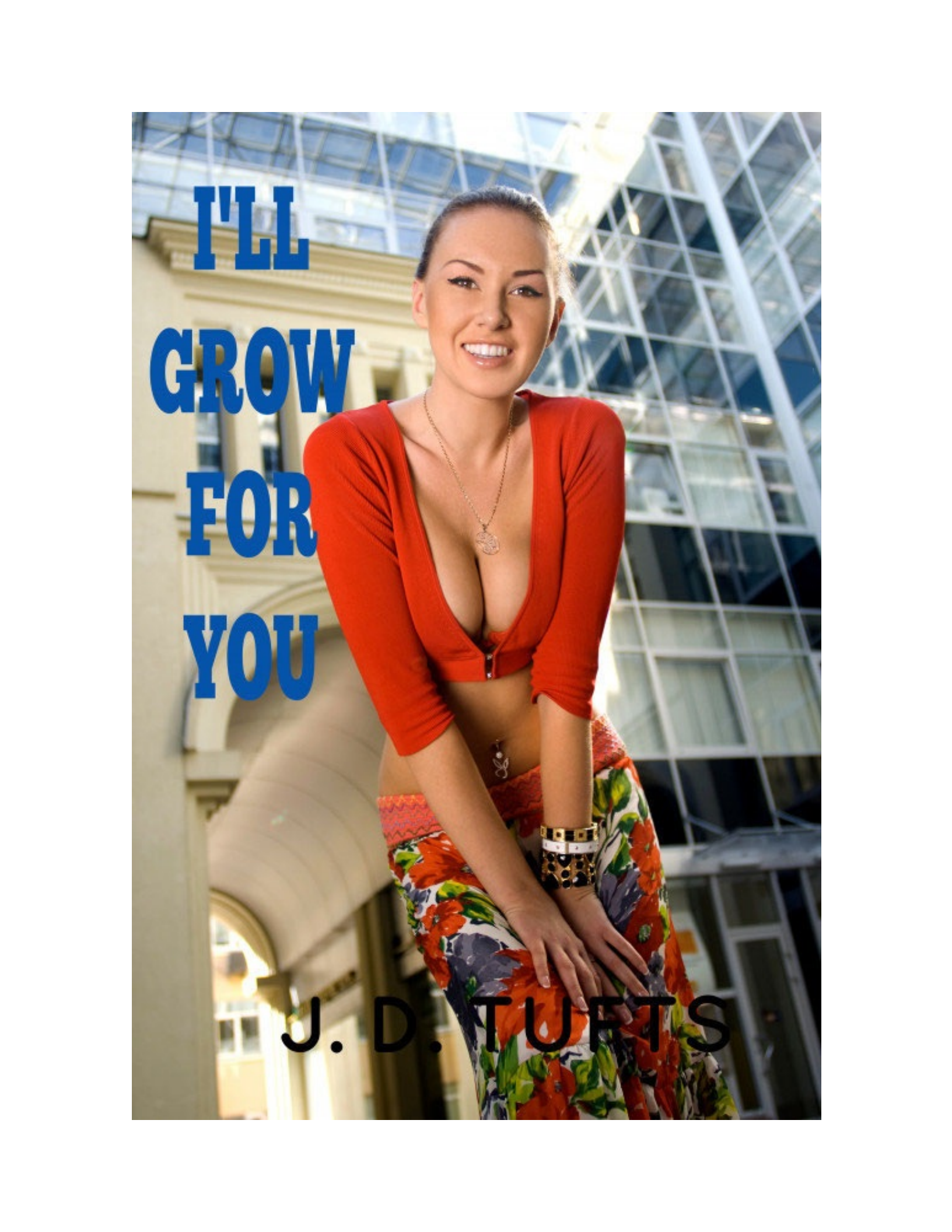
