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1,267 words.

<Hometime>

by <Growing Desires>

Rules of engagement

It took me the rest of the last hour to calm down, even then I wasn't sure I had entirely chilled out.

I clocked everyone out and made my way to the car park. The drive home was busy, so busy that I thought it might be best to pull in and get some food to bring home. It would allow the traffic to flow and hopefully get me home in a better mood. Traffic always brought the anger out in me.

I drove into the car park and noticed a familiar car.

Is that... Chloe's...

Chloe lived far away, for her to still be here that would mean she has probably been here since she left over an hour ago. I drove through, picked up Becky's usual order and mine too. In my horniness I might've also doubled her order.

I wasn't as surprised to see Chloe's car still there so when I drove around, I pulled up next to her. Pretending not to notice, thankfully she was still eating, very enamoured by her food, I was able to see quite a few bags on the passenger seat.

She has been eating for the last hour...

Chloe glanced over and saw my face and her face immediately dropped before she lowered her window.

“Say a word about this... You're dead...”

I nodded.

Fuck it... I had nothing to lose really...

“Have you been here since you left?” I asked, brazenly.

Chloe looked at me in disgust, as if I was asking that question. Her lack of answer was enough confirmation for me.

“Look... I umm... I shouldn’t say but... Yes... Because I am eating for...” Her voice trailed off, as if she hadn’t quite processed the information yet.

Two... Say it... You’re pregnant, I know it!

“Four.”

Four!

“Four?” I was stunned. “You mean you’re having triplets?” I dumbly replied.

She nodded, rubbing her stomach in disbelief. “Four... That’s what the doctor said...”

“Well... Eat on Chloe...” I cringed at my own words.

“I mean... I am so big already... Maybe it’s more...” She moaned softly.

“I can’t imagine they got it wrong...”

“Why? Because my belly is so big already?” She snapped. “Sorry... Hormones... The bump is off limits...”

I nodded.

“I’ve... Got to go... Umm... Congratulations...” I added.

“Thank you.” Chloe smiled.

I think that is the first time she has been genuine to me...

Waving, I reversed out of the spot and headed home. My stop in the drive through meant that I missed Big Girl, but I knew there was always tomorrow.

Pulling in the drive, opening the door I could smell food in the air.

Hope she doesn’t bite my head off for picking up food...

“Babe?” I peered into the kitchen. “Sorry, I brought...”

Seeing Becky was something I had built up all day to. It was hard to remember last night, or this morning's picture but there was the hope nestled deep in me that Becky was fatter, bigger and softer today.

I was right.

The plump face I saw this morning was given new life now with the body standing by the kitchen counter. She was wearing short pyjama shorts and a strapped tank top that didn't cover all of her middle. Her muffin top was bulging out between the gap made in the fabric. From behind I could see that her legs were fatter and thicker, her arms too were on show and the thick fat biceps made me shiver for what was about to come when she turned around.

I felt like life slowed down and she turned around to face me, her full-frontal view coming into view. I saw a glimpse of her side profile and I immediately could feel my dick awaken. The way her belly bulged out and over the waistband of her shorts was enough alone but that wasn't all. The lower portion of her gut was on show, above the swell of her stomach sat her boobs, heavily on her gut, braless, I could see her hard nipples and every ripple from behind the top. The turn was quick but as she made a sudden stop I could see the jiggle wave carry on for at least an entire second after her legs stopped her from rotating.

Facing me directly I could see a smile on her face, not as big as the one I had no doubt. Her gut hung over the waistband and a fair few inches of fabric was displaced thanks to her swollen middle and her shorts sitting below. The crease that formed from her fat belly hid a chunk of her PJs. She spied the big bag of fast food in my hand.

"Hey! Well, I was just making some food but, I guess if you want we could just freeze this stuff and have it another day." Becky placed a hand on her hip, formerly non-existent, she gave me a look that said, "What am I going to do with you?"

"Sorry, I just felt like a treat, I had a bit of a hard day..." I continued to glance down at her body as I walked towards her.

I wrapped my arms around her and rested my hands on top of her boobs and kissed her cheek. My cock was at full attention and rubbed against her butt. "Maybe I am going to have a hard

evening.” I jested, lowering my hands down her boobs and giving them a playful squeeze.

I am in heaven.

Her fat tits oozed between my fingers, and I nuzzled her neck. Becky let out a moan and threw her head back. My hands lowered from her breasts to her stomach, the fatty orb felt far bigger than it looked. I could feel her skin against my hands, wrists and most of my forearms. I gave it a jiggle and felt how it sloshed beneath my grasp.

Then she suddenly pulled away from me. Throwing my hands off of her body she took a few steps back and looked at me with a sad look in her eyes.

“I.. You...” She burst into tears. “I’m trying to lose weight... You come home with a fast-food meal, and you start rubbing my belly...” Openly sobbing she took a breath. “I told you I was trying to lose weight... You aren’t helping me... I’d even go as far as to say you want me bigger...”

Becky’s sad demeanour made the whole interaction quite sad, but I couldn’t help but think one word.

Yes.

Apparently it was written on my face because Becky grabbed her meal and stormed out of the kitchen and into the bedroom.

“What... What was that...” I pondered.

I attempted to knock on the door, but she was far too angry and sad. I started to wonder what curse was put on me to have my wife grow into my dream woman, but she won’t let me touch her.

The night dragged on, I started to look at curses and other magical stuff, wondering if somehow it was real and it was affecting me. There were so many sites to look through although most of it was horseshit, the ones I found weren’t really quite right, but I hoped that knowledge of how these worked might help me.

My research went late into the night before it approached midnight, and I felt a heavy sense of dread looming over me. My eyes became heavy, and my vision became dark. I tried to resist but it was no use.

Can't stay up past midnight...

One more for the rulebook

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