

Chapter 3

Jess helps the student whilst I try to calm myself down. My raging erection pressing against the underside of the desk. I can't even focus on the maths problems before me, I just stare at her ass, leaned over the desk at the front of the class.

After class tutoring is going to be hard.

The last remainder of the lesson passes by without incident; however, I was unable to take my eyes off her. Her boobs seemingly went back to their original size from the start of the class. She stands before everyone and dismisses them.

I wonder if anyone else noticed.

I remain seated, trying to catch up on the work in the hustle and bustle of everyone packing up and leaving.

"Mr Adams, you should pack up your things." She calls over the last few students who are leaving.

I look at Jess and raise my eyebrow confused. She motions me to hurry up. Not wanting to upset her I pack my things up. By the time I have everything away, the last student is leaving, I rise and sling my backpack over my shoulder.

Jess is leaning over her desk, her cleavage on show, I try to avert my eyes to no avail. I start to walk towards the door.

"Where do you think you are going Kris?" Her stern voice pierces the room.

"You said to pack up," I reply nervously.

"Yes, I didn't give you permission to leave. We've still got a tutoring session." She grins mischievously. "You didn't think I'd forgotten, did you?" She jumps on the balls of her feet, causing her breasts to jiggle in her top.

"I er..."

"No, I just thought that we could use my office." She gestures behind her. "Go on in, I'll be there in a second."

I walk around her desk to the door and open it and take my first step into her office. Looking around I hear Jess, "You can work from my desk, set yourself up and I'll be right behind you."

Taking in the room, it looks like a normal run of the mill office, there are a few pictures on the wall but nothing personable. I reach out and put my arm on the chair to take a seat and that is when I see something that stops me in my tracks.

A giant bra, bigger than any I've had the luck of seeing in person.

I couldn't even guess.

I stand there staring for a moment.

Did she leave this out on purpose?

I take in the fine detail of the lacy red bra that has a lot of detail stitched around it. I notice that it isn't new, the straps look strained, there are even some tears in the fabric.

How big were the boobs that went into this...?

"32K" A soft sultry voice resonates in my ear. It's Jess.

I feel a shiver travel down my back from her voice. A delicate hand on my shoulder blade as she passes.

"Take a seat Mr Adams."

Still reeling, I take a moment to compose myself.

"What's wrong Kris? Never seen a bra before?" She teases.

"Just not one so big..." I admit.

"This? I suppose it is big... Maybe I can show you how it fits." She says nonchalantly.

Is that thing hers?

She steals a glance at my face, and I see her suppress a laugh.

"So... I saw that you didn't do a lot of work today, Kris. Why is that?" She asks. As she asks, she hefts her bosom onto the desk, with a loud thud her boobs are now being supported by its wooden surface.

She knows exactly what she is doing...

"Err... I was distracted...." I admit.

Not like I'm lying.

"Hhhmmmm maybe we need to get it out of your system." She muses.

"Get what out of my system?"

"Don't play dumb with me, I've seen your gaze, since the moment I stepped into the classroom yesterday you've had your eyes on one thing."

I stare blankly, my heart pounding in my chest.

"My chest." She looks down at them resting on the desk. "Even now, you've not taken your eyes off my boobs."

Am I dreaming?

"It's ok, you can look." She takes her hands, places them either side of her breasts and pushes them together.

I can hear her fabric creaking, the next button on her blouse gives way, revealing more cleavage. Her bulging bosom being more exposed as she increases her squeezing of her...

Wait.

She has let go of her boobs, her hands resting on the desk, her boobs still bulging more and more by the second.

What.

My cock is now throbbing against my trousers, my breathing becoming laboured. I look up at her face, a sweat forming on her brow, a huge grin as she continues to swell.

"J-j..." I stutter.

"Yes?" She moans.

"Your..."

"Oh... You noticed?" She struggles to finish her sentence.

Seemingly getting as worked up as me, she stares at me, I meet her eyes and again, I see that passion that lust and desire.

Another button pops off, whizzing past my head. I recoil and she giggles. Her boobs jiggling wildly before me across her desk as they are now overflowing her bra to an insane degree.

Both sat there, near enough panting, staring at each other. Her boobs have now seemingly stopped growing. I just stare, she looks down and traces her hand over the overflowing swells of her bust. Like a wild animal, I stare hungrily.

"So... Tutoring..." She can barely form sentences, her voice sounds weak, breathless.

"Sorry... Every time I grow... I get like this... Especially if I'm this big." She gives herself a playful squeeze.

It causes her to gasp out loud. Jess' sharp gasp followed by a soft moan sends shivers down my spine.

"Grow..." I say, confused and impassioned.

"Yes... I'm sure you've seen... I mean, I'm overflowing." She pokes her right boob, her finger sinking into the supple flesh.

"How..." I breathlessly ask

“I’ve always been able to...” She takes a deep breath, her hands gripping the table as another surge hits her. “I can control it to some degree...” Her bra creaking heavily as it is now starting to lose the battle with her expanding bust. “This D is every outmatched wouldn’t you say?” with a swift motion she thrusts her chest forward and her bra snaps. Her boobs, significantly larger than a D, hell maybe even a G at this point.

“How...”

“I can sense you want it... It turns me on... It makes me grow...” She moans, her hands starting to knead at her large breasts on the desk. Her blouse barely holding it together.

My hard cock flexing outwards, wanting to break free from my trousers. I stare at her, exhausted from the tease.

“I can shrink too, it would be a bit unwieldy to just grow indefinitely. I mean I can’t remember the last time I was this big. I couldn’t imagine being this big forever.” She mashes her breasts together. “I brought out that K cup because that is the biggest I’ve ever been...” She teases.

I groan, a tremor in my voice.

“Mr Adams... Are you ok?... Are you close?” Her voice shaky, she starts playing with her nipples.

I nod.

“Wow... I guess you making me grow this big... you really are a boob man.” She closes her eyes as I notice another surge in growth.

“FUCK!” Jess screams, moaning and panting. “Bigger? OH!” She starts moaning at an increased pace, her right hand leaving her nipple and going under the desk.

I’m causing her to grow... Fuck...

I lay a hand on my cock and start to stroke it.

I can’t take this anymore.

The growth stops, another button flying off just before it halts. I can now see the entirety of her cleavage. Her large breasts, bigger than any I’ve seen in the flesh, fill out the sides of her blouse, they jiggle from the motion of Jess’ hand under the table.

Furiously working herself to orgasm I can’t help but do the same. With a powerful grunt I meet my end.

Both sitting at the desk opposite each other, coming down from respective orgasms. My head leaning back over the chair as I stare at the ceiling, I hear Jess panting. After a moment lowering my head, looking at her and notice that her bust has shrunk already, she is trying to cover up and make herself decent for the remainder of the day.

“I guess this blouse is ruined...” She says with a playful tone. “Good thing I’ve got a spare.”

“You are incredible...” I say softly between deep breaths.

“Thank you, Kris.” She stands up, a bit shaky on her legs, she looks down at me. “I hope you brought spare trousers.” She points at the wet spot on my trousers.

I shake my head, my face now turning a deep shade of crimson.

“Let me sneak you out the back, I can get you to the carpark and you can head home and change.” She smiles at me, placing a hand on mine.

I nod.

Helping me to my feet, I notice that she is slightly taller than me, her half exposed shrinking chest just above my chest. She looks down slightly at my face and smirks before she wraps her arms around me and pulls me in for a hug, pushing my head down to the top of her bust, I can feel the warmth of her bust on my face.

“Good first session, same time next week?” She says, squeezing me tightly into her boobs.

This is going to be a good year.