



VALENTINA

A GROWTH STORY

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Cole Willis had fled to Buenos Aires after some “not exactly legal” business dealings had landed him in some hot water. He might have served at least ten years in prison if he hadn’t gotten on that plane, but luckily, he had prepared for this possibility. He had sacked away five million dollars in a South American bank account, and with that much money, he was obscenely rich by Argentine standards.

He would never have to work again, and a few well-placed bribes got him a new identity. There was no bureaucracy in Argentina. All a person had to do to get what they wanted was find the person in charge, give them a bribe, and then sign the appropriate papers. It was a snap as long as you had enough money, and Cole had plenty of it.

He was forty-two years old when he fled the states, and that was an advanced age to start over. He had been married in America, but after he had fled, his wife had taken the steps to get a divorce from him. Not that it mattered to him anyway, but it took her quite a while to get it done for herself, because of all the complicated legal red tape in America.

Cole wasn’t sad to leave his wife. Argentine women were incredibly beautiful, and with his wealth he attracted quite a lot of them. There was a problem in that many of them were also very traditional, and this meant they expected their suitors to be marriage minded. This was something that he had to fake if he wanted to get anywhere with them.

Despite the very rigid gender roles, Argentine men were notorious for being players, and professing their undying love to one woman, and then pursuing another the very next day. They also expected women to cook and clean for them and were threatened by women who had careers.

As a result, Cole's competition from other men wasn't very good, but he was still trying to avoid commitment. Argentine women, while very beautiful, also had fiery personalities, and could get very upset when they were deceived. His affairs were often very complicated, and not without their risks.

He had been in Argentina for three years when he started to think he either really wanted to get married again, or he needed to at the very least put an end to these constant short affairs. Still, he hadn't met any women in his time in South America that made him feel like he wanted to give up all the others.

Then, one day on the beach, he saw an astonishing beauty. She was wading into the water, with jean shorts and a flimsy red midriff top on. It didn't seem to bother her that she was fully clothed and getting her clothing soaking wet. She was very far away from him when he first saw her, on his evening walk, but he could see that she was young, with a fantastic figure, and long sexy legs.

He began to walk toward her, and as he got closer, it was as if she became more and more beautiful. She collapsed on the sand and was sitting there, soaking wet, as he got closer to her. He could see her gorgeous heart-shaped face, almond shaped eyes, and full pouting lips. She was exactly the kind of girl that he would want to kiss.

"Buenos noches, senorita," he said as he came upon her. Then he continued to converse in Spanish, asking what she was doing out here alone at this time of night. Did she have a swimsuit? He was worried for her safety, it seemed.

"Eres Americano?" she asked.

Cole was taken aback. “Si, soy Americano,” he replied.

“I thought so,” the girl said, in perfect English. “Your accent gives it away.”

Cole laughed. “I thought that I had been here long enough that it wasn’t obvious I was a gringo,” he said.

The girl laughed. “Maybe to some, but not to me,” she said. “As for your question, I feel perfectly safe here on this beach, and I’m sure if I did have trouble, a good Samaritan like yourself would be there to help me.”

“What’s your name?” Cole asked the young beauty.

“My name is Valentina,” she said. “What should I call you?”

“I’m Cole,” he said. “Now that we’ve introduced ourselves, why don’t you continue on my walk with me?”

The girl smiled, and it was a mischievous smile that he couldn’t quite place. What was the secret joke? He was about to find out.

“I think maybe if I get up and go for a walk with you, you will suddenly find the prospect less attractive,” she said.

“I doubt that very much,” Cole said.

The girl shrugged, and then she slowly stood up to her full height. She took her time with it, enjoying Cole’s realization as she began to rise higher and higher. He had noticed that she looked tall, of course, but this had been mostly with his observation that she had unusually long legs.

Cole wasn’t an especially tall guy, at five-foot-seven, but he had never let that stop him with women. He always acted confident, and women never seemed to mind that he was shorter than average. He had even dated a couple women who were taller than him, about five-foot-nine, or five-foot-ten. This was something different. Valentina towered over him.

