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1,420 words.

<Hometime>

by <Growing Desires>

Say it with your chest

The buzzing of the alarm drew me out from whatever magical slumber I had entered at midnight and again, I was sitting up in my bed and looking to the empty space next to me.

I have to figure this out...

“Babe?” I called out, not expecting an answer.

Don't know why I bothered.

I walked into the bathroom and quickly got ready, I checked my phone and saw a message from Becky.

“Remember we have the therapist coming around after work.”

Therapist?

The message seemed cold, no kisses or anything.

What was this about now...

I didn't have much time to think about it, so I quickly got into my car and started to drive. Approaching the familiar set of lights, I was used to seeing my regular eye candy, but I was shocked to see her today for sure. Yesterday she looked pregnant, massively so, today she wasn't quite “Big girl” anymore. She was thin, thinner than she was that first day I saw her. It was quite jarring actually. Her waist was thin and narrow, her legs were also sticks compared to the gargantuan tree trunks that I had been seeing for multiple cycles at this point.

There was something very different from her today though that I saw from a few hundred metres up the road.

Her ass.

It was huge, each cheek was bigger than a watermelon, the wild contrast from the rest of her thin body was enough to draw attention even from the most pious person. It jiggled and wobbled obscenely as she took each step.

As the traffic crawled closer to the lights I managed to see the other change. From behind I could see her breasts wobbling from side to side, peering each side of her back.

They were huge...

Again, much like her ass, they were round, perky, they looked fake. Her extreme hourglass made not just me, but a few cars fail to react to the lights changing. I hadn't even really noticed that I had gone through an extra two cycles of lights because the traffic was so slow moving, almost as if the whole road was watching this hyper curvy woman walk to work.

A third red light and I was in front of the queue. She paused and was waiting to cross the road, looking at her from this angle I had the perfect profile of her ultra curvaceous form. It was unreal, although I was sort of living in the realm of the unimaginable.

A long beep brought my eyes back to where I should be, the road.

I sped off and found the traffic eased up as soon as we were past those lights. Dangerously horny, I got out of the car and walked into the office with a weird shuffle. I was grateful for avoiding any contact with anyone before I was able to calm down at my desk, or so I thought.

Opening the door to the office I bumped into two soft cushions that spread over my chest, my face dangerously close to the beautiful young Lisa. I stumbled backwards.

"I'm sorry!" I yelped, relishing the feeling of her boobs against my body.

And boobs they were.

She was busty before, but Lisa was now looking like she was challenging the big girl from the morning commute. The most notable difference was that Lisa's didn't appear as fake looking, they were still perky but clearly they were real, the squish I had just endured from them was enough

to make me believe anyway.

The top Lisa had on was unbuttoned most of the way, the button just below the apex of her chest was the first button done up. The shirt was wrapped tightly around each boob, the fabric looked very taxed. From the swell of her bust, the shirt was unable to cover her midsection, if I could've seen it I would have seen that it was thin and narrow, much like the "Big girl".

I was horny already, I was even more so now, I couldn't not look at them. Lisa didn't mind.

Quickly she took another step towards me, her boobs mashing against my chest, my gaze still lingering on her tits, she let out a big breath of air in my face.

"Ethan..." She practically moaned. "I'm sorry... I am just so clumsy sometimes with these things..."

Lisa took another step, and I took a step backwards from the force.

This was a mistake.

Quickly this became a game of cat and mouse. One that this horny mouse couldn't win.

I felt the solid wall collide with my shoulder blades and her tits continued their advance, squeezing the air from my lungs. Her face was inches from mine, her hot and sweet breath on my face, her eyes were drunk with lust.

"L...Li..." I couldn't get enough air to say her name.

She snapped back to reality, a sliver of sense coming back to her, she relented with her advance, and I was able to draw breath, however, she was still touching me with those giant melons. I gasped and was breathing quickly. She was smirking, and I kept looking between her face and the tops of her giant boobs.

They were certainly bigger, it was hard to tell, especially from this close just how big they were. Looking down, seeing how they covered my chest, immense wasn't a strong enough word.

The skin looked soft, inviting, yet they felt taut under the surface with a clear weight to them that was not succumbing to gravity like I might expect.

She is so big... I don't think I've ever seen tits that big that weren't drawn...

"Oh boss... I'm so sorry... I just can't seem to keep them under control sometimes..." Her

words were thick with sexual tension, her finger toyed with her lip.

“It’s... Umm... Okay...” I was sure my cock was going to explode right then and there.

I felt a familiar feeling of pressure on my chest as Lisa swung her arms around my head and pulled me in for a hug. Due to her sizable assets, it just meant my face was buried into her cleavage because my head couldn’t reach her shoulder because of the full-frontal projection.

“Oh, thank you for understanding, I’ll promise to try and be better...” She was so brazen about it I was shocked nobody else saw or commented. Lisa brought her lips as close to my ears as she could. “Unless... You don’t mind...” She whispered and I felt a hand exploring my thigh.

I didn’t have time to react, nor did Lisa, there was a cough from down the hall. I turned, shocked, it was Angela, at least it looked like Angela.

The woman had a dismissive look about her; she looked like Angela’s daughter or something.

“Are you really going to do that in the hall?” she huffed before she started to strut towards us.

“Chill out Angela, I’m just having fun...”

*Angela... It **was** her...*

The clock had rolled back even further, and the old woman was now looking to be younger than Michelle at this point. The rest of her body had changed as a result too. I noticed that she had boobs, she was fairly flat before but in her rewinding of time it appeared that she had grown some hefty boobs to fill her bra. That wasn’t the main focus though, I was still struggling to not look at Lisa’s giant tits still pinning me to the wall, but when I managed to wrestle an eye off of her immense chest I saw how wide Angela’s hips were. Walking up to Lisa she scoffed and walked right into the office, revealing her massive ass. Her cheeks were probably not much smaller than Lisa’s boobs at this point.

At the end of the hallway there was Rob, standing there, he was using his shoulder bag to cover his crotch. He tried to walk towards the office but quickly turned around after Lisa flashed him a smirk and he ran down the hall.

Lisa kissed me on the cheek. “We’ll continue this... I’ve got some more fun to have...” The ultra busty girl skipped, somehow, down the hall, her massive boobs crashing against each other like some sort of executive toy.

I stood there, more exposed than Rob just waiting for the next familiar face to round the corner and approach the entrance to our office.

What a start to the day...

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