman were to discover Laura spying on her, well...Laura put no limit on the insanity potential of the response. Martha's words echoed in her mind, crystal-clear and deadly, delivered in the midst of punching in the hood of a car with her enormous bare fist:

"If I EVER have to deal with the police, or endure another interruption in my sweet life I have here with my little baby...then – I'll kill you."

Laura shuddered just thinking about that awful moment Martha had brought her fist down on that car, crunching a deep crater in the hood like it was nothing. She had never seen anyone – man or woman – with that kind of strength, so it was little wonder that she had been able to beat Ted (Laura and Kyle's boss) into a pulp without batting an eye. Such strength, when coupled with Martha's gargantuan size and her homicidal lunacy, was positively frightening. And so Laura had fitted her rental car with thick curtains to conceal her movements, and only parted them ever so slightly when she was looking through her binoculars at Martha's house. But Lara hadn't stopped there. She had even gone so far as to do up her blond hair in a bun, hiding it with a black pulldown hat, to disguise herself.

"Shit..." Laura muttered to herself, noticing that a golden tuft of her hair had escaped the confines of her hat and was hanging over her binocular lens. She put the binoculars down for a moment to fix her hair, making sure to keep an eye out through the curtains as she did so. During her stakeouts, Laura always made sure to be in the driver's seat, with the keys in the ignition. If Martha ever were to burst out of her house and run toward her, Laura would instantly turn on her engine and take off. She was far enough away to be confident that the huge woman could never run fast enough to catch her. But that never stopped Laura from being vigilant; she dreaded the thought of turning her gaze away for a few moments, only then to turn back and see Martha's immense body filling up her driver's side window.

'It's not going to happen,' Laura told herself, picking her binoculars and staring through them once more, 'I've planned everything perfectly. This terrible, crazy woman would never imagine all the lengths I've gone to, all the precautions I've taken, and all the stuff I've found out about her.'

Laura had good reason to be confident. Not only had she found out Martha's full name, but she had also discovered a whole host of sordid details about her past in the circus...more than enough to build a damning police case against her, especially when coupled with Martha's horrific assault on Ted. Laura's plan was basic: first, she would figure out a way to rescue Kyle and take him away from that awful house. And second, only after Kyle was safely stowed away in her own apartment, Laura would call the police and have an entire case, spanning decades, ready-made. Martha would have no defense, and she would end up jailed for a long, long time, possibly even for life if a lawyer could convince the jury that she was an unrepentant danger to the community. Laura and Kyle would be free of her...Kyle could go back to work...and the two of them could finally go on that date...!

But Laura knew that she was getting ahead of herself, and she toggled the binocular settings, trying to get a clear view of the living room window, which was open to view.

"First thing's first," Laura muttered grimly to herself. She had to figure out what Martha J. Bartel was up to, so she could find a chink in the armor, an opening to swoop in and rescue Kyle. And now, as the vision through the binoculars cleared, Laura felt herself getting excited. There was movement in the living room...she could see it! This was her first time actually getting a clear line of sight on what was going on. She toggled the binoculars again, and the whole picture came into view. But what Laura was seeing was something that was so unexpected, and so strange, that her mouth dropped open. Martha was standing there, her enormous body squeezed into a white t-shirt and some black spandex, pointing down at the floor. And down below, Laura saw something small and skinny...something slight...and her heart skipped when she saw that it was Kyle. And he was doing...push-ups!?

"What on earth...??" Laura mumbled to herself, watching in puzzled amazement as Martha snapped her fingers, and Kyle sprang up out of his push-up stance, performing a swift set of jumping jacks, with his face all flushed and red from the effort, before Martha snapped her fingers again, causing him to immediately drop back down to do more push-ups. At first, Laura thought that Martha must be mistreating Kyle, or punishing him for something, but after a few more rounds of this, she clapped her hands, and Kyle collapsed into a sitting position on the floor...and Martha handed him a water bottle and gave him...a fist-bump?! Was that really what just happened?

'Oh my god...she's so much bigger than him,' Laura thought to herself. It was impossible not to gawk at the ridiculous size comparison as Martha bumped fists with Kyle. Even from this distance, looking through her binoculars, Laura could see that the narrowest part of Martha's wrist was obviously thicker than the widest part of Kyle's bicep. Her fist was easily at least three times bigger than his...the same fist that had punched a crater into a metal car roof. But right now, it wasn't being used violently; it was instead being used to support, to encourage. Laura watched in perplexity as Martha put her hands on her hips, her mouth moving as she appeared to talk down to Kyle, who remained in a sitting position on the floor, his little chest heaving, as he drank some water. He certainly didn't look like he was being held hostage. If anything, it

looked like Martha was putting Kyle through some kind of training program...? There didn't seem to be any other way of describing it.

Laura's suspicions were confirmed when Martha turned slightly toward the window, revealing the words on her t-shirt, which read: "Personal Trainer [noun] One Who Gets Pleasure Inflicting Pain on Others." Reading this phrase made Laura's stomach turn, and she naturally saw the shirt, in the context of Martha wearing it, as a tasteless and cruel joke, and as a ghastly portent of something terrible. Was Martha working Kyle to the bone, just for her own entertainment, before she broke him for good? But even as she reeled from the strangeness of what was going on, Laura realized something: she had never actually seen Martha hurt Kyle. She had hurt Ted alright, and threatened Laura, but not Kyle. In fact, as Laura continued to watch Martha speaking down to Kyle, pausing briefly to twirl her fingers encouragingly or to give him a thumbs-up, she had to admit that it looked like Martha was *helping* him. And the way he was nodding, and even smiling happily up at her, made Laura think that this wasn't some kind of sick joke that Martha was playing on him. On the contrary, it just looked like Martha was encouraging Kyle to get physically active.

'That's not really what's happening, though...surely,' thought Laura to herself. 'That can't be all that's going on here.'

But as the days went by, and Laura continued to perform reconnaissance on Martha's house, it certainly appeared like that was exactly what was going on. Every day, Martha threw the curtains open, and proceeded to put Kyle through a series of workouts that Laura surreptitiously viewed from her car. Push-ups, sit-ups, pull-ups, what looked like hand and grip exercises, jumping jacks, running in place, dumbbell curls and pushes...it went on and on. And Martha, despite what Laura had been expecting, only seemed to be encouraging Kyle. She made sure he had enough water to drink; she continued to clap her hands and applaud his efforts, especially when he seemed to be getting too tired or exhausted; and, most of all, the interaction between her and Kyle bore none of the former perverse and upsetting elements that had haunted Laura for so long.

For one thing, Kyle was always dressed normally, in a t-shirt and workout shorts, instead of in a tutu or baby clothes like before. Second, and even more importantly, Laura didn't witness Martha do anything physically noteworthy to Kyle – she wasn't touching him affectionately, or forcing him to cuddle, or kissing him, or doing anything else that might have been considered inappropriate or strange. Laura had been expecting to witness all kinds of stomach-turning domination, with a particular emphasis on that degenerate, disgusting "babying" that she had been so unfortunate to witness before. But none of that was happening here. If Laura hadn't known what she did already, she would have just assumed that she was watching a strikingly tall, huge, powerfully-built middle-aged lady helping her young, skinny little male tenant get into shape.

'There's more to this than meets the eye,' Lauren thought to herself, 'Way more...I just know it.'

Despite being thrown this unforeseen curveball, Laura wasn't going to stop or to rest...not until she had figured out what was going on, and how she was going to rescue Kyle from the clutches of this lunatic. Because Martha WAS a lunatic, after all, Laura reminded herself, and, if anything, this more recent "normal" behavior just showed that Martha had the ability to switch back and forth, between kind and encouraging to violent, possessive, and perversely insane. It was a terrifying combination, and Laura felt like it was only a matter of time before she witnessed something truly horrible through that living room window. And so, day after day, she secretly watched, waiting for a breakthrough, when she could swoop in and rescue Kyle.

But if someone had asked Kyle, he would have said that he didn't need rescuing – far from it, in fact, he would have happily declared that the last week or so had been one of the most productive, reassuring, and encouraging times in his entire life. He felt such a tremendous sense of promise and redemption as the bizarre sexual craziness of the past few months receded into the past, beginning to seem like a dream. It almost didn't seem possible that he had somehow allowed himself to be sexually dominated and exploited, and, even worse, turned into an "adult baby" and made to crave Martha's breastmilk. What on earth had he been thinking!? And then, of course, was the frightening corollary question: What had *Martha* been thinking??

Somehow, though, Kyle had managed to convince himself that he had been the one who had kickstarted all of this stuff in the first place. Over and over, he told himself that he had been the one who, without meaning to, had shown sexual interest in Martha, and how she, being a lonely middle-aged woman, had misinterpreted his arousal as an invitation to launch into some pretty extreme roleplay. Kyle wasn't ready to reflect on how ridiculous everything had gotten between the two of them, but after the first week of workouts with Martha, he had been able to get a pretty good handle on his spontaneous erections, as well as the terrible, hungry gurgling sensation in his stomach whenever he was too close to Martha's gigantic breasts.

'I've just been so confused,' Kyle told himself, 'Living on my own in the real world...things got all mixed-up. That's it. That's all – that's why my body kind of went a little haywire there, and it's only natural that I have to wean myself off all those weird...habits I got myself into.'

At first, this line of reasoning hadn't seemed plausible to Kyle. He was so obviously attracted to Martha – to her colossal, powerful body, to her magnificent tits, and to her imperious, overbearing mothering – that it seemed like an absolute fool's errand to try and pretend otherwise. But gradually, as the days went by, and more and more interactions between him and Martha were "normal," Kyle began to start telling himself a story that managed to mitigate all these supposedly obvious points. Yes, clearly he was attracted to Martha, but who wouldn't be? After all, she had an incredible body, and was clearly very strong as well. Kyle liked strong, independent women who, like Martha, weren't held back by any conventional standards of how a woman should look. It was a compliment to his own maturity and good taste that he was attracted to her.

How Martha had managed to keep him in this bizarre “baby” dynamic, though, was a harder story to tell. It took a good deal of effort, and plenty of mental gymnastics, before Kyle finally managed to convince himself that the “play” between him and Martha had been an elaborate ruse that she had thought up, a kind of test for him and for her: a test to see how much of an adult he really was, and a test of how successfully she could get a young man to submit to her will. At first, he had failed his test, while she had clearly passed with flying colors. But then, after a while, Kyle had actually managed to muster up the strength to assert himself, and that’s why Martha had caved to him so quickly...because it had all been a test. Once he stood up for himself, and said, well and truly, that he wanted to leave, Martha had acquiesced. Perhaps there had been a bit of wistfulness on her part after she said he was free to go, since she really had grown quite fond of him, and since his departure would mean that she was alone again. But her only stipulation – that she be allowed to get Kyle into shape – showed that she wasn’t nearly as selfish as she had first appeared.