She was smirking down at him with her hands on her hips. His mouth was hanging open while he stared up at her. He was incredibly aroused. As he had gotten older, his ability to become aroused like this had waned, but just being in this girl’s presence had caused him to sprout a boner.

“Are you impressed?” she asked.

“I can’t believe it,” he said. “I haven’t seen any girls like you around here.”

She giggled. “No, there are not many girls like me around.”

“How tall are you?” he asked.

“I’m just under two meters tall,” Valentina said, “Or in your American measurements, I am six-foot-five.”

“How old are you?”

She giggled again. “I just turned eighteen,” she said softly. “My birthday was last month.”

“Will you marry me?” he asked her.

The question was only partially asked in jest, and Valentina seemed somewhat flattered by it. “You will have to woo me,” she said. Why don’t we go on this walk and get to know each other?”

The two walked alone the beach and began talking. Cole found out quickly that Valentina was a very educated girl. Obviously, she had some education since she spoke fluent English, but he was quickly impressed at how well read she was, and how much she knew on a variety of subjects. It was astounding that anybody was able to cram so much knowledge into eighteen years.

By the time their walk was finished, Cole was seriously smitten, not just with her beauty and height, but with her mind. “Can I see you again?” he asked.

She looked at him skeptically. “We can come here and walk together again tomorrow,” she said. “Meet me here, in the evening again.”

He did what he was told, and this became a regular ritual. They would meet to walk and talk for hours a few times a week, and this went on for months. In all this time, Cole continued to try and woo Valentina. He bought her gifts, and engaged her in conversation, but nothing physical or intimate occurred between them.

“I’m a good girl,” Valentina said. “I’m saving myself for the wedding night.”

Finally, after a month of this, Cole bought a ring and formally proposed. He dropped down on his knees, making the gaze up at the towering teen truly astonishing, and then he asked her to marry him.

“You’ll have to meet my family,” Valentina said.

The whole thing went very quickly. Cole was introduced to Valentina’s parents. He had expected them to be suspicious of this much older man, but he found not a hint of this. Valentina’s father was a big man, but still an inch shorter than his daughter in bare feet, and he was also a year younger than Cole himself.

The wedding was a small affair because Valentina wanted it arranged quickly. “I don’t want to wait to start our life together,” Valentina said.

It was a small ceremony in which Cole and Valentina were married in a church.

They had only known each other for eight weeks when they exchanged their vows, but Cole was confident their marriage would be a successful one. He had never been so attracted to any other woman that he had been with at that time.

Once their vows were said, the minister said that he could kiss the bride, but this wasn't Cole's doing. He had to wait for his much taller bride, now wearing three-inch heels that made her tower over a foot over him, to bend way down to kiss him on the lips.

It was the first kiss they had ever had, and it was so exciting, but he couldn't properly embrace his passion because he was in a room full of people. Soon, he and Valentina were driving back to their house.

He wasn't going to carry her over the threshold, because she was just too big, but once they were inside, he began to give her a tour of the place, starting with the living room.

Valentina had no time for this, grabbing hold of him and pulling him to her. Cole was shocked and delighted as his teenage bride lifted him off his feet. She did it without any effort, making him realize that she was very strong, possibly stronger than him. She held him in the air as she kissed him, a real passionate kiss, his legs wrapping around her waist, and she holding him up like he was a baby.

Then the kiss broke. "I'm only interested in one room of the house right now," Valentina said. "That room is the bedroom."

She put him down, and Cole looked up at her, and led her up to the bedroom.

Once they were inside the room, he didn't even have time to turn to her before she attacked him. She pushed him down on the bed and got on top of him.

He was rock hard as she stripped all his clothes off him. He never would have resisted her, but the strength she showed while she took control of his little body displayed that he was nowhere near as strong as she was.

Once she had stripped him naked, she pulled her own wedding dress up over her head. "I've been waiting for my chance to take that little body," she said to him, and then she was riding him.

