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**THE ONE THAT
GOT AWAY**
A GIANTESS STORY

J. D. TUFTS

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Have you ever dated somebody that you just couldn't get over? Kristen was that for me. We had dated when I was a junior in college, and she had been a freshman. We hadn't gone to the same school, actually living three hours away from each other, but that hadn't meant anything to me. I would have been willing to go to the ends of the earth for her.

We had met at a party. I was in Columbus, coming down from Bowling Green where I went to school. It is funny that we met there, because my college was definitely considered the bigger "party school," but my cousin was turning twenty-one, and I had come down for her party.

I found myself talking to Kristen after I had gotten fairly drunk and had walked outside to get some air. She was sitting by herself on a stone bench near the garden. It was a big fancy house, and they had such things.

"Oh sorry," I said. "I don't mean to disturb you."

"It's okay," she said. "It's a free country. I don't want to take the whole garden to myself."

I'm not sure how drunk I was that night, but I definitely was tipsy. It was April, the end of the school year, and the night was warm. That was the most that I could remember about the moment that I first regarded her and thought this was one beautiful girl.

She was a redhead, and I had always had a thing for redheads. I had gotten my last girlfriend, who was a blond, to dye her hair red, but it was pretty obvious

that Kristen was a natural ginger. She had beautiful pale skin, and classically beautiful features. She was also what I would have referred to as “thick,” with an hourglass figure, big breasts, and wide hips. She was wearing a black dress that also showed off her long shapely legs.

Realizing that I was now alone with this beautiful girl, I started to get a little nervous. I never knew what to say to beautiful girls, and I was a little drunk, so I thought I might fuck it up.

“What are you doing out here?” I asked her.

“I was feeling a little overwhelmed,” Kristen said. “I’m not a huge party person. If there is too much noise it kind of overwhelms me.”

I nodded. Sometimes I felt the same way. “Do you know Virginia?” I asked.

“Yeah,” Kristen said. “Well, she’s a friend of a friend.”

“She’s my cousin,” I said. “That’s why I’m here. I go to Bowling Green.”

Kristen nodded. I decided it was a good idea to walk over and then sit down next to her. In retrospect, this was a very bold move. The bench was small, and when I sat down, we were suddenly hip to hip. Kristen didn’t mind.

I started to ask her some things about herself. I discovered that she was a sociology major, and grew up in Finley, which is a fairly small town. She also revealed that she was a pretty big video gamer. I wasn't the biggest gamer, but she was far more into games than I was. She seemed to have played everything. I was somewhat impressed.

We talked for about two hours, and then we realized that the party had just passed us by. "I guess we should go inside," I said.

"Yeah," Kristen agreed. "It looks like everybody is taking off."

Then we both stood up. I was shocked to find that at her full height, Kristen absolutely towered over me.

I'm not sure why I didn't notice it before. It was obvious that she was not a small girl, and one of the first thing I had noticed when I had seen her was her long legs. Yet, I had never thought she was this tall. I guess I had been drunk enough that my perception was not so great.

I'm five-foot-nine, which places me squarely in the average category when it comes to height, but when Kristen got to her feet, my eye level was at her chest. Taking a quick look down, I saw that she was wearing high heels, and big ones too. They looked like they could have been five inches, but even adding to that, Kristen seemed to have more than a foot on me.

"Wow," I said, automatically. "You are really tall."

Kristen giggled. “Oh, so you finally noticed that.”

She had her hands on her hips and looked down at me. She seemed to enjoy being so tall and being able to tower over me. There was a smirk on her face, and I found that to be incredibly sexy. She was looking at me like I was a snack she could just eat up.

“How?” I started to ask, and the question I meant to vocalize was obvious, but I somehow couldn’t finish it.

“How tall am I?” Kristen finished for me.

“Yes,” I said.

“I’m six-foot-six,” she said proudly. “Last time I checked.”

“You’re still growing?”

“Oh yes,” she said with a laugh.

I had met some tall girls before. At my job last summer, there was girl I worked with who was six-foot-two. She had some weird issues with her height though, and she certainly didn’t like it that some men found her height to be attractive. It was strange, because she wanted guys to like her, but couldn’t embrace the thing

that made her unique, and that many people were drawn to.

Kristen was even taller, and apparently growing, but her attitude was the opposite. Hell, she was actually wearing heels, and tall ones.

“How much do the heels add?” I asked.

“These are five-inch heels,” she said.

My eye level now made a lot more sense, knowing that I was standing next to a woman who was just an inch below seven feet. Kristen finally decided there was enough showing off, and she walked toward the back door. I followed behind her and got quite a thrill as I watched her bend way down in order to get through the door.

