



CATEY

**A BBW
GIANTESS
STORY**

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When I first met Catey, it was like a dream come true. I had always liked “big girls,” women with curves, somebody with something to hold onto. Dating skinny girls was something that never appealed to me, and I had made some effort a few times to date skinny girls, but even if they I thought they were cute, and there was an initial attraction, it would fade quickly.

Big girls were obviously for me, but that had its drawback. Usually when I was really attracted to a girl, she wasn’t very confident in herself. I dated a woman named Amanda for three years, who was constantly trying to lose weight, thought her breasts and butt were too big, and would wear clothing that was intended to hide her curves, even though this made her look bigger.

“Why would anybody ever think their boobs were too big?” asked Mindy, my co-worker, when I told her.

“I don’t know,” I said with a laugh.

Mindy was not my type either, though she wasn’t rail thin. She was still not in the bbw range that I was into. Her breasts were a respectable C cup, which I found to be far too small for my tastes. It didn’t matter, because she had a great boyfriend named Tod, and she was a good friend. Every guy should have one or two good female friends to talk things out with.

This ended up paying off even more than I thought, because she was the one who introduced me to Catey.

“Oh my God,” Mindy told me one day at work. “I met a girl who would be so

right for you.”

I had been told this before, but I was willing to take the plunge. “What makes you say that?” I asked.

Mindy started telling me about Catey. She was an editor for a publishing company, and was very smart, well read, confident, and most of all, “An absolute brickhouse.”

“A brickhouse?” I asked.

“She’s built just the way you like them,” Mindy assured me. “She’s really cute too. She says she likes the way she looks and is sick of guys who want to change her.”

Mindy didn’t have a picture of her to show me. “I guess you could introduce us,” I said.

“She and I are supposed to have drinks on Friday,” Mindy told me. “Why don’t you show up there. We can pretend that it was all an accident, and then I can introduce you.”

I wasn’t too enthusiastic about this setup, but I decided that I had to meet this girl if she was as perfect for me as Mindy made her out to be. I agreed that I would show up at the bar that Mindy was meeting Catey at, about an hour into their drinks session.

When the day came, I was pretty nervous. This whole fake set up just wasn't my style, but I went to the bar at the agreed time, and saw Mindy sitting with a cute dark-haired woman. She definitely looked curvy, and she wasn't trying to hide it. She was wearing a tight red top, that accentuated her enormous breasts, even if it let people see her adorable belly hanging out a bit. She was also wearing a black skirt, and I could see her wide hips, and thick legs even while she was sitting down.

I got myself a beer and I walked over to where they were sitting. "Hey Mindy, I didn't know you came here."

"Oh my God, David!" Mindy said, as if seeing me there was the biggest surprise of her life. "Catey, this is my friend David. I've told you about him."

"Nice to meet you," Catey said, with a smile. She had a smokey voice that sent shivers through me.

"Why don't you have a seat and talk for a while?"

I sat down at the table with them, and the conversation immediately shifted. Mindy was not subtle about keeping the conversation directed on how much Catey and I had in common. "David is a huge Murakami fan as well," Mindy would say. "I first heard about that Mary Gaitskill story from David."

Since Catey was in publishing, a lot of the chatter ended up centering on books. Then Mindy made her final play.

“Oh my God, I didn’t realize how late it was,” Mindy said. “I’ve got to be going. Why don’t the two of you hangout without me?”

She got up and then took off, saying a few more things about how the time had simply gotten away from her. Then Catey and I were sitting at the table together. I looked over at her, and she had a wry, amused look, that told me that she knew exactly what had just happened.

“So, I think Mindy might be trying to set us up,” Catey said, twirling her finger around the rim of her martini glass.

“It seems to be that way,” I said with a nod, as if I wasn’t aware of it.

“You are pretty cute,” Catey said to me, and she slid over to me a bit. My heartbeat began to quicken. It looked like Mindy’s plan was going to work.

The two of us talked for another hour, and without Mindy around, the conversation actually flowed more naturally. It seemed like we had a lot more in common than even Mindy would have thought, but the subject of my interest in bigger girls hadn’t come up.

“I have a confession to make,” I told Catey. “Mindy told me to show up here. She told me at work that she thought you were the perfect woman for me.”

“We do have a lot in common,” Catey said, not seeming the least bit surprised by my confession.