"I'm going to show you what it's like to be taken," Valentina said, kissing him and shoving her tongue into his mouth.

Cole couldn't believe this was happening, and he explored Valentina's huge young body with delight. His hands moved over her back, and down her ass, feeling the thick, powerful young body working toward her orgasm. She shoved her big tits in his face, and he sucked her nipples enthusiastically, then she came, screaming a powerful bellow through his house.

She collapsed exhausted on the bed and pulled him toward her. "That's great," she told him. "I needed to get that out."

"You're incredible," Cole said, running his hands up and down her arms.

Valentina giggled. "I know little one," she said. "I could see how much you

desired my size and strength that first time we met on the beach. Most men are too afraid of me, especially little ones like you. I wanted to get married as soon as possible, because I thought you might get scared if I started to grow again.”

“Grow again?” Cole asked. He was shocked, but Valentina giggled.

“Yes, I am about to start another growth spurt actually. I can feel when it is about to happen. This one feels like a big one. I was afraid it would start before the wedding.”

“That’s wonderful!” Cole called out. “I can’t wait to see you grow even bigger. I’m so excited by the thought of it. You could never be too big for me.”

Valentina pulled him to her body, and she squeezed him hard, just hard enough for it to hurt a little. “That’s very sweet,” she said “It’s nice to hear you say that, but I haven’t trained you yet.”

“Trained me?” Cole asked.

“Yes,” Valentina said, her voice becoming low and sultry. “This relationship will not be equal. You will worship me, and you will obey me. I expect nothing but total obedience. This house will be changed to my specification, and your days will revolve around you serving my every whim. If you disobey me, you’ll learn just how much stronger than you I am.”

Hearing her say this made Cole shiver in both fear and arousal. Was she serious?

Was this a game? He assumed she wanted this because it turned her on, and comparing their sizes, he found it very arousing as well. Part of him couldn't wait for the training, but he wasn't sure how far it might go.

He would get his answer the first day. Valentina loved to use her superior size and strength to show him who was in charge while she assigned him chores. Often, she would demand he get to his knees and eat her pussy at a moment's notice. She was harsh, but part of him was convinced that this was still a game, and there was no real reason to be scared. He could still get out from her control any time he wanted, he told himself.

It might have seemed that way until Valentina started growing. She became very hungry and seemed to always be eating for a while, but he didn't notice any growth at first. Then, all of a sudden it was like she was getting bigger by the day.

Valentina was thrilled that she was getting bigger, "I'm already so much bigger and stronger than you," she squealed. "Wait until I get so big that you won't even have a tenth of my strength."

Hearing her say that excited him, but Cole didn't really think that was going to happen. It seemed absolutely preposterous that Valentina would get that big, but very quickly she was filling her clothes up more and more, and within a couple weeks she was significantly bigger. She had him measure her, and she was now six-foot-nine.

"That's just the beginning of my growth spurt," she told him. "Don't you worry."

Growing made Valentina very horny, and she took Cole whenever the desire struck her. He had little to say in the matter, but the gigantic teenager was so sexy that his body responded instantly to her every single time.

Valentina's growth was just beginning then, and soon she was growing even faster. This required new clothing to constantly be made for her, and Cole was lucky that he had a fortune to keep up with Valentina's needs.

"How long will it take for me to be over seven feet tall?" Valentina asked her little husband. "I would say it won't be long at all."

She was right. It was only a couple more weeks until she hit seven feet.

Not only was she still increasing in height, but it seemed as if Valentina's body was developing more in other ways. She had a slim but curvy figure when he met her, but as her height increased, it seemed as if her hips were getting wider, her ass becoming more voluptuous, and her breasts increasing in size.

"Oh my," Valentina said one morning, as she looked at how her breasts were starting to spill out of her bra. "I've always wanted bigger titties."

She laughed. "I was a bit of a late bloomer when it came to tits, height too apparently. I didn't grow to be over six feet tall until after I was sixteen, and I had no titties back then either."