When we got into the house, we saw that most of the party had indeed already left. “Looks like my ride took off without me,” Kristen said with a sigh.

“I can take you home,” I told her. “It won’t be a problem at all.”

I had a little Honda Accord, and it was a tight squeeze for Kristen to fit into it, but I loved every second of watching her squeeze her big body into my passenger seat. She had to put her seat back as far as it went.

While I drove her, I couldn't help but sneak looks at her long legs, and big breasts, even though I was pretty sure I wasn't being too subtle for her to notice. "Eyes on the road," Kristen said, confirming to me that she had indeed noticed.

I didn't say anything, but merely blushed. When we pulled up in front of her place, she didn't get out right away. "How long are you going to be in Columbus?" she asked.

"I'm going back tomorrow," I said.

Kristen nodded. "Give me your phone," she said.

I did as I was told, and she typed in her number. "You can give me a call if you're ever back here," she said.

"I'll be here all summer," I said in amazement.

"Well, that's good," Kristen said with a wink.

I couldn't believe what had just happened as I drove back to my cousin's place. This gorgeous giantess had been hitting on me. I wouldn't even have thought I had a chance with her.

Kristen and I started talking via text almost immediately after that and began to

talk every day. The school year was winding down, and I knew that as soon as I took my finals, I would be heading back to Columbus. Once I did, I planned a date with Kristen.

I was very worked up by this point. We had been exchanging messages for seven weeks, and a lot of those messages had been of a risqué nature. Kristen had even sent me some pictures of her that droven me wild.

There was nothing too graphic, but they had been on her standing in front of her mirror in a purple bra and panties. Even taking height out of the equation, I couldn't imagine a more perfect body than Kristen's. She really did have the perfect hourglass figure, with big breasts and butt. Her endless legs were shapely and strong looking. I was obsessed with the idea of being able to touch her.

It wouldn't be long before I got that chance. We met for lunch my first day back in Columbus, and she showed up in a tight green dress that hugged her startling curves. It was lowcut and displayed amazing cleavage. I was practically staring at it the whole time.

"Enjoying the view?" she would ask me with a giggle.

"I certainly am," I said. There was no use denying it.

"Why don't we get out of here?" she said.

When we stood up, Kristen had another question for me. "Did you notice?" she

asked.

“Notice what?”

She giggled. “I guess it is kind of crazy to expect you to notice,” she said. “I’m even wearing different shoes, so that would affect your perspective. I grew another inch.”

“You’re six-foot-seven now?” I asked in amazement.

“That’s what another inch would be,” she teased. Then she wrapped her arms around me and pulled me into a hug. She seemed thrilled to be holding me against her body. “I think I’m at the beginning of a growth spurt,” she said. “Just think about how big I’ll be by the end of the summer.”

That brought an immediate thrill to my body, and it could be felt immediately in my pants. Kristen felt it too, pressing against her leg. “I see you’re thinking about it,” she said, bending way down to whisper in my ear.

We ended up going to her place because her parents were gone, and she wasted no time in taking what she wanted. Kristen was a big strong girl, and she made it clear that big strong girls liked to take charge. Once we were in her bedroom, she pushed me down on the bed and started taking off my clothes.

I had never had anybody take control of me like that before, and I was immediately fully hard. When Kristen took my boxer shorts off, my dick was

pointing straight at her, and she put her big hand around it.

“For an average size guy, you don’t have an average sized dick,” she said. She squeezed it, and I gasped.

It was true. I knew that I was very well-endowed, because if the reactions that past girlfriends had to the size of my member. There had even been one girl, who was especially small, who couldn’t take me, and had told me to stop.

Kristen lifted up my naked body, and then within seconds she had my cock in her mouth. It all happened so fast that I was astounded, but she was moving my body back and forth as she sucked my cock. It was the most pleasurable sensation I had ever experienced in my life, both being held in the air by a teenaged girl, and having her suck my cock expertly.

It wasn’t long before I exploded, and Kristen swallowed all my come. “Oh, that was so delicious,” she said, throwing me back on the bed. “I just had to have that big hog in my mouth,” she told me.

Then she started taking her clothes off. Even though I had just blown my load, I stared in awe as Kristen revealed her huge body to me. She pulled her dress up over her head, and she was wearing black lingerie underneath. Her body seemed even more amazing in person, and somehow without clothes on she looked even bigger.

When she took off her bra, I was amazed how incredibly full and perfectly shaped her tits were. Her nipples were hard, and beautiful. I wanted to have my mouth on them. She was taking her panties down to reveal her beautiful pussy to

me. When she stood back up, I realized that her body was beyond perfect. I was in the presence of a goddess.

