



**LOSING IT  
TO THE  
GIANTESS**

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There had been rumors about me going around campus for weeks, but I was oblivious to them. I guess none of my friends heard them, or they thought that I had already been privy to them. They had started after a party I'd attended a few weeks ago, when I had almost hooked up with a busty redhead named Miranda.

I was nineteen, and still a virgin. I didn't know how to talk to girls, and my few experiences had been awkward and bumbling. I had hoped to change that when I went to college, but I hadn't had much luck. I thought things were going to change when I saw Miranda at that party.

We had seen each other before. I had Spanish class with her, but we had never really talked. She came up to me and mentioned that right away.

"You were in Senor Valentino's class right?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm Troy," I said.

"I'm Miranda," she told me.

"I know," I said, and then I blushed a little. I knew it would have been cooler if I had pretended not to remember her name.

Miranda and I talked for quite a while, though now I can't remember what we talked about. It was mostly boring small talk, and I was distracted looking at her big tits, in the tight top she was wearing.

“So Troy,” Miranda whispered at one point. “Aren’t you going to kiss me.”

I felt my heart leap into my throat. I couldn’t believe what I’d just heard. No girl had ever been so direct with me, and I was afraid I was going to blow it. I wasn’t sure what to say, but then I stumbled on the right words.

“Why don’t we find somewhere more private?” I finally said.

We did find a private place. I took her upstairs to one of the bedrooms. She sat on the bed, waiting for me to make a move, while I nervously tried to get up the courage. I had kissed girls before, but never anybody as gorgeous as Miranda.

Finally, I slid on the bed next to her and kissed her. My hand reached over to caress one giant tit, easily the biggest breast I had ever felt. Miranda giggled as I touched her.

“You couldn’t keep your hands off them,” she whispered.

“I’m sorry,” I said lamely, and then removed my hand, completely misreading the situation. Miranda grabbed my hand and placed it back on her fat tit.

“No, I want you to touch them,” she whispered. “I want you to feel how big I am, 34G.”

I was still incredibly nervous, but Miranda took control of the situation. She slowly lay back on the bed, and she pulled me down on top of her. I was getting very hard very quickly, and Miranda could feel it. She reached down to fondle my crotch.

“Oh my,” she said. “Somebody is very excited.”

She unzipped me and began to undo my belt. I still couldn’t believe what was happening, but I thought I was finally going to lose my virginity. I had no doubt about it, until Miranda’s expression had changed. She had pulled my pants open, and then suddenly she looked surprised.

“Whoa,” she said, and then she flipped me off of her. My cock was free, and it started to point at the sky. Miranda was looking at it in complete surprise. “I can’t believe it,” she said.

“What?” I asked, and I really didn’t know. Miranda couldn’t answer me right away, because she was watching my cock grow bigger and fatter.

“I can’t believe it,” she said. “You’re fucking enormous.”

“Really?” I said, thinking it was some kind of joke.

I had never compared my cock to anything. I had been incredibly shy about letting anybody see my body and had never watched any porn films. The closest thing I had seen to pornography was the kind of thing you would see in playboy

magazine.

“Is this thing for real?” Miranda asked, and she put her hand out to wrap it around my cock. It was still growing longer and fatter, and feeling her hand touched me made my dick surge bigger faster. “Oh my God,” Miranda gasped.

“That feels amazing,” I said. I still thought I was about to get laid, so the next thing Miranda said took me completely by surprise.

“There is no way I can take this thing,” she said.

“What?” I exclaimed, jumping up. “Are you serious?”

“You’re too big,” she said. “This thing is over a foot long and thick as a coke can.”

It was sixteen inches long. I would learn later when I measured it. I would be further shocked to learn that the average man wasn’t even six inches. I truly had a gigantic shlong, and it kept me from having Miranda that night.

“I’m sorry,” she said, and then she got up and walked out of the room.

“Miranda,” I called after her, but soon I was staring at the closed door.

My giant cock was so big that I knew there was no way that I was going to be able to get it back into my pants like this, so I stroked myself until I came. I thought about Miranda, and the possibility of seeing her incredible body. It wasn't long before I was exploding.