She turned from the mirror to look over her shoulder. Cole was sitting on the

bed, just watching her.

“Now, you’re the biggest thing around,” he said proudly. He thought back to how he wondered if there ever was a woman who would make him want to get married again, and then he met this goddess.

“I may be the biggest thing, but I’m just a fraction of how big I’m going to get,” Valentina cooed. “I’m not sure why I’m growing like this, I just know this is just the beginning. I love getting bigger. I love towering over people, and I don’t want it to stop.”

It didn’t stop, and Valentina continued to grow after reaching past seven feet. Cole was in awe of her every day, watching his wife become taller, stronger, more voluptuous, and bustier. Just when he thought she couldn’t get any bigger, she would grow some more.

He loved pleasing her any way he could. He would often rub her huge feet and he loved bathing her, cleaning every inch of her huge body. He actually made some modifications to the house, because after she hit seven-foot-five, she could no longer fit in the shower.

“Just how big do you think you’ll be?” Cole asked.

“At least ten feet,” Valentina said with a shrug.

“Ten feet?” Cole asked astounded.

She laughed. "I'm being modest. I thought that was a nice round number."

Once Cole had the new shower installed, in which he made it to accommodate somebody who stood as tall as ten feet, he could properly clean Valentina in the shower. This became their morning ritual. He would watch her slowly strip off her clothing for him, and then get in the shower.

Watching her strip was so incredibly exciting. There was so much flesh on display, and he loved watching her reveal her long legs, her amazing ass, and her huge breasts. When he stood next to her, she would often just pull him to her and bury his face in her large chest. Sometimes she would hold him there and make him feel like he was being smothered.

"I bet you love being smothered by these huge titties," she would purr. "I could kill you this way, but what a way to go."

Once they were in the shower, he got the pleasure of soaping her body up in down. The process always made him hard, and often she would tease him.

"This is serious business, little one," she would say. "Can't you control yourself long enough to get me clean?"

This was just a game though, because he knew that she was turned on as well. Often, she would force Cole to his knees and force him to eat her out in the shower. He loved being dominated like this, and hearing his giantess wife come was always a pleasure.

There were also times when she would really get excited and pick him up to fuck him against the shower wall. This was rare, because it would give away her teasing game, but she would find herself overwhelmed by the comparison.

“I love feeling your tiny hands moving over my big body,” she would whisper, as she took him against the tile. “You’re so small, and as I keep getting bigger, it’s like you’re getting smaller.”

“I love serving you,” he would whisper back. “I love being enveloped by your power.”

Saying things like this would make him come, and hard. He had never thought he would come like this, and especially not at his age, but sex with a giantess was more arousing than anything that he had ever experienced.

One night, after incredible, athletic sex with Valentina, the two lay together and cuddled. “I used to be afraid that I would never find a man who wasn’t afraid of me, because I’m big and I keep getting bigger.”

“I’m not afraid of you,” Cole said, taking her big hand and kissing it. “I crave you. I can’t get enough of you.”

“And you want me bigger,” Valentina said. “You can’t wait for me to grow even more.”

“Yes,” Cole said with a shiver. “I want you to get as big as possible.”

As they continued the daily shower routine, he could see that she just kept getting bigger, and bigger filling up more and more of the shower. He measured her once a week, and with the new measurements she needed more new clothing. Within another month, she was eight feet tall.

He felt truly tiny next to his wife, and Cole was aroused beyond measure just standing next to her. Due to the difficulties that her hugeness caused in public, she did not go out much, but when he did go out with her, Cole was thrilled by the reactions of all the little people around her.

As Valentina continued to grow, Cole delighted in how her huge breasts seemed to rise higher and higher. They were also expanding outward, and this made them seem to loom larger and larger over him with each passing week, or even days. As inches kept being added to Valentina’s height, it wouldn’t be long before her breasts were higher than his head.

This happened around the time Valentina hit nine feet, and Cole loved the fact that he could stand next to her and look up at the cusps of her massive breasts. Valentina loved it too. In fact, she liked to play a little game.

