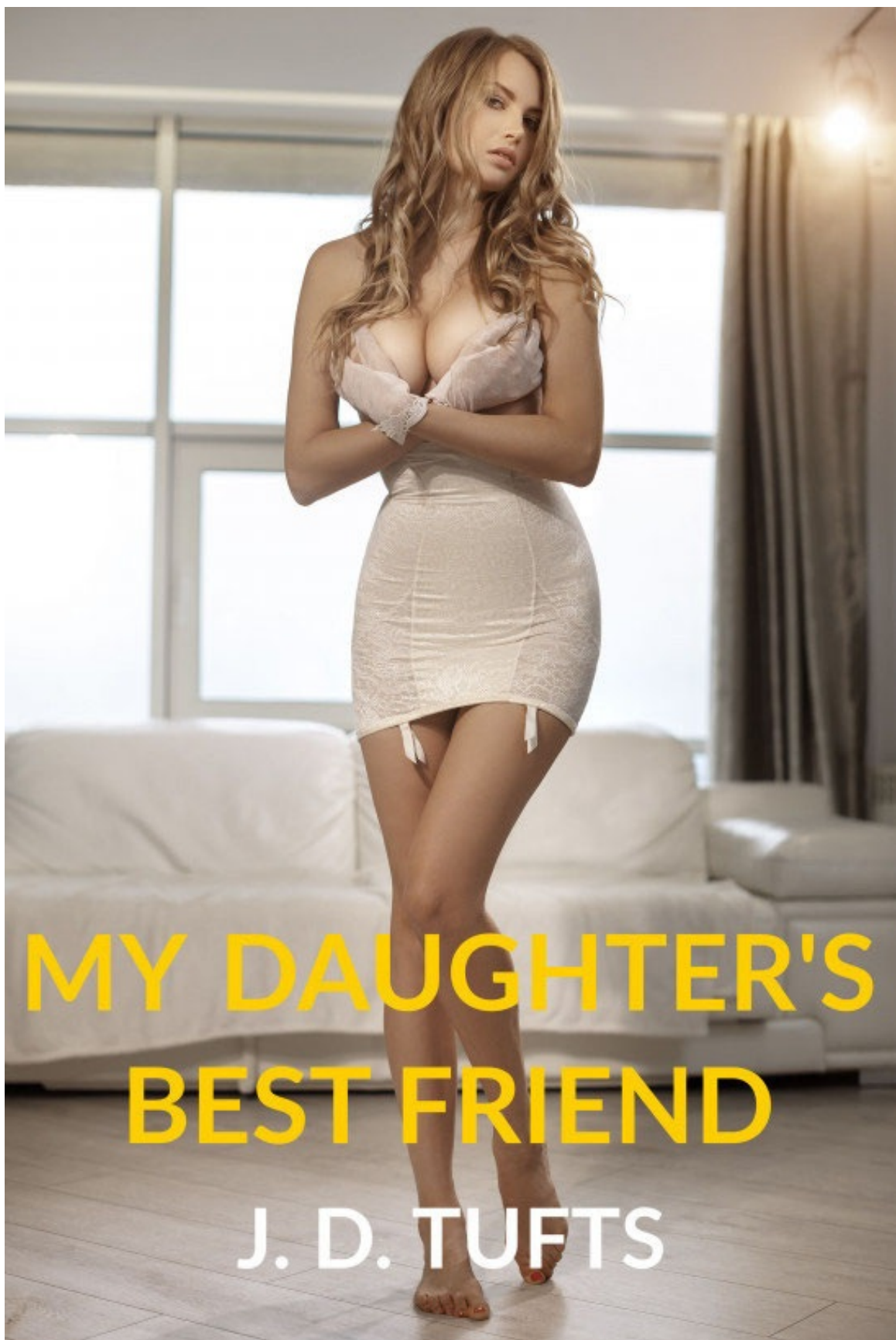