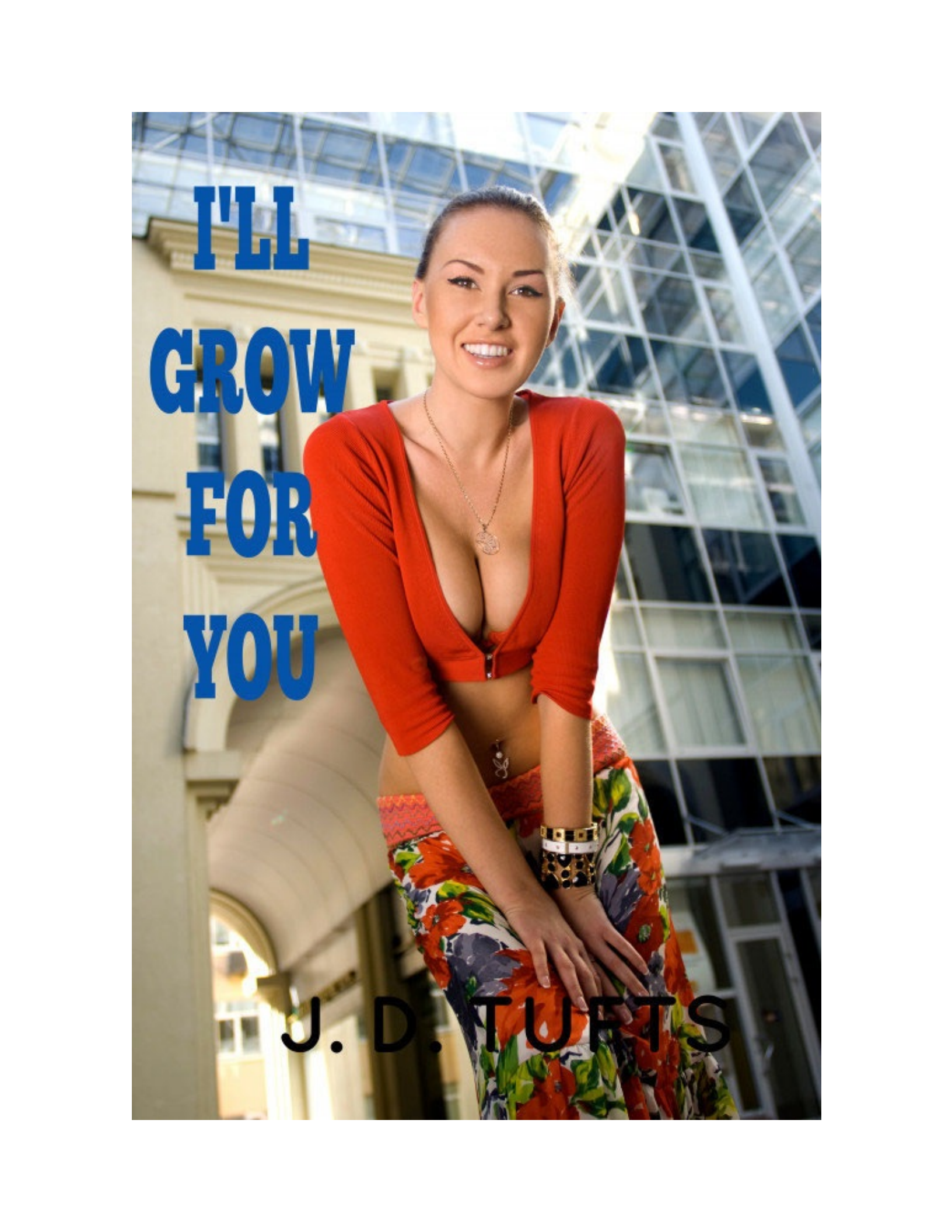


