



Bimbo Bakery:Honeyed Housewife.

A Bimbo Bakery short story.

"Michael Cummings?" The pimply gas-station attendant smirked, looking up from Mike's credit card. "Dude, has anyone ever told you that you have a porn name?"

"Tell that to my Uncle Richard." He quipped back, like Mike always did when some wiseacre decided his surname was worth mentioning.

The smart-asses in question were all, invariably, immature young folks of the male persuasion.

"Dick Cummings?!" The crater-faced lout hooted as he handed Mike back his card and receipt, "For reals, man? That's a total trip."

"He's a real hit with the ladies, I can tell you that much." Mike grinned and shot the kid a wink before scooping his purchases and turning back towards his car. "I'll tell him you said hello."

"Dick Cummings!"

The howl of laughter followed Mike out the automatic doors and he grinned. Being born a proud Cummings, he was more than accustomed to the jokes by this stage in his life and Mike was in too much of a good mood to let it bother him at all.

Today was a good day... no, scratch that. Today was a *great* day!

He carefully placed the bouquet of bright flowers and the bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon on the passenger seat before climbing behind the wheel and buckling in with a cheerful smile.

Sure, the good news he was about to deliver to his loving wife probably merited more than wilting gas-stop flowers and the local convenience store's finest vintage of vino but the real celebration could wait until the ink was dry on his new employment contract.

Because Mike was getting a promotion!

He had been called into the partners office just hours earlier and informed that, not only had he passed his accreditation to become a Certified Public Accountant, Mike was being "moved up" in the firm's organizational structure to become the youngest CPA employed at Bridges and Rutherford Accounting.

This was huge! A real game changer for him and his darling wife Stephanie. It meant a significant rise in pay, a new corner-adjacent office and nothing but a shining highway of prospects stretching out into his professional future.

Local boy makes good. It was like some kind of Cinderella story. Or whatever the guy version of that was... *Cinder-fella* story perhaps?

Whatever. Mike was flying home on the cloud nine express.

Wave goodbye to frozen dinners and microwave meals because it was champagne and caviar from here on out. Well, figuratively speaking at least, but a lot more hot chicken dinners were *definitely* in the cards. Mike was bursting at the seams with excitement and couldn't wait to see the look on Stephanie's face when he told her.

It would mean so much for her. It would mean she could quit that *awful* job for a start and that would bring some much needed joy into her life.

Mike had met Steph a few years back when they had both been attending New Billington University. He had been in the last year of finishing his business accounting degree and she was studying Library Science. It had been a Halloween mixer and when he had spotted the cute little redhead with the pixie-cut wearing a Tinkerbelle costume, it had been love at first sight.

For him at least. He had come dressed as Barney Rubble and had to get past more than a few curious questions about why he had chosen Barney instead of Fred before he could really break the ice.

What... Barney had the hotter wife, right? Mike was Team Betty all the way.

One year later they were happily engaged and blissfully married six months after that, though Steph had decided to keep her maiden name "Page". No-one could blame her, Mike chortled to himself at the memory.

The decision to settle in New Billington hadn't been a hard one. Mike was raised in the small college town and Stephanie's family lived just over the state border to the north in Michigan. Mike was living the dream but while he had quickly secured a position at the accounting firm as a humble Public Accountant, Steph wasn't so lucky.

His wife was free, creative spirit at heart and Mike loved that about her but jobs for young librarians with no experience were all but non-existent in his

hometown, college or no. So Steph had compromised and taken a job as a paralegal in the dusty law offices of Lockett Miller Solicitors down on Main Street and, though his beautiful bride always put on her best face everyday, Mike knew she wasn't happy there.

The dark bags under her eyes and the growing stoop to her slender shoulders spoke volumes that Steph would never speak aloud. It hurt Mike to see the woman he loved being ground down under the perpetual rat-race.

Steph deserved the chance to chase her dreams of being an artist. To read and write and paint to her heart's content. The garage of their little two bedroom cottage was her impromptu studio, a whirlwind of controlled chaos stocked with bustling bookshelves, paint-splattered workbenches and a second hand writing desk she had rescued from the footpath outside the girl's dorms.

She spent as much of her limited free time as she could in there and Mike was looking forward to informing her that she could soon be spending all day in her favorite space pursuing her true passions. That and maybe, *just maybe*, get started on the nursery at last.

Mike was going to hold off that discussion until later. The jury was still out on how soon Steph wanted to have kids. They both wanted to be in a more stable position before revisiting the topic, or so she kept telling him. But, if he were being honest, Mike wanted to see her pop out a few of his rugrats sooner rather than later.