“I think so too,” I said.

Mindy gave me a devilish look. “I have a confession of my own,” she said. “Mindy did tell me something very intriguing about you.”

“Oh, what was that?” I asked.

“She told me you liked big girls,” Catey said.

I could feel my face flush a bit. “Well, I do,” I said, not quite knowing what else to say. “I like them very much.”

Catey was still giving me that look, and I felt like a mouse that was being toyed with by the cat. “Why don’t we get out of here?” she asked.

I stood up first, which was obviously what Catey was hoping for. When she stood up, it took my breath away. Since she had been sitting down the whole time, I hadn’t gotten a true understanding of her size, and what I saw took my breath away.

The first thing I noticed was that she was taller than me. I looked down at her

feet and saw that she was wearing high heels, but with how much she was absolutely towering over me, that still meant that she probably had a few inches on me. I was five-foot-nine, and from where I was looking up at her, she seemed to be about six-foot-two. I guessed that barefoot, Catey was about five-foot-eleven.

Once I had gotten over this height difference, there was all that thickness to consider. When she had gotten to her feet, her huge tits had bounced and swayed, and I realized they were even bigger than I had first considered. Her figure was so incredibly full, and with her standing next to me, I got to finally appreciate just how astounding her figure really was. Her hips were vast, and I could see the bubble of her butt protruding out even looking at her head on. I wanted my hands wrapped around her so bad.

“Is this big enough for you?” Catey asked.

She was enjoying my expression and looking down at me. I was getting hard in my pants looking at her, and she had to know how overwhelmed I was.

“You’re amazing,” I said.

Catey laughed. “You haven’t seen anything yet,” she said.

We walked out of the bar and to the parking lot. “Where are you parked?” I asked.

“I don’t drive,” Catey said with a shrug. “Why don’t you take me home?”

I couldn’t believe how direct she was, but I reminded myself not to have any expectations. I would have been happy just to have this exquisite woman’s number, but we quickly went to my car, and after Catey squeezed into the passenger seat, we were on our way.

Catey had a condo in Queen Anne. It was a huge place, and I found myself wondering how much it cost. It seemed as if Catey made quite a bit more money than I did, which working in publishing, I wondered about her salary. I pushed it away from my mind as we walked inside, and I was more interested in the incredibly high ceilings.

“Wow, this place is enormous,” I said.

“A big girl needs a big place,” Catey said.

While I was looking around, I suddenly became aware that Catey had grabbed hold of one of my hands. I looked down at it, and then up at her face. She didn’t hesitate. Soon her arms were around me, and then she was kissing me. I couldn’t believe that she was making the first move like this. I had never been with a girl who was this aggressive.

Her arms were around me, and then she pushed me against the wall. I landed against it with a thud, feeling her soft curves pressed against me. My cock was bulging and pulsing in my pants, and I knew Catey could feel it. I don’t think I had ever been so excited in my life.

I had never been with a woman with a body like hers. I moved my hands over everything, feeling the incredible hips, and moving my hands over her round voluptuous ass. I squeezed the vast expanses of flesh there and knew there was much more than I could get my hands on. Catey moaned softly at my fondling of her ass.

Her soft belly was next, with it already pressing into me. It was relatively small compared to her titanic breasts, but I had always liked a woman with a belly, and hers was adorable, and so pleasing to the touch. Catey smiled, even as we were still making out, as my hands went there. She probably appreciated that I was giving that part of her some love.

Then my hands moved up to her breasts. I had always been with busty girls before. My serious girlfriends had ranged from a double D, to an H in cup size. I had always found anything less than a D to be completely inadequate, and to be honest, I preferred an F or bigger. I was giving those double D girls a chance, despite their undersized titties.

Catey was so much larger than anybody I had ever been with that I thought I was going to be absolutely ruined. There was no way that I could be satisfied with tiny G or H cups after these magnificent monsters. My hands moved over those enormous mountains, and I was overwhelmed by the softness and warmth of them. My hands weren't even close to being able to cover all of them.

These were real tits. This was the way a woman was supposed to look, and Catey made it clear that I had been making do with little girls all this time. I could feel the bra under her overstressed top and wondered where she could even find a bra for tits this enormous. They really were beyond massive.

“I bet you’ve never seen tits this big,” Catey said. “I am a whole new standard.”