A woman with blonde hair pulled back, smiling at the camera. She is wearing a bright red, long-sleeved, open-front cardigan over a colorful floral skirt. She is leaning against a classical stone building with arches. In the background, a modern glass skyscraper is visible. The text 'I'LL GROW FOR YOU' is overlaid in large blue letters on the left side of the image.

**I'LL
GROW
FOR
YOU**

J. D. TUFTS

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“I’ll grow for you,” Megan said to me. It was our third date, and the context was a bit of gentle teasing.

“I usually only date tall girls,” I had said to Megan. She was only five feet tall, easily the shortest girl I had ever been on a date with, though the claim I only dated tall girls was a lie.

I had dated one tall girl, Kasey, an athletic six-footer, the only girl I had ever been out with who stood taller than my five-foot-ten-inch frame. It had been exhilarating. Our relationship, while only going on for four months was passionate, and filled with great sex. At least until I screwed it up.

“You’re so big and strong,” I said to Kasey one time in the grip of passion. I realized what I’d said moments after it came out of my mouth and hoped that Kasey would either not think anything of it or let it go.

“What did you say?” she asked. No, such luck.

She forced me to stop immediately and then we started to have a very awkward, and painful conversation about my statement. Yes, I found her height and athleticism to be attractive. What was wrong with that? She grilled me about it for close to an hour, and though she didn’t say it then, I knew our relationship was over.

It took me four months after that before I could bring myself to go on another date, and when I did, I could tell my heart wasn’t in it. “Normal” sized girls

seemed inadequate compared to Kasey. I had never been much of a ladies man, but I found myself going on dates with interested girls most of my friends would have loved to go out with, and turning them down.

I had come home for the summer, it was between my junior and senior years of college, and I had resigned myself to being dateless. That was until my sister wanted to set me up with Megan. “She’s just your type,” she had said.

“What’s my type?” I asked.

“Dark-haired girls with big boobs,” my sister responded.

Megan was petite, but my sister hadn’t been wrong. The boobs were spectacular. Yet, she was not basing the idea of the two of us being a good fit on that alone. Megan had a “esoteric” sense of humor, that most people didn’t get, but that I found hilarious. She was also very much a huge nerd, though you would never have known it to look at her. Kasey was the exception in this regard with girls I dated as well. I had always gone for the bookish type.

My first date with Megan was spectacular, and it had ended with the two of us making out afterwards. I still felt weird about it. Her tiny stature would have taken some getting used to under most circumstances, but after the towering Kasey it felt odd to hold a girl in my arms who was so small. Her head only came up to my chest, and I could easily just bend down and kiss her on top of the head.

Still, I was attracted to her. She had a gorgeous face, and her figure was astonishing. Her breasts were completely out of proportion to her tiny frame, and

I adored it. I would later learn that she wore a 32DDD bra, or an E depending on the brand, and it was easy to believe that such a tiny band size and huge cup size could be near impossible to find.

“I have to order my bras off the internet,” Megan would tell me after our second date, which ended with us going back to her place and having sex.

It was the first time I had been attracted to a girl like this since Kasey. I still missed Kasey. Her endless legs, and muscular physique was something special, but so were Megan’s incredible boobs. Kasey had only been a C cup, and while I liked her breasts just fine, I found myself drooling over Megan’s awesome bust. I thought that I might finally be able to get over Kasey. It was on our third date, a weekend picnic sitting on a blanket at the park, that I made the joke to Megan.

Then she had made the comment about growing.

“I don’t think that is possible,” I teased. “I think you’re pretty much done growing.”

“I’m twenty-one years old,” Megan said. “I still might have some growth in me.” Then she pushed me lightly. “So, why do you like tall girls?”

“I was just teasing you,” I said.

“Sarah told me that your last girlfriend was tall.” Sarah was my sister.

“She was, but she was the only tall girl I ever dated. You’re the only short girl I’ve ever dated. The rest of them have been right in the middle.”

“Interesting,” Megan said, narrowing her eyes. Then she changed the subject to other things. I wouldn’t think of it again until the Fourth of July weekend.

“You look taller,” Megan’s cousin, Emily, said at her family cookout.

“I am taller,” Megan said mischievously. I took it as a joke as I thought it must be.

