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THE GIANTESS
A GROWTH
STORY**

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My wife, Mindy, and I met through a mutual friend. We would see each other occasionally at different social events, and when we would be in the same room together, it was inevitable we would gravitate toward each other. Under normal circumstances, if I had that kind of chemistry with a woman, I would ask her out on a date. With Mindy, I was reluctant, and for one very BIG reason.

Mindy was seven inches taller than me. This wasn't a problem for me, per se. I loved talking with a woman when my eyes were almost level to her ample breasts. Mindy was a beautiful blond, with incredible curves, and large beautiful breasts. Her legs were long and gorgeous. What was not to like? I just assumed that she wouldn't possibly go for me because I was only five-foot-nine.

Maybe this is a confidence thing, but I hadn't ever dated a woman who was taller than me, nor did I see many men dating taller women. I knew that Mindy had been single for a long time, and though I never asked any of our mutual friends, I assumed this had been because she hadn't been able to find a man who was "tall enough."

So, it took a year between meeting her and for us to actually have a date. That was because I had to wait for her to ask me out. It finally happened at a friend's party.

"Would you like to get coffee sometime, just you and me?"

"I'd love to," I said.

“Then why haven’t you asked me?”

“I’m sorry?”

“If you would love to have coffee with me all this time then why haven’t you asked me?”

“You hadn’t asked me,” I said, looking up into her eyes. I was feeling somewhat defensive and having her tower over me made it worse.

“I’m asking you now,” she said. “I’m just wondering why we wasted so much time.”

This was the moment of truth. “I thought you wouldn’t want to go out with me because I’m too short.”

Mindy looked surprised. “Every guy I’ve ever dated has been shorter than me.”

“I guess that makes sense,” I said.

“We’ve been flirting for a year now.”

“Yeah, and I thought it was just flirting. At least on your end. Believe me, I feel

like a real horse's ass. All this time I've been lusting for you."

The words just slipped out and I thought I had made a huge mistake. "You've been lusting for me?" she asked teasingly. "I never would have thought."

That day she was dressed in jeans and a lowcut purple top. I looked her up and down, slowly to show my appreciation. She was beaming as I did this. "So, where do you want to get coffee?" she asked.

Coffee ended up turning to dinner at a nice restaurant. I figured we knew each other well enough at that point that dinner was not too formal. Mindy met me at the place and came wearing a tight blue dress, that showed off her amazing cleavage with a plunging neckline. I was still wearing the same thing I had worn to work that day.

Dinner was no different than any other time we had spent together. We already knew each other's tastes. I started off talking about a movie I had just seen that I thought she would enjoy, and the conversation flowed naturally. It hardly felt like a first date. Really, it hardly was one. Once dinner was over, I asked her if she wanted to go to one of my favorite spots.

It was a nice little out of the way place that had a good view of the bay. We got out of the car and sat on a blanket, looking up at the night sky. Being that close to her, I got a real sense of how much bigger she was than me. I wanted to reach out and touch her, but I was scared. Even on the first date, when I knew that she liked me, I couldn't help but be intimidated.

We ended up getting back in the car and heading back to the restaurant with

nothing physical having happened between us. For the first time, things seemed a little awkward. I knew that Mindy had expected things to get physical between us, and when it didn't, she was disappointed. Once we were back in the parking lot, I walked her to her car and knew that I had to make my move now.

The problem was that with the seven-inch height difference, and another three added by her high heels, I couldn't reach her to kiss her. We stood by her car and talked awkwardly, me hoping that she would do something, but she didn't. She was waiting for me to take the lead.

Finally, I stood on my tiptoes and moved toward her. There was an excruciating moment before she realized what I was trying to do and responded. I felt like a child trying to kiss a full-grown adult woman. She finally leaned down to meet me.

That kiss was worth it. When our lips met it was electric, and we held onto each other, not breaking the kiss for as long as we could, both trying to pull each other into ourselves. When we did break, we were both breathless, and as we said our goodbyes it was obvious that neither one of us wanted to part.

