

A full-body photograph of a woman with long blonde hair, posing in a white, ruffled mini-skirt and high-heeled sandals. She is standing against a plain, light-colored background. Her left arm is raised, with her hand near her head, and her right arm is bent across her chest. The text "I WANT TO GROW" is overlaid in the center of the image, and "J. D. TUFTS" is overlaid at the bottom.

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J. D. TUFTS

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A lot of my boyfriends growing up wanted to date me because I was small. Well, I was small and stature, but I had big boobs. As a freshman in college I stood four-foot-eleven with 32DDD boobs. Finding bras in that size was a real pain, and so I was often wearing the wrong size. This meant a lot of discomfort for me, and made my boobs look even bigger.

I never got why guys thought my being so small was so attractive. Maybe it was a macho thing. One boyfriend, who was five-foot-ten, told me that fucking me made him feel like a huge monster.

“Well, you are compared to me,” I joked. The teasing turned him on, and he was groping me within seconds, before he threw me on the bed to fuck me again.

A lot of really tall guys would try and date me, but I wasn’t interested. I just didn’t like tall guys, and as small as I was, they needed to be gentler, but few of them were. A lot of guys wanted to treat me like their little fuck doll. That wasn’t what I wanted at all.

Only one of my exes let me do my real fantasy and take control. He let me tie him up on the bed, but it turned out he had some escape artist skills and when I was distracted, he got himself free and then turned me over and pushed me on the bed.

“Hey, this isn’t how it’s supposed to work,” I pouted.

“You should have tied me tighter, babe,” he said. Then he kissed me, seemingly

oblivious to the fact that I was genuinely pissed.

While in college, I made friends with a redheaded six-footer named Helena and she didn't understand why I was jealous that she was so tall. "You feel awkward everywhere you go. Guys don't ask you out. Nothing fits right."

"What do you think it's like for me?" I asked.

"You at least have those great tits," Helena said. She was very small in the bust, despite being big everywhere else. The exact opposite of me.

I was a junior in college when I heard about a way to increase my growth from a friend of mine named Clare. She was a chemist, and she had told me about a ritual that an obscure tribe in the Amazon had been doing.

"Their women are abnormally tall, many of them taller than the men. They do a specific ritual, involving a flower that only grows there, when girls turn thirteen. I think the ritual and the flower has a connection to the unusual tallness of the girls there."

"That's amazing," I said.

"I thought you would be interested. My interest is in synthesizing the chemical make-up of the flower and then testing it, but I am going to need a guinea pig."

So, I volunteered. To be honest, I didn't think the experiment would work, or if it did, I thought it would have very mild results. The fact that I was so excited about it showed how much I wanted to grow. I was sick of being so small and I would have been willing to do anything.

Clare was not very tall herself, only three inches taller than me, and heavysset, but she had no desire to be taller, and also didn't want to experiment on herself. So, I met her in the lab every night for a week, where she administered a dose of the synthetic flower. The ritual the tribe performed only used the flower once, but the results had been pretty mild if Clare was right. She wanted a more dramatic result from me, and I wanted to be as tall as possible.

Around the same time, I had a crush on a friend named Jacob. Jacob was only five-foot-six, skinny and nerdy. He was exactly the kind of guy I was normally into, but for some reason he had next to zero interest in me romantically, though there was one time I thought I had seen him checking out my boobs. Normally, I had no problem in getting guys who were my type to be interested in me. Most were elated and surprised by my interest, so Jacob's disinterest shocked me.

We were taking Spanish together and had become study buddies. I wore a lowcut black tank top to come over to his place the first night, and he had seemed impervious to the power of my bustiness. Then he had run into me one day on campus when I was hanging out with Helena and the problem became obvious.

"Who's your friend?" he asked immediately, and I introduced them.

Afterward! It was like I wasn't even there. Jacob asked Helena a barrage of questions that she continued to answer politely. He didn't take his eyes off her to even glance in my direction. I finally had to tell him that we had to go and take Helena's arm and lead her away.