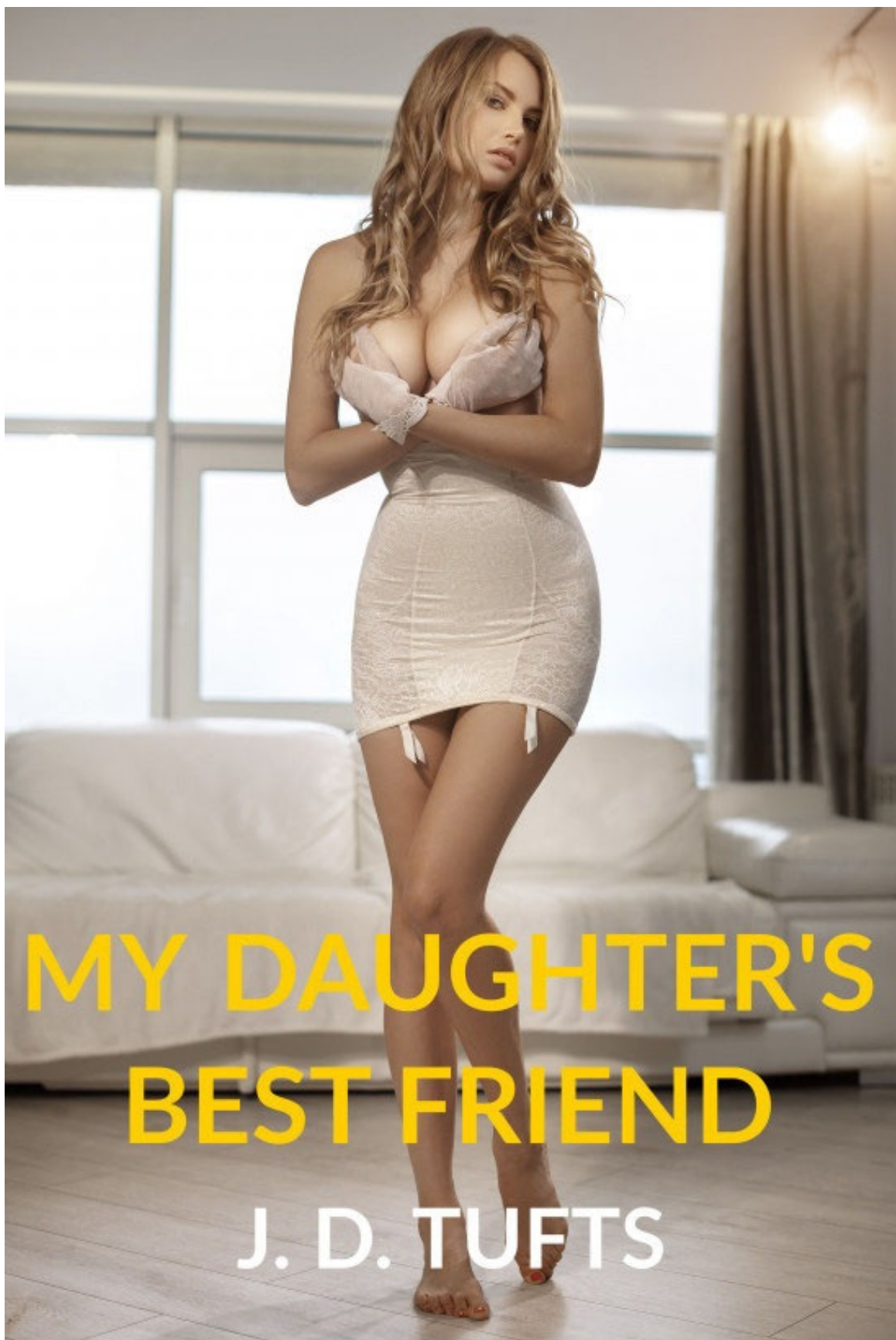