‘She really does care about me,’ Kyle thought, in the midst of one of his usual sit-up routines. ‘If she didn’t, she wouldn’t let me go, or if she did let me go, she’d just kick me straight out onto the street. But that’s not what she did. She actually chose to help me.’

His body strained under the exercise, his core burning, and Kyle very nearly paused the sit-ups to catch a breather. But then, he felt the hot pressure of two enormous hands tighten on his feet, covering them completely, and as he came up into a sitting position in the middle of a rep, Martha’s huge face came into view. Her eyebrows were raised, and those dark eyes of hers were fixing him with that expectant, penetrating look that Kyle had come to know so well the past two weeks. It was a look that said ‘I know you’re tired, but I also know you can keep going. I believe in you.’

Kyle grit his teeth as he shut his eyes tightly, and actually managed to power out six more reps of the sit-ups, even though his body had been protesting against it. When Martha finally said “Okay rest!” and loosened her grip on his feet, Kyle sat up, breathing hard, his face flushed as he accepted his water bottle from Martha’s outstretched hand.

“Oh damn...man!” Kyle panted, his chest rising and falling as he attempted to catch his breath. “That was...those last few were tough!”

“But you powered right on through them,” nodded Martha, clearly impressed with his effort as she stepped back and then sank contentedly into her big armchair. “You didn’t even need for me to say anything – you did it all on your own!”

“Haha well...you did kinda give me that look!” laughed Kyle, “When you saw me starting to slow down.”

“Hey, if all you need is a little look to remind you to keep going,” Martha smiled, “Then I’d say you’re already in a pretty good headspace.”

Kyle took another long sip of his water, glancing out the window at the afternoon sun. It really was such a nice day out, and because Martha had actually opened the window this morning, delicious smells of the nearby trees and flowers had been steadily wafting in with the breezes all day. Kyle looked across the street and saw a nice couple walking their dog, which for some reason had started barking at a parked car across the street, and the couple appeared to be laughing and shaking their heads as they pulled the dog back...perhaps it was only a puppy that was still learning how to behave in the world. A bit closer, on the sidewalk, a mother was pulling two of her young children in a red wheelbarrow, and their eyes met and she waved at Kyle and Martha, who both waved happily back. It was such a nice, domestic, friendly neighborhood that Kyle was actually starting to feel sorry for leaving. But no, no, there were plenty of neighborhoods like this one. He would have to find it on his own; he wouldn't always have Martha to lean on. This is exactly what she had been teaching him the last couple weeks: to be strong, yes, but also to be self-sufficient and confident.

"You know," Kyle remarked, "I think, even a week ago, I would've given up, even with you giving me that look. That kind of muscle burn...I used to hate it. But now...heh, maybe it sounds kind of weird to say, but...I kind of like the burn. And I *know* I can push my body to do more."

"I'm so proud of you, Kyle," Martha replied, beaming as she regarded him from her armchair. "I have to be honest, when I decided to put you through this exercise regimen, I wasn't exactly sure how you would respond."

"You mean you weren't sure if I'd just crumble?" Kyle chuckled, feeling the strange kind of thrill, which was becoming more and more common, of realizing that he and Martha were just talking...talking like normal adults, like equals.

"Well, I mean...yeah," Martha admitted with an apologetic smile, "Considering how things were before..."

She trailed off for a moment, letting the silence hang in the air between them. Kyle felt his face getting red as his heart began beating a little faster. During the past two weeks, neither he nor Martha had brought up the insanity of what had gone on before; it was almost like a bizarre fever dream, like it had never even happened. This was the first time that Martha had even hinted at it, and Kyle's initial reaction wasn't at all encouraging to him. Not only was he starting to blush, with his heart rate beginning to ramp up, but he was also starting to have flashbacks – he was peering through the bars of a crib in Martha's living room, which had more or less been right where he was standing now...he was helplessly mouthing the air, his body wrapped up in the powerful pythons of her arms, his skin on fire as Martha mercilessly tickled his feet, the mocking sound of her big silver bracelets tinkling through the air...he was falling forward into her head, grabbing onto her dark hair and crying out in helpless pleasure, the relentless suckle of Martha's mouth on his cock as she lifted him high off the ground, continuing to suck even after all his cum was gone...he was all wrapped up and swaddled as he felt Martha's huge, warm, strong hand support his body while she guided him toward the immense, fleshy behemoth of her

exposed breast, which was radiating heat, as a dribble of thick, white, steaming breastmilk bubbled out...

"But you've surprised me, Kyle," Martha continued brightly. Her genial voice cut through the memories rushing through Kyle's mind and dispelled them like smoke on the wind. "And it isn't even that you've just been able to 'keep up,' you know. You've gone above and beyond! I mean, the sit-ups, the push-ups, good lord, the pull-ups! You've really shown a tenacity, Kyle, a drive to better yourself, that I wasn't sure that I'd see. I think it speaks to your strength of character, that whatever happened in the past, you've decided for yourself that the only way to go is forward, not backward, and that no one is responsible for that decision except YOU."

Kyle stood there, very touched by Martha's compliments. The flashbacks were gone, and in their place was a warm, intimate feeling of connection to Martha...and a deep appreciation for everything she had done for him in helping him along this path, to finally find his way.

"Thanks Martha," he smiled, and suddenly had to catch himself, because his eyes had started to well up with gratitude. But he managed to swallow and take a deep breath, weathering the emotional tide, before continuing. "I...and I really mean this...I don't think I could've done it without you."

"What a fortunate happenstance," Martha laughed, "That you found your way here to me! It could've been anyone who responded to my ad online for a room for rent...and I'm just so glad that it was you."

"Me too!" Kyle returned happily.

"Speaking of which," Martha sighed wistfully, rising up out of her armchair (which groaned and whined as it always did), "I guess I should probably think about posting that ad again soon, since, you know...you're moving out tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" Kyle exclaimed, blinking up at her. He hadn't realized that the date had come so soon.

"I know, right!?" Martha laughed down at him, putting one hand on her thick hips while she lifted the other hand to snap her fingers. "Two weeks, gone in a flash. The time has just flown by, hasn't it?"

"Yeah..." Kyle muttered. What was this he was feeling!? Sadness?? No, no it couldn't be that, since he was happy to be moving out and setting out on his own. Whatever it was, the sensation was a bit confusing in his mind. He had been having so much fun training with Martha that he had almost forgotten that it was actually going to end.

"Aww, Kyle," Martha said softly, stepping up to him so that his vision was now completely filled with her enormous breasts. "Don't worry, I feel just like you do – it isn't sadness...it's

wistfulness, which is actually a kind of happy feeling. We're gonna miss each other, that's for sure, but we're also both so happy to have known each other, and grateful for what we've each done for the other."

Kyle stared up past Martha's giant breasts to her face, with her dark eyes blinking down at him tenderly. She was standing close to him, in an intimate way, but the energy she was conveying wasn't sexual – it was just friendly, reassuring, and, ultimately, happy. He couldn't help but smile back at her.

"Yeah...yeah you're right," he replied. "Guess I better go pack my bags, huh?"

Martha drew a finger down her cheek, playfully pouting down at him as she mimed the trail of a tear going down her face, before stopping and winking.

"I guess so," she smiled, "But only if you promise to be at the dinner table by 6 – I'm making one last dinner before you leave tomorrow. Deal?"

Kyle grinned up at her. Even now, Martha couldn't repress her domestic impulses. He was going to miss that, when he found a new apartment and would have to cook for himself. But, for now, he was going to enjoy what he had.

"Deal."

Dinner was delicious as always, and Kyle had quite the appetite, since he had been pushing himself so hard in training. Later on that night, after his bags were all packed, Kyle lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling, thinking about what came next. The whole world was open to him. He would of course start by moving back in with his parents, and was perfectly confident that he could clear up any misconceptions about whatever it was they thought they had witnessed that night at dinner. And then, he'd go back to work, he'd find a new apartment, and then he'd reconnect with Laura! It was high time that they went on that date, after all! Within minutes he was snoozing away, in what he was sure was his last night in Martha's house.

The next morning, Kyle rose bright and early, eager to hit the ground running. He took a shower, lotioned his face, bruised his teeth, and threw on some comfortable clothes before gathering his bags to head out. As expected, Martha was already up, and after exchanging a few last pleasantries, she led him to the front door. Kyle had noticed that she was dressed in her activewear, an exceptionally tight white t-shirt and black spandex shorts. He thought at first that her clothing choice was a bit odd, since, after all, she usually only wore that kind of thing when she was training him. But he figured that she was going to go workout herself after he had gone, or, knowing her, she had woken up super-early and gotten in a workout before he had even gotten out of bed.

They stood there at the front door, and Martha smiled at him, spreading her arms as she bent down.

"Well, this is it!" she exclaimed warmly, "One last hug for the road, Kyle?"

"Of course!" Kyle replied, and the next moment he found himself engulfed in a hot, pillowy, powerful embrace that was still somehow gentle. He squeezed her back, and she squeezed a bit harder, and, for several silent moments, they held the embrace.

"Thank you..." Kyle heard himself say, inhaling the sweet scent of Martha's hair. "Thank you so much...for everything."

"No..." Martha responded back, barely above a whisper, "Thank YOU, Kyle."

She squeezed him one more time before coming out of the embrace, rising up and up above him as she gave him a final warm smile. Then she unlocked the front door and threw it open. Cool, delicious morning air flooded in. The birds were singing, and the early morning sun was winking up in sparkles, reflected off the droplets of dew that still sat in the grass. Kyle closed his eyes and took a deep breath, relishing in the promise of this new phase, and then opened them again, ready to step out into his new life.

But opening his eyes again, he saw nothing but white. Blinking, his brow furrowed in confusion, he looked up to see that Martha was standing in front of him, blocking his way out. Her dark eyes were staring down at him, amused.

"Heh...okay, sorry, Martha," Kyle chuckled, thinking that she was having a last bit of fun, "But I've gotta get around, so..."

He tried to go by her on the right; she sidestepped and blocked his path. He tried to go by on the left, with the same exact result. He looked up at her, now thoroughly baffled, as a deep sense of unease began to rise up inside him.

"I'm sorry," Martha chuckled, shaking her head, "This is all my fault, Kyle. You see...there was juuuust one more part of your training that I forgot to mention before."

