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<Catching Up>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

“Okay, so yeah... Things got a bit... Heated.”

“Did you fuck her?”

“Fucking hell!” I said under my breath trying to lower the tone. “Can you just... A bit less... upfront...”

She rolled her eyes and allowed me to continue.

“Yes... Yes we... had sex...”

A smirk crossed her face, and it made me feel embarrassed, like I was a kid admitting to taking some chocolate from the cupboard when I shouldn't have.

“We went back to the cars and then as we were going to part... We locked lips... I don't quite... Remember whose hand went where first but... I do know that my van is quite spacious...”

The smirk on her face only grew wider, there was an uncomfortable

silence between us, and she asked the obvious question after I didn't continue.

“So...?”

She won't let it go...

“Her boobs felt great.” I chuckled and shrugged.

“No. More than that.”

I recalled in my mind that night and I started to explain to Taliah. She wanted the detail and I knew she wouldn't stop until she got it, so I started talking.

I had been with plenty of women over the years, they were generally quite similar in terms of body type and looks, some had bigger boobs, some had bigger hips, some were a bit heavier than others but Clara was a totally unique experience for me. That kiss in the carpark, I can remember the chill of the wind against my body, I was still feeling the warmth of the restaurant being stripped from me by each lashing of the wind but the second I felt her body against mine it felt like I was transported to somewhere warm, cosy and safe from the elements.

There was a strange tightness to her body that I had not felt before. It wasn't like Michelle who was plump, it wasn't the same as Sophia who was most certainly plus size. There was this firm pushback from her stomach that was enticing, alluring and all together exciting.

From the moment my hand ran over the curve of her hips, I knew where this was headed. Her tongue entered my mouth, and I felt her pulling at me, almost like she wanted to take me right there in the car park. My hand took

this as a sign to feel the rest of her body. Bringing my hand to her face as we made out was a play I often used. It made her moan into my open mouth, I drew my fingertips down her neck, before breaking the kiss so I could kiss the opposite side of her neck. My hand carried on down to her boobs and I could immediately tell they were real. In my palms they felt heavy and firm. I hadn't felt boobs like that before, my brain kept thinking they must've been filled with milk, but I was not really sure that is how it worked.

Again, comparing her to women I had been with before, they didn't feel like fat boobs, soft and yielding to my digits, they were firmer, but not like some of the perky girls I had felt up over the years. There was a difference in that they felt like they had been filled with something, that their growth was because of this filling, not because of natural size.

Obviously I had felt her stomach against my midsection, and I knew I needed to touch it. Most girls would've been shy, nervous, maybe even pulled me away from touching their stomachs. Clara was not that type of woman. At the time I was shocked that she let my hand drift down from her bust to the very upper swell of her belly, how it jutted out from her otherwise fairly thin torso. My hand was forced to move with the projection of her stomach. I noted again, how tight her stomach felt, there was a difference between it pressed against my body vs my hand now against the rounded protrusion.

It was warm, my hand wasn't sinking into her belly like it was some soft flesh, it was like there was something inside keeping her full and taut. Like she was pregnant. It was always a dream of mine to feel a pregnant belly, I would

be lying if I said that pregnant women weren't a big tick in my eyes, I couldn't quite bring myself to admit that to Taliah but the smirk she had on her face as I was talking about Clara's stomach made me think she knew.

She always was way more perceptive than my dumb ass...

Clara's stomach was much bigger than I had thought, my hand found so much surface area, so much firm flesh beneath I was in shock at how she was this big in just 10 days. Clara's hand joined mine on her belly and she seemingly was enjoying her girth. Her size made me think that there was no way she could've hidden this, not even the best corset in the world could hide something this big and monumental.

It didn't matter though. I kissed and rubbed her stomach and despite the frigid cold, I was more than ready to meet her desperation to do it right then and there. That wasn't a good idea, but I knew what was.

The perks of owning a van.

I had got it for my birthday from my parents, a converted van into a camper, something I had always loved, even from when I was a kid, I would always ask my parents to get one so we could go camping in it more often, whilst they weren't willing to get one themselves, they were happy to pay for one for my 21st birthday. A few years on and I had kept it in good condition, I was happy with how spacious it was, but I was aware that someone in Clara's condition might not find it as spacious and homely.

I wasn't sure if the date would result in a lot of drink, but I had thought ahead and converted the seats in the back into a bed, in case I needed to spend

the night there sobering up before driving. This meant that when I opened the side door Clara immediately understood.

We climbed in and she got me to lay down, and I watched in awe as she lifted her dress up, slowly, a deliberate tease showing me the underside of her stomach before covering it up again. It was something that, in hindsight, made me think she was testing to see if I was put off by her stomach or not.

My body language, coupled with my erection, probably gave her enough reason to continue to strip off. Her dress came up and I saw her boulder-like stomach come into the open, it was free from any stretchmarks, something I hadn't anticipated based on her rapid change of size. It was just so found and spherical that I could say that it was a pregnant belly, there was no doubt in my mind at that moment.

I didn't question how she might be this pregnant in only a few days, I just watched as she continued to take her dress off, in her bra and panties she was on the edge of the bed, there was a required effort to shift her bulk to move towards me, leaning forward letting me look between her swollen tits.

I was so captivated by her show that I hadn't even made an attempt to remove my clothes. I can remember hearing my heart thumping in my ears, my dick ready for what was about to come. Her heavy stomach crashed onto my legs, and she dragged it up my shins to my knees as she crawled up my body. Stopping only briefly at my cock to pull it out and lower her plump lips to it.

“Okay dude, that's plenty of detail... Let me just take a sec...”

“Oh, but I wasn't done.” I smirked at her, turning the tables abruptly on

her.

“I think I got it from there...”

“No, seriously... There is more... We met back up 6 days after that...”

The disengaged look was quickly dispelled, and she was sat up like a meerkat on a burrow.

“What’s significant about that...” Taliah’s voice trailed off, she knew what I was going to say before I even opened my mouth.

“She was bigger...”

“What do you mean! Six days? Have you been hit in the head? How much bigger?” Her words were forming quicker than her mouth could process.

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