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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Four

Mary adjusted her position on the seat one last time, this time thankfully I didn't catch a glimpse of the hidden oranges she had under her shirt.

Oranges... Or bigger?

My brain was firing up, and I took another sip of tea.

“So, expansion, it is something that I know about, since the last time I did have a quick refresher and I would like to ask a few questions if that is okay?”

I gulped nervously.

“No need to worry yourself Jason.” Mary smiled and it was like every ounce of worry had been plucked from my brain and thrown into the void.

“What did you want to know?” I gripped my hand on my thigh, trying to ground me in reality.

“Well... When did you find out you liked expansion?”

Mary leaned forward in the chair; the clipboard she was scribbling notes on was held up somewhat and I saw how her blouse was now strained because of her breasts. They hung lower because of gravity and the angle in which she was leaned over, if her top was open then I would be looking into the modest cleavage that those C cups could probably make.

I bet they feel nice...

My mind was fading away; I was already distracted but now I was getting outright delirious. Mary was still, the full shape of them was quite evident, the way the fabric pulled around the side, the seam toward her armpit being stretched.

Just a little bit bigger and she will bust out of that top...

“Jason?”

“Sorry, could you repeat the question?”

Mary scribbled something down and smirked. “How old were you when you discovered expansion?”

“Oh... Ugh...” I thought back into my deep memories. “I liked boobs when I was younger... I can remember seeing people online and I gravitated to the bustier women quickly. There was a filter on a website that showed videos for bra sizes, and I remember it had them A through to F and then it was G+. I’d always click that and find myself trying to find the biggest ones there.”

I was in the zone, I didn’t stop, pause or think for a second, I just let it come straight out, effortlessly.

“It wasn’t long before I saw someone make a morph of someone and she

was like a J cup or whatever and the morph made it look like she was... Three times bigger or something.”

“Morph?” Mary asked.

“Oh! Uh, photoshop, airbrush, edit, whatever word you’d use.”

“I see.”

“I then found a community of people who made these morphs or edits, that then led to art and stories etc.”

“Stories?”

“Yeah, there were lots of people who would write these great stories, sudden expansion, slow expansion, various different ways too, sometimes it’s sexy and teasing, sometimes it’s shocking and almost unwanted.”

“Interesting.” Mary jotted down some more notes.

“I can still remember my favourite one, *Retail by Growing Desires*, it was incredible.” I felt my pants stir.

Better calm down...

Mary was smiling and writing, I felt my cheeks blush. Clearing my throat, I continued. “And then there were women who would share their growth over years, pregnancy growth, implant stories and even macromastia.”

“Macro what?”

“It’s a condition where your boobs don’t ever stop growing.”

“Hmmm...” Mary pondered. “I bet those women probably are very much revered in that community.”

I nodded, feeling my semi throb when I thought about a few women I

had seen over the years.

“So, this has been with you for quite some time then?”

“Yeah, I suppose so.”

“And you’ve kept it hidden all these years.” Mary raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah.” Her point was hitting hard before she even made it. “Until now.”

“And after last week. You said you felt better sharing?”

I thought back again for the last seven days, and I really kept thinking about how much freer I felt, like a burden was lifted off my shoulders. A smile spread over my face as I recalled the last week, despite there actually being somewhat nervous and anxious about the information I had shared with Mary, it didn’t mean anything in hindsight, it was just happy thoughts and feelings that lingered.

“Y-yeah.” I said, looking back at Mary, catching her chest again.

“Well, that’s what we’re here for, isn’t it.” She smiled, pulling the clipboard to her chest, I saw how each breast bulged against the solid surface, around the edges somewhat. “Do you think it’s... Helping?” the pause she added, she pushed the clipboard towards herself, I wasn’t sure if it was intentional or not.

She did...

I looked at the bulging breasts, and I swear there was more swelling over the edges of the clipboard.

She didn’t have breasts last week... Did she?

It wasn’t possible, I couldn’t believe it, that just doesn’t happen unless

you're reading a Growing Desires story.

This stuff isn't real... Is it?

"Yeah. You're helping." I replied, before she asked again.

"Good." Mary looked at the clock and realised that we had gone over time. "One last thing"

"Sure, what is it?" I asked, on the edge of my seat.

"Your girlfriends, you said they had fairly sizable chests."

I nodded; nervous energy started to fill me up.

"Do you ever... Think about them now?"

I was stunned.

There were a few that would enter my mind from time to time. I'd think about the nice times, the days where we were cuddled together, it would try and turn sour when I would remember the reason for us breaking up or I'd turn sad because the reason we broke up was just sad.

"Yes."

I'd usually interrupt that train of thought, and I would think about the two big reasons that I asked them out.

"And what do you primarily think about?"

Their huge boobs.

38G, Sarah, she would be the one that lingered the most in my head, primarily because she was the biggest. Those big boobs felt great in my hands, overwhelming my palms, swelling between my fingers when she was on top riding my cock, each downward crash of her body against mine, the pressure of

her tits bulging between my fingers was intoxicating.

She'd be in the shower in the morning before me and I'd walk in, morning wood in hand and I could just stare at her massive tits being lathered up for the rest of time.

The thoughts didn't end there though.

"Their boobs."

"And how big they were?"

She does get it...

I nodded. Before I could open my mouth to say anything else. Mary struck first.

"And them getting bigger?"

Fuck.

The thoughts would continue, somehow, someday, I'd imagine what it would look like if we were still together.

Does her metabolism slow down? She gets a bit chubbier, but it mostly goes to her tits. 38G a distant memory as her fat tits outgrew bra after bra.

Maybe...

Or does she develop some sort of Macromastia and she just starts surging in size, bigger by the month, they'll never stop.

I was hard now, yet the thoughts continued to pour into my head.

What if we had a baby and pregnancy sends her hormones out of whack and they just become huge milk sacks, never stopping their engorgement cycle, a human cow.

I shifted in the seat, struggling to hide my cock, aching and desperate.

Maybe some crazy scientist discovers how to manipulate the body to produce more hormones to stimulate boob growth.

Would she take them? Maybe I slip them into her coffee each morning?

Maybe she gets fake tits, big round bolt-on boobs, expanders and she keeps filling them up, never satisfied with just how small they are, she keeps going and going.

Mary watched my reaction for the few seconds I took to come back from my horny dream world with Sarah.

“Yes.” It was an emphatic yes. I couldn’t quite believe still I was admitting it to this relative stranger, she was so good at extracting information from me.

“Well, that’s time Jason.” She stood up, looking down at me, I could see the underswell of her breasts now more clearly.

Is this real...

I stood up and looked in her eye, my cock was a lot more visible than I realised and I failed to notice Mary glance down at it, instead I noted that her top most button was struggling, a subtle glimpse of the flesh below was enough to make my cock give a slight throb.

“Same time next week?” Mary added.

“Definitely...” I nodded.

“Oh, you didn’t finish your tea, it’d be a shame for it to go to waste.”

Mary picked up my cup and presented it to me.”

“Sorry, yeah, it’s really nice.” I said before downing the last of the mostly cool liquid, feeling it travel down my throat, it gave me a sense of warmth.

“Mary, thank you.”

“Oh Jason, it’s what I’m here for. Thank *you*” She put a bit of extra emphasis at the end, and I swear gave a little shake.

I smiled and blushed again, looking down at my feet before turning around to leave. I couldn’t help but think of her boobs for the rest of the day. I was so convinced she had grown bigger.

Until next week...

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