



THE GODDESS

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When Jeremy came to his friend Emma's costume party, which she held at her huge family estate, he was hoping there would be some attractive girls there, but he was immediately drawn to a goddess.

That was her costume anyway. The gorgeous girl was an olive-skinned brunette, and she was dressed in a long white robe that resembled something Jeremy associated with ancient Greece. The girl was tall, with very long legs, and this was something that Jeremy loved in a woman. He didn't notice at first that she was actually taller than he was.

"Who is that girl?" he asked Emma when he pulled her aside. Emma was dressed as a kind of "dark fairy" with a black dress and wings. Jeremy was Han Solo.

Emma looked over at the girl who was across the room, in conversation with some other party goers. She squinted for a moment. Then she said, "I have no clue."

"She's at your party and you don't know who she is?" Jeremy asked incredulously.

"This isn't exactly an exclusive party," Emma told him. "I don't know everybody who's here. A lot of people are friends from college, like you, and some are friends from work, but I told people that they could invite anybody that they wanted to."

Jeremy sighed longingly as he looked over at the girl. Emma laughed.

“I guess you’re really into her, huh?” Emma asked.

“I was hoping you could introduce us.”

Emma took a long look at the girl. “Hell, I’d probably want to keep her all for myself. I’ve never been into girls, but that might be the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.”

“In other words, she’s out of my league,” Jeremy said with a sigh.

“There is no such thing as that when it comes to dating,” Emma said.
“Everybody is different. You can’t really control what kind of guy she might be into, but all you can do is try.”

“Thanks,” Jeremy told her. “You’ve always been a good friend Emma.”

“I try,” she said, and patted him on the shoulder.

“Now all I need is an excuse to talk to her.”

Emma shrugged. “You’re both at the same party,” she said.

Jeremy watched as the girl continued to talk with the people on the other side the room. He knew none of them, but he couldn't help but notice that the guys seemed especially enamored with her.

Jeremy kept watching the girl for the next hour, but he never made his move. There were a few opportunities for an opening, but he let them go by, because when the moment did present itself his heart was beating uncontrollably in his chest.

Finally, he saw the girl alone, standing by herself as she got herself another drink. He knew it was now or never. He walked right up to her.

"Hi, I don't think you and I have met," he said directly.

The girl turned toward him, looking surprised to have somebody interrupt her thought as she selected a drink from the drink table. She studied him for a few moments.

"Yes, I'm fairly certain we haven't," she said then. She had a thick Mediterranean accent. She went right back to what she was doing.

It was like a knife in the chest to Jeremy. She had blown him off easily. It was at this point that he realized how incredibly tall this woman was. Jeremy was five-foot-nine, but this woman looked to be over six feet. He loved tall women, and in college he had dated a woman who was six-foot-four. He had loved her height, and it turned him on immensely, but she had always been uncomfortable

with the height difference.

Jeremy knew from experience that many tall girls were not interested in dating somebody shorter, and he was sure this might explain this gorgeous woman's dismissal, but he had to keep going. He had already stuck his neck out.

"I'm friends with Emma," Jeremy said. "We went to Stanford together."

The woman turned back at him, still looking utterly bored. "Emma?" she asked.

"This is her party," Jeremy said. "This is her family house."

"Right," the woman said. "Do you know if there is any wine at this party?"

Jeremy looked at the drinks that were set out. There were a lot of different beers, and then a variety of non-alcoholic beverages, soda and lemonade. There was definitely no wine.

"I could ask Emma if she has any," Jeremy said.

"Would you?" the woman said, smiling at him.

"Is there any kind of wine you'd prefer?" Jeremy asked.

“I do like the wine of Ismaros,” the girl said.

“Right,” Jeremy answered. He had no idea what she was talking about. He went to find Emma as quickly as possible. “Do you have any wine in the house?” he asked her.

“Are you kidding?” Emma asked with a laugh. “My parents have an entire wine cellar.”

Emma led him to it. Jeremy selected a red wine, and two glasses, and walked back to the girl who was patiently waiting for him.

“I was hoping you would like to have a drink with me,” Jeremy said.

The girl smiled. “Why not?” she shrugged.

Jeremy led her outside by the garden and the two sat together. It was a full moon, and the garden was well lit by a series of motion-controlled lights on the property. Jeremy had gotten a waiter’s corkscrew from Emma as well, and he began to uncork the bottle. It was at this point that he realized that he and the girl were not properly introduced still.

“My name is Jeremy,” he said. “I realized I still don’t know your name.”

“I’m Athena,” the girl said.

Jeremy laughed. “I get your costume,” he said. “You’re Athena, like the Greek Goddess.”

