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1,320 words.

<Hooked>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for three wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Seven

Unfortunately, after we fell asleep that night, which would be the end of our fun. The morning came round and despite my eager morning wood, Michelle needed to make a hasty check out as she had a flight to catch. She gave me her number and she did keep in contact for a few months but she wasn't sure when she would be back, I was left feeling discarded and only really had the memory of that night to tide me over along with a few messages she sent me with her boobs, they were normal pics except for one where she had pumped them up to be double her size, a far cry from that night but it was certainly more than decent wank material for me.

I knew we weren't a thing, there was no commitment but there was this lingering feeling of wanting that, I wanted to be with her, the fun we had that night, it kept coming back to me. The sensation of us both growing, us both enjoying each other.

I needed it.

I felt like an addict who was trying to search for that next high but despite the copious amount of breast expansion porn I watched, read and roleplayed with people, it wasn't enough. I even went so far as to look at belly expansion, it wasn't the same. The thought alone of either expansion was enough to drive me to a state of arousal, the lingering feeling of that night was so strong and I tried to relive it in my mind each night in an attempt not to let it fade from memory and fizzle into nothingness.

Going to the bar wasn't the same, I knew she wouldn't be there, I tried dating to try and get past her but how do you move past something that intense, that powerful.

Short answer, I feel like you don't.

My co-worker's had asked me to go out again, we had just landed another decent client after weeks of courting them, but celebratory drinks just made me think of Michelle. I was pretty bummed. It had been 8 months since I had seen her and yet not a day went by that I didn't think of her. The last text I had from her was 3 months back, she had said that it wasn't likely she was going to be back soon, when I had asked about coming out to see her she shot me down.

I needed to get a grip on reality, it was over.

"Drinks tonight?" Ben cheerfully said.

"Yeah, c'mon you've been a miserable bastard since that one night with Michelle. Plenty more fish out there."

They didn't get it, she wasn't a fish, she was a mermaid in the sea, a

unicorn on land, a loch ness monster, big foot and any other unique thing on this planet. Perfection embodied in human form.

I had it bad.

“Yeah... Go on...” I tried to sound chipper, but I know it didn’t come across that way, not to the boys.

We went to the same club as before; it was the usual spot for us to visit but I just couldn’t help but think back to the night I met Michelle. I nursed my pint and tried to mingle with the guys, but I just wasn’t feeling it that day.

Ben turned to me, “David?”

I shook my head, stepping out of my disassociate trance. “Huh?”

“It’s your turn to get drinks.”

“Righto.” I nodded and I dragged my feet to the bar to order some more beer.

There were a few girls here that I usually would try my luck with, but I just wasn’t ready, I wasn’t in the zone. I waited patiently by the bar and realised that I had lost count of the beers, I wasn’t feeling too drunk, and my tolerance was quite high for alcohol. I did however feel pretty bloated.

Another reminder of her...

I wasn’t feeling brave enough to take three beers back at once, so I took Ben and Richard’s, but I returned to go get mine. I worked my way through the people who had congregated there, and I bumped into a few people, finally meeting the sturdy wooden bar I felt a strange feeling. One that I hadn’t felt in 8 months.

There was a pressure in my stomach, my jeans were digging into my stomach, and my shirt was starting to show signs of strain. The swelling sensation lasted only a few seconds, and I didn't change enough visually from the outside, but I knew that I felt bigger.

What's going on...

My cock sprung to life and my eyes were wide staring at my stomach before I thought to turn around. Before I could I heard a very sensual and familiar voice.

“Long time no see, how's my favourite balloon?”

Michelle!?

I was about to turn around, desperate to see if I was right but I felt two big soft masses press into me.

Boobs.

“M-michelle?”

“Who else?” She teased, her hand reaching around my back and onto the side of my belly, she let out a soft moan into my ear. “I've missed this...”

I took a deep breath and pushed my stomach into her hand, I turned my head, trying to look over my shoulder and I could just about see some of her vast cleavage in my peripheral vision.

“I've missed this... I've missed you...” I laid it all out for her, I was vulnerable.

Her hand caressed my overly bloated gut, and she reached to my thigh, searching for my hard cock. Her fingers found it, and she wrapped them

around my shaft and gave a firm squeeze.

“I can tell...”

Another build up in my stomach and another inch or so added to my belly, my cock twitched in her palm, and she moaned.

“You certainly seem like you’re enjoying this more...” Her voice was breathy and heavy.

“Yes...” I groaned. “Take me out of here... Let’s go... Make me bigger... Make me huge...”

If my words alone could’ve made her cum, I am sure they would’ve. She pressed herself against me, her body shuddered, and she held on tight to my throbbing erection.

“My oh my... Someone has certainly opened their eyes to this stuff...” She cooed.

“I’ve been waiting for this day... For so long... I want to play our game again...”

“So *eager*,” Michelle rasped.

“I got it bad for you... You unlocked something in me that day... I’ve been dreaming about it, fantasising about it... I want to feel you grow but also... Me too...”

Finally, Michelle turned me around, being sure to bump her torso against my bulging stomach. Her boobs were as big as when I met her the first time, maybe a bit bigger. They bulged over the bra she had on and through the low-cut gap in her dress.

“Oh David...” Again, she reached for my cock, I leaned back to ensure her forearm pressed against my bulging belly.

I was rewarded with her boobs overflowing more over her bra.

“Well... I don't see why we can't play right here... You in?”

Right here? Really?

I should've felt nervous, embarrassed, I needed to tell her no. I wanted privacy, I wanted so much more than we could do here. Yet, I was so desperate, I was a bit drunk and very horny. Her deep cleavage continued to slowly swell before my eyes and my dick surged in my pants against her delicate palm.

“Yes.”

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