MY DAUGHTER'S BEST FRIEND

J. D. TUFTS



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Relationships since my divorce had not been particularly exciting to me. I dated a number of women in the six years since my ex-wife and I split up, but none of them lasted very long. I was attracted initially but would lose interest within a few months. Specifically, sexual interest. None of the women I dated could match my attraction to my busty six-foot-four ex, Kristen. At five-foot-seven, I was able to date a few women who were a little taller than me, but just normal tall women did little for me after spending years with such a stunning Amazon.

My marriage had ended abruptly and with little warning. My ex had childhood trauma that she hadn't really dealt with, and throughout the fourteen years we were married she had expected me to fix it. For a while, I expected her to come back. She still seemed attached to me, would call me sometimes for no reason, and we still had to raise our daughter together. After a while, I gave up that dream.

I was starting to think that dating was useless. I put a lot of work into being a father. My daughter, Melissa, was everything I could have hoped she would be. She had her mother's looks, though not her height. She was five-foot-eleven, more than impressively tall to most people. She was incredibly smart and talented. She got a full scholarship to college, saving me a ton of money in tuition bills, and was both in the top of her class in her freshmen year and a star on the volleyball and basketball teams.

Her first summer after school she had elected to stay with me instead of her mother. They hadn't been getting along much recently, mostly because Kristen had a tendency to project onto Melissa a lot of her own bullshit. Melissa loved her mother, but enough was enough. There needed to be some distance.

"I have something to ask you," Melissa said on the phone a few weeks before the

end of the school year.

“What is it?”

“I have a friend who would like to come and stay with me during the summer. She has never been to San Francisco.” Melissa went to college at Stanford, so she was pretty far off from home.

“What does your friend intend to do?” I asked.

“I can get her a job at the club,” Melissa said. Melissa worked summers at a country club not that far from our house.

“I guess it would be okay,” I said. My house had four bedrooms, one of which I had turned into a home office, but this still had left me with an extra guest room.

“Thanks a lot, Dad,” she said.

“I’ll pick you up when your flight gets in. What’s your friend’s name?”

“Jim,” Melissa said, and then after an awkward silence she laughed. “I’m just kidding, it’s Lucy.”

“Good one,” I said.

I didn't think anything else about my daughter's friend staying over. Another nineteen-year-old girl in the house might be kind of weird, but I figured the two girls would keep each other entertained. My biggest concern was that Lucy might not be the tidiest houseguest, but I didn't think that would be such a big issue.

I drove to pick the two girls up on the day of their arrival. I ended up being a little late because of the traffic, and I went to the baggage carousel immediately. I was able to spot Melissa from far away, but not because she stood out, but because she stood talking to somebody, and that person was the tallest woman I had ever seen in my life.

I wasn't sure how tall she was at that moment, but Lucy was taller than me, and Lucy absolutely towered over her. A man in a business suit walked by them in a hurry and came in my direction. He had only come up to about the base of Lucy's neck. When he walked past me, I could see that he was quite tall. I guessed him to be about six-foot-two. Just how tall was this girl?

My amazement over how big this girl was immediately gave way to the amazement that I had agreed to let this young woman live in my house for three months. Not only was she impossibly tall, tall enough to make my ex-wife seem short, but she was incredibly beautiful. Her heart-shaped-face looked like that of a model, and she had gorgeous blond hair that went down to halfway down her back.

Her body was even more incredible. She was voluptuous, with big breasts that were displayed in a lowcut black top that she was wearing. Her incredibly long legs looked positively endless in the blue jeans she was wearing, but her curves

and height were complimented by her athleticism. I could see the powerful and toned muscles in her legs, as well as see her muscular and round butt from the angle I was looking at her.

Dear god! What was I going to do with this girl in my house? I could feel my cock getting stiff in my pants as I was walking toward her. I had to distract myself. I certainly didn't want my daughter to see me getting hard over her towering friend, yet it was impossible to keep it from happening. Lucy spotted me and gestured Melissa my way. She turned and waved enthusiastically.

"This is Lucy," Melissa said. "Lucy, this is my dad."

"Nice to meet you," I said reaching out to shake her hand. I had to look way up into her eyes. This girl was easily more than a foot taller than me.

"I have heard so much about you," Lucy said with a smile. When she shook my hand, I could feel my heart start to pound in my chest, and I thought I might pass out right there.

I wanted to ask the question, but there was no way to do it without betraying my interest. At least that was what I thought. Instead, I stayed silent, and just asked Lucy about school and her background. She told me that she was an economics major and that her family was from Indiana. She knew Melissa because they were both on the basketball team, where Lucy was predictably the Center.