Just the idea of seeing his wife's lithe slim body swell large with his heirs was a major turn-on for Mike. The merest thought of his seed planting a baby in her belly and watching that smooth tummy grow fat with his young had Mike's cock perking up in his slacks even as he turned down their sleepy suburban street.

She would have to consider it now, right? He finally had the means to support them both and make a real go at being the family man, like his father and grandfather before him. To be a man who cared for his wife and raised a loving family with a white picket fence and all the traditional trimmings.

Was it so wrong to want that?

Mike didn't think so. He considered himself quite progressive by any country town standard. He had been happy that Steph wanted to work, to earn her own wage and contribute to building their shared life. She was her own independent woman and Mike supported her life and career choices. There were no expectations placed on her in his mind, but if she was going to be happier working from home... that was just a silver lining.

Today was a *great* day... and only going to get better.

Parking out front of their modest abode, Mike bundled up his shopping and strode for the door. Stephanie would be home in an hour or so depending on her workload. That was just enough time for him to order up some vegetarian tortellini from that Italian joint downtown she loved, cue the soft romantic tunes and light some candles.

Oh, but the look on her face was going to be heartwarming when he told her-

Mike opened the front door and paused. The interior lights were on, warming the cozy living space and the sounds and smells of someone cooking wafted from the kitchen. It smelled good, like roasting red meat and herbed vegetables. Was Stephanie home early and *cooking*? Steph was amazing in a great many ways but the poor girl could burn a boiled egg.

"Hello... Steph sweetie. Is that you?"

"Darling! You're home at last, I missed you *sooo*~ much!"

A figure appeared in the kitchen doorway and what a figure it was. A stunning hourglass body poured into a pale pastel green shirtwaist dress that hugged her ample chest, cinched in at her waspish waist and draped snugly over her firm hip to reach her knees. Mike's rebellious eyes rolled down to the strangers' silky smooth sculpted calf muscles accentuated by smokey stockings and high high heels.

Wait... *Darling?*

"Steph... is that you?" His eyes searched the bombshells hauntingly familiar face and, yes, it was unmistakably his young wife. Except her lips were bee-stung plush and painted ruby red, the purple shadows under her eyes were gone and she was wearing long fake lashes, not to mention that *wig*...

"You're so funny, Husband. Of course it is me, were you expecting another woman?" She laughed and it sounded so carefree and infectious that Mike smiled back as she slid gracefully up to him and kissed him warmly on the lips.

"No, of course not- *mmmff~!*" Mike staggered back a step as Steph pressed herself against his front and immediately deepened the kiss. One of her delicate hands trailed up the back of his shirt to tickle the small hairs of his neck under long lacquered nails while the other slipped down to his butt.

She tasted of mint and honey as she pushed her hungry tongue into his mouth and tried to vacuum out his tonsils.

"*Mmmwoah~* whoa, stop. Sweetie, please..." Mike broke the kiss and tried to back away but she remained fixed to him, rubbing her stunning face against his chest.

In those tall pumps, his otherwise diminutive young spouse was only a half a head shorter than him and that massive curly red hair-piece of hers tickled his nose. It was a glowing mess of crimson locks so thick and voluminous that made her look as though she had it up in curlers all day before brushing it out and piled it artfully atop her pretty head.

"I'm sorry, Darling. Of course you are right." She cooed in a soft little voice that Mike hadn't heard from her before. She was toying with his tie as she nuzzled at his neck, giving him goosebumps. "My Man has been working hard all day and deserves some time to relax. Go sit in the living room, Husband. I'll fix you a nice drink."

Darling... Husband... My Man?

Steph was acting *decidedly* odd.

She took a smart step back from him, stood up ramrod straight and beamed brightly. Her heels clicked together, slim shoulders back, perfectly angular chin up and small hands clasped neatly together in front of her flaring skirts.

She would have made a grizzled parade sargent weep tears of joy.

Moreover she looked like a 1950s Covergirl modeling Dior's housewife *inspiration* fashion line, right down to the big bouffant hairstyle and lacy white gloves.

"Steph, *ummm*... What's the occasion? Are we going to party tonight or..."

Mike didn't get to finish the thought as she spotted the bouquet and bottle dangling forgotten in his hands. The bedraggled flowers hadn't fared well in their amorous little tussle, not that they were winning any prizes in the first place.

"Oh, Darling! Are those for me?" She squealed excitedly, clasping her gloved hands to her freckled cheeks and twisting herself back and forth in girlish glee. "Let me get those in some water right away. I'm *sooo*~ lucky to have such a kind, considerate man to look after silly ol' me. Now go and sit, *sit*."