“I think Jacob has a thing for you,” I said, once we were a safe distance.

“Really?” Helena asked. “I don’t know why. He’s so short. It would be awkward.”

I rolled my eyes at this comment and tried to hide my jealousy. I had wanted Helena’s height for as long as I had known her, but never more than I did at that moment.

So, I doubted the experiment could get me up to Helena’s height, but I thought if I could at least get taller than Jacob, something I thought would excite both of us. Then he would be interested. It would take a few days before I would see any results.

I risked the urge to measure myself every day. That would have just been torture, but it was a few days after my week of injections that I started to notice my clothes were getting tight. I took off all my clothes and looked at myself in the mirror to make sure that it wasn’t just weight gain. I had also noticed the bottoms of my pants had started riding up. It was definitely a height difference.

When I saw Jacob that week, I felt more confident. I knew that he couldn’t tell the difference, but I knew I had grown. My bra had even gone up one cup size, to be an F, but I didn’t dress to entice him, because I already knew that wasn’t going to work. I had grown two inches to become five-foot-one, and I knew that it would only be the beginning.

“This is excellent,” Clare would tell me. “The results are occurring rather quickly. You’re almost as tall as I am.”

“Soon I will be taller,” I teased her, and I knew I wouldn’t have long to wait.

The next week I had an even more dramatic growth. I bought some new clothes after the first spurt, and then found I was already feeling tight by the end of the week. I was five-foot-five, only average height now, but already too much for anybody not to notice. My bra size ballooned to a 34GG, a truly spectacular growth that made me feel sexier than I ever had in my life. I turned heads everywhere I went.

When I saw Jacob for our study session at the end of the week he couldn’t not comment. “I know this is crazy, but did you get taller?”

I smiled and stood closer to him. I was wearing a button up blouse, and the buttons were pulled tight around my chest, looking like they might burst at any moment. He glanced down at my chest for the briefest of glances, but it was impossible for me not to notice. I knew he had to love my tits!

“I was wondering if you’d notice,” I said in a teasing way. “I’m almost as tall as you are.”

“But how?”

I shrugged my shoulders and walked into his living room before pulling out my

Spanish book. “I think I’m just having a late growth spurt,” I said.

Jacob let the subject drop, but I could tell that he wanted to keep talking about it. I caught him looking at me all evening, and not just at my tits, though he was staring at those quite a bit. It gave a thrill to torture him a little because of how I had been throwing myself at him for so long, and he had ignored me. Before I went home, I gave him a big hug, letting him see that we were now almost the same height as close as possible. When I smashed my big tits against him, I could feel his arousal as his cock started to harden. I couldn’t wait until he saw how tall I was next week.

“This is amazing,” Clare said when I saw her. “I think things are just revving up.”

“I hope so,” I said.

I didn’t have to worry. The next week I was five-foot-nine, another four inches in seven days. My breasts continued to grow too, but this time I had only expanded a single cup size, to an H cup. My body was widening though, and I had extended a band size, making me a 36H, which made me bigger than the one cup size increase would have implied.

I couldn’t believe it. I was actually what a person would call, “tall.” When I walked around, I was as tall as most men, or taller, and I was towering over other women. I got asked about my growth constantly. People were astounded, but even though it should have been impossible, what could they say. When something that should be impossible actually happens you can’t deny it, so you learn to accept it.

The look on Jacob's face was what I had been waiting for. In class during the week, I was careful to always get there before him so that he always saw me sitting down. We were almost at the end of the class, so there would be no need for the study sessions after the exam. I could tell by his expression that he hadn't comprehended how much I had really grown, and he was regretting the end of our sessions together.

"Oh my God, you got tall," Jacob said. I simply walked past him.

"Yeah, it looks like my spurt isn't over. I don't know how long it's going to last."

I didn't sit down this time. I wanted him to look at me standing there, now taller than he was. I was wearing a tight purple t-shirt and a pair of jeans. I had looked at myself before I left, and my jeans had looked painted on, while my t-shirt was distended considerably by my huge breasts. Poor Jacob didn't stand a chance.

