

CATCHING UP



#

Thank you for reading this story and supporting my work. This was a commission, interested in your own? my commissions are always open. Should you want to get any of my books in physical print, check out my Amazon page for physical prints.

[-All of my links are here-](#)

Thank you for three wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

It's been months since I have actually seen Taliah, we were best friends a long time ago but after college she had to move for work and whilst we kept in fairly close contact for a while, life finds a way to jam a wedge between those not in your immediate bubble, sometimes it even drives a wedge there too.

She was coming back home after such a long time, usually I would go visit her, but she messaged me last month to tell me she was coming back home to visit some family, something she hadn't done in almost a year.

Our old coffee place had changed owners over the years since we had last been there together but there was a lot of buzz on social media for the place, despite our normal cynical views on advertising and social media we let ourselves be swayed by the external influence.

I arrived and saw Taliah standing by the entrance. The weather was quite cold, so she was wrapped up. I ran across the car park, not wanting to be in the chilly air for a moment longer than I needed to. We embraced, as we

normally did, it was a big hug that almost warmed me enough to not worry about the almost subzero wind chill I felt on the back of my neck.

“Hey!” Her voice was high pitched and excited as ever.

“How are you?” I gave her a tight squeeze before releasing her, looking at her beaming smile.

“Good... Really good...” Her gaze was warm. “What about you?”

“Not bad, better seeing you.”

The relationship between me and Taliah was purely platonic, she was like my sister and I, her brother. I had seen her through some tough times, and she had repaid the favour many times over when I was struggling. There was a bond that couldn't be broken, even if it was a bond that spanned hundreds of miles at this point.

I led her towards the café, “How's work?”

“Good. I'm not moving back.” Taliah said bluntly, still smiling.

“Hey, just checking.” I chuckled back.

I was genuinely so happy that she had landed this job, it was a struggle trying to find a permanent job but when she was offered a full time position as a midwife in the biggest hospital in a 400 mile radius, it was a no brainer for her. The pay alone was double what they could offer closer to home, but I would be lying if I said I didn't miss her, but I knew this was the happiest outcome for her.

“What about your work? Still going good down the shop?”

I took over my family's business, my gran had recipes, lots of them. They

were incredible, my mum and dad carried on the business after she passed and continued to innovate, something that I lacked when it came to food. However, I was more tech savvy than them, certainly better at business and I had taken the single shop in a town to us having multiple cake shops and stalls set up around the area.

“Shops.” I corrected her with a slightly smug smile.

“Ooooh look at you...” Taliah was gawking at the cakes in this café and struggling to pick which one she wanted.

I leaned in and pointed to the carrot cake. “I’d suggest that one, we just changed the cream in the middle and it’s to die for...”

Taliah looked at me with wide eyes and then back to the glass covered display and saw a sticker on the glass. It read “Cakes by Great Delicacies”.

She punched my arm lightly. “Holy shit, I didn’t think your parents would ever expand the business.”

“Well, if it were up to them, they certainly wouldn’t have.” I smiled.

“Congrats! You kept that under the hood.” Taliah said to me before ordering the cake.

“Yeah, I’ve been busy and you’ve been away and we’ve got lots to catch up on I’m sure.”

We made our way to the table with cake and coffee in hand. Sitting opposite my friend, I was very happy to have it be a bit like old times.

“So how is it? Everything you thought it would be?” I asked her.

“It’s great, a bit more taxing than I had thought but there isn’t much

better than helping expectant mothers, seeing all those tiny newborns is just heartwarming to a degree I can't even explain to you. I'm surrounded by them all day, it's incredible."

"I would've thought the... Uhh Clientele?"

"Patients, we call them patients. Not everything is a business." She teased.

"Patients, I would've thought with hormones and stuff they might not be so nice?"

"Not really, I mean you do get some very entitled women coming in but generally it's not too bad. We're there to help them and they're looking to us for that help, so I think they see it in their best interest not to piss us off."

I laughed, seeing her talk about her career was nice, she was happy, I could tell.

"There was this one woman though and sh-" Taliah was cut off by a loud noise beside us.

There was a crash beside us, a heavily pregnant woman beside us bumped into the table, I caught it out of the corner of my eye, her stomach colliding with the table and sent the cutlery that was on there for the next customer flying onto the floor. She was rather big, and looked like she might go into labour any second now.

She's big- Clara!

"I NEED TO TELL YOU THIS!" My voice was maybe a bit too loud from my excitement; Taliah held her tongue after I had cut her off.

“There was this girl! Holy shit I can’t believe I forgot. Last month, I went on a date.”

