

**GROWING
OBSESSION**

J. D. Tufts



GROWING OBSESSION

J. D. Tufts

GROWING OBSESSION

Copyright © 2019 by J. D. Tufts

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any manner without written permission of the copyright owner except for the use of quotations in a book review

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her, walking across campus that crisp fall day. She was a freshman, I would learn, and I was a grad student, working on my thesis and hoping to complete my master's degree that year. I knew nothing of her at the time, only that I had never seen her before and was sure that I hadn't. I thought I would have remembered such a rare beauty if she had crossed my path.

She was about five-foot-two, with blond hair and striking blue eyes. Her lips were like a dollop of strawberry in the white creaminess of her skin. Her figure was slim, but curvaceous. She wore a black skirt and a tight green top. Even then I was drawn to her breasts more than anything else.

I have always been a breast man. I could see clearly that she was a 34DD. I could assess a woman's size by sight in most cases, familiar with most of the brassieres on the market, and the way women might dress to either enhance or conceal their bust. Her gorgeous breasts bounced as she walked, and I had to stop myself from openly staring at them. I did not want to appear creepy, though that day after I saw her, I stopped proceeding to my usual destination in order to follow her.

Why did I do it? It wasn't her breasts alone, as nice as they were. To tell you the truth, a double D was small for my tastes. My last girlfriend had been an F, and before that I had dated a woman who was a double H cup. Big breasts were my obsession, and this girl had nice breasts, big by normal standards, but hardly big enough to have stopped me in my tracks under any circumstances.

At the time I told myself that it must have been the total package. She was so beautiful that even if she had been flat-chested she might have turned my head for a moment or two. She had a face that could have set men to fight over her like Helen of Troy. Her butt was full and heart shaped. Her legs were beautiful, shapely like a dancer's. Sure, her breasts were not as huge as I had become accustomed to, but they were very nice, and it was rare to find a girl with breasts

like that and all her other amazing qualities.

Now, looking back on the thing, I think it may have been more than that. It was too startling a coincidence that I, the breast man extraordinaire, who prefers as a minimum, sizes that are too big for many men, would develop an infatuation with this woman before she had reached the full potential of her epic bustiness. Somehow, as impossible as it sounded, I must have sensed her potential for breast growth somewhere. It seems impossible, but it also seems like the only explanation.

I followed her to her class that day. She was in Allyn Hall, room 103. I took note of this and the time. When I looked up the class, I saw that it was freshman English composition. The class lasted for approximately an hour. With this knowledge I could bump into her on her way out of class, maybe make an introduction. This was my plan originally anyway. That wasn't how things turned out.

I started to come to her class everyday it was in session, three days a week, and follow her on the way out. I learned all her classes on those days, her usual habits, who her friends were, and ultimately where she lived. I could have contrived a way to bump into her any one of those days but did not. I'm not sure why. It wasn't that I was too nervous or afraid. I just didn't want to take the chance that she might shoot me down and then I would have to stop. Once she had seen me following her would become impossible. Also, what if I didn't like her? My fantasy had become so complete that the actual girl could not live up to it.

I learned her name. She was Katy Brock. I thought it a rather plain name for such an exquisite goddess. I would follow Katy Brock for an entire quarter of college classes, and when the quarter was over, I still had not made my move. I knew where she lived now, where she had a part time job. I could contrive a reason to run into her any time I wanted, but I still couldn't bring myself to. I

started to think I must be sick.

I decided to forget about the girl. I needed to be working on my thesis, not obsessing over some freshman that I obviously was never going to meet. So, I threw myself into my thesis for the rest of the year. I forgot about Katy Brock. I dated a nearly six-foot-tall volleyball player with 38DDD breasts for a few months, until we had exhausted our sexual excitement for one another, and realized we had little else in common.

I was nearly done with my thesis when I would see Katy Brock again. She was in the campus bookstore at the same time I was. Despite how overpriced they were, I had stopped here to buy a pen because the one I had been using had exploded in my pocket. That was when I noticed a girl in a grey t-shirt and jeans. Her face was turned away from me, but enough of her figure was visible for me to make use of my special talent. She was a 34GG, and I watched her as she was looking at a study guide on the table. Then she turned and I was shocked to recognize her.