I would call her a few days later to ask if she wanted to go out again the following weekend. "Can you meet me tonight?" she asked. "Why don't you come over to my place? I need to talk about something, and I think it best we talk about it in person."

"Sure," I answered bewildered. "Just give me your address and I'll come over after work."

When I got to her apartment, Mindy opened the door in a tight white t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. She bent over and hugged me immediately, not a kiss I noted, and then ushered me into the living room. We sat together on her large sofa and here she began to explain herself.

“I’ve had a wonderful time with you,” she began. “I’m attracted to you in a way I haven’t been to anybody in a long time.” Then she trailed off, as if she couldn’t bring herself to continue.

“I’m not hearing a problem here,” I prompted her.

“There isn’t one in the traditional sense,” she said. “I feel what I feel, but I’m worried about what you feel.”

I laughed. “You don’t have to worry about that. I feel the same way.”

“Then why is it that you seem afraid of me?”

There was a silence between us where I tried to process what she was saying. “You mean when we were sitting on the blanket and I didn’t touch you?”

“Yes,” she said, sounding relieved that I was the one to say it out loud.

“Maybe I’m just old fashioned,” I said. “I was trying to be a gentleman.”

She regarded me skeptically. "It's more than that. You acted as if you were afraid of me. I know it sounds silly, but I got that impression even right before we kissed. The kiss was fantastic, but there was so much awkwardness beforehand."

It was obvious I wasn't going to be able to just hand wave these anxieties away. I had to deal with this issue head on. "I'm sorry, its just the height difference," I said. "I'm not used to it."

"I've always dated guys who are shorter than me," Mindy protested. "It doesn't really matter, even though you are the shortest. I've never dated a guy who was under six feet tall before."

"How did they do with it?" I asked.

She hesitated before saying, "Most of them didn't like it when I wore high heels. They usually tried to pretend that they were the one who was taller, if that makes sense."

"I don't want to do that," I said. "I think the issue is that with other woman I have dated the fact that I was the one in charge was never in any doubt. With you it seems like you should be in charge. When we were on that blanket it seemed wrong to make a move on you. It seemed more like you should have been the one making the moves on me."

There was another silence as Mindy tried to process what I had just said. "Is that what you want things to be like?" she finally asked.

It wasn't until she said it that I realized that was what I wanted. I began to blush, and I turned red at the thought of Mindy being able to dominate me. She wasn't just tall, but obviously thick and strong which meant she might be stronger than me. The thought of it was exciting, and I wanted to find out if that was the case.

Mindy took note of my blush and laughed. "I guess it is what you want," she said. She rose to her feet and motioned for me to do the same. "Get up," she said.

I did as she commanded, and when I got to my feet a feeling of excitement started to overtake me. My eyeline was just above her big breasts, and I was now looking up at her again. I remembered on our date, when she had worn high heels, and I was staring right at her amazing boobs in the same position.

"How do you feel right now?" she asked.

"Small," I said. It was the only answer I could think of.

Mindy giggled when she I said that, but I didn't feel like I was being made fun of. Her giggle had a delight to it, like she was happy to have finally found a man who could be honest with her.

"It's always felt like I was going against the grain," Mindy said. "When I was with men before, it was like we were playacting something. It was like we were going against our natural roles. I've wondered what it would be like to pursue things in a more natural direction."

There was a burning in my chest and a twisting in the pit of my stomach. “Get on your knees,” Mindy told me.

I complied with her wishes instantly, and she put her hand under my chin, gripping it tightly. “Do you have any idea how lucky you are?” she asked. “You get to experience a woman like me. Most men can only gaze at me, and dream of being able to have me, but I chose you.”

“I’m very lucky,” I said. “I’ll worship you and obey you. There is nothing else that I would rather be doing.”

Mindy let go of my chin and then stood back up to her full towering height. “Strip,” she said.

Within a few seconds I was naked, and she was regarding my body. She didn’t say anything, only looked at me with great interest and seemed to be trying to decide whether she wanted to make any suggestions for improvements. She didn’t, at this time, but they would come later. Once she had me completely in her power, she would sculpt me like a piece of clay.