Kristen got on the bed and started to crawl toward me. "I know you just came all but I'm sure if you play with my body you'll get hard again very soon," she teased.

I did play with her body, enjoying the power and strength I could feel in this much bigger girl. I began to suck on her nipples, and she moaned deeply as I worked, finally sliding down between her legs, and going to work there.

I had never been extremely confident eating pussy, but with Kristen I was determined to please. I moved my tongue with enthusiasm, sliding it over her clit, and listening and feeling Kristen's reactions. When her breathing quickened, and I could feel her thighs tighten around my head, I knew I was close, and I kept working until I heard her begin to scream.

There was a thrill in pleasing this giantess, and I was fully hard again and ready to have her. Even though she had just come, Kristen's eyes were blazing with desire.

"I need that dick now," she told me.

She pulled my body up, and then thrust me between her legs. Even though I was on top, there was no doubt who was in charge. I was riding her big strong body as she had her way with me and was using me for her pleasure.

“My God,” I called out. “You’re so big, and so strong.”

“Don’t you forget it,” Kristen said with a laugh. “Don’t you ever fucking forget it.”

It was a good thing that she had already given me the blowjob, because I don’t think I would have been able to hold off coming without it. This was without a doubt the hottest sex of my life.

It was only the beginning of things too. We had very hot sex all summer, with Kristen taking me whenever she felt like it. Sometimes she would just lift me up and have her way with me on the nearest flat surface. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I couldn’t have imagined this in my wildest fantasies.

There was also the thrill of being seen in public with her. I loved the way she turned heads everywhere we went. People were amazed by her towering height, and also her astounding beauty. Kristen also loved to wear the highest of heels anytime she could, to make people feel even smaller. There was nothing quite like the sight of my girlfriend bending way down so she could fit through doors.

Just like she had suggested she would, Kristen did grow that summer. By the end of August, she was standing six-foot-nine. It was not as much growth as I had hoped for, which seemed insane. I was dating this woman who towered over everybody around, but somehow, she still wasn’t big enough for me.

Then at the end of August, Kristen dropped a bombshell. “We need to talk,” she said to me.

“Okay,” I said.

“I’ve had a really good time this summer, but I don’t see how we can make things work long distance,” she said.

“We can make it work if we want to make it work,” I answered.

“That’s the thing,” she said. “I’m not sure if I want to make it work.”

I was devastated by this confession. “You don’t even want to try and make things work with me?” I asked hurt.

“Look Doug, I’m sorry,” she said. “I’m nineteen. I just don’t want to be tied down to somebody I can’t see.”

I tried to understand, and I told her I did, but the truth was I was devastated. I went back to Bowling Green and tried to date, but there was no way that anybody was going to compare to Kristen. She had made an impression on me that I could not shake. Normal sized women seemed tiny to me now. It was like they were children, compared to Kristen, who was a real woman.

I didn’t date throughout the rest of college, and then I moved to Chicago once college was done. There was a job there I thought would be a good match for me, but after five years there, I knew I needed to go somewhere else. I had one

serious relationship over that time, and it had lasted three years, but I was surprised it had lasted that long. I could have taken any number of jobs on the coast, but I decided to go back to Columbus, and to go home.

I had been back a few months when my cousin Virginia called me. “I was talking with Kristen today, and I brought up that you had come back home,” Virginia said.

“Oh?” I asked, trying to sound neutral. “How is she doing?”

“She’s doing fine. She asked about getting your number. You changed your number after you moved to Chicago. Is it okay if I give it to her?”

Just the thought of talking to Kristen again was more exciting than dating any other woman. Still, I wanted to play it cool. “Sure, I’d like to talk to her,” I said.

Later that night I got my first text from her. “Hey Doug, it’s been a long time. This is Kristen.”

I stared at the text for a while. I had wanted to talk to Kristen for so long that there was a geyser of words that wanted to erupt forth from me, but I knew that if I said one fraction of what I wanted to say, I would seem insane.

“I’ve missed you,” I finally wrote. Once I had sent it, I felt like an idiot. I wished I could take the text back, but an answer from Kristen soon appeared.

“I missed you too,” it said.

We talked via text for a few hours, and it was almost as if no time had passed. “Why don’t we get together for dinner tomorrow?” I asked.

There was a long pause in the conversation, and then Kristen finally wrote back. “I think it might be better if you just come over here.”

I wasn’t going to argue with that. I spent the rest of the next day thinking about Kristen, then in the evening I drove to her place like we agreed.