The two girls sat in the back of the car, giggling to themselves. When we got to the house, I gave Lucy a quick tour, and showed her which room would be hers. She thanked me, and then I left the two girls alone. To tell the truth, I needed my

own alone time. I retreated to my own bedroom to relieve my pressure.

My sex drive was through the roof for the next few days. Having a busty, athletic and incredibly tall nineteen-year-old in my house was driving me crazy. I didn't interact with Lucy much, but I was constantly passing her, and seeing how she dwarfed my much smaller frame. I wanted to reach out and touch her.

The weekend after Lucy arrived, I couldn't sleep, and so I was in the kitchen doing some work on a big project we had been prepping at the office. I could be a bit of a workaholic sometimes, and when my mind got fixated on something, I would have to see it through to the end in order to get it out of my mind. Then Lucy walked in, and my focus couldn't be on anything else.

She was wearing a tiny pair of black shorts that left her mile-long legs bare. Her top half was clad only in a wife beater t-shirt, obviously braless, her hard nipples visible through the fabric. When I looked up at her she smiled at me demurely. "Can't sleep?" she asked me, and then she opened the refrigerator.

I didn't say a word because what Lucy wanted must have been near the bottom of the fridge. When she looked in, she bent over and her beautiful round ass was on display. I was hard in an instant, and wanted to get my hands on her, but I of course wouldn't dare. I wanted to make an excuse and get out of there as quickly as possible. This was Melissa's friend. I couldn't embarrass myself by drooling all over her.

Lucy pulled out a box of leftovers and closed the fridge. She proceeded to put it on a plate and then in the microwave before turning back to me. "What's got you up so late?" she asked me again.

Finally, I had to answer. “I have a lot of work to do for this big project,” I told her. “I want to get a jump on it before Monday.”

“It’s only Saturday,” Lucy said with a smile.

“I guess I just like to work,” I said.

“That’s how you got this nice house,” Lucy said. There was something flirty about her tone and I felt a flip in my stomach. Her food was done, and she took it out. I expected her to retreat back to her bedroom, but instead she pulled up a chair, and sat across from me at the kitchen table.

“How has your first week in San Francisco been?”

“It’s been nice,” Lucy said as she started to eat. “I really didn’t want to go back home to Indiana. Thanks for letting me stay here.”

“It’s my pleasure,” I said. I could feel my heart start to jackhammer as I said these words. I thought I had to be careful. I could hear the lust in my voice, but I wasn’t sure if Lucy could.

She looked at me curiously for a second, smiled a flirty smile, and then she asked, “Can I ask you a personal question.”

“Sure,” I answered.

She leaned forward as if she was going to whisper a secret. “Melissa was showing me some old family photos and I couldn’t help but notice how much taller her mother is than you.”

Now my heart was beating so hard I thought Lucy had to be able to hear it. She was very close to me, and I could smell the peach scent she wore. Her big breasts were pressed against the table, and I could see her abundant cleavage down her flimsy shirt.

“I always wondered if guys liked girls that were taller than them. I mean some guys. Do you like it?”

“I do,” I said, the words escaping my mouth as if I was in a trance.

“How tall are you?”

“Five-foot-seven.”

How tall is she?”

“Six-foot-four.”

Lucy straightened back up and I wanted to let out a groan. She had been so close to me, and all I wanted to do was reach out and touch her.

“Nine inches difference,” Lucy said. “I was dating a guy who was six-foot-two most of last school year. He thought the seven-inch difference was too much.”

“You’re six-foot-nine?” I blurted in surprise, before I could stop myself.

Lucy smiled her sexy smile again. “Yes, that was how tall I was then, but I think I’m starting another growth spurt. I was six-foot-ten a couple weeks ago.”

I thought I was going to faint. My heartbeat was thudding in my ears. What was I going to do about this situation? Was Lucy just teasing me? I couldn’t think straight.

“You want to know the funny part?” Lucy asked, and didn’t wait for me to answer. “I actually thought he was too tall. I like very short guys. The problem is that it is hard to find a short guy who likes tall women.”

I was frozen on the spot, and my mouth couldn’t have formed words if I tried. That didn’t matter. Lucy leaned forward and kissed me before I could do anything. I thought I was going to explode in my pants, and I could feel my cock pulsing.

