

Mammary Mentality

by I3reac1

“Doctor, I’m obsessed with boobs!”

Through her rectangular glasses Quinn looked up from her notepad to the man lying on the red couch in front of her. Sitting on her office chair her legs were crossed, partly out of habit, partly so her patient couldn’t peek under her knee-long grey skirt that lay tightly around her thighs and hips. Dark nylon thighs covered her smooth legs, and she wore black high-heels on her small feet. “It is true that during our little sessions you have revealed several aspects of your personality hold a particular interest in the exclusive charm of a woman’s body, especially when they possess a certain magnitude”, she said in a professional, but friendly manner, her lips curled to a slight smile. “However, I would appreciate it if you left the professional diagnosis to me, your therapist.”

“But it’s true!”, the man almost shouted at Quinn, making a wild gesture with his hands. “During the last forty minutes I have thought fifty-six times about boobs! Can you believe this?! Every minute I thought at least once about boobs!”

“That’s not surprising considering you’re here to treat your big breast fetish”, the psychotherapist simply remarked, putting her pen on the paper. As she looked into her notepad the man could see the complicated bun her brown hair was tied into pointing to the ceiling, two long sticks pinned inside it. “What exactly have you thought about?”, she asked, ready to take notes.

The man looked into the direction, shifting uncomfortably around on the couch. “Well um... I imagined my wife with a pair of big tits and...”

Quinn put the notepad on her lap and her pen on it. “Look, this is our fourth session”, she told her patient a bit more sternly. “While I wouldn’t go as far to say I have a complete insight into your psyche I am capable of interpreting your behavior so far to say when you are not honest to me. And this therapy can only bear fruits *if* you are honest with me.” In a more playful tone she added: “Also, I’m a professional, and during sessions have already been put into quite peculiar situations. I certainly don’t feel harassed or offended by being part of a patient’s imagination.”

“W-what do you mean?”, the man asked, glancing nervously at his therapist.

With a smile Quinn pulled on her black sweater. It wasn’t really tight, but also not baggy, lying comfortable around her and showing the slender build of her body. “I mean you don’t need to feel ashamed because you imagined my bosom popping out of my sweater.”

Surprised and a little flustered the man stared at Quinn for a moment. He then let his head fall on the

couch. Raising his glance towards the ceiling he placed his hands on his belly, and sighed. "It's getting worse by the day", he told Quinn who immediately picked up her pen and notepad again. "At the beginning, when I started having those... fantasies... it was only about my wife, and only in moderate dimension – well, more or less moderate. When she lay down next to me inside bed I imagined her night dress to lie a little bit tighter around her chest. When I watched her cleaning I imagined the neckline of her top to show some cleavage whenever she leaned forward. And when we were on the beach once I imagined her in a small red bikini, holding a pair of nice round jugs that strained the straps of her top so far they pressed into her shoulders, while soft boob flesh poured out over every edge of the cups."

"But it didn't stay like this?", Quinn asked, busily taking notes.

The man gulped. "It took me a while to realize, but eventually I noticed in every of my imaginations her tits were a bit... bigger than in the last. Before I knew I already had a picture of her in my mind with melons as mammaries, too big for anything to cover them. That was when I started to think of therapy, but..."

"But you hesitated", Quinn finished the sentence for him. "Until at one point, you suddenly started having fantasies of other women aside from your wife."

After a while the man nodded. "The first was our neighbor", he continued his confession. "I was trimming the lawn while she was watering her flowers with a garden hose. She dropped it, and the water splashed all over her. When I looked over the fence at her in that moment... saw her standing there in that wet T-shirt... the soaked fabric clinging to her chest, it... it just... came to my... mind."

The man made a pause to swallow. "I avoided her for a while after that", he continued eventually. "However, this was only the beginning: One evening the sister of my wife visited for diner. She wore that... risqué evening dress." He closed his eyes, his body shivering slightly at the memory. "I-I tried my best, but the longer we sat at the table the bigger my imagination made her boobs. By the time she left she wouldn't have been able to fit through the door anymore!" As he continued rage was building up in his speaking, his voice getting steadily louder and faster. "From that point it quickly went downwards. Pretty much every female under 45 I knew became an object of my fantasies: Friends, colleagues, family members – I have six female cousins, and I don't dare to look any of them in the face anymore because I have imagined all of them with tits so huge they completely COVERED their faces! Hell, any random woman I meet on the street that is minimally attractive becomes the affix to a pair of giant bean bag boobs in my mind!" He threw up his arms, his voice shaking as he shouted: "I'm a sick man! A total pervert! It disgusts me what I have become! I mean look!"

He put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a small white plastic bottle. It rattled slightly as he held it up the air. Through the light that shined against it Quinn could see the shades of its contents, a large stack of small tablets. "I bought these things in the Internet, from a dubious company that calls itself 'E.W. Corporation'! It's a beauty enhancement supplement as they advertised it, called 'Mammary Miracle'. It says upon consummation it can increase the bust of a woman on a permanent basis with

immediate results. I bought it so I could secretly feed it to my wife.” The man laughed bitterly. “Can you believe it?! I bought some weird pills from a random website and wanted to poison my wife with it! My wife!! I was just about to throw a few into her coffee when my reason FINALLY returned and put them back into my pocket!” He dropped his arms on the couch, clenching the bottle in his hand. “I’m obsessed”, he sighed in frustration.

Quinn took a few more notes before she put her pad and her pen down again. “Now, I wouldn’t go as far as to call it an obsession”, she calmed her patient, crossing her arms over her lap while she looked straight at him. “You are just overly focused on the female bosom as a point of your sexual attention, and as a result have developed a quite fertile fantasy centering on it. Your sub-consciousness however told you to long for more than just mere imagination. Hence, you looked for a way to make your fantasies become reality, and when you thought to have found one in form of those pills you didn’t hesitate to try them out. Luckily the logical part of your mind could react in time – which is a clear sign you aren’t obsessed, for this part of the brain usually shuts off first when it comes to anything related to sexual topics.”