"Let's start studying for this exam," I said, breaking him out of his trance.

"Of course," he said, but he couldn't concentrate.

Really, we were both already ready for the exam. We both had an A in the class so far, and there was no chance we were going to crash and burn. I was here to seduce Jacob, but while my best efforts had failed to get results while I was short, I didn't have to do anything now that I was tall. He was overcome with lust for me. He couldn't stop staring at me, and finally I pushed him on the shoulder, sending him falling back against the couch.

“Hey, where is your head at?” I asked.

“I’m sorry,” he said, shaking his head. “I’m just getting distracted.”

“What are you getting distracted by?” I asked in my most sultry voice, and then leaned toward him. My breasts were barely rubbing against his chest and I knew it was driving him crazy.

“Um...” he started.

Then I leaned closer and kissed him. I wasn’t about to waste any more time. I had wasted enough. I had wanted Jacob for so long, even more now that I was taller than him, and I was taking what I wanted.

It was the best sex I had ever had. I had never been taller than a boy before, and the way he was reacting to my body got me hot too. He couldn’t believe his eyes when I took off my shirt, and then my bra, to show him my huge breasts. I rode him until he came, all the while leaning over him so he could suck and play with my nipples.

When it was over, I knew that Jacob was all mine. He was obsessed with me now. He couldn’t take his eyes off me and didn’t want to take his hands off. I had to make him do it. “When can I see you again?” he asked.

“I’ll let you know,” I replied coyly, and then I gave him a goodbye kiss.

I knew exactly when I would see him again, when I was taller than Helena. As great as the sex with Jacob had been, I was still upset that he had been so entranced by her, and had not paid any attention to me, even my boobs! So, I told myself that I wouldn't see him again until I surpassed her, and I hoped it would be soon.

Jacob kept calling me over the past week, but I mostly ignored him, only telling him once that I was very busy and would let him know when I was free. Within a week I had already hit six feet tall, Helena's height, but I knew I wanted a little more. I decided I would wait another week before I saw Jacob again.

"I'm not sure when your growth is going to stop," Clare told me. "I'm starting to get a little concerned. I thought height would hit a foot at the most."

"I don't mind," I told her. "When I said I wanted to be tall I really meant it."

"Yes, but we need to worry about your health," Clare added. Then she looked at my chest. I was wearing a 40I at that point. "I didn't expect your boobs to grow so much either."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Maybe you should try to exercise more," she suggested.

The suggestion was music to my ears. I thought about how Jacob would feel with how tall I was going to get, and how I would feel towering over him.

Wouldn't it be even more delicious if I was even stronger. The next day I worked out a weightlifting regime and went to work on it at once.

That was when I learned that there was another growth effect. It seemed as if the cocktail Clare had given me increased muscle growth as well. I started to see immediate results. Nothing too dramatic, but certainly much more of a difference you would expect in a week of weightlifting. I lost a bit in my bust, but I put on about ten pounds of muscle to compensate.

What was most important was that I grew another four inches in the next week. When I thought of seeing Jacob again, and being so much taller, I got really turned on, but part of me wanted to wait longer. I wanted to see just how much bigger I could get, and I thought about the growth of my muscles and what I could do if I really pushed myself.

Yet, there was the thrill of seeing people's heads turn when I walked down the street. I could overhear people commenting on my height wherever I went, and it turned me on a lot. They all thought I couldn't hear, but I heard every word.

I knew I was going to see Jacob, so I texted him and asked what he was doing Saturday night. When he said nothing, I asked if I could come over. When I got there, I was wearing a trench coat to obscure my body. I wanted him to get a look at it all at once. When he opened the door, he already had to look way up at me. It was like he had shrunk since I had last seen him, and I couldn't help but be thrilled.

"You grew," he said. He was breathing so heavy he could barely get the words out.

“Yes, and I’m still growing,” I said pushing past him. “I thought you might want to see some progress I made in other areas.”