“Exactly,” the girl said with a laugh. She slowly crossed her legs, and Jeremy was mesmerized by both the length and how shapely they were.

When he snapped out of it, he said, “So, what’s your real name.”

“Athena is my real name,” she said.

Jeremy stood awkwardly, still trying to pry the cork out of the wine bottle. This girl was so odd. He thought he had put it all together, that her outfit, the accent and the way she was talking, it was all a commitment to her costume, but who really did that. Who stayed “in character” as their costume at a Halloween party?

“Well, it’s nice to meet you, Athena,” he said. The cork popped out of the bottle.

“It is nice to meet you as well, Jeremy,” she said.

He started pouring the two of them glasses of wine, and then he sat down across

from her. Athena took her glass and quickly drank it in a single gulp.

“Oh, it has been so long since I’ve had wine,” she said.

Jeremy poured her a second glass. “It seems that way. How long has it been?”

Athena smiled at him. “Oh, I’d say it’s been about two thousand years, give or take a few centuries.”

Jeremy laughed. She was in character again. He decided to play along.

“What kept you from enjoying the taste of a good wine?” Jeremy poured her a second glass.

Athena regarded it for a second this time, and then downed it again in a single gulp. “I’ve been away from earth. There was no way to journey from Olympus to the earth realm. I was only recently able to escape. You have no idea how boring it was there.”

“I would think it would be exciting,” Jeremy said. “All those gods and goddesses.”

Athena laughed. “You obviously haven’t been stuck in a long conversation with Ares. No, it is the same faces and voices for eternity. I needed to get back to

earth. That's where the action is."

Jeremy had a wicked idea. "Well, I've heard stories about Gods and Goddesses having sex with mortals. Is this true?"

Athena narrowed her eyes at him, and then she held out her glass for him to fill, which he obliged.

"My father, Zeus, was most famous for this. There are more cases of this happening. I can't say I have ever indulged."

"Why not?" Jeremy asked. He finally took a sip of his own wine, leaning over intrigued, interested in where Athena would take things.

She looked at him slyly, and then downed her third glass of wine. "Mortals can not handle the true form of a goddess," Athena said. "There is a reason that Zeus appeared as animals when he copulated with mortals. I would find the whole thing unsatisfying."

Jeremy leaned a little closer to her. "You mean this isn't your true form now?"

Athena threw back her head and laughed. It was a boisterous and joyful laugh, indicating that it was one of the funniest things she had ever heard, or at least for a long time. It took her a few moments to regain her composure.

“No, this is not my true form,” she said quietly. “This was as close I could get to being a true mortal form.”

“Well,” Jeremy said thinking carefully about how he wanted to proceed. He thought she was flirting with him now, but there was still something haughty about her demeanor. “I think the form you have right now is terrific.”

“Do you?” Athena asked. She suddenly rose from the table and Jeremy was again reminded of how stunning her statuesque figure was. Athena grabbed the bottle of wine and then proceeded to drink the rest of the bottle in front of Jeremy. He had barely drunk half of his single glass. “Let’s go somewhere a little more private,” Athena said.

Jeremy couldn’t believe it. It seemed like this gorgeous woman wanted to get physical with him, if he was reading the situation correctly. How could he possibly have gotten so lucky? Still, there was the whole being in character as a Greek goddess thing. Was she insane? Well, crazy chicks were always the best in bed, or so he’d heard.

Jeremy got up and followed her as she took him away from the house. Emma’s family estate really was huge, and Athena led him to an area with a huge fountain. They were surrounded by a giant hedge, which would make it impossible for anyone to see them from the house. Once they were there, Athena turned around and smiled coquettishly.

“Let’s see what you think of my form,” Athena said, and then she slid her robe off her shoulders and let it fall to the ground.

What Jeremy saw was simply astounding. She hadn't been wearing any underwear it seemed, or a bra. This had made her breasts seem small in the concealing robe. They looked to be at least a double D and were incredibly round and perky. Her brown nipples were erect and large, pointing straight at him. He had been attracted to the woman's gorgeous face, hourglass figure and long legs, but he realized that he has seriously underestimated how busty she was.

The rest of her body was just as exquisite. Her olive skin looked lustrous in the moonlight. Her figure was like one would imagine a Greek goddess, or at least a Greek statue. Her waist was tiny, but her hips wide and womanly. She turned around slowly, and Jeremy nearly gasped when he saw her full round ass. He had never been with a woman as gorgeous as this.

"Well?" Athena asked when she was done giving him the show.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Jeremy said.

