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<The Cult>

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Chapter Four

The next morning, I woke up feeling very refreshed, that extra sleep was much needed. Susan must've been either very quiet, or I must've been really out because she was already dressing ready to go out for coffee with the girls.

The busty girls...

I couldn't help but feel disappointed that Susan had gone back down to her normal size. Not that it meant I didn't love her anymore, it was fun whilst it lasted, I just wished it lasted longer.

I got up and went to wrap my arms around her, and she pushed me back.

"Hey, not this morning Mister!" She teased. "I'm already dressed and I think you might be late for work, there has been an accident on the road."

"Shit."

I quickly got ready and managed to catch up to Susan's readiness and I left before her, only by a few seconds.

“Bye, love you!” She called as she lowered herself into her car.

“Love you too! Enjoy your coffee.” I sat down in the car. “... And melons...” I mumbled to myself before speeding down the road.

Traffic was rough, I was late getting into the office, so I stayed on to make sure I put in the hours. I had been working at triple speed all day because I felt bad that I was about 30 minutes late starting. As a result, I missed the messages from my wife. Only when I got to the car did I see them.

She had messaged me about how nice the place was, how nice the people were, but that wasn't what caught my attention. It was a selfie she sent. It was her and two mystery ladies, if I had the ability to read after seeing the amount of boobage that I was now being subjected to, I would've seen that it was Michelle and Sarah, as per the caption.

Alas, I was not reading the caption, I was staring at the woman on the left, her boobs were huge, the biggest in the picture, they were so big that they didn't even fit entirely into the frame. There was just a huge amount of cleavage on show, her tits looked very plump and full but most notably, natural. Somehow she had tits that big, and they looked relatively perky. The size was impossible to guess but she was past the midpoint of the alphabet from what I could see.

The woman next to her was smaller but still gigantic compared to normal sizes. She was probably a J cup, they managed to fit in the frame, again her boobs looked natural, there didn't seem to be any work done on them.

Unless she had a fat transfer?

There were lots of those appearing online now with models and the concept of BBLs moving now to chests.

Maybe that was it?

Still, it didn't matter how she got those boobs, they looked amazing. I was struggling to put my phone down as I was getting rather excited by what I saw.

My wife saw these women... They're real women...

I wanted to meet them, I don't know what I would even do, I just knew I wanted to see what they would look like in real life. Certainly, I'd want to feel them but that felt like it would probably be a step too far.

Not that I could tell my dick not to want that.

I was so distracted with the two sets of tits that I would usually seek out online to jerk off to that I didn't at first notice Susan's chest.

She had shrunk down over the past few days but again looking at her chest I would say we were back in business.

Again...

Her boobs were out more than usual, she wasn't really one to wear low cut clothing, but she was absolutely popping out of her clothes now. I had guessed she had gone up two sizes again, Ds quite easily and comfortably. Her top could barely contain her girls and as soon as I realised it I turned the car on and sped home. So fast that I even forgot to reply to any of her messages.

Pulling into the drive next to my wife's car, I rushed into the house and could hear her in the kitchen.

Probably making food...

I didn't have that type of hunger right now, I was focused on something else. I rushed in and the noise I made startled her and she turned to me with a slightly shocked look.

Not as shocked as I was about to be.

Before me stood my wife, or what was my wife. She looked so similar but there were subtle differences. Her face looked clearer, any blemish looked like it had been smoothed over and I thought it was make up at first but there wasn't that fake look about it, her lips looked plumper too, it wasn't much but it was enough for me to notice. Her body had changed too, not just her tits. Her hips looked a bit more pronounced, mainly because her waist had come in a bit, again a small change in reality but to me it was obvious. It wasn't like she was some exaggerated caricature of herself; she just looked more like she had an hourglass shape about her. I was sure if she turned around I would see a larger butt too.

I didn't want her to turn around though; I was focused on the two rising and falling melons on her chest.

The photo, I would've said she was a D cup, in person, I was going to say E maybe even F cup. Whatever happened today she had gone up more than two sizes, she was stretching her top and I was losing my mind at looking at my newly beautified, curvy and busty wife.

She was cooking but I didn't care. I met her body with my arms and landed a big kiss on those softer lips, my hands, somehow resisting just groping

her right there, turned off the cooker first before I moved my hands to her, indeed, larger ass. Filling my hands, I picked her up, Susan was very receptive, and she wrapped her legs around my torso.

Lifting her up had another intended effect. Her boobs were now resting against my chin, she was craned down kissing me but after a few seconds of that I broke off the kiss and buried my head into her cleavage, enjoying the pillowy feeling of my head being consumed by her larger boobs.

I was in heaven, or I was about to be.

I carried her over to the sofa, not even wanting to make it up the stairs and I softly let her down, watching her lay on her back as her boobs bulged upwards towards her chin, any bigger and she could start to motorboat herself.

That turned me on even more.

Losing myself to this growing image of my wife, I pulled out my dick, lifted up her dress and moved her panties aside.

We didn't eat that night, we just fucked. I revelled in every moment of having her boobs in my hands. Countless orgasms for her later and quite possibly the biggest of my life, we were spent.

We helped each other to bed; Susan fell asleep instantly and I stared at her chest which was jiggling with each breath. The hypnotic trance it was setting me in is what carried me off into slumber that night.

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