"Oh yeah?" he asked, grinning despite the deepening disquiet. She was just playing around with him one last time, surely. "One more set of pull-ups?"

"No," Martha replied simply, shaking her head before stepping forward towards him, forcing him back into the house, away from the threshold. She put her hands on her hips, now that she had cleared the door frame, since she didn't even fit in the doorway otherwise.

"I can't let you leave, Kyle," Martha declared, "Until you beat me...in a wrestling match."

Chapter 19

Kyle stood blinking up at Martha, his eyes directly even with the protruding points of her nipples that were pressing out into the tight white fabric of her athletic-wear top. He heard the stretching polyurethane of her black spandex shorts, impossibly tight on the enormously powerful pillars of her thighs, as Martha shifted her weight to one hip, her voluptuous curves jiggling even with the tiniest movement. The front door was still open, and Kyle could still see the bright morning sunshine streaming in across the hardwood floor. He could still see the vibrant green of Martha's lawn, and the glint of the passing cars on the street...he could still hear the birds singing.

But the promise of a new life, of striding into this bright, happy new world, had suddenly gone dark in Kyle's eyes, and the inviting sights, sounds, and smells of the outside world now seemed like a cruel mockery in the wake of what Martha had just said.

"I...c-can't leave..." he heard himself say, staring up at her dark, humorous eyes, "Until I beat you in a...a *wrestling match*!?"

"Mmmmm I can appreciate how discouraging that might sound to you, Kyle," Martha hummed, her deep, feminine voice washing over him. She took a step towards him, and Kyle instinctively backed up, still holding his bags, his hands whitening from how tightly he was now gripping them. As Martha came closer, and he kept backing up, the bright image of the outside world became completely obfuscated by her huge body. Now all Kyle could see was the bouncing, quivering flesh of Martha's thick hips and gigantic breasts as she bore down on him.

"Because even though you've made some VERY impressive progress in your training regimen," Martha continued, "The simple fact remains that, well...I'm bigger than you."

THUMP

Kyle realized that he had been backing up the whole time, with Martha steadily keeping pace with his shaky retreat, until he had smacked backwards into the foyer wall. She loomed over him, all 6'7 of her monumental body casting his 5'2 frame completely in shadow. Martha's dark eyes slowly went over Kyle's body, her eyebrows raising ever so slightly, and Kyle could feel her drinking in the sight of his tininess. It suddenly didn't seem to matter that he had gained a few pounds of muscle during the past couple weeks. The achievements of his "training" dissipated like smoke in the wind when faced with the prospect of going up against HER.

"MUCH bigger," Martha added, slowly nodding her head up and down as her smile widened. Kyle stood like a statue with his back up against the wall, trapped, utterly shrouded in Martha's shadow, as a deep sense of despair began welling up from inside him. He dropped his bags on the floor as his heart started speeding up, not in excitement or expectation, but in panic. He didn't even consider trying to make a run for it. Martha was so huge and powerful – and quicker than might have been expected for someone that size – that the likelihood of him escaping past

her was zero. All the fresh, optimistic zeal he had been feeling literally a minute before was now totally gone, turned to dust. His whole “training program” had been a complete ruse, a sick joke that Martha had devised to play on him, to tease, taunt, and tantalize him with the promise of a normal life, only to snatch it all away from him at the last moment. Kyle sank as little against the wall, his trembling legs beginning to give way, as he stared forward in despair into the middle of her stomach. Her colossal breasts menaced him overhead, gently expanding and quivering with her slow, purposeful breaths. This was it...there was no way out. He was going to be trapped here forever as her slave, her plaything, her pet.

“Aww now come on, don’t act like that,” Martha cooed, taking a step back so that Kyle wasn’t totally engulfed in her shadow anymore. The light from the open front door was suddenly shining in his eyes, and as he squinted up into Martha’s face, he saw a kind, sweet smile.

“Of course, you’d never think that I would be so unfair as to make you wrestle me without any...special stipulations,” she continued amiably, before lifting both of her huge arms up into a double-biceps pose. Martha certainly wasn’t “cut,” but Kyle was under no illusions – there were powerful, fearsomely strong muscles underneath all that immense, tight flesh.

“S-Stipulations!?” Kyle blurted out. He hadn’t realized how close he had been to crying before he spoke up, but now it was plainly obvious that he was on the verge of tears. “Wh-what...what do you mean?”

“I mean,” Martha chuckled, “That this isn’t going to be a totally equal wrestling match, you understand? To win, it’s not like you’re going to have to PIN me or something...hahaha, imagine that, right?”

Kyle didn’t answer. Of course, the idea of “pinning” Martha was so ludicrous that it wasn’t even worth thinking about, but apparently she was talking about something else. Kyle watched her closely as she turned and went back to close the front door. It was crushing to see that beautiful morning vanish behind the heavy door, but Kyle felt something like a glimmer of hope – Martha hadn’t deadbolted the door like she usually did. And the living room curtains were still wide open, letting the gorgeous light in. Maybe, just maybe, this was one final, playful little “send-off” from Martha before she let him go.

“Come on over here, Kyle,” Martha said warmly, gesturing with her huge hand, her long, sharp black nails winking at him in the light as the big silver bracelets on her wrist tinkled out into the air. He did as she asked, coming into the living room, and saw that she had a camera set up in the corner, pointed directly at the middle of the room. A large mat had been laid down on the floor, which Kyle hadn’t noticed before. Cheerfully, Martha strode over and turned the camera on, its red “recording” light flashing, before she resumed her spot in the middle of the room, smiling down at him.

"I can tell you're worried," she said empathetically, "But I know when you hear the rules, you'll breathe a sigh of relief. I know, I know, I should've led with that, but you know me, Kyle...I like to tease you a little bit first, right?"

"R-right..." Kyle replied cautiously. He really didn't know where Martha was going with this, but in the bright living room, he could feel the sudden, crushing sense of despair beginning to lift ever so slightly. He was hoping, desperately hoping, that this "wrestling match" was all a joke.

So it's really VERY simple," Martha continued, gesturing to the camera and to Kyle at the same time, almost like she was performing for an audience, "For YOU to win the match, ALL you have to do is knock me off my feet."

"That's...it?" Kyle asked, his eyes going up and down her huge body.

"That's IT," Martha nodded emphatically, "And you can try and do this by ANY means necessary. You can punch and kick, you can slap and poke and knee and headbutt...hell, you can even bite me if you need to...anything to just get me off my feet. And that's just ONE foot, by the way – if I go down on one knee, with my other foot still on the floor, that counts. You win."

Kyle took all this in, slowly nodding. Weeks before, the prospect of winning such a match was unthinkable. But he quickly reminded himself that *anything* would have seemed impossible to him back then.

'She literally had me in diapers,' Kyle thought to himself, shuddering at the remembrance, 'And...' – his mind trailed off, coming up on a barrier he had placed there. Flashes of Martha's wild, hungry eyes went through his brain, as the wet, aggressive sounds of her guttural blowjobs echoed out from his subconscious. But Kyle had gotten stronger since then...much stronger, both physically and mentally...and he managed to shut it all out before he got hard. He had work to do. He was going to leave this house TODAY.

"Sounds good," he spoke out loud, hardening his jaw. All he had to do was make her lose her balance. He didn't have to be stronger than her at all – he just had to plan his attack and go for it when the opportunity arose. He could do this...he really could.

"But, so..." he added, his voice gaining a bit of strength as his stuttering ceased, "What do YOU have to do to win?" He didn't want to sound like he was dreading the answer. Even before the match began, he wanted to project confidence in front of her, and the fact that the camera was recording was an added reminder to conduct himself in a way that he could look back on proudly.

"Well I've made it a lot harder for myself," Martha answered with a smile, "All you have to do is knock me off my feet...but I DO have to actually make you submit."

She started counting out the list of things she couldn't do on her long, strong fingers, as those silver bracelets whispered out with her movements.

"And what's more, I'm NOT allowed to kick or punch you in any way, or even to slap you or step on you. I can't bite you, poke you, headbutt you, body-slam you, butt-slam you, tit-slam you...I can't do ANY of those."

Kyle felt his brow furrowing a little. While it was certainly encouraging to hear Martha list out her self-prohibitions, all this sounded almost too good to be true.

"So...what CAN you do?" Kyle asked, again trying his best not to sound anxious.

"Well...I can GRAB you," Martha grinned, sticking out her tongue playfully at him as she bared her huge hands at him like claws, "And once I've got you, I can SQUUUEEEEEEEEZE you until you submit...so you better not let me get ahold of you, because once I've got you...I've GOT you."

Her eyes glimmered intensely down at him, and for a moment it was impossible for Kyle not to look afraid. But he managed to recover himself.

"Alright, so...that's all you can do, then?" he ventured, "Grab and squeeze me?"

"Heh...pretty much," Martha chuckled, winking down at him mysteriously, "I mean, there are a couple other ways I can get...creative...but if you don't let me grab you, then you won't need to worry about any of them!"

Kyle felt like pressing on and asking Melissa exactly what she meant by all that, but he didn't see a way to do it without sounding like he was terrified of her. She had laid out the rules plainly enough, and it was obvious that he would have a sizable advantage in pretty much every way, at least as far as the rules went.

'You know, considering how much bigger she is,' he thought to himself, 'These rules actually make everything pretty even between us!' He felt his confidence rising, and the next moment, to his own surprise, he was stepping forward, holding his hand outstretched up to Martha, a determined look in his eyes.

"Okay," he said firmly, determined not to look away from her face, "It's a deal."

Martha paused, regarding him, her smile upturned ever so slightly at the right corner of her mouth. She looked quite impressed with Kyle's boldness, determination, and resolve, and she took his hand respectfully in hers, squeezing it firmly, but not too hard, in a civil and courteous handshake. Even though her hand completely swallowed his up, and was obviously many times stronger, Kyle felt the respect in the handshake pressure. It was her silent way of telling him: 'You've come so far – you really are ready for this last challenge before you go.'

“Deal,” Martha repeated, shaking his hand, before suddenly letting go and adopting a loud “ringmaster” voice as she began announcing to the camera:

“Laaaaaadies and gennnnntlemen! Welcome to the main event! A rip-roaring wrestling extravaganza! Our contestants today are, first, the young, chipper, new-and-improved Kyle Trrrrinnnterrrrrr! Fresh out of his recent training program, Kyle has said that he is ready to accept the challenge, and knock his much larger opponent off her feet. That’s ALL he has to do, ladies and gentlemen – he just has to get her to stumble and go down on one knee, and victory is HIS! But, of course, standing in his way, and determined not to go down too easily, is the one and only, the inimitable Mamaaaaaa Gargantuuuuuaaaaa!”