It was like she was reading my mind. I kissed her again, passionately, our tongues intertwined. “I’ve never dreamed anybody could be so busty,” I said.

Catey giggled. “This bra is a 42KK, but it’s feeling a little tight. I have a habit of bursting out of things.”

I couldn’t believe she was talking to me like this, and I was so excited I could barely control myself. Catey could definitely tell, the way I was shuddering against her.

“I bet you would like that,” she whispered. “You’d like to see me bursting out of things.”

“Yes,” I answered breathless.

She giggled. “I have a big surprise for you then,” she said.

She stopped kissing me, and moved away from my body, walking through her living room and toward the back hallway. I turned to stare back at her, for the first time getting to appreciate the sway of her hips, and her big, round ass. God, this woman had a body that was beyond belief.

She looked back over her shoulder. “Are you coming?” she asked.

I got ahold of myself, but my dick was so hard, and it was snaking down the leg of my pants. When I tried to move, I could barely manage it, and I had to quickly reach for my belt and loosen it. I had to take the entire belt off, and let my dick form a huge tent in my pants before I could walk properly.

Catey had already gotten way ahead of me, and I walked swiftly to the hallway and toward the back. There was a bathroom to my right, and one other door that I assumed led to her bedroom. I walked in to see her standing there waiting for me, that devilish grin again on her face.

“How much do you like big girls?” she asked me.

I had never been asked that question and it took me aback. “I like you,” I said.

Catey giggled. “Well, thank you,” she said. She reached up to her chest and hoisted her tits with her hands. “I see that you really like my huge titties,” she said.

I was mesmerized watching her fondle her own tits. She had big hands, because everything about her was big, but even they were tiny compared to those mountainous breasts.

“They’re amazing,” I told her.

“What if they were even bigger?” she asked.

I was not sure how to respond to this either. Her tits were already much bigger than any woman I had ever been with. She redefined what big tits were for me, but I also had many wild fantasies. Catey seemed to read my mind.

“Are you the kind of guy who bigger is always better?”

“Yes,” I told her. I felt vulnerable admitting this, but the fact that she was even asking these questions compelled me to be honest.

“What do you think of my ass?” Catey asked turning around and bending slightly to present it to me. Her big ass was like an enormous shelf, and I thought immediately about dropping to my knees, getting my hands on those luscious curves, and even kissing those beautiful cheeks.

“It’s beautiful,” I said.

She giggled again. “I know it is,” she told me. “Have you ever seen an ass so big, so full, and so perfect?”

“No, I haven’t,” I admitted.

She seemed satisfied and turned back around. I was sorry to see that gorgeous ass go.

“You seem to like it when I stood up,” she said. “Do you like tall girls?”

This question made me even more nervous. This was the darkest of my secrets, because it was true that I liked girls who were big in every way possible. However, I never wanted to admit this, partially because when I dated many plus-sized girls they were short, or at least shorter than me. The fact that I preferred girls who were taller, would often upset them if they knew.

Catey seemed aware of my hesitation. “It’s okay,” she said. “I saw your reaction. The fact that I was taller than you turned you on.”

“Yes,” I said. She was getting at all my fantasies. I had always been so reluctant to share in the past, afraid of being judged, but she was making things easy. Was I finally going to get what I always wanted? It turned out I was, and even more than I ever dreamed possible.

“I wear these heels because I like towering over men,” Catey said. “You’re a little taller than I usually like them, but I love the way you look at me, and I obviously have an effect on you.”

She looked down and giggled at the big tent in my pants. My cock pulsed in response. Catey was looking at it hungrily. I wanted to go to this spectacular woman, throw her down on the bed, and take her savagely, but something was holding me back. It seemed like Catey was calling the shots here. She was definitely in charge, and I knew to wait for her to make the next move.

What happened next was so unbelievable I still sometimes think it must be some dream. Catey stood there, her hands on her hips, looking every bit the goddess she was. She seemed to be concentrating on something, and I wasn't sure what it was. All I could do was look and wait. I'm not sure when exactly it started, but I noticed it very quickly. Catey's clothes seemed to be getting tighter.

