

# Bearhemoth Tales #1: Yard Maintenance

*By Bearhemoth*

It is the day after your 18th birthday and you're trying to earn money to buy a car before you leave for university, so you start a lawn mowing service. You're going door to door in another neighborhood looking for clients, when you happen to ring my doorbell.

There's a long pause. You assume no one is home and start to walk off when I open the front door and say, "Yes?"

You turn around and see me, the largest man you've ever seen outside of comic book movies. I'm standing in the seven-foot doorway and fill it entirely with my mass, both fat and muscle filling out my 700-pound frame. I look grumpy and I'm out of breath. You feel a bit nervous but jump into your sales spiel.



"Hi, I'm mowing lawns in the neighborhood and wanted to offer you a deal to handle your yard for the summer."

I shift in the doorway and you involuntarily back up into my flower bed, crushing the irises beneath your feet.

"Uh, I'm sorry!"

I growl at you and your manhood stirs in your pants. Before you realize what's happening, I've picked you up and carried you into the living room, kicking the front door shut with my foot. I toss you down on the sofa, where I tower over you and say:

"I'll let you mow my lawn for the summer, but I'm going to show you how I'll compensate you for it."

Your face is white now and you're genuinely afraid - I'm so huge and you're so small and slender you know I could crush you any time I wanted to. "Uh, I'm sorry what? I'll fix the flower bed for you, there's no need -"

I suddenly sit down in your lap, squashing you beneath my huge bulk. Your leg and abdominal muscles tighten as you try to keep me from overwhelming you and you struggle to breathe. My body flows around you on both sides and you can feel the warmth as the pressure seems to increase more and more the longer I sit. The force seems to grind into your now rock-hard tool, sending waves of pleasure shooting through your body as you are slowly smothered.

After a minute, I stand up and you gasp for air and try to get away. I push you back down easily and you sink deeper into the sofa. I point at the massive bulge in your jeans. "You liked that, huh? Let's see how you like this."



I grab you and flip you upside down, tossing your legs over the back of the sofa and your head against the seat cushion. You realize what's going to happen and try to move in a panic but you're too slow. I drop my pants and reveal my enormous ass, huge and bulbous above you, my giant nuts hanging low underneath as I slowly sit down on your face.

You try to shout for help, but you get a mouth full of fleshy white ass and the pressure on your head is overwhelmingly intense. I'm now fully sitting on your face and you are desperately trying to breathe and push me off you but you're totally helpless against my strength and power. You manage to get some quick gasps of air by shifting your mouth and nose into my butt crack.

I enjoy that, and rock forward and back a bit on your face, giving you a bit more air. Your shaft is painfully hard right now and I can feel it against my back, throbbing.

I stand up and you gasp in a huge lungful of air, almost missing the pressure against your face and body. You can't control yourself; you sit up, unbutton your jeans and grab your rigid member in your hand, stroking it as I look down on you, smirking.



"I can't help it, I've never been this turned on!" you cry as you desperately stroke yourself, a savage need that seems to grow more intense every second. I move your body so you're laying across the ottoman and I sit down on your chest, my ass in your face. Your hands are locked to your sides by my mass. I reach down and grab your leaking manhood in my giant hand and stroke it slowly as I rock back and forth on your body.

The pressure and pleasure coursing through you is unreal by this point, and my stroking swiftly brings you to orgasm.

You shoot out a huge amount of sperm, spraying all over my belly and both our thighs, with an intense ocean of pleasure bursting over you like a tsunami. It seems to go on for minutes, until at last you finish shooting and relax, sinking deep into the ottoman as my weight continues to hold you in place.

I stand up and help you to an upright position, tossing your clothes at you. You're still rock hard. "Be back here Tuesday every week to mow my lawn and when you're finished, I'll take you to realms of pleasure you never imagined before."

You look up at me with an exhausted grin on your face, already turned on by the thought. "Deal."