The man turned his head towards her, looking pleadingly into her brown eyes. “Can you help me, doctor?”, he asked. He wasn’t certain, but believed to hear his therapist giggling at the question.

“Well, theoretically I could”, Quinn replied. She scanned a little through her notepad, and put her finger on an entry. “You said earlier your last intimate encounter with your wife has been a few months ago?”

“Um, if you mean by “intimate encounter” sex, then yes”, he answered. He then realized what she was after. “Wait, do you mean...?”

Quinn nodded. “A common cause for an over-expression of fetishes is the lack of sexual satisfaction, which can usually be eased with a ‘practical therapy’, if you know what I mean.” She put off her glasses, teasing him with a flirtatious glance while leaning a little towards him. “But I think we can both agree that this kind of therapy should be administrated to you by your wife, not me”, she proposed, giving him a wink. He blushed slightly, making Quinn giggle again. “I suggest a session with in a stimulating environment, followed by a pair session in an aquatic ambience”, she advised him while putting her glasses back on.

The man blinked. “Um, what?”

Her giggle swelled up to a hearty laugh. “A candle light dinner with romantic music, and then take a hot bath together”, she told the confused man in amusement. “Or a shower if you don’t have a bath tub. Depending on how you act there an additional session in the bedroom might not be necessary, but it is advised.”

At first her patient looked a little embarrassed, but then he grinned. “Hehe, I’ll definitely take your advice”, he said. “Thanks, doctor!”

With a gesture she waved it off. "I'm just doing my job", she said. The man could then feel her hand embracing his. "But just so you won't get any silly ideas, you should leave this little plastic bottle here", she suggested with a smile.

He then realized he was still holding the bottle with the supplements. "O-oh yeah, of course", he murmured, blushing again. He handed the bottle over to Quinn. "Um, what will you do with it?"

She held it up in front of her, giving it a rough inspection. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe..." She smiled a little seductively, putting on a kinky look. As the man stared in shock at her she burst out in laughter again. "Excuse me, I shouldn't tease a patient", she apologized as she had calmed down again. "It's probably just some leftover placebo from a pharmacy concern, but just in case I will dispose of it later." While the man on the couch relaxed she pulled back her sleeve, looking at her watch. "Well, looks like we are a bit over the time. My next patient should arrive any moment. So as entertaining as our little conversation was, I'm afraid we'll have to wait for the next session to continue it. Same time next week?"

The man pondered for a moment. "Actually, I think I'd like to push it on Friday", he replied, smiling slyly. "On Wednesday my wife is always extremely stressed because her mother visits her while I'm here. And after such a stressing afternoon I think it would be the perfect day to try out this... pair therapy."

Quinn had to suppress another chuckle. "All right, then we'll meet next Friday again at the usual time", she declared while putting her notepad, pen and the bottle with the pills on her desk next to her. Smirking at her patient she added: "Then you can tell me in every detail how your 'pair therapy' went."

With wide grins on their faces the two stood up. They walked over to the door, Quinn opening it for the man as they arrived. "Thanks", he said. After he had walked through and left her office he turned around once more. "Oh, and you won't-"

Quinn pulled her finger and thumb over her lips as if she was closing a zipper. "No word to your wife, like always", she assured him. "Where does she think again you are?"

"She doesn't care", he replied with a shrug. "Just as long as I'm as far away as possible while her mother is on visit."

The young psychotherapist smiled. "See you next Friday", she said to her patient. "And good luck!" The man nodded, smiling thankfully back at her. He then turned around on the doorstep, and began walking down the staircase that led to the ground floor.

Quinn looked after him, waiting until he had passed a floor and she could only vaguely hear his footsteps on the steps anymore. She closed the door, leaning with her back against it. She took in a deep breath, before releasing it again in a long sigh. "Maybe I should advise him to change his therapist", she murmured to herself, her face changing the friendliness in her face changing to a slightly depressed

expression. “Considering I was once in therapy myself because of my...”

She glanced down her body. Hints of frustration were building up inside her as she looked on the plain sweater lying evenly on her chest, with only a minimal bulge indicating Quinn’s gender. It was a cruel joke of nature: A woman with a slight addiction to big breasts, but seemingly no genes for breast growth. Treating a patient that had a fetish centered on maximizing the bulk of a woman’s mammary glands always brought up her complexes slightly after every session. The only reason she even did it was to prove herself that she could deal normally with these issues after her therapy, to prove she had left this part of her life behind and stood above it. But every time he told her about his giant breast fantasies, doubts were coming up if she was really healed.

Almost unknowingly Quinn raised her glance from her bosom, and moved it to the bottle on the desk.

Quickly she turned her head away. She was over it. She didn’t consider surgery anymore, and had accepted herself the way she was. Plus it was hilarious to think these supplements could actually work the way they promised. Any law of biology objected that! The graduated psychologist laughed about herself thinking of taking one of those miracle pills. Yet this impulse also reminded her that part of her mind was still alive, the insecure girl with an inferiority complex because she couldn’t fill out a bra, and that she constantly had to suppress her.

The bell rang. The new patient, Quinn thought, a woman who worked as a teacher in a local high school. It was her last session for the day. She took in another deep breath, and turned around. Since it was the first session with this patient this probably wouldn’t be very hard, only some conversation to get to know each other better. After that she could enjoy the rest of the day at home, and then relax for nine more days before her next session with her “problem patient” came up. Putting on a polite smile she grabbed the knob of the door. By the progress he made she thought while opening it he would probably only need a few more appointments before his fetish had decreased to such a degree he would be able to control it. And once he wouldn’t come anymore she could burrow the unwanted parts of her personality as well. Feeling a lot better she opened the door with a smile, whispering to herself: “Just as long as I don’t have to hear anything more about boobs today.”

