



GIANTESS NOIR
A GROWTH STORY

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It was a quiet day when she walked into my office. I had most recently taken a standard “dig up some dirt on my husband” divorce case, but the past week had been pretty dry. I was worried about having enough money to keep the lights on, and then a client walked in, looking like she had the means to pay, and was easy on the eyes besides.

She was a beautiful woman all right, with black hair, pale creamy skin, and ruby lips. She was on the tall side, about five-foot-eleven, putting her at about six-foot-two in the heels she was wearing. I liked them tall though, so I didn’t mind.

Her tight black dress hugged a fantastic figure. Her breasts were about average size, but they were perky and firm, standing out from her slim frame. Her legs looked positively endless and were incredibly shapely. I had to remind myself to be professional, but it isn’t every day a dame like that walks into your office.

“Are you Mr. Chandler?” she asked.

“Yes, I am,” I said. I smiled. I had been standing by my window looking out at the city when she arrived. I gestured for her to take one of the chairs in front of my desk. “Please, sit down and tell me what I can do for you.”

She sat down nervously. “My name is Sheila Vanderpool, Mr. Chandler,” she began. “I was recommended to you because I was told that you were the kind of man who could get a tough job done.”

“That’s flattering,” I said, leaning back on my chair. “What’s the job?”

She reached into her purse and took out a photograph that she put on my desk. The picture showed a small stone stature of a woman, naked with her hands on her hips. The figure was very large breasted, and wide hipped. It looked a lot like fertility statues I had seen before, but with a smaller waist.

“This item was stolen from me,” she said. “I purchased it at an auction last week, and somebody broke into my home and took it.”

“Did you call the police?” I asked.

She shook her head. “The police will not help me get my item back Mr. Chandler. I have been searching for this particular item for years of my life, and getting it back is of the utmost importance.”

“I’m not sure if I can get it back for you either,” I said. “Do you have any idea who took it?”

“I have a list of suspects in mind,” Ms. Vanderpool said with a nod.

We discussed her suspects, and then I went to her house to inspect the scene. To make a long story short, I got the item back for her. It involved several weeks of detective work, and danger to my physical wellbeing. The item had been stolen by a rival of hers, and they were willing to kill in order to keep it. All that is boring. Let’s cut to the exciting part. I brought the item back to Ms. Vanderpool at her house.

She looked as stunning as she had on the day that she had hired me when I entered the house, and she led me through the hallway to a study. Once inside, I set the statue on a desk.

“I must say Mr. Chandler, you have lived up to your reputation.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” I replied. “I think we need to discuss my bill.”

Sheila smiled at me. “Maybe we can work out something else,” she said. She was looking at me lasciviously, and I thought about how much I wanted to get her out of that dress. I needed the money though.

“I have an itemized bill, plus expenses,” I said.

“Aren’t you curious why I wanted this particular item, why he it was so important to me?”

I shrugged. “Not particularly.”

She smiled again. “The statue is useless unless it is coupled with another item that I was able to find.” She walked to the desk and bent over. I took a moment to notice her round ass as her dress pulled against it. She opened a small box on the desk and removed a green gem.

“This statue has amazing properties, Mr. Chandler,” she said. “I’ll give you a demonstration of what I mean.”

She set the gem in front of the statue and then started saying some words. I didn’t recognize the language at all, and after a few minutes I was getting frustrated with this little routine. Then the gem started to glow, and I stared at it mesmerized.

I didn’t know what was happening. Sheila turned back to me. She walked up to me very close. She was wearing high heels again, and this made her about five inches taller than my five-foot-ten frame. She looked down at me and smiled.

“I’ve noticed the way you look at me, Mr. Chandler,” she said. “Watch what happens.”

At first it looked like nothing was happening, and then I noticed it. It was very subtle, and it could have been my imagination, the result of fatigue or some other issue, but within a few seconds it was obvious what was happening. Sheila’s dress was already skintight, and as I looked at her it was getting tighter and tighter. I paid special attention to her breasts. They began to bulge out of her dress. It looked as if she had gained a full cup size.

It took another few moments before I realized she was growing taller too. There was a lot going on. She was definitely getting bigger breasts and wider hips, something that got my attention right away, but soon I was noticing her getting longer legs. It only went on for a couple of minutes, but her growth was significant. She had to step out of her heels, but she was still taller than she had been in them by at least an inch, and it looked like her breasts had expanded to a

D cup. Her dress had begun rip in a few places, but it still held in place.

