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NEIGHBOR**
PART ONE

J. D. Tufts

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AUTHORS NOTE

**ALL CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS WORK ARE EIGHTEEN
YEARS OLD OR OLDER.**

CHAPTER ONE

“Somebody new moved into the condo two doors over,” my wife Shelly said.

This was an obsession with her. Our condo association agreement had barred condo owners from making short term rentals, but one of our neighbors had decided to move to a house and rent out their condo. In the past two years, we had seen five tenants come in and out. One of them had been outright crazy, and Shelly was the only member of the condo association to make a big deal about it, but she didn't want to pay the money to get a lawyer just because our neighbor wasn't honoring the contract.

“Who is it this time?” I asked.

“I don't know. I didn't see them,” Shelly said.

“Probably somebody young again,” I said. All the tenants we had seen moving in had been in their twenties. I was forty-two and Shelly was forty. We were not in the mood to have hard partying neighbors.

“I just hope they aren't too much trouble.”

I had been reading a book in the living room, and I really didn't want to discuss it. I just went back to my book and tried to forget about it. I wouldn't see the neighbor until three days later.

It was the summer, and our new neighbor had decided to tan herself in the back yard. Each unit had a small yard, and we used ours to have a little garden. I had been out tending to it when I saw the young woman two doors down laying in the grass on a towel. I decided I'd take the opportunity to introduce myself.

As I walked over, I could see that the girl was a pretty brunette, about twenty-five by my guess, and wearing a red bikini. She was laying on her stomach, but I could get a good enough look at her to see she was very attractive. Even a married man could look. She had a very nice ass, and her legs were very long and shapely.

I had always appreciated a good pair of legs. My wife was six feet tall, two inches taller than I was, and I had always had an obsession with her legs. Shelly knew it too and liked to tease me with them as much as she could, as well as wear high heels so she could tower over me even more. I thought I was a very lucky man and had never cheated before. I didn't think there was anything wrong with looking though.

"Hi, how are you?" I said to the girl who seemed a little startled. "I don't mean to surprise you. I'm Chris. I live a couple doors down with my wife Shelly. We haven't met yet."

"Of course," the girl said. She sat up slightly and I could see she had ample breasts. I would say they were more than ample. They looked outright huge. I tried not to stare. I also didn't get too close to her. I didn't want to scare her. I had a nagging idea that something was off though, and I couldn't say quite what it was.

“I’m Victoria,” the girl said, and then she stood up.

I very quickly realized what it was that seemed off about her. She was far enough away that my perspective was not able to properly assess her size when she was laying down, but once she started to stand up, and I got a little closer after her having acknowledged me, it became very clear that she was very big.

I was used to spending every day with a tall woman and being the smaller one in a relationship. This girl made my wife seem like a little girl, and as she rose to her full height, not just in how tall she was, but by how preposterously curvaceous she was. As she stood up, Victoria’s beautiful breasts bounced magnificently in her bikini top. They each looked the size of a ripe cantaloupe melon.

I thought I was going to faint. I had never seen anything like this. Just how tall was this girl? I had stood next to people well over six feet before but had never been made to feel this tiny. It was overwhelming how huge she was, making the tallest person I had ever seen seem small by comparison. She was well over seven feet.

“I’m sorry,” Victoria said. “I guess I should have prepared you.”

She had a satisfied smirk on her face when she said this. I guessed my reaction to her size had really been that obvious. I tried to collect myself and seem normal. I didn’t know what to say though.

Victoria put out her hand for me to shake, and I put out mine, watching as my tiny hand disappeared into hers. She gripped my hand with what must have been a

tiny fraction of her strength, but it felt like my hand was in a vice. She knew that she was crushing my hand too. I could see it in her eyes. Her dominance was as sexy as her giant body. I could feel my cock getting hard in my pants, and I thought I needed to get out of there fast.

“Just let us know if you need any help with anything,” I said. “That’s what neighbors are for.”

Victoria let go of my hand. “Oh, I will,” she told me.

Then I got out of there as quickly as I could. I didn’t even care if she knew what was going on. I just knew that I needed to get out of that situation. Once I was in the house, I breathed a sigh of relief.

I collapsed into one of the dining room chairs, and only then was I aware of my aching cock. I had to do something about that, and I knew Shelly was upstairs in the bedroom. I went to her and promptly attacked her.

“What’s gotten into you?” my wife asked, when I found her listening to music with her headphones and pounced on her.