The house ended up being an enormous mansion. I was shocked when I pulled up in front of the place. It wasn’t in the affluent parts of town, but out in a rural area outside the city. I wondered how Kristen could afford such opulence. I called her on the phone, like we agreed I would.

“Hey, I’m here,” I said when she picked up.

“I’ll open the gate,” she said. “The front door is unlocked.”

I drove through the gate and parked, before I got out of the car and walked straight to the front door. I was a little nervous walking into another person’s house like that, but this was Kristen. I felt relatively comfortable doing anything she told me to do.

“Just wait for me in the living room,” she told me on the phone, and then hung up.

The spacious living room had very high ceilings. I would guess they were close to fifteen feet high. Why would anybody need such high ceilings? It seems like a stupid question now, but in that moment, I was sincerely baffled.

I also noticed that the doors and archways were especially big. I figured that Kristen would need some more room than the average person but based on the size she had been at nineteen, I thought that was overkill.

I had nothing else to do, so I walked to the far side of the room and started to look at the pictures on the wall. They were all pictures of Kristen, and I could see that one was her from roughly the last time I had seen her. She was standing next to a friend, towering over the girl.

The other pictures were of Kristen too, and seemingly at increasingly older ages. What I had hoped when I had first heard from her seemed to be true. After we had parted ways, Kristen had continued to grow. I could see in the other three pictures she was indeed taller, but it was hard to get an idea of how much without the relative heights of the other people in the photograph.

What appeared to be the most recent one, had Kristen standing next to a man with her arm around him. The top of the man’s head was below her breasts, though from the picture the man seemed to be rather tall himself. Maybe this was an ex-boyfriend, I thought. There was that kind of vibe from the picture, but I couldn’t be sure.

Another thing I noticed from the pictures was that in addition to her height, Kristen seemed to have filled out more as well. It was hard to see, because she always dressed so modestly, but she still had that stunning hourglass figure, and her breasts seemed to be even bigger.

Suddenly, an enormous shadow fell over me. I'm not sure how something so big, and heavy, was able to sneak up on me, but somehow she had. "Hey, stranger," Kristen's voice said. That voice sounded like it was coming from far above me head. It was true, she had grown. I wanted to see how much.

When I turned around, I was astounded by how unbelievably tall Kristen was. The top of my head was just below her hip, and her huge legs looked as long as my whole body. She was wearing a tight pair of blue jeans, that must have been custom made. I looked way, way up, to try and see her face.

Seeing her face was difficult from where I was standing. I could see that Kristen was wearing a pink blouse, and her enormous jutting breasts, which were far above my head, were obscuring any hope I had of seeing her face. Kristen herself leaned forward to peer over her huge boobs and look down on me.

"My God," I said astounded. "You're colossal."

Kristen laughed. "You could say that," she said. Then she bent down on one knee to be more at my level. Even bent down like this, she was still taller than me. "I kept growing well into my twenties."

“How tall are you?” I asked.

Kristen grinned. “I’m eleven-foot-three,” she said. “You’re the same size, I think,” she said, looking me up and down. “Of course, from my perspective you got a whole lot smaller.”

I didn’t know what to say, but I didn’t have much time to answer. Kristen reached out and wrapped her arms around me. It felt almost threatening, because she was now so big and strong that she could probably break me in half with hardly any effort. One enormous hand was rubbing my back, and it felt as if it spanned almost my whole torso.

Then she was kissing me. There was a feeling of overwhelming helplessness as they impossible giantess took what she wanted from me, but also an incredible arousal. If I had been turned in by Kristen’s size and strength previously, now my arousal was simply off the charts. I couldn’t believe I could be turned on this much. Still, she was so enormous that I was wondering how exactly sex with her would be accomplished.

There was no doubt that was what Kristen wanted. She kissed me hungrily, as if she could swallow me whole. She was so big that it seemed as if that wasn’t an impossibility. Soon, the kiss broke. Kristen was staring at me with clear lust in her eyes.

“I’ve been thinking about you for so long,” she said.

“Me?” I asked incredulously. “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you. I haven’t stopped for a moment since I last saw you.”

Kristen giggled, and it was an odd thing to see from somebody who was so massive. She was still holding onto me, and I could feel the vibrations of her body.

“That feels so good to hear you say that,” she said. “I was a little worried about you seeing me now. I thought you might be a little scared.”

I hugged her tighter, and felt her huge breasts pressed against my body, from my neck to my groin. Damn, she was bigger than I ever could have imagined, and I was overwhelmed by it.