When Sheila's growth stopped, she put her hands on her hips. "Well, what do you think, Mr. Chandler?"

"How...?" I started. "How did you do that?"

Sheila smiled at me. "I have been looking for that statue my entire life. The legend was that it could make the woman who possessed it into a true goddess. Most people thought the legend was only that. I knew it was true."

I looked her up and down. "A goddess?" I said.

She smiled. "So, how do you like me now?" she asked.

"You're a beautiful woman, but I wouldn't call you a goddess," I said. "I'm not sure that statue was worth it."

She made a sour face and clenched her teeth. I thought that she might take a swing at me she looked so mad. Instead she said, "You're such an infuriating little man."

She reached around her back and undid her dress. Within seconds she had gotten it off and thrown it to the floor. "Most men would kill to be with a woman like

me. Many men would die to worship me.”

I was astounded by this display. Sheila really had a dynamite body. Her legs were not only long but incredibly shapely, and they looked to be strong and powerful. She now had wide womanly hips, but a tiny waist. Her breasts were beautifully shaped, and large, with big brown nipples. I wanted her, and I had never been with a woman who was so tall, but I never mixed business and pleasure.

“Look lady, all I want is to collect my fee and to be on my way. You can play with your new toy all you want. I was hired to do a job, and I did it. That is all this is to me.”

She smirked at me. “I heard something else about you, Mr. Chandler.” She walked closer to me again, and I didn’t want to back away, but that fantastic naked body was almost pressed against me. “You were recommended to me for having the biggest private dick.”

With that, Sheila reached straight for my crotch. I thought I should stop her, but there was something about this sexy woman coming at me so aggressively that was starting to weaken my defenses. I had never had a woman pursue me so blatantly, and when her hand gripped my cock, it began to harden immediately.

“That’s what I heard about,” Sheila said, licking her lips. She wrapped her other arm around me and pulled me to her. I was surprised how strong she was, even though she was now six inches taller than me. She was a very big girl, and she pulled me into her with confidence, kissing me and probing her tongue into my mouth.

I was only human. My dick quickly swelled up to its full size in her hand and was quickly creating a tent in my pants. Sheila slowly ran her fingers up and down my shaft through my pants.

In the words of Popeye, I stands it until I could stands it no more. There was no question that I wanted her, and her size was sexy as hell. I kissed her back and grinded my dick against her stomach. I was almost at full size now.

Soon I was naked, and in her bedroom. She got the chance to appreciate my full size there. It was over a foot long and very thick. A lot of women struggled to take a dick that big, but Sheila looked like she was up for the challenge.

“I see the rumors were not an exaggeration,” she purred. She pushed me on the bed and climbed on top of me. “I can’t wait to get this thing inside me.”

She was wet as hell, but we still had to slide my huge rod into her very slowly. I loved watching her as we did so. Her face was filled with a mix of ecstasy and apprehension as we watched my dick enter her. She moaned as each inch of me disappeared inside her, and as I probed deeper, she looked like she might come. Then she did.

She exploded in pleasure on top of me, her skin reddening and shivers going up her whole body. I reached up and caressed that body, running my hands over her fantastic length, and reaching high up to grasp her amazing breasts. Then it happened again, and I could barely believe it. She started growing, and this time it was faster than before.

I watched in awe as her beautiful body expanded. I could feel her weight

increasing as she was on top of me, and my hands grabbed the side of her hips as they expanded outward. She was obviously getting more voluptuous as well as taller, as she did before. I looked up to see her breasts were expanding as well. They already looked to be a full cup size bigger.

She grew bigger very quickly, and I exploded inside of her. As I did so, she cried out again as if she was coming a second time. She seemed to have grown even more than she had the first time, but I didn't have much time to appreciate it. She got off me and lay down on the bed next to me.

"I feel lightheaded," she said.

"I'm not surprised," I said. "After what just happened it should have taken a lot out of you."

Suddenly, she reached over and enveloped me in her now much bigger body. Now I could get a sense of how much bigger she was than me. Her body was able to encase mine very easily, and she trapped me with her powerful legs.

"I want you to hold me," she said, and then she pulled my face into her huge breasts. I couldn't escape. She had me completely at her mercy.