As the door was open Quinn’s gaze was met with a deep décolleté.

The psychotherapist winced. Since she was rather short and the woman she had just opened the door for was more on the tall side Quinn was looking right at her chest. She couldn’t quite believe her eyes as she saw the higher section of her thorax was billowing out from her body in the form of two shapely orbs, each being almost as big as a small sports ball. The firm spheres of meat were wrapped tightly into a red blazer, the fabric accenting every curve it covered. That wasn’t too much though for her top was mostly unbuttoned on top, exposing almost the entire gap between her breasts before a button finally closed her top near the end of her bosom’s lower slopes – although it looked ready to burst apart at the next slight vibration her bust made. Over the edge of her wide V-neck the frills of her black bra looked out, decorating the rim of her generously displayed cleavage. The tops of her breasts protruded out so

far out of her blazer it looked like they could pop out of it any second.

For more than a moment Quinn stared at the big bosom in front of her, her mouth slightly open, her eyes blinking in confusion. Her “paralysis” lasted until she realized she was right in front of a patient. She shook the perplexed expression from her face, and quickly examined the rest of the woman. Aside from her painfully tight blazer she wore a black skirt similar to hers, as well as red high-heels matching her top. Judging by how her hips and thighs filled out her skirt Quinn guessed the butt that pressed against its seat on the other side was standing in no shame to the woman’s bust. Below her skirt her body continued to in a pair of very smooth and eye-catching legs, carrying weight just in the amount it looked appealing. Her waist was also a little full, but it didn’t take attraction away from her bulging bosom, probably a G-, H- or even I-cup. Upon raising her glance to her head Quinn found her sex appeal was garnished by a face that looked like it belong to a cliché blonde: Long waving hair that fell down her back, full red lips, bright blue eyes, a soft complexion lacking any wrinkles and even a small beauty spot on her right cheek. Over her shoulder a brown hand bag was hanging, and golden ear rings and bracelets were decorating her face and hands. Looking at her from top to bottom Quinn couldn’t believe the appearance of the woman, as if she had hopped out from the wet dream of a teenager into her office. The only thing that distracted from her beauty was the stressed expression on her face.

She didn’t seem to notice the attention the one head shorter therapist was giving her bust. “Hello doctor”, she greeted her hectically. Quickly Quinn stepped aside as the woman marched into her office. As she passed her she could see her breasts making a healthy bounce, and looking after her saw the edges of her bosom wobbling slightly with each step. Without waiting for Quinn to introduce herself or any other formalities the woman lay down on the couch, her bust firmly sticking out from her body. She crossed her legs and put her hand-bag on her belly, her hands resting on the brown leather. “You have no idea how happy I am to be here”, the woman told her, though it didn’t sound like she was happy, but more as if she sighed. “All the therapies I’ve tried so far haven’t worked out, so I really HOPE a renowned therapist like you can help me!”

Still startled Quinn looked at her new patient, her eyes big behind her glasses. Silently she closed the door, and then quickly walked over to her chair. As she sat down she automatically looked down on herself, staring at the flat board that barely reached out from her chest again. Like comparing an ant and an elephant, it popped up in her mind. Immediately she raised her glance. A bit rushed she picked up her pen and notepad from the desk, and hastily searched for an empty paper. “So, um, what is your problem, Miss Mondera?”, Quinn asked as she found one, trying to keep eye-contact with her patient.

The woman patted the sides of her jugs, making them jiggle. “Doctor, I came to talk about my tits!”, she declared. Looking at the quivering mass of breast flesh Quinn gulped.

And so, the woman began to talk. She talked about how in school her body began to develop very early, earlier than any of the other girls. She talked about the pride and joy she felt when she bought her first bra and a few months later had already outgrown it, talked about the “interest” the boys had been giving her increasing rack. She told Quinn of her first worries she had when it continued to increase even

as the other girls' growth spurts had come to an end, although she started developing long before them. She told Quinn in every detail how her euphoria had turned into frustration as it became increasingly difficult for her to find fitting clothes, and mourned how dressing up every morning became an ordeal. She described the troubles she had to go through every time she went shopping to find something that would fit over her rack, and despite all her efforts mostly ended up buying everything two sizes too small because clothes her size usually weren't very fashionable. Especially bras became a tight fit, so far her breasts sometimes popped out of them in public when she moved wrong. But not only her bras had the tendency to break, the woman explained pretty much everything she put over her bust liked to pop, rip or split apart, no matter if buttoned blouses, necklines of dresses or even stabile sweaters like the one Quinn wore. She sighed deeply in melancholy as she talked about how her inconsistent wardrobe *forced* her to wear extremely cleavage-revealing and form-fitting outfits, and almost broke out in tears when she began to tell of the sexual harassment in college and later in her job, how the other students had only seen her as "the girl with the big tatas" or "that chick whose shirt ripped in front of class", and how the male pupil in her school were basically fighting wars over being in her class, the class of Mrs. "Wonderbra" as she had been nicknamed. In a dramatic gesture she put an arm on her forehead before she spoke of the loneliness she had to endure, that she had no friends because all other women were naturally jealous at her jugs, especially when their boyfriends left them after a one-night-stand with her. And while she was at it she also wrapped up her entire her love life to Quinn as a complete disaster since no man she ever dated seemed able to look beyond her bust at the woman she was, and that none of the one-hundred and seven relationships she had in her life (twice the amount if one counted in the "relationships" that ended the next morning) were meant to last. In forty-five minutes she summed up the entire misery of her life, and connected it all to her breasts being far above the average size. Basically she was a wreck of a woman with a gorgeous body and a well-paid job, who suffered deeply from seducing dozen of men, and from the disdain a few women were giving her because she had stolen their boyfriends. During the entire time she made exaggerated gestures with her hands or patted her bosom, sometimes even slapping it, all of this resulting in wobbling mammary meat.