As Martha spread out her huge arms and did a slow turn for the camera, Kyle watched her closely, figuring that she must have just invented her “wrestling” name off the top of her head. He, of course, knew nothing about her dark and extensive past in the circus.

“Before these two...heavyweights...go at it,” Martha continued, winking down at Kyle, “A couple things – FIRST, contestants...please change into your official match gear!”

Kyle looked up at Martha, not understanding what she was talking about, but his confusion was answered a moment later when she reached over behind an armchair and brought out a skimpy little black thong, which dangled from her pinkie finger as she shook it down playfully at him. Kyle balked, and his first instinct was to shake his head. He knew that thong would make him look absolutely ridiculous. Martha jiggled her pinkie again, making the thong shake as she continued to grin down at him, bouncing her eyebrows expectantly. The seconds ticked by, and still Kyle didn’t react; he felt frozen between capitulating to Martha’s silly antics and standing up for himself.

“I’m sorry,” Martha said suddenly, still in her announcer voice, “I don’t think I was loud enough before – I saiiiiiid...CONTESTANTS, please CHANGE...into your official...MATCH...GEAR.”

She was still smiling, but Kyle felt a surge of fear go through him as her dark eyes went cold. The next moment, without any further thought, he was reaching up to accept the thong. That cold, deadly look in Martha’s eyes vanished just as soon as it had appeared.

‘Just...easy does it, okay?’ Kyle thought to himself, going into the dining room to change, ‘Give her what she wants right now...play her little game. This is all just a last hurrah for her, a little parting fun. There’s no reason to make her angry.’

It was impossible not to feel completely silly in the black thong, which was all he was wearing now, but Kyle steeled himself, feeling a new determination to push through this and come out victorious on the other end. He folded his “adult” clothes neatly up in a pile and put them on the dining room table, assuring himself that he’d be returning in a few minutes to put them back on. Coming back into the living room, Martha saw his new outfit and cried out in delight:

“Aaaaand Kyle struts into the ring looking EVERY bit as cut and fit as advertised! The crowd goes wild!”

Feeling a bit of humorous inspiration, Kyle actually spread his arms out and pretended to accept the accolades from the imaginary crowd, nodding his head cockily as he did so. This seemed to delight Martha even more, which in turn reinforced Kyle’s conviction that this really was all just one big joke. His confidence surged, and he started to enjoy the little “roleplay.”

“Now Big Mama G’s gear!” Martha boomed out, and the next moment, she reached up and promptly tore off her white top, which shredded like tissue paper in her bare hands. A lone black sports bra was now all that contained the immense weight of Martha’s breasts. Her fleshy stomach jiggled slightly underneath, and her arms and shoulders looked even huger now that they weren’t hiding behind any clothing. She then reached down and did the same thing to her black spandex shorts, ripping them straight down the middle and letting them fall in a ruined heap at her feet. Kyle saw that she was wearing a skimpy black thong underneath, just like his, except it was probably about five or six times wider.

“There she is, folks!” Martha called out, shaking her huge ass and gyrating her hips from side to side as she did another spin for the camera, “The gargantuan queen herself! She’s going to be more than a few handfuls for Mr. Kyle, I can tell you that!”

Kyle watched as Martha slowly turned in a circle for the camera, and his brief joviality was doused by another injection of marked unease. She was just so...*huge*, so unbelievably enormous. Now that they were both in their “official match gear,” with their almost-naked bodies compared next to each other, the prospect of actually making her lose her balance was beginning to seem absurd. Her body was like a tree trunk compared to his.

‘I may be smaller than her,’ he thought to himself, trying to galvanize his resolve, ‘But that means I’m quicker too, and I can just...dodge her until I see an opening...and then pounce! I’ve got this...I’ve got this...’

“And now,” Martha announced, “It’s time for the weight-in! Contestants, if you please, step up to the scale!”

She gestured for Kyle to walk over with her to the corner of the living room, where there was a scale waiting for them. Martha indicated for Kyle to step up first, and when the calm blue number blinked back at him later, he was actually pleasantly surprised.

“One hundred THIRTY point THREEEEE pounds for Kyle!” Martha sang out, clapping her hands enthusiastically for Kyle as he stepped off, managing a blushing smile up at her. This was the most he had ever weighed...and while it was impossible to feel too big with Martha standing there, Kyle still felt proud of his progress in training the last few weeks. Apparently it really had

paid off. But now Martha was stepping on the scale, and Kyle actually heard the sturdy tempered glass groan under her weight. A few moments later, Martha was announcing out:

“Aaaand THREE hundred twenty NINE pounds, EVEN, for Big Mama G!”

Martha stepped off the scale, faced the camera, and lowered her arms in front of her chest into a “most muscular” pose. Kyle gasped out. Despite his resolve not to appear intimidated with the camera rolling, he simply couldn’t help himself. He had never seen Martha flex like this before, and because she was only wearing a revealing thong and a sports bra, he could see every muscle pumped up. The sight was astoundingly intimidating. Her traps seemed to explode on both sides of her neck, twin mountains of muscle that made her look even more fearsome than before. Her rhomboids and lats suddenly emerged from the smooth, feminine flesh of her back – hard, tensed, and rippling with power. And her arms...oh god, her arms...Kyle knew that Martha was strong, but he had never seen her biceps pumped up like this, or her triceps, or...her forearms, for that matter, which Kyle stared at and then looked back down to his own legs. A sinking feeling set in. There was no doubt – Martha’s forearms alone were thicker than his thighs.

“Rrrrrraaauuggghhhh!!” Martha growled out at the camera, her colossal body popping with intimidating muscle. She strode over to the wrestling mat and did a sauntering lap around it, striking a variety of muscular poses as she stuck her tongue out for the camera, like she was riling up the “crowd” that was watching. But then she turned to Kyle and winked at him, relaxing her pose before cupping her hand across her mouth and whispering,

“Relax, I’m just kidding around Kyle...it’s for the video, that’s all!”

Kyle managed to nod, and as Martha gave him another warm, humorous smile, he found himself smiling back. He felt like he had been on such a roller coaster of emotions the last half-hour that it was difficult to know how he truly felt right now, but after he had recovered from the initial shock of seeing Martha’s true muscular potential, her current behavior was putting everything into perspective. It was all just a game, just an absurd little game – and really, it was all consistent with how things had gone for Kyle inside this house. Surely it was appropriate to cap off his experience with a silly, surreal little wrestling match, right?

“Okay everyone, the contestants have assumed their places on the mat,” Martha called, concluding her use of the “announcer voice” as she braced herself, “Let the match...BEGIN!”

She began circling the outer edge of the mat, her hands both bared like claws, her gigantic curves bouncing with her catlike movements. Kyle circled along with her, making sure to keep out of range of those long, powerful arms. His heart was suddenly beating very fast. Despite all the silliness, he knew that this was it. This was his time to shine, to prove that he was ready for the outside world.

“Oh, and I almost forgot to mention,” Martha added, now speaking in her normal voice to Kyle as she continued to circle, “If you win, then the video currently being recorded will never see the light of day. But if, on the off chance, I’m the one who wins, then I’ll be posting it online.”

“Wh-what!?” Kyle gasped, pausing briefly in his circling motion, struck still with panic. “B-But Martha...I...y-you can’t!”

“Don’t be silly, Kyle,” she laughed, “Of course I can! I know that there are PLENTY of people who would be interested...verrrrry interested...in seeing us go toe-to-toe...especially in these outfits! But look, out of respect for you, I promise...really Kyle, I promise...that if you win, I’ll delete the video in front of you, before you leave, so that you won’t have anything to worry about.”

Kyle pondered Martha’s words, remaining stationary on the mat, but the next moment he was thrust into action when she made a sudden grab for him. His endorphins were now pumping furiously as he managed to twist himself out of the way of her grasp, escaping to the opposite side of the mat. Martha grinned, turning around, making another sudden grab at him. Once more, Kyle eluded her, a bit easier this time. Even though Martha was huge, she was moving a bit slower than Kyle had anticipated. He felt his optimism rising, and he actually started bouncing up on the balls of his feet, keeping on his toes as he pivoted his legs right and left.

‘Maybe my training really has paid off!’ he thought to himself, and then he spoke up, flush with renewed vigor:

“Okay Martha,” he said out loud, taking care to puff his chest out so he could project his voice to its fullest extent, “I’ll hold you to that.”

For a brief second, Martha seemed to stop in her circling motion, and her hand went up to her mouth. Kyle at first couldn’t tell what she was doing, but then he realized, from her reddening face and the subtle, bouncing jiggle of her body, that she was trying to suppress a laugh. He felt a fierce determination rise up in him, a defiant desire to show her that he was not to be laughed at. Gone was the thought that this was just a play-wrestling match. He was going to prove to Martha that he could beat her. Now it was his turn to launch an attack. He faked a sudden motion to the left, and then quickly pivoted and ran to the right, going straight for Martha’s left leg. He tried to catch her foot under his and trip her, but when they locked feet, Kyle realized that her leg wasn’t budging. It shot through his mind that he may as well have been trying to trip a solid, towering block of concrete. He barely had time to recover as he got out of the way of Martha’s swooping hand, jumping back up as he bounced around her, trying to figure out his next plan of attack.

“Going in for the sneak attack, huh?” Martha teased, turning around and slowly advancing on him, her huge hands bared in that familiar, intimidating “claw” pose. Her long, sharp black fingernails just made her fingers look even longer, and that much more predatory, and as she tensed and wiggled her fingers, he saw the muscles and tendons in her forearms pull and flex.

“Very bold of you, Kyle...very cheeky,” Martha continued, getting closer. Kyle was bouncing backward, away from her, but she just kept coming on, narrowing the distance between them more and more. Kyle knew that he really had to be careful here.

“Although I think maybe you should worry less about attack,” smirked Martha, “And more about...DEFENSE!”

Her huge arm suddenly shot down at him, right as she simultaneously stepped forward in an abrupt charge, and Kyle felt the hot vice grip of Martha’s hand wrap around his upper arm, encircling it completely. He cried out in alarm, desperately trying to free himself, but the next moment his other arm was identically captive. Before he could blink, he felt his feet jerk up off the floor, his organs all squashing together from the abrupt movement, and he felt two huge, warm, python-like arms wrap around his torso, hugging him tightly. The weighty squish of Martha’s breasts pressed into his back, bulging out beyond both sides of his body, and the next thing he knew, Kyle was staring straight into the camera, with Martha’s huge face beside his, so close that he could feel the flex of her cheek as she grinned.