Once I was in the living room, I dropped the trench coat and let him look at my new more athletic body. I was wearing a sexy black bra and panties, complete with garter belt and stockings. I could see that Jacob was losing his mind.

“I’ve been lifting weights. I don’t only want to be big but strong.” He was staring at me but was speechless. I looked at him coyly. “Do you like big strong girls?”

“You’re my fantasy,” he answered.

I laughed. “Don’t say that. I’m just getting started. If I’m your fantasy now, what will I be by the time I’m finished?” I beckoned for him to come to me. “Come here, little one.”

Jacob walked to me as if in a daze. He only came up to my bust. It was an incredible thrill and I reached out and shoved his face into my cleavage. I remembered how much I had enjoyed being taller than him last time, but now he was so small that he felt like a child next to me. It was a thrill I wasn’t prepared for.

I bent down and kissed him, finally lifting him up and he wrapping, his legs around my waist. I could feel how hard he was as his cock pushed against my belly and I giggled. “Do you think you can handle me?” I asked.

All he did was nod, and I carried him into his bedroom. There I dumped him on his bed and undressed him like a toy for me to play with. He let me do what I willed to him, his eyes fixated on my body. I knew this was going to be fun. I was going to make him pleasure me.

Once I had undressed, I made him come to me and pushed his face into my pussy. He knew what to do. I held him tight until he had me moaning and panting with his tongue. There was no doubt who was in charge now. After he made me come, I rewarded him by letting him play with my huge body.

Jacob was insatiable. We had sex five times that night, and it seemed as if he was ready to go again only moments after he had come the previous time. We explored a number of positions, from traditional missionary, where he pumped away at my huge body, to doggy-style, where my height presented the challenge, to me on top, my preference, and the one where I could most assert my dominance. Not that my power over him wasn't obvious no matter what position we chose.

Fucking Jacob made me feel powerful in a way I had never felt before. His little body compared to my huge powerful figure made me feel like a monster, a lurking beast lording over him. Then I thought about my growing even bigger. Every time I thought about it, I got so excited I could barely control myself.

There was also the fact that Jacob was obsessed with me and my growth. "Are you still growing?" he asked me, and his eyes went wide as I nodded my head.

"I don't know when its going to stop," I said.

Within another week I had hit six-foot-nine, and I had continued to lift weights. The growth of my muscles seemed even more outrageous than the explosion of my height. It looked like I was adding muscle every day, my body ballooning up bigger and stronger. The feeling of dominance increased as I walked among the tiny people. Jacob followed after me like a child most of the time, begging to touch my body and have me touch him.

It was a pleasure to tease him. I loved to show off my body and watch him struggle to keep control of himself. My long legs were astounding, perfectly shaped and impossibly long. I bought short skirts to show them off, and stockings to hug their curves and bulging muscles.

Despite my adding of more muscle, my breasts were growing again. I had ballooned up to a double J cup and flaunting them drove all the tiny men crazy. I wore tight tops with plunging necklines, making sure to “accidentally” bend over or stretch in ways that made me almost pop right out. I made one bag boy at the supermarket cream himself with hardly even trying at all, and I felt bad for him. This was going to be his experience of peak sexual excitement. No other woman was going to be able to compete.

Jacob wanted it all the time, but I wanted to punish him for making me wait, for ignoring me. So, I put him in a state of constant arousal when he was around, but I only gave in for my own desire to dominate him once I had subjected him to absolute torture. This meant keeping him hard for long periods of time while giving him no opportunity for release.

When I would take him, I was now strong enough that I could use his whole body like a toy. Often, I would lift him up and insert him inside me or press him against a wall so he could feel weak and helpless and I ravished his little man body. I still didn’t know my own strength, so this meant that I would bruise him from time to time, and regardless of how I handled him, he was often sore after a session with me, needing some time to recover. Of course, it was at my

discretion whether I would give it to him.

“I think things have gone far enough,” Clare told me when she saw how big I was getting.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I’ve created a suppressor to slow your growth if not stop it.”