Valentina would walk toward Cole and stand right next to him. “Cole!” she would call out. “Where is my little husband?”

“Here I am!” Cole would call.

“Where?” Valentina would ask, shrugging her shoulders.

Cole would reach up, and touch her massive tits, pushing on them. Valentina would look down and spread her large breasts to look through her cleavage. “Oh, there you are,” she would say with a giggle.

At over nine feet tall, Valentina began to enjoy picking Cole up and holding him like a baby. He was still her little servant, but she had become so big and powerful that it seemed that a more nurturing demeanor was called for. It just seemed like bullying to be so hard on somebody so small.

Often, she would pick him up and carry him to the huge custom-made chair they had created for her, and she would pull out one big tit. Then she would let him suck on her nipple. Cole had gotten so good at it, that he could make her come just from nipple stimulation.

“Suck mommy’s nipple, there’s a good boy,” Valentina would purr.

There was something especially hot about the teenage giantess holding her much older husband this way and having him suck at her tit. He would suck, lick and caress the huge tit, listening to her moan and sigh, until she was on the verge. Once she was there, he would increase the suction, and move his tongue over her big nipple just right, until she couldn’t take it anymore.

Cole loved to hear her come, and every time she did, she would grab hold of him and grasp him to her gigantic breast. By now, her tits were so enormous that each one was far bigger than his head. Hell, they were each almost as big as his whole torso. Soon it wouldn’t just be Valentina that dwarfed him, but one of her

gigantic tits.

Despite their size difference, the two continued to have an incredible sex life. “I love my teeny tiny man,” Valentina would say as she took him. He as nothing more than a toy to her now, but she was always able to find a way to get her satisfaction, and Cole was enthusiastically willing to obliged her, in any way that she wanted to get off.

Valentina continued to grow, and it wasn’t long before she hit ten feet. She was so tall, that she could stand on the bottom of the eight-foot-deep pool in the house. She loved the swim, but if she got much bigger, the pool was going to start to feel inadequate to her.

Cole loved to watch her swim though. He had a red custom-made bikini made for her, once she was ten feet tall. He would sit out and watch her as she swam into the pool, waiting for that moment wen he knew he would be useful.

Valentina would have her fun, often for hours, and then there would be that moment. “It’s time for me to get out,” she would say. “I need you to dry me.”

Cole would grab the towels that were at the side of the pool, waiting for this moment. He would watch as Valentina would walk from the deep end to the shallow end of the pool and the stairs. It was an amazing sight, because it was like watching her grow before his eyes.

She came up out of the water, her enormous breasts emerging, pointing straight out like torpedoes. He loved the sight of the water running down her body, making a waterfall between her deep cleavage. Once they were fully above

water, they shook and shimmied, as she kept walking, more of her body rising up.

As she came out of the water, he went to her, and she stood up on the concrete. While in the water, she had been weightless, but now he was aware of her full mass, her shadow falling over him, and totally enveloping his body. The top of his head didn't come up to her hip. It was like standing next to an enormous animal, that could crush him at any second.

Valentina could crush him, but he knew she had other things in mind. He would dry her off, starting with her legs, and her big ass, because these were the only parts of her he could reach. Then she would finally take pity on him, and bend down to let him dry the rest of her.

He did what he could, moving the towel over her powerful shoulders and back, as well as the slopes of her huge breasts. "You're so small," she would whisper. "I can't believe how tiny you are."

Then she would lose control, and she would grab him with one of her big hands, and then he would be down on the ground, while she loomed over him. She was so big, and he was nothing compared to her. Now he knew he was like to be taken.

Still, Valentina continued to grow, beyond ten feet, and onto eleven. She was eleven-foot-three, when they had been married for six months. She was now twice as tall as he was. He would wake up next to this powerful goddess every morning, with a figure beyond belief, wondering if she was ever going to stop getting bigger, and more powerful. He hoped she never would. He wanted her to grow forever.