“Gotcha,” she whispered in his ear, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek, leaving a red lipstick mark. “What’re you gonna do, Kyle?”

“Urrrrrggghhhh!!” Kyle grunted, shutting his eyes tightly as he pushed and heaved with all his might to extract himself from Martha’s iron grip, but it only took a few seconds of “struggling” to realize that he didn’t have a chance in the world at getting out. He had been fighting with all his might, but he hadn’t so much as BUDGED Martha’s grip. It was like he wasn’t even making any effort at all.

For a full minute, Martha held him there, letting him grunt and groan and whine through a series of pathetic, fruitless struggles to move her arms, all the while smirking at him with her head turned, her dark eyes locked onto his face. His feet were dangling helplessly in midair around her knees. And then, without saying anything, she started increasing the pressure of her forearms around his torso, beginning to squeeze.

“No! No, no please!” Kyle choked out, now in full panic mode as he feverishly tried to kick back at her. But Martha easily caught both of his legs up in the crook of her thigh, and pinned them to her front. He couldn’t kick, he couldn’t move his arms...he couldn’t even wiggle his body one iota. And still Martha continued to tighten her arms around him. Kyle wasn’t even thinking about losing now – he was suddenly thinking only of his own survival. He opened his mouth to submit, but was horrified to find that nothing came out. Martha was squeezing him so hard that he couldn’t even make a sound. Kyle gaped straight into the camera, his mind beginning to petrify as Martha’s living room swam before his eyes. He couldn’t believe it – he had been flush with confidence, even enjoying the fun final challenge of this silly little “wrestling match,” and now...Martha was literally squeezing the life out of him. She’d never let him go...never...

Just when Kyle's eyes began to roll back into his head, he found himself tumbling down onto the mat, his head lolling forward unpleasantly as his forehead smacked into the firm surface. Martha's laughter echoed in his ears as he supported himself shakily on all fours, his face down as he coughed loudly and heaved strange-sounding, wheezing breaths.

"Come on, Kyle!" Martha boomed humorously, high above him, "You let me get too close! I told you to be careful..."

Kyle managed to struggle back up to his feet as the living room came back into focus. Martha loomed before him, her huge arms crossed in front of her chest, her face alive with mirth. He felt a glimmer of some kind of hope – Martha didn't have that "crazy" look in her eye. She just looked amused and entertained. Maybe this really was just her "last hurrah" before she finally let him walk free.

"All right, all right," she giggled, seeming to confirm Kyle's hopes as she un-crossed her arms and once more assumed her "wrestling" stance, "Let's go again – I'll give you another shot, Kyle. Must've caught you a bit by surprise, huh?"

"Y-yeah, a...a little," he replied, taking a deep breath. She was already circling him again, so he quickly moved to the outer edge of the mat to put some distance between them. His arms and legs felt a bit wobbly, but after another few seconds of pivoting and flexing, he could feel the life flowing back into them. He felt his resolve harden again. 'Okay,' he thought to himself, steeling his nerves in preparation, 'She obviously just wants to have another laugh or two before she lets me go...otherwise she would've let me submit there and she would've won...it's okay, really, it's all gonna be okay...she just wants me to show what I can do...fine...I'll show her!'

Seized by a sudden onrush of inspiration, Kyle saw that Martha, in her playfulness, was leaning slightly to the side, on her right leg, which meant that her left leg wasn't firmly positioned on the mat. It was now or never. Kyle went for it, diving at her leg, with the intention of wrapping his arms and legs around it and dragging it down. All he had to do was get her down on one knee, and he would win. This was it – he had caught her off-guard! He found himself, unopposed, wrapping his arms and legs around the huge meat of Martha's thigh. He jerked himself downward toward the mat, expecting to feel her leg give way. But nothing happened. Nothing moved. A second later, Kyle realized that he was in midair, hanging off Martha's leg, vainly trying to tug it downward. He may as well have been trying to uproot a large oak tree. The silver bracelets on her wrists tinkled out into the air mockingly as Martha put her hands on her hips. Kyle swallowed as he looked up and saw her peering down at him over the double cliffs of her boobs.

"Aww, really?" she chuckled, and the next moment, without giving Kyle any chance to react, Martha had swiftly bent down and seized him by the legs, her huge hands easily wrapping all the way around both ankles as she hoisted him up into the air. There was no way Kyle could have kept holding onto her thigh, not when faced with that kind of strength. Before he knew what was happening, he found himself hanging upside down, again in front of the camera, as

Martha gleefully shook his legs. It didn't matter that he was trying to kick out of her grip; when faced with the strength in her arms, his legs were nothing in comparison.

"Look at that!" laughed Martha to the camera, "Like my own little marionette! Laaa deee daaaa deeee daaaaaaa!"

She sang out nonsense as she "walked" Kyle around, upside down, showing how utterly she could control him.

"Is it any wonder that I can do this?" she continued, still talking to the camera, "Look at my arms compared to his legs! My wrists are thicker than his calves...mmmmm, and my forearms? You think his thighs are touching THESE?"

She was suddenly dangling him from ONE hand now, as she slapped her huge forearm up against his thigh, showing the comparison to the camera. Kyle couldn't exactly see the comparison, but it wasn't anything he hadn't seen before. All those repressed memories of the weeks prior began to flood back into his mind, and he felt the strength and resolve beginning to drain out of him. But no...NO! He wouldn't go down without a fight. He wouldn't let Martha play him like this! Even if it WAS just her idea of a funny little parting shot, he wasn't going to suffer the humiliation. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction.

"Wuuuaaaghhhh!" he cried, kicking with all his might. Nothing seemed to happen, though, and so he just kicked even harder. Still nothing. What was going on!? The rumble of Martha's laughter coiled around him, and, managing to glance upward, Kyle realized that she had been pistoning his legs with her arms, in exact rhythm with his kicking motions, so that all he was doing was "kicking" in place, upside down.

"Is that really all you have?" Martha teased, roughly tossing him back down on the mat as she "dusted off" her hands, "Seriously, Kyle, I thought I had trained you better than that! Come on, all you have to do is bring me down to a knee, and you win!"

Kyle sprang back up, now truly angry. He knew that Martha was just playing around with him now, and that this was her way of humiliating him before he left. Before, he might have felt miffed, and even a little deflated, that she was bullying him like this, but now...well, he wasn't some poor, confused boy in diapers anymore. He was a MAN now, and he wasn't going to stand for this kind of treatment any longer.

"Therrrrre it is," Martha hummed, nodding her head up and down slowly. She wasn't even bothering to assume the "wrestling" stance anymore. She was just standing there with one hand on her hip, amusedly grinning down at him, mocking, gloating...exulting. "I've really got you all worked up now, huh, Kyle?"

He couldn't answer her. How could he possibly respond to her derisive, sarcastic tone without continuing to feed into her sick little game? He thought about dropping the whole act, retrieving

his clothes, picking up his bags, and storming out, but he knew, without giving that idea an instant more thought, that Martha wouldn't let him leave. This may have been a "game," but her games had real rules. There was no way out of this – no way other than knocking her off her feet. Kyle gritted his teeth and started circling her again, trying to find a weak point.

But now Martha truly cut loose. She wasn't even pretending to "wrestle" him anymore. Simply stepping forward, not even moving with rushed or hurried motions, she reached her arm down, her huge hand opened wide. Before Kyle could react, his upper arm was completely trapped in a vicelike grip many, many times stronger than anything he was capable of. In that split second, Kyle was painfully aware that, if she had wanted to, Martha could have snapped his arm like a twig. He couldn't dwell on this terrifying thought, though, and the next moment he was struggling madly in her grip, trying desperately to free himself. But Martha just wrapped her other hand around his opposite arm, and the next thing Kyle knew, he was back in front of the camera, tightly held next to Martha's beaming face, her hands wrapped all the way around his biceps, with plenty of room to spare.

"Isn't he just the CUTEST thing you've ever SEEN!?" Martha cried out to the camera, shaking Kyle left and right in a kind of humiliating, captive dance. "He's just so preccciousssss, oh my GOODNESS...it just makes me want to –"

MWAH

Kyle shuddered as he felt Martha's big, warm lips press into the side of his cheek, nearly covering the entire side of his face in a huge kiss that nearly took his breath away. Martha pulled off him, and Kyle saw, in the reflection of a mirror behind the camera, that he had another large red lipstick mark on his cheek. A spark of that old sickening feeling flared up again in his groin, the searingly helpless arousal that he had been trying to bury for so long, and he felt himself beginning to get hard again. She was just so incredibly huge compared to him – a monster...a titan...a hulking, dominant force that he had no chance of overcoming. Her body simply swallowed him up, and now that his situation was beginning to seem more and more hopeless, Kyle could feel his cock responding. This only made him angrier and more desperate, and once more he tried to struggle out of her grasp. But Martha only tightened her grip, preventing him from moving, as she continued to cover him with kisses.

"Mwah...Mwah!! Just the...Mwah...the cutest...Mwah...little...MwahMwah...tiny...Mwah...thing...MwahMwah...in the whole...Mwah...entire...MwahMwah...worrlllldddd! MWAH MWAH MWAH!"

For minutes on end, Martha smothered Kyle with her lips, kissing him over and over and over again, all over his face, then moving to his neck, then all down his chest and back and lower torso, then his arms and legs, and then finally, two very large, long, extra-suctiony kisses directly on his ass and in the middle of his crotch. Whenever Kyle tried to complain or cry out, Martha simply kissed him on the mouth, not giving him any air until he quieted down. Several times she re-applied her bright red lipstick, just so she could keep leaving kiss marks. After five minutes

were past, Kyle was completely covered with the huge, red, fleshy imprints of Martha's lips. He was rock-hard, much to his embarrassment, and even worse, he could feel his strength and endurance beginning to seep away. It all seemed so pointless when measured against Martha. What on earth had he been thinking before? That he could defeat her? Knock her off her feet!? He didn't have a chance in the world. He couldn't even BUDGE her.

"Don't go soft on me, big boy!" Martha suddenly thundered, roughly tossing him back down onto the mat as she towered over him, her arms raised in an intimidating double-biceps pose, "I could feel you giving up just now! Come on!! I really want you to try, Kyle! BEAT ME!!"

"M-Martha...I..." Kyle panted, rising up to his feet again. He knew he looked utterly ridiculous at this point: covered in kiss marks, wearing that stupid thong, which was now being tented by his erection...it was all such a farce, such a disgusting joke. He was ready to be done with it all and move on.