“Are you wearing heels?” I asked looking down at her feet.

“No, I grew three inches.”

Emily stepped toward her. “Yeah, that looks about right. I’m five-foot-seven, and you definitely are a few inches taller than you used to be.”

“Some people grow into their twenties,” Megan said with a laugh. I was astounded by this revelation, but it wasn’t until we were alone in her Aunt and Uncle’s house that I asked her.

“How could you possibly have grown? You were five feet tall just two weeks ago.”

“I told you I would grow for you,” Megan smirked.

“Be serious, nobody grows three inches in two weeks.”

Megan took my hand and led me into her Uncle’s study. Once inside she locked the door. She pressed her body against me, the feeling of her huge breasts excited me. She was indeed taller, I could clearly see, but she still had to stand on her tiptoes to kiss me. We kissed for a while, and then she let me go.

“I’m still not tall enough, I know,” she said with a laugh. “Just how tall do you want me to be?”

“Megan, I want you to stop this,” I said.

“You want me to stop growing?”

“I want you to stop doing whatever it is that you are doing.”

“I told you I would grow for you?” she said.

That night we had sex, and I could not deny that somehow Megan had grown. It wasn’t a trick, but it should have been impossible. I tried to forget about it. I should have been elated by what was happening, but the fact that I couldn’t

explain it was disturbing.

For the rest of the month Megan's growth continued. By the end of July, she was five-foot-eight, taller than her cousin Emily. Nobody seemed to think it was impossible but me.

"I've never seen anybody have such a late growth spurt," my sister Sarah said.

"I've never seen anybody have a growth spurt like that period," I said. "Megan has grown eight inches in a month."

"Are you complaining?" my sister asked.

I knew that I shouldn't be. Megan still had that stunning figure, her boobs growing with the rest of her, except now she had long legs and a more athletic build. She was only a little bit smaller than I was and sex with her had changed.

When we first started dating, I felt as if I had to be careful while having sex with her, as if I might hurt her accidentally, but with her new size that worry went out the window. Megan was more aggressive, and stronger. She liked to be on top sometimes, something that she enjoyed when she was small as well, but now she took control with an enthusiasm she had previously lacked.

It seems weird to say, but as the weeks went by and there was no new growth, I assumed that she had stopped growing. Megan seemed to be happy to be at the height she was now, and she had satisfied her promise. She had grown for me,

and now she was a “tall girl”, or at least taller than average. Megan went out of town for a week at the end of August. I missed her terribly, even though it was only a short period of time, and I wondered how I was ever going to handle it when we went back to our different schools.

I worked in a restaurant during the summers, and I was at work when I spotted a woman walk in who caught my eye. She was tall of course, and I couldn't help but notice her long, athletic looking legs, and stunning figure. Her breasts were enormous. I couldn't help but compare her to Megan, and realized this girl was even bustier, even in proportion. I thought my girlfriend was the hottest girl I had ever met at this point, yet this girl was more attractive.

Then she turned around and smiled at me and I realized it was Megan.

She had changed her hair, but I hadn't expected her to grow three inches in a week, and then there was her body. Her hips and shoulders seemed to have widened, her musculature had increased, and those boobs! It seemed impossible that Megan's figure could be more spectacular, but she had gotten even more buxom. She walked over to me with a confidence I had never seen in her before. She looked like she wanted to devour me.

“I know I said I wasn't going to grow anymore, but when I was at the retreat this week everybody kept saying how amazing it was that I had gotten so tall, and I started to think about how it would be to get even taller.”

My eyes wondered down to her chest.

“Of, and these,” she said with a laugh and groped herself. “I'm a 36GG now. I

hope that's not too big for you."

"No," I said in awe.

"What time do you get off?" she asked.

It was supposed to be in twenty minutes, but I took off my apron, threw it on the counter and was off. I grabbed Megan and was kissing her before we were even to my car.