While she spoke Quinn didn't say anything. She didn't ask any question or made a remark. With one ear she listened to the story of the woman, while scribbling ants and elephants into her notepad. After a while she began to replace the elephants with steadily bigger dinosaurs. Most of the time she avoided looking at the woman's ample neckline, but occasionally she threw a glance at the shaking milk melons.

"Oh doctor, I really wish I could be a flatty like you", the woman suddenly declared at the end of her speech. "I mean no one probably ever tried to grope your tits – and even if, he would most likely have grabbed into empty air!"

Surprised by this statement Quinn looked up from her notepad, looking irritated at her patient. "Um..."

"And I can't imagine anybody has ever said you were a 'hot machine waiting for a ride' – can you believe this?"

Her pen moved nervously between her index and middle finger, Quinn feeling her gaze being attracted

by the woman's cleavage again. "W-well..."

"Seriously, you can be happy you have practically no boobs! The hordes of guys running after me because I'm a busty girl drive me crazy! I mean LOOK!", she shouted, grabbing the sides of her V-neck. Quinn suppressed a shocked gasp as the woman forced her blazer open, the buttons smoothly going through their holes and revealing the black bra that was lying tightly over her ample bosom in all its glory. Startled Quinn pressed her back against the lean of her chair while the woman jumped up from the couch. She bent over to the psychotherapist, until her bosom was hanging directly in front of her face. "Do THESE look like normal boobs for you?", she asked, almost screaming. She swayed her orbs from side to side, making them swing in left and right. "They are MONSTROUS! GIGANTIC!! I know there are women who would kill for such knockers, but these HUGE things are gonna kill me one day, I tell you! Their sheer giganticness will kill me!"

Feeling tense all over Quinn stared at the giant breasts hanging in front of her. Without the red blazer they looked even bigger, only the strained cups of her black bra covering them. Their cups were struggling to keep the piles of flesh contained, just like the bikini top in the fantasy of her last patient. Though bras were known to be rather rigid this one looked like it was stretching over her round curves, the firmness of the woman's mounds being almost as impressive as their size. Quinn realized these breasts weren't just big, but they were seemingly perfect in every way. More than ever before in her life she felt the missing mass of meat in her sweater. The words "huge", "monstrous" and "gigantic" echoed through her head – it was really what the breasts of the woman were, huge and giant monsters. Calling hers on the contrary "tiny" was probably already too much. Looking into the dazzling cleavage Quinn erased the comparison between ants and dinosaurs from her mind. Comparing their bust sizes Quinn thought of the woman's as planet earth, and her own as an atom.

She forced herself to look away from the woman's overflowing décolleté, staring down on her notepad instead. "I-it seems our time's over", she stuttered.

The woman straightened up, removing her bosom from Quinn's sight. "Already?", she asked surprised, looking at her watch. "Really! It feels like I just entered. Ha. I barely had time to finish my little introduction!"

Immediately Quinn stared up to the woman, looking aghast at her. "I-introduction?", she repeated.

"Of course!", the woman said while buttoning her blazer again. "I was about to tell you in full detail about the suffering my breasts have caused me!"

Quinn gulped. "D-detail?!"

Once her outfit was (relatively) modest again the woman patted the sides of her bust. Not even trying to hide it Quinn watched the breasts jiggle up and down, as if her eyes were glued to her them. "Oh doctor, it's been such a relief to open up to you!", the woman said with exaggerated cheer in her voice. "When

can I see you again? Is tomorrow fine?"

The psychotherapist shook her head. "W-well, I'm a little occupied, but I think I have another free spot on next Wednesday an hour earli--"

"Okay, see you in a week then!" Without waiting for Quinn to say good-bye she rushed to the door, Quinn watching the jumps her bust made from behind until she had left her office and slammed the door behind her.

In the very instant she was gone Quinn's glance shifted towards the bottle on the table.

Quinn quietly looked at it, her face having a neutral, though a little uneasy expression. Keeping her eyes fixated on it she slowly stood up, and walked around the desk. Her arms were crossed before her chest, while she didn't remove her gaze one second from the little white object. As she passed it Quinn stretched out her arm, her fingers twitching slightly as they approached it. Once she touched the top of the bottle her hand ran over the white plastic. Standing between the desk and the couch Quinn stopped, while at the same time her fingers grasped the bottle. She picked it up, pulling her arm against her body as she held it on the height of her chest. Biting her lower lip she let her thumb run over the description on the side, her eyes quickly moving from right to left as she read it.

No recipe required. If problems occur contact our support hotline. Mammary Miracle™ is a trademark of E.W. Corporation. One pill swallowed dryly should show immediate results. Taking three or more pills at once can lead to head-ache, stomach cramps and diarrhea. It will NOT lead to your breasts growing bigger or faster, you'll just get sick because your body can't handle the overdose.

Quinn blushed slightly at the last sentence. For a few second she silently stared at the instructions. Her thumb then, resting at the end of the paragraph, slowly moved up towards the cap. With a "plop" the bottle snapped open, and the psychotherapist took a look inside it. It was filled to the top with small white tablets, looking like medicine against headache. She then tilted the bottle to the side until it was in a vertical position while Quinn's other hand hovered next to it. Patting it twice with her index finger she let two tablets fall into her open palm. Swiftly she put the bottle back on the desk, and looked at the two white tablets in her hand. After a while she took in a deep breath.

"Better get it over now before I keep staring at it till midnight", she mumbled to herself. In a quick move she pressed her hand against her open mouth, letting the two tablets fall into it, and immediately swallowed. There was a slightly bitter taste in her mouth, but it was far better than most medicine she knew. "Okay, now just wait a few seconds Quinn", she told herself with a stern face, putting her hands on her hips. "And once my psyche realizes this stuff is a placebo some pharmacy concern tried to make into money I just have to find a way to deal with my two boob patients, and afterwards I will live happily with my small--"

The rest of the sentence got stuck in her throat as she felt a tingle in her chest.

