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<The Cult>

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Chapter Six

I had nothing really planned, it was going to be a long and lonely day until I got a call from my buddy Tom. He and some of the guys were going to the driving range and wanted to know if I wanted to join them, thinking that it would be a good way to pass the time, I hastily accepted. The golf course was in the middle of nowhere, so I had next to no signal during my time there. I was thoughtful enough to have messaged Susan before I entered the signal dead zone however I got no message prior to getting into the range.

We were there for a few hours, it had been a long time since I had seen some of the boys, so it was a good time to catch up with them all, however Susan didn't leave my mind. More specifically her breasts.

The afternoon was getting on and some of the guys had already left, citing their wives as a good reason to make a move. I felt the day was dragging so I decided to leave myself. Tom had suggested that me and him go get some drinks, I agreed, not knowing how long Susan would be, I decided that one

couldn't hurt. Getting back into a place with a signal, I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket.

Susan?

I was eager to look but I still had a bit left to drive. I pulled into the drive and checked to see a message from my wife. It was a bit ominous.

"I'm having lots of fun, this place is great, no need to worry about me."

She had ignored my previous message, just told me not to worry about her. It felt a rather strange thing to say.

"Hey, ready?" Tom yelled from his car; he was going to drive us to the bar.

"Just one okay..." I said apprehensively.

"If it's just one, why don't you drive?" He teased me.

"Fair point... You're just lucky you live near the place."

"Your fault for moving out here." He was right of course.

"2-o Tom." I chuckled.

I glanced one last time at the message, the words didn't quite seem like hers. I dismissed the negative thoughts and hopped in Tom's car.

I don't really remember too much of what happened after the second shot of whiskey, but I do know last night I was enjoying and having fun.

This morning however, my head was splitting.

The searing light that filled the spacious room was no longer welcome; my eyes burnt from the heavenly glow from behind the curtains.

Need to get blackout curtains...

I was getting angry, I was in pain, my head was spinning. Before I could think of anything else, I leapt up and ran to the toilet, almost stumbling into the wall along the way. I was doubled over the toilet bowl, and the harsh acidic taste numbed my mouth as I barfed out the contents of my stomach.

“Never... Again...” I had said that a number of times in my life, it never got any easier, feeling this hungover. “That bastard...” I cursed Tom’s name.

I cleaned myself up and brushed my teeth, not wanting the lingering taste of sick in my mouth for a second longer than it needed to be. I groggily made my way back to bed, wanting to crawl in and forget the world for the next 12-24 hours.

I slid back into the empty bed and fell back asleep, I don’t know what time I was up, I just know that finally the sun was bothering me far too much and I needed to pee quite badly.

Sluggishly I got myself out of bed and into the bathroom. When I was done, I was standing in the doorway, I saw the bed and only in that moment did I realise it was empty.

A harrowing thought hit me like a truck.

Susan?

The adrenaline seemed to shake off the fog in my mind, and I dashed over to my phone. Picking it up, I had expected to see some messages, something, anything. A missed call or two. Maybe I had locked the door and left the key in or something.

I picked my phone up and saw that it was almost two in the afternoon. I

unlocked it, and I saw there were only two notifications from Tom. He was checking if I made it home okay.

Nice guy... But not now!

I opened Susan's message's she was last online yesterday; around the time she messaged me. I was freaking out, maybe it wasn't warranted, but I tapped the phone button to ring through to her. I didn't think of the time, it didn't matter, I was freaking out.

It rang.

And rang.

And rang.

There was no answer.

I tried again.

Same result.

I messaged her, hoping for her to come online and see it, somehow.

No such luck.

Thankfully we had each other on an app that showed location. I opened it to find that she hadn't been seen since yesterday.

She turned it off.

Thankfully the location was very close to a large plot of land on the map, there was an absolutely huge building on the aerial view.

The country club?

I wasted no time in getting dressed, still not feeling great, I jumped into the car, not worrying about my blood alcohol level at all.

