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2,047 words.

<Hometime>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

An Ordinary Day

Life is monotonous.

The structure of it all

How terribly drawl.

The brisk air inside my car makes me shiver, the heater isn't sufficient enough.

"Wish I would've bought the model with heated seats now..." I grumble under my breath.

Traffic was awful as per usual, it seemed everyone just absolutely had to get to work at the same time and place as me. I had only been up an hour, it felt like that was a lifetime ago in this congestion.

Another whole hour before I get there...

Before I let rage consume me I let my gaze wander, as I was one to do.

People watching was something I was very good at, my friends would tell me I had ADHD, but I was just very aware of those around me, my eyes darting like a dog sat by the fences to a tennis court.

They're smart, walking.

Despite the cool summer air, they looked warm enough in their power walks. I kept looking at the slow-moving traffic, noticing people on their phones, people with strange hair but there was one thing I was adept at spotting.

Big girl.

The slight downward incline had the larger woman taking longer strides and with each step her whole body shook. She wasn't too big, probably about 210 lbs but it was clear that it was a relatively new development, based on how tight her clothes appeared. The traffic had stopped, and I stared at her trousers, and I could see the indent of her panties, they looked like they might be rather revealing.

The thought of her flesh exposed was starting to turn me on.

-Beep Beep-

The car behind me wasn't quite as caught up in staring at the overweight woman as I was. I sped off quickly to catch the light, just in time. The guy driving the car behind me made all manner of hand gestures as they missed the light.

Man... He must be pissed... Hopefully not going to the same place as me.

Arriving at the office it was good bumping into everyone after a long weekend. Me and my wife, Becky, had spent the time away at a campsite we used to visit as kids, it wasn't luxurious in terms of accommodation, but we made up for that with the places we visited for food and entertainment. Lots of alcohol, fine dining and a few other day plans and we thoroughly enjoyed our blast from the past.

As quick as that is to sum up, it doesn't get any quicker the eleventh time you've explained it.

Working in a big office isn't very fun sometimes...

The job itself was a big full on sometimes but thankfully we were having a bit of a lull. My team consisted of five other co-workers. I was their lead, but I wasn't too hard on them, I was more of a pushover than my boss, Chloe. Chloe was quite scary if I was being honest, she was firm and not very fair, thankfully I found myself usually on her good side. My team would often find themselves in her line of fire. Michelle was slow and often too busy chatting up delivery drivers who dropped off mail. Angela was an outdated hag, Lisa was too fresh and inexperienced which wasn't helped by her ditsy nature, Chris was a jokester and then there was Rob, who was too serious for

Chloe. I found myself in Chloe's good graces because I was really proficient at my job, I could cover for my team and usually worked as a good bridge between them and Chloe.

Chloe called me into her office after an hour.

Great. Just what you need on a Monday morning.

I stood up from my desk and walked towards Chloe's office which was attached to our team's section. Everyone saw me walk towards the door and broke eye contact as soon as I gazed over to them.

"Take a seat." She said sharply, her fiery voice was enough to slap me into the right mood to deal with her.

I looked at the blonde woman in her suit with a scowl on her face. Chloe was three years younger than me but what she lacked in birthday's she made up for in ambition.

"We've got a big new project, we have to get this reporting suite made, they were going to give us more time but I knew a competitor would undercut us so I told them I could get it done in half the time." A sinister grin spread over her face. "Well, you and your team will."

"Half, how much data are we talking..."

"You will do it. I'll make sure of that."

"I know, but Chloe, I need to understand what I am getting into here, I need to get the team geared up and-"

"They should be ready to go right now!" She snapped. "I'll email it over to you, the full specs just hit my inbox. I want an update by midday." She dismissed me.

"I'll let you know." I said standing up and walking out of the office with a looming dread over me.

She has bitten off more than we can chew here...

I read the email and grasped immediately how hopeless the task would be. I emailed her back with as much of a realistic expectation as I could with lots of details.

It wasn't good enough.

The email response wasn't even worth reading past the subject matter.

I got the team ready to work, setting them clear and concise targets with check ins. They all knew it was too much, but I helped them all that afternoon with getting started, forgoing my own work.

Chloe strutted out forty minutes early and walked past my desk before leaning over the desk and muttering under her breath.

"It seems that they have made good progress." She tutted. "Shame I can't say the same about you. You've barely started."

I knew better than to answer her back.

"I'll have it caught up by tomorrow."