It was the most bittersweet orgasm of my life. I was still a virgin after coming to this room with the hottest girl I could have imagined. Then there was the irony of having been rejected for being too big. You may think it's crazy, but I had never known that my dick was enormous. I was not getting laid before because of my insecurity, and now this.

I had no idea that Miranda had told the story to anybody who would listen. I had noticed a few people whispering around me the next couple weeks, but I never connected it to what had happened that night. Instead, I was trying to figure out what I was going to do to have sex, and more importantly, get a girlfriend.

I was sitting on campus, drinking a soda and reading when a girl approached me. I wouldn't have known it was a girl at first, because the shadow that fell over me was so huge. I looked up immediately, alarmed by whoever this enormous person was who was coming into my space.

My alarm quickly changed to amazement as I looked up to see a beautiful brunette with a heart-shaped face, wearing black-rimmed glasses, towering over me. She had long wavy hair, and gorgeous deep dark eyes. I was captured by them before I started to look down slowly and saw her amazing body.

She wore a tight black dress with white polka dots all over it. It hugged her every curve nicely and accentuated her hourglass figure. She had broad shoulders, and huge thrusting breasts, that made Miranda look like a little girl. She would have dwarfed Miranda even if she stood at a more typical height. Yet,

her waist was so slim, practically tiny. The contrast was mesmerizing.

She had full womanly hips, and then long endless legs that were perfectly shaped and incredibly smooth. I thought about what it might feel like to have those legs wrapped around me.

This beautiful girl was smiling at me, and I stupidly had no idea why. “Hello there?” she asked. “Are you Troy?”

“Yes,” I said, barely being able to will myself to speak. How tall was this girl? It was hard to know because I was sitting down, but even from my position I thought she had to be the tallest person I had ever seen.

“Do you mind if I sit with you?” she asked.

I nodded, though that made no sense. I was saying that I did mind, but she seemed delighted, and she pulled out the other chair at the table to sit across from me. She had to pull the chair way back, because her legs were so long that she couldn’t fit them under the table without a lot of space to stretch them out first. Staring at them, they looked longer than my whole body.

With her sitting at the table with me, I was sure that her size wasn’t an illusion based on perspective. She put her elbows on the table, and I could see how big her hands were compared to my own. I could hardly believe a person could be so large and appear so feminine. I wanted to reach out and touch her but was afraid to.

“Well Troy,” she said, grinning at me. “My name is Alison.”

“Nice to meet you,” I said.

“It’s very nice to meet you,” she answered. “I’ve heard some rumors about you, and I was wondering if they were true.”

“What rumors?” I asked in surprise. I really should have put two and two together, but for some reason I was still oblivious.

“Why don’t you come with me?” Alison asked. “We can explore this mystery together. I have a hard time believing these rumors are true.”

She stood up and watching her rise to her feet again took my breath away. I was still not aware of how tall she was, but I could not bring myself to ask. I was simply too shy to ask this question of this towering goddess.

“Take my hand,” she said, and reached it out to me.

I reached out and took her hand, feeling my much smaller hand gripped in hers, and she disappeared inside her huge hand. She pulled me to my feet, and she was so incredibly strong that it felt as if I was being lifted off the ground. I couldn’t believe this woman was for real, and then I was standing next to her.

At my five-foot-nine-inch height, I was staring straight into her incredible

breasts. They had looked huge before, but it was even more amazing when my head was right next to them, and I could see the fact that each breast was easily bigger than my head. I looked way up at the towering beauty, who seemed to enjoy her perspective of looking way down at me.

“C’mon, little guy,” she said, and she took my hand.

We walked through campus, and I felt like a child being led by his mother holding Alison’s hand. I was aware of all the heads turning when they saw her, people in absolute shock at this towering girl. I wondered why I had never heard about her before, assuming she was a student.

“Do you go here?” I asked Alison.

She looked down at me and flashed that gorgeous smile again. “Yeah,” she said. “I’m a chemistry major.”

That was all there was to say about that, and soon she led me to a townhouse slightly off the campus grounds. She unlocked the front door, and then once we were in the living room, she turned her full attention to me.

Having watched this towering, gorgeous girl for the past several minutes, there was a large bulge in the front of my pants. It was obvious to anybody who was looking at it, and Alison was soon staring down at it in amusement. I was embarrassed.