“Sometimes your beauty just overcomes me,” I told her.

We fucked vigorously. It had been a long time since we had surprise midday sex, and I could tell that Shelly was ecstatic about it. She came repeatedly, and since I was thinking about the giantess I had just seen, I came with an intensity that I

hadn't in years.

We both collapsed on the bed, sweaty and satisfied.

"That was incredible," Shelly said.

"Tell me about it," I said with a grin. I kissed her.

"Seriously, what brought that on?"

"I just was feeling horny," I said, and pulled her to me. "You remember how I was when we first met."

Shelly seemed to remember. We cuddled for about an hour, and then we did it again, though it wasn't quite as intense. I was still thinking about Victoria, I couldn't help it, but once I got that out of my system, I figured that I wouldn't do anything that I shouldn't do.

I thought that I wasn't likely to run into Victoria if I didn't make an attempt to interact with her. That was how it had been with the other short-term tenants, and I figured she would last about as long as they had.

A couple days later, Shelly and I had just gotten back from going to see a movie. We were talking about the film as we slowly walked up to the door, and then a huge shadow fell over us. We both turned to the source startled, and we saw

Victoria standing over us, wearing a white top and red leggings. She seemed even taller than she had been the other day. I would notice later that she was wearing boots with heels.

“Hi Chris, this must be your wife,” Victoria said in her sultry voice.

There were a few moments when all I did was stare, and I suddenly realized that I was getting myself in trouble. I couldn't let Shelly see how I was reacting to this girl.

“Yes, this is her,” I said, trying to sound normal. I turned to Shelly who was looking up at the girl with her mouth hanging open. “Shelly, this is Victoria. She's renting the condo two doors down.”

Victoria put out her hand. “So nice to meet you,” Victoria said, and Shelly took it. As exciting as it was to see how small I looked next to Victoria the other day, it was more exciting to see her dwarf my statuesque wife. I was getting hard, I could feel it, and I was also sure I was in trouble.

“When did the two of you meet?” Shelly asked. I could hear the ice in her voice and suddenly knew what she was thinking.

“Two days ago,” Victoria said cheerfully. “Chris was nice enough to come over and introduce himself.”

“Two days ago, you say,” Shelly repeated. Her voice was as cold as I had ever

heard it.

“Yeah, it was good to finally meet you,” Victoria said, and then she walked off. I couldn’t help but think that this young woman had known exactly what she was doing as she sashayed away.

Shelly watched her go as well, and so I thought it was safe. It was then that I noticed that Victoria was wearing the boots. Didn’t she know how impossibly tall she was already? I thought those boots must have added five inches to her height. She looked like she was eight feet tall. When Victoria got to her front door, it looked as if she too big to even fit through it, but Shelly and I watched as she unlocked it, and bent way down to squeeze through.

“I guess I know what that sex was all about now,” Shelly said, and then she moved to our front door without another word.

“Shelly, you can’t be serious,” I said. I thought this was the best tact to take, but I didn’t expect her to buy it.

“Don’t try and gaslight me,” Shelly said. “I know exactly what’s going on here.”

When we got inside, we argued about it a bit, but I knew all I had were lame excuses. It might have been better to just admit it and beg for forgiveness, but I really didn’t want to admit it to myself. I ended up sleeping on the couch that night, and it would be a few more days before it seemed like Shelly and I were back to normal again.

“I knew you had this fetish when I married you,” Shelly finally said. “I guess I can’t be too angry about it, but I just wish you would open up to me more after twelve years of marriage.”

“Okay,” I agreed. “I’ll tell you everything. I just thought it would upset you. We had a wonderful time.”

Shelly smiled wistfully to herself. “Yes, maybe I should be thanking that girl,” she said with a laugh.

I was relieved that we had a resolution, and I was confident that if we did see Victoria again, then we were going to be able to handle the situation like mature adults. Another week passed, and I had even started to forget that I was living just a couple doors down from a giantess.

That weekend, Shelly was going to visit her father who lived a few towns away and was starting to have health problems. I wasn’t going with her because I had some things to take care of in town. That morning I was lounging around the living room, having just finished breakfast, wearing blue jeans and a t-shirt. It wasn’t long after Shelly had driven off on Saturday morning that there was a knock at the door, and I went to answer it.