Taliah didn’t chastise me for interrupting her, instead she sat back and focused on me. My date life was a mess, to put it bluntly, the amount of stories Taliah had heard from my highly unsuccessful love life, I would’ve thought she’d have given up. Taliah was good to me, maybe too good. I was too focused on telling my story to fully appreciate it at that moment, but I knew later it would sink in how she met my rudeness with kindness.

“It was so weird, I matched with her online and her profile picture looked the part, we hit it off and when we met... She was pregnant.”

“Huh? She was pregnant...” Her ears perked up.

“Yeah... But it wasn’t... Wasn’t normal...”

“What do you mean?”

“There is a lot... Buckle up.” I warned my friend.

Taliah took a forkful of cake and started to eat, letting out a satisfied moan from the taste. I smiled.

“So, date one, right, I met her and she looked normal, pretty close to her picture, but she looked a bit different.”

“Different how?”

“Just a bit bigger than the picture, pretty common but there was this like... “glow” if you will.”

Taliah rolled her eyes at the very stereotypical response. “You don’t see the “glow” until they’re much further along, you would’ve seen her bump,

surely.”

“No that’s the thing, she looked fine, she wasn’t stick thin, so she did have a bit of a chubby belly but nothing crazy, she looked normal enough, her boobs were big, but they were in the picture so...”

“You and tits...” She rolled her eyes again.

“Anyway, she was fine, it was normal. We had a good time, and we looked to have another date the next weekend, 10 days later.” I paused, for a bit of dramatic effect. “This was more of an actual date where I took her out to a restaurant. A nice place, I got there first and I watched her *waddle* over to me.”

“Waddle...”

“I can’t explain it other than to say it looked like she was 6 months pregnant...”

“Hang on, hang on. You’re telling me, this normal looking woman was now 6 months pregnant. Like baby bump, waddle, the lot?”

“Her tits were bigg-”

“You and tits!”

“All of her was bigger, yes! That’s what I’m saying.” I must’ve sounded insane.

“How?”

“I don’t know... She just was”.

“People don’t just... Get bigger?” She was right to question my insane ramblings.

“I’m telling you, I stood up to pull the chair out for her”.

“Such a gentleman” Taliah made fun.

“Anyway... She brushed past me and her stomach actually pressed into me. It was real, it wasn’t some sort of joke thing. It was real...”

Taliah just looked at me dumbly.

“I’ll prove it!” I pulled my phone out and quickly brought up a picture of Clara and me on our first date. “This was the first time we met... Look at the date...” I tapped the info button to show the date.

The picture was nice, it was us at a bar, she was looking a bit chubby and overall, quite average when it came to looks, just as described to my friend.

“She looks familiar...” Taliah said ominously.

How?

“Anyway... This... Is ten days later...”

I swiped and showed her the next picture. It was a selfie we had taken after the meal, something she had asked for, and I was happy to oblige. Even more now that it was being used as proof of my sanity. We were outside of the restaurant walking through the park to our cars. Zoomed out just enough to capture a good portion of her body I let Taliah look over the changes.

it was clearly the same woman, the face looked the same, except for some puffiness in her face. It was the body that was different. Her Bs were now looking much fuller Ds and it was obvious they had grown because the dress she wore to the second date was very low cut, she must’ve bought the dress

specifically for the date as it seemed to fit her pretty well on her bust. From the angle of the picture there was a perfect view into that much deeper cleavage.

Lower though were the other changes. The angle wasn't able to show much else other than her face, her boobs and her belly but the change for her stomach was still quite visible even from this angle. The chubby and soft middle had certainly pushed out and grown in the 10 days between meetings but I thought the camera didn't even get the full gravity of it all. The fact her boobs had grown so much, the raised angle shouldn't have been able to show her stomach at all if it was the same as last week but actually it was far bigger than her boobs and stuck out that far.

“And that is real? It wasn't like one of those fake bellies you can buy?”

How does she know about those...

I shook my head from side to side. “No, it... It was real...”

“Dude you gotta give me more than that... What? Like did you touch it?

Did you see it?”

My cheeks started to burn a bright red.

Shit.

“Uhhh...”

“You did! I need everything! What was going on under that dress!”

I had talked myself into a corner and I knew I had to tell her the rest but with that came a lot of other bits of information.

Context. So much context. Would she understand?

Taliah always knew if I was lying so there was no point in even trying to

obscure anything, she would just know or she would work it out.

“Yes... Okay...”

Shit this is harder than I thought...

“So... Umm...”

“Grow up. Spit it out.” Taliah’s aggression was always jarring but she liked things blunt and to the point.

Here goes...

* * *