“I’m sorry,” I said. After what had happened with Miranda, I was hypersensitive about such things. “I couldn’t help it,” I said.

Alison walked close to me, and again I was standing close to her, with those huge breasts right in my face. I could feel my cock reacting, and now it seemed like it would tear right out of my pants.

“You’re so tall,” I blurted out, and then I was even more embarrassed.

Alison laughed. “You think seven-foot-five is tall?” she asked. She then put her hand on the back of my head and pulled me into her chest. I was suddenly surrounded by her enormous soft tits. “What do you think of my huge boobs?” she asked.

“They’re amazing,” I said, and I reached my right hand up to touch one of the big tits. It was incredibly soft yet felt very firm.

“You like how big they are?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said. There was nothing else that I could answer.

“I’m big all over,” Alison said with a laugh. “You seem to like that about me. I could see it in your eyes when you first looked at me. You couldn’t believe what you were seeing.”

I didn't answer because I didn't think there was any point to answering. Alison bent down on her knees, and even in that position she was almost as tall as my five-foot-nine-inch height.

"I heard you were very big too," she said. "In your own way."

She opened my pants, and I could feel my dick finally let free. I was restrained by my pants, but now my cock could grow as long and as fat as it wanted to, which it started to do very rapidly. Watching Alison look at my cock, I suddenly realized just how big I really was. As I grew to my full size, I was convinced that I was harder than I had ever been before.

"Jesus," Alison said, and she put her hand around my cock. It felt amazing to have somebody touching me there. Though I had fooled around with girls before, none of them had ever jerked me off. None had even seen my cock, which is why I had remained ignorant of my size.

Alison suddenly wrapped her right arm around me, while keeping her right hand gripping my cock. She was gripping onto my ass, and then she was lifting me up. My cock pulsed with excitement at the feeling of being lifted up by a pretty young woman.

Then my cock was between her lips. I had never experienced pleasure like this before, the softness, and the wetness around my cock, as she started to suck me drove me crazy. My dick felt rock hard, and it wasn't long before I knew I was going to come.

"I'm going to blow," I told her.

I came powerfully, but Alison was determined to swallow it all, and she caught all of it in her mouth. I couldn't believe what had just happened, my first true sexual experience, and it was something that few men on earth would ever have gone through. She held me up with ease still, as she swallowed the last of my cum, and then she put me down gently.

"That thing is like an elephant truck," Alison said, staring at my now flaccid member. "I can't wait for it to get hard again."

"You want to have sex?" I asked dumbly.

Alison laughed. "Of course, the reason I blew you just now is I wanted you to be able to last once you were inside me."

She stood back up to her full height to tower over me again. I felt my dick twitch while looking up at her. How could anybody be so huge?

"Why don't you come to the bedroom?" she asked, and then she took my hand and led me there.

Once we were in the bedroom, she reached down and pulled her dress up over her head. She was wearing a lacy black bra, panties and garter belt underneath. Even though I had just come, my dick was already starting to get hard seeing this huge sexy woman in front of me.

She reached out and fondled my cock again. "Come on, get hard for me," she whispered. She stroked me, and soon I was obeying her command.

She threw me on the bed, my big cock pointing upward at the ceiling, and then she unhooked her bra, and revealed her giant breasts. I had seen naked breasts before, mostly in movies, but I had never seen a pair this huge, and they were perfectly shaped. She pulled her panties down, revealing her shaved pussy.

"Do you think you can handle all this woman?" she asked, and then she was on top of me before I could answer.

As amazing as the blowjob was, it was even more amazing to be inside of Alison, my big cock a perfect tight fit inside her. She lifted me up and slid me inside her, so I could be on top at first, and I loved watching her face, and hearing the hum of excitement as I went inside her inch by inch.

"God, you're huge," she whispered breathlessly. "I love feeling your enormous cock inside me."

She called out with each thrust I made, and her body shuddered with pleasure. It wasn't long before she was coming, and she wrapped her arms around my body and squeezed me tight. It felt as if she could crush me to death, but luckily she didn't. She had other plans for me.

Afterwards she held me, and I felt safe in the arms of this beautiful titaness. She covered me in kisses. "You're a dream come true," she told me.

