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<Hometime>

by <Growing Desires>

## Passion

Bounding towards me, I couldn't take my eyes off them, I looked down and watched them squish against my chest as she made contact with my rigid body. They bulged over the edge of her shirt obscenely, just turning me on even more.

“Hello to you too...”

Becky's leg pressed against my thigh and felt my throbbing cock.

“Like what you see huh?”

Becky wasn't really like this but for some reason she was today.

*Was it the boobs?*

I couldn't help but have the thought cross my mind, I threw it out immediately when Becky started to shake her boobs from side to side against my chest. The waves of jiggling her boobs made was even more hypnotic than her bouncing beforehand.

“Why are you here?” I asked. “Shouldn't you be at work?”

“They let me go early today, so why not, I was going to come home and surprise you, but it seems that you had the same idea.” Becky beamed.

*Sarah... Chris and Michelle... Angela... Me... All leaving early... That is surely not a coincidence.*

More rules flooding to my head I couldn't focus, I was too turned on, the huge boobs

weren't helping my brain power. I lifted my hands from my side and wrapped them around Becky and held her close, in the process I just made her boobs press more into me, my fingers relishing in the softness of her hips and as I slid my hands I confirmed that her ass was also fatter.

I planted my lips on hers and we started making out. I walked her into the house and closed the door behind me, not breaking the kiss. One of my hands reached under her generous ass cheek and I squeezed her softness, my other arm was wrapped around her shoulder, and I was pulling her closer to me. After a minute of smooching like teens, she broke it off. I tried to lean back in for a kiss, but she placed a finger on my lips and pushed me backwards.

“As sweet as kissing is... I've been wanting your hands on these all day...” Becky grabbed her top and started to unbutton, revealing her huge boobs to me slowly.

I tried to grasp or make a move, but she kept denying my advances. I just had to stand there and watch as she undone each button, one at a time. She was staring at my face, enjoying my reaction, the desire growing on my face and in my pants. I was practically panting at this point.

“Someone is impatient today...” She teased.

Finally, she was done, she let each side of her shirt hang either side of her body and I took it all in.

Her boobs were still in a bra, but the cups allowed me to see more than enough to enjoy the view. Looking further down I could see how her belly was bulging over the waistband of her top, it was soft and fairly squishy, not stuffed and bloated but more a product of months of indulging.

She was still now.

*A signal I could move?*

I leaned forward and buried my face between her massive breasts, my lips kissing and pecking the surface of her globes. Easily bigger than my head, I could seriously get lost between them. I brought my hands up and cupped her boobs, the weight of which was a lot more cumbersome than I thought. I squeezed and groped them, feeling my fingers press into the fabric of her bra, and therefore her breasts. Each movement had an equal and opposite reaction which basically meant that I was suffocating myself between my wife's tits.

Becky proudly had her hands behind her head, and she was thrusting her chest out for me to enjoy but it was clear she was wanting more. She placed her hands on my shoulder and moved me to the living room and pushed me down on the sofa. I looked up at her towering over me, her fat belly at my eye level, her big boobs floating just above it. As I went to move in for more contact she pushed me back.

“Not yet...” She cooed.

I waited impatiently and desperately horny. Becky moved her hands behind her back, and I watched as the bra lost its support. Her boobs fell down on her chest a few inches as they were now able to succumb to gravity. Becky took her shirt off and dropped it, along with the bra on the floor and stood before me topless.

Each of her boobs were massive, I knew that before, seeing them in their unclothed glory was enough to make any boob lover cum in their pants. Thankfully, I held on. Her nipples were thick and hard.

*I want to suck those...*

Becky took a step forward and I planted my face against her belly, kissing and kneading the soft flesh.

I heard her groan above me, not in a pleasurable way, but a frustrated grunt was maybe a better way to describe it. I leaned back and saw her furrowed brow.

I was too horny to work it out, so I leaned forward and started to kiss and suckle at her breasts, she moaned this time, exhaling from the pleasure she was feeling. Her large tit was encompassing my face as I suckled her fat nipple, and my hands grasped each side of her boob. I could feel her shuddering from my suckling, and it wasn't long before her knees were wobbling.

With gusto, it was my turn to take charge.

I guided her gently to the floor, her boobs jiggling like two waterbeds on her chest. I helped lift her hips so that she could take her pants off, her boobs were resting against her face as her shoulders remained on the floor.