I grabbed her arm, more harshly than I meant to, but her assertion stunned me. “No! No way! You aren’t stopping this!” I could see in Clare’s eyes that she was afraid, so I let her go. “I’m sorry,” I said.

Clare rubbed her arm and still looked as if she was afraid to speak, but when she finally did say something she didn’t back down. “I don’t know how much bigger you’ll get if we don’t find a way to stop this.”

“I know,” I said with a smile. I ran my hands up and down my towering figure. “It’s so exciting. The bigger I get the better I feel.”

“Aren’t you worried about the health risks?”

“Look, it’s my body,” I told her. “I agreed to the risk of the experiment. I told you in the beginning that I wanted to grow. I meant it. I want to see how much bigger I can get.”

Clare looked at me skeptically. “Okay, I’m just worried about you,” she said.

“Don’t worry. I’m sure it will stop soon.” I said it just to placate her. I was hoping the opposite. I couldn’t wait to see how big I would be before it was done.

Much to my delight, my growth did not start to slow, but accelerated. I was now growing so fast that I felt like I could feel my growth, my body filling out my clothing more and more. I was seven feet tall only two days after Clare measured me at six-foot-nine, and by the end of that week I had grown to seven-foot-five.

Jacob was more in love with me than ever, but I knew that he alone could no longer satisfy me. Many other men would look at me and want to be my willing slaves. I could have any man I wanted. It didn’t matter if they were married or had girlfriends. They would leave them in a heartbeat at my command.

So, I started to collect tiny man slaves to worship my gigantic and growing body. My powerful muscles gave me the strength of several grown men, and it was a pleasure to dominate several little men at once. Jacob still wanted me all to himself, but he had to take what I was willing to give him. Usually when I would let him inside me, I would have another man at each breast, while others massaged my powerful muscles.

The experience of being a true goddess was like nothing I had ever imagined. I remembered how I just wanted to be tall at first, but now I was towering over everybody. Nobody could compare to me. I owned everything and I could have everything I wanted.

On top of that, I just kept growing. In another week I was eight feet tall. I could tell that Clare wanted to stop my growth, but she didn't dare. Just like all the other little people she wouldn't defy me. I was so strong that there was more power in one of my arms than Clare had in her whole body. I felt bad about it on one level, but on another seeing her fear actually made me hot.

I loved looking at my huge body in the mirror. Seeing myself naked was more arousing than any of my little man slaves. They tried to pleasure me as well as they could, but the real thrill was looking at myself. My legs were as long as some people were tall, thick and powerful. My thighs could crush the average man between them, and my calves were bulging rocks of muscle as large as grapefruits.

Moving up, I had wide womanly hips that would drive my little slaves wild. Many of my little men would love to try to get their arms around them, but most of them could not encircle my hips. They would have to settle for rubbing against them, and my large muscular glutes while they tried to please me. Sometimes I would use my huge hips to playfully knock one of my little men off his feet. He would be standing next to me, and then I would suddenly check him and watch as he fell with a crash to the ground.

My upper body was as powerful as my lower body. I had bulging biceps and thick muscular shoulders that showed my little men what real power was. Sometimes I would get a few of my little slaves together and ask them to try to resist my power. They would push back against one of my arms, four or five men, and while they might be able to hold their own for a little bit, eventually they would all fall to my strength.

The thing that would get my little men the most excited were my mountainous breasts. I had grown so busty I was beyond any kind of bra size. Even if I had

been a normal sized woman in stature, my tits were beyond huge, and yet there were incredibly firm, sticking out from my chest in complete defiance of gravity. Getting to play with my monster tits was a privilege my little men lived for. I loved to feel them sucking and massaging my nipples, as I laid back and enjoyed the feeling of being truly worshipped.

Eight feet was not the end, and two weeks later I am over nine. Nine-foot-three to be exact. I am the biggest person who ever lived, and I'm not stopping. Who knows how huge I'll be. Even my little man slaves are starting to get afraid. They know how strong I am now, and they're afraid of what I will do to them if I get even stronger. It's too bad. They're going to find out.