Athena smiled, but then she rolled her eyes, which was not something that Jeremy had been expecting. "Of course, I am," she said. "This is as close to a human I could really get myself to be, but still I am too much of a goddess." She beckoned to him. "Come here, Jeremy," she said.

Jeremy walked closer to her. Standing next to her, the fact that she was significantly taller than him was more obvious. He would have guessed her to be around six-foot-two. He felt his skin get hot, and then his cock was hard. He found standing next to a woman who was taller than him to be incredibly hot by itself, but a naked woman who looked like Athena was just too much.

“You see,” she said quietly. “You are small compared to me, and I made myself as small as I could possibly make myself.”

Jeremy suddenly blushed. “I like tall women,” he said.

“Do you?” Athena asked. “That was not my experience with mortal men in Greece. Often when I walked among mortals, I would disguise myself as a man, because it was much easier.”

Jeremy marveled at how committed this woman was to playing the character of a Greek goddess. He remembered the stories of Athena, and it was indeed the case that she disguised herself as a man in some of those stories.

“You wouldn’t have to do that with me,” Jeremy said. “I love how tall you are, and that you are taller than me.”

Athena reached over and gently touched his face. “What about stronger?” she asked. “Do you like it that I’m stronger than you are?”

Jeremy really didn’t believe it. This girl was tall, and obviously in good shape, but he didn’t think there was any way that she could possibly be stronger than he was. Still, those words, to have her say she was stronger, turned him on like crazy. There was only one thing that he could say.

“Yes,” he told her.

“Come with me,” Athena said, and she led him over toward the fountain. There was a stone bench in front of the fountain, and Athena gestured for Jeremy to sit down. “Sit,” she commanded, and he obeyed her without hesitation.

Jeremy had no idea what she was about to do. Athena bent down, and then placed her right hand between his legs. It took him a moment to realize that she was placing her hand on the bench, gripping the seat with a single hand. He was about to ask what she was doing, and then suddenly he was being lifted up.

What was happening was beyond Jeremy’s comprehension at first. The bench was affixed to the ground, so when Athena lifted him, she had to rip the bench from the concrete. She didn’t even have to strain to do so, but the concrete broke apart with one quick snap when she stood up. What was more incredible, was she was doing it with just one hand, and her wrist didn’t even struggle as she held him up in the air.

“Holy shit!” Jeremy called out as he looked down in disbelief. Athena laughed and started to lower him back down. She set the bench back on the ground with the same ease that she had lifted him.

When he was safely back on the ground, he was looking at the beautiful naked goddess before him and realized that her strength next to his own was unfathomable. He began to shudder, both from fear and from his overwhelming arousal.

“I thought you were joking,” he said.

“About what?” Athena asked. She was looking at him questioningly, as if she couldn’t understand what had distressed him so much.

“I thought the goddess thing was just a costume. I didn’t think you were real.”

Athena laughed at him again. This was starting to become a trend. “Why would I lie about that?” she said. Athena reached down and gently pulled him to his feet. Even though she was obviously using as little of her strength as possible, he could feel the overwhelming power in her arms. There was no doubt that she could squash him like a bug. “You have me intrigued, Jeremy,” Athena said. “What would it be like to be with a mortal man? Do you think you could handle the experience of being with a goddess?”

With that, she put her arms around him, and leaned forward to kiss him. She was holding him in her power, so there was no way that he could get away. He thought he was going to have a heart attack, and then she was kissing him.

An actual goddess wanted to have sex with him. He couldn’t believe this was happening. She started taking off his clothing, removing his vest first gently, but then ripping his shirt off him with her hands as if it was tissue paper. She reached down and did the same with his pants, breaking away from their kiss. He could see in her eyes that he had awakened a lust in her, and now that it was awakened, there was no stopping it.

“My true form would be too much for you to ever be able to comprehend,” Athena said. “But I want you to see as much of the real me as you could ever experience.”

She pulled Jeremy back into a kiss again. He still had his boxer shorts on, but his cock was already poking out, and due to Athena's greater height, was poking her in the thigh. Then it felt as if it was sliding down her thigh, but that wasn't it at all. Athena was growing.

As surreal as everything that had happened so far was, this moment was still seriously blowing Jeremy's mind. He could feel every part of Athena's body slowly expanding around him, and as they were kissing, it was becoming increasingly harder for him to lean up to meet her lips. She was making very little attempt to help him out, and so he quickly had to start standing on his tip toes.

Not only was she getting taller, but he could feel her breasts start to expand at the same time. It wasn't dramatic, so at first he thought it was all his imagination, but soon he couldn't ignore it. She had increased the size of her breasts by at least two cup sizes in a few seconds.

