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1,526 words.

<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Six

The thoughts I had all week were fixated on boobs, if I had the presence of mind to think more clearly about it, I'd say that my obsession had only gotten worse now that I had revealed my secret but there were two big reasons why I wasn't focused on that.

Mary's boobs.

The whole week I just kept asking myself the rhetorical question.

How much bigger will she be next week...

All signs of sorrow and depression were gone, replaced by this new fascination and borderline obsession.

How much bigger...

It was consuming me, I was letting it, it was a welcome distraction from the alternative but if I took a minute to sit myself down and have a think about it, I'd know it probably wasn't a great idea.

How much bigger...

There was this growing desire welling up within me as I just pictured Mary and her boobs, how they would be straining her clothes, maybe the button couldn't go all the way up.

How much bigger...

It echoed in my head. Almost to the point of madness.

Thankfully there was another outlet for the thoughts that involved vigorous movement of my hand.

Work was fine, life was fine, I was still as lonely, I was still in the same place I was all those weeks ago but there was this one, well two really, things that was pulling me through the days.

How much bigger...

It almost became a mantra. I kept thinking about other people in my life, co-workers, ex-girlfriends, family friends, random women walking down the street.

How much bigger...

The unlocking of that deep desire, it had changed me and I couldn't say if it was better or not at this moment in time, I could certainly say I was far hornier as a result.

The week wrapped up and I found myself sitting in the waiting room again, early. The secretary typed away and I stared at the clock; I glanced back over to the young brunette and although the desk blocked my view of her my brain kept going on.

How much bigger...

I didn't even remember what she really looked like, the desk blocked the view but I just kept imagining her days becoming more difficult as her breasts swelled, pressing against the edge of her desk, moving her further away from the keyboard, her arms becoming strained as she tries to type some numbers, her fingers barely reaching the upper portion of the keyboard. That is until she makes the next logical step, she rests her glorious mounds onto the hard surface, the shelf of her tits are a perfect resting spot for her keyboard that wobbles over the jiggly surface with each key stroke adding more pressure to her strained top.

How much bigger...

"Mary will see you now." The girl's high-pitched voice from behind the desk made me almost jump out of my skin.

In that one instant I was yanked from the fantasy world and dragged through realities only to come crashing down back in the sterile waiting room.

I looked at the normal looking receptionist, her brunette hair tucked behind her ear, she looked back up after she hadn't heard me move.

"Sir, are you alright?"

I looked her over, the concern on her face was genuine.

I suppose she has had her fair share of wild and wonderful characters sitting in these seats.

"Fine! Yeah, all fine." I hurried to my feet and took a step towards Mary's door.

Strange, she usually is there to meet me...

I paused and saw the brunette, still with her eyes on me. "She said just go on in." Smiling, she looked back down at the keyboard.

How much bigger...

My hand trembled and I turned the handle and slowly I pushed the door open, seeing the room I had grown accustomed to was just the same as ever. The smell hit me, a much more delicate smell than normal, a sweetness in the air that reminded me of fruit, there was an undertone of something I couldn't quite place but it smelled smooth. If that is even a word to describe smell.

I was about to make myself known but after I took that first step I saw Mary, more accurately, Mary's back, she was turned away from me and I watched as she was fidgeting with something, I knew instantly what it was.

The front of her top...

There was a lot of wrangling, wrestling and quite honestly, I thought exaggerated movements.

How much bigger...

The question throbbed about as much as my cock was about to.

Is this real?

The good doctor moved herself about as she tried to make herself ready for her next appointment.

Me.

How much bigger...

I felt like I was watching something I definitely shouldn't be, she didn't

know I was there.

But she told the receptionist to let me in...

My brain was failing basic logic, but I knew I needed to speak up. I swallowed hard and was about to make a noise when Mary beat me to it.

“This just won’t do!” The frustration in her voice didn’t sound too severe but the violent movement that followed felt a bit more loaded.

The next noise was something that I was not accustomed to in real life, but I had seen the sound written down in comics and stories over the years. The tearing of fabric, it was five sharp rips followed by the high-pitched noises of something hard bouncing on the hard floor.

Buttons...

I was stunned, any attempt to make noise receded into my throat and I saw the blouse that Mary had on was now loose, hanging on her sides as she stood there uncovered, topless, save for her bra.

How much bigger...

With a shimmy the blouse slid down her arms into a pile on the floor, Mary turned and walked towards the wardrobe in the far corner.

Has that always been there?

The question was not even something I was remotely interested in because I now had the answer to a question that had been plaguing me since last week.

That much bigger...

Turning to her side, I was a bit shocked that Mary didn’t see me in her

peripheral vision, but her sight was focused on the wardrobe that she flung open to grab another blouse, presumably bigger to cover her tits.

The sideways profile was not something I saw for long, at most a second but that was all I needed.

Last week Mary was big, a sizable set of Ds were on her chest, probably bigger, it was hard to say, impossible now with what I was faced with. The 7 days since I had seen her last, it was almost impossible to say it was even the same person. Her boobs had grown considerably, the fact they had grown at all was nothing short of a fantasy in my eyes, but they were still so much more than any human should grow in 7 years, let alone 7 days.

The bra she had on was putting up a good fight to contain her melons but they spilled over the top. Even from that brief look, I was able to see more boob out of the bra than she had in totality when we first met. They hung lower on her chest and stretched the bra to capacity. The projection she had was staggering, boner inducing and mind melting.

Easily H cups, maybe more? What's that... 4 cup sizes in 7 days?

My dick was throbbing, I thought I might cum right then and there, I gawked and watched her slide the blouse over her arms, her back to me. Mary turned around and didn't even flinch seeing me standing there looking at her. Facing me, her boobs were now staring directly at me, a smirk crossed her face.

"Take a seat, I've poured you tea."

I started to move over, not looking at anything other than her twin

globes the whole time, slowly lowering myself into the seat, I watched her hands fiddle with the buttons on the blouse, starting at the bottom, she had to heft her chest up and together to even attempt the first button.

“So... Tell me about your week...” She smiled, knowing exactly what she was doing to me.

“My- Week??” I said dumbfounded.

I wanted to hear about hers more than mine!

The question lingered

How much bigger...

I wanted her to tell me, she was already showing me, I wanted the words, I wanted more, I wanted to know it all. I just couldn't keep my eyes off of them, even as she slowly covered herself up, each button taking away a few inches of her bra covered melons, they bunched up and swelled towards her chin.

“Yes, your week. Tell me all about it.” The flirty smile turned into more of a kind and loving one, that too took me aback.

I opened my mouth, not really in control of my words, the painfully obvious thing slipped out, and I just stared at her.

“How much bigger...”

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