"Y-You've made your point...okay?" Kyle continued, his face reddening. That was it...of course that was it. She just wanted to humiliate him one last time before he left. All that "training" had been a bunch of bullshit...it had all been part of her little game to send him off with her on top, as a reminder to him of what had happened. She really was such a sick, messed-up woman, and Kyle needed to be rid of her.

"Point?" Martha smiled down at him, blinking, "What point, Kyle? I don't know what you mean."

"Th-that...that you're bigger and...and stronger than me," he replied, "I get it, all right? I admit it! Can I...can I just go now!?"

"I made this match even, just for you!" Martha exclaimed, feigning indignance, "You don't have to make me submit, Kyle! Just knock me down!! Come on!! Are you really that weak that you can't even make me go down on one knee!?"

Kyle suddenly shot forward, but this time he wasn't going for Martha's leg. He was headed straight for the front door. He didn't care about his bags anymore. He didn't care that he was about to run out into the world in a ridiculous thong, with an erection, and covered in kiss marks. None of that mattered. He just needed to escape HER.

He only got three steps off that mat, though, before he found himself whirling through the air. It wasn't immediately clear to him what was happening, but a moment later he realized that Martha had snatched him up off the floor and was now twirling him around and around, high over her head, in a helicopter motion.

"Weeeeeeeeeee!!" she squealed out, like she was playing with a kid, spinning and whirling him around faster and faster as she laughed at the camera. "Look everyone – I've got my own makeshift helicopter! All you need are big muscles and a verrrrrry small little boy, and...voila! You've got liftoff! Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!"

Martha buzzed her lips loudly as she spun Kyle in a blur over her head. He was hopelessly dizzy in a matter of seconds, and, after a minute or so, he started to feel sick. But Martha just kept spinning and spinning him, her laughter echoing in his ears, and when she finally put him back down on the mat, Kyle was so dizzy that he couldn't even stand up. He collapsed in a heap, shutting his eyes as he tried to recover himself.

But the recovery would never happen. Before he could even catch his breath, Martha had dropped down into a cross-legged sitting position on the mat and scooped Kyle's body into her lap, with his face staring up into hers. The whole world was still swimming before Kyle's eyes as his brain tried to handle all the dizziness. He felt the powerful heat of her thighs underneath him, and could barely see the splotch of her face as it peered down at him over the edge of her plush, jutting boobs, which were squishing down into his midsection. His heart was hammering away in his chest. Maybe this was it, the last humiliating ritual, whatever it would be, that Martha would perform before she finally let him go.

"Big Mama G's got him on the ropes!" Martha sang out to the camera in her "announcer" voice, "Wave after wave of attack has Kyle cross-eyed and disoriented! Uh-ohhhh, folks! She's got her claws out, and her hand is going down! He's ripe for Mama G's signature finishing move: the Tickle Monsterrrrr!!!"

Kyle's nerves were suddenly firing off crazily as Martha brought her hand down and started tickling his exposed, bare stomach. At the same time, she used her legs and her other arm to hold him fast in place, so that he couldn't escape, couldn't struggle...couldn't move. All he could do was lie there in her lap, suffering under the torment of Martha's cruel black claws. The sensations were intolerable, and he quickly opened up his mouth to submit, but again, no sound came out. His chest was seized up with the intensity of what was happening, and he couldn't even make a noise. Faster and faster Martha went, her dark eyes gleaming down at him. The seconds turned into minutes, and they all passed quietly by, with the only sound in the room being the cold-blooded tinkle of Martha's silver bracelets as she went at it. Every nerve in Kyle's body was on fire, and he could feel his mind beginning to melt away from the intensity of Martha's onslaught. But he still couldn't find the air to submit. Every bit of oxygen had to be gulped down to keep from passing out. She wasn't giving him a chance.

Finally, Kyle's body broke down completely, and he wet himself. Martha burst out laughing, her bracelets seeming to join in her mirth, as she exclaimed to the camera:

"Oh my, the challenger just pissed himself! Should we take that as a surrender, folks? I don't knowwwwww...."

She went on for another full minute before she finally let up, and Kyle immediately screamed out, in a strange-sounding, bizarre, high-pitched sob:

"I submihihihihihittttt!! I g-give uppppppppppp!!!"

"Of course you do," snarled Martha in his ear, and she caught him up in a crushing embrace, whisking him out the supine position on her lap and sitting him firmly on her knee, so that she was staring straight into his eyes. Gone was the warm, kind, friendly, expression that had been on her face for the past two weeks. This was Martha as Kyle had known her before...Martha with her mask off. Her full lips were curled up in a cruel smile, her cheeks were hardened, and her black eyes were glimmering twin portals to a new kind of hell.

"I was never going to let you go," Martha continued, her voice almost trembling from the viciousness of her excitement, "NEVER! All that training, all that 'hard work' I was putting you through...of course it was all just a game, Kyle. Just entertainment for me. Because did you REALLY think...even for an instant...that you had ANY shot of beating me!? Of making me fall down!? Of MOVING ME!?! Look at your arms, Kyle! LOOK at them! They're tiny little twigs! I could split them in half with my FINGERS if I wanted to. And your legs? Don't even get me started. I could SPINTER them with my hands. I could snap your spine in half without even breaking a sweat. You are so PUNY, Kyle...so small and weak and pathetic...that I could barely even BELIEVE it when I first saw you. I can barely even believe it NOW. You are such a miserable excuse for a human being, a totally useless little runt who has no purpose, no worth, NOTHING to offer. It's really something. I didn't even know there WERE people like you...until I met you!"

She tightened her huge arm around Kyle as she kept him sitting there in her lap. Kyle couldn't even see anymore through the tears that had started to pool in his eyes. But he could still hear everything, crystal-clear.

"Look at you, blubbing like the worthless little bitch that you are," Martha kept on, her voice twisting inside him like a white-hot knife, "Absolutely pathetic. And you had the audacity...the GALL...to believe that you could somehow make it in the outside world? Oh my goodness. What else can I do but laugh!? You have NO shot, Kyle. NO chance. You're so tiny and weak that anyone who's being honest would say that you're not just pathetic. It's not just that you're physically frail and mentally stunted. You're an AFFRONT to humanity. You as an adult out in the world would be an INSULT to the species. And, you know, Kyle...if I didn't think that you made such an ADORABLE little baby, I wouldn't waste any more time with you. I'd kill you right now. You're such a waste of oxygen that any breathing creature would be thanking me afterward."

She started petting Kyle lovingly, her huge, warm hand going over his bare body, which was now being racked by heaving, silent sobs.

"That's why you're EXTREMELY lucky, Kyle...or should I say...Kyla...your REAL name...you're extremely lucky, KYLA, that you have such a big, strong Mommy to take care of you. Mmmmm, that's right, Kyla, thaaaat's right. Cry it out. Get it all out. I had to break you down like this, baby...I had to give it to you straight. You had to hear the truth. And now that you've heard it, we can both just forget about all that 'adult' stuff. It's not right for my little baby to be thinking

about that kind of thing. Here sweetheart, here...have some of Big Momma's milk, hrmmm? There we go...theeeeere we go...right where you belong."

Martha cooed sweet nothings into Kyle's ear as she breastfed him, and he sucked it all down, filling his belly, utterly broken in mind, body, and spirit. He was too far gone to notice that Martha had looked up from her tender ministrations and was now staring out the window. Across the street, peering through her binoculars in her parked rental car, Laura felt her blood run cold. Martha was staring straight at her.

Chapter 20

Laura felt her heart clench in her chest when Martha looked up from the grotesque ritual of breastfeeding Kyle, staring through her living room window and across the street, seemingly directly at Laura herself.

'It can't be...' Laura thought, keeping her binoculars trained on Martha, even as she fought the urge to immediately drive away. She knew that such an obvious retreat would have given herself away completely. 'There's just no way...no way that she can know I'm watching her. I'm literally across the street – like, a few hundred feet away – she couldn't possibly see me from this distance.'

And yet, for several long, heart-thumping moments, it seemed to Laura that Martha really was staring directly at her. After what felt like an eternity, Martha finally averted her face back down to Kyle, who was desperately clutching at Martha's enormous creamy breasts that were spilled all over his overpowered, defeated little body. Laura felt her stomach churn in disgust as she watched Martha's huge, black-clawed hand cup the back of Kyle's head, encouraging him to drink more and more of her milk as a stream of it began to spill down his chin.

'She was just looking out the window,' Laura told herself reassuringly, even as she was struggling to process the bizarre and disgusting scene unfolding in Martha's living room, 'She wasn't looking at ME specifically...she was just...just looking out in general. She has no idea I've been watching this whole time.'

Even as she sought to take refuge in these reassurances, Laura could find very little to feel happy about. She had just witnessed one of the most demeaning, debasing displays of dominance that she could have ever imagined, with Martha turning the tables on Kyle after his week of "training" and completely, utterly breaking his spirit. The way Kyle had screamed and cried under her superior strength, and the way that he had been reduced to a trembling, blubbing little waif of a person in a matter of minutes...it literally made Laura sick to her stomach. And she knew that if she could have heard the exact words that Martha had been whispering in Kyle's ear, it would have made it ten times more sickening.

'So now she's treating him like her "baby" again,' Laura thought, watching through her binoculars as Martha lifted Kyle up from her breast, draped him across her huge shoulder, and proceeded to "burp" him as his dwarfed body was wracked by humiliated (or even worse...appreciative) sobs, 'She's totally broken him down and now it's about to get so much worse for him. God, I need to think of something...some way to save him. Otherwise he'll be too far gone. She wants to make him her permanent baby, and...and I'm not gonna let that happen.'

But while Laura continued to stake out Martha's house in the coming days, trying desperately to come up with some rescue scheme that didn't involve the cops, Kyle began to live out the next phase of his new life under Martha's power. He no longer yearned for the day when he would

be independent, back at his job, and living on his own. Gone were his dreams of escape; gone were his thoughts about Laura, about his parents, about his freedom. Martha had completely crushed all of that out of him, and now, he lived only for her, as her little baby. His mind had truly been shattered this time, and it had splintered all the worse because Martha had systematically, cruelly built him up, only to then bring him down again, lower than he had ever been.

The main difference was that, unlike before, Kyle was now a totally willing submissive. Martha's complete physical dominance had combined with her methodical mental control to craft the perfect little "daughter," and Kyle melted into the role without a hint of resistance. Every morning began with the same ritual – he would awake in his crib, his eyes gradually opening as his little body reeled from the sexual exhaustions of the previous evening. When he came to, there was always the same thing waiting for him, above the crib: Martha's bare ass. Kyle knew what was expected of him, and would struggle to his feet as quickly as he could so that he could plant two kisses on her ass, one on each cheek.