My old obsession came back with a vengeance. Not only was it Katy Brock, as beautiful as she had been since the last time I had laid eyes on her, but in the past five months her bosom had swelled. She had gone from being a girl just busty enough to be fuckable, by my own high standards, to being well within my wheelhouse of acceptable bustiness. Now, I knew I had to have her.

“You’re Katy, right?” I said.

She looked at me blankly for a moment before replying. “Yeah, that’s my name.”

“You were in Aesthetics fall quarter?” It was the one class she had been in that was higher level and would be believable I had taken. She must have been given permission to skip the prerequisite.

“Yeah,” she said, still looking puzzled.

“Quentin,” I said. “I was in that class with you. I thought you’d remember me.”

“Oh, of course,” Katy said. She was trying to look friendly, but of course she didn’t remember me. “I just needed a name to jog my memory. How are you?”

“I’ve been doing good,” I said. I gestured to the study guide she was holding. “Are you taking Dr. Irvin’s class?”

“Yeah,” she said again, holding the book up. It was a logic book.

“I took him a few years ago. He was tough. I could help you out with the material if you’d like. I’m free tonight.”

Katy gave me a wry smile. “Yeah, that would be great. Why don’t you come by my place?” She took out a pen and jotted her address down. Of course, I didn’t need it. “You can come by around seven.”

We chatted a little more about Dr. Irvin and what a tough class he taught. It was

an advanced logic course. I realized that Katy must already have passed the basic course. She was taking some pretty tough material for a freshman. She not only was a beauty, but apparently, she had brains too.

It was hard to get through the rest of the day thinking about finally seeing her that night. I couldn't believe it was that easy. I went over in my head my plans for seduction. I didn't want to be too obvious, but at the same time I knew this could be my only chance. Then I arrived at her apartment and my plans went out the window.

Katy answered the door in a skintight black dress that displayed her abundant cleavage and hugged the rest of her body in the most alluring way. She didn't look like she was prepared for a quiet night of studying. My jaw dropped open and she giggled at my expression before I had time to compose myself.

"I didn't know where I saw you at first but then I put it together. You're the guy who was following me around all fall quarter."

"I..." I began, but she put a finger to my lips.

"Don't lie to me," she said. "It will just embarrass both of us. Come in and I'll show you the night of your life. I just have a few questions for you to answer first."

She turned and walked into the living room, beckoning for me to follow. Once I was inside, she pushed me down on the sofa and smiled at me seductively. "I wasn't really following you," I began, trying to salvage the situation, but Katy laughed again, and waved a hand dismissively.

“Don’t try and bullshit me,” she said. “I just want to know why you were following me.”

I stared at her blankly. “I mean, you do have mirror, right?”

“Yes,” she said, and as she said that one word, she ran her hands down her body. “I know you want me, but I just want to know why me. There are plenty of pretty girls on campus.”

“Not like you,” I said honestly.

“Not with tits like these,” she said, and then she cupped her large breasts in her hands and raised them slightly.

“Yes,” I said, and my mouth was suddenly dry.

Katy started to peel down her dress and reveal those beauties to me. They looked even bigger naked, so full and ripe, and perfectly round. Her nipples were hard, and I wanted my mouth on one of them immediately. When she had peeled her dress off, she was standing before me in nothing but a lacy pink pair of panties.

“Come and feel them,” she said. “You’ve been dreaming about them all this time. Come and live your fantasy.”

I was on my feet in seconds, and I went to her. At first, I grabbed her, feeling her huge breasts pressed against me as I kissed her passionately. This was so unbelievable, but it was really happening. I was so hard I thought I would come in my pants as my hands went down to fondle her. I played with the nipples between my fingers and she squealed in delight.

“Come to my bedroom,” she said, and I did what she asked.

Once we were in her bedroom she lay on the bed, and I went to work on her nipples with my mouth and tongue. She was panting and moaning as I did so, obviously very sensitive, and I used her cues to bring her to even greater pleasures. Finally, she wanted me inside her, and she reached down to remove her panties.

With surprising strength, she was able to flip me over, and then she climbed on top of me, inserting my hard dick in her sopping wet pussy, and starting to ride me. “Squeeze my tits,” she said.

I reached up and held her tits in the palm of my hand. They felt amazing, jiggling as she bounced up and down on my cock. “You’ve grown a lot since the fall,” I said.