*Fuck...*

Her belly looked just about as enticing as her tits did at this moment.

I guided my cock to her aching sex. Every inch she took in I felt myself desperately trying to hold on, her eyes rolled into the back of her head and I remained still for a moment, feeling her warmth spasming just from me entering her, I throbbed and each flex of my cock made her gasp.

*I've been waiting all day for this...*

I placed my hands on her tits and looked at how small my hands were compared to the sheer size of her boobs. It drove me on, I started to thrust, and I could feel the shockwave through her body to her boobs. I gripped them for support and started to rapidly increase my pace.

I wasn't sure how long I was going to last, the only saving grace I had was that I came not too long ago thanks to the boob wall of Lisa and Chloe.

*Stop thinking about them.*

I chastised myself, it wasn't helping me remain calm thinking back to the events of this afternoon.

*There is one thing those girls don't have.*

I moved my hands off Becky's boobs and onto her fat belly. My fingers sunk into the soft flesh, and I squeezed her overweight stomach and felt myself twitch and spasm.

I was in heaven.

Until I wasn't.

Her hands were on my wrists, and she pushed me away. Her furrowed brow had returned. I tried to thrust, but she stopped me.

She looked appalled and upset.

*What... What did I do?*

I went to open my mouth, but she stopped me. "Don't... Just..."

I pulled myself out of her, almost tipping myself over the edge in the process.

Becky scooped up her breasts into her arms and pulled away from me.

"Babe... I can't..." She pulled herself away from me when I reached out to comfort her.

“What’s wrong...”

“I’m fat... Too fat and my belly is gross and...” Becky burst into tears.

“Becs...”

“I can’t shake it; I just keep getting fatter and it won’t come off!” Blubbering at this point.

“I’m so ugly!”

*I didn’t know Becky was **this** self-conscious.*

“Babe.” I sternly said to get her attention, she looked at me through tear filled eyes.

I froze. I knew what I had to say but I didn’t have the ability to say the words.

*She doesn’t know about my love for curves... For bigger women...*

I couldn’t bring myself to admit it.

“You aren’t ugly...” I said, trying to reassure her but it just came out a bit flat and lame.

She didn’t have a response, she just burst into tears even worse. I reached out to calm her down, but she got up and ran away, stunned. I sat there and heard her heavy footsteps climb the stairs and then she slammed the door to our bedroom.

*I need to tell her...*

I sorted myself out, calmed down and thought about it but I couldn’t find the words in my head on how to tell her. I had held it to myself for so long at this point that I worried that my words might betray her.

*I’ll just have to wing it...*

I knocked on the bedroom door and was greeted with tears.

*Here goes nothing...*

I opened the door and Becky yelled for me to leave.

*I don’t think this is going to work...*

Trying to just be normal until Becky calmed down was my next idea but by the time it was 8pm I still hadn’t seen her, and there was no sign of her leaving the room. I went upstairs quietly and tried to listen into the bedroom.

Silence.

Employing my best stealth skills I quietly opened the door and crept towards the bed.

In an oversized pyjama shirt that didn't quite look as loose and baggy as it should have thanks to her oversized breasts, Becky was laid on the bed sleeping soundly.

*I don't think waking her up was a good idea either...*

My cock had been quiet since she ran away but now seeing my formerly thin wife look like an overweight massive tit goddess, it was obvious that I would become hard.

I rubbed my cock through my pants and despite my brain screaming at me to stop I couldn't help myself, I stroked and thought back to the feeling of fucking her earlier, as brief as it was.

*I wish that I could've fucked her all night...*

Her huge tits bouncing around, that big belly wobbling...

*She's so fucking big and beautiful...*

I exploded in my pants, barely keeping quiet enough through my ragged breathing. I was very thankful she didn't wake up. I turned around to leave and I knocked my knee on the suitcase from our trip, stubbing my toe and causing her to stir.

I zipped out of the room and prayed to every deity there was that she didn't see or hear me.

*I don't want to make it any worse....*

I leaned against the wall on the landing and held my breath, hoping that she would remain still.

Thankfully she did.

I looked at the wet patch in my pants and felt shame wash over me. I walked into the spare room and laid there in my clothes and stared at the ceiling, feeling my eyes become heavy.

*I really need to work this out...*

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