I thought it was most likely a package delivery, because Shelly often ordered things online. I was startled to open the door and see Victoria standing there, or more accurately to see a woman in a black dress. I couldn’t see her face because she was far above the door, but there was no question who she was.

I was staring straight into her breasts, but Victoria leaned down to smile at me.

“Hello, neighbor,” she said. “Mind if I come in?”

I wanted to say no, and I was trying to will myself to do it, when Victoria decided she had already been granted permission. She started to come in, and I got out of the way. There was no way I wanted to be in the way of somebody this huge when they wanted to come in.

I stepped back and watched as Victoria straightened up, towering over me. Her dress hugged her every curve wonderfully, and she had obviously done her make up to look as enticing as possible. She looked luscious, one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. When I was young, I would have considered a woman like this out of my league before even taking the towering height into consideration.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, trying to sound hard and authoritative.

Victoria smiled and chuckled to herself. It was obvious how little she thought of my ability to assert authority. I could tell that she loved looking down at me and seeing how much she towered over me. The question that I had desperately wanted answered entered my mind again, and I could not stop myself from asking it.

“How tall are you?” I asked.

“So, you’re answering your first question with your second,” Victoria said, shutting my front door. She reached her big hand out and gently placed it on my cheek. “I saw the way you looked at me that first day we met. When I talked to you and your wife, I knew that you couldn’t resist me, and you knew that.”

I quivered at the way she was talking to me. How could a woman tap into my most intense fantasies like that? It seemed so easy for her. Maybe because her fantasies were the same. I had gotten used to playing the game with my wife for so long that the idea that there was a woman who might be aroused by the same things I was seemed impossible.

“How tall is your wife?” Victoria asked.

“She’s six feet tall,” I answered.

“Taller than you. That was all I knew when I looked at you. All you little people look the same to me. I have a hard time guessing just how tall you are.”

I loved the arrogance of the statement, but she didn’t say it as if she was bragging. To Victoria, she was just making a statement of fact.

“You like it when a woman is taller than you?”

“Yes,” I answered, as if that needed to be said.

“What did you feel when you saw me that day?”

I was in a daze. I answered her like I was under hypnosis, even though I knew it

was not how I should be reacting to this.

“I felt confused at first, and then overwhelmed.”

“You ran off like a scared rabbit,” Victoria said with a laugh. “You’d ever seen a woman so huge before. You needed to get away and deal with these feelings.”

“I love my wife,” I blurted out. I knew in that moment it was true. Victoria filled me with a feeling of indescribable lust, but it was not what I knew I should be doing.

“That’s what makes this fun,” she said. “The rational part of you knows that you don’t want to do this, but there is a visceral reaction that you can’t control.”

That part of what she was saying seemed to snap me out of it. I told myself that I was in control here. I could make the choices and I didn’t have to do this. To be with Victoria might be a dream come true, but it would ruin everything I had with Shelly.

“I think you should go,” I said.

“In these heels I’m seven-foot-ten,” Victoria said as if I hadn’t said anything. “In my bare feet, I’m seven-foot-five.”

I took a deep breath, even as I could feel my whole body quiver. “Did you hear

what I said?”

“Yes,” Victoria said with a grin. “I know you heard what I said. I’m still growing too, you know. I’m only nineteen, and the women in my family usually don’t stop growing until they’re around twenty-one or so.”

I couldn’t believe she was so young. I had guessed that she had to be twenty-five before. Most nineteen-year-olds that I saw still looked very young, no matter how sophisticated they tried to make themselves seem. Victoria seemed to be a worldly woman, more than that, a goddess who lorded over all the insignificant little people. Maybe it was just having such unparalleled height that gave her that quality.

“I still think you should leave,” I said. I knew I needed to be strong, but I could feel my cock bulging in my pants. Once she left, I knew I would have to take care of that.

Victoria just smiled at me, that devastating smile. “I’m glad you decided to resist,” she said. “It’s so much more fun if you resist.”

“What are you...?”

“Shhh...” she put her finger over my mouth. “I don’t think there is anything more to talk about.”

Then in an instant she was bending down. I didn’t know what was going on for a

few minutes, but then her hands were under my armpits, and instantly I was losing touch with the ground. Victoria lifted me as if I weighed nothing, and I was suddenly aware of just how strong this young woman really was. She held me in the air for several seconds, I think to just let it sink in how helpless I was in her presence. I was both scared and powerfully aroused. Seconds later, she was kissing me.