“That’s just the beginning,” Katy said with a smile. “I’m going to keep getting a lot bigger. The women in my family have huge tits. I’m not even at full size yet.”

When she said this, I exploded inside her, and she looked disappointed. “I’m

sorry,” I said.

“Get out,” she told me. She got to her feet and picked up my clothes, throwing them at me. “You had your fun. I wanted to see what it was like to fuck my stalker. You can go home now.”

“Can I see you again?” I asked dumbly.

“No,” she said.

It was unfathomable to me what had just happened. I would try to convince her to see me again over the next few weeks, but she would always tell me the same thing. “That was your one shot. It was your pity fuck. Now, get lost. You can watch me, but you can never have me again.”

I would watch her, over the summer and for a long time afterward. She would grow more over that summer, becoming a 34I by the time school started up again. She also started dating somebody, and that was where my jealousy began to really kick in.

There was nothing remarkable about the guy. I couldn’t understand what she saw in him and not me. He was about average height, good looking, but not remarkably so, with brown hair and hazel eyes. When I wasn’t watching her, I was watching him, trying to figure out what he had that I didn’t. All it seemed he had was Katy.

When they fucked she left the window open. There was no mistaking that it was for my benefit, that she wanted to torture me by making me watch her with this other man, and seeing him experience her body, and amazing breasts. When she and I had done it, they weren't the biggest I had ever had, but she had grown more, and now was bigger than any woman I had ever been with. This made my desire for her even more crazy.

Yet, I was not the one that had her. This other man got to have her. I watched him touching her huge tits, squeezing them in the palms of his hands. He loved to suck on her nipples just as much as I did. No, that wasn't possible. Nobody could have appreciated her breasts as much as I did. Why didn't she see that? I needed her more than he did. I wanted her more than he did. That was why she was torturing me.

Katy loved to tit fuck her new boyfriend. When she did it, it was like she was taking full control of him. She would slide his dick in and out of her incredible cleavage, and move him to the verge of almost exploding, before pulling back and watching him go crazy. When she would do it, she would glance out the window. I wondered if she was seeing me, in the darkness, watching her, and enjoying my frustration. Eventually, she would make him explode and come all over her.

Toward the end of the summer she stopped seeing the boyfriend. I'm not sure why. Though I was obsessed with her, and I tracked her movements as often as I could, I had no insight into their relationship beyond watching them have sex.

I thought this would be a relief, but she replaced him quickly, not with a new boyfriend, but with a series of men that paraded in and out of her bedroom, and she fucked with great enthusiasm.

This was even worse. Now not only was she having sex with somebody else, torturing me with the fact that she would not have sex with me. But it seemed like she would have sex with anybody else but me. Many of the men she fucked were unremarkable. Many were less attractive than I was. It just wasn't fair!

I told myself that she must have a fixation on me as well. Why else would she do all this but drive me crazy? Eventually, things would have to escalate because she would get bored with the exhibitionism she was showing so far. That was what I told myself and I was right.

I don't know how Katy knew where I lived but a gift came in the mail. It was a walkie talkie, like I had as a kid, just one, and it had a note attached to it. "Come to my place tonight," it said.

I did as I was told, settling in my usual spot. I heard the buzz of the walkie talkie and then she said, "Are you there?"

I hesitated a moment before I answered and then I said, "Yeah, I came like you requested."

"Good boy," she said back. "There is no need for you to talk back, I just want for you to listen."

Her curtains had been drawn at her house, but just then I saw her open them. Once she moved them aside, she was standing at her bedroom window, the lights illuminating her gorgeous frame. She was wearing black lingerie, garter belt and stockings, and a lacy bra that seemed to barely be able to contain her huge tits.

“This is a fairly new bra. It’s a double I. Yet, it is already getting tight. I thought I might actually be done growing a few weeks ago. I had been an I for quite a while. Now, I’m growing again. Who knows how big I’ll get?”

There was a silence as she looked out the window. I wondered if she knew where I was. My usual spot was behind a row of trees not that far from the house, and it would have been very hard for her to see me there in the shadows, while it was very easy for me to see her. Yet, she knew I was out there, and that was enough for both of us, I think.