"You don't mind that I'm taller than you now?" she asked. It was only an inch, but it thrilled me. Megan was five-foot-eleven and almost as tall as Kasey.

Once we were alone, she made use of her new size pushing me down and reaching for my belt to take off my pants. "I'm so horny," she said. "It's been a week and growing has really turned me on."

She started taking off her own clothes as I finished undressing. When she took off her bra her boobs expanded outward, and they looked even bigger. I couldn't wait to get my hands and mouth on them, and I didn't have to. Megan climbed right on top of me and started riding me.

My hands cupped her huge breasts and they felt amazing, though they were far more than handfuls. In fact, when I put both hands on one breast, they were more than two handfuls.

“You like big strong girls, don’t you?” Megan asked as she rode me.

The question shocked me, and made me think of Kasey again, but there was only one way that I could answer. “Yes,” I said. I started to wonder if Megan had any intentions to keep growing, and I could feel my cock throbbing in response.

“I love being big and strong,” Megan said as she rode my cock. I came in an instant, despite wanting nothing more than to hold off. Megan didn’t seem to mind. She laughed in response. “I see you love it too,” she said.

Afterwards we cuddled, and it was interesting to realize that Megan now had the bigger body. When we had first started dating, she had been so tiny. I had been able to cover her whole body completely, lift her up in my arms, and kiss her on top of her head. Now it was a different story. We were close to the same size, with Megan slightly bigger. I began to fantasize about what it would be like with the initial situation reversed.

I got to enjoy Megan’s new size for a few more weeks before we went back to our respective schools. We had sex nearly constantly during this time, both of us thrilled by Megan’s new body and what she could do with it. I assumed that Megan must be happy at the size she was at, and she didn’t feel the need to grow anymore. It was amazing how easily I had fallen into the idea that Megan had simply willed her own growth. At first it seemed impossible, but now it was something I easily accepted.

Megan came to visit me at school one weekend a few weeks into the school year. As the day I would see her approached I became nervous and excited. I realized that I had the expectation that she had grown again. If she grew three inches in one week than how much might she have grown this time? I could hardly think of anything else the whole week. When the day came, I was hugely

disappointed. Megan showed up at my door the same height she was since I last saw her.

“Are you okay?” she asked, noticing my expression.

“I think I ate some bad chicken,” I said, going to hug her, and trying to be happy with my busty Amazonian girlfriend at her current size.

We went out to a bar near campus and that was when we ran into Kasey. “Hey Kase, how have you been?” I asked.

Kasey looked at me, and then over at Megan. There was a moment, one that might have gone unnoticed, where Kasey looked down at Megan’s chest, before she turned back to me and answered. “I’ve been doing okay. We’re having a great season in volleyball this year. I think we can go all the way.”

Kasey and I chatted a bit longer, and she kept throwing glances toward Megan, seeming annoyed and maybe a bit jealous that my new girlfriend was such a looker. Once she left and Megan and I were alone again she shared her thoughts.

“That girl is really tall,” she said.

“She’s about the same size as you.”

“I think she’s a little taller.”

“Maybe by an inch.”

I tried not to betray my disappointment that Megan had not gotten even taller since the last time I had seen her. I didn't want her to feel like she had to worry about her appearance so much to please me, and besides, she was already very tall, and had huge boobs. Wanting her even bigger just seemed greedy and ungrateful.

“You weren't kidding about liking tall girls,” Megan said.

“Hey. Kasey was the first tall girl I ever dated.”

“Then there is me. Though I didn't start out that way.”

“What are you saying here?” I asked. It almost seemed like Megan was jealous that I had been with somebody who was slightly taller than her.

“Nothing, it is just interesting is all.”

Megan was a bit withdrawn for the rest of the weekend. I was worried about it but thought pressing her might make things worse. I wasn't sure what was going on, but I just hoped it would blow over. When she left Megan gave me a big hug and told me how nice it was to see me again.

“I can’t wait until the holiday break,” she said. “Then we can be together every day just like we were during the summer.”

