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1,325 words.

<Thick as Thieves No Nut November>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Six

The guys were all back this afternoon, it was a big deal as it meant that I could try and use them as a distraction from Megan and her growing tits.

I need to last...

I had a deep desire to see Megan grow bigger, even at the expense of my cock. This morning my morning wood was particularly difficult to subdue. A cold shower did nothing and it was easy to see and feel that I was bigger again this morning.

That means Megan is too...

The thought ran through me like a bolt of lightning, undoing any work I had done this morning to try to calm myself, I just sat on my bed and looked at my phone.

My phone pinged. Megan had messaged me.

Meg: Any bigger this morning?

Me: Yes...

Meg: Me too.

Before I could think to reply, I saw a picture pop up with a one time view. I knew what it would be, it didn't take a detective to work it out. I thought about resisting, knowing that it would

just wind me up more, but it proved impossible. My curiosity got the better of me and I tapped the icon.

The photo that filled my screen was better than I thought possible. It was a picture from her bed, laying on her back, Megan's tits were rising high, blocking her field of vision. She still had the same top on so I could see her cleavage, but more than that, her top had ripped. I could see the frayed fabric desperately trying to cover her breasts.

Thank God for mobile phone companies and their camera pride.

It is hard to gauge the size difference, but from this angle she looks huge. Even if she had sent that message yesterday, there is no telling how big she would've looked then. I gawked at the image, my mouth agape, my cock's stiffness renewed. I just kept thinking about how big they looked, I tried to gauge how big they were even by laying down and placing the phone as if it was my point of view. I just couldn't believe what I was looking at.

I spent so much time staring and so turned on, I felt my cock start to leak some precum.

I need to stop...

I didn't know if I came, whether that would stop her growing or not, I wasn't about to chance it.

I closed the image down and saw one more message from Meg.

Meg: Come down... I'll show you...

I threw my phone to the bed and closed my eyes. My phone went off a few more times, I didn't have the grit to pick it up and read at that moment, I waited a few minutes before checking. It was from the boys; they were on their way home. They would arrive in a few hours.

Something clicked within me. It was like a timer, notifying me that if I didn't take my chance now, I might not get it again. I rushed to Megan's door and knocked it frantically.

"The guys will be here in a few hours..." I said with desperation.

"And?" her cool, calm and seductive reply sent shivers down my spine.

“What do we do...”

“About what?” She teased.

“You know what...”

I felt her footsteps vibrating the floor as she walked over to the door. I saw her handle turn. The door opened slightly, and I saw Megan’s face peering through the gap.

“Are you sure this is wise T...” She looked down at my trousers. “What with... *That...*”

She was right, what was I doing, why was I here...

“I... I don’t know... I am all sorts of messed up... I... I am so horny...” I walked backwards and leaned against the wall behind me.

“If me coming out there could help, I would... But T... I don’t think you should see them right now...” I noticed her eyes were trained on my cock. “I know I certainly shouldn’t come out there...”

“Why...” I dumbly said.

“Because if I get any closer, I don’t know if I could resist anymore...”

Is she serious?

I stood still for a few seconds, watching her face, she remained focused on my bulging cock. In complete silence, I lowered my hand to my bulge, and I started to slowly stroke it through my pants. Its girth was impressive, it was covering a good distance towards my knee now, thick and rigid, I stroked it. I could see the desire in her eyes, she watched on as my fingers traced my length.

I was becoming too aroused, I pulled my waist band and exposed my cock, it stuck out before me like a metal rod, pointing directly at Megan. I stared at her face, my cock twitching in the air. She closed the door.

I felt rejected.

I fucked up.

I heard her hasty footsteps and the sound of her body hitting the bed. Standing there in the hallway, on the precipice of giving into lust, I felt empty inside.

“Come in...” Her voice beckoned me.

I timidly opened the door, slowly I entered, guiding my cock through the frame, something I never thought I'd have to be mindful about. Megan was sitting on the edge of the bed. My eyes went to where her chest should be, but I was met with a pillow and her hands wrapped around the soft surface.

She is hiding them... Maybe she is worried...

Standing there exposed now made me feel even worse, I went to tuck my cock back into my pants, but she stopped me.

“Don't.” She commanded.

I looked at her confused, I thought I had fucked it up, but she wasn't letting me cover up. I looked at her face and could see the arousal still on it, she was almost drooling. I noticed something else. She was wearing something different, she had thin straps which were cutting into her shoulders. They didn't look like bra straps, or anything substantial, more like the thin straps of a crop top. I felt my pulse beat harder.

“Are you sure...” She asked.

To me it was clear that we were going to lose the game here. There was no way I could resist any longer, her inviting me into the room sealed her fate too. I looked her in the eyes and I saw the smirk spread over her face.

She dropped the pillow.

Before me she sat, bustier than yesterday, considerably so. Her boobs were barely contained in the crop top she was wearing. No bra that she owned could contain her melons now. The soft flesh being pressed into one another caused her to have a wall of cleavage. Her nipples were hard, they were so thick. My cock twitched and pointed at her.

“Guess we find out...”

I cocked my head to the side.

“Who won the arms race?” She moaned, leaning back onto her hand and thrusting her chest out.

Her boobs looked so perky and round, tightly packed into her top. Her boulders were juxtaposed to her body, they looked impossible. The fabric creaked from her movements and her underboob cleavage was something that looked nothing short of inviting. I saw her eyes peering over the top of the crest of her tits.

“Come on... *they're* waiting...”

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