Quinn stood still on the spot, hands still on her hips, her mouth open from talking, and her eyes looking straight forward. She blinked, feeling the tingle in her chest steadily grow stronger. "Uh, what?"

Beneath her sweater she suddenly felt the skin of her chest rubbing slightly against the even fabric. Ripped out of her trance Quinn looked down on her body. It was very subtle, unnoticeable for the eye, but she could feel how her bosom was vaulting. Swelling. Growing. Her face frozen from shock the psychotherapist pressed her hands against her chest, gasping as she felt a weak pressure against them. Under her palms the non-existent curves of her bust were gradually reaching out from her body, forming tiny bulges of flesh that were slowly blowing up. The effects of the pills became visible as her hands bent slightly under the rising mass of her chest, her bosom becoming bit by bit more apparent.

For a moment Quinn's mind was empty, unable to think. "I-its' working?!", she screamed. Unbelieving she stared as her hands were steadily being pushed back while flesh filled out the space inside her palms. "T-that's impossible! How can some pills make my breasts grow so fast? W-where is the flesh coming from? This defies every form of science and logic!" As logic-defying as it was though her eyes and her hands as well as the feeling inside her chest itself were telling her this really happened. Removing her hands from her bosom Quinn watched it surge out from her body, her little mammaries pressing against the fabric of her sweater and forming a small bump inside it. Around her puffing orbs her top was slowly straining, not used to carry more than a pair of flat mounds inside it. Looking at her steadily expanding bust Quinn's eyes almost bulged against her glasses, while her mouth was wide open. With her breasts ascending towards small A-cups panic hit the young woman, and she tried to think of something she could do. But nothing struck her mind. She was completely unprepared for this. Never had she even considered the pills to work. She had only taken them so the breast-obsessed part of her mind would calm down and return to sleep. Instead she was standing in her office, stacking a steadily larger amount of sweater meat.

The growth accelerated a little, her bosom bulging out from her body at a still slow, but noticeable pace. Feeling the tissue of her breasts pressing against the fabric Quinn tried to keep a cool head. While the curves of her bosom slowly filled out the slack in her top she leaned against the desk behind her, breathing through her mouth. "O-okay Quinn", she whispered to herself, looking away from her chest. It didn't help much though for she could still clearly feel the swelling of her breasts, having grown so far out from her they would appear like small domes under her sweater. "You're healed", she told herself. "Everything is fine. Y-you have left this behind you a long time ago. Just wait until this m-miracle growth spurt ends and then calmly and professionally throw away those pills, like a collected and mature adult. Yes. I'll just get a little bit bigger on the bust, that's it. No need to worry I might turn into a maniac who keeps taking those pills and constantly orders more until her boobs get so huge they won't fit intoanelevatoranymore!"

While she talked Quinn had steadily spoken faster, her voice had gotten higher, and she slightly put her head back as she felt her breasts erasing the space in her sweater, her skin pressing with rising strength and on a rising surface against it. The crossed threads stretched over the bulging area of her chest, the

wrinkles of the fabric deflating as her curves inflated. Growing steadily faster they breached from flat into the dimensions of small breasts, slightly sticking out from the rest of her torso. While they enlarged their shape was getting steadily rounder. Roughly in the middle their curves were starting to vault slightly faster, growing wider than the rest of her breasts. As they continued to expand they were gradually developing slopes, taking on a more spherical form with each millimeter they reached out from her. At the same time the gap between her mounds decreased between their widest parts, while the “roots” of her breasts approached each other as steadily more of her chest rose up. Around the size of tennis balls the tips of her inner curves eventually graced each other, their swelling surfaces gently rubbing against each other. Quinn took in a sharp breath, feeling a slowly rising amount of her breasts squeezing against each other. Her chest stuck out further against the fabric of her top as she pulled back her shoulders and leaned over her desk, her closed eyes pointing up at the ceiling. “Hold out, Quinn”, she told herself, pressing her fingers into the edge of the table. “It’ll be over in a moment.”

Since she was leaning back gravity pressed her sweater against her breasts, showing their growing curves a bit clearer than before. They had grown from non-visible to subtly apparent into the reach of fairly noticeable, to a good B-cup. As they continued to bulge their shape became striking, protruding firmly out from her despite the lack of a proper support. They evenly vaulted all around, only their widest parts a bit faster so their curves were gaining a gradually more globular form. The further they charged forward the rounder they got, transcending from bulges to real spheres of flesh. Reaching the size of grapefruits her decent little orbs began to grow over the sides of her body, their firmness making them point up high on her body while the meat only slightly sagged on her ribcage. The fabric of her top began to feel a little tense and pinched her. Panting deeply Quinn opened her eyes, staring at the ceiling for a moment before she lowered her glance towards her burgeoning bosom. Between the stretching stitches the tiny gaps had grown a little wider, giving the black fabric around her breasts a slightly brighter tone. There was a slight valley in the middle of her bust the fabric was slightly sinking into, the chasm growing wider like her billowing bust while at the same time rising up. The highest points of her breasts arched towards her face, looking a little to Quinn like their slopes were moving into her direction. Though their size was still rather humble compared to the bra-breakers of her last patient, for the formerly flat-chested Quinn they were already gigantic. Feeling awkward a part of her body was blocked from her sight she pushed herself off from the desk and sat down on the side of couch. “A-all right, this should be the end”, she told herself, trying to ignore the fact the tingle in her bosom wasn’t decreasing in the least. “J-just a little longer, yes, it has to end any second.”

