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by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Seven

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

I looked over her shape and saw that her boobs were much bigger, she wasn't even trying to show them, but it was impossible to hide her heavy chest that had suddenly sprouted out of nowhere almost. The thin and mostly petite woman was now sporting a hefty rack that was well packed in her thick bra, it looked very much like an old lady bra.

“Well teachers, we don't really get good pay.”

I laughed; the drink was dictating my actions more than I was. “Yeah... That's the thing...”

Her thin and almost athletic shape had morphed into something chubbier and rounder. Her cheeks were puffier, her sides were no longer concave, from her hips, they'd filled out with a pudgy that settled mostly on her middle, her stomach was sticking out but it was rather jiggly as it moved. Her hips had grown so much wider, it was like she had undergone a second puberty with all

her changes, the plus size curvy bombshell before me couldn't look farther from the thin twig that taught us math.

"Yeah, it's hard to pay the bills when you have a little one." She smiled.

*Pregnant...*

"Oh congratulations."

"Thank you." She smiled. "And you are looking good too, I can see you've kept up your physique, unlike mine."

Her arms pointed down to her fat body and specifically her post-partum stomach. I was growing hard again. Mrs Richardson was always so cute and kind to me, giving me extra tuition, I was never good at math. Seeing her like this, in a bar, when I was very drunk, I couldn't help but feel my arousal rising.

"You look great," I blurted out.

"You're just saying that. I've changed so much since having the little one..." She sounded a bit sad and dejected.

"You look great." I emphasised it, clearly my charisma was working on another level.

Surprisingly Mrs Robinson looked at me and smiled. "If I didn't know any better young man, I'd say that you are trying to flirt with your old math teacher." She chuckled, with a knowing smirk.

"What if I am?" I was too worked up; I was looking at a beautiful woman who did look great. "I'd still call you by your school yard name..."

"Oh? And what would that be..." Lowering her head into her palms, she was close to me now, her heavy eyes, despite the bags under them, were very

alluring in their own mature way.

“You know...” I blushed, my dick filling out my pants once again.

“I want to hear you say it...”

“Milfmetics.”

“You kids and your silly names, I didn’t have a child.” She smiled, clearly taking the compliment.

“Well... You do now... So now it’s truer than before.”

“James, what are you doing? You’ve come here and you are chatting me up, a frumpy old woman who hasn’t shaken her baby weight yet.” Standing up she looked at me hunched over the bar looking up at her like a disciple at an altar.

“I’m not joking Mrs R. You look incredible, if you were single, I certainly would be asking what you’re doing after your shift.” The confidence from the alcohol was oozing through every pore.

“And I’d tell you that if you were serious, I have a break in two minutes... I need to sort the girls out...” She looked down at her top, despite her bra being thick and padded, there were still spots forming on her top, her nipples thick and long pressed against the fabric. “I keep trying to stop my milk but... They won’t stop...”

There was very charged silence between me and her, I kept looking between her beautiful face, her leaking boobs and her bulging belly.

The silence was thankfully broken by the owner yelling over for “Jess” to start her break.

“Well... That’s me...” She said, her voice smouldering. “You coming?”

“Yes Jess...”

I followed the zaftig woman into the back, making sure not to be seen, I entered a room with her and turned to close the door. When I went to look at Jess, she was already topless. Her boobs rested heavily on her fat belly, it was struggling to stay in her jeans, the top she had on did a good job of hiding just how much overflow there was because of the fat she had gained from her pregnancy and was yet to lose. The stress of working two jobs didn’t give her much time to work on her figure alongside having a baby. It still looked quite firm, but it was clear that the deflation from having a baby was more than enough to make it gain a lot of movement when she moved.

Her boobs stole the show, they were in a nursing bra, or at least that is what it looked to be to me, two large flaps were on each breast, and they were dripping from milk already. The bra was not flattering at all but her tits were just too big for it so there was no way that I could ignore their sheer size and girth. Seeing her massive milky melons barely contained in the tight and unflattering bra was all I needed to become fully erect.

Standing by the door, she could clearly see the reaction, and she was in awe.

“J-James...” She cooed before she took a seat on the sofa. “Help me...” Jess released one of her still darkened nipples, large and leaking as she patted the sofa beside her.

I walked over to her, and she instructed me to lay down and rest my

head on her lap, I was not about to argue. The view was incredible, although I needed an umbrella. Her fat belly was warm against the side of my head and her boobs loomed over me like two blimps. She lowered a nipple into my mouth, and I greedily accepted it and started suckling from her engorged teat, being extra careful not to suck so hard that it caused her pain.

It didn't take long for her hand to slide down my toned body towards my throbbing cock; I could hear her mutter under her breath a few choice words about my massive dick. I couldn't think about it, I was focused on the task at hand and trying not to explode from her touch.

I don't know how long we were there, but I had finished one boob and I was onto the second. The milk was almost tasteless to my drunk mouth but I know that I was getting turned on beyond belief, again. I felt the second boob dry up and I turned my attention to her overflowing fat, I nuzzled into her belly and started gyrating my hips into her hand as I kissed and worshipped her postpartum stomach, it was still feeling firm enough for me to believe she was pregnant and I was quickly losing myself again.

I turned around and sat up, I pawed at the buttons on her jeans to gain more access to her stomach, but I could sense an apprehension in her.

*She was self-conscious.*

"Jess... This... This is beautiful..." I placed a hand on her stomach, and I saw her eyes well up, it was clear that she hadn't felt beautiful in a long time.

"T-thank you James..." She said through tears.

I was just about to undo her jeans when I heard a banging on the door.

“I need a hand.”

*Not again!*

“Shit, that’s Vernon, he’ll fire me if I don’t get out there...” Jess said under her breath as she rose to her feet, covering her nipples. “One second Vern.”

“James...” She sounded so apologetic in her tone. “I need this job...”

I nodded, my dick on the verge of explosion. I looked at her body one last time, noting at how much smaller her tits looked after I had drunk my fill from them.

*Pregnancy... Fucking crazy man...*

I laid my head back and waited for the room to slow down its spinning.

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