"Thank you, Mommy!" he would always say, perfectly obeying Martha's rule that he was always to refer to her as "Mommy" only, "Thank you so much for allowing me to be your little daughter...and for taking care of me...and feeding me...and dressing me...and letting me cum when you feel like it."

"Mmmmm and what do you need me for, little girl?" Martha would coo down at him, glancing over her shoulder as he crouched down, spread his arms, and engulfed her huge ass in a hug. Standing at an insane 7'1 in her ferocious platform heels (which she wore around constantly now), Martha was a full 21 inches taller than him, so that, when he stood up straight, Kyle's eyes were even with the top of her fleshy stomach. All he had to do was crouch slightly in his floor-height crib, and he could give Martha's gigantic ass a full-body hug. Even with his arms spread to their fullest extent, her ass was still wider.

"I need you because I'm just a tiny little girl who can't look after herself," Kyle would answer, no longer even bothering to hide the fact that his voice had become higher pitched now that his mind had broken, "I can't function in the world...I can't have a job...I can't feed or clothe myself...if I was left out alone, the world would eat me alive."

"Awwww, but you've got your big Mommy to protect you," Martha would purr, sweeping her huge arm down to whisk him off his feet, as effortlessly as if he had weighed nothing at all.

"Y-Yes...I do!" Kyle would reply, often becoming emotional as he choked up, the grateful tears beginning to flow, "Th-thank you...Thank you so much, Mommy!"

"Tell me what you love about me, sweetheart," Martha would inevitably continue, wiping away his appreciative tears with a long finger as she went over to sit down in her favorite armchair, cradling him in one massive arm.

"I...I love Mommy's huge b-breasts!" Kyle always cried, staring down at the monstrous mammary squished up against his little body. His nose had become especially attuned to the scent of her warm milk, and, in the mornings, the hungry rumble of his tummy seemed to sharpen his olfactory senses even further. Every time he took a breath close to her breasts, he could feel his eyes starting to roll back as the synapses in his brain crackled away like fireworks, his mind alive to the promise of that rich, warm, creamy goodness bubbling away in those enormous, perfect breasts.

"What about them, sweetie?" Martha would ask, palming the back of his head as she lovingly drew her fingers through his hair, "Be specific."

"Th-they're so big and...and warm," Kyle replied, always some version of the same idea, "And they make me feel so s-small and tiny, b-but...b-but..."

"Buuuuuut?" Martha nodded gently, smiling as she helped him through the routine.

"But i-it's okay because...because I AM so small and tiny," Kyle stammered eagerly. Sometimes he would struggle to get the words out, partially because he was so hungry for her morning milk, and partially because he was always just so overwhelmed by her dominant presence. In the past, he would stutter out of fear...but now he stuttered out of total devotion.

"Yesssss you are, my little sweet pea," Martha chuckled, her huge hand going down his naked body (exempting his diaper, of course), wrapping around his little shoulder and making it disappear completely as she gave it an affectionate shake, "So small, so tiny...suuuuch a frail, helpless little girl who needs her Mommy to feed her some nice, rich, creeeeeeammy milk."

"Nnnnggghhh y-yessss!" Kyle whined, his body beginning to shake and spasm a little as he was overcome with an achingly submissive hunger and thirst for her milk. His hunger was so all-encompassing, both mentally and physically, that he often broke down into unmitigated sobs, but on this particular morning he was feeling Martha's channeled strength flowing through him, and he managed to subdue his ardent blubbing to a series of pathetic snuffles. He leaned his head against her breast, breathing hard up at her as his mouth began to water. At this point, he knew better than to beg for her milk. Just the other day, Martha had mercilessly spanked his ass raw because he hadn't finished answering her questions before mewling for his milk. There was a correct way to do things in her house, and Martha had made sure that her little "daughter" understood the rules crystal-clear.

"What else do you like about Mommy, little girl?" Martha hummed, sighing out so that her breasts inflated even more against Kyle's cradled body. She knew full well that she was driving him wild, behaving like this, but that was the point.

"Y-Your big, strong a-arms," Kyle breathed, as Martha hummed lovingly in his ear, lining up her forearm next to his. The comparison was beyond ridiculous. Even an ordinary person staring at the two arms together would have thought that one arm belonged to an immensely huge,

powerful adult, and the other to a weak, skinny little child. To Kyle, the comparison was just another confirmation of what he already knew: that Martha was so completely superior to him, so far above him, that they may as well have been a different set of species altogether.

“Ooooooh yes, my arms,” Martha cooed in his ear, slowly, sensuously rubbing her forearm up and down his, so that his skin immediately sprang up in goosebumps, “They’re so huge and powerful, aren’t they? Mmm, and just look at how GIGANTIC they are compared to my little baby’s arms! My GOODNESS, Kyla! Look at that! My WRIST is probably three times thicker than your BICEP!”

Martha giggled as she lined her wrist up next to Kyle’s upper arm, playfully shaking her forearm so that her silver bracelets tinkled out into the air, as if in mocking laughter. Kyle already knew that those same bracelets, which were so tight on Martha’s thick, powerful wrists, could easily go all the way up his arm, past his elbow, only coming to a stop at his shoulder, where there was still plenty of room to spare.

“And...and Mommy’s biceps!” Kyle choked out, suddenly getting excited for what he knew would come next. Smirking down at him, Martha arched her eyebrow and slowly lifted up both arms into a stunning double-biceps pose, bouncing her huge muscles left and right, left and right, as she bit her tongue sexily down at him.

“They’re some of your favorites, aren’t they, baby?” Martha grinned.

“Y-yes and...and I know that you could...could KILL me w-with...with only ONE of them if y-you wanted to...” Kyle began, setting off down a worshipful trail of thought, only to be instantly stopped on Martha’s whim.

“Sweetheart,” Martha said, suddenly deadpan as she dropped her arms abruptly into her lap, “I could kill you with only my TONGUE if I wanted to.”

And then, without warning, she seized Kyle by the throat, yanking him up from her lap as she brought his face up to hers. The next thing Kyle knew, Martha had thrust the huge, powerful python of her tongue straight down his throat. Even for a woman her size, Martha’s tongue was uniquely long and wide, and she had stuck it so far down Kyle’s throat that he couldn’t breathe a hint of air. For several long seconds, with her hand wrapped all the way around his throat (with plenty of inches for her fingers to spare), she held him there, her wide eyes crossing slightly so that they were trained directly on his face, suffocating him with her tongue.

For a few moments, Kyle was totally overcome with awe and gratitude for Martha’s extreme show of dominant power, but as the seconds ticked by, and his little lungs began to strain and burn from the lack of air, Kyle’s submissive and awestruck pleasure vaporized, swiftly giving way to the frenzied panic of a dying animal. His eyes widened in fear as he began to jerkily grapple his hands up toward Martha’s face, in a vain attempt to somehow pry himself away from her predatory tongue. Without even averting her eyes away from his face, Martha instantly caught

both of his wrists up in the powerful, crushing grip of her left hand, while she casually crossed her hulking right leg over his kicking feet, effectively immobilizing his entire body. He was now sprawled out in her lap, his head against the gigantic pillow of her left breast, completely unable to even move a muscle as Martha held him there, staring into his soul as her huge tongue choked him out. Despite his primal fear, Kyle's cock was still somehow rock-hard. He may have been suffocating, but that didn't stop his basic biological settings from responding to Martha's power. She had "reset" him completely.

"Unnnngggggghhhhhrrrrrrrruuuuugghhhhhh!!!"

Martha growled into him, and thrust her tongue a further two inches down. Apparently she had been holding back the full length of her tongue until then. Kyle's eyes rolled back into his head as he felt her tongue curve back towards his Adam's apple, deep in his throat, actually flipping open his epiglottis and spearing straight down into his trachea. He would have screamed in pain, but, just as he couldn't budge an inch, he couldn't make a single sound. The crazy realization that he was literally aspirating on Martha's tongue flashed like fire through his broken mind, and then he felt his whole body go limp as everything suddenly went dark.

Almost immediately, though, Kyle was waking up, and the first thing he felt were the soft, warm, plush sensations of a huge pair of lips all over his trembling body.

"Muah....MuahMuah...Muah...Muah...Muuuaaaahhhhh..."

Even before his murky vision returned, Kyle knew that Martha was planting big, soft, tender kisses all over – on his arms and legs, on his chest, down his sides, all around his groin, up his heaving torso, and, finally, tenderly and sweetly across his twitching face. When his eyes finally corrected themselves, all he could see was Martha's huge, kind face, her dark eyes staring deeply into his, as she continued to shower him with warm, gentle kisses.

"Shhhh, shhhh, don't talk right now, baby," she cooed at him, in response to him opening his mouth to thank her for letting him live, "Catch your breath. Mommy knows you're thankful. She knows you didn't mean to sound so ridiculous just now. Muah...Muaaaaah...Muah...but Mommy had to teach you a lesson, baby, muah, muah...she had to remind you not to say silly things. There's more power in my little finger than there is in your entire body."

Kyle wasn't even entirely sure what he had said that had set Martha off like that, but in his mind, it didn't even matter. Whatever she said was true; whatever she said was right. That's all that mattered. A minute later, after Martha had finished covering his body in black lipstick marks from her tender kisses, Kyle was sucking away on her huge tit, his mouth having to open wide to accommodate her fat nipple, as he drank down his breakfast. Martha was feeling extra sweet and generous after her most recent display of power, so she even slowly, softly jerked his cock off as he mewed and burbled into her tit, cumming in a matter of seconds. Martha hummed affectionately down at him as she caught his cum in her hand and brought it up to her lips, sucking it up and swallowing it down.

“Sccccchhhhhhhllloooooop! Aaaaaaahhhhh...” she sighed out, bouncing him on her knee as he continued to nurse, “You’re extra-tasty this morning, honey...I think it was the fear! It makes your cum taste even better.”

Kyle had been coughing and choking a bit after he had cum, since his throat was still quite raw, and since the intense sensations of Martha’s huge, pumping hand had distracted him a little from drinking. Some of her creamy milk was running down his chin. To make matters worse, his little coughing fit had kickstarted an attack of hiccups.

