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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Eight

“How much bigger?” Mary repeated the question. I must’ve blacked out or something, I have no idea how long I was sitting there staring, I just couldn’t believe the question.

How much bigger are you? How much bigger do you want to get? How much bigger do I want you to get?

It wasn’t specific enough; my eyes were wide. I was a man broken looking up at the woman tasked with fixing me. I wasn’t sure she was doing that right now.

I didn’t mind.

“Oh Jason, you look a bit... Unprepared for that question.” Her voice was soothing.

Mary eased up slightly on the visual display and she sat back down, her heavy chest crashing against her lap because she leaned forward, giving me a very deep wall of cleavage to admire as she continued.

“Are you ready?”

For what?

I didn’t answer, I wasn’t even prepared to answer that question. Mary could see just how broken I was.

Or malleable...

“When you first came here, I barely had any need for a bra.” Her words were sultry. “After that first session I needed to dig out the bra I wore when I was pregnant, a whole cup size bigger in a week.”

My brain took me back to that first and second meeting, I barely could tell the difference, but I knew something was up. My cock was already throbbing, the words kept me on almost the edge of ruin.

“It’s only accelerated since then.” She groaned, a faux discomfort when she looked down at her now heaving chest.

I imagined how each night when she got home, laid down in bed there were more of them. How they pooled more each day closer to her chin if she sat on her back. Her massive melons are far too big now to not succumb to gravity.

Do they feel nice to her?

When she’s alone, in the dark of night, her libido is aching for some attention, her hands go to the top drawer and she pulls out her toy of choice but her free hand tries and desperately fails to cover the new bust she has, the sensation of it in her hand is electric, it drives her into more of a frenzy.

Her nipples...

They're bigger, massive, and super sensitive, they have to be. That's what happens when they grow in the stories. Her fingers wrap around them and a quick pinch and she's screaming in ecstasy.

Does it turn her on... Growing...

"Bigger..." She moans and coos as she squeezes her still growing breast, each day she knows it will be bigger, each day her clothes will be destroyed by the unstoppable expansion of her boobs. She wants it, she wants more, she wants to struggle to fit into her clothes as they grow.

How difficult is it to get ready now in the morning... Because they're growing...

Each morning the fight she had to put up with to get her bra on, her top buttoned, it was becoming more of a fight and a chore. The shower she took prior to getting dressed was almost needed again from the struggle because they were just becoming far too large for her current wardrobe.

How many times has she bought new clothes...

The question made me wonder how many pieces of clothing she had destroyed with an overzealous stretch of her back after carrying the far heavier mounds.

What have her friends and family said...

Her mother notices that her daughter is having another growth spurt, a friend gawking when they should be paying attention to the conversation they have at a bar.

A bar.

Maybe someone across the bar staring and trying to build up the courage to ask her out, maybe just to even ask to get the view I've got right now.

Mary...

"So... Jason..."

I looked at her face, her smirk was back in full force, I braced myself for the inevitable next question.

How much bigger?

I took a sharp inhale and braced.

"So, what happened all those weeks ago?"

In an instant it felt like the illusion was shattered, the horny veil that had masked my senses was compromised and I was left wide eyed looking at Mary, her tits still as big as ever, my cock still throbbing, yet it all felt numb.

"I... I think you know... I can't say it..."

"Right." She looked concerned, seeing that I couldn't possibly form the words she knew I was thinking. "And those feelings, have they gone?"

"They were always there, still are, but they're silent now, dormant, mostly." I said with a neutral tone.

"Very common."

The smallest phrase, a gesture maybe, it brought me so much peace that my eyes welled up.

"The burden of your desire, it's been lifted, the secret that was holding you down, suffocating you." She smiled. "Do you feel better?"

I nodded, wiping a tear away from my cheek.

“T-thank you...” I said weakly.

“Don’t thank me yet, we’ve still got plenty of work left. I think maybe addiction is something you struggle with.” She said, tapping her pen against her cheek, each exaggerated movement made her chest wobble. “Otherwise, I would’ve stopped growing by now.”

Somehow, despite being hollowed out by the start of her serious questioning, I was back, it was as if my body took a first breath after being submerged in water for too long.

My eyes followed the pen that had left her cheek, and she was tracing the edge of her bra, only once she was sure I was looking again did she take a big breath and puffed up her chest. The bra creaked audibly as its confines overflowed. Her flesh swelled over the cups, and I found myself being rebroken all over again.

“I think that’s time Jason...” She said softly, being sure she didn’t entirely snap my psyche.

I lifted the teacup to my mouth, tilting my head back, it was already empty, it was more of a habit that made me do it and then I stood up in unison with the topless Mary. She stood near the same height as me, her huge heaving chest was still thrust out.

Was she pushing them out anymore... Or...

I couldn’t let the thought in, or my legs would give way. I smiled at her, my cheek still had the trails of a few tears I hadn’t yet cleared away, my cock was painfully strained against my pants, and I saw Mary raise her hand to

gesture to me to leave.

“I’d walk you out but...” Mary looked down at her mostly exposed chest.

Like a zombie, my motor functions were the only thing working, it drove my legs towards the door and as I was leaving I heard her call back to me one last time.

“Jason.”

I turned around, and saw her unclasp her bra, her boobs heaved forward the support dropping, which allowed the heavy mounds to rest further down her torso. She held the bra in place, so she didn’t show me everything, but the movement really showed me just how big and heavy she had become in the few short weeks.

With a smirk she said in a sultry voice “How much bigger next week...”

How much bigger next week...

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