When she pulled away, she said. “I guess I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Yeah,” I said shyly, not even really thinking about what I was saying.

“Things could get awkward between us.” Then she leaned over and kissed me again. This time I leaned forward and looped my arms around her to kiss her back. I had never wanted somebody so badly in my life.

After we broke this time, Lucy got to her feet and walked around to my side of the table. I stood up as well, being level with her spectacular breasts at my full height. She leaned way down to kiss me again, and with her full body pressed against me I could feel her formidable strength. When the kiss broke, she pulled me to her, and buried my face in her breasts.

“Part of me feels like this is wrong,” she said, as she wrapped her strong arms around me and squeezed. “I don’t know what Melissa would say, but I waited so long to meet a small man who appreciated my size that I can’t pass this up.”

I looked up at her. “I haven’t dated much since my divorce because no woman has been able to compare to my ex-wife. I can’t believe that you’re so much bigger than she is. It’s like a dream come true.”

My words were driving Lucy crazy. She reached down and grabbed my butt before lifting me up and throwing me on the table. Her plate of food fell on the floor and broke, but neither of us cared about that. She climbed on top of me, and she ripped my shirt off. Then her hands reached down to massage my erection.

“You’re driving me crazy, little man, and I’m going to have my way with you,” Lucy said.

I reached up to touch her big breasts and then take off her t-shirt. They were spectacular, and she leaned down so I could suck on them, as she began to take my pants off.

“You’re so huge,” I told her, and she was excited by my words. “Are you really still growing.”

“I’m sure I am,” Lucy said. She was taking her shorts and panties down her legs and soon we were both naked. “I have no idea just how big I will be.”

Once we both had our clothes off, she was on top of me. My kitchen table was heavy oak, otherwise I would be worried that it would fall over. She fucked me relentlessly on the table, and once we had both come, we then made our way to my bedroom. Once there I got to be on top and feel what it was like to thrust into her huge powerful body. It was a complete fantasy that I could ever be in charge with a huge woman like this, but it was one I enjoyed.

When we had both come a second time, we held each other, and it was an amazing thrill to feel her big body surround me. We had to cut it short though. We were afraid that she would fall asleep, and then the next morning Melissa would discover what we had done.

The next few days were awkward. Melissa was around all the time, and there

was no way to talk to Lucy about what had happened. I no longer felt the kind of tension that I did before. I looked at Lucy with appreciation a lot more freely than I did before, but I still worried Melissa would think something was up. It was on the following Thursday that I heard a gentle rap on my bedroom door at about ten o'clock. I opened it to find Lucy standing there, her head higher than the doorframe.

The thrill of standing so close to her, with my eyes at her chest level, was something that I couldn't get over. She was wearing a tight black tank top and blue jeans. God she was beautiful! It was incredible that this gorgeous teen had been interested in me. Now she was smiling at me with a mischievous grin.

She pushed me aside before I could say anything and then shut the door. Within seconds, she had bent down and was kissing me again. She was so forceful and dominant. Kristen had never been comfortable taking control like this despite her size.

"Melissa went to bed early. She has to work a very early shift tomorrow." Lucy pushed me on the bed. "I've been wanting to fuck that little body of yours again ever since Saturday."

She had her way with me, and afterward we talked about what was going on between us. "We can't let Melissa know what we're doing," I said. She agreed with that statement.

We decided that we would keep doing what we were doing but try and keep things quiet. For the rest of the summer we would sneak around and fuck as much as we could without arousing suspicion. There was a thrill knowing this towering amazon was thinking about fucking me all the time. When she got the chance, she would grab me and rip my clothes right off me, making me do her

bidding in the bedroom, bringing her to an earthshaking climax in any way that I could pleasure her.

It turned out that she was indeed still growing. By the time the girls were heading back to school Lucy stood just a smidge above seven feet. She had let me measure her in my bedroom that night, and then afterwards we had gotten very excited. She had lifted me in the air and fucked me against the bedroom wall while standing up. Her strength was astounding. I couldn't believe how helpless I was in the arms of this woman who was less than half my age.