Her outfit already seemed to fit her every curve like a glove, so when she began to expand, it made itself obvious quickly. Every part of her was growing at once, but I seemed to notice her magnificent bust first, because that was where my gaze was focused. Her tits were already so huge, and they gently rose and fell with her every breath, but watching them gently fall up and down, it quickly became apparent that they were starting to stretch the fabric of her top a little more with each breath.

I thought I had to be imagining it. Those tits were already unbelievable, and yet she was growing even more! Then it became more obvious, because I could actually see the outline of her bra under that top. That was the impossibly big bra she had teased me with its size before, but she was starting to overwhelm it. She had said that she loved to burst out of things, well it wasn't going to be very long before she burst right out of that huge bra, a bra so enormous that other women could only dream of being able to fill it.

Then I noticed she was getting bigger elsewhere. Her skirt looked as if it was tightening around her hips, and I saw that she was actually getting taller. Now I was really losing my mind. None of this should be possible, and Catey was still smirking at me, enjoying every second of it.

"Why don't you come a little closer and enjoy the show?" she asked.

She stepped out of her high heels, and kicked them away, before walking toward me. She had no need of those heels, because within a few seconds she had added enough inches to her height to make her well over six feet without them. She was coming toward me, and she simply towered over me. I could not resist her as she reached out and pulled me into her bigger body.

She held me against her massive bust as it continued to grow and expand. Not only that, but it was rising as she was growing taller. I looked up at her face looking down at me and saw that she had to be at least six-foot-four at that point. Her bust seemed to be growing bigger even in proportion to the growth of the rest of her, and her bra wasn't going to last much longer.

“How is this happening?” I asked.

“Why question it?” Catey said. “Why can't you just enjoy me getting huge?”

Her bra snapped, as her tits bust free. The hem of her top was starting to ride up, exposing her belly, and her skirt began to split at the hips. Her chest was inching up more and more, and soon it was level to my face. Catey was nearing seven feet tall.

It wasn't long before all her clothes were useless to her, as her height exceeded seven feet, and she just kept on growing. My feet left the floor, as she lifted me in the air, because she wanted to kiss me. I could not resist this giantess, who kissed me passionately while she just kept growing. Her growth seemed to accelerate and there was a question of just how big she would get.

It was hard to know how big she was growing while being held in the air, and

with her kissing and fondling me. I just knew that her big hands were getting bigger as she explored my body, and eventually stripped all my clothes off me. She was not gentle about it, ripping my clothing off as if it were tissue paper, and then I was naked.

Still, she grew, and I was becoming aware that eight feet was a memory for her. I had fantasized a few times about being with a giant woman, but I had kept those fantasies in the realms of somewhat recognizable reality. I had thought about a woman who was about seven feet tall, and that had been an outrageous fantasy, but now Catey would have made my biggest fantasy women look tiny, and still she was growing.

I felt like a child being held in her arms, and she was pressing me against her colossal bust. Her boobs almost seemed to be as big as my whole body....each! I wondered how much stronger she was than I was, and knew that it had to be many times my strength. She could do whatever she wanted with me, but for now what she wanted to do was to keep fondling my tiny body and kissing me. Her tongue was so large that I nearly choked when she shoved it into my mouth.

Finally, her growth began to slow, and I was aware that she was nearing the ceiling. The ceilings here were probably close to ten feet high! She was truly beyond big now. Finally, her growth seemed to grind to a halt, and Catey thought it was a good idea to put me on the ground.

“Do you want to see all of me?” she whispered in my ear. “Do you think you can handle a real big girl?”

I was too dumbstruck to say anything. Catey put my tiny body down, and even before I was looking up at her, I was aware that being next to her was like standing next to an enormous beast. She was more than human now beyond

anything any other woman could ever hope to be. As she stood back up, I gasped at her height. She was the tallest person who had ever lived, and the competition wasn't even close.

My head was level with her hips, and I could have just stepped forward and buried my face in her pussy without bending down in the slightest. Her face was far, far above me, and I actually had to stand far back to see it, because her gargantuan boobs blocked it from my view when I stood too close to her.

First, I did take a few steps back, in order to appreciate her beauty, her size, her power. She seemed to be thrilled by the way I was looking at her. Her huge nipples were erect, and I could smell her arousal all through the room. This enormous woman wanted me, I realized, and that meant she might take me.