I decided then that it couldn’t be too bad if she was that looking forward to the winter break. Soon after she left it seemed like things went back to normal. We talked regularly through text and online. I told myself that things were going to be just fine, and I tried to put it out of my mind the fantasy of Megan growing again. I had let myself become obsessed and that was putting my relationship in jeopardy. I just needed to appreciate the girl that I had.

The seven weeks until winter break seemed to drag on and on. When finals came Megan and I were chatting excitedly about seeing each other again. “Come over and I’ll make you dinner,” she said, about my first night back home.

“Okay,” I said, but I didn’t give a damn about dinner. All I wanted was to be inside her again, to feel that long body next to mine, and those huge tits pressed up against me. I fantasized about her constantly that whole week, hoping not to wear myself out before I experienced the real thing.

The day finally came. I dropped my bags off at my parent’s house and then told them I was going off to see Megan. Knowing how long we had been separated they were understanding, and before I knew it, I was standing outside her apartment knocking on her door.

When Megan opened the door, she was wearing a tight red sweater and a pair of blue jeans. She looked amazing in them, and there was something else. She was bigger, not just taller but bigger all over.

While she was only slightly taller than me before, now I had to look up to look her in the eyes. She was smiling a bright and teasing smile. This was definitely a surprise she had planned for me. She was towering over me now. Her build had become more athletic again as well, and I could see the shape of her biceps through her tight sweater. It looked like her arms were bigger than mine now.

Her boobs had expanded as well. They looked to be at least twice as big as they were before, but with the expansion of the rest of her body it was hard to tell. Her chest looked spectacular in that sweater, the material conforming to her voluptuousness as she stretched it out to form a dramatic shelf. I imagined that her cleavage was of an incredible depth now, and I hoped she would wear something low cut for me before this trip was over.

I wouldn't find out until later, but Megan had grown to six-foot-four inches tall, and her breasts had ballooned to the size of a 40KK. It was safe to say that she had left Kasey in the dust at this point, which I had imagined what had prompted this new round of growth. She wanted me to forget all about Kasey and realize that she was truly the biggest. Mission accomplished. As I stared at my new supersized girlfriend all I could think of was how I had never imagined that I would get to be with a woman like this in real life.

"You got tiny," Megan said with a laugh, looking down at me. She didn't wait for me to respond but put her arms around me and pulled me into a tight hug. There was no way I could have resisted even if I had wanted to.

Then she lifted me into the air and gave me a kiss. My weight seemed to be nothing to her as she held me with my feet dangling off the ground and we kissed passionately. I was hard as a rock, and my cock was pressed against her stomach. I knew she could feel how excited I was and when we broke the kiss, she confirmed the thing we both knew.

“This is what you really wanted,” she said. “You wanted a girlfriend who was bigger and stronger than you.”

It was as if I couldn't speak and all I did was nod. She took me into the apartment and shut the door. She still hadn't put me down. “Aren't we going to eat?” I asked dumbly.

“I hadn't even started cooking yet,” she said.

She took me into the bedroom and tossed me onto the bed. I watched as she pulled the sweater up over her head and revealed the gigantic black bra she was wearing. I also got to see how her physique had changed in this short period of time. She looked powerful, all that strength in her shoulders and her arms, as well as her abdominal muscles being clearly visible now. She had a real six pack, and I wanted immediately to get my hands on that body.

I didn't have to wait long. She pounced on the bed like a jungle cat after its prey, and she started to move toward me. I had been sitting up, but as she came forward, she forced me to lay flat on the bed and she pressed her bigger stronger body against me. She put her weight on me and I enjoyed the sensation of her body pinning me against the bed.

“You're such a weak little man,” Megan said. “I remember when I used to think you were big. I used to be so tiny compared to you. Do you remember?”

“Yes, I do,” I said, running my hands over her powerful arms, shoulders and then along her back.