When she was done regarding my body, Mindy decided to show of her own. First, she lifted her t-shirt over her head, revealing an emerald bra underneath. It was very large, but still struggled to contain her big breasts. Then she peeled down her jeans, revealing her matching panties and letting me look at her long, beautifully shaped legs. Here she stopped taking off clothes to let me drink her in.

“I think you’ve been undressing me with your eyes for a long time,” she said with a teasing tone. “I wonder if I’m everything that you thought I was going to be.”

She led me into the bedroom and finished undressing. It was the first time I had ever had sex with a taller woman, and the experience was amazing. With me thrusting on top of her long body, Mindy wrapped her arms around me and squeezed until she took the breath out of me. “Can you feel how strong I am?” she whispered in my ear.

So began our six-month courtship. We had sex as much as possible, and Mindy started loving the experience of being the bigger one in a couple.

She bought five-inch-high heels so that she appeared taller when we were out in public. This increased my enjoyment of having an Amazonian girlfriend, since she got more stares from everyone around us, and towered over me to a greater extreme.

When it came to us in private, Mindy started to take complete control. She had the highest sex drive of any woman I had ever dated, possibly even higher than my own, and so I was constantly challenged to meet her needs, and serve her powerful, long body for hours on end.

Like I said, our courtship lasted six months, because that was the longest time I could manage to keep myself from proposing. Any time before that struck me as somewhat crazy, but six months seemed right on the edge of insanity.

I had taken Mindy to a nice dinner and then gone back to her place before I got

down on my knee and popped the question. I knew she didn't want me to put on some kind of fancy show for a proposal. At the heart, she was a simple girl really.

"Yes," she said immediately, "But there is something we need to talk about."

I was still down on one knee, the ring held out to her, so I could only anticipate this talk with a feeling of dread. I closed the ring box and put it back into my pocket before standing up. "Sure, we can talk," I said.

We sat on the sofa together, and Mindy began. "This past six months has been amazing. I've never embraced my size like this. I've always felt awkward about it. Nobody else in my family is tall. I have a rare pituitary disorder. When I was a teenager, I started taking medication to stop my growth."

Mindy stopped here, as if continuing was difficult. I jumped in. "Are there any health issues? Is that what's this is about? If so, I don't care. I want to be with you. Nothing else really matters."

"It's not that," Mindy said, and she took a deep breath. "How would you feel if I was taller? I mean, even taller than I am now?"

"Ecstatic," I said without hesitation. "You're amazing. I would love it if there was even more of you."

"If we get married, then I'd like to stop taking my medication."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "If you do that, you'll start growing again?" Mindy nodded her head. "That's fantastic. How big will you get?"

"I don't know," Mindy said. "That is the part I'm worried about."

"I don't think you need to be worried about that at all," I said.

We started planning our wedding immediately. Mindy wanted to wait until after the wedding to stop taking her medication. Fitting a wedding dress would be a lot easier that way. I met her family, and she met mine, and then we planned a small tasteful ceremony with only our immediately family members and closest friends in attendance.

Getting married was exciting enough, but thinking about Mindy growing again, that was the anticipation I couldn't wait for. Our engagement went on for two months, and every day of it I was only thinking about how amazing marriage was going to be with a new giantess wife. During this period, I also bought a house with nice high ceilings.

Mindy stopped taking her medication on our honeymoon. It made the sex that much more exciting. "Just think about how little you're going to feel when you're fucking me," she purred, while I was inside her. "I'll have longer legs, and stronger muscles. My tits will just keep growing. You'll love it, won't you?" I couldn't say no.

It took a long time for the growing to start. Mindy began to be hungry all the

time, and she began to eat a massive amount of food. I was hoping that this meant big things were coming, but even I couldn't have expected how quickly it would happen.

