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<Breaking the Silence>

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## Chapter Two

“I’ve not thought of you in a few months...”

My mind was being flooded with old memories and good times that we shared over that summer. It had been three years, a crazy three years. I thought about all the changes I had gone under in that time and where I was now.

Where I wished I was.

Kara’s sweet smile was something I had never forgotten, and it was something that I could, even now, picture. I smiled the whole way home, not wanting to risk my voice to text not hearing me properly and sabotaging this strange opportunity that now presented itself to me.

I put my foot down and made it home in record time. Pulling into the drive and quickly picking up my phone.

*“Hey Christian, it’s been a while, how are you doing?”*

In my job I was confident, I’ve led teams into the unknown, pushed boundaries, I was a visionary. Yet after thirty minutes, I managed to get in the house, I read the message 15 more times and had nothing.

I just started typing, I couldn’t over think it anymore, I would go insane.

*Hey Kara, it has been far too long. I am doing very good, how about you?*

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There, playing it normal and cool, a good way to start things. I paced around my large kitchen, waiting for my food to cook. Looking at my phone every thirty seconds. I'm so desperate for her reply, I have missed her so much and I just know that there is something there that I have never had with any other girl. I just wish that she was bigger.

*I am so hung up on this... Maybe I can try again...*

The idea played out in my head and there was the fantasy unfolding before my mind's eye, but it was marred with the fact that she was growing fatter as the fantasy played out.

*No... She doesn't want that...*

My brain was conflicted, I wasn't sure what to do and I kept thinking about it. The distraction at least proved to be useful as it stopped me from just pacing and checking my phone. The timer on my cooker brought me out of my mind palace. I served up a few slices and let the rest cool on the side and I grabbed a beer and sat down on the sofa.

As I picked up the first slice I heard my phone ping.

Like some lightning-fast karate master I discarded my pizza slice and picked up my phone.

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**Kara**

*I can't believe you replied, I never thought you would after all of these years.*

*Don't sound like a loser... Play it cool.*

**Me**

*Always for you Kara.*

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*Good fucking job...*

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**Kara**

*Well, me too.*

**Me**

*Really?*

**Kara**

*Yes.*

**Me**

*This isn't some prank?*

**Kara**

*No Chris, this is real, look.*

---

Kara sent through a picture, it was the first time I had seen her face in years at this point, well not current pictures. There were some sorrow filled nights where I might've had one too many whiskeys and scrolled through my old pictures. My depressed nights aside, the picture before me was more than I could've ever hoped for since those long-gone days. The smile was the first thing that caught me, the big, beautiful smile I had remembered so vividly and so brightly in my mind was now on my phone again, except this one was for me, today, right now.

I could barely contain my excitement.

I was beaming back at her static image and just when I thought I couldn't smile any more I saw the rest of her face, her green eyes were as beautiful as the day I last saw them. Her chubby rounded features were just as cute and sexy as before. I did love her look. Her face was always rounded but it did look slightly puffier than before. The quality of the photo meant I could've just sat there for hours.

*Thank corporate greed for the push into phone cameras.*

I would've happily sat there smiling back at her all day if it wasn't for the fact that every second I spent looking at her picture was a second I wasn't spending trying to make up for lost time. I was about to close the picture down when I noticed something strange.

*Why is the picture so cropped, like it's zoomed in as heck...*

*Is she hiding something?*

I knew it was my turn to respond and I was more than happy to do so. Clicking the camera button and sending the photo, thankfully I didn't get in my head about it too much or I might've deleted it. I showed off a bit more than she did, I included some shoulder, some upper torso, the sofa, a big goofy grin and me holding up a beer.

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**Kara**

*Starting early, I see.*

**Me**

*I've had a long week; I think I deserve one.*

**Kara**

*Oh right? What did you do this week? Actually, what do you do now?*

**Me**

*My work is really boring but to give you the easiest answer, I work as a project lead at*

*GD Co.*

**Kara**

*GD Co? They're huge!*

**Me**

*Well, they do a lot, I got a job there three years ago and I put my head down and did a*

*lot in a short amount of time and they made me a lead.*

**Kara**

*Based on that sofa and suit you're wearing, I bet it pays the bills.*

**Me**

*Yeah, I got lucky.*

**Kara**

*Well, seeing your picture has made me jealous.*

**Me**

*Because of the job?*

**Kara**

*No, the pizza.*

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*I didn't even notice the pizza.*

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**Kara**

*I could kill for one right now.*

**Me**

*I didn't think you liked pizza.*

**Kara**

*Not true, I did like pizza, I just couldn't eat it.*

**Me**

*What's the difference?*

**Kara**

*Come on... You know how rigorous I was with my diet.*

**Me**

*I do remember...*

**Kara**

*That's why.*

**Me**

*And why has that changed now?*

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I could feel the uncomfortable silence through the phone. The instant replies were traded to a long pause in the replies. I wondered if I had pushed a button I shouldn't have or something. Before the guilt could get me far along enough to type sorry I was reading those words on my screen.