A lot more seconds passed though without the growth showing any sign it would stop. Straining the black fabric around them her bust reached the end of the “moderate” scale, growing into noticeably big dimensions with each of her breasts having a diameter of two inches. Not only around her blooming bosom her sweater was stretching, the fabric surrounding it was getting pulled over her breasts as well. Rubbing over their swelling curves the thick threads of cotton were tickling her slightly, getting wrapped around her bust at a steadily faster pace. While gathering fabric from all sides her meat buns also started to drag down the neck of her sweater, the hole for her head slowly extending downwards. The once comfortable top was lying snug on her bosom, growing steadily tighter as her breast flesh was spreading out to all sides. Her form-fitting sweater accented the growing slopes of her breasts as they

flared out, from the protruding front of her assets over their wide flanks almost on par with her shoulders to the bulging tops bit by bit rising upwards and their bottom that casted a steadily larger shadow on her ribcage. The stitching was getting wider while inside the fabric her breasts were tightly squeezing against each other. Though they were still remarkably round Quinn began to feel their increased (and continuously increasing) weight. Carefully she put her hands around the growing balls in her top, each roughly the diameter of a CD. Closing her eyes she felt the flesh growing against her hands, pushing them away and over their rising curves. Gulping, she carefully lay down on the couch, pressing her back against the lean while stretching her legs straight out from her body. “G-god, how big am I gonna get?”, she moaned, putting her head down. She felt the fabric growing thinner between her fingers, giving her a steadily clearer touch on her bosom. “B-but it should end soon, r-right?”

Lying on the couch her breasts were pointing diagonally towards the ceiling, arching bit by bit towards it. Her sweater was getting so taut around her bosom her cleavage could be roughly seen through it, the fabric lying skin-tight on the sink between her orbs. Quinn could feel the rim of her head hole pressing against the back of her neck as it was pulled down on the front, giving the round hole a steadily more teardrop-like shape. Gradually more skin showed in the little hole, moving with each millimeter her breasts flared out closer towards the top of her potential cleavage. Simultaneously her top was being pulled upwards since her bosom needed ever more fabric, Quinn loosening the grip with her hands on it so the fabric could slide over their growing curves. Getting dragged upwards the hem of her sweater slowly began to move over the beltline of her skirt. While the psychotherapist got gradually closer to gaining a midriff, low ripping sounds coming from the widest parts of her breasts signaled that other parts of her body were about to be revealed as well. She panted heavily, still staring with wide eyes at her bust as it veiled gradually more of her body from her sight. Her entire belly and ribcage were already blocked, and every few seconds another centimeter of her legs vanished behind the massing spheres of flesh. Their firmness was still a mystery for her, Quinn carefully moving her hands over them. Stroking over the taut fabric of her sweater and feeling her meat softly bulge against her palms and into the gaps between her fingers gave the young woman goose-bumps. Although she was shaking slightly she could sense the structure of her assets pretty well. They were really as stout and curvaceous as they looked, each square of her chest being evenly vaulted. Her large orbs wrapped the fabric tightly around their rounding form, starting to drag it over her stomach and pushing it up her curves. While a rising amount of her belly looked out below her sweater a small neckline formed on top of it, slowly growing deeper. Quinn stared at the tiny gap of cleavage for a few seconds, before she took a look over her big bosom again. With a gasp she realized she had grown as huge as her exaggeratedly gifted patient, her breasts being almost as big as her head.

“My god”, she whispered, staring in disbelief down on her ample assets. Her rational mind still couldn’t comprehend how it was possible for her breasts to grow like this, so fast, so firm, so – big. “O-okay, I’m in the homestretch now”, she told herself, trying to sound as confident as possible. “I’ve gotta be! I-I mean this growth spurt has to be almost over, it should start to slow down any sec – OH GOD IT’S FAR AWAY FROM OVER!”

Quinn jutted her chest out, moaning as if she was in pain. Pressed back by the constricting piece of

clothing her mammary melons bulged against her top, even more as Quinn pushed her hands slightly into her soft, yet firm meat. Compressing her bosom the pressure on the inner walls of her cleavage as well as on her sweater increased. Between her fingers small folds of flesh were squeezing out, covered by tight fabric. Its black tone steadily got brighter, turning into grey and showing the color of her skin through the widening mesh of her top. Quinn felt her breasts swelling out of the confines of her sweater through her deepening cleavage, stretching the cotton stitches to their limits. Clearly surpassing the bust of the ample teacher the upper slopes of her breasts reached her neck, while the bottom of her bosom had almost passed her lowest ribs. Despite being pressed together slightly by her hands they were one par with her shoulders in width, and even if she had let go her rack would still have doubled the width of her body from side-perspective. The sounds of popping threads became steadily more constant as her monumental milkjugs outgrew her head, pointing firmly up to the ceiling while the grey fabric lightened around her puffing orbs.

With grid teeth the psychotherapist panted heavily. It was almost as if she could feel a part of her psyche melting away. All the progress she had made. All the sessions until she had accepted herself as a woman. The time it took for her not to feel like she was missing something. The conversations with her therapist, partly very amusing discussions about sex, men and the role the female body plays in advertisements, about the picture and expectations society had of women. The relief and joy when she finally realized she didn't need big breasts to be happy. Six months of therapy were slowly getting ripped apart alongside her sweater.

Yet it wasn't quite the same. Before her therapy she had thought of herself as weak and unattractive, as a half woman who could only act nervously in front of other people in fear what they thought about her appearance. She had believed a woman could only be a woman if it was apparent she was a woman, and as a result her lack of feminine attributes had given a very under-developed self-consciousness. As her breasts continued to billow out from her, the mentality a woman absolutely needed big breasts to feel good slowly resurfaced from the depths of her minds. But unlike back then she sported some meat in her sweater this time. Instead of making her feel inferior the breast-addicted part of Quinn's personality slowly made her feel more... attractive. More proud of herself. More like a woman. What originally cause shyness and insecurity suddenly made her strong-willed and self-confident. What used to be a minority complex was turning into a dominant part of her personality. And Quinn could feel it slowly taking over the rest of her mind.