How would I ever be able to make love to a woman as impossibly big as her? The thought sent thrills and fear through me like I had never felt. I was going to find out very soon it seemed. She was going to take what she wanted. There was no reason for her ever to consider the desires of a person as tiny as me.

“Don't be afraid little man,” Catey said, “Come here, and feel how enormous I am.”

I did as she commanded and stepped toward her. Each of her monstrously thick legs were about as thick as my whole body, and almost as tall. Standing next to her was an overwhelming feeling and being this close I was covered by her shadow, and her looming boobs way over my head.

Catey reached down again and placed her big hand on my back. It was so wide

that it felt as if she could cover my whole upper torso. I wondered if she was able to pick me up with one hand. She moved me forward, very gently for her, but it almost knocked me off my feet. It was obvious what she wanted me to do.

My face was buried in her pussy, and I licked like I had never licked before. She tasted so sweet, and she moaned with pleasure as I slowly licked, moving my tongue around her clit. I reached my hands up and placed them on her gargantuan ass, rubbing the soft skin, and grasping all that wonderful flesh.

Listening to Catey's sexy cries far above me drove me wild, and I worked faster, wanting to make her come. She gripped my body with both hands, and I was afraid that she might crush me if I got her too excited, but the idea of pleasing this giantess, was beyond exciting.

Finally, I felt her body spasm, and she cried out in an earthshaking scream. I had to cover my ears, or I thought I was going to go deaf, and once I had stepped back, and seen the expression on her face, she still standing, but also trembling, I could see that her eyes blazed with lust.

"That was a good warm up," she said, looking down at my tiny body. "Now it's time to get to the main event."

The bedroom was a large one, but there wasn't much in it, except for a bed, a single dresser, and a large closet. Catey was now far too big for the bed, and so she pushed it aside, moving it as if it was as light as a feather. Once that was done, she turned back to me, and I could feel that overwhelming mix of arousal and fear overtake me again.

Catey reached out and grabbed me, lifting me off my feet as if I was a doll, and then she lay back on the floor, crashing to the ground and making the whole condo shake from her enormous weight. She pulled my tiny body up onto her mountainous frame, and lay me on her huge boobs, as she started to kiss me again.

I had been fully hard ever since I had come into her place, and now my dick was pressing into tis that were as big as my whole body, while this giantess was kissing me, covering my whole face with her lips. I pressed my hard dick gently into the softness of one colossal breast and felt it's warmth. I thought I might come right there.

I knew I couldn't come though. Catey had big plans for me, and she started lowing me down toward her pussy again, this time wanting me to enter her.

She placed me inside her, moaning softly as she did. I wondered how somebody so supremely big could even feel my cock but being inside her sent a wave of pleasure through me. Her pussy was soaking wet, and I was covered in her juices as she started to thrust her hips upward, and to use her hands to move me in and out of her.

I could feel her soft belly against me, and I pressed my face into it, kissing her heavenly skin, and feeling the fullness of her huge body. Catey took her legs, literally as thick as trees and wrapped them around me. Now I really felt vulnerable. She could crush me with barely any effort with those legs, and I wondered how much stronger they were than my whole body. Probably many times.

Being used as a toy by this goddess was the most incredible experience of my life, and then she was coming, so excited by her complete dominance over such

a tiny man, and how huge she had become.

I came with her, feeling as if my dick was exploding every bit of fluid from my body. I had never had an orgasm even close to this.

When she had reached her climax, Catey removed her legs from around me, and then pulled me back up to her face, kissing me, and wrapping her big arms around me, squeezing me very gently, but feeling so tight to my tiny body that it almost hurt.

“Now you know what really big means,” she teased me, and she took a single oversized finger and ran it through my hair.

I certainly did. This woman was nearly ten feet tall, and who knew how much she weighed, or how strong she was. I had always loved big girls, but this redefined big. It was a new standard, and now I knew I was ruined forever.

“How?” I asked, and then I didn’t even know how to finish my sentence. What had even happened? Catey had grown to a giantess right in front of me in an instant.

She laughed. “I can’t possibly be big enough,” she said. “I always want to be bigger. I was limited because I didn’t want to crush my condo, but perhaps we could find a place with more room so she can experience a bigger size.”

This didn’t answer my question, but I was astounded by what I heard. Catey

getting even bigger. How much bigger could she get? How much bigger did I want her to get? It looked like I was going to find out.