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**Kara**

*Sorry, someone at the door.*

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The guilt was enough to let the question go.

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**Me**

*Don't let me keep you.*

**Kara**

*Shush, don't be silly, it was just food.*

**Me**

*Takeaway, nice, what are you having?*

**Kara**

*Pizza.*

**Me**

*Oh wow that was quick!*

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*Had I inspired her?*

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**Kara**

*Don't you remember? I live in the centre of the town, well actually the pizza place is three doors down, so it isn't long to wait at all. They closed down the bakery and turned it*

*into a pizza place last year.*

**Me**

*They closed Caked up?*

**Kara**

*No, they closed Maria's instead, you always liked Caked up more.*

**Me**

*They made the best desserts, not just cakes, not that you had many.*

**Kara**

*I've tried them plenty, thank you.*

**Me**

*I seem to recall you always turning them down.*

**Kara**

*Well, it's been three years.*

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*I know all too well...*

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**Kara**

*Things do change, I do eat cake now.*

**Me**

*Oh? Does that mean if we meet up we don't need to go to that salad bar you loved?*

**Kara**

*I cannot believe you remembered that! Haha!*

**Me**

*How could I not? The guy who owned the place was a pretentious prick!*

**Kara**

*He was!*

**Me**

*Finally! You agree with me, you never did before. Haha!*

**Kara**

*Alright, alright, fine, fine. He was a prick.*

**Me**

*Too funny.*

**Kara**

*No, if we meet up, we don't need to go back there, we can go to the new pizza place.*

**Me**

*That sounds much better.*

**Kara**

*I agree.*

**Me**

*Maybe we can meet up... If you want...*

**Kara**

*I think that sounds good but... Also... I think we might want to play it chill for a bit. I mean we started speaking to each other less than an hour ago, my pizza is still warm.*

**Me**

*I'm sorry... I just... I think I've needed to speak to you.*

**Kara**

*Me too... Don't worry... How about this, let me eat my pizza, we can calm down and speak tomorrow... How about that?*

**Me**

*Sounds good.*

**Kara**

*Good night Christian, speak to you tomorrow.*

**Me**

*Good night Kara, have a nice night, enjoy the pizza.*

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I snapped a picture of myself, secretly hoping it might get me another one of her. My goodnight picture was a sweet smile and as far back as my last picture, I captioned it with good night. Nothing fancy.

What I got in return was captioned the same, but the picture was almost as zoomed in as before. She had been eating when talking to me, clearly, there were the smallest bits of pizza sauce on the corner of her lips, it looked like she had wiped her face but missed a tiny amount. The camera was held a bit lower on this photo. It was like she had forgotten her selfie tips from social media.

*They say always take selfies from above right...*

Her face was beautiful, I thought about just sitting there all-night staring at her.

*Fuck, I missed her...*

I was getting a bit hyper focused on the picture, and I was thinking about her new eating habits. She was always so strict with eating; she was worried about gaining weight so she often wouldn't allow herself much slack. It only got worse after we separated as I wasn't there to even remotely try and influence her otherwise.

*So why is she eating pizza now...*

Then I saw something.

The beautiful face was as round and chubby as ever, maybe a bit bigger than before but certainly not betraying how she looked before. I wasn't sure if she was happy with her face or not, it looked a bit odd when I had seen her last, she was slimming down, and her face was not budging.

*I guess she can't have lost too much weight if her face looks like this...*

Her chin.

*She never had a double chin before.*

Her face was more “puffed up” than fat, it was cute but now from that photo it looked like there was some extra poundage on her chin that she didn’t have before. The chub pooled a bit as she wasn’t looking up in this picture, like her neck was pressing the fat forward.

*I am definitely reading too much into it...*

I tried to dismiss the intrusive and wishful thoughts of Kara having gained weight.

*Everyone gets a double chin if they look down...*

I stared at the face some more.

*Right...*

I recalled her face from those years ago and tried to visualise her cheeks and lips and how they compared.

*She hasn’t gained weight...*

The imagination of a horny and desperate man could convince me of anything. My thoughts were imagining what I would see if she lowered the camera. How I should ask her for the picture, what string of words might lead to me getting more of her on my phone screen.

*So unreasonable.*

I luckily hadn’t had enough beer to be that reckless with the messages. The question remained though.

*Had she gained weight...*

Staring into her green eyes.

“You haven’t gained weight... Have you?” I said out loud to myself.

I put my phone down and took a swig from my beer.

“No way.”

*Right?*

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