Once she was back in school, Lucy and I wrote to each other frequently. She loved to tease me with the fact that she was still growing. "I think I'm growing faster than I ever have before," she wrote in an email. I wasn't sure if she was telling the truth or not, but what made it horrible was that she was so far away.

The next school break was the month-long winter vacation, but Lucy told me she had to go back to Indiana for that one. We arranged for me to fly to Indiana immediately after the Christmas holiday and right before New Year. I had to make up an excuse for Melissa, and I suggested she go and spend that week with her Mom. It was a harmless lie, and it allowed me to see Lucy, something that by that time I was going crazy over.

I flew into Indiana and got a hotel room. Lucy couldn't meet me at the airport, or so she said, but she came by the hotel that night. I texted her the room number. Forty minutes later, there was a knock on the door. I got up to answer it, my heart feeling like it might burst out of my chest.

She stepped into the room immediately. Her head was already higher than the doorframe the last time I saw her, but as she bent down and straightened up, it was obvious she had grown since the last time I had seen her.

Lucy was wearing a tight red sweater and equally tight blue jeans. The sweater accentuated two other points. Her breasts had obviously grown since I had last seen her. She looked to be at least two cup sizes bigger. She also seemed to have put on some more muscle. I could see the definition on her arms even through the sweater.

“Did you miss me?” she asked, and then she reached down to lift me up. I wrapped my legs around her waist as she started to kiss me.

“How tall are you now?” I whispered in her ear.

Lucy laughed. “I’m seven-foot-four now,” she said. “I grew four inches in as many months.”

My cock was rock hard and throbbing against her stomach as she held me tight. I knew that she could feel it. It was astounding that she just kept growing. “How is this possible?” I asked.

“I think that you made me feel comfortable with how big I am,” Lucy tease. “Now I can grow even bigger and feel just as comfortable. Now, I want to get comfortable with that little body of yours.”

She threw me on the hotel bed and striped me down in a matter of seconds. Then she took her own clothes off, letting me appreciate that big body. She stripped slowly, and revealed how she had gotten taller, stronger, and bustier. I was in heaven, and then she climbed on top of me, fucking me with her superior power.

Her legs held me in place like a vice, while her weight pinned me to the mattress. My hands moved up her body, appreciating the size and muscles. I ran my hands up her flat stomach and finally made it to her huge tits. They were definitely more than handfuls. My little hands could barely cover even half of them.

“I’m the biggest and strongest girl you’ve ever seen,” Lucy moaned as she fucked me. “I’m just going to keep getting bigger.”

My cock was throbbing inside her and it felt like any second I was going to explode. Somehow, I held off until Lucy came first and then hearing her sexy cries made me come as well. I gripped her hips as I felt the cum exploding out of me. It was the most intense orgasm of my entire life.

She held me afterward and kissed me on top of my head. “You’re such a good boy,” she said. The irony of this much younger woman “mothering” me, was delicious. She took me to one of her huge breasts and I sucked her nipple.

I couldn’t believe this feeling. A teenager was holding me as if I was a child. She had gotten so big! Still, she promised to get bigger. We spent a week in that hotel room fucking, and most of it was Lucy throwing me around with her superior strength.

At one point, she leaned over the bed and invited me to take her doggy style. It was difficult, and it was the difficulty of the experience that made it exciting. She was so big that taking her from behind was impossible without standing on something, and once I did manage it, she was still the dominant one. She bucked her ass so hard that she threatened to knock me off into the wall.

When the week was over, I didn't want to let her go. "I feel like I can't live without you, Lucy," I said.

She was quiet for a moment. "If this is going to be something more than a fling then I worry about Melissa."

It was my turn to fall silent. "Do you want to tell her?"

"No, definitely not now," Lucy said. She bent way down to kiss me. I had been holding onto her huge towering body. "I want to keep you forever," she said.

"I want to keep you too," I said. "I'm ruined for all other women after you."

When I flew back to San Francisco my mind couldn't let go of the idea that I wasn't going to be able to see her for so long. What about spring break? That was three more months away. Then there was the thought of how much she might have grown by then.