She scooped the wine and floral arrangement out of his limp fingers before *flouncing* back towards the kitchen, her hips swaying hypnotically under the pale green skirts and her rich mass of curls bouncing with every step.

Overwhelmed by her sheer exuberance and at a loss for anything else to do, Mike loosened his tie and wandered into the living room to do as instructed. Then stopped to gape as the place looked immaculate.

As two young professionals working full-time and making a start at their life together, something had to give. In the case of Michael and Stephanie it had typically been the housework.

Oh, their home wasn't dirty *per se* but when a married couple was burning the candle at both ends then small things had a way of falling through the cracks. The dusting didn't get done as often as it probably should and the coffee table became a catch-all for empty tea cups, junk mail and spare pocket change.

The living room looked like an interior designer with a team of specialist cleaners had swept through the space while hopped up on Ritalin.

The carpets were clean, the clutter magicked away and timber furniture was polished to a gleam. Even the couch and recliner had been adjusted minutely to better compliment the layout in some intangible way.

"I... I have some good news." Mike called over his shoulder as he sank onto the couch. Hell, even the slight musty smell was gone. "I wanted to surprise you."

He was desperately trying to get his derailed plans back on track. This was supposed to be a *great* night.

"Another surprise? For me, Darling?" Stephanie crooned from the kitchen as soothing music began lilting gently through the air. "The Way You Look Tonight" by Frank Sinatra sang through a portable speaker. "Do tell, I am breathless with anticipation."

Mike craned his neck about and found his beautiful wife standing in the doorway carrying a highball glass in one hand and clear jug of some coffee colored cocktail in the other. She had found a frilly white apron somewhere and it was pulled tight across her bulging bosom.

Was Steph wearing a new bra? Mike adored his lover's trim body but her petite athletic frame had never supported anything more than two modest handfuls. But all his internal observations were drowned out as Steph

sashayed lovingly towards him with her brilliant emerald eyes downcast demurely, she looked so... *domesticated*.

"It's... ummm, good news." He managed to stammer as his stunning wife sauntered over, poured the creamy liqueur and bent low to offer to him the brimming glass in both hands. The demure pose afforded him a lovely view down the scalloped neckline of her dress. "Ah... Is that a new pearl necklace?"

"The good news, Darling?" She prompted, pressing the drink into his hands and letting her fingers linger on the back of his with a sweet, patient smile.

By all the stars above, she looked gorgeous tonight. Steph was radiating so much loving warmth and beauty and perfect blissful contentment that it left Mike dry in the mouth. He took a heavy gulp of the cocktail to steady himself.

"Wow, that is smooth. Do I taste brandy?" He asked, feeling alcohol settle comfortably in his stomach. "And vanilla?"

"It's a milk brandy punch, dear. A *special* treat for my strong, wonderful provider." She said with a happy sigh, leaning in to give him a soft kiss on the cheek and traced her hands over his shoulders. "Now, do you want to keep teasing me or will you tell me all about your day?"

"Yes, yes... Sorry. The good news." He said before taking another long sip before continuing, it really was *very* good. "Baby, my CPA came through today and I'm getting a promotion. A *big* promotion."

"Darling, that is fantastic news!" Steph gushed, bouncing cheerily in place. "Does this mean what I think it means?"

"It does, Sweetie." Mike said, nodding magnanimously and drinking again. "You can quit your job now and focus on your artwork."

"My job, Husband?" Steph asked, tilting her to one side head and giving him a quizzical grin. "What do you mean? I resigned my position at that awful office

earlier today. It wasn't proper for a young lady like me to be working there anymore."

"Wait... what? You resigned already... Did something happen?" Mike asked, sitting upright in alarm.

"Not at all, dear. Be at peace." She soothed as she slipped side-saddle into his lap and refilled his empty glass. "It just occurred to me today that I am a married woman now and my place is here at home taking care of your needs."

Placing the jug down on a spotless side-table, Steph wiggled playfully in his lap and, running fingers through his hair, pulled him into another heated kiss. Mint and honey made a second assault on Mike's taste-buds as she moaned eagerly into his mouth and sucked on his bottom lip.

Mike's head was reeling as he tried to take everything in. His deliciously squirming wife was no quitter and her odd behavior coupled with her incongruous new look was setting off more warning bells than a five fire alarm. She mewled soulfully as he pulled away from her grasp and looked her in those entrancing emerald eyes.