“This is so much better,” she said. She kissed me again, this time more aggressively, and I felt as if I was being overwhelmed by this big strong woman who was forcing her tongue inside me. She squeezed me hard enough for me to get a sense that she now could really hurt me if she ever wanted to.

She broke the kiss and then she whispered in my ear, “I’m going to have my way with you.”

She put her hand on my shirt and ripped it in half like it was tissue paper. It was one of my favorite shirts, but I was so turned on I didn’t care. She took my pants off with less damage but still not gently and then she had my boxers off in an instant, leaving me completely naked on the bed. That was when she decided to give me the show.

She stood up and removed her jeans, letting me see the lacy black panties that matched her bra. In her underwear she stood up and did a double bicep pose to show off her strength. “It feels good to be so strong,” she said. Then she put her arms behind her back to unfasten the bra there.

Megan’s tits had always been proportionately huge, and now that she was a real giantess it was no exception. I marveled at how breasts that big could be so firm and perfectly shaped as I saw them out of the bra. I wanted my mouth on those beautiful nipples again. Megan seemed to read my mind as she looked at me, but she slid her panties down first. Then she reached down to the bed, and grabbed me by one of my legs, pulling me helplessly toward her.

“Come here, tiny one,” she said. “Let your mistress play with you a bit.”

She lifted me up, as if I was a child, and had me wrap my legs around her waist. In this position, she directed me to her right breast and had me suckle her while she held me off the ground. “That’s a good boy,” she said as she ran her hand through my hair. “I love to see you suck on my giant tit. Keep sucking it for me. That’s the way to do it.”

I sucked on her right tit as she moaned with pleasure and then she directed me to the left one. I directed my attention there for a while, and she gently pulled me away and back up to kiss her. “Are you ready?” she asked me after the brief kiss, and all I could do was nod again, knowing what was coming after.

Megan lowered me and inserted my cock inside her. She took it slow, enjoying the feeling of being penetrated, but once I was fully inside, she began to move me back and forth with her powerful arms. Having complete control of me, holding me like I was a child compared to her, was obviously turning her on. She was moaning like I had never heard her react before and I took the cue.

“You own me,” I said to her, hearing her breathing quicken as she listened. “You’re so big and so strong, and I’m so tiny and weak.”

“Yes,” she said breathlessly. She began to pump me in and out of her faster.

“You’re so powerful that everything is yours to control. Other women are nothing compared to you. Men can only obey you.”

Megan was already close to coming at that point. She was moaning, and

breathing deeply, and I could see that her skin was already reddening. I just had to put her over the top.

“I can’t wait for you to grow even bigger, even stronger,” I said.

Megan came right then, with an ear-splitting cry. She shook as she climaxed, and I feared for a moment that she might drop me. She didn’t though. She was able to hold me while she came down from her orgasm and started to breath more normally. Finally, she removed me from inside her and moved me up so that I could lay my head on her shoulder, and she caressed me.

“I feel safe in your arms,” I said. She kissed my cheek then and I felt as if I wanted to cry.

After the sex we put our clothes back on and Megan made dinner. We didn’t talk about how the dynamic had changed between us, but it seemed as if we just went back to being a normal couple. Still, it was obvious how it was now, and what we both wanted. Megan was in control now. She was the bigger and stronger one, and my role was to obey.

For the rest of winter vacation I got to enjoy the reactions from people to Megan’s new growth. Her friends had already seen it, and as usual had gotten used to ignoring it, but my friends and family were shocked by how big Megan had gotten. They had tried to rationalize the seemingly impossible, that Megan had just suddenly started growing rapidly for no apparent reason, but now she was so big that she towered over everybody everywhere we went.

“Has Megan gone to see a doctor,” Sarah asked me.

“Why would she do that?”

“You know why,” Sarah responded annoyed.

“I don’t think it’s necessary. She likes growing so big, and I like it too. Why would she want it to stop?”

“It’s not natural. It can’t be healthy.”

“Does she look unhealthy?”