“Look who’s talking,” I said with a laugh.

She waited for me to get hard again, which didn’t take long, and then she was riding me. I was pinned under the weight of her massive body while I watched her huge tits bounce up and down. She bent way over so I could suck on her nipples, and she could smother me. I felt helpless under her, and it was yet another exhilarating feeling that I had never had.

“This big cock is mine forever,” she whispered. “You belong to me.”

“I’m yours,” I told her. “All I want is to belong to you.”

Then we were both coming again. We were both very tired, and we fell asleep, she holding me in her arms. When I woke up, she was still laying beside me, and I was surprised it wasn’t a dream.

“How would you like to have an over seven-foot-tall girlfriend?” she asked.

“I’d love it,” I said.

“How about eight feet?” I looked at her in surprise. “I’m still growing,” she said girlishly.

I could hardly believe what she had just said, but this whole thing was unbelievable. I spent the next few weeks getting to know Alison and the kind of

person she was. She was eighteen, with a love of philosophy and science fiction. She was an only child, with two fairly tall parents, her father being six-foot-six, and her mother being six-foot-two. Yet, she dwarfed them.

“Why do you think you’re so much taller?” I asked her one day.

Alison got a wistful look on her face. “When I was a little girl, I loved how much taller my parents were than other people. I just loved the attention. I told myself I was going to get as tall as I could.”

I laughed. “You think that was it,” I said. “It’s just will power.”

“Do you have another explanation?” she asked.

“No, but I would think it would be something biological.”

I sometimes suspected that since Alison was a chemistry major she was causing her growth somehow, but I never saw any evidence of it. All I know is that when I met her, she was the tallest person I had ever seen, and as we kept dating, she just kept right on growing.

It was such a thrill to be dating her, after wanting any girlfriend for so long. Now I was dating a gorgeous and busty giantess. Everywhere we went, we were the center of attention. That’s when I also knew that there had been all those rumors about me. I should have been able to figure it out by Alison’s sudden appearance.

“I wanted that monster dick,” Alison told me one day when we had just come home from dinner. “I heard you had an enormous cock, and I needed to see for myself.”

Alison was dressed in a tight red dress, and five-inch heels. She liked to wear the tallest heels she could find, rubbing her height in as much as she could. As I stared up at her, I could feel my cock start to grow in my pants.

“There it is,” she said, licking her lips. She bent way down to get her hands on my dick. “It was even bigger than I was expecting, much bigger.”

We fucked constantly, because I was so turned on by Alison’s size, and she was so turned on by my huge dick. It was a cycle that I hoped would never break, especially when she started growing. When she said she was still growing I hadn’t dared to get my hopes up, but Alison exceeded my expectations.

After we had been dating for about a month, she had a big growth spurt. It was as if she sprouted up a couple of inches almost overnight, but I probably didn’t notice because she was already so tall, and she wore heels all the time. Within a few weeks she was seven-foot-ten in bare feet, and none of her clothing fit her.

That wasn’t just because of her increase in height. With the growth spurt, she became more voluptuous as well. Her already huge breasts ballooned out a couple cup sizes. When she wore something low cut, it often looked as if she might pop out any second.

One night, when she wanted to get me really worked up, she took her top off and exposed her overflowing bra. “Look how fat my big titties are getting,” she said in delight. “This bra can barely handle them.”

She reached around and unhooked the bra, setting her giant tits free. She reached up and cupped them at once, showing that her big hands could not hold them. What chance did my little hands have?

“It’s funny how I already wear a bra that is so huge and most women could never hope to fill, but I just keep getting bigger.” She shot me a mischievous grin. “Do you think I should wear it until it burst?” she asked.

I was sitting on the bed, and I got up and walked toward her. She was staring down, seeing my cock snaking down my leg and bulging outward.

“I bet you would like it,” she said.

She reached down, and picked me up, putting my lips to one of her nipples. I started to suck right away, and she moaned.

“Yes, keep sucking Mommy’s nipple,” she said.

It was something I never thought would make me hot, but I was being held like a baby, and suckling at her breast. Having a giant girlfriend opened me up to so many possibilities that I never would have considered.