“I bet you think about touching them all the time. You got the chance when they were smaller. Now they are really big. Now, they are probably bigger than any tits that you’ve ever touched. Yet, I’m still getting bigger. I’m going to keep growing. That must be very frustrating for you.”

It was, and I thought that I might speak then, but she had told me that she didn’t want me to. Was this some new kind of torture she was working up to? I had no idea. Then she said it.

“I’m going to quit school. I’m going away for a little while. I wanted you to know that before I left. I didn’t want to disappear on you without you knowing. You could try to follow me, of course, but I’m going far away. You’d have to uproot your whole life. I don’t think you’ll do that. I just wanted you to know that we’ll see each other again.”

I couldn’t take it any longer. I had to speak. “When will we see each other?” I asked.

She laughed, and she held the button specifically so I could hear it. “That will be my little secret.”

Then she turned the walkie talkie off and shut the window. I sat there dumbfounded. She was going to be gone. What was I going to do with myself? I had done nothing but think of her for months. Yet, I would have to do something. I couldn’t just wait for her to come back and put my own life on hold.

I tried to forget about her. I tried dating other women, but that was not something that I could get myself to fully commit to. Even if I would meet a busty babe who normally met my high standards, I would inevitably start comparing her to Katy, and think about how she fell short of her epic bustiness, not to mention her ethereal beauty.

There was no denying it now. It was clear that Katy had intended to torture me. She was probably enjoying it immensely, and I knew the best thing to do was forget about her. Yet, I couldn’t. Somehow, her sadism made her even more attractive to me. She knew how much I wanted her, that I couldn’t resist her, and therefore she was having fun making me suffer. There was nothing hotter than that, for some reason.

After three months I was actually starting to make some progress on my Katy obsession and moving on. Then came the envelope in the mail. It had no return address, yet somehow, I knew it was from her. I opened it, and there were ten photographs of Katy posing in baby blue lingerie. There was a note waiting for me as well.

“I’m a K cup now,” was all it said.

The pictures were of various poses. One was of her leaning toward the camera, getting a generous view of her now even deeper cleavage. Another was a behind the back view. Another, her legs in the air while she lay on the bed. None of them were topless, which was what I was dying to see. She had to know that was what I wanted. That was why she wasn't going to give it to me.

There was nothing in the note about when I might see Katy again, if ever. Not that it would have made any difference. Being tortured while she was here and being tortured from afar made little difference. I used those ten pictures for constant masturbation material for the next three months. I knew that whenever I would hear from her again, it would just be about driving me even crazier.

I was right. Another envelope would appear three months later. This time there were only five pictures, still no topless ones. She wasn't in lingerie this time but dressed in a green skintight dress. The message said, "I'm a double L now."

She definitely looked at least that big. The five pictures, while covering more skin, at the very least were all taken to show off the sheer vastness of her incredible bust. When I thought of how much she had grown since the first time I had seen her, and the thought of her growing still more, my cock got hard, and my breathing quickened. I expected she would be even bigger the next time she sent me a message. I could hardly wait.

Then, it didn't come. I had expected there to be a three-month interval between this one and the new message just as there had been last time. When it did not come, I assumed that it was just late at first, then I hoped and prayed it was just late. Then a month went by and another. I was distraught with how my goddess had abandoned me.

Soon I was desperate enough to begin a search for her. I had made no efforts to try and find where she had gone at that point, and there were few clues. I made use of what I could find on the internet, but I found that Katy Brock had left very little of a digital footprint. It seemed she did not want to be found, and if that was the case then she wouldn't be.

I made my best effort, but it seemed like Katy had disappeared off the face of the earth. As the months went by, my obsession with her became even worse. Was she still growing? I was wondering about that, and, couldn't keep my mind off it. The next summer went by and still no word, I thought I wasn't going to ever hear from her again. I felt broken by my obsession. No other woman interested me, but I knew I had to move on. Then I got the other new note.

There were no pictures this time. She didn't need them apparently. The note, which came in a normal letter-sized envelope, just said, "Come to my house, tonight. Nine o'clock."

There not only was no return address, but no stamp, and no postmark. Katy was back, and she wanted to see me.

I had no reason to think there would be anything but torture again, but how could I resist? I had been waiting for her return for so long. I had been obsessed for so long. Plus, I had to know. How much had she grown?

