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<The Cult>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Seven

I took the instruction and entered the room, it was dimly lit, a little smoky, there was a man in his late 40s sitting at a desk, he was smoking a cigar, he looked like some sort of evil villain. I swear I saw his eyes glow.

This can't be real...

It looked absurd, like some sort of cheesy movie but it was real, and somehow that made it thousands of times more terrifying. The door behind me slammed shut and I had no choice but to walk into the room, before him I stood by his desk, not wanting to get too close to the evil looking man.

“Take a seat...” His voice was deep, hoarse yet surprisingly inviting. There was a sense of apathy to his voice that made me at ease. It didn't feel quite like he was about to kidnap and murder me, yet the maniacal twinge along with his smile made me second guess myself.

I took a seat and stared at him, waiting for what might happen next.

“Cigar?” he offered me his case. I humbly declined. “Suit yourself.” He

took a long inhale and puffed out a thick cloud into the air. “I suppose you’re here for a reason?”

“My wife... She came here...”

“Wives. Funny things... What did you think of mine?” He gestured his hands in front of his chest, emphasizing her giant boobs. “That’s a pair of tits, right?” He cackled loudly.

I didn’t know what to do, I just nodded, and fake laughed to join in.

He slammed his fist on the desk. “Don’t humour me boy!” The rage was far more sinister than the scowling of his wife, presumably the woman who took me to him. “My wife. She’s got great tits right?”

The cackle wasn’t there anymore, the kindness in his voice was gone.

I nodded. “Yes sir, very nice.”

In an instant the rage dissipated, and he was leaning back in his chair, smoking again. “So, your wife is here?” he puffed and thought to himself.

“Yesterday you said?”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

“Well, she’s not ready.”

Not ready?

“What do you mean?”

He sighed. “I’m not done with her, it’s that simple.”

Not done with her.

“What are you doing with her?” the question slipped out.

“Nosey bastard aren’t you...” He pushed the chair back and stood up.

“C’mon. Let’s go. See how Susan is doing.”

I joined him in standing and instead of heading to the door, he turned around and typed a code into a keypad on the door. The bookcase swung open, and I walked into the smooth stone corridor.

“You coming?” His voice called out to me from the secret passage.

I rushed after him, trying not to get too close to him. I was worried what he might do if he was within arm’s reach.

The corridor wasn’t long, there were a few doorways, and we passed them before he stopped and turned to enter another code into a keypad to be let into a new room.

The room was well lit; I was able to see his gruff face for the first time outside of the dingy light that his main office had provided. The room looked like a very fancy bedroom, with a toilet and shower through a door on the side and a fridge in the corner, it almost looked like a hotel room. The big bed in the centre of the room looked about as old as the house, the four posts that rose toward the ceiling had intricate designs and carvings on them, in the bed, the body of a woman.

The woman was very busty; her boobs were much like the women outside but maybe even bigger. The robe she had on was struggling to contain her massive melons; they were the first thing I saw. The second thing was her face.

“Sue...”

“John.” She said nonchalantly.

“What are you doing? You’ve not been answering your phone?”

I failed to notice the door closing behind me, the man had taken the opportunity to close the gap between me and himself. Before I knew it, I felt a sharp prick in my leg.

“AH! WHAT THE FUCK!” I yelled.

Turning to look him in the eye, I felt agony as my leg was giving way, I fell towards the bed and reached up to Susan.

“Sus...an... Help...”

She didn’t move, I couldn’t understand why until I saw the stranger raising his hand to her, as if telling her to stay put.

“You are such a dumb cunt, you know that?” I felt the pain of a sharp kick in my ribs, and I rolled onto my back, my arms rested against my side.

“You found your wife though.” He shrugged, standing over me. “Like what I did to her?” He raised his hand, and I heard Susan get off the bed and stand by his side.

The robe was barely covering her, she was naked under it, at least I couldn’t see any panties and there was no way any bra that Susan owned could even come remotely close to covering her now gargantuan tits.

“She tells me you like big tits?” he reached over and pulled the robe open, letting it hang loose on her shoulders, I could see almost all of her entirely naked. “What do you think of these?”

What is he doing? What is happening?

My head hurt, my skull hurt, seeing my wife this busty, I was almost

wanting to get turned on.

What's wrong with me?

I looked down and saw my dick was hard as steel. It even looked a bit bigger.

“Well, I’ll take that as a yes.” He laughed, the cackle returned.

“What’s... Going... On...” I stammered, my voice struggling to come out.

“Look, just enjoy it while you can, alright? Trust me.”

The thought of trusting him was abhorrent to me, I lifted myself up off the floor, sliding onto the edge of the bed with great difficulty.

“It’ll wear off now.” He pointed to my leg that he just stabbed.

“What... What was it?”

“You’ll see.” He smacked Susan on the ass. “Go have some fun with your husband while you can.”

Susan walked forward, letting her shoulders fall back so the robe crumbled into a pile on the floor. Naked, her huge tits bouncing and bobbing before my eyes. I couldn’t help but stare, she thrust my face into them, and I instinctively reached up to grab them.

“Susan... No...” I tried to resist but I felt a fog fill my mind and my hands started to squeeze and grope the massive boobs that were now bigger than basketballs.

Basketballs?

I paused and the man noticed. “Not too big for you... Are they?”

Before I could answer, register the question or do anything, I felt her

boobs swell against my head. I pulled my face out and watched in lustful awe as her boobs were swelling before my eyes.

“What?”

“You are as dumb as you are nosey.” He yanked my wife back and stood over me. “You saw the girls on the way up, you think they make women that busty nowadays? No. It’s me.”

He threw his hand back and reached out to my wife’s breasts, as if he was trying to grasp them. I saw the air shift around his hand and then I saw her boobs grow bigger again.

“You’ve got a special one here.” He laughed to himself. “She was begging me to get bigger. Said her husband loved huge tits so the bigger the better.” He leaned closer and moved my head to focus on Susan’s growing breasts. “Is that right John? Bigger the better?”

When he said the word bigger, the emphasis on the word made Susan swell quicker, her boobs surpassing the man’s wife and there seemed to be very little sign that he would slow down.

“Well drink it up John, she’s going to be the biggest I’ve ever taken anyone.” He laughed, manically. “I wonder if she’ll pop?” His cackle filled the room.

I watched in awe as her boobs grew quicker and Susan looked to be enjoying it, her legs were quivering, and she held her boobs as they pushed her arms further apart by the second.

“You’ll need something a bit more substantial than that to deal with her

now.”

He waved his hand over my surprisingly hard cock, and I felt it burn in my pants. My dick felt like it might pop but it never did, it just continued to swell bigger by the second. It was easily 4 inches bigger than before, and thicker too. I felt weak, I didn't know how he did that, what control he had over me, but I was too focused on Susan's tits to worry about what was happening to me.

“That's better... I suppose I ought to let you have some fun.” He took some steps back, I noticed that he was breathing harder, like he had just exerted some force himself. “That's all for now... She is already the biggest I've ever done but... I wonder how much more she can handle.” He slapped the side of her giant tit and even he recoiled from the taut pressure he felt. “Not much more...”

He cackled as he let himself out, making sure to close the door behind him, his cackle fading into the distance as he made his way, presumably back to his office.

I looked at Susan, she was lost in a trance, rubbing and feeling her tits, she had forgotten I was even there.

“Sue?” I said, still in pain.

“John...” There was a desperation in her voice, her eyes landed on my bigger cock, and she rubbed the sides of her tits. “I need you... Now...”

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