There was a solid month of no growth, and then suddenly Mindy sprouted up three inches in a single week. Everything she wore started getting tight all at once, and it was impossible not to notice. Every day it was like she was popping out of her clothes more, and at the end of it, my wife was six-foot-seven inches tall, though she didn't seem that much taller to me, because she couldn't wear any of the massive high heels I had become accustomed to. I mentioned this to her.

"I'll show you I'm bigger," she said. Then she demonstrated her strength by throwing me down on the floor. Once there, she ripped my clothes off and had her way with me. As much as she had been dominant over the past few months, this was an entirely different level.

"Look at my big body," she said, as she pinned me to the ground with her weight and began to strip. "It's just going to keep growing, and you'll become smaller and more powerless against me."

My hard cock was pressing against her leg and I knew she could feel it. I knew I had awakened something inside her, and now she was going to enjoy her growth, getting bigger and bigger until she couldn't grow anymore. I wondered how long that would take.

Mindy was six-foot-nine a week later. When she walked down the street everybody stared at her in awe. She enjoyed the feeling immensely and I enjoyed the experience almost as much. It was an indescribable thrill to know that I was owned by this tall goddess that towered over me. I wondered how much more

she could possibly grow, and I was glad our house had ten-foot-high ceilings.

With the thrill of her new height, Mindy found herself getting hornier than she ever had before. This meant that she would take me at any moment the need struck her. Sometimes I would come home from work to find Mindy waiting for me, and she would push me against the wall, ripping my clothes off and getting me hard with this display of strength.

Her height continued to increase, and within the next month she was seven feet tall. “I can’t believe I’ve hit seven feet,” she said after we confirmed the measurement.

She was wearing a slinky black negligee that I had bought for her just a week before. It was getting hard to find things that could fit her. She ran her hands up and down her body as she walked out of the bathroom. She had just gotten herself ready for bed and was still thrilling at her new milestone.

Mindy’s eyes focused on me while I lay on the bed. “I remember how intimidated you used to be when I was six-foot-four,” she said. “I was so tiny back then. How do you feel right now?”

I watched as she came toward me, her shadow looming over me. “You know how I feel.”

“I want to hear you say it.”

“I feel small,” I said.

Mindy reached out and grabbed one of my ankles, pulling me toward her and then looming over my body. She got onto the bed, and I could feel her weight settle onto the mattress and pull me back toward her. “You’re about to be taken by your monster of a wife,” Mindy said, and she leaned down to kiss me passionately, pushing my smaller and more fragile body into the mattress.

I ran my hands up and down her body, feeling the power she exuded. She could do anything she wanted with me, and the thought of it made my whole body tingle. She called herself a “monster”, an odd thing to say about a beautiful woman, but her size compared to mine was now truly monstrous.

When she broke the kiss, I asked her. “Are you big enough?”

She shook her head. “You know I still want to grow. When I took that medication, I was repressing who I really am, who I was really meant to be. I want to become what I was always meant to be.”

Mindy reached down to my crotch to feel how hard I was. “I see that excites you as well.”

She took my dick out of my fly and began to run her fingers over it. I was thrilled by her expertly teasing me to my full length and hardness, but not as much as what she did next. She fixed her other hand under my butt and then lifted me in the air, getting up on her knees.

“I want you to tit fuck me,” she said, as she held me up in the air. She could pick me up effortlessly, as if I was a doll. “My tits have gotten bigger too, and I don’t think you have completely appreciated it. Also, I think I’m finally strong enough to do this.”

She held me up with one arm while she took the top of her negligee down with the other. She was right, her tits had indeed gotten bigger, and were significantly larger even in relation to the rest of her impressive growth. She slid my dick in between them and began to work me in and out of her amazing cleavage, with her large hands around my hips.

“How is that, baby?”

“It’s amazing,” I answered. “I can’t believe how strong you’ve gotten.”

She laughed and pushed her arms slightly together to make her tits rise. “You care more about that than how amazing my tits are?”

I looked down at my hard cock sliding in and out of that deep cleavage. The softness of those huge breasts around my shaft was driving me up the wall, combined with the feeling of being held up by my wife was doing me in. It didn’t take long before I came all over her chest.

