



**TALL GUY,
TALLER GIRL**

J.D. TUFTS



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I was six-foot-four since I was sixteen years old, and I was used to being taller than everybody else. It was always an advantage, but some girls just wanted to date me for my height and nothing else. Sure, this could be good if you wanted a fling, or a one-night stand, but sometimes I would get frustrated with some girl thinking that I would be a good match for her just because I was tall.

This was especially true if the girl was tall herself. Every girl who was over five-foot-nine in high school and college wanted to date me. I dated a wide variety of different heights though, and every time I dated a short girl, the taller girls would get upset.

The tallest girl I dated was Liz, who was six feet tall. It was a nice experience, not having to bend down too much to kiss her. I never really considered height important though. There were so many other things to consider than how tall a girl was. Yet, it seemed like my height was a fixation for every girl I dated.

I was twenty-five and had just moved to San Francisco for a new job and a clean start. A girl I worked with, Angela, suggested I meet a friend of hers. “Her name is Shelly,” she said. “I think the two of you would really hit it off.”

“What does Shelly do?” I asked.

“She’s a painter. A very good one. Her pieces sell for huge amounts of money.”

I laughed. “That’s cool. What makes you think we’d hit it off though?” I was a game designer. Sure, we were both “artists” in a sense, but I didn’t think that guaranteed chemistry.

“I just think you’d click,” Angela told me with a shrug.

“I’m not really interested in dating right now,” I told her.

This was not true. I did a lot of online dating the first few months I was in San Francisco and had a lot of interesting dates. Nobody that really clicked with me for the long run, but there were certainly some beautiful women I had some fun with. The subject of Shelly did not come up again until about six months later when Angela invited me to a party at her house.

“And my friend Shelly will be there,” Angela said.

“Who?” I asked.

“That girl I was telling you about,” Angela said.

“Oh yeah, right,” I said. At that point I was a bit annoyed by this, because I thought Angela was a pretty attractive woman, and I knew she was single. She was a very pretty Asian chick, who stood about five-foot-five, and was uncommonly busty for an Asian. Why was she trying to pawn me off on some other girl? I didn’t get it.

Still, I agreed to go to the party at her house and thought that I could brush off this other girl, and maybe get some alone time with Angela. Maybe she was against the whole dating a co-worker thing. I knew it wasn’t the best idea, but

Angela was one of the hottest women I had met in San Francisco and having worked with her for six months I knew we had a lot in common.

When I showed up at Angela's place that weekend, the place was packed. She had a good-sized house, and a big yard. Yet, there were so many people at this party that it seemed like a crowd. I had to look for Angela. "Oh, I'm so glad you can make it," she said to me and threw her arms around me.

She had never hugged me before, and I enjoyed the feeling of her big breasts pressed against me. I tried not to let her feel my arousal. That would be tipping my hand a little too much.

"There are a bunch of people I want you to meet," Angela said.

She introduced me to a series of people. None of them were this mysterious Shelly she had mentioned to me before. In fact, I wouldn't see Shelly for most of the party. It wasn't until things had started to wind down, and some people had already left that Shelly would show up.

Angela and I were sitting in the living room and were each drinking a beer and talking. "So, why are you single?" I asked Angela. "I mean, you have this big house all to yourself."

Angela gave me a sly smile, and I thought then that she may have figured out my interest. The question wasn't exactly subtle. "That's a long story," she told me.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and Angela got up to get it. I was annoyed that my opening moment had been interrupted.

“Oh my God, Shelly,” Angela exclaimed.

Then I saw a woman bend down to fit through the doorway. I was astounded. This was the first time I had ever seen that. The doorway was taller than me, and I was very used to being too tall for things. This woman was taller than me, and not just by a little.

She was a pretty, athletically built, though not overbearingly so, with large breasts that dominated her upper body. They stuck straight out, distending her tight white top, and looked incredibly firm despite their size. She had long brown hair that went down to her waist. She wore a black skirt with leggings, that covered her endless legs that were also thick and muscular.

“Sorry I’m late,” Shelly told Angela. “I got held up and I figured it was better late than never.”

“Sure,” Angela said. “Things are winding down, but you know I love to see you.”

I stood up and Angela turned to me. Once I was standing, I could see how tall the girl really was. She wasn’t just a little bit taller than me, but significantly. I looked down at her feet and saw that she was wearing flats.

“This is Andy, the coworker I was telling you about,” Angela said.

