

I Dated A 50 Foot Woman

by John Olson

I'm 5' 9," a man of average height, early 40s, graying on the edges. Alison, when we dated, was 50' 7" tall, and weighed a little under 1200 lbs. She was dainty. At least, for her height. I guess you could say she was a bit on the thin side. But curves? Oh my god she had curves.

I took her to dinner on our first date. We had to go to a seaside restaurant near Malibu so that Alison could sit cross-legged on the beach. She wore a dress of her own making. She called it a "skyscraper dress." It had a deep scoop neckline on front, and a center back zipper. The pull tab and slider, which was made of brass, must have weighed 135 lbs. The zipper had been made at the Globe Iron Foundry in Commerce. Globe did everything from automotive components to food processing equipment. They were happy to make her a zipper.

The zipper was expensive, but everything in Alison's world was expensive. Money was not a problem. She was very popular with construction outfits. She did most of the work that was normally done by crane. Only Alison was able to do it much faster. Workers just had to shout what they needed and she would pick it up and put it where they wanted as easy as if she were playing with a doll set.

I wanted dinner to be special on our first date. I had an 8 oz. filet mignon with potato risotto, chanterelle mushroom, and grilled asparagus. Alison had the seafood paella with prawns, mussels, Manilla clams, scallops, chorizo, chicken, and saffron rice in a seafood broth. She was served the equivalent of eight servings. They put it in a huge cauldron which was brought down to the beach by flatbed truck. She also drank ten bottles of wine. Our bill came to something like \$10,000 dollars. I don't remember. I was pretty tipsy when we left. Alison carried me home. There was no need to drive. She could travel ten miles in ten minutes. She merely had to be careful not to step on any cars or trucks.

Sex was difficult. Kissing didn't work at all. We tried it. But she felt nothing. My lips against hers was like a neutrino brushing a dolphin. There was no sensation other than that of my hair tickling her upper lip. The air streaming down from her nose made me uncomfortably hot. I tried to avoid looking up through her nostrils, but a morbid curiosity got the better of me, and I got a glance at the two caverns at the bottom of her nose. It was less than scenic.

Cunnilingus and intercourse were pretty much one and the same thing. The size of my penis compared to the size of her vagina was not a viable match. I would don a wet suit and insert my entire body into her vagina, hold my breath, and search for her clitoris. Her clitoris was easy to find. It was the size of a basketball. I had to satisfy myself when I was finished. She felt strongly that sexual gratification should be mutual. But there was little that she could do. I tried bouncing up and down on her breast, but it simply gave her a bruise, and did nothing to stimulate me erotically. I felt bashful about masturbating in front of her, but eventually I grew accustomed to the practice, and went at vigorously while cradled between her gigantic breasts.

She tried not to laugh. But she couldn't help it. The agitations of my body between her breasts was ticklish. Once, she laughed so hard I was blown clear across the room, and was lucky to land with my buttocks against the wall.

I can't remember why we broke apart. I tried to be patient about a number of Alison's habits. She was frequently late, and when we went somewhere, it would take her hours to get ready. She used massive quantities of eye shadow and lipstick, quantities hard to supply in the devices required for application. Her tube of lipstick had been manufactured by a special company and was roughly the size of a conduit, or rocket ship.

She came close to stepping on me a number of times. She tended to be absent-minded. At first, she apologized profusely, but after a while it began to irritate her. She said I did it purposively to remind her of her unequal status in our relationship.

What do you mean by unequal status, I asked, utterly perplexed.

She said my constant deference diminished her. She hated it. It made her feel small.

Small?

Yes, small, she said. You make me feel awkward. Why can't you sit on my shoulder more often?

Because I'm not a parakeet, I said.

Well, that last remark was what did it. She loved little animals, but could not live with them. The risk was too great. But the real reason she felt so aggrieved at this remark was because she was convinced that her femininity is what brought about the best in a man. And I failed her in this respect.

She was right. I had been unbending about a number of things, including taking a bath with her. But what really bugged her was my unending wariness. My overweening concern, the grandeur of my solicitude. My colossal, overbearing scrutiny. She could not achieve intimacy with a man whose arrogant, day-to-day deference made her feel so inadequate. So stunted. So small.

I still see her occasionally, from afar, her head towering above the buildings, bent down, her eyes with their own worried regard, the bruised self-esteem of someone who craves the gentle wine of anonymity.