Mindy held me tight as I began to shake and come. She was very pleased with the results, and she slowly slid me down her body to give me a kiss. “Now its going to be your turn,” she said, and she placed me on the bed before reaching under her negligee and removing her panties. Within seconds her legs were straddling my face, and I knew exactly what was expected of me.

I thought that seven feet tall was surely the tallest that Mindy could get. When she had stopped taking her medication that was already beyond what I had expected. In fact, I wasn't sure if she would grow at all. Whatever her disorder was, I thought it would stop being relevant once the normal age that a young woman would be growing.

That turned out to be wrong. Within two weeks of hitting seven feet, Mindy was seven-foot-four. I came home one evening to find her in the bedroom, standing naked in front of our large full-length mirror and admiring her body.

"I'm a whole foot taller than I was before I stopped taking my medication," she said. She didn't turn around but stood admiring herself. I could see both the front of her body in the mirror and the back from where I was standing.

"You look amazing," I said.

She smirked. "You don't have to tell me. Come over here, my little husband."

I did what I was told, and she put her big arms around me and pulled me against her big powerful body. She put my face into her flat toned stomach. She stroked my head as she stood looking at us in the mirror.

"You look so tiny compared to me," she said. "It's an absolute thrill to see me getting bigger and bigger while you stay the same."

“I love it too,” I said.

“Oh, my tiny husband,” she said with a laugh. “It doesn’t matter what you want.”

This became the routine of our marriage. I was to serve my goddess as she grew bigger and bigger. At the size she was at, Mindy had gained a lot of attention. There were other men who wanted to admire her, and they were willing to pay money. Mindy discovered that when she was spotted on the street by a very wealthy man who would not leave her alone.

He became the first of her regular patrons. Mindy did not have sex with these men, not that I could have stopped her if that was what she chose. She merely dominated these men and had them pay for the privilege of being dominated by the biggest and strongest woman that they would ever see. Neither of us had to work a regular job because Mindy was making so much money. I had a full-time job of course, one that took up every second of my time. That job was doing whatever it was that Mindy desired.

My wife’s growth continued, and every time that I thought she had reached a level that she couldn’t possibly top, she would get even bigger. At seven-foot-seven, my face was looking up at her spectacular breasts. Then she just kept growing. Within a couple months she was eight-foot-three, and I had to reach up to even be able to touch her huge tits.

Everything was getting bigger. Her long legs just kept getting longer. Her gorgeous heart shaped ass became fuller. Her breasts, which had always been big, were now outrageously large even with her proportions. Her muscles kept getting bigger too, as if she was lifting weights, but the only exercise she was really doing was throwing tiny men around.

Just yesterday, my wife came to me. I was doing the dishes, one of my many assigned chores that I had around the house. I could hear her coming, the sound of her heavy steps against the floor, but I did not turn to her. I waited patiently, knowing she would come. Her enormous shadow fell over me when she came near, and my cock was rock hard with anticipation.

A big hand fell on my shoulder and turned me around. Mindy had grown to nine-foot-one. When I looked up at her, I was looking up at her belly button. "I would never have let myself grow if it wasn't for you, little one," she told me. "This big body is because of you. You helped me embrace my full power and I want to reward you."

Within seconds she had grabbed me, and I was in the air. My clothes were ripped off me and revealed my arousal. My wife was free to have me anyway she wished. Usually this meant pushing me to the point of exhaustion.

She fucked me first right there in the kitchen, my small body shoved against the wall and me clinging to her big more powerful body. I love the feel of her being in control of me. I was just a toy to her, and it was as if sex was now something that was done to me, not something that I was an active participant in. When she was done, she took me to the bedroom, where I would serve her for the rest of the night.

When I had pleased my goddess, I was falling asleep in her arms. The feeling of being enveloped by that massive body was like none I had ever experienced before. It was beyond my imagining. "I can't wait to see how big I can get, little man," she whispered as I fell asleep. My dreams could not match the reality.