"You better. Probably tell your wife you won't be home until late." She smirked, leaving us all to finish the day.

I worked as hard as I could for the next 40 minutes, only glancing up a few minutes before five.

Hometime.

"Good stuff everyone. We're on track, I know it is a steep goal but good hustle today." The team groaned and all took their leave, not even Chris stayed back to make some sort of fun joke.

Rob approached my desk and stood silently waiting for me to address him.

"Yes Rob?"

"I think this isn't going to work Ethan." He looked nervous. "She is asking too much, I mean-"

"You know how she is Rob..."

"She is worse than my first wife" His demeanour implied I shouldn't laugh; he was being deadly serious.

"Look, we will get this done, we have to."

"I know what you did today, for the others... You're a good man Ethan."

“A shame I don’t get paid for being a good man.” I joked, chuckling.

Rob remained as stone faced as ever.

“Have a good night Ethan.”

“You too Rob.”

I left on time, I knew that I could catch up tomorrow, probably. I didn’t fancy staying in the office for another minute longer than I had to.

The drive home was just as painful as the drive in, ironically enough my car was too hot, and my A/C wasn’t working to cool it down.

On the drive home I saw that same woman from the morning. She had taken off her jacket and I could see how busty she was, moreover, how much she jiggled with each step she took. Climbing the slight incline, I could see the effort she was needing to put in, the sweat was running down her face, her top was showing sweat patches. She looked over worked, overheated but overall, she looked.

Sexy.

-Beep Beep-

I threw my hand up to apologise to the driver behind me and pulled off quickly.

Two beeps in one day...

I couldn’t get her out of my head for the rest of the drive home, I was pent up, although we had a good weekend, I felt myself wanting more. Becky and I were fairly intimate, but I had never told her a deep secret about myself.

I liked bigger women.

The woman walking was just a reminder about my preferences.

Even if Becky was halfway closer to that size than her figure...

I imagined my wife being larger, a mix of emotions swept over me. I was horny, I wanted nothing more than to go home and fuck her senselessly like I had on the weekend, but I had guilt.

We’d been together for years and I had never let myself tell her that one truth.

It wasn't easy.

I was embarrassed, it was something that I had seen people get laughed at for over my formative years. It was subnormal, it brought me shame if I thought about it for too long. Mostly because Becky was so into her health. She was lean, a good amount of muscle on her body and she had spent years maintaining that. When she did start to put on some weight a few years ago after she broke her ankle, it was clear that it was something that upset her when her clothes were becoming too tight. I loved her, I was physically attracted to her, I wanted what was best for her.

For now, at least, that was me burying my secret as deep down as I could.

I pulled into the drive and opened the door.

"Becky, I'm home." I called, and the smell of something delicious was in the air.

Walking into the kitchen I saw my short brunette wife preparing our dinner. She turned and smiled at me. The smile melted away the pains of the day.

Becky was about 5'2 and was rather thin, her B cups were the only real curves she had, her hips weren't wide, and her ass was flat.

The lack of curves meant nothing in comparison to her personality.

I had made peace with that, she was my best friend, the only reason these thoughts are swirling in my head was because I saw that woman twice today.

"Hey honey!" She beamed, her hair was up in a ponytail, something that I just loved.

"I missed you this morning."

"You know I have to get to the gym earl-"

I had walked over to her and cut her off by planting a deep kiss on her lips, her hands roamed my body, and she squeezed me.

"Not before food." She winked.

"No fun..." I jested.

"I'm hungry and I spent so much time making this. You should be grateful." She teased.

We ate food and I told her about the day. It brought up many frustrating conversations, I

was no longer feeling as horny as earlier.

“I’m going to shower and hit the hay... I think I am going to have to go in early tomorrow...”

“You really should leave that place Ethan...”

“I know...” I leaned over and gave her a kiss, she continued to read her book on the sofa as I left.

Feeling nice and clean before bed, I walked into the bedroom to find our suitcases still unpacked. I grumbled at my past self for not sorting them sooner.

If not now, when... It isn't fair for Becky to have to do it.

I unpacked the clothes, dirty one's going into the wash, clean ones going back in the wardrobes, the souvenirs, of which there were a few, were placed onto my bedside table.

I'll sort them in the morning.

I set my early alarm to vibrate only so as not to wake Becky. My head hit the pillow and I felt the weight of the day slowly fade into nothingness as I fell into a deep sleep.

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