Shelly smiled at me and extended her hand. “Of course, it’s nice to meet you,” Shelly said. “Angela has told me so much about you.”

“She’s told me a lot about you,” I said, looking into her gorgeous brown eyes. I had heard some things, but there was a really important detail that she left out.

Angela went off with Shelly and left me behind. I was astounded by this gorgeous tall woman. The height was amazing, but the real thing was that she was the most gorgeous woman I had seen since I had come to San Francisco. This was the woman I had been putting off meeting! I could hardly believe it.

The party continued to thin out, and finally it was just three people left in the house, Angela, Shelly, and me. We both told Angela we would help her clean up, and then Shelly and I were in the kitchen together.

“Angela has been asking me about meeting you for a while,” I said to Shelly.

“I’m sure she has,” Shelly said, giving me a look up and down. “Now that we’ve met, I can see why.”

“Why?” I said dumbly, and Shelly burst out laughing.

“Because you’re tall,” Shelly said.

There was an awkward silence and then I said. "Not compared to you." I was aware of how much I had to look up to her when I stood next to her.

Shelly suddenly seemed to be taken aback by this. She got very quiet. "I guess that's true," she said.

I resisted the urge to ask her the obvious question again. Instead, I asked, "Why don't you and I have dinner some night?"

Shelly looked at me, and then bit her lip. I had no idea what she was thinking, but she sure looked sexy. "I'll tell you what," she said. "Why don't you come over to my place and have dinner with me?" she asked. "We can do it tomorrow."

"I would love that," I said.

She smiled, and then Angela walked into the room and we both fell silent. Angela seemed to sense that something had just happened here, because she looked back and forth between the two of us, but she didn't say anything.

We helped finish cleaning, and then Shelly and I left at the same time. She handed me a piece of paper where she had written her address and phone number. "Would six be okay?" she asked.

"That sounds perfect," I said.

She smiled at me again and nodded. Then she leaned down toward me a bit. She had to do this in order to whisper to me, I realized. “By the way, I’m six-foot-ten,” Shelly told me. Then she grinned, before walking in her car and driving away.

I had a hard time sleeping that night or thinking about anything else for the rest of the day on Sunday. I couldn’t believe I had a date with this goddess. That evening, I drove to her apartment, barely able to contain myself.

Shelly’s apartment was a large loft space, the kind of place I had seen artists work in movies but had never seen in real life. She buzzed me in, and I rode the elevator up to the top floor. She greeted me at the door.

The first thing that I noticed was that Shelly was much taller. It startled me to have her open the door and me suddenly finding my eye level with her chest. She stepped back to let me in, and only then did I get the chance to appreciate the tight black dress she was wearing. It showed her amazing curves, and long legs. At her feet, I saw that she was wearing a pair of five-inch heels.

I could feel my cock getting hard in my pants immediately. Not only was this a gorgeous woman with an incredible body, but the height was starting to drive me crazy. I’d never experienced this feeling in my life, having another person tower over me like that, and she seemed to love it. She loved being taller than me and making me feel small.

“Hey,” she said grinning down at me, and it was at this point I realized I was just staring blankly.

“You look gorgeous,” I told her.

“Thanks,” she said. “You don’t look too bad yourself.”

She had made pasta and she ushered me into her kitchen where we sat eating and drinking a bottle of wine. Her dress was very lowcut, and her huge breasts made some impressive cleavage. They were also practically rising out of the dress a few times as she moved. We talked about our work, and other things that interested us. Shelly turned out to know quite a bit about video games.

“I’m a big Dark Souls fan,” she told me.

“Really?” I asked.

“Yes. There is something about the frustration of it, the having to grind past adversity, that appeals to me.”

After we had eaten, she asked me if I wanted to watch a movie. It was a horror film that she said was one of her favorite movies of all time. I had never heard of it, but of course I said yes.

When we went into her television area, she took off the huge heels and sat on the sofa. The sofa was not overly small, but with our huge bodies, hers especially huge, we were taking up the whole thing between us. This meant that we were touching each other whether we wanted to or not, and I certainly wanted to.

While we watched the movie, I kept sneaking glances at Shelly's body. I put my hand gently on her calf at one point, and she let me do it. It was very large and shapely. I was amazed how small my hand looked on it, and I even gently squeezed it to feel how firm it was.

Once the movie was over, Shelly turned her attention to me. "You naughty boy. You just couldn't behave yourself," she said.