The way she kissed me was like nobody ever had before. She pulled me toward her, and my legs instinctually wrapped around her waist. That allowed her arms to move down on my body, one hand gripping my ass, and her tongue entering my mouth. I was used to being the aggressor, even with Shelly, but Victoria not only knew she was the bigger and stronger person but relished it. She took what she wanted, and what she wanted was me.

Her hands probed my body, moving over my ass, back, and chest. She slipped one hand under my shirt and began to tickle my skin with her fingernails. I had never felt so desired by a woman before. I couldn't believe it, this giantess wanted me, but I still thought I should resist. Yet, I knew I couldn't there was no way I could match her strength. Just seeing how easily she held me in the air told me that.

She broke the kiss just to pull my shirt up over my head. "You're in pretty good shape," she said with a smile.

It was true. I was still quite slim for my age, in fact, people often thought I was five to ten years younger than I actually was.

"How old are you?" Victoria asked.

“Forty-two,” I told her.

She giggled. “You’re old enough to be my father,” she said. “Yet, I can hold you in my arms. That gets me so hot.”

She kissed me again, and her tongue entered my mouth again. This time she was so aggressive that I felt like I was going to choke on her tongue. She shoved it back in my throat, pushing my own tongue aside. It was like she wanted to take my breath away.

“Where’s your bedroom?” she said when she came up for air.

“We can’t do this,” I found myself protesting. My voice did not sound the least bit sincere. I could hear that I was turned on beyond belief, but I had to protest. I couldn’t just give in to this woman and cheat on Shelly after all the years we had together.

“Really?” Victoria asked as she rolled her eyes. “You want to pretend that you don’t want this.”

“I love my wife,” I repeated.

“God, this is annoying,” Victoria said.

She suddenly walked into the dining room, and then she threw me down on the

dining room table. It was a heavy oak dining room set that Shelly had inherited from her grandparents. It hurt a little when I hit the tabletop, but within seconds, Victoria was unbuckling my belt and then pulling my pants off.

“I want to get fucked,” she said. “I’m going to have my way with you one way or the other.”

“Please,” I said again, but then my boxers were off, and my hard cock was pointing straight in the air.

“Mmmmm,” Victoria said. “I love it when a little man has a nice fat cock.”

I found myself blushing, and then Victoria bent down to take my whole cock in her mouth. It had been a while since I had gotten a blowjob, and Shelly had never been able to take my whole cock in her mouth like that. Victoria was right, I was pretty big considering my height and the fact I was so slim.

The sensation of the big girl sucking my cock destroyed any resistance I had left. My cock was surrounded by the warm moistness of her mouth, her tongue moving over it with precision. Then she pulled back up and started to stand back up at her full height.

“I need to get this cock inside me,” she said as she pulled her dress up over her head.

She was wearing a lacy black bra and matching panties underneath. I got to see

her body again like I had when she had been in that bikini. It was still stunning how perfect she was, her flat stomach, wide hips, and big breasts making the perfect hourglass shape. Yet she was this perfect woman blown up to a size that I never would have imagined her being.

“I bet you’d like to see these,” Victoria said with a smile, as she reached behind her back and undid her bra.

That was an understatement. They were incredibly big, even proportioned with the rest of her. Shelly was a C cup, but I guessed these were at least G cup territory. I had once dated a short girl who wore a G cup when I was young, and Victoria was just as busty, though she was much bigger overall.

They were gorgeously round and full too, with beautiful hard nipples that were soon coming toward me. Victoria had decided to smother me with her big breasts, and soon I had a big nipple in my mouth.

“I love to have my tits sucked,” Victoria moaned. “Get me wet,” she said.

I put my hands to her hips as she climbed on the big oak table. I thought that any other table might have problems supporting our combined weight, but things seemed fine on this heavy oak.

One hand went over her big round ass, grabbing as much flesh as I could, while the other reached up to squeeze the big tit I was sucking. Victoria moaned in pleasure, and I thought I was getting her in the mood. Soon, I could smell her arousal.

She couldn't take it anymore. Soon she was removing her panties, and then she grabbed both my hands and pinned them to the table. She took a moment to grin down at me with that predatory look in her eyes.

"I'm going to have my way with you now, little man," she told me. "When I'm done, you're going to be ruined."

I had no doubts about that. Victoria began to slowly feed my cock into her wet pussy, taking her time and savoring every moment I slide inside her.

"Oh, I love how your cock feels inside me," she purred as she got all the way in and started to ride me.