Soon Athena reached down and ripped his boxers off in a single tug. She had become too tall for Jeremy to even kiss on his tiptoes at that point, so all he could do was look up at her as she stared down at him with a predatory smile. She had to be somewhere around six-foot-seven at that point, and she was still growing upward, her breasts still growing outward, as they inched closer and closer to his eye level.

"I'll have to be careful that I don't squish you," Athena said. Before Jeremy could reply, she had gently forced him down into the grass, and was swiftly on top of her.

At first it seemed as if her growth had stopped, but once Jeremy slid inside her he could feel her body slowly growing bigger on top of him. Even for her size,

her pussy felt incredibly tight, as if it clamped down on his dick the moment he was completely in her. His dick was inside the warm glorious pussy of an actual goddess, and she was on top of him, fucking his brains out while she slowly grew.

Watching her grow while above him was an even more surreal experience. As she writhed back and forth, her body was slowly stretching taller and taller. With each thrust, her big breasts would bounce up and down. Yet with each bounce they were a little larger. Jeremy reached up and grabbed them as Athena would lean down to kiss him, and he could feel them growing under his hands.

Athena gently took Jeremy's hands off her breasts and moved them so they were over his head, pinning them on the grass. She was over seven feet at this point, her weight was pressing heavily down on him. He was helpless even if she didn't use any of her titanic strength to hold him down. Just her presence and size were enough.

Soon Athena was coming, and Jeremy was coming too. He had never had such a mind-blowing orgasm. He had never been made to feel so small and helpless before. The sensation was overwhelming, and when his dick exploded it was like his whole body was erupting with it, inside his beautiful goddess. Athena pulled him against her huge powerful body as they both came.

When it subsided, Athena rose off of him. Jeremy was looking up at her from the ground, but there was no doubt that she had grown enormously. She was significantly taller than the hedge that had surrounded the part of the garden they had been fucking in, and she could have been seen from the house.

Slowly, Jeremy got to his feet, and saw that the top of his head didn't even come to the top of Athena's breasts. She had grown at least another foot. Even though

he had just come, he could feel his cock twitching at the excitement of being so close to this immense and gorgeous goddess.

“Is this how tall you’re supposed to be?” he asked.

Athena laughed yet again. “This isn’t even close to my real size little man,” she said. “You have no idea the true size and power of a goddess.”

Then as if she wanted to answer his question more fully, she started to grow again. Jeremy instinctively stepped back, as if to give the goddess some room, so she could get as big as she wanted. He wanted to see just how big she could get.

“Do you know what little mortals are supposed to do before a goddess?” Athena asked. She did not wait for an answer. “Worship her,” she said.

She was almost nine feet tall at that point, and Jeremy knew that all he could do was worship her. Her breasts had risen above his head and were so high up he couldn’t have reached them if he leapt in the air. Her belly button was at his eye level. Yet, she was still slowly growing taller and bigger right before his eyes. Jeremy fell at her feet and caressed her leg.

Jeremy could feel the goddess continuing to grow. Soon her leg would be taller than his whole body. He looked up and her face was blocked out by her tremendous breasts that he could see was still expanding as well. He knew that anybody from the house who looked out at the garden would see this titaness standing out here, and he imagined their awe and amazement.

Finally, she stopped growing. He continued to worship at the Goddesses feet, but she reached down and picked him up, hoisting his tiny body in the air. The feeling of being aroused by being lifted returned to him. It was like when she had lifted him on the bench but even more dramatic. Now he was just a tiny plaything to her.

From where she was holding him, he could see all of her gigantic body. It was as stunning as it had looked when she had first undressed in front of him, only now her proportions had become even more dramatic, wider hips, bigger tits, and she was a towering giantess. Even though he had just come so recently, he was starting to get hard again.

“Just look at you,” Athena teased, noticing his cock begin to swell. “You just can’t get enough of your goddess.” She began to pull him toward her chest. “Let me help things along.”

At this point, each one of her huge breasts seemed to contain as much mass as his entire body. Athena pulled him between them, and then nestled him there. It felt amazing safe and warm between such huge tits. Jeremy closed his eyes and felt as if he might drift asleep. His cock hardened again despite himself.

“I can feel you, little one,” Athena said. “Being close to your goddess excites you.”

“Yes, it does,” Jeremy told her, and he hoped that she would give him the opportunity to worship her again.

“I will test you my little friend,” Athena said. “I will see how you can do with

my current size now. I want to make sure that you can take it before I get even bigger.”

Now Jeremy was painfully hard. The way she was talking to him was so sexy. Even bigger? He couldn't believe it. He couldn't even imagine what the goddess would do to him at this size. There was only one thing for sure. It was anything that she wanted to do.