"I was just..."

Shelly put her finger to my lips to silence me. "Shhhhh...I'm not going to take any talking back."

Shelly pushed me down on the couch, using her weight and size advantage to pin me down. With her on top of me, and her hands on my shoulders, I was completely helpless.

"You've never been with a girl who is bigger and stronger than you before, have you?" Shelly asked.

"No," I said. My cock was going crazy.

"You're used to being bigger than everybody else," Shelly teased. "All that changed when you met me."

She kissed me passionately, holding me down against the sofa. I didn't think I had been more turned on in my life. When she came up for air, Shelly had a look of burning desire in her eyes.

"Every part of me is very big," she said. She reached down and pulled her dress up over her head swiftly. She was wearing a baby blue bra and a pair of matching panties. She moved her hands behind her back to get at her bra clasp. "Some parts of me are bigger than others," she said.

Soon I was gazing at the biggest and most beautiful tits I had ever seen. Shelly decided to smother me with them, still pressing me down on the couch. I licked and sucked her amazing nipples, as she started to unbutton my pants and shirt.

"Oh God," Shelly moaned as she got her hand on my cock. "I see parts of you are big too."

Soon she was riding me, my hard cock feeling her tight, wet pussy around it. I had never had a woman take control of me the way that Shelly just had, and soon I was exploding inside her. It was some of the hottest sex I had ever had.

Shelly collapsed on top of me, and soon we were cuddled up together. My hands wandered all over her naked body. It truly was spectacular, and I appreciated every inch of her, from her big breasts, to her curvaceous ass, to her super long legs.

"Not bad for a first date," Shelly teased, as she gently kissed me.

It wasn't bad at all. Shelly and I were pretty much inseparable after that night. We saw each other constantly, and it was only three months when it was decided that Shelly should move in with me. Her place was amazing, and she had been able to get it at a good price, but the two of us were already so obsessed with each other that it seemed insane to keep paying for two apartments.

Angela was very proud of her success in hooking us up. "You don't forget who introduced you," she teased.

"Of course, I won't," I told her. My crush on Angela was already gone. Nobody could compare to Shelly.

It was so strange to me how much Shelly reveled in her height though. We talked about it one time early in our relationship. "I usually don't date tall guys," she told me.

This shocked me. "You mean tall like me?"

"Yeah," she said with a laugh. "I had a rule for a while that nobody over six feet. The tallest guy I dated before you was six-foot-two."

"You don't mind it though?" I asked, standing on my tiptoes. She was wearing five-inch heels as usual, and she still had to bend down to kiss me.

"It's fun towering over a guy that normally would be considered tall," she

teased. “I like making you feel small.” She reached down and grabbed my crotch. “I think you like it too.”

This trend continued as we dated. There was a real thrill for me too. I remember one time when we went out to eat, and Shelly had gone to the bathroom while I secured us a table. I didn’t have to wonder why the hostess’s eyes went wide. Shelly had appeared behind me, and then walked up to me, putting a hand on my shoulder.

Once we had moved in together, Shelly was even more bold about showing off the size difference. She would often pull me down so I could sit in her lap while we watched TV. At first it was awkward, but in the end, I loved the feeling of my giant girlfriend holding me, her huge breasts pressed against my back.

Then one day, after we had been living together a few months, there was another shocking revelation. “I wish I was taller,” Shelly said casually while we were lying in bed, both in our sleeping clothes, which meant boxer shorts for me, and a t-shirt and panties for her.

I laughed.

“I’m serious,” she said.

“You don’t think you’re tall enough?” I asked.

“What does that even mean?” Shelly asked. “I’m taller than most people. I

simply tower over the vast majority of people and even people who are normally considered tall. I love the feeling. I love the power of it. Yet, I crave more.”

There was a crazy look in her eye. I didn’t know how to react to it. So, I grabbed her, and kissed her, climbing on top of her huge body. She responded enthusiastically of course, feeling my hard dick against her.

“Does the thought of me getting bigger turn you on?” she asked. I nodded my head. Shelly grabbed the back of my head gently, pulling my hair. “Say it!” she ordered.

“You getting bigger turns me on,” I said. She rewarded me with a kiss and a mischievous smile. I noticed just then that she was wearing a small necklace I had never seen before. It was strange that she was wearing it in bed.

“Good boy,” Shelly told me, and then she flipped me over. She was really turned on, and as she took me, I forgot all about the necklace.

