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<Breaking the Silence>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

Growing up I knew, I always knew.

“I’m sorry... I... It’s not going to work...”

The ringing of crying hammered my ear drums, and I walked out the door, tears rolling down my face too.

Why am I like this...

I couldn’t help but beat myself up. Kara was a sweet girl, we were great together, it is just a shame that I couldn’t make us work.

Me and Kara had been seeing each other for a few weeks, I thought she might be different for me, but alas I can’t help that base desire I feel inside.

To say I am into feederism is an understatement. I’ve known for a long time that bigger girls get me going. It was apparent very early on in my teens, especially once I had unsupervised access to the internet. I found my appreciation of all things big and although big booty models were great there was a fondness I found in larger women who had fatter asses compared to the normal masses fixation on surgically enhanced butts, the rabbit hole kept going and I found myself enjoying the women who found their calling in food and growing past the point of obese, waddling from their hugely wide hips.

Dating in my small town was very rough for that type of woman but thankfully I moved

away for college to a big city and there were thousands of people my age from all different backgrounds and walks of life for each term.

Thankfully for me, there were many more women who I would consider my type or getting there.

The *unfortunate* thing I found was these women were more concerned about what people thought about them, what society thought about them. Kate was the biggest girl I dated, and she was 220 lbs. I would treat her to nice meals out, bring back fast food and she did gain to 250 lbs but that was a point that broke everything. She went on a health kick and whilst I supported her for the first week, I found myself compelled to tell her that she didn't need to lose any weight, it got to a point where she was accusing me of liking her with the added weight.

Despite me wanting to say yes, I could tell that wasn't the answer she was looking for.

We continued to date for a few more weeks and she was shedding the pounds at a crazy rate, the rift started to form, and the sex had died down, eventually we parted ways. I knew why but Kate wasn't bothered, she met a new guy in the gym the month after and she lost even more weight.

I had all but finished college before I met Kara.

Years of dates, nights out, parties, studies, classes, you name it.

All of it was, in a romantic sense, worthless.

Then I met Kara.

I had just finished my last exam and I was out on the town with some of the guys from my course and during our stay in a bar I left to go to the toilet, upon returning I found my group had left and moved onto the next venue without me. I was tired, drunk and a bit sad thinking about my time in the city and how it was coming to an end. I had not secured a job yet in the field and I had plans to go back home for some time to help my parents out with the shop they ran in the town. I told myself that would be just for the summer and I would be in a job by Christmas.

Not being in the city would certainly grind what little dating life I had to a halt. I sat at the bar, not bothering to catch up to the guys, I ordered a whiskey. I don't know if I was giving off the best aura at that time but still there she was. Kara.

I felt a tapping on my shoulder, and she sat next to me. Kara was gorgeous in the traditional sense; her face was like a model but with a bit more pudge on her. I noted how her cheeks were chubby, and her lips were plump. Her smile was intoxicating, more so than the whiskey that was on the bar waiting for me.

She told me that I looked as if I needed some company.

I wasn't sure if it was her trying to hit on me or whether my sorrow was written on my warm face. We started talking, I told her about my friends, and she quickly made me feel at ease about everything, within minutes it was as if I had known her for years. She was the same age as me, finished her final exam too, she was staying in the city however, she was local. After struggling to talk in the bar after the karaoke started she led me to a nearby bar that was known for its gin, and it was much quieter.

We talked the night away, slowly working our way through many glasses of gin. She told me about so much of her life and interests and I shared the same, I didn't remember most of it the morning after though. I had taken time to look her over and although she wasn't quite my type, we were vibing so well. The cocktail of alcohol and desperation probably was to blame but the night was fun at the very least.

Kara wasn't thin but certainly not fat. She was probably pushing 180 lbs at most, her boobs were rather small, her tummy was mostly just bloated from the amount of alcohol she had consumed but there was a layer of adipose there that hinted at her being more prone to binge eating. Last but not least, I could tell she was curvier than most. Most of her weight seemed to settle on her thighs and hips. I was not yet graced to see her butt however I knew she was likely sitting on a glorious ass, even if it was much smaller than I'd go for.