"What did *you* think I meant when I told you I got my promotion?" He asked, trying to look past her coy smile but getting lost in her glistening verdant pools instead.

"Oh, my silly Husband. Do you really need to ask?" Stephanie giggled, wriggling her tight tooshie further into his lap and lifting the glass to his lips again. "I thought you meant I could suck on your big Darling dick to congratulate you."

Mike nearly spat his mouthful back up into the cup.

"Wha- what?" He coughed, Steph started patting him on the back with a look of concern.

"I wanted to suck on my Man's wonderful cock, of course." She said, as though her sudden oral infatuation was the most normal thing in the world. "I've been fantasizing about tasting it all afternoon as I cooked and tidied the house..."

Her manicured fingertips were sketching snaking little lines down the front of his shirt as a dreamy expression swept over her stunning features.

"... it's been getting me all hot and bothered just thinking about it. I've been fingering myself like a naughty-"

"Steph!" Mike's meaty member was unfurling in his pants as she reached for his belt buckle but the strong sense of wrongness had him fighting down his steadily growing arousal. "What's going on with you? Did something happen today?"

"I don't know what you mean, dear." She purred, licking her pillowy strawberry lips as she deftly popped the button on his trousers and unzipped the fly. "Don't you want your sexy little wifey to wrap her married mouth around your fat manhood? I don't think I've done it since the honeymoon and want to show you I still care."

It *had* been a while and her lacy gloves were *sooo*~ satiny smooth as she reached in and freed Mike's stiffening shaft from his boxers.

"Ooooh~ Steph..." He groaned as she slowly but lovingly began to stroke him to full mast, her hands were soft and warm as melted butter. "But.. but... your job. Your outfit..."

"You like my new dress, Darling?" Steph perked up at the mention of her clothes, her pumping pace quickening a little in excitement. "I saw it in the window of that vintage fashion store on the corner of Fifth and Main. I thought it would look perfect on your horny little housewife."

It did, gods above it surely did but Mike's Stephanie didn't dress like that and she certainly didn't *speak* like that either. *His* Stephanie wore faded jeans and

oversized t-shirts with dried paint speckling the front. *His* Stephanie was uncomfortable with dirty talk and made sweet love with the lights out.

This Stephanie was rolling her frisky thumb over his engorged tip with each luxurious stroke and whispering smoldering words in his ear as she raised his hand holding the glass to his lust-parched mouth again.

Mike took another long swallow to clear his dusty throat. It was creamy and delicious and went down a treat.

Jeezus but he was harder than he had ever been in his life right now and this sexy new Steph just kept stroking him with those snowy soft gloves...

"No- No... I mean, when did you decide to quit your job?" Mike gasped as she gave his thrilling cockmeat a teasing little twist that put his balls on notice.

"I suppose it was right after lunch. Are you getting close, Darling?" She cooed and leaned in to nibble on his earlobe, making Mike shiver. "I *really* want to taste all my hunky Hubby's potent manseed."

"Did anything unusual... *oh gawd*~... happen at lunch?" Mike grunted, heroically holding back the king-tide of cum that was boiling in his balls and trying to think coherently at the same time.

Who ever said men couldn't multitask worth a damn? Mike was juggling both burdens like a boss.

"Oh yeah, I found the cutest new bakery, just down Main Street from the office. It was named something French, I think." Steph looked away and tapped a long finger to her chin in thought, her other hand still wickedly working Mike's twitching, straining shaft towards a riotous finale. "I stopped in there to say hello and met the most charming young woman called B.B."

"Bee Bee?" Mike panted like a blown stallion and knocked back the last of his milk brandy what-ever in a vain attempt to calm his thundering heart.

"No, B.B. as in two letters. Like initials, dear." Steph explained, calmly taking the empty glass from his shaking hand. "She is *very* beautiful, though none-to-bright, the poor girl. You know the type... long blonde hair, a pretty face and simply *enormous* breasts. Truly."

"B-Breasts?" Mike's legs were shaking like a Quaker revival and Steph's long languid strokes were taking on added fervor as she beamed like the moon at him with purest mischief behind those shining emerald eyes.

"Oh yes, Husband. Sweet, stupid B.B. has absolutely *massive* tits. I don't know how she squeezes them into those tiny candy-cane dresses in the morning." Steph husked into his ear and even the smell of her warm honeyed breath was nearly enough to push Mike over the crest of his impending climax. "I'll have to take you to meet her someday. Just so you can stare at those *tremendous* knockers almost bursting from her teensy weensy top..."