We lay there for quite a while, me overwhelmed by this fantastic situation that I found myself in. I'm not sure when it happened, but somehow, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, Sheila was looking at herself in the big full-length mirror on

one side of the room. I would say it was full-length under normal circumstances, but it was having difficulty showing all of Sheila's incredibly tall body. She was definitely closer to seven feet now than six. I wanted to know how tall she was so badly.

Her figure had become an exaggerated hourglass. I took a moment to appreciate her incredible wide hips tapering out from her still relatively small waist, and the way her slim back grew out to wide shoulders. I could see her big breasts with her back to me, knowing they must have gotten bigger than a double D cup, and wishing she would turn around. For now, I loved looking at her big smooth round ass.

Finally, she noticed me, seeing my reflection in the mirror, and she turned to look at me and smiled. There was a bounce in her step as she did so, and that extended to her jiggling breasts. I almost gasped at the size of them now that I got a good look. Even on the frame of this towering amazon they looked huge. I had once had a girlfriend who was a G cup, and these looked proportionately bigger.

"How did you sleep little guy?" Sheila asked me.

"I slept great," I said, and then I got to the edge of the bed and stood up. Only then did I soak in just how big she was. My eye level came up to her gorgeous chest.

"I think you might want to measure me," Sheila said. "There is a tape measure in a drawer in the kitchen."

I went quickly to get it, my heart beating rapidly. I couldn't believe what was happening. I looked through the drawers quickly and found the tape measure in the third one I opened. When I returned, Sheila had gone back to admiring herself in the mirror.

"I think you're going to need something to stand on," she said. There was a chair in the corner of the room, and I went quickly to grab it.

"Before I grew, I was five-foot-eleven inches tall, weighed about one-hundred-and thirty pounds," Sheila remarked. "My chest was a 34B, my waist twenty-four inches and my hips thirty-six inches. I can't wait to see the difference."

I climbed up on the chair to measure her height. Sheila stood proud and tall in anticipation of what the number would be. When I got down from the chair and checked the numbers, she spoke immediately.

"Well," she said sternly.

"You're six-foot-nine," I said.

"Wow," she said, and began to run her hands over her huge sexy body. "I had heard the legends about that statue, but I can't believe this actually happened. Now measure the rest of me."

I did her waist first. "Twenty-seven inches," I told her.

“Only a little bigger than before,” she stated. “Now do my hips.”

I measured around her with pleasure. “It’s forty-two,” I said.

Sheila laughed. She turned around and shook her butt for me. “I got curvier as well as taller,” she said. “I bet you’re really enjoying that.” She didn’t wait for my reply. “Now do my tits. You might want to get the chair again.”

I did what she asked and got the chair. After I climbed on it again I measured her band size first. “Your band is forty inches,” I told her. Then I took the tape and stretched it over her bust.

Feeling her giant tits as I stretched that tape around her was exhilarating. They were huge, and soft, but also far too firm for breasts that size. I guess I could chalk that up to the newness of them. I couldn’t remember ever feeling a pair of tits that were firmer, even during my much younger days.

When I finally got the band all the way around, I was astonished at the size it read. “Your chest is fifty-two inches,” I said breathlessly. My cock was rising up as I said the words, my arousal starting as soon as the measuring had begun, but now I was close to fully erect. Sheila hadn’t noticed that yet.

“How big a bra would that be?” Sheila asked.

I think she had meant the question rhetorically, but I was already calculating the size of a bra in my head. When I had finished, I told her the size in amazement. “You would need a 40HH bra,” I said.

“Oh my God,” Sheila cried, and she swung around. When she did so she bumped straight into my fully hard penis. At first, she was surprised, and then she looked down at my huge member and smiled. “Well, hello,” she said.

“I couldn’t help it,” I said, almost blushing.

“Of course you couldn’t little man,” she said. “All this measuring was bound to make you hot. It sure made me hot.”

Standing on this chair, I was actually slightly taller than her. She wrapped one hand around my big cock, the other arm around my back and pulled me in for a kiss. I loved the feeling of helplessness this gave me. I had never had the experience of being with a woman who was bigger and stronger than me, and the experience was beyond anything I could have imagined.

When Sheila broke the kiss, she spoke again. “I wonder if I’ll grow more,” she said. “The last time I grew it was when I came. If you make me come again then maybe I’ll grow some more. Would you like that, little guy?” My cock throbbed in her hand. “I see you would,” Sheila purred.

