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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Nine

The door closed and I stood there dumbly for a few seconds, although it could've easily been minutes, or even an hour. The image of her massive tits being released from the support of her bra, her just holding them, it would be an image that would likely not leave me until the end of my days.

“Are you okay there, sir?” The young secretary called over to me.

I turned and went to answer but I was stunned by what I saw. The unassuming young brunette woman who had been background noise at best was standing now, looking concerned by my frozen expression.

I didn't care for the expression, not her worry, nothing.

I was stunned because she had boobs.

Big ones.

How didn't I notice before?

They weren't anywhere near Mary's, but they were still large, they were

probably almost the size of her head. Certainly, I could get lost in them. I thought back that they were probably bigger than any of my Ex's.

Where on earth was she hiding those?

I was shaken by the revelation. I could only gawk at the chesty girl.

“Sir?”

“F-fine...” I stammered, my voice failing me as I stared directly at her chest. “Did you... Do something different today?”

I asked, forgetting that I had even seen her earlier.

“I did get my hair done; that’s very kind of you to notice.” She beamed.

Her phone rang and she parked herself back down on her chair and I saw the colossal movement under her blouse.

Fuck...

She gave me a quick wave before she answered the phone. I walked towards the door, hard as a rock and dazed. Getting outside I was far too disoriented, but there was one thing I was noticing.

Boobs.

Women walking around all seemed to be just extra busty today. All ages, all shapes and they were everywhere.

A thin woman sat in designer clothes was drinking a coffee with her very expensive bag on the table caught my eye, her boobs here big, very much exposed by the very low-cut dress she had on, she was on the phone, gossip was my guess by her facial reactions but I couldn’t help but notice how her cleavage swelled and bulged with each gasp.

I could've watched her all day, I almost debated getting a coffee, but I was more concerned about getting home in this heightened state of arousal. I then caught eyes with another woman.

An older woman, probably 15 years older than me, gravity should've taken hold of her massive set, and in all likelihood they had, but from what I could see, her chubby middle was capped with a huge and heavy pair of breasts that swung as she turned around, she had just got out of her car and was walking somewhere, I watched her bob from side to side and how her chest heaved with each footstep.

She passed me and I took a moment to pause. I pulled out my phone, hoping for a distraction from the relentless stimulation I was receiving but I couldn't concentrate for long, there was a noise, a cheer, blue confetti floated in the air around the next woman, a very heavily pregnant woman.

Her form was exquisite. She looked so full and ripe, her skin looked immaculate, she made me think of a Greek goddess or something, her face was just as pretty as the rest of her. Her massive bump housed a boy by the looks of it, it was under a dress that should've been loose and flowing, but the gigantic orb under the light material was not hidden well at all. Nor were the other two things that drew my attention.

Her tits.

This woman's boobs were massive; engorged and deep blue veins were visible on the surface. These were the biggest ones I had seen other than Mary, mostly because of how full of milk they must've been.

Her baby is going to eat well...

My brain couldn't resist the joke, but I wanted nothing more than to approach this woman, shove the husband aside and tear her dress off and drink from her orbs myself. The thoughts were getting too much; I needed to keep moving on. I gave the giant milk laden rack one last look before I carried on.

I rounded a corner, hoping that breaking line of sight from this perfect pregnant goddess would allow me to move on with my day.

There was a mighty crash, and I felt myself stumble backwards, I caught myself and looked up and saw a huge woman, fat looked to have been pumped into her, she was gargantuan before I even got to her boobs. Her stomach was wobbling still from the impact, it was full and bulging out before her, I could see the skin from the apex of her belly thanks to her ill-fitting top, her jeans cradled her gut but it was clear that the button wasn't going to last another meal from the fat woman, but her boobs, they took up a lot of real estate in her clothes. It was hard to tell but they appeared a small fraction smaller than the pregnant woman's, but the shape was different. This woman wobbled and jiggled just by breathing, there was a lot more softness about her, other than the apex of her stomach, which actually looked very tight.

"I'm so sorry!" she said, her fat face made her voice sound deeper.

I attempted to say it was okay, but I think I just let out a small beep before I ran past her, brushing against her wide frame as I made a mad dash back home.

Thoughts of the women I had just passed continued to circulate in my

head.

Why? What's going on?

I tried to keep my head down and rush past the other top-heavy vixens walking around, I made it to my door, and I heard the door open next door, my neighbour. A lovely woman, a very kind soul, she worked in a nursery, and she was very soft spoken and kind.

I turned to wave at the blonde.

“Hey Kat-” I paused when I saw what she had on her chest.

Kate was a formless woman, she was a little bit younger than me and was flat as a board, she had no butt, no curves, she was thin but not too thin. However, the woman who bore Kate's face standing opposite me now had two new additions.

Her boobs were probably the smallest I had seen all day, but the very fact that the A cup woman was now bulging out of a D cup, that almost made me cum on the spot.

They were so round and sat high on her chest.

She didn't have tits...

“Hey Jason.” She said kindly before turning and walking away from me.

I watched her walk away, my cock throbbing in my pants.

What the fuck is going on?

The slow realisation that the women around were bustier on average felt like a coincidence but Kate. Kate now has two grapefruits under her blouse, that was just absolutely not the case yesterday.

Logical thoughts were hard; I couldn't even get my head around them. I opened the door and slammed it behind me. I looked down and saw my pants; there was a damp spot from pre-cum and my cock still raged.

I need... To... Wank...

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