Mike was edging hard, his knuckles bone-white where he clutched the arms of the sofa. Stephanie must have known it too because she punctuated each of her last few filthy words with fast, swirling pumps of his bucking shaft.

"Like the hot..."

Pump

"Big-titted..."

Stroke

"Blonde bimbo..."

Twist

"Whore she is."

Squeeze

"*Faaaark~* Stephanie!" Mike wailed and exploded into his devilish little wifey's working fist.

She moved lightning quick, spinning the empty glass like a six-shooter in her free hand and lodging it over his fountaining tip. Thick sticky wads of his erupting ejaculate blasted up into the glass as Mike's toes curled in his boots and the fourth of July fireworks show kicked off behind his tightly shut eyelids.

"That's it, Darling. Give it to me. Let me have all your yummy baby-batter." Steph crooned into his ear as she nuzzled into his neck and planted soft kisses along his clenching jawline. "I'm going to drink down every drop to show my Man how much I love him."

"Oh *Gawd~*... Steph, I love you baby."

Mike was as boneless as a chicken nugget by the time his show-stopping orgasm finally wound to a close. He lay limp on the couch and labored for breath as Steph rose smoothly from his lap, flashed him her winning grin and raised the cum-filled glass to her eager ruby lips.

Holy hell, it was full to overflowing but Steph just tilted her gorgeous face back and began to swallow...

Mike watched her slender throat bobbing and bulging to take all of his impossibly thick and sticky load down. His exposed manhood gave an interested twitch as though preparing for an encore performance. He was licking his own dry lips at the obscene lewd display by the time she gleefully slurped down the last dregs with a huge, happy sigh.

"Thank you, Husband. I needed that." She said with a self-satisfied smirk. "Now sit back and relax. I'll go make you a fresh drink and finish laying out dinner for you."

She spun on one high heel and--snatching the now empty cocktail jug off the side-table--practically skipped back into the kitchen, her bountiful crimson curls bouncing as she went.

Mike needed a minute.

Once his head stopped spinning Mike sat up and ran a trembling hand through his tousled hair. He wasn't sure what had happened to his beloved spouse but from what little she told him a new french bakery run by some blonde bimbo was behind it?

That made about as much sense as a screen door on a submarine.

Getting shakily to his feet and, tucking his dick back into his pants, he made his way into the kitchen determined to get some straight answers out of this new Steph. He was stopped dead in his tracks as he darkened the doorway and his jaw dropped.

The kitchen, much like the living room, had been cleaned from top to bottom. The surfaces gleamed for the first time ever, the stove top was spotless and the smudges on the cabinet doors had vanished. Even the linoleum floor shone under the glow of the overhead lighting. The old timber dining table was covered by a pristine white tablecloth and laden with a steaming beef roast, surrounded by crispy golden roasted vegetables with buttered beans and fluffy mash potatoes in separate serving bowls alongside. Freshly baked dinner rolls were cooling on a rack beside the window and the table was set.

Mike couldn't help but to notice there was only one dining set laid out and it was at the head of the table where the man of the house would typically sit.

But as astonishing as the entire belly-rumbling tableau was, it wasn't what froze him like a deer in headlights.

Steph was standing at the sink with her old fashioned dress undone and pulled off her slim shoulders. Her long, voluminous scarlet locks cascaded down the

flawless alabaster skin of her bare back as she bent over the empty jug, kneading her big fleshy tits in her hands and *pulled* at her tight pink nipples.

The sound of liquid splashing reached his burning ears as Steph moaned hotly and pulled again, followed by another wet splash.

At her elbow, next to a discarded white bullet bra, was an open bottle of dark vanilla brandy and she paused in her... milking to pour a generous helping into the rapidly filling jug.

Steph had tits!

Well, Mike's Steph had always had tits but hers had been of the itty-bitty variety with cute little nips that were buckets of fun to play with.

This Steph had large creamy melons that were full to sloshing with life-giving milk.

"Milk..." Mike groaned, unsure if he was feeling more appalled or turned on but certain that he was going mad. "You fed me your... your *titty-milk*."

Stephanie turned and gasped in concern at the horrified expression on his face. She didn't even try to cover herself as she rushed over to reassure him, her impressively swollen bust bouncing and swaying heavily before her.

"I'm sorry, Darling. We were all out of conventional milk and I wanted to do something special for you." She sounded panicked, scared that she might have upset him. "Please Michael, my Love. I didn't know it would feel so good to watch you drink it. I just got so hot for you, I shouldn't have..."

She sounded like she was going to burst into tears if he didn't say something soon but Mike felt his grip on reality slipping.

"It's not a wig is it?" Was all he could think to say.

