

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,221 words.

<Slingshot>

by <Marking Desires>



*Thnk u 4 redding this storie and suporting my contnt. My cummissins are
alwys opn.*

-All of my links are here-

Thnk u for 2 wonderful years

-Marking Desires

Chapter One

Alright guys, I'm back! With anuthr knew store-y, this one is about to be epic.

Sum of you told me to run my stor through Speel check, I didn't kno what it was so I asked Grok to ask me how to speak to Claude to ask Gemini how ChatGPT could make a prompt for Sora to maek a fi;lm of my script.

-Update- *they shut down Sora so this is 100% MArk:*

Breakfast rush, it was always a chore but not when she walked in. Whenever the bell above the door rang in the mornings I would shoot a look over to see who was entering, partially due to habit but now, because of her, it was due to hope.

I hoped that every time that bell rang it would be her. When she came in, time sort of slowed down, I couldn't have been the only one looking but seeing as this place I had inherited off my folks was nothing more than a

trucker stop, I'd like to think I stood a better chance than the aging and balding men sat around the diner.

She was gorgeous, far too pretty to be a trucker but yet I did not know why she would turn up so often and only in the morning.

To be frank, nor did I care.

She was a gorgeous red head, a dark crimson really, fairly tall, and a body that would make anyone take pause. Her curves were undeniable; she looked like a fertility idol or something with those wide hips that she loved to shimmy around. Her relatively flat stomach was the calm before the storm if you were lifting your gaze up her body. Then you'd get the two biggest reasons for hope.

Her boobs.

Tits.

Knockers.

Melons.

She was stacked, absolutely stacked. The biggest boobs I had ever seen, which isn't saying much, they were almost as big as her head, and she wore a plaid top that was usually open thanks to a her undoing a few buttons. Her jeans hugged her hips, and she looked like some sort of trucker babe I had seen in a few of the trucks.

The bell rang and then I saw her, the beautiful face that had a reasonable amount of make up on, her lipstick looked extra red today. I followed my face down from that smile to her cleavage that was overflowing

that top again.

I was carrying someone's order and almost dropped it because I turned so quickly to the door.

The woman I had yet to speak to, let alone to get her name.

She sat at the bar, and I couldn't help but notice how her boobs pressed against the edge of the tacky metal counter.

I quickly finished up the other orders that our chef was pumping out and rushed to serve her. I was grateful for the other staff that Mom and Dad had hired to keep this place open, I let them take over the regulars and decided that today was the day I was going to introduce myself and talk to this gorgeous woman.

"Hey, I'm Mark." I smiled, forgetting the second part of my introduction after she smiled at me. "Eeh..." I felt my eyes wanting to look down. "How- How can I help?"

Smooth...

"Tiffany. I'd love some sausage."

"Oh, a sausage sandwich and to drink?"

"No." she said abruptly. "Just sausage."

The stern look told me she wasn't kidding, I was taken a bit aback by the abruptness of her response.

"Okay... Just one?"

She nodded. "I can have more but I generally only have one."

How strange...

“Okay... And to drink?”

“Hot coffee.”

“Right, I’ll go get that for you now.” I smiled, feeling awkward, I slink away, turning around briefly to look at Tiffany.

She was cupping her tits and making them push up through the cleavage, like she was trying to make them pop out.

There was a huge crash, and I almost fell over after my knee collided with the counter that I didn’t notice because I was too busy looking at the busty patron.

“Fuck.” I said under my breath as the searing agony spread over my knee and I hobbled into the kitchen.

George had been a family friend for years, he was getting up there in years, but he loved working in the kitchen here, the man had seen me grow up over the years.

“A sausage.” I placed the order slip on the spike.

“Just a sausage...” He said confused.

“Yeah... That lady is back and she just wanted a sausage.”

“The boobie one?” he raised his eyebrow.

I nodded, blushing.

“Oh Marky, she wants your sausage, you moron.”

My jaw dropped.

What the fuck is wrong with everyone today!

“Let me look.” George looked out the little viewing window from the

kitchen to the diner. “Oh yeah, look at her, she’s got the girls on show, ya know when I met my wife, she did the same thing, Oh the stories I could tell you about that night.”

“That’s fine George!” I stopped him from starting up one of his stories.

I do not want to hear about Sally and George’s escapades...

He served up the sausage, and I made the coffee and took it over to Tiffany. She was beaming when I turned towards her, her tits were propped up on the counter, it was painfully obvious to anyone looking that she was very much interested in me.

I had never had such an interest shown in me, I was a relatively average guy, sure I ran a business, but it was something that took most of my time, so I didn’t have much of a social life. It was hard to deny that I was enjoying the view before me though.

Her big round tits looked firm, ripe and ready for attention. They were overflowing her top, it wasn’t really an apt description, it was more like she had positioned the clothes under her tits, so it was like her boobs were resting on a shelf that covered the underside of her tits only.

They were very much on show, it was strange, the rest of the room seemed to not care anymore, like something had changed. The cleavage was a massive deep canyon that felt like it was calling to me, I could see how her veins were adorning the surface of her breasts, it only really made them look even more massive, like it was highlighting their size.

They’re massive...

I'd always been a bit of a sucker for boobs, I was a boob guy for sure, and here I was looking at the best pair I had ever laid eyes on. I felt a lust start to build within me.

Does she really want me?

My eyes met hers as I stood with the plate and the coffee and she gave a little shimmy, making her boobs jiggle and shake against one another. Then she winked.

I gulped and walked towards her.

Here goes.

Thnk yu for read part one! come back tomorrow for pt II

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