

The sun was barely above the horizon, the orange hue from the burning fireball trickled into the new and clean room. Having recently moved I was still not quite used to how quiet things were in the morning here in the suburbs.

Sure, it was a lot quieter than me and my wife Susan were used to, but it was a welcome reprieve from just the constant sound. Looking around the spacious room, I couldn't help but enjoy the other aspect of moving away from the city.

*It's so big!*

A lot more space to do a lot more. Moving from a small apartment in the centre of the town to here was like we had won a large sum of money in terms of space. We had 3 bedrooms, a study and two bathrooms and it was cheaper than downtown.

Usually when others make this type of move they have to commute a lot and whilst my job will include some of that with meetings, my new office is just a few minutes' drive away.

I turned to my lovely Susan and looked at her sleeping soundly.

The move was a bit harder on her; she was finding the move quite isolating now that we had been here a few weeks. It was something that we knew going into the decision but the new job I had meant that she didn't even need to work. Taking that opportunity she wanted to stay at home before eventually going to do some part time work.

That only made things worse in my opinion.

Home alone, no friends, no network, no job. It was almost just her and her thoughts.

I had tried to get her into some sort of hobby or into a club of some kind, but she was too shy, she always was.

It was still early days; I was hopeful that she would find her place soon enough. I was lucky enough to have work and a great deal of work buddies that moved over with me.

Susan was the love of my life; it was quite hard to see her so sad. I had even considered asking to move back to my old place. It would cost us a lot of money, and we would be much worse off but for her happiness. Anything.

She was quite the same for me though, Susan wasn't as sexually active as myself, I was often the one asking for sex or initiating. Not uncommon from what my friends tell me about their wives, but she always did her best.

I always found her beautiful, really pretty but there was always something missing from her to really make her a bombshell that I craved.

Tits.

She was a B cup, far too small for my tastes or preferences but I loved her. We made it work; we loved each other very much despite her lack of chest. It wasn't about just sex; it was the whole package. We were in our early thirties, and we were yet to have kids.

*Who knows? Maybe pregnancy gives her a big rack.*

I knew I was being unreasonable, but I couldn't help but think about it. I slid out of bed and started to get ready. I got out of the shower and bumped into my wife, she too was naked, it was her turn next.

"Mornin'" I gave her a peck on her forehead.

I hadn't expected her to push me backwards. Back into the walk-in shower. It was far more spacious than our last place, she pressed her thin body against mine and I grabbed her ass, squeezing her curves and kissing her passionately, my dick buried between her thighs.

With a bit of manoeuvring she guided my cock into her more than eager sex and we made love in the shower. I was going to be late, but I didn't care. Whenever she took the lead, it drove me wild, and this was certainly no exception. I lasted just long enough for her to cum on my dick, her kegal muscles clamping down on my shaft and I came in that instant.

She was on birth control so there was no worry of her getting pregnant, but that was something we had been discussing so I was expecting her to stop taking her pill in the next few weeks.

The thought of becoming a dad made me happy but this new Susan was certainly something I could get used to.

"Well... That is a good morning..." I panted into her ear.

"I'm glad I can send you off to work happy." She giggled.

She was shy, but sometimes she let through there was more under the surface, she had a quiet confidence about herself, and she was more than capable of reducing me to a thoughtless horny zombie.

"More than happy." I smiled at her as she started to close the door to the shower.

She disappeared from view, but I was still wishing I could go back in there and go again. I rushed to get ready and as I was about to leave I leaned in to give her a kiss goodbye.

"I shouldn't be too late home today; things have mostly settled now." I reassured her, making sure that she knew I would be there, so she didn't have to be alone.

"Oh, it's okay, I'm going out today."

*Out?*

I was surprised but it was certainly a welcome surprise. I didn't want her to become some sort of recluse.

"I found a book club online, they're meeting today, I don't know exactly where but I'll figure it out."

Her smile felt genuine, a genuine smile about her day. It warmed my heart. I gave her a kiss and headed to work.

*Maybe she will start to like it here.*

The day was uneventful at work, things were really starting to calm down and settle. I was very glad that over the last few weeks we had gone through a tough period with very little hiccups. I checked my phone before I got into my car, and I noticed that Susan hadn't messaged me since she told me late afternoon that she found the place.

*Not quite like her.*

I pinged her a message just to see how she was doing, and I jumped in my car. The drive back was as mundane as can be but I didn't hear my phone go off. I had expected her to give me a message but I was a bit surprised to see no such message had arrived by the time I went into the house.

The empty house.

It was quite strange, I had lived here for a few weeks and never once had I been in the house alone. The roominess was a bit eerie along with the silent suburban surroundings.

"Well... Guess I'll start making food..."

I started making some lasagna, a favourite of Susan's, admittedly I was not a chef by any means. I was very focused on the meal, time passed by, and I had just popped it in the oven, and I realised that she still wasn't home. Not that she couldn't stay out, I was expecting a message.

I picked up my phone at the exact moment she called me.

"Hey baby, you okay?"

"Yeah!" Her voice was bubbly, and she was clearly in good spirits.

"Book club okay?"

"It was great, I made some friends and they want me to go to their country club on the weekend. They're so nice."

I could hear the excitement through the phone. "That's great, well no problem at all obviously, I'll do some chores, and you can have a fun afternoon."

"You're so sweet." She paused; I could almost hear her smiling. "Sorry I wasn't home to make food."

"It's okay, I made your favourite."

"You're the best." I heard her car keys in the background. "I'll be home in... 15 minutes or so."

"Perfect, I should be pulling it out by the time you get in and tell me about your club."

"Love you babe."

"Love you too."

*So good to hear that she is so happy.*

I put my phone down, satisfied I had heard from her, I set the table and got drinks ready. I heard the door open, and I jumped to my feet to greet her, but I gasped when I saw her.

*She has boobs.*

"Hey! That smells delicious." She walked up to me and pecked me on the cheek, walking straight past me to hang up her coat.

I was so honed on tits so often, I would say that I was breast obsessed, thankfully I could park it for the sake of my wife, B's were not really anything to write home about from my point of view but she was no longer a B cup.

*Maybe I was overreacting, maybe I was blowing it out of proportion.*

She had walked past me so quickly that maybe I was wrong. I barely managed to convince myself but when I turned around I saw her standing above the table, she leaned over to grab her drink and take a big sip. I watched how her boobs jostled and wobbled in her too small bra.

*They're bigger...*