"My hair? No, it just grew out like this today." She replied then looked down at herself. "My hair and *other* things too."

"And that... B.B. did this to you?" Mike asked weakly as his wife helped him over to the seat at the head of the table.

"B.B? No, I don't think so." Steph said, fussing over him like a worried mother hen as Mike fell into the chair. It looked as though it had been polished too, everything looked so nice and well cared for now. "I wasn't lying when I said she wasn't too bright but I don't think she's exactly stupid either. Not in a conventional sense, she said a few things that really resonated with me."

Mike didn't know that some hot, big-titted blonde bimbo whore--Steph's words, not his own--could say to change a woman so much and asked the question.

"Like what?"

"It's hard to say precisely, not word for word anyway." Steph looked like she was trying to remember a long forgotten memory. Mike's eyes were drawn back to her big bare breasts where a white bead of moisture was forming on a puckered pink tip. "She knew I wasn't happy, like, straight away and she wanted to know what was really important to me. I remember she giggled and played with her hair a lot. Oh Michael, she has such *beautiful* long golden hair. It's like liquid sunshine, I can't wait for you to meet her."

"Stephanie... *please*." He groaned.

"Sorry, Darling. So we chatted for a while, just girl-talk over a few cupcakes. They were fabulous by the way, and I realized that so much of what I was doing with my life wasn't bringing me joy. Like that hoarder lady on television says." Steph looked on the verge of tears again. "All the stuff we are told as little girls we should want; a successful career and wealth and womanly prestige... it wasn't making me happy. It was making me so miserable that I was feeling sick."

Despite himself Mike reached out and took his wife by the hand, holding it tight. She had taken off the silly gloves and her skin was incredibly warm and soft. Steph looked at their joined hands and gave Mike a sad little smile.

"When I thought back on what made me happy it was all *you*, Mike dear. You and our life together in this humble little home, even my pokey studio out there..." She nodded towards the garage and sniffled. "This is where I want to be. Looking after you just like you look after me, painting my silly pictures and reading my books. Caring for our home and maybe someday soon... our family?"

Mike's head shot up at that and Steph... *his* Steph was smiling back at him from behind her big tearful eyes.

"Is it still you in there, Baby?" He wanted to believe it, hope against hope. He needed to hear her say it.

"It is, dear Husband. I know I look a bit different and maybe I'm acting a little less... *conservative* in private but I promise you that I am still myself at my core. I'm still that shy Tinkerbell who fell for Barney Rubble at a college party just a few short years ago." She said with a coy little smile at the memory.

Mike laughed and it felt good. Like the light at the end of the tunnel wasn't an oncoming train after-all.

"Yeah, Barney. Not even Fred, what were you thinking?" He scoffed, pulling her into a tight embrace.

"Fred? *Bah*. Barney's got the hotter wife anyhow." She giggled and snuggled deeper into his arms.

"That he does, Sweetie." Mike said kissing her on the forehead and feeling a spike of warmth down below as he felt her hard nipples rake against his stomach through the shirt. "Though I don't think you'll fit into that Tinkerbell costume anymore."

"I'd be happy to try," Steph teased, unbuttoning his shirt and kissing her way along his collarbone. "It might be fun to watch me burst free of it."

That was a hell of an image to put in a guy's head and Mike was definitely perking up in the men's underwear department. But he had to know something for sure first...

"Did you mean it, Steph? About the family? About having my children."

Steph giggled again and began wriggling her way up into his lap. Squeezing herself between him and the dinner table until she was straddling his thighs with her big perky tits thrust up under his chin.

"I meant it all, Darling. I think there is a reason I am lactating already." She whispered, looking up to him through long dark lashes. "I am *sooo*~ damn fertile right now, I know that sounds strange but I can feel it, down *there*."

Her sultry emerald eyes dropped to her long cotton skirts dragged up over her knees by her position astride his crotch and Mike didn't need a gynecologist to explain it for him. Steph took his trembling hand and guided it to the buttons on the side of her dress. She had undone most of them to free her chest but a few still barred his path to his hot wifey's waiting womb.

They undressed each other with frantic fingers between torrid kisses that stifled hungry moans. Steph had his shirt and pants open by the time Mike was dragging her pastel green dress up over her tossing head to throw it across the room. He gasped when he saw what she had been hiding beneath all that antiquated fabric.

"Oh Stephanie Page, just look at you..." He said in hushed reverence.

She was a walking work of erotic art. Her figure had previously been slim, almost fae-like, adorably pretty but petite in form. In many ways she still was, her waist still tiny and her tummy a smooth sleek plane leading down to her tight little pussy.