“Awww I think that’s the sign, sweetie,” purred Martha lovingly down at him, and she dabbed his cheeks and mouth clean with a soft baby cloth before lifting him up and draping him over her right shoulder. Kyle moaned out and whined a little, never wanting to leave his Mommy’s breast, but Martha knew what was best, and the next moment her massive hand was gently but firmly patting him on the back. It didn’t take long. Less than half a minute later...

“E-ep...urp....ur-urp...blaauuurrgghhhh!”

“THERE it is!” Martha smiled, continuing to pat him on the back as she coaxed the burps from his tummy, “Goodness me Kyla! I’m always so impressed by how such a LITTLE girl can make such BIG burps!”

With the exception of Martha’s “tongue torment,” the like of which she usually reserved for once or twice a week (‘little reminders,’ Martha affectionately called these random acts of sudden violence – tongue-throating, rear-naked choke-holds, spankings, and so on), this was more or less a typical morning in the Bartel household. Of course, Kyle didn’t even know that was Martha’s last name. None of that mattered. To him, she was simply “Mommy,” and all of his days were spent in service to her. Depending on Martha’s mood, this service could take all kinds of forms. One of her favorite tasks for Kyle was to have him lick her feet clean after one of her workouts. She nearly always had her phone in hand while this was happening, snapping innumerable pictures and recording video after video of his eager, submissive deference.

“My god...” she would often say, as Kyle knelt at her feet while she lounged in her easy chair, recording him licking her toes and soles completely clean, “I don’t think I’m ever going to get over how TINY you look with my huge foot in your lap, sweetheart. I’m not even saying this to be sexy, even though I knowwww how much you just LOVE to hear how much Mommy dwarfs you. I’m just marveling at it, Kyla. My foot looks *monstrous* compared to you. Have you been losing weight, honey? Goodness you look so skinny. Maybe Mommy should feed you extra milk this week, just to fatten you up a little.”

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Kyle knew that Martha was posting these pictures and videos on her website, but none of that really mattered to him, and so any thoughts of the humiliating implications just drifted away from his mind like smoke. All that he cared about was right HERE, in front of him: serving his huge, dominant Mommy. And licking her enormous feet

clean was only one way that he routinely did her bidding. Martha had a whole host of other similarly demeaning tasks that Kyle spent his days fulfilling. At some point every day, sometimes for hours at a time, Martha would force him to eat her out, his little body huddled in between her spread legs as she read her favorite mystery romance novels, or watched sports on TV. Kyle would completely lose himself in her pussy as he ate her out, and time seemed to slow down as he worked his mouth and tongue diligently to give his Mommy what she wanted. The hours would pass by, and Kyle would forget about fresh air, about his own eyesight, and even about the idea of light itself. He was so devotedly attuned to his task that Martha's pussy would simply swallow up his consciousness, which would be resurrected only when Martha had decided it was time for him to stop.

"Oooop, my little girl's all cross-eyed from Mommy's pussy again!" she would laugh, bringing him up to cradle against her shoulder, "Let's slowly bring you back into the world before we fill that sweet little tummy with milk, hmmm?"

Whenever the two of them went out in public, Martha made sure that Kyle was always wearing something completely ridiculous – a bright red jumper, a baby-blue cotton-knit jumpsuit, (complete with a hood), long-sleeved, long-panted rompers, frilly dresses, pink tutus...the list just went on and on. He would not respond to anyone who addressed him like a normal person, and would instead leave it to Martha to do all the talking, which she cheerily did, often humorously informing the unsuspecting and weirded-out stranger that her "daughter" was very shy. Kyle didn't even feel any humiliation anymore from these cringy, bizarre scenes. As far as he was concerned, his whole purpose in life was to just keep his Mommy satisfied while she breastfed him, mouth-to-mouth fed him "real food" on special occasions, changed his diaper, gave him chores, and, every once in a while, made him cum...sometimes by jerking him off, sometimes by squeezing him off in between her huge, creamy breasts, and sometimes by sucking the cum directly out of his cock with her hungry mouth. Whatever way she made him squirt, Martha always made a show of loudly sucking up the cum into her mouth and then lewdly swallowing it right in front of him.

"Just give me a few hours, sweetie," she would purr, "And I'll turn your juice into Mommy's milk."

On one of these occasions, when they were out in public, something unexpected happened. Martha had been pushing Kyle in one of the specialty strollers that she had ordered online, which were bigger than usual and perfectly fitted Kyle's 5'4 frame. As usual, he was wearing something absurd – a pink tutu-overall combination that fit over a loose pair of white tights. Martha had spent the morning braiding his hair into double dutch braid pigtails, so, suffice it to say, the two of them turned plenty of heads as Martha strode into the grocery store, pushing him in front of her in the stroller. Several people gave disapproving looks, but immediately backed down when they saw just how huge Martha was up close. She was decked out in one of her favorite black leather dresses, which looked like it was about to burst asunder from the immense mass of her giant body, and, thanks to her ferocious 6-inch black platform boots, she stood at a gargantuan 7'1. No one was going to mess with her.

No one...except two heartbroken, desperate parents who happened to run into them, coincidentally in front of the dairy section.

"Kyle!!" came the cry, from a voice that sounded distantly familiar to him, and, as he lifted his head while he sat in the stroller, he saw his parents there in the aisle, standing very close to each other, almost like they were clutched together for protection. It was his mother who had called out his name. Kyle blinked at her, not showing any sign that he recognized her face.

"Excuse me," came Martha's cool, curt reply, high above, herself making no apparent sign that she knew that she was talking to Kyle's actual parents, "But it's bad manners to shout at other people's children. And her name is "Kyla," by the way."

"Kyle..." his mother said urgently, bending down to peer into his face, "Kyle, it's...it's us! It's...it's me and Dad!"

But again, Kyle only blinked at her, not acknowledging her in any other way. The truth was that he knew that the woman speaking to him was his "birth mother," but, in his mind, any nurturing, protective qualities that she may have provided had now been completely eclipsed by Martha's power. Whatever he needed, SHE would provide. And, in any case, he knew by this time that he was strictly forbidden from speaking to anyone in public without Martha's permission. So he kept his mouth shut.

"Melody..." said Kyle's dad, his voice downtrodden and sad, "Look at him...look what she's done to him..."

"Hmmm, now let's see, let's see..." Martha mused out loud, perusing the dairy section with calculated intensity, completely ignoring Kyle's parents for the moment, "Kyla...remind me what kind of milk we usually buy?"

"We don't, Mommy," he answered simply, staring up at her as he immediately got hard, "We don't have to."

"Oh that's riiiiiiight!" Martha exclaimed, her dark eyes going wide as she nodded slowly down at him, "We don't HAVE to...because I've got THESE babies!"

She cupped her hands underneath her colossal breasts, bending down to jiggle them teasingly in Kyle's face. He gaped at them, his cock getting even harder. It felt so good to give in to this heavenly feeling. He could literally HEAR her milk sloshing around inside...and he could smell it too. But he knew better than to beg for it out in the grocery store.

"L-Look here, you...you insane woman...you...DEMON!" yelled Kyle's mom, pointing at Martha, "You...you won't do anything to us here with...all these witnesses, s-so you're gonna...you're gonna listen to what I have to say!"

Martha had blinked expressionlessly at Kyle before straightening back up, pivoting around to stand behind the stroller again. She absolutely towered over Kyle's parents – over everyone, really – and looked positively terrifying, even though she wasn't even making an expression. This sheer intimidation factor was the source of Melody's faltering voice, but she powered on ahead, brave despite her fear.

"We...Jim and I...we know that you've brainwashed Kyle," Melody continued, her face red as her eyes sparkled with angry tears, "And y-you...you can't keep this up forever!"

"One day," Jim nodded, his voice shaking even as he stood firm with his wife, pointing up at the monstrous behemoth before them, "You'll get caught. Mark my words...and that day is coming."

"We're doing everything we can to...m-make sure it happens very soon," Melody finished, staring up defiantly.

Martha put her hand to her chest in a gesture of shock, tilting her head sideways as her eyebrows came together. It was clear she was quite offended by what she had just heard.

"I can't believe what I've just heard!" she exclaimed, more insulted than angry, "I'm sorry – who are YOU to question the lifestyle of two consenting adults who, as you can see, are both VERY happy with each other."

"He's not happy!" Jim shouted angrily.

"I...AM happy," Kyle spoke up for the first time, causing his parents' eyes to immediately snap to him, trying in vain to study his face for some sign that he was being held against his will. Kyle had guessed, correctly, that Martha would have wanted him to speak for himself in this situation. "I'm the happiest I've ever been in my entire life, and this" – here he put both of his hands on the stroller – "Is where I belong."

"See?" Martha smiled cheerily at Kyle's parents (even as her knuckles were turning whiter and whiter on the stroller handles). She backed the stroller up and pushed it left and right, left and right, humorously "showing him off" in his "natural" state. "Right where he belongs."

Melody and Jim didn't look at all convinced, but the sound of Kyle's voice had seemed to at least give them a smidgen of hope.

"We're going to get you away from her, honey," Melody said determinedly to him, with Jim nodding and adding: "Whatever it takes." The two of them could sense that, despite Martha's genial outward expression, the air between them had gone frigid, and they shuddered to think about what she would do if she actually grew angry. So they shuffled quickly away, with Melody blowing her son a goodbye kiss before they left the store. She had badly wanted to hug him, but had accurately surmised that Martha would not have taken kindly to such a gesture, and may actually have become violent.

"My GOODNESS!" Martha sighed out, shaking her head like she had just witnessed a scene of deplorable behavior, "The manners of some people...trying to tell us how to live our lives! It's so sad how people are actually stuck in their narrow attitudes, isn't it Kyla?"

"It's very sad, Mommy," agreed Kyle, without a hint of irony.

The rest of their grocery run went about as normally as it could go, considering the circumstances, and, a few minutes later, Martha was strapping Kyle into his backseat car chair. She had seemed a bit preoccupied, but now that Kyle was all buckled in, she gave him the sweetest, most loving smile he had ever seen, and he felt himself melting with devotion. She looked so giant and powerful, so big and strong and BOUNTIFUL...that he just had a hard time believing how he could have been so lucky to end up as her daughter. He couldn't wait to go home and spend hours in between her legs, in the dark.

"Sweetie..." Martha said amiably to him, putting her huge arms on either side of his car seat, "Do you remember those two unpleasant people back in the grocery store, just a few minutes ago?"

Kyle nodded.

"Now...there was a time, wasn't there..." Martha continued, "When you actually LIVED with them in a house. Isn't that right?"

Kyle nodded again.

"Good, good..." Martha said slowly, taking out her phone, "Now baby...think back...I know it's a long time...what was the ADDRESS of that house?"