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<Hometime>

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8th of July Forever

In the haste of our horniness, I didn't set my alarm but hearing that familiar harsh tone made me jump out of bed almost instantly.

Again, I found myself alone, Becky was nowhere to be seen. I checked the date.

8th of July.

I had no idea what was going on, why it was repeating again but there was something not right. I knew it would be the same date but seeing the confirmation still played a number on me. I walked around the house and got ready for work, just stuck in the routine, my mind thinking of what was going on.

I walked into the kitchen to get a glass of water before leaving and I noticed the place looked a bit different, I couldn't really put my finger on it but there was something off.

Getting into my car, the same chill was in the air, but I decided to put a jacket on to combat the chill.

At least there are benefits to knowing what is going to happen.

I drove through the traffic and at the set of lights I saw ahead was the big girl I had seen a few times.

She looks different.

Her clothes were fitting right. That was the difference. It was hard to tell at first, but it

looked like she was wearing the correct size of clothes, it made for a much less fun show but for her it must've been more comfortable. It was hard to tell if she was bigger like her clothes or if she had lost weight. She turned and caught eyes with me, I awkwardly smiled and turned to see the light change.

Her chubby cheeks and double chin stuck with me for the rest of the drive. She looked very pretty and that brief smile I glimpsed was perfect.

Walking into the office, I was greeted by everyone asking about my weekend away. Something that was for me, two extra days ago.

It was surreal, I had almost forgotten the events from the weekend, thankfully my repetition to each member of the office allowed me to remember.

I sat at my PC, the work I had completed was gone, I had arrived late, so I knew that I was going to be up against it again. I remembered from yesterday the slowest member of the team was Lisa.

Lisa was the youngest one here, she had only been with us a few months, fresh out of education. She needed tutoring to keep up with the wealth of experience the rest of the team had. She did have a few things that they didn't though. The ability to learn was one of them, her mind was still malleable, and she picked up things really simply despite her generally ditsy nature.

"Hey Lisa." I pulled up a chair next to her.

She was eating a muffin with a very sweet looking coffee, my presence at her desk made her jump, she turned to me and apologised. The busty girl bounced and shook in her top.

"I'm sorry, I missed breakfast, I was just hungry!" She swept her hand over her chest to discard the crumbs that had accrued on top of her boobs.

I put my hand up to dismiss her worry. "It's okay, I'm not here to shout at you for eating at your desk, this isn't a classroom" I smiled.

Lisa took a sigh of relief.

"I'm here to help teach you something, I can't imagine you've been taught this stuff or at least not thoroughly enough."

Lisa's eyes went wide eyed, and she pulled a notebook out of her bag and looked at the screen intently as I took hold of her mouse. My thought process was to teach her how to handle the task I was about to set her, to see if she could complete her part of the project quicker.

I started to explain, and Lisa listened, probably with more focus than I was giving the task, I kept getting distracted.

Lisa was a busty girl, she was young, pretty and did I mention busty. She was your typical early 20s party girl in body shape, mostly thin, platinum blonde hair and looked like she spent more on her fake tan, nails and hair extensions than I did on my car payments each month. One thing she didn't spend that money on was her boobs. They were all natural and big. I would have to guess a G cup, a very full and overflowing G for sure. Lisa was probably sure she was quite modest with her attire but thanks to her size it was almost impossible not to see her boobs. Today, much like the last two times, she was wearing a button up, to fit her slim body it needed to be small, but to cover her tits, it needed to be bigger. In this scenario it seemed that Lisa would size down to fit the rest of her better. For everyone else that meant they got to see a few buttons undone and the start of some cleavage. Modest for her no doubt but in an office setting, it was showing a lot more than most did.

More than most in the office had to be fair to the girl.

I found my eyes wandering a few times, I had been thinking a lot about last night with Becky, the big girl on my drive in and now I was here with the bountiful bust of Lisa. To say I was in a horny mindset was certainly an understatement.

I finished teaching Lisa, and I was taken aback by her suddenly hugging me.

"Thank you! I had been struggling with this for a while! I am so glad you helped me!" Her voice was muffled as she talked into my shoulder.

"You're welcome." I said sincerely back, feeling her large breasts press against my chest. "Any time, just ask." I reassured her.

Breaking the hug Lisa looked like she was almost about to cry. I smiled, took one more look at those big and beautiful boobs before I left.

I walked over to my desk and saw that familiar email in my inbox.

Chloe time.

I opened the door with confidence, I knew how this was going to go after all.

“Okay Chloe, lay it on me, what have we go-” I froze on the spot as my eyes met Chloe’s body. I was always too scared, too intimidated by her to ever really look, really take it in. Maybe it was how horny I was, maybe it was the shock of it. It was hard to say. As I walked in, Chloe was adjusting her clothes.

In the year since Chloe started with us as my boss I had never seen her not in a suit jacket. It caught me off guard to see a glimpse at her body, brief as it was.

“I’m sorry, I should’ve knocked.” I offered.

Caught off guard I saw her blush before she turned away, tugging at her jacket buttoning it up. Her jacket obscured a meaningful look at her body. Chloe looked slim if I were to guess and the short glimpse seemed to suggest that, but her pants looked to be digging into her a little bit, or at least that is what I can glean from her struggles.