The first thing I noticed was that Shelly seemed to have a crazy appetite all of a sudden. We would go out to eat and she would order too full meals, then want dessert, then finish what was left of mine that I couldn’t finish. She had always had a healthy appetite, but now, man the girl could eat.

“You don’t think you’re pregnant, do you?” I asked her.

She laughed. “I have an IUD,” she said.

Sure, I already knew this, but I could think of no other explanation for this. The truth would have seemed too fantastic. It would take another week before I started to see the signs that Shelly was actually growing. I noticed it at first with her boobs. We were making out and I lifted off her shirt. It looked as if her boobs were starting to spill out of her bra.

“My God, you are pregnant,” I said, staring at her G cup bra.

“I’m not pregnant,” she said, and bopped me on the head. “I’m growing.”

“You’re what?”

“Let me show you,” she said, and then she stood up. She was wearing a pair of jeans and she showed me how the bottoms looked like they were starting to ride up. “See,” she said. “I’m getting taller too.”

My mouth fell open. I remembered our conversation from two weeks ago of course, but the entire idea was absurd. Shelly was twenty-four years old, and twenty-four-year-old women did not suddenly grow taller. Especially ones that were already absurdly tall in the first place.

“That’s impossible.” I said.

Shelly grinned again. It was that same grin she had given me in bed that evening. “You’re the one that made it happen,” she said. “All you did was say the magic

words.” She touched the necklace around her neck, which she was wearing again. She had been wearing it every day since I had first noticed it.

“You can’t be growing,” I repeated.

“Well, let’s settle this,” she said. “Why don’t you measure me and see if I’m taller?”

I did what she asked, and I was amazed at the results. I had to stand on a chair in order to measure her, but Shelly was now seven feet tall.

“Oh, this feels amazing,” she said, running her hands up and down her body.

“I still can’t believe it,” I said.

Shelly looked annoyed. “Why can’t you just be happy for me?” she asked. I had never seen her look that mad before, and it kind of took me aback.

“I’m just worried about you, babe,” I said.

“There is nothing to worry about,” she said. “I wanted this to happen and now it’s happened.”

That was when Shelly told me about the necklace. It was a supposedly magical artifact that would make her grow as long as her partner, who was me, had stated his desire for it. Supposedly this trinket was used by a variety of women, though it was usually to increase their bust size. Shelly had wanted it for far more than that.

“That story is absurd,” I said.

Shelly put her hands on her hips. “Well, it’s happening,” she said. “You can’t deny that can you?” I had to admit that I could not.

Shelly stared down at me, and I could see the lascivious look on her face. “Why don’t you come here?” she asked, and then she put her arms around me and buried my face in her cleavage. “I’m seven feet tall,” she said. “I’ve always wanted to be seven feet tall.”

She pulled me out and then bent down to kiss me. I couldn’t believe it, but I was even more turned on than I normally was with Shelly. “You’re incredible,” I told her.

“I know,” she whispered. “Seven feet won’t last,” she told me. “I’m going to get even taller.”

I could feel my cock becoming rock hard, and Shelly could feel it too. She enjoyed having this control over me. At her towering height, she was now eight inches taller than me. I thought about her growing bigger and bigger. Just how big could she get?

That night she threw me around in bed like I was a toy for her to play with. With her couple inches, she seemed to have gotten stronger as well, and her boobs had definitely gotten bigger. “You like being with a woman who is stronger than you, don’t you?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said. I was on top of her, pumping into her amazing pussy, but she had her arms around me and was holding me tight. She squeezed me tightly, almost painfully. Just emphasizing how much stronger she was than me.

I thought about her growing bigger. Her body lengthening and getting bustier, stronger, and bigger in every direction under me. It was driving me crazy, and then I found myself exploding. I had the most intense orgasm of my life, thinking about Shelly growing.

I didn’t have to wait long before that became a reality. To both of our surprise, Shelly’s growth hit a surge next week. Her clothing started to get very tight. Her bras looked like they were ready to snap apart in a few days. Her shirts and tops were riding up and getting too tight, sometimes ripping. She had a hard time getting into her pants at.

She loved the feeling of growing and being able to see it in how her clothing was no longer fitting. She went from seven feet tall to seven-foot-four in just a week’s time.