It indeed took another three months. Lucy and I communicated more than we did previously, emails, phone calls, text messages. Before we had been concerned about Melissa figuring things out and being upset with us, but that had gone out the window.

When spring break finally came, Melissa had planned a trip with friends, but

Lucy made an excuse why she couldn't go. She would spend her spring break in San Francisco. She asked me to come meet her on the beach the Saturday after she got in. I had wanted her to come straight to my place, but she had spent that first night in a hotel, blaming the whole thing on a late-night flight.

When I arrived at the beach, I texted her to let her know I was there, and she directed me to come down to her location. Her directions were very imprecise, but as I was trying to figure them out, I had no problem spotting her. She was impossible to miss. She was towering over everybody on the beach, and she had definitely grown.

Dear god! How big was she? I couldn't even guess, but she had grown even more than she had last time. She was wearing a skimpy green bikini. The top could barely contain her gigantic breasts. They again had increased several cup sizes. She would tell me later that her bras were a 44HH. Normally they would fit a woman who was substantially obese, but Lucy was built like an athlete. Her muscles had gotten even bigger since I had last seen her, hard and even more defined. As she walked toward me, her big breasts shook and I could see the rippling of her incredibly muscles under her skin.

When we were close to each other I couldn't believe it as I had to look up and her breasts were higher than my eye level. When I looked down, I could appreciate her incredible definition on her abs. Lucy had always been very strong, and maybe stronger than me from the get go, but now I imagined she was so much stronger than me that I was quite inconsequential when compared to her strength.

Lucy reached down and picked me up without even stopping her stride. "I've missed you, little one," she said. She kept walking while holding me in the air. It seemed as if my one-hundred-and-ninety-pound body was of very little consequence to her. People watched as we walked by, heads turning at the giantess carrying a normal sized man.

She took me to a secluded part of the beach where nobody could see us and began to undress me. “It’s been so exciting growing,” she said, as she stripped me down. “When I’m at school everybody looks at me in awe and fear.”

“How tall are you now?” I asked.

“Seven-foot-nine,” she said. I was completely naked, and she had been holding me the whole time. She pulled me to her big body, and I felt the heat of her skin and huge breasts.

She unhooked her top and then slid her bottoms down. Within seconds she had inserted me inside her and was pumping me back and forth with her powerful arms. “Feel my strength,” she whispered to me. “I can do anything with you I want.”

That was what the rest of the week was like. She came to my house to stay, but she ruled everything, having her way with me whenever and however she wanted to. It was an amazing experience, and I didn’t want it to end. I clung tightly to her when it was time for her to go.

“I can’t stand another three months without seeing you,” I said.

“You’ll have me the whole summer again,” Lucy comforted me.

“I think we’ll have to tell Melissa,” I said.

Lucy was quiet for a moment. “She already knows,” she finally said.

“You told her without asking me?” I was looking up at Lucy and this suddenly seemed absurd. Lucy could do whatever she wanted. She had the size to completely dominate me.

Lucy put her finger under my chin and had me look up at her eyes. “Melissa agreed to stay with her mother next summer. She knows we want as much time alone as we can get.”

I wanted to talk with Melissa about this but could never bring it up. For her part, Melissa never seemed able to bring it up either. When we talked, we talked about things as we normally did, and Lucy wasn’t mentioned at all. I finally decided that there was no reason to mention it.

Summer came and Lucy told me that she would meet me at the house. Again, this seemed to be about stretching the moment out, and I wondered how much she had grown. I wanted to ask, but there was also a part of me that didn’t want to spoil the surprise.

When the day came, I got a phone call and it was Lucy. “I want you to come outside.”

I did what I was told, and Lucy was standing in the front yard. She was dressed

in a skimpy pair of shorts and a tight t-shirt, but that wasn't what got me most excited. She had definitely grown again. She had grown more than I ever would have thought was possible.

"My God," I said. I only came up to her stomach.

"Eight-foot-ten," she said proudly. "I think I might have a few more inches."

Then she reached for me and pulled me to her. There was no attempt at decorum. She was ripping my clothes off at once, and then put me down in the grass. Here was where she was taking me. There was no reason to ever hold herself back from what she wanted. She was the biggest person in the world now, and I was all hers.