In other ways she was anything but. Her heaving milk-laden tits looked huge but perfect on her small frame, and her exposed hips and ass had grown to mouth-watering proportions. Child-bearing proportions at that!

Fuck Tinkerbelle, Mike wanted to buy Steph a slinky red cocktail dress for Halloween and she'd look like the stunning wife of a certain cartoon rabbit. With her bombshell hourglass figure, dazzling green eyes and her long mane of glowing crimson curls.

Mike would wear some bunny ears.

"I think you mean Stephanie Cummings," She purred, pulling his hands down to the pure white garter belt and sheer translucent panty combo to feel how wet she was. "I'm entirely yours now, Husband dearest. I want everyone to know it."

"*Jeezus~* but you're soaking down there, Baby." He growled, pressing his fingers through the sodden, barely-there lace and running them up her pink folds. "Did watching me drink your milk turn you on that much?"

"*Mmmhmmmm~* yes, Darling. I loved it so much, it made me feel like a real woman at last." She moaned, grinding her pelvis against his palm and arching her back to thrust her big leaking tits into Mike's face. "Please tell me you liked it. Tell me you loved sucking down all my sweet *Mommy* milk..."

"I did love it. I loved it so much and I want more..." Mike's hard cock surged in his boxers, threatening to burn its way free from the blazing furnace of their shared arousal. "You better have some more for me. A lot more..."

"I do, I do... I have so much more to feed you, my big hungry Man." Steph gushed, a flush of excitement highlighting the cute rash of freckles dusting the top slopes of her thick trembling tits. "Take all you want and more..."

Mike pushed to his feet, carrying Steph with him by his grip on her trim pussy. She squealed as he swept the plates and cutlery aside with a clatter to lay her

back on the dinner table. She squirmed prettily as he tore away her panties, leaving her naked but for the small garter, smoky nylon stockings and tall heels.

"It's not Mommy milk yet but it will be soon." Mike grunted, freeing his raging man-meat and lining it up with her dripping pussy. Steph's tiny cunt was wetter than a waterpark and looked like twice as much fun. Already her free-flowing juices were staining the pristine tablecloth as he dredged his engorged tip through her slick folds.

"I'll be a Mommy and you'll be a Daddy. Please Mike, I can't wait any longer." She begged in a girlish tone, "I need my big Man inside me, I need you to fill me with our children."

Her dirty talk was too much and Mike pressed his hips forward until they moaned together in a carnal duet. It was a good thing Steph was as lubricated as she was because Mike was harder than quick-dry cement and she felt tighter than ever.

"Fuck Baby, how are you so damn tight?" Mike groaned just holding himself completely hilted inside her squeezing snatch and tried not to blow his load right away.

It wasn't easy.

Steph groaned then giggled. "I feel stuffed full of Daddy."

Mike's throbbing cock pulsed inside her and he ached to drive deep inside Steph and start fucking his gorgeous pin-up housewife with all he had.

"It will feel even better when we really get going. Ready to be a Mommy?"

"Ready... Daddy." she said with a sweet smile.

Mike rocked inside her slow and steady and almost came from the overwhelming erotic pleasure alone. Fucking Steph had never been purely physical. Her sweet and innocent soul mixed with her hotter-than-sin new figure made the moment so highly arousing he could barely contain himself. Her love for him knew no bounds, and that she wanted to bear Mike's children and raise a family with him made holding back the flood of orgasm a near impossibility.

Knowing his potent manseed would soon find its way into her fertile fields made Mike's cock twitch, and he fired a single salvo of thick creamy cum into her womb.

"Oh Darling, I feel it... it's wonderful. Warm and heavy. It feels sooo~ good inside me." Steph cried, whipping her carpet of fiery hair about. "Give me more, you can give this Mommy more can't you?"

"I love to see you so excited, Sweetie" He said and kissed her while he rocked forward and backward, gradually building momentum and fucking her in deep rhythmic strokes.

Stephanie began to match his thrusts with an upward push of her wide toned hips, causing their bodies to bump and grind, sweaty flesh slapping noisily together. The table creaked and the dishes rattled as Steph moaned softly, pulling Mike down into another ravenous kiss.

Their tongues met and swirled together, and Mike pumped harder, driving deep inside her clutching cunt, claiming it and taking it for himself. Her pale creamy tits smacked together, and her hard nipples sent droplets of milk flying in all directions like scatter-shot. He reached down and pushed his hot Wifey's nylon-clad legs back, opening her firm silky thighs wider as he sank in deeper, driving farther forward until his tip nudged her cervix.