“You should have.” She yelled.

Unlike her, she let herself finish the sentence there, before berating me any further, I quickly added some extra damage control.

“I saw the email and just came straight in, again sorry.”

“Zip it.” She said sternly. Apparently my extra caution only fanned the flame building within.

“Sorry.” I squeaked.

“Right, I’ve got this project” she said, bringing us back to topic. I didn’t need to listen but the fear of my entrance into the room was enough to get me glued to every word.

Apart from the entrance, everything was the same, barring one last detail.

As I stood up to take my leave, I turned back as I had left my notepad, and I saw the bin behind her desk had a few wrappers from some snacks in there.

I never pictured Chloe as a snacker.

I left and joined up with my team, forgoing even going back to my desk, I divided up the

jobs and set them on their way. I myself wasn't going to bother.

What is the point? It will just reset tomorrow.

I then had a harrowing thought.

What if it didn't...

I pictured a pissed off Chloe and I quickly started work.

I didn't complete as much work as yesterday but thanks to my tutoring of Lisa, she had done an amazing job, putting our overall level of work much higher than yesterday. Chloe was happy enough with our progress so when she left, thirty minutes early this time, she swung by my desk.

"She's a good one, I thought she was a bit of an airhead, but she is doing good. Guess she isn't just all tits." Chloe chuckled to herself as she walked out.

A few minutes after Chloe had gone, I looked out the window to see her car zoom out of the car park and I turned back to the rest of the team.

"Hometime! Good work today everyone, if you want to wrap it up early and get on out of here." Everyone turned to me in shock and after I nodded, they quickly logged off and ran out. All except Rob and Lisa.

"I'll stay until the end. Thank you." He said, continuing to code.

Lisa walked over to my desk, bounced might be more accurate. From my seated height I had a perfect view of those melons wobbling around.

"Thank you for the help this morning, it was good timing because I needed to use it all today! It's like you knew or something!" She giggled, her boobs jiggling in my face as she stood above me.

"Well... You are most welcome Lisa..." I said, trying not to let my face blush.

"You don't need to be so shy and embarrassed." She said innocently enough. "I can see you trying not to look."

Is she talking about her tits?

Now my face was burning, she leaned in close and whispered into my ear. "I am very used to people staring, don't worry." She giggled before bouncing away, leaving me stunned.

I couldn't even log off the computer, I was just stuck there until she left.

"Aren't you going to go?" Rob asked, breaking me from my stupor.

"Yeah." I stood up and made my way to the car. Checking the time, I realised that I wouldn't see the girl again on the way home but there was certainly someone I couldn't wait to see.

She was definitely a tiny bit chubby yesterday...

My mind wandered on the way home. I pulled into the drive, and I didn't see Becky's car.

"I must've beaten her home." I said, getting out of my car, just in time to see Becky pull around the corner into the drive.

She opened the door and got out of the car to greet me.

"Wow! You beat me home!" Becky said, shocked.

I stood there, significantly more shocked.

Bigger.

The small chub she had put on yesterday wasn't really noticeable to my eyes but it certainly was from feel. Today, my eagle eyes saw it. It couldn't have been much, but I saw it in a softer face, arms. Her boobs looked like they did when she was approaching her period, just a bit too full for her bra. Her belly though was something else.

It looked like she had eaten a large meal, a food baby in effect, it was visible to anyone that she certainly had more going on there. It looked rounder and stuffed but not necessarily a permanent thing.

I tried not to stare, but Becky noticed my gaze, getting a bit defensive, she covered her stomach with her hand.

Before she could utter a word I was at her side, my arm wrapped around her side and my lips pressed against hers. I could feel the swell of her belly against my body, and I had never been hornier in all of my life.

I picked her up and carried her straight into the house, as awkward and cumbersome that was to do, it was the only thing my brain could think to do.

“What about the shopping!” She gasped as I walked her upstairs in my arms.

I didn’t answer, I just kissed and embraced my wife. Standing above the bed, I threw her onto her back on the bed and stared with lustful eyes at her swollen stomach.

It wasn’t the biggest belly, it wasn’t really even what I liked, it wasn’t fat, it was just one thing.

My wife’s.

I dropped to my knees at the edge of the bed and started to kiss and worship her body, spending time to tease her with my lips and my hands explored every new soft and squishy bit. She got a bit uncomfortable when I reached her stomach, I could feel her recoil and pull away. I reassured her by showing her how hard I was.

“You’re... You’re so hard... What’s gotten into you...”

“You.” I replied before I pulled my pants off. “You did this.” I guided my cock up her thigh. “Why are you still wearing clothes?” I asked, not giving her a chance to reply, I tore through her leggings.

She gasped twice. Once from the shock of my ripping her clothes, the second time when I thrust into her.

Fucking all night was seemingly how these nights ended, and tonight was no different. I had to hold back so much from exploding early, there was just something so incredibly arousing about seeing my wife like this, I gave her everything she wanted before I allowed myself to cum and lay next to her, spent, yet horny. I placed my hand on her rounder belly and felt my hand rise and fall with each breath as I fell asleep.

What if I wake up tomorrow and it’s gone...

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