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<Catching Up>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Four

I was getting aroused in the cafe thinking of what happened next, I needed to stop now. I couldn't go any further, but Taliah wasn't quite done with me.

“So... You fucked her? Again?”

“Yeah...” I sounded ashamed, dejected and defeated, like I had done something wrong.

“That's awesome.” She smiled at me, dispelling my worry.

“Awesome?”

“Yeah, like man she sounds very unique and it seemed that you liked a woman in her... Condition right?” Taliah's warmth spread over me.

“Well...”

“I'm not here to kink shame man, I am into some stuff too, I'll tell you one day, I'm sure.” Taliah looked away from me, needing to break eye contact.

“So, is that it? Where is she now? Did she explode or?”

“That’s the thing, I was meant to meet her again, she had sent me a picture this time and I could see that she was even bigger but that was the night before we were supposed to meet up...”

“She no showed?”

I nodded to my friend.

“Damn, that sucks... Doesn’t mean she didn’t explode though” Taliah laughed at her own dark joke.

“I suppose...”

“Can I see it?” The curious predator was back.

“See what?”

“The picture, obviously.”

“Yeah... Just ignore the caption.” I blushed again.

The picture was of Clara laid out on the bed, the photography work was terrible but it was hard to blame the overinflated woman, she turned the camera to the side and snapped as much of her stomach as she could in the mirror but it was far too narrow to get the whole of her immense girth. It was like there was just one slide of her stomach, it was the middle 30% of her stomach from the angle. The section that you could see from the picture was more than enough to elicit a rise out of me at the time and it just showed how far she projected towards the ceiling. I remember first seeing the picture and wondering how she was even able to breath with all of that mass laying on top of her abdomen.

“Fucking hell...” Taliah murmured as she took in the picture.

The giant naked wrecking ball sized belly was just far too much to comprehend. Even in the few short days it had been since the last picture, and as obscured as it was, it was clear that she had grown again. Clara was immense.

How I would've loved to see her like that...

My head filled with sorrow with how things turned out, what could've been.

"That's the last I've heard from her..." I said mournfully.

"How long ago was that?" Taliah asked.

"About a week or so ago, I am still worried, but if I had to guess, she was taken into hospital or something."

"Not that she got so big she was crushed?" Taliah joked, the morbid and dark sense of humour of her never failed to catch me off guard.

"I knocked her door after I didn't hear from her, I was worried she..." I felt stupid saying it.

"She what?" Taliah looked at me knowing what I was implying.

"Popped."

"Not like give birth, you mean... *Pop* popped."

I nodded.

If there were no pictures, I am sure Taliah would've laughed at me but actually she was oddly quiet after that one, like she was imagining if that was something that could even happen.

"So... What were you talking about before I interrupted you?"

Taliah looked like she was plucked from a different dimension, the confusion on her face as she recalled what we were talking about prior to the gravid tale of Clara.

“Oh... I was just talking about a woman that came into the ward...”

Taliah was slowly working something out in her head. Like dots were being connected.

She paused and pulled out her phone and started tapping away, it didn't feel rude, but it was very much not like her.

“Came into the ward...?” I asked, trying to get her back into the café with me.

“Hang... On...” There was a definitive tap and then she looked back at me. “She came into the ward, was taken by the heads of the ward and I never saw her, but they said she was big, like really big.”

“Okay... Big like...”

“Well...” Before Taliah could carry on her phone buzzed and she looked down at her phone. “Clara.”

Taliah turned her phone to me and I saw a picture, it was taken from inside of an operating room, well through the viewing window, there were a few surgeons around the place but the main focal point of the picture was the mass in the middle of the frame.

A giant flesh orb that was bigger than even the picture I had shown Taliah a few moments ago. A truly massive set of boobs rested against the taut stomach that were covered with a green surgical drape. Although it looked as if

it meant to be something that would cover a whole person's abdomen. Above the peaks was a face I recognised, although her eyes were closed and she was clearly under anaesthesia. The stomach was the biggest thing for me to stare at, despite the surgical setting, I couldn't help but find myself stirring beneath the table again.

Her belly was on its side, resting across two beds they had to bring in to support her massive stomach, they were lowered and hers was raised to accommodate for the width of her stomach. Her skin was still pristine, perfectly round yet still somehow looking soft, it didn't have the shine of overstretched skin that you might see on someone who was truly full.

Does that mean she could've gotten bigger?

That thought made my mind want to start to wander.

"I didn't know it but... Clara... She was in our hospital."

"What happened to her?" I asked, looking wide eyed at my friend.

"They induced her and she gave birth but... My colleague... Hang on..."

I sat on the edge of my seat, worried, concerned, nervous, yet still feeling the effects of a low burn of arousal.

"I knew she had given birth but... I didn't know what happened next."

"Oh god."

"No! She's fine just..."

Taliah turned her phone again and she showed me a picture of her sleeping in her hospital bed, the residual size from her massive pregnancy was evident and she looked almost seven months pregnant. I was about to say

something when she slid her finger across the screen and the next picture flashed up.

It was Clara but she was bigger, looking nine months pregnant now.

“Is she...”

“Bigger?” Taliah looked shocked but there was a curl to the edge of her lips as a smirk was creeping in.

I looked at Taliah wide eyed again, gawking at what she was revealing to me. I saw her finger swipe again and my eyes darted back to her glowing screen.

“Fuck!”

Clara again but she was bigger, her belly was about 20% bigger than her last picture, she looked like she was carrying twins, the swollen mass was very visible even under the blanket.

“You tell me...” Taliah said.

“When were these taken?”

“The last seven days or so.” Taliah said bluntly, her eyes looking over my face, gauging my reaction.

A loud ping made me jump and I saw a notification pop up on her screen and it said someone had sent her a picture.

“Oh... Looks like she just sent through a picture from today...” Taliah trailed off, looking intently at my face. “Want to see?”

The thought of seeing her now, even bigger, it was too much, I didn’t understand, the doctors likely didn’t understand how this woman was just

inflating all over again, growing at a rate that was just inhuman. It was awakening something in me that was not really appropriate for a café in the middle of the day, but I was too lost to the curiosity, to the desire of knowing what she looked like now.

I wanted to see. I needed to see.

“Yes.” I nodded

“Hmm...” Taliah put her phone down and slid it into her pocket.

“What?” I was surprised she just dangled the carrot, only to take it away. “Let me see, please?” I sounded probably way more desperate and pathetic than even I thought.

Taliah shook her head.

No? Why?

She leaned in over the table. “How about I take you to go see her?”

Fuck!

Taliah was a good friend, she always looked out for me, she cut through all the bullshit and just saw me for who I exactly was, it was something I loved about her. She knew what I wanted, and she knew she could give it to me.

I was stunned, looking at her.

“Just sort that boner out before you stand up and don’t cum in your pants at the hospital, I don’t think they’d appreciate that very much.”

My face was burning red, but she knew she was right.

“Do you want to see her?” Taliah repeated the question.

A fierce blaze in my eyes met her face and I answered with a firm “Yes”.

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