Steph moaned into Mike's mouth and bucked her hips, fucking him faster while Mike drove deep and plowed her virgin-tight pussy right into the tabletop. He had her flexible, fuckable body bent nearly in two, with her

shapely calves pinned up around her ears and one high-heeled pump threatening to bury itself in the mash potatoes.

"*Ohmygawd~* I'm close, dear. So fucking close." Steph sang, as her long painted nails clawed at his shoulders as back. "Drink from my big mommy titties, I want to feel my Man sucking down my hot mommy milk when I cum!"

"I'm close too, fuck Steph but I've been close since the start. You're so tight and wet and those tits look fucking delicious."

Her creamy fleshy mounds were trapped between her knees as Mike folded her in half, those pale cushiony globes pushed together as leaking lactate ran in small rivulets across her ivory skin. His hips kept pumping like pneumatic pistons as he bent down and sought out a jouncing nipple with his wagging tongue.

He caught one and circled the raspberry peak, lapping up her scrumptious milk before latching his parched lips around the rubbery tip and suckling like a starving infant.

"*Yaaassss~!*" Steph cried, and Mike felt her pussy-honey splatter across his abdomen and thighs as she came. "Oh Darling, yes. Don't hold back. Give me that steaming baby-making load. I need it deep inside me. Knock up your horny wifey and make me a Mommy."

Mike's mouth and throat were saturated with her tit-cream, it had geysered out of her stiff protuberant nipples as she came. The sweet, warm taste of it spiked him like a shot of adrenaline straight into a major artery. His rampaging cock pounded out a mad fandango on her thrumming g-spot making Steph wail and thrash beneath him in prolonged climax until he could bear it no longer.

"*Cuuuummiiiiing~!*" Mike roared, as he sheathed his entirety inside her tight convulsing cunt one final time and opened the floodgates.

Steph's mouth worked wordlessly as her body arched up into his and their lips met, even as he unleashed an unholy amount of molten man-juice straight into her primed and thoroughly pumped womb. Wave after wave of his invasive seed overwhelmed her final bastion until the constricting seal of her stretched pussy lips around his girthy shaft was breached and a torrent of his pearly cum mingled with her nectar in a sticky puddle beneath their joined bodies.

"Oh *jeezus*~ oh fuck..." Mike wheezed, his head spinning when his monumental climax finally receded. "What was that?"

"That was my Man filling my baby-belly so full I could pop!" Steph gasped then broke into a fit of hiccuping giggles. "Hey Darling, do you think your hard-fucking cock makes me look fat?"

Mike looked down between them to where her dainty hands were running over a visible bulge in her previously flat tummy.

"I think it makes you look goddamn fantastic." Mike exclaimed with heartfelt honesty. Even he was impressed with himself.

"God but my tits feel even fuller and bigger now. Do you think all your amazing cum did that?" Steph sighed happily as she pecked a quick loving kiss on his chin. "My sweet Husband knows just how to treat me right. Though I'm going to have to set the table again. We've made quite the mess of things..."

Mike wasn't sure what she was talking about until ten minutes later he was sitting at a freshly relaid table with a large plate piled high with roast beef and all the trimmings in front of him.

"Mmmm... This tastes really good, thanks Sweetie." He said after swallowing a perfectly cooked forkful of tender juicy rump roast drizzled in rich brown gravy. "My compliments to the chef."

"*Mmmnph~!*" Steph gurgled from below the table.

Her pleased response was muzzled by her throat-full of his big hard cock. There was a reason she had only laid out one table setting. Steph had fully intended to eat her fill of a completely different flavor of meat all along.

"Don't speak with your mouth full, Baby." Mike chuckled as he poured himself another milk brandy punch from the large jug. "What would the neighbors think?"

The cocktail was *very* invigorating and tasted fantastic. He took a generous slip even as he unloaded his second heavy load since the meal had begun, deep into his sexy suckling wifey's welcoming gullet.

He could feel Steph's gorgeous body quivering with orgasmic pleasure between his spread knees as she fought to take down his copious cum-shot into her swollen, clearly pregnant belly.

He tangled a fist into her lustrous mass of red locks to pull her further down onto his ever-ready erection and help her take it all down. Just as she had begged him to do, his horny wifey appreciated a firm guiding hand.

Mike was going to be a true provider, a real family man like his forefathers before him. He would love and care for his hot, pregnant housewife and do everything he could to make her happy.

Because Steph *deserved* to be happy.

Mike had been right from the beginning...

Today was a *great* day.

The End.

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