Maybe I was too harsh in my judgement, but it was certainly something that ran through my inebriated brain.

We were asked to leave as the bar was closing, hardly even realising the time we left. Walking down the once bustling street, it was more like a ghost town at this point. I walked her to her accommodation to make sure she made it safely home before I ordered a taxi for myself. Kara

waited with me for the taxi to arrive and she exchanged numbers with me.

I don't know what I was thinking at that moment, mostly fuelled by alcohol, I accepted and just before the taxi arrived she planted her plump lips on my face and kissed me deeply before letting me get in the taxi.

Leaning backwards in the taxi, my world was spinning, and not from just the gin.

I crashed on my bed the second I walked through the door, and I woke up with the hangover from hell. Picking up my phone I had seen a message from Kara. That was the start of the continuous conversation we held throughout the day, into the next day, into a date, into the next day and so on.

I never did go back to my small town; my parents weren't happy at first but when I told them I was seeing a girl they changed their tune at the prospect of grandkids.

The summer flew by, and me and Kara saw each other as often as we could, the summer love was real. However, there was something not right in this relationship we found ourselves in.

Kara was not my type.

We had fooled around, I managed to find myself enjoying her touches and we had sex, but I wasn't really there, I just found her not doing enough for me. Even bending her over and enjoying the full expanse of her thick bottom half, it wasn't enough. I felt awful, like I was living a lie. Despite how well we got on, how much I was falling for her, I knew it wasn't right. Since we had got together she was losing weight, despite my attempts of treating her to more food.

I struggled with it for a few weeks and ultimately, with the heaviest of hearts, I broke things off. I couldn't bring myself to tell her why, it just brought too much shame to me, it made me think that if I did it would sour what we had. Citing needing to go back home, I wasn't prepared for a long-term relationship.

There were a lot of tears, and we did speak for a few weeks after, we knew that we were prolonging the inevitable.

By October there was radio silence between us.

The first day in nearly four months without waking up to a message from Kara. It was a very

sad day that turned into a sad week.

My parents noticed and although I had hoped to be out of the shop by Christmas, it was very quickly summer, and I found myself looking back at the year that had gone by and thoughts of Kara were still lingering in my mind.

No amount of porn could help, no amount of dating app matches eased the pain, she had become the “What if” girl in my life by this point.

She wasn’t a big poster on social media so I couldn’t even see her, I didn’t have it in me to message her again, lest I dredge up all the feelings again. Repression was a tried and tested method of coping, albeit a wildly unhealthy one in some cases.

July came to an end and with all the focus of Kate hitting her 250 lbs, I was adamant that I was done being this small-town boy any longer.

I went crazy on the job search; I contacted more companies than I knew had existed in the sector and after only getting a few short dismissive thank you responses I thought I was done but thankfully there was one company willing to take me on. It was a few hours away from home, but I was packed and moving within a day. I did my in-person interview a week later after having spent time couch surfing. Money was tight, the plan was cutting it more than close and I was thankfully accepted into the role and quickly made my way up the ladder.

A few months later I was transferred to a larger office and given a team to run and after a year of results I was then asked to lead an entire department. My ambition knew no bounds and I was suddenly making more than my Parent’s shop was doing in turnover a year.

I paid off all my debt, I had a nice house, and I was able to pay off my parents’ mortgage. I had struck it right with the job and I was looking at making my money go further with additional ventures.

I don’t like to toot my own horn, but I was probably what my school friends might’ve called a “Big shot” now.

Friday night, I had just finished another week of work and I was planning the next big project that the company was headed towards. It was quite time consuming but thankfully I had one

more week of planning before I was set for annual leave before starting the project upon my return.

I was making great time home and speeding down the road to my relatively secluded house when I saw a message pop up on the dashboard.

Kara

Hey Christian, it's been a while, how are you doing?

Kara...

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