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1,081 words.

<Hometime>

by <Growing Desires>

Good Samaritan

I slinked out of the office, barely remembering to tuck my cock back into my trousers. I checked the time and saw that it was barely three o'clock.

I expected to feel the immense pain as soon as I got outside but thankfully that wasn't the case.

I will worry about that later...

I ran to my car and saw a familiar pair in the carpark.

Michelle and Chris.

The giant bellied coworkers of mine hadn't made it home yet, they obviously found themselves wrapped up in each other's arms, their huge forms pressed heavily against one another, each of their hands rubbing and groping the other. Their corpulent forms were so indulgent, and they were enjoying their heavy forms.

I felt a swell of lust return to my pants.

Even after cumming that fucking hard?

It almost hurt to become hard again, I threw myself in the car before I stared at them any longer.

I sped out of the car park and noticed that there was a lot more traffic than usual, lots of people in suits and work attire.

It's like people have left the office early.

I cast my eyes over various people. It was hard to say for sure, but it looked as if there was a lot more boob in the world than there was in the last cycle. There were a lot more people that I would've found unusual to see in my real life than before.

It must be affecting everyone...

I didn't really have much brain power to think about that because I saw a familiar face as I was driving out of the town centre.

Big girl...

Her exaggerated hourglass was extreme, and then some. I had all but forgotten her thanks to the onslaught of desire I had been under today. Looking at her now it was reviving my spent cock. I noticed she dropped something on the floor, looked like her purse. Without thinking I pulled over and jumped out of the car, she was clearly unaware as she had run forward ahead.

"Hey!" I yelled out to her.

It was no use; she couldn't hear me.

Must have headphones in or something...

I ran after her, getting closer to her was making my head spin. Seeing someone so curvy that close up was crazy enough as it was, but this girl I had seen be all manner of sizes and I was finally about to speak to her.

I tapped her on her shoulder, and she spun around startled.

Her boobs were bigger than Lisa's on her tiny frame they looked impossible, she was more tit than woman, discounting her gigantic ass.

She looked at me with a strange look, taking a headphone out of her ear.

"Sorry... You dropped this..." I said, holding out the purse that was covered in woodland animals.

Her eyes lit up and she took it from my hand. "Oh, thank you!" She lunged forward and hugged me.

Her giant tits made it impossible for her arms to wrap around my body, but I didn't mind, her tits pressed against me was enough to make me think I had died and gone to heaven.

"This was a gift from my Grandad before he passed... I don't know what I would do if I lost it..." She was welling up at the thought. "He made it himself."

"He was very talented..." In the brief glance I had given the purse I would've said it was handmade, but the quality was off the charts.

"Thank you..." She looked to be trying to guess my name, her boobs still against my body.

"Ethan." I managed to gasp out, remembering how to hold a conversation.

"Well thank you Ethan, I'm Sarah."

Sarah... I finally had a name.

"You are most welcome Sarah" I added before she let me go.

"You have a good day Ethan." She winked before letting me walk back to my car.

I waited another moment before I saw her turn around and show me her giant rear once again.

Sarah...

I finally knew her name and I had met her.

I wonder if she will remember in the next cycle.

Staring as her massive curvy body wobbled and shook away from me I could've just stood there all-day staring. Sarah turned around and saw me staring, I jumped and started to move but before I did, I noticed she smirked at me.

Did she like me looking?

No time to think, I was too embarrassed, I made my way back to my car that was half causing an obstruction on the road. Despite being early home, I was shocked to see Becky's car in the drive.

I thought back to the text she had sent me that morning and I started to breathe quicker.

I don't know if I can be this horny for much longer...

There was a genuine concern for my heart but when I opened the door I heard Becky's voice call out from the kitchen.

"Ethan???" She seemed surprised.

"Yes, I left early." She rushed into the hallway and came bounding to me.

Much like many times today, I was frozen solid.

Holy tits...

My wife was certainly bustier than the last time I had seen her, she was huge compared to what she was, rivalling Chloe almost. Her whole body was still fatter than it was in reality, her pudgy tummy was barely contained in her work clothes that she hadn't got out of yet.

Why was she here... She doesn't finish for another hour at least...

She looked like my wife but with about 75 lbs extra on her body, if you don't include the boobs. Her thighs were thick and soft, her ass was likely the same. Her stomach was tightly compacted into her button up, looking like she had been eating very well today because of how tightly it looked stuffed in her shirt. The stars of the show were her boobs though, the buttons of her top might have been buttoned at some point, but she had undone them now, getting home and relaxing meant she could show off the girls and let them get some air.

Very much something I was enjoying the look of right now. The swell of her curves was intoxicating, even from the other side of the hallway, the bouncing and heaving that her boobs were now doing as she bounded towards me was hypnotising.

I braced for impact.

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