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<Hometime>

by <Growing Desires>

Understanding the Rules

Chris let his bulky gut lead the way out of the office, Michelle stood up and in a similar manner she let her round stomach lead her out of the office.

“Probably going to gorge themselves on more food...” Angela grunted. “That’s all they’ve been doing all day...”

“To be fair, I’ve not given out any work...”

“Yeah, you’ve been distracted with Lisa, what were you doing? Fucking in the cupboard or something.”

I blush.

“Don’t answer that. The less I know, the better my chance of retiring here is.”

Strange... She thinks she is due to retire... She looks so young compared to where she was, easily 20 years before retirement age.

“How old are you again Angela?”

“Never you mind, I retire in 5 years.”

That was her plan before all of this... She was going for early retirement at 60...

Looking at her now, it was clear she was nowhere near 60. Her skin looked radiant, she appeared to be younger than Michelle now, although it could be argued either way. Her wrinkles had halved, her boobs sat higher on her chest, her ass was big, voluptuous and perky and there was

very little sag elsewhere.

“Really? You don’t look even close to 55.”

“I’m not? I’m 40, I am taking early retirement thanks to being one of the original staff here. I’ve been here 22 years, since I was 18.” She said with a frown. “55, I should slap you.”

“Sorry, I swore you always told me you were retiring at 60.”

“No, always been 45.” She looked annoyed. “Can you just tell me what to do today?”

“Chloe hasn’t given me anything yet so... Just don’t worry about it.”

Angela grumbled and returned to her computer screen.

She thinks she is 40... So, she is actually de-aging... Reality is being changed around what is happening to her...

I glanced over to her again and really took in her younger appearance but after a few minutes of trying to compare the old Angela to this younger one sitting before me she suddenly stood up.

“Look Ethan, you’re a nice guy but I am fairly sure my husband would have a few things to say about you looking at me like that, I mean, at least look at my tits.” She said before heading towards the door. “I’m going to get some food.”

I wasn’t looking at her face anymore, I was fixated on the two giant cheeks of her ass wobbling before me as she shimmied herself out of the door. It was entering a new level of size, much more extreme than just a curvy rear, it was looking close to her having had surgery on it or something. I could feel myself throbbing under the desk again, seemingly becoming my regular state of being.

Angela rounded the corner, and I was thankful for the reprieve.

It only lasted about one minute.

My phone went off. I hadn’t heard from Becky all day, not uncommon but for some reason it felt strange after the events of the cycle before. I expected some sort of sarcastic remark, maybe a stern message but apparently that wasn’t something that carried over cycles.

“I think we need to go shopping at that retail park soon...”

A strange text to receive from her, I played it safe and naive.

“Why?”

“Are you alone?”

Strange question...

“Yes.”

A picture pinged through on my phone from Becky, and it was something I guess I should have expected after the events of the day but to actually see it was something else.

Two giant boobs filled my phone screen, the main focus of the picture was meant to be the half-ripped strap that she was showing to me with her thumb, but I couldn't ignore the huge soft boobs of my wife on my screen. The massive melons were significantly bigger than she was yesterday. From this closeness and angle of the photo they looked bigger than Lisa's, but I knew that must be impossible.

Although... Lisa's boobs are impossible...

A memory zapped into my brain.

So are big girl's...

I held out a strange hope that Becky's boobs were as huge as they appeared in the photo. I stared at the photo and started to touch myself under the desk, something had pretty much resisted until this point. I was close already, the work up of the whole day was starting to get the better of me.

Minutes had passed by, and I saw another notification from Becky.

“What? No reply?”

“Sorry... I umm... I got lost...” I tried to act smooth.

“Well... Leave work on time and you can maybe get lost in them before dinner.”

Her reply made me desperately excited, I knew I needed to leave and cum in the toilet or something. I couldn't make a mess in my trousers at my desk.

I pushed my chair back and stood up, walking towards the door, I heard Chloe call me

from her office door, her head was peering out.

“Hey Ethan... Can you help me?” She sounded as desperate as I did somehow.

“What is it?”

She was looking around and noticed nobody else was in the office. She flung the door open and stood proudly in the door frame. Shirt was off, she was standing there with her nursing bra on, it was soaked through, her huge boobs were resting on her visibly pregnant stomach, they were dwarfing the generous swell.

“Well... I seem to have made a mess... Could you go to my car and get me a change of clothes? Maybe get me some food from the sandwich shop outside?”

Although I heard her, my horniness and the sight before my eyes meant it went in one ear and almost straight out the other.

“Ethan.” She snapped. “What’s wrong?”

My cock was solid in my pants. “Even in this state...” Her voice was low and hushed, she looked shocked for a second before she clapped loudly. “Go.” She threw her keys at me; I nearly fumbled them.

Turning around she jiggled into the office once more.

“Don’t make me wait too long, you don’t want to deal with a hungry pregnant woman who is pissed off.”

Pregnant in this cycle too.

“I’m eating for two you know.” She added.

That’s two less than last cycle... I guess that explains why her bump is smaller...

“Don’t just stand there!”

I quickly rushed out the door straight into Rob, I felt a sharp jab in my thigh and saw him fly onto his ass on the floor. I looked down to help him up, I saw his boner down his trouser leg.

Holy shit.

It was huge, thick and long. It looked to be 10 inches or so long, very thick, like his forearm

almost.

What the fuck.

He saw me staring and quickly slithered away back into the toilet.

That was him earlier...

I was about to stop him, but it was too late, he had quickly disappeared again.

Clearly it isn't just the women being affected.

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