Sheila pulled me off the chair and was towering over me again. She grabbed the back of my head and pulled me into one of her nipples. “Suck on this!” she commanded.

I did what she ordered, as she moaned softly. It felt great with her big nipple in my mouth, and I ran my tongue over that beautiful nub, getting her more and more excited. When she had gotten enough, she pulled me off and switched me to her other nipple.

Her hand stroked my hard cock the whole time, but she moved slowly back and forth. It made pleasure shoot up and down my shaft, but her slow rhythm did little to move me toward orgasm. I wanted desperately to be able to come, but I was nowhere close to it. My cock head tingled in anticipation of the explosion, but it was not going to come.

Finally, Sheila pushed me off her second breast. “Now you need to pleasure me where I really need it,” she said.

She put her hands on my shoulders and forced me to my knees, before pulling me into her damp pussy. She was incredibly wet from all the work that I had done on her breasts, and I could smell her amazing scent as she pulled me closer to her. I started my tongue working inside her, trying to make her come. I wanted desperately to see her grow again.

I moved my tongue back and forth and around her clit, using her moans as guidance. “That’s it,” she finally said. Her body shuddered and I knew I was getting closer. “Faster,” she commanded me, and I complied.

I could feel her body shiver as I continued to eat her. My hands moved up and down her gorgeous thighs and over her firm round ass, and I could feel the quivering of her flesh as I pleased her. Her voice was getting higher as she moaned, and she reached down and grabbed my hair for a moment. I knew that it

would happen any second.

Then it did. She exploded, and I could taste the gush of her in my mouth, as well as feel her coming all over my face. Sheila cried out, “Oh God, yes,” and I steadied myself for what I hoped was going to happen. It had to happen. I needed to see it.

Then it started. I was still holding onto Sheila’s quivering body when I could feel her growth. Her body was expanding under my fingers. I looked up to see her face, but her breasts were so large they blocked my view of her. Still, it looked as if those breasts were getting bigger before my eyes and that they were rising away from me, slowly but very clearly.

I stood up and I could see Sheila’s face. She had a look of overwhelming pleasure, and her smile looked almost demented. There was something sexy about that, the way she was overwhelmed by her own growth happening in front of her.

“It’s happening,” she said, as I watched her head inch higher and higher before me. “Come here and feel my body.”

I went to her and wrapped my arms around her, putting my face in her incredible cleavage. I could feel her tits getting fuller around my face and enveloping more and more of me. My cock was painfully hard, and pressing against her stomach, which I could feel inching higher.

“To me it is like watching you get smaller,” Sheila said. “I as already bigger and stronger than you, but now I’m going to be so strong you’ll be like a child to

me.”

She laughed as she said this, and she put her arms around me and squeezed my body. It almost hurt but I loved the feeling of her strength, and as she was growing, I knew she was getting stronger by the second.

“How do you like it little man?” she asked.

“I love it,” I said.

I could feel her body getting bigger and bigger for about a minute longer. Her breasts were both getting bigger and rising. Soon they were no longer covering my face but sitting heavily on my head. Then they were finally over me. Her breasts were higher than my head. I could hardly believe it.

Then it gradually slowed and finally stopped. She was still holding me against her, and I still had my arms wrapped around her. I could tell that she was bigger, because I could feel it. Her hips had widened more, and I was running my hands up them, and back to her still relatively small waist.

“Look at me,” she said, and let go of me. I stepped back, way back, and took it all in.

It looked like she had grown at least as much as she had last time. She was well over seven feet tall now. My eye level was at her stomach, and my head could be tucked just under her huge wonderful breasts. They had grown again too, of

course, and now were so big I wondered if she was able to find a bra for them at all.

Her figure was simply astonishing. It was an incredible exaggerated hourglass. It seemed like the part of her that grew the least was always her waist, and now her hips were incredibly broad and womanly. The contrast to that waist, and then the broad shoulders and gigantic breasts was astounding. My cock was pulsing painfully, and all I wanted in this world was to be able to come.

“Well, what do you think?” Sheila asked as she put her hands on her hips.

“You’re incredible,” I said softly. I could barely make the words come. “You’re a true goddess.”

“Measure me,” she asked again.