I drove to the last seen location, and I was taken aback when I saw a gigantic gate, there were long arms that were attached to some motors. There was an intercom, I pulled up next to it and before I could tap the button I saw the gates open. I was greeted by a security guard, at least that is what the uniform would imply.

However, I couldn't really focus on the uniform on account of the woman's huge boobs.

I was an avid fan of big breasts but the biggest I had seen in real life, even clothed, were probably a G cup at best. This woman looked like she was smuggling basketballs. They were about that perky too, maybe it was her bra, I didn't really care how, I just couldn't stop looking.

Each of her massive tits filled out the uniform she was wearing. She looked like a stripper. I was expecting her to talk to me, but she didn't. She just pointed me to go on through. It was eerie, yet I genuinely couldn't not stare at just how round and on show her boobs were. Easily bigger than my head, I could've lost myself in her cleavage for weeks.

I didn't want her to draw the gun she had on her belt; I drove on as she instructed. The long winding path to the front of the house was covered in trees for a few hundred metres before it opened up into a giant open field with an absolutely colossal house at the end. A house wasn't the right word, the place was immense and fancy, it looked like the richest house you could've bought in the early 1800s.

The sun was out and on the lawns around the property there were loads

of women, all doing different things, sunbathing, playing games, riding bikes. It was like its own little community. They were all very diverse and of all different ages but there was a single crossover on the Venn diagram.

Huge tits.

They were all so very incredibly stacked. If I was single, if I was not worried about my wife and her location, I would certainly be rushing to try and talk to these women, although by the looks of them, I was way out of their very busy league.

I drove to the end of the path, a few of the women looked and some even waved. It was quite surreal. I was in some sort of big boob heaven and before me the pearly gates were instead giant wooden doors.

I got out of the car, stood up, still feeling the pain in my skull from my lingering hangover. I looked around, the girls that were looking, were purposefully looking away now, ignoring me. I didn't understand why, I turned to the house, those giant wooden doors, it was my only option.

I took a step towards the door and as I approached I heard the giant latch lift, the gigantic circular handle spun and with a large creak the doors swung inwards. Two women, barely out of view, pulled the doors to the side and before me stood a lone woman.

"What brings you here?" Her voice was commanding.

The woman herself was older than the rest here, it was hard to guess her age, but she was certainly into her 40s, it was hard to say for sure as she still did look so young and beautiful. Her black hair wasn't too long; it hung just

above her shoulders. Her overall body shape was thin, she clearly wasn't eating very much, she had some muscle but just like the others, she was stacked.

That wasn't fair, actually, she was way more stacked than the others. The girls so far were various sizes of melons, but this woman was far bigger than that, basket balls were small by comparison. She looked like each boob could be the size of a beachball, an impressive size for sure, but instead of being quite as open happy to display her chest, she was a lot more reserved. Sure, her dress didn't do a great job at hiding her massive melons, but she wasn't thrusting her chest out like some of the others.

"Well?" Her voice rose an octave, and I almost started trembling. The vein on the side of her neck was bulging, and her eyebrows were raised in anger.

"My wife... She came here... Yesterday..." I spoke with fear. I had just walked into a place, unarmed, without telling anyone, and I was worried they might've kidnapped my wife.

Hindsight is a bitch.

"Right... Come with me..." The harsh demeanour changed in an instant and she spun around and started to walk into the depths of the mansion.

I struggled to start to walk, the side projection of her chest made me weak. I rushed after the lady of the house.

"Took your time." She snarled.

"Sorry..." I don't know why I apologised, I was just scared now.

"You like big tits then." The mysterious woman blurted out.

What kind of question is that?

“It’s so easy to tell...” She exhaled, dismissing the question, she already knew the answer.

I followed her in silence, I was fearful, her attitude made me worry about speaking. I followed from behind, a bit off centre and I could see her giant boobs shaking in her dress, the mammoth mammaries swayed from side to side and I couldn’t take my eyes off of them.

Suddenly she stopped, I hadn’t even registered there was a door, she however turned to her side and gave me a full-frontal view of her cleavage and massive tits once again.

“Pathetic.” Her voice was filled with venom. “Good luck, you’re going to need it.”

Why would I need luck...

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