“How do I look,” she asked, coming out of the bedroom, wearing a t-shirt that now showed her midriff, and her breasts were distending the logo. She also wore a pair of shorts that had ripped a little, and so much of her curvaceous buttocks were now on display that it would have been considered obscene if she had gone

out in public. I wanted my hands on them.

I went to my beautiful amazon, and she reached down and lifted me up. I was shocked. Now that she was a foot taller than me, she had no problem lifting me up by putting her hands under my armpits.

“How does it feel, little man?” she asked. “You belong to a real giantess now.”

Over the next few weeks, Shelly kept growing, and we got her some clothing that fit, even though we knew that it wouldn't be long before she outgrew it. Again, I wondered just how much she was going to grow, and if it was ever going to stop. If this magic necklace had made her grow in the first place, something that seemed to be impossible from the get-go, then why would there be any kind of limit on it?

Her sex drive increased with her size. She wanted it constantly, and she became increasingly likely to just take it. She loved to pick me up and rip my clothes off, having her way with me on any available surface that she could. I wasn't complaining, but what started as a game was quickly becoming an exercise in actual dominance. I was learning very quickly that I was no longer an equal in this relationship.

After the two weeks was over, Shelly now stood seven-foot-ten. She was a whole foot taller than she had been when her growth started. With her new clothes we went on in public again, and it was stimulating to watch all the little people gawk at my giant girlfriend. I knew all the men were jealous. Wishing that this incredible giantess had picked them to serve her rather than me.

“Just look at all these little people,” Shelly whispered to me. “They look at me in fear and awe. I am really their goddess.”

This became even more true as Shelly continued to grow. When she passed eight feet, I started to feel like I was a child next to her, and she was my mother. She still loved the comparisons between our sizes, the pulling me down to sit on her lap, only now she would rest her chin on top of my head and pull me close like a baby that she wanted to protect.

There was no way I could protest anything. She was so incredibly strong. One time when she was eight-foot-two, she had me try and wrestle with her. She wanted to see how my strength compared to hers, and the fact was there was simply no comparison. She had all the power. She was able to hold me down on the ground with one arm.

“Come on, fight back,” she taunted me. I was trying with all my might. I was so scared that I almost started crying.

She took pity on me, and then she took me. She still loved being on top even though she was getting so big that it was starting to become absurd. Still, she was growing. It had been two months since her growth had started and she hit eight-foot-ten. She was two feet taller than she was when it had all started.

We had to keep buying her new clothing, which was difficult because a lot of it had to be custom made. It was a good thing that we were wealthy. I had been making a six-figure salary for a while, but Shelly’s demands began to deplete even my funds.

It was worth it to Shelly because she loved walking out around the little people, especially with me present. I was so much shorter than her at this point that she sometimes had a hard time hearing what I was saying in crowded places, so she would pick me up and carry me around.

“You’re as light as a feather,” she joked to me.

Shelly passed nine feet and I was in a constant state of fear and arousal around her. Her figure, which was already stunning even before her growth, had become even more so. Her hips had widened significantly, and her ass had expanded outward, making a dramatic “shelf” when she turned in profile. Her breasts had also grown, becoming absolutely massive. Proportionately, I would have guessed that they were twice as big as they were before, not even taking into account how much Shelly had grown.

She loved to hold me against them and have me suck on them. She was a gigantic mother goddess, and I, her slave. My job was to provide for her, and to pleasure her gigantic body. The feeling of making love to her was indescribable. I felt so tiny as I lay on her colossal frame, pumping inside her, and playing with her magnificent breasts.

“You’re so tiny,” Shelly would giggle. “I love the feeling of your weak little body on mine.”

When she would come, her entire body would shudder, and it felt like an earthquake. I would hold on for dear life as I would listen to her moans. Often, she would grip me, making me fear she might crush me with her awesome strength.

Even more terrifying was when she was on top. I knew that she could crush my entire body if she got too excited, and this was beyond sexy. Every time she took me, it made me feel so helpless that I could do nothing but surrender.

Still, she grows. Yesterday, she measured at ten-foot-three. She shows no concern for if it will continue, even though she is now too big to stand up properly in our house. She wants to just keep getting bigger, and who am I to refuse?

This morning I woke up to see her lying next to me. She is so big that sometimes I worry about her crushing me in the night. Still, my fear competes with my arousal. She is so big, so tall, so beautiful, with a body beyond anything I could ever have imagined. She is my goddess, and I worship her.

My Shelly. My goddess.