This time we were only able to get through the height and the bra size. She was now seven-foot-five, and if she was to find a bra, it would need to be a 46LL. We were both so excited by these two numbers that there was no way we were going forward with the measuring.

Not that I had any choice in the matter. Sheila took control immediately. This time, she lifted me off the chair and pulled me into an embrace. She kissed me, as if she was forcing me. It was incredibly exciting. Sheila had embraced her size and strength to the extent that she didn’t even care about what I wanted. She wanted to take me in that moment.

“I think you want to get yours,” Sheila said, stroking my cock. “You’ve been holding off for so long.”

“Yes,” I said breathlessly.

“Then maybe we could see what happens when I grow again.” My cock was so hard that I couldn’t believe that I didn’t explode right there all over her hand.

Sheila carried me over to the bed and climbed onto it, standing on her knees as she still kissed and groped my much smaller body. I marveled at the ease with which she controlled me. I couldn’t have resisted her even if I wanted to, and I didn’t want to, but the idea of her having complete control over me was driving me crazy.

She squeezed my body against her much bigger body, and her soft huge breasts covered my entire chest. Then she began to lower me down onto the bed, her big body coming over me rapidly. I felt a mixture of excitement and fear as this huge body blocked out my view of everything else in the room. She smiled down at me, kissing me, and gently biting my lip.

“Right now I could smother you to death if I wanted to,” she cooed. “You have no idea how much that turns me on.”

Then our faces were level with each other, but she started to lower my body down. She had to in order for me to be able to penetrate her. She wasn’t going to ride me the way she did before. Now she wanted to fuck me in an entirely different way. As she started to come down to let my dick penetrate her, my line of sight was at her stomach, as I could feel the heavy softness of her breasts

crushing down upon my head. My lower body was between her two monstrous thighs, which she could have crushed me with at a whim.

She fucked me this way, slamming her whole body down on me in a way that would take my breath away. It was the most incredible experience of my life. I was helpless, and at time I felt that I might die, but all I could do was cling onto the huge body of this giantess as she used me for her own pleasure. She maneuvered me back and forth to serve her own climax, with little or no regard for what I wanted.

Despite this, my excitement was such that it was a miracle that I didn't explode immediately. It seemed like Sheila knew exactly how to maintain control of my tiny body and my gigantic cock. I could hear her moans of pleasure as she slammed her powerful body against me. Soon she was getting close, and when she finally came, I exploded inside her at the same moment. It was beyond amazing.

Sheila let her weight rest of me the moment after she came. I wasn't sure if it was her full weight, but it was definitely enough to incapacitate me. My cock was still inside her, twitching as more come leaked out in the aftermath of my orgasm. I was amazed when I started to get hard again, but it was inevitable once I felt it. Sheila started to grow again.

My cock was back to its full size when I felt Sheila's body expand and her weight increase. She was definitely propping herself up, not letting her weight crush me, but it seemed as if her growth was going much faster this time than it ever had before. Within moments I felt as if my body was going to break under the weight that Sheila's was constantly gaining.

Fortunately, Sheila flipped over on the bed, and allowed me to be on top of her.

At that point, it felt like I was a child in comparison to her, but I was still inside of her, and I started to thrust my big cock, much to her pleasure. She was still growing at that point, more than eight feet tall, and the bed was too small for her to lay on it properly, so her legs were off hanging off and her feet were on the floor.

The combination of the growth and my fucking her was driving both me and Sheila wild. We both came again, and despite the fact her growth had started to taper off, it surged ahead again. She was soon so big that the bed collapsed under us and I fell off to the floor.

I stood up and waited for the growth to stop. With her laying down I couldn't truly see how big Sheila had gotten, but the word gigantic was all I could think of. Her breasts were beyond huge, now looking like two gigantic fleshy mountains rising up to be almost as tall as I was.

When Sheila finally stopped growing, she began to get to her feet. She was as excited to see how big she was as I was. The ceilings in her house looked to be about ten feet tall, and Sheila rose up to brush against the ceiling.

"Wow, I'm a very big girl," she said with a laugh.

I walked toward her, and the top of my head barely reached her hip.

"Well, somebody wants to make me grow again," Sheila said.

I looked down and realized that I was hard again. I looked back up at the mountainous woman standing before me. “I wouldn’t mind,” I said.

She laughed. “Well, I guess we’re going to need to find a place with a bit more room.”