

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,668 words.

<The Cult>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Five

As was routine, I woke up and was searching for Susan. I wanted to know what the atrophy would have taken from her this morning. Saturday morning however, after a wild Friday night of sex, it only made sense that she was next to me.

Under the covers I couldn't really see much, I slid my hand under the cover over to her softly, trying not to wake the sleeping beauty. Her face was turned away from me, so I couldn't even inspect her face to see if that had changed at all.

I made contact with her smooth skin under the covers, and her trim waist felt the same as yesterday, although it was hard to tell. Slowly I glided my hand up to the main event. My thumb made contact with the underside of her boob much quicker than I was expecting, a new size and position, it was obvious that I would be thrown off.

My dick was raring to go at this point.

My hand turned and twisted to get my palm up the steep mountain that her boobs had formed on her chest. Her boobs were still outsizing my palm, and they felt as firm and perky as yesterday, the flesh under my fingers yielded to my subtle movements to squeeze her but the way that her boob bulged between my fingers made me want to wake her up right then and there and fuck her all over again.

I couldn't tell if she had shrunk at all, in fact, from touch alone I thought she was bigger. I think that was the horniness tricking me. I softly played and traced my fingers over her breasts, trying not to wake her, even if I wanted so desperately to fuck her.

*She's so big, still.*

I couldn't quite believe what was happening.

*This doesn't just happen. Growing boobs overnight?*

My dick pressed into her thigh, I was too far gone to restrain myself from the contact, any less control and I might've started to hump her leg like a dog in heat.

I couldn't stop myself from just admiring her changes, I couldn't see them, but I was mapping their vast size difference over the past few days, noting how much bigger they felt compared to the B cup bras that she would have no chance to stuff her boobs into now.

*What are people going to say...*

The idea of us going out and bumping into a friend and they see her huge new tits was arousing to me.

*What about her mom? Sister?*

Again, the idea of them commenting on her now swollen tits, the idea that she would need to go get a new wardrobe to fit into, it was all just driving me wild.

*I'm a freak...*

I couldn't help but think down on my over obsessed brain, my overactive imagination when it came to her tits growing. It didn't stop me; it was a token gesture at best because I wasn't about to stop thinking about her getting even bigger.

*How big will she get this time...*

I didn't know what was causing it but if I thought harder I might've been able to correlate something but right now, I was too horny and too busy thinking about her popping out of tops and dresses.

*Huge jiggling boobs...*

"I swear... You're obsessed..." Susan's sleepy voice startled me from my fantasies, but her tone was teasing, and she thrust her chest into my palm. "I knew you'd like them bigger..."

*Bigger... Does she know?*

This was the first time she was admitting it, the first time she had acknowledged it. That just made me all the hornier. I threw the blanket off and jumped up on top of her, now seeing her face for the first time this morning. It looked the same as last night, her lips just as plump, the natural and normal blemishes from life having been smoothed out, I glanced down to her chest to

see what had changed there.

Naked, her boobs were unrestrained, free to wobble and jiggle, her nipples were thick and hard, and I couldn't tell but I thought they had gone down, albeit not as much as a single cup size like usual. The excitement I was generating for myself through my own thoughts was going to drive me over the edge if I allowed it to.

Looking down at my wife on her back, her huge boobs splayed across her rib cage, I guided my cock into her entrance and held onto her hips to start thrusting, watching in awe as her boobs shook and wobbled beneath me, bumping into her chin. It turned me on even more, she was worked up too, I could feel her clamping around my throbbing dick.

I started to thrust harder, and she needed to use her hands to hold her boobs in place, lest she get a concussion. Honestly, that just made the image even sexy, the way they overflowed her hands, her dainty small and delicate hands have no chance to contain her growing mounds. Her palms covered the front, and her fingers tried to reach the tops of her breasts so that they didn't slam against her chin, but they were just too big, especially as I started to thrust harder, Susan needed to do more.

Placing her hands on the tops of her boobs and pushing them down towards her waist, she had to use some force to stop them from jiggling, so they were almost smoothed flat against her chest and the top of her stomach.

I couldn't just fuck my wife 'idly' and not help her. I slowed down, it took a lot of discipline, and let my hands take over, feeling how her big boobs even

filled my palms, I gave a squeeze, feeling my dick pulse and surge with lust inside her. I slowly started up again, each slow thrust causing movement under my hands as her heavier breasts jiggled. She wasn't some massive titted woman like I would see online but in real life, before my eyes, my beautiful and lovely wife suddenly growing these big boobs, it finally became too much. We both orgasmed, our bodies became stiff, and I came deep inside of Susan as her pussy clamped around me, she doubled over, then threw herself back, moaning the whole time.

“Love... You...” I murmured, spent and fell to her side on the bed.

Susan laid there panting, her boobs wobbling with each rise and fall of her chest.

“Love you too...”

We laid there for a while, doubly spent from last night into this morning, the lack of calories likely contributed to our exhaustion.

Susan turned to face me, her boobs stacked on their side squished one another and they took up more space between us than they did prior. My eyes obviously looked down at them; in this close proximity it was clear I was just openly staring at them.

“I'd ask if you've had enough but I think we both know the answer to that question.” She giggled, it was strange, she seemed more than happy that she had grown, like she knew what it was or something.

“How...” I finally asked.

“A girl has to have her secrets.” She tapped her index finger to her nose.

“Just know that if you want it...” She leaned in, her hardening nipples pressed into my chest. “They can still get bigger...”

My dick was spent, there was no physical way I could break past the barrier of my refractory period, but I probably wanted only one thing more than getting hard right now.

*Her boobs to grow...*

I was a man obsessed, a man lost to the very idea, no, the fantasy of growing boobs. Not only growing boobs, my wife’s growing boobs.

I looked at her with wide eyes, the smirk that spread over her very sultry expression told me that she knew my answer. I must’ve looked like a kid in a candy store and they’ve just been given a handful of money. I didn’t even have much to say for myself, I didn’t think of her at all, I mean it was hard to consider her wishes when she was offering her tits on a platter for me.

“I... What...” I tried to speak but there was no way to form sentences in my head.

“Shhhh” Susan pulled my head into her cleavage. “It’s okay John...” She held me close, in the warmth of her bosom.

*I wish I could fuck her again...*

Alas, the time in bed was cut short when Susan realised the time. She had to get ready for the club. I was going to be all alone today, and I watched with a lustful gaze as my wife bounced around the room, trying to contain her new boobs in her too small bra and top. Looking down at the bulging tits she flashed me a look.

“Do I look... Stupid?” Her face knew exactly what she was asking, she knew exactly what I was going to think.

“Ridiculous.” I stood up, life returning to my once limp cock. “Utterly silly.” I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her close for a kiss before I started to nuzzle her neck. “Far too big for this top. This bra.” I was turning myself on, my dick was starting to grow and press against Susan’s leg.

“Well... I can see someone is ready for more... But.” Susan pecked me on the cheek. “Save it for later, I’ve got to go.” She turned and left me standing there with a forming erection. “Who knows, maybe they’ll be even bigger.”

The effect of her words was instant, my dick stood straight, and I almost fell to my knees.

“You are so bad John...” She cooed. “See you later.”

I was left, aching and abandoned, one thought swirled around my vacant skull.

*When she gets home... How much bigger...*

\* \* \*