With a loud rip her sweater tore in the middle, right at the center of her chest. As the fabric split apart a vertical line of cleavage was revealed, the eye-shaped gap roughly an inch long. Under the pressure of her growing globes the tear slowly extended, running over her curves and revealing steadily more skin and squeezing breast flesh. While the lower tip of the rip wandered downwards the higher one steadily came closer the neck of her sweater, which was roughly as long as her little finger. Another shredding sound emerged and suddenly her head hole was twice as long while her cleavage was deepening faster, approaching the hole on her front. Ripping apart over her bust Quinn could see a gradually growing amount of her bosom in her V-neck, and on the top of what she could see of her bust she watched the upper half of the tear slowly growing wider and larger. She couldn't see beyond her mammaries, but felt

the hem of her sweater reaching her belly button. Swallowing she took in the size and form of her flesh balloons again. As she stared at them however a slight spark of amazement started to glimmer in her eyes. Still pressing them together she eased the pressure so they could swell out to their true roundness, but kept her hands on their bulging curves. After hesitating a moment she pressed her fingers slightly into her bosom. The stretching noises got louder the deeper she dug her hands into her mammary meat, until some of the fabric ripped over her left hand. Despite having created a small hole in the side of her breast Quinn grasped her bosom with even more strength, the folds spilling through her hand becoming bigger than her fingers. Having a tight grip on her flesh she tried to blend out the swelling for a moment, concentrating on the “substance” of her mammoth rack. Not only their shape, but also their tissue was rather stout, though they still had a slight squish to them, just so much they felt organic. “Surprisingly firm”, Quinn murmured to herself, her voice suddenly rational, almost analyzing. She squeezed herself even more, resulting in a hole on her right breast symmetrical to the one on the left. “It feels like I could smash rocks with my tits.”

The panic from a few seconds vanished, Quinn feeling strangely relaxed all of a sudden. She loosened the grip on her breasts, instead stroking over them again. She clearly felt how they were vaulting against her hands, gently pushing them back. As her fingers ran over the taught fabric they caught small threads sticking out from it as the stitches were breaking apart, fiber by fiber, everywhere around her bosom. The holes in the flaring flanks of her bust slowly expanded as her meat tried to squeeze through them, the rate at which the fabric ripped soon overtaking the tearing pace of her two cleavage holes. A third one suddenly appeared on the bottom of her bosom, her sweater ripping horizontally over the lower slope of her breasts, the resulting tear being longer than the tear on her front, but only half as wide. Of course, Quinn couldn’t see it. She could clearly sense the fabric splitting apart over her bust however, sliding along her smooth skin and tickling her slightly. Her hands stroke her swelling mammaries for a few more seconds before they went back on their “neutral” position on the sides of her breasts, above the growing tears. That was the first time she directly touched the firm meat of her mammaries, feeling it bulge against her palms. Quinn pressed her head into the couch, suddenly a smile on her face. “Hehe... how do you like that, Miss Wonderbra?”, she whispered. Strong but gently she dug her hands into her overly tight sweater again. She could hear the fabric ripping apart over her breasts, the lush mounds growing to the size of volleyballs. “Who of us is monstrous and gigantic now?”, the psychotherapist asked, almost laughing. “Who is now the ‘hot machine’, or the ‘girl with the big tatas’? Who of us is sexier *now*?”

Closing her eyes she dived into the sensation of growth. The slopes of her bosom were still blowing up, against her strained sweater. Over her cambering curves the fabric steadily broke apart, revealing rising amounts of her bust through the growing tears in her top. Under her hands the little holes on each side of her breasts grew steadily larger, their shape becoming more like the tears on her front and bottom. Between her palms and the swells of flesh the fabric glided along as it tore apart. Over her right thumb a small fragment of skin was showing, and shortly after the tears had outgrown both of her hands from all sides. Casually Quinn put her fingers into the holes. Her sweater ripped some more as she slipped her hands under the fabric, softly stroking her swelling meat like a bow the strings of a violin. Quinn’s breath became even more labored, but the smile on her face widened as she kneaded her bust. The slight

ripples she sent through her rising assets caused her sweater to destabilize even further. A long tear appeared between the bottom and flank of her right breast, a thin one, but going down from the top of her orb almost to her torso. Meanwhile the neck of her sweater had turned from a small hole for her head into a long wedge, steadily narrowing the further it went down. The tip of her cleavage reached down a good quarter of her bust, leaving a wide V-shaped excerpt of it uncovered. There were only two inches of fabric separating it from the large hole on her front, showing an equally impressive amount of skin and squeezing breast flesh. At the same time it also approached the rip on the bottom of her breasts which showed less of Quinn's breast valley, but a lot more of their curving slopes. The shadow the lower region of her rack cast on her body reached to her belly, while on the other end the peak of her perkers were close to her chin. From one flank to the other her breasts were twice as wide as her slender hips while inside her breaking sweater their inner walls were pressing tightly together on an almost even surface. Her bosom was sticking out nearly 10 inches from her body by then, both of her globular mounds being just as wide on all sides.

But Quinn didn't seem to care about the vast dimensions of her front attachments anymore, even though by their size one could start to think the rest of her body was an attachment to her bust – and actually, she was slowly starting to think like this. All remaining nervousness and worry had dissolved under the soft massage, as well as under the swelling sensation and subtle ripping noise accompanying it. At the same time however the growth was also starting to feel less dominant. Though her breasts were still tearing on her sweater the rate at which the fabric was ripping began to drop. She opened an eye, taking a glance on her growing bust. Looking straight down all she could see was stretching fabric and cleavage, the huge spheres of flesh obscuring her entire sight. She then glanced to the side, to the plastic bottle on the desk. Giggling she pulled out one hand from her sweater, and stretched her arm out towards it. As one of her fingertips graced the bottle she carefully turned it, bringing it closer to the edge of the table. "Come to mamma", she whispered, a mischievous grin on her face.