I showed up at her place promptly and knocked on the door. I knew how Katy had been so diabolical in the past and I was prepared for the worst, but just to have another chance to see her was worth a great deal to me. I needed to know how big she was. She had been increasing her size roughly a cup size a month for quite some time, and I was hoping she hadn't slowed down. She had to be at least an O cup by this point.

I could see a figure approaching the door and I held my breath. She opened the door and I saw that it was indeed Katy standing there, wearing a grey robe with blue trim. Normally, this would be disappointing, since the voluminous robe would have normally obscured so much of her figure, but that was not the case this time. Nothing could have hidden how massive she had become.

The robe was distended over two feet in front of her, and the shape of her massive, arrogant breasts was clearly visible. They hung down over her stomach, but from sheer size, not because of sag. They pushed out in front of her like two mountains rising over the horizon and looked to be as firm as her breasts have ever looked, though I could not tell what kind of brassiere she was wearing under there.

She laughed immediately when she saw my face, that cocky laugh of hers that emphasized her cruelty, but at the same time could not fail to excite me. "I've grown a lot, haven't I?" she asked.

I couldn't say anything, all I could do was stare, and she turned around to walk back inside. As she did so, I got the chance to see her huge tits bounce with her movement. Once she was in the living room I walked in and shut the door.

Katy turned back to me and dropped the robe. Underneath she was wearing a red bra, the biggest I had ever seen, but it looked like it was struggling to hold her breasts. She was spilling out the top, with the swell of her cleavage muffin-topping out of the cups. Her breasts were also spilling out the sides. They looked amazing, and incredibly big and heavy.

"How is this possible?" I finally said.

Katy smiled and reached around to undo her bra. "I don't think I'm done growing yet," she said. "I've started a pretty big spurt just recently, after having my first giant spurt a few months ago." She took the bra off and let it fall to the floor. "I feel so bad about how I teased you before," she said.

I stared at her naked breasts. Her nipples were huge, as big as my thumb, with aureoles like saucers. They were gorgeous, pink, and hard. Her breasts were as shapely as they had been, the one time I had gotten to touch them, but so much bigger. I remembered back when I thought she was big before, and now she made those breasts look miniscule.

"Come over here and suck on them," Katy said.

I walked toward her as if in a daze. Once I was in front of her, she placed her hands on my shoulders and forced me down on my knees. She pulled my head to her right nipple and I put my mouth around it, sucking gently. She started to moan, and her breathing quickened as I intensified my sucking.

"That's it," she said. "You must feel so special to get your mouth on these big tits."

She wrapped her arms around me and pulled my head deeper into her cleavage. My head was enveloped around those gigantic breasts. I thought she might smother me, but I didn't care. It was the most amazing feeling I had ever felt in my life.

After a few moments she switched me over to the other nipple and kept rubbing her giant tits in my face. “If I had a bra size,” she whispered. “I would have already gone beyond the letters of the alphabet. There isn’t a Z cup, but if there was, I would already make it look small.”

I moved my hands up and started to fondle her tits. She laughed that cruel laugh of her’s again, but this time it didn’t sound cruel. She was giving me my greatest fantasy right now, and she knew it. Yet, there was no better way that she could break me.

“Come to the bedroom,” she finally whispered.

She pushed me off her nipple gently, and then turned to walk toward the bedroom while I scrambled to my feet. I appreciated her figure as I watched, her thin back, and the gigantic breasts that could easily be seen protruding from the front. I could see her ass for the first time, clad in a pair of panties the same red as her gigantic discarded bra.

When I got into the bedroom Katy was already sliding those panties down her legs. “I’m going to give you a chance to fuck me again,” she said. “Its just like you’ve been dreaming about since the last time.”

“Then you’re just going to disappear again?” I asked, but I as already taking off my clothes.

“That’s just the chance you’ll have to take,” she said with a giggle. “I know you can’t resist me.”

She was right, and once we were both naked, I came to her and slid between her breasts again, feeling their warmth and size surround me. I was hard as a rock, and she reached down to grab my cock and guide it inside her.

“I love you,” I said to her. “I don’t think I’ve loved anyone else but you.”

“I know you do, darling,” she said. “I’m the biggest and I’m just going to keep getting bigger.” That was a promise I knew she would keep.