Sarah had nothing to say to that. There could be no denying that Megan looked like one of the healthiest people she had ever met.

Of course, Megan and I had lots of sex over winter break. Her body was a constant obsession of mine and she loved teasing me, towering over me, and making me feel tiny. When we fucked, I would praise her strength and power, and the words never ceased to get Megan excited. It was a sure way to make her climax.

Then a few days after Christmas I mentioned the thing that had been on my mind. “Do you really want to grow more?”

We were laying on the sofa at Megan's apartment. She was taking up most of the sofa, and I was more laying on her, her huge body surrounding me and keeping me safe. She was wearing a grey sweater and blue jeans, very similar to the outfit that she had been wearing my first day back in the way it hugged her curves and showed off her spectacular muscles.

"Am I not big enough?" Megan teased.

"When we started dating, I was ten inches taller than you," I said. "Now, you're only six inches taller than me."

"I used to feel so tiny," Megan said. "Is that how you want to feel?"

I caressed her big bicep and kissed her on the shoulder. "You already make me feel that way."

"Tinier?"

I didn't answer. I just wrapped my arms around her and snuggled up to her. She held me in a gentle embrace, like she normally did. I thought that I was going to fall asleep there with her warm body enveloping me. Then it happened.

I had always wondered how Megan's growth actually worked. At first, she had seemed to grow slowly, but there was the time that she was gone for a week and had grown three inches, and I had no idea how quickly she had grown before the winter break. Now I could feel her growing right next to me. My eyes opened

suddenly, and I looked up to her to see a mischievous smile.

Her body was expanding all over. I could feel her legs getting longer, her breasts and muscles getting bigger. Her sweater was pulling tighter as she sat there. “You better give me some room,” she said to me, and I got off the sofa so that she could stand up.

Her pants soon were so tight that they began to split up the legs. I watched it in awe. Her sweater was creeping up, and I could already see her midriff. The outline of her bra was clearly visible under her sweater as well, at least until it snapped. Megan reached under her sweater and removed the giant bra, her firm breasts now free. Within seconds she had grown to the point that the sweater was so small that her underboob was showing.

I guessed that she must have grown five inches by that point. Then her sweater split down the back and she was topless. Her pants had given way too, and she was now in her panties, though they were stretched so tight that I guessed they didn’t have long to go. She had gotten so tall that I would have to stand on my tiptoes to suck on her nipples. She enjoyed looking down at me. I could see it in her eyes.

“I’m getting so big and strong,” she said as her growth continued.

She was over seven feet at that point. It was obvious that she wasn’t going to be satisfied with the just ten inches taller than me. Her breasts were still expanding too, which was incredible, since her bust was already massive. She was never going to be able to find a bra for the colossal tits she now sported, and I imagined that was exactly the way Megan liked it.

Her muscles were also getting bigger too. She was starting to look like a bodybuilder, yet her features remained feminine and her body still curvaceous. She just had big powerful muscles to go with that amazing voluptuousness. It was the perfect combination of both worlds. Megan started flexing for me as her growth continued. She was starting to get close to the ceiling when it finally stopped.

I stood in front of my incredible naked girlfriend. The ceiling in her apartment was eight feet high, and her head was only inches from it. I guessed that she must be about seven-foot-ten. She had grown a foot and a half in just a few minutes.

“Do you think I’m finally big enough?” she asked me.

I had to look way up to see her face, and my eye level was well below her tits. She grabbed me and pressed my face into her stomach. It was heavenly to feel my cheek against her hard abs.

“How are we going to explain this to people?” I asked.

“I don’t have to explain anything to anybody,” Megan said. “I own everything. I control everybody. Right now, I want to have you.”

She reached down and lifted me up, pulling my tiny fragile body against her gigantic frame and kissing me. I was in heaven. This was beyond my wildest fantasies. My cock was getting hard in my pants and Megan reached for it, rubbing my erection through my pants.

“Let’s play,” she said.