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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Seven

Mary raised her eyebrow, looked down at her vast cleavage, something that she didn't possess a few weeks prior and I shrunk in my chair. Looking horrified no doubt, I couldn't even tell, I was just so focused on the two swollen orbs on my therapist's chest that I couldn't help but discard any other feeling or emotion from my life.

"I just mean... That phrase... It's been in my head..."

"Oh really?" Mary said, her fingers tracing the hem of her blouse. "I thought you might've meant something else."

Good start but... She's going to ask why...

"So, why? Is it linked to the... *Expansion?*"

I nodded, shyly.

Of course it's related to expansion...

"I see... And that question... Why is it in your head?" She smiled, looking

down at me on the sofa. “Don’t forget your tea.”

I hurriedly picked up the cup and used the time of me drinking to stall giving her an answer.

To me the silence was awkward, uncomfortable and I struggled to maintain eye contact. I squirmed in the chair, trying not to look at Mary’s tits that were still bulging through the gap in her blouse. Her smile only grew.

I drank the tea; the flavour filled my mouth and almost knocked me back with the pungent flavour. I couldn’t really think of it, I just focused on how strained the fabric was on Mary’s blouse.

“Good tea this week, different again.”

“Jason.”

The buttons were strained, the creases that the fabric was making as the weight of her chest was thrusting forward from her body, the projection was a lot, but the weight of each breast was taxing the fabric so much. Her cleavage was deep and inviting, the glimpse that I did have was a lot. With every breath they rose and fell, the compression from the top just barely containing her boobs as they were compressed together and forced to bulge through the only available gap.

“It’s very full and... *Milky...*” I veered off.

“Jason.” A slightly frustrated tone came from Mary as she watched me wriggle and avoid the question.

The anger in her face wasn’t registering, my eyes hadn’t left her tits since I walked in really, they were just so different, so much bigger, so

captivating that I couldn't resist staring.

They've just grown so big...

I could've wandered off into fourteen different realms of daydreams from here but the warmth spreading through my mouth kept me grounded and I quickly remembered that Mary was actually there and talking to me.

"What is this tea?" I asked before I was suddenly thrust upon.

Mary flew over me and she stopped just short of my face with her huge boobs. I could feel the heat rising from them as they were close to brushing my chin, I looked up and saw her very serious face.

"Why is it in your head?" Her voice was low and raspy, her face close to mine.

"I... I've been thinking... About women growing..."

"Oh?" She said, taking that as the real answer, her aggression dimmed and she seemed to go soft on me. "Like who?"

I felt as if I was being led into a trap, but I wasn't exactly lying at the moment. So, I carried on.

"Anyone... Ex-girlfriends, random people in the street, co-workers, friends-"

"Therapists?"

It didn't take her long to spring that one...

I swallowed, feeling her chest sway closer to me.

I couldn't speak, my mouth was feeling very dry all of a sudden, the moisture provided by the tea was long gone and I kept darting my eyes between

her huge swinging chest and her fiery eyes.

I saw her eyebrow raise and I nodded.

“Well... It seems that maybe our chats are having an effect on you.”

Mary stood back up, her boobs bouncing almost cartoonishly.

What is she saying?

Turning around she walked away from me, back to her seat. “Do you think they’re having an effect on me too?” She looked over her shoulder at me.

What is she asking?

I had heard her perfectly clearly, but I just didn’t think it was real, or maybe it wasn’t happening.

“You can’t say you’ve not noticed.” She smirked, this time turning back around, she looked down proudly at the mounds that were barely contained within her blouse.

I nodded again.

“Double negative Jason.” She cupped her boobs and laughed. “Did you notice?”

I nodded. Still absolutely unable to speak, my cock swollen and desperate for release.

“So, the question.” She tried to bring it full circle. “How much bigger?”

With a deliberate pull, the buttons on the blouse came undone and she was once again standing before me in her bra.

“What do you think?” She chuckled. “You are the expert after all.”

This time the view of them was more deliberate, much more focused and

I was being given explicit permission to gawk.

Gawk I did.

They're huge...

They really had grown a lot since last week, since the week before they were magnitudes bigger. I could barely remember the time where she was flat chested, the only reason I clung to that memory was to give my mind palace access to the contrast from the first time we met to now.

The size was staggering, sure I had seen women far bustier online, but it wasn't that common as one might think but also, this wasn't on a 2D screen, or a VR scene that I might've paid more money than I am willing to admit buying.

This was real life.

Mary was chuckling still from her joke, and I watched her just standing there, shameless, proud actually, she really had changed so much in such a short amount of time.

She's amazing...

Mary was taking over my head, I couldn't stop thinking about her, the week just gone by solidified that, our conversation had corrupted my brain, and I just kept thinking, dreaming, focusing on boobs and she was a perfect role model for my fantasies.

They're still getting bigger now...

I convinced myself of this fact, I wasn't likely wrong, but I didn't need to be right, the imagination did a hell of a number on my arousal. I couldn't help but touch my throbbing cock, I didn't care, the display before me was far less

extreme than fantasies I had dreamed up or roleplayed with someone over the years but again.

This is real life.

Mary's sweet voice filled my ears, she looked at me, clearly in discomfort and she was enjoying the reaction I was giving. She shook her chest once more to see if that would get another rise.

It did.

Mary smiled and her huge tits jiggled as she laughed, the motion was hypnotic and I kept looking over the surface of her bra, really trying to focus on points that showed me just how much they stuck out, the depth perception was hard to really grasp without moving closer or maybe even touching them.

There was no way I could do that...

She held her arms high above her head and flexed her chest, making them bounce a bit, putting a show on for me almost.

I'd cum...

"Jason" she said with a bit of a firmer tone again. "I asked you a question honey." She cooed.

"Sorry!" I blurted out, not wanting this to end, I knew I had to speak, I had to engage, as desperately horny and out of it I was, I needed to engage to keep this going. "C-could you... Repeat the question?"

"How much bigger?"