After she was really wet, Alison put me down, and then she lay back on the bed and spread her endless legs. I knew what she wanted, for me to get on top of her, and fuck her hard with my giant tool. I took a moment to appreciate how long her body was, and knowing that she needed this special custom made bed to even be able to sleep. She was too big for almost everything in the world, except for my dick, that was just her size.

I was rock hard, and then I was inside her. “Oh yes,” she called. She moaned louder as I slid all the way inside her.

“Take it all,” I told her. “A giant cock for a giant girl.”

Then I fucked her until she came, she screaming like a banshee the whole time. This was the thrill of my life, getting to fuck this giantess, but also knowing that I was probably the only man in the world who could really satisfy her. I could see it in her eyes, her burning lust for me, and I thought about her relentless growth, how she was still going to get bigger, and then we came together, both overcome with pleasure.

It wasn't long before Alison was over eight feet tall, and she loved every inch of her body. I still couldn't believe this impossibly tall woman was mine, or more accurately, I was hers. How could this not be some kind of dream.

“Just look at all the tiny people,” Alison said to me one day, having bent way down to whisper in my ear. “Just think what they think when they look up at me.”

I thought about it, and also what it must feel like for her to look down at

everybody. How tiny everybody must have been looking from her vantage point, and they would just keep seeming smaller and smaller as she grew bigger and bigger.

She did keep growing bigger as their time at school continued. She started to get so big that it became difficult for her to go to class. Special accommodations had to be made for her as she neared nine feet tall, and soon she was even taller than nine feet. He was dating a nine-foot-three tall woman, a literal giantess.

Now when she walked through campus her head was flirting with the top of buildings. I had to look way up to see er huge breasts, and when we stood close together, she struggled to be able to see me.

“Oh no,” she joked one day. “I need to stop growing, but it’s too bad that I just keep getting bigger.”

She remained voracious for my huge cock even at her new size. I guess that makes sense, because no other guy was going to be able to satisfy her at the size she was now. Still, my tiny body must have seemed like nothing to her.

She would pick me up and use me like I was a toy. Often she seemed to not even care about my pleasure, which made it even hotter. She knew that I couldn’t look at the busty titaness before me and not get hard. Her body was beyond, anything that I could ever have dreamed of, and as a result, no other woman could ever have any appeal to me.

“Only you know what it’s like to be fucked by a goddess,” she would tell me.

Sometime she would like it kind of rough, and that meant stripping all my clothes off me, and pinning me to the floor. She couldn't really ride me the way she used to, because she was so big that she would crush me to death. Still, she loved the feeling of being on top of me and taking my helpless body.

I had to admit, I loved it as well. It made it very clear that I was just her plaything. I would just lie there, looking back and forth at the two colossal legs on each side of me, and know that she could crush me to death without a second thought.

Alison wouldn't be able to go to class her whole senior year. She was just too big at that point, and there was no accommodation they could make for her other than letting her take all her classes remotely. She had very mixed feelings about it.

"I want to be able to see all the little people," the ten-foot giantess told me. "I want them all to look up at me in terrified awe and know that I rule over them."

At the same time, she was well aware that going to class was going to be a real pain in the ass for her. She could just sit back and grow until she graduated, reveling in the fact that she was too big for anything.

I continued to watch her grow, and to play with her powerful body. She was getting so big that I could just crawl over her like an infant. Her breasts were so huge that each felt as if they were as big as me, if I curled up in the fetal position. Alison loved smothering me, knowing that she could do it with just one breast now.

By the time she reached her full height, she was eleven-foot-three. I knew that she still wanted to grow even if each of her legs were now longer than my whole body. Her favorite new game was to have me eat her out while standing up. Alison would wear a skirt and then walk under me, either then removing her panties, or having me do so.

I would then turn upward and lick her pussy. It was yet another incredible new sensation that I could experience only with this incredible goddess. Sometimes she would get worked up and need my giant cock before I made her come. Then she would reach down, strip off all my clothes, and pump me between her legs.

Being next to my girlfriend was like standing next to a skyscraper and making love to her felt like I was in the clutches of an overwhelming power.

“We were made for each other,” she told me more than once, and I had to disagree. I was made for her, and to serve her every whim. It was my purpose in this life, and the truth was, there was nothing else that I would rather do.