“I am a little scared,” I whispered. “You’re so big. I never thought you could grow this much.”

“Me neither,” she said. “Every time I had a big growth spurt, I thought I was done, but I just kept getting bigger and bigger. I barely leave the house now, because it scares people. They look up at me and think I’m a goddess.”

“You are,” I said.

Kristen held me tight, and then stood up, lifting me into the air. I was like a small child being lifted by his mother. I cannot describe how helpless I felt in that moment. There was no question that she had complete control of me.

She began to kiss me again, as she walked me toward her bedroom. I knew I was going to be taken by this incredible giantess, and I couldn't stop it if I had wanted to. I was hers.

When we got to the bedroom, I saw how everything was scaled to her size. This had been less obvious on the living room, but the bed was the largest that I had ever seen by far. Then she was laying me down on it, and it felt like I could get lost in it.

"You haven't seen my body for a long time," Kristen said. She smiled as she began to unbutton her blouse, and I watched in anticipation, wanting to see her gigantic tits.

The big black bra underneath was overflowing, even though it was by far the biggest bra I had ever seen. The blouse had concealed a lot of Kristen's endowment, and once she had removed the blouse, I nearly gasped at the contrast between her flat stomach and the huge heaving breasts.

She took her jeans off next, and I relished every second of watching her slide them down her long legs. They were still as strong looking and shapely as ever, but now so much longer than they had been before.

"There is nothing like the feeling of growing bigger," Kristen said. "I'm kind of sad it's over, though if I got much bigger, I would be too big for this world. I loved the way that I used to tower over you. Now you are beyond tiny compared to me."

"Is that why you missed me?" I asked.

She laughed, standing in her bra and panties with her hands on her hips. “I loved your reactions to me and how big I was,” she said. “You knew your place better than any other man.”

“My place is at your feet,” I answered.

Kristen looked extremely turned on at that answer, and there was something frightening seeing that look in her eye, knowing how big and strong she was.

“Strip for me,” she said. “I want your dick.”

I did what I was told, taking my clothing off as quickly as possible, but also watching as the giantess observed me. She was obviously turned on by seeing my tiny body as I displayed more of it for her. Seeing her thinking about what she wanted to do to me made me shiver.

Then my cock was free, and fully hard for her. It was obvious at that moment that all bets were off. Kristen got on the bed, and I felt it dip due to her weight as she crawled toward me.

Once she was over me, her size was overwhelming compared to mine. I gasped looking up at that enormous body. It was like being set upon by a gigantic predator, an animal that was unimaginably huge compared to me.

“Take off my bra,” she ordered, and then lowered herself toward me so I could.

I reached around her and was unable to undo the clasps. Feeling the softness of those huge tits against me was amazing. I had never felt tits even close to as big as hers, and there was something thrilling about seeing the enormous bra unable to contain her. When I took the bra off, it was like it was big enough to make a whole outfit for me out of the material.

Once the tits were free, Kristen pushed them down, and then slightly up so they were in my face. I had to act fast to keep from being smothered, and then I was kissing and sucking them. The giantess was moaning with pleasure as I worked on her breasts, and she enjoyed the feeling of overwhelming me with her epic tits.

“That’s right, little man,” she said. “Suck those big titties.”

I did as I was told, and as I worked, it felt as if I was getting Kristen so worked up that she might come just from nipple stimulation. She eventually wrapped her arms around me, and pressed my face into her, letting more of her weight settle on me. She made sure to leave just enough space in her cleavage for me to breathe.

“Feel my power,” she whispered. “Feel all my power.”

Finally, she did call out, and she pulled her weight off me, taking one of her big nipples out of my mouth. “I can’t take it anymore,” she said. “I need that dick.”

She rolled over, and then lifted me up, letting me lay on her big breasts as she removed her panties. Again, I began to fondle and suck her breasts. I couldn't keep my hands off them.

Once her panties were down, it was time to get to business, and she had her hands on me, moving me down between her legs. I was inside her, feeling the velvety softness of her pussy on my dick, and then she was pumping me in and out with her arms.

"God, you're so strong," I said. "You're a goddess. You rule over everything you see."

I could tell these words were driving Kristen crazy, and she began to moan, and pumping me faster and faster. It actually started to hurt a little, which was good because otherwise I would have exploded long before she was done. She used my little body until she reached an orgasm, and then she screamed a thundering cry of triumph.

"Oh, that was so good," she said panting, and pulling me back up for a kiss.

I belonged to this woman now. I had not been able to get over her before, but now she was a literal goddess. A life of serving my queen was all I wanted. I hoped that was what I was going to get.