

I walked over to her, not believing what I was seeing. I was staring, a bit rudely but for whatever reason Susan didn't say anything about my inappropriate stares.

"You okay babe?" she asked me.

I didn't say anything to respond, I just wrapped my arms around her, seeing it as the only way I could feel her boobs without just groping her outright. I felt her breasts press into my chest, it wasn't an exact science, but I think I could certainly feel some extra there that wasn't before. Probably in the realm of one to two cup sizes bigger. On someone already so flat it made such a world of difference.

*Why didn't she mention it before?*

"John? Babe?" Her voice was a bit worried now.

"Sorry!" I coughed and cleared my throat, making sure I wasn't going to have any unexpected voice cracks. "Yeah, sorry... I am just happy for you."

I decided not to bring up her mysterious growth spurt, not that I minded it of course. In fact, I was more thinking about what after dinner might look like. Susan smiled and gave me an impassioned kiss.

"Well, I am very happy that you made lasagna for me too." It was my turn to smile and take her compliment.

Susan took a seat, and I grabbed the food out of the oven and served it up. Dinner was a bit hard because I kept glancing at her chest, thinking whether it had grown anymore or not. Although I was happy that she had grown at all, she didn't change over the course of the meal.

"What's up... You seem a bit distracted this evening..." Susan pouted her lip.

"Sorry I..." I didn't have a good enough cover line ready.

"Did I not give you enough this morning?" The pouting lip getting bigger, she squeezed her arms together pushing her boobs up and out.

If I had any lingering doubt about her growth, it was now gone. Her boobs were swollen above her bra cups; her low-cut top was something she wore often but there was certainly not this much eye candy to feast upon.

I had barely made much of a dent in my food, but Susan was finished, she was happy to play her game with me. I didn't know if I was playing with her or if I was prey, I certainly felt not in control.

Susan placed a hand on my knee under the table, leaning forward to give me a deep look into her cleavage.

“I know you’ve not finished your dinner but... How about dessert?”

I nodded and watched her stand up beside me, I turned on the chair to face her, and Susan straddled me, her enlarged breasts pressed against my face. I buried them deep in and started to motorboat my wife, my dick was already hard and picking her up I carried her upstairs. I laid her down on the bed, the way she looked down her body to mine as I stood over her, I noticed that her boobs were blocking some of her eye line and it just made me even harder.

Throwing clothes off as quickly as possible, I wanted to beat Susan so I could see her take her top off, she knew it, and she left it for last. I eagerly waited like an excited puppy; I saw her struggle to get the top over her bust that was overflowing her bra. With an almost pop, I saw her tits bounce back down after being lifted by the constricting fabric of her shirt.

“You’ve been eying them up all evening...” Susan raised a finger to point at me. “Well... They’re for you...”

With one hand she hooked her index finger around the sports bra she had on and yanked it up. Her boobs, B cups this morning, were much meatier and heavier than that now. They were significantly different. I didn’t care how, I didn’t think to ask questions, I just reached out to grab them after guiding my dick into her.

When my hands met flesh, I could’ve cum. The barely palm filling tits now were big enough to bulge between my fingers when I squeezed. I started thrusting hard against her, pounding into her, I could feel how my thrusts were making her boobs bounce in my hands.

It didn’t take either of us long to finish, there was no holding back for me, having the thing I wanted most come true.

We both fell asleep in each other’s arms after that. The next morning, I woke up startled, wondering if it was real. The bed beside me was empty, I jumped up and heard the noise of the shower running from the ensuite.

I walked towards the door, and I could see the steam coming out from under the door. I turned the handle and swung the door open; I was hit by a wall of steam that took me back.

I ventured into the room and could see a fuzzy outline of my wife through the frosted glass.

Before I could call her, the shower turned off suddenly, and I froze.

The door slide opened, and I saw my wife standing there looking at me.

My eyes shot to her chest and my morning wood turned into a full-blown erection. I was staring at C cup breasts. They looked a bit smaller than yesterday, but they were bigger than the day before.

*I wasn’t dreaming. They’re real. It was real.*

I didn't know why this had happened, I didn't care, I just knew she was there, water running down her breasts, dripping from her nipples and splatting on the floor. I was already naked and despite the fact she was done in the shower, I made her stay in there until we were done.

She didn't acknowledge her swollen boobs, I was too nervous to ask as I didn't want it to stop, I thought if I acknowledged it then it might go away. I certainly didn't want to get into it now as I was just getting ready to leave for another day at work.

"I'm going babe, have a good day." I gave her a kiss on the forehead, she was laying on the bed, still recovering from the morning sex.

"I'm headed out again..." She said weakly.

"Oh?"

"The girls from the book club messaged last night, they're going to meet up for a coffee this afternoon."

*Seems a bit sudden but if she's happy, that's all that matters.*

"Well, I hope you enjoy it." I smiled at her before rushing out the door. "Gonna be late, sorry, love you!"

Susan shouted back "Love you too."

Again, another uneventful day and commute, it only really started to get interesting when I got home, a little bit later than yesterday to an empty house again.

*Still out?*

I had no issue with her being out, I had no issue with her making friends, I just felt it might be going quite quickly. I knew I would hold my tongue.

*As long as this move works, it's fine.*

I started making food again, this time I was quite tired, so I just threw in a frozen pizza, I gave her a call and was greeted by her bubbly voice again.

"Heeeey Jooohn." There was a chorus of giggling girls in the background.

"Hey Babe, are you headed home? I just got home and put on a pizza for myself; I wanted to make sure my girl has food for when she gets back."

"What time is it? Shit! It's 6:30!" Her tone changed and it felt like she was rushing to hang me up. "Sorry babe, I'll be home as soon as possible. Put a pizza in for me."

Before I could answer, she hung up.

*I hope she doesn't think I am being pushy or something...*

I let it slip out of my mind, it took her a while to get back, clearly she was in a different part of town for this coffee meet up. The pizza was cooling on the side when I heard the door go, it had been there for a bit too long, but I wasn't that fussed.

I was quite tired from my day, but I found myself revitalised when I saw her bounce into the room.

*Fuck.*

She was back again, and her boobs looked great, better than great, they were out, on show, thanks to another low-cut number. I didn't recognise this one, I didn't mind because it really showed off her girls.

*Are they...*

They were bigger. It took a second glance, but it looked like they were two sizes bigger than this morning. Whatever bra she had on was working double overtime to even try and keep them remotely in place.

There was more bulging over her bra cups than she had boob two days ago.

"Sorry babe!" Susan started with an apology, and she walked towards me, her tits jiggling in and out of their restrictive covering.

I stood up, I was at full attention and the hunger in my belly was nothing but a memory. There was only Susan and her boobs.

I parlayed her attempted hug and kiss into much more. My arms wrapped around her hips, and I lifted her off the floor, her boobs resting against my chin, I started to kiss her lips passionately. There was no pause, no hesitation, we didn't even make it upstairs, I carried her to the sofa and wasted no time, I yanked her clothes off and we did it right there.

"Babe... You're so focused on my boobs..." She said shyly after we had finished.

"Can you blame me... They are amazing..." I bluffed, trying not to jinx their sudden growth.

Susan blushed and nuzzled her head into my chest; the hunger was returning but we were far too spent to do anything about it. I left a hand on her boob, it was a nice place to leave my hand, but I noticed that she was most definitely bigger today again. I drifted off to sleep, wondering what the next day would bring.