Just before the bottle was in reach she pulled her arm back. "Great Quinn", she mumbled to herself while putting her hand back on the flank of her bosom, pulling out the other one from her top as well. Her satisfied smile turned into a bad-tempered grimace. "You almost lowered yourself to a blow-up sex doll." A lot more anxious again she raised her head, watching as the top of her bosom as well as the cleavage displayed in her V-neck steadily rose towards her face. Although the speed of her expansion was slowing down her flesh still puffed up rather swiftly inside her overly tight sweater, most of the stitches having stretched so far various spots of it appeared sheer. However, while the size of her breasts was rather impressive as well as their impossible firmness it somehow felt like they were held back. Pressure was building up inside her top. Nervously Quinn looked at the tip of her cleavage, seeing how it and the tear on her front slowly came closer, separated by only one inch of cotton. She almost jumped on the couch as the fabric suddenly split apart, her bosom billowing at least one centimeter outwards into every direction. The massive mounds shook slightly from, wobbling up and down like giant blocks of jello. At the same time the tears united and formed one huge V-neck, going from her neck in wide curves over her breasts down two thirds of her bust. Most of her remaining cleavage was uncovered by the hole on the bottom as the explosion of her bust also enlarged it, revealing basically the entire underside of her bosom. The tears on the sides also extended over the entire flank of each

breast, and the additional one on her right breast widened towards the gaps surrounding it, leaving only two tiny threads to separate the three rips. Simultaneously another one formed on her left breast on the side of her face, having a rough triangle shape with one side running along her V-neck. One more time Quinn's eyes widened as her breasts had just "bounced" up another cup-size while blowing most of her sweater apart. This released the pressure from what remained of her top, its colors becoming darker again, and the fabric covered her skin better where it was lying on her – but that was an extremely small part of her bosom. With the resistance of her sweater gone it looked again like her breasts were swelling faster, the mostly naked orbs bulging smoothly like bread in an oven. Inside them though Quinn felt the sensation of growth was still decreasing, becoming gradually weaker. Just as her cleavage almost touched her chin it stopped to ascend, while at the same time no more flesh arched against her hands – in fact, no more of her flesh was arching at all. Quinn waited a few seconds, lying absolutely still and closely staring at her breasts. Once she was sure they weren't growing anymore she let her head fall back on the couch, sighing in relief.

The relief didn't last long however as she slowly got aware of her situation. Even as she looked straight at the ceiling the tops of her breasts blocked the bottom of her sight, Quinn seeing the slopes and how they curved into a firm valley of flesh. They rose up and down with each of her pants, covering sometimes more, sometimes less of her vision. Her enormous endowments had the measurements of big medicine balls, small beach balls even, both together probably making up most of her body weight. The psychotherapist calmed her breath, trying to relax. Once more she let her hands run over her curves, though this time she mainly felt the bare skin of her assets and not the tight fabric of her sweater. As far as she could see and feel her top was reduced to hide a few aspects of the sides of her bust. On her left breast it covered a bit more on the bottom due to the tear on the top, while on her right breast it was vice versa. The only thing that kept it from splitting apart in two halves was a small fragment of fabric located around two thirds down her bosom, separating her lower and upper cleavage from each other and connecting the right side of her sweater with the left. Aside from these few and sparse areas though her breasts were at full display to anyone: The curvaceous slopes on top were uncovered. The curvaceous slopes on the sides were uncovered. The curvaceous slopes on the bottom were uncovered. More than ninety percent of her cleavage was uncovered. Only the front of her rack was relatively modest, but the tears surrounded it from all sides.

Quinn stared down on her grand bosom, the only part of her body she could still see aside from her nose. Keeping her hands on her curves she slowly turned her head towards the bottle on the table. Through the light of the evening sun that shined through the window she could roughly gaze through the white plastic, seeing it was almost full to the top with tiny tablets. "Ungh... I took two and got this huge", she murmured. "Do they want me to bury the entire town under my boobs?"

Her glance moved down towards her bust again. She still couldn't believe the mass of flesh sticking out from her body, being so firm, round and big. Again her hands were stroking over the bulged curves of her bust, Quinn feeling a strange satisfaction from rubbing her gargantuan globes. She wasn't shocked anymore, but also didn't feel ecstatic about the new puppies in her sweater. Although from time to time, she found herself marveling at the size of her assets... and taking a glance at the bottle on the

table.

“Not good”, she whispered to herself. “I’m showing signs of addiction... no, more like an obsession. It’s not about those supplements, it’s about my boobs. A part of me likes them - and wants them bigger. MUCH bigger.”

Quinn stared at the bottle that innocently stood on the table, getting steadily more nervous. How long would she be able to resist? A few weeks? Or maybe just seconds? Even if she managed to withstand a whole year though, there was no guarantee after two years she wouldn’t in a moment of weakness grab the bottle and blow the entire room with her bosom. Although with the feelings raging through her in that moment, Quinn wasn’t even sure if the leftovers of her sweater would hold out the next five minutes.

Slowly her hands left the surface of her breasts. She put them on the edge of the couch, and pushed herself up from it. As she straightened herself up her breasts wobbled and bounced slightly, but didn’t hang much further down than before, standing as firm and stout spheres from her torso. Once her back was in a vertical position she expected her breasts to drag her forward, but sitting upright took surprisingly little trouble. Letting go of the couch she turned to the side so her feet were on the ground. Her breasts swayed slightly from the motion, Quinn waiting for them to calm down again. Once the shaking had reduced to a subtle wobble she put a hand into her pocket, and pulled out her cell phone. Automatically she placed it at the same position in front of her as always, pressing it against her bosom as a result. Blushing slightly she stretched out her arm, having to fumble around a bit before she managed to hold it above her breasts in front of her face. She scanned through her phone list until she found the entry she was looking for, and pressed “call”. Putting the phone on her ear she listened to the dial sound. After a while she heard someone picking up on the other end of the line.

“Hello doctor? It’s me, Quinn... Yes, the one with the boob complex. To put it simple: I had a relapse.” She put her free hand under her breast, feeling its weight. “A *heavy* relapse.”