There was pain mixed with pleasure as her weight kept coming down on my hips. She seemed to be aware that she was causing me pain, but she really didn't care.

"You're mine, right?" she said, leaning over and pressing her tits in my face again. "You know you're mine. I want to hear you say it."

"I'm yours," I said. I was overcome with excitement. There was no way I could continue to resist.

"Tell me why," she said, and I knew what I said here was very important.

“Because you’re so big and strong,” I said. “I’ve wanted to meet a woman like you my whole life, and to belong to her. I can’t do anything but submit to you. I love the fact that you’re still growing. You’re already the biggest woman I’ve ever seen, and you’re going to be bigger.”

As I was talking, I could hear the excitement mounting with Victoria, and she started to moan softly. I thought that she might be getting closer to coming. The table started to slide over a little, and then it started banging against the wall. After I was done talking, I looked over alarmed, knowing that it was doing damage there.

“You’re worried about your wife finding out about this,” Victoria said with a laugh. “You’re already forgetting that you belong to me.”

I turned to look at her, and I could see her expression was maniacal, as she lifted herself up a bit to take her boobs off my face. She was still riding me hard, seemingly harder now, because she wanted to do damage to the wall.

“Remember when you saw me standing next to your wife?” Victoria asked. “Did you see how tiny she was compared to me.”

“Yes,” I said.

“She’s like a little girl next to me. She’s nothing. Yet, you’re worried about her.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“You should be,” Victoria told me. “You need to worship your goddess properly. You need to know that she is the one who owns you. Not that tiny little girl.”

Guilt was starting to seep in again, but at the same time this was the hottest thing that had ever happened to me. I remembered that when I first met Shelly, and we had started dating, I was excited to meet a tall woman who was tolerant of my fetish. Now, Victoria had conquered me with seemingly no effort.

“I do worship you,” I said.

“Why?”

“Because you’re the biggest. Because you’re the most powerful.”

Victoria was getting really worked up. I could see her body start to shudder, and then she lowered her tits back in my face. She wrapped her arms around my head this time, pulling my head between her big boobs. I thought I was going to suffocate. It felt as if I couldn’t breathe, and as I struggled, I wasn’t sure if Victoria even realized, or if she cared.

“Just think about how tiny her tits are,” Victoria said. “I could kill you with these tits and you’d love to go that way.”

I was still struggling, but my dick was still as hard as steel. Victoria was still riding me, even as she had me helpless. Finally, she loosened her grip and let me breath.

“Feel my ass,” Victoria ordered as she let my hands free. I moved my hands around her his to place them on her glorious ass cheeks.

“Think about when you touch your wife there,” she said. “She doesn’t have an ass like mine, does she?”

“No,” I said.

“Tell me the difference,” Victoria said.

“Your ass is so round and full, so big.”

“Squeeze it.”

I squeezed a handful of ass cheek, and I could hear Victoria sigh with pleasure at this.

“Yes,” she purred. “Everything about me is big. Everything about you is so small.”

Then she grabbed my head again, pulling me back into her boobs, but this time she didn't pull me between them. She put a big nipple in my mouth, and I knew what she wanted me to do. I sucked hard, and gripped her ass, as she began to ride me even harder. The heavy oak table was slamming into the wall, and I knew it was probably tearing a hole right into it.

“So fucking tiny,” Victoria was singing. “Suck my tit you tiny little man.”

Then she was coming, and I could feel her pussy contracting around my cock. I started to come with her, and the gush of my hot cum was spraying like a fire hose. Only then did I think about protection for the first time. Shelly and I were childless, and I had maintained this because I had always cared about protection during sex, but with this giantess wanting to take me, I had just completely forgotten about it.

When her orgasm subsided, Victoria just collapsed on me. She let her body go limp, and I was pinned under her total weight. I thought she was probably doing this on purpose. It probably got her hot thinking about the weight of her huge frame pushing down on my comparatively tiny body.

“Oh, you're mine,” Victoria purred, and she kissed me on top of my head. All I could do is lay there and be pinned under her massive body. I knew that my entire life had been changed in an instant, and I didn't know what this meant.

My ultimate fantasy had shown up at my door and ripped my life asunder. I knew that, but I didn't know what it meant. With her on top of me, I could only think of two things, that my marriage was probably over, and that the weight pressing down on me felt heavenly.

“I belong to you,” I whispered. I knew it was true.