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<Thick as Thieves: No Nut November 2>

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## Chapter Six

The thought stayed with me all night, obviously her very chesty friend killed the mood with her noises of heaving in the toilet and Brigid was sworn to keep an eye on her best friend so it only made sense that she would usher me out to “enjoy the rest of the party” but truth be told, the party was not something I was even remotely interested in after what I had just gone through.

I was desperately horny, I knew I could’ve picked up some other girl at that place, but the thought of Brigid was glued into my head, I wasn’t about to just sleep with some drunk girl because my dick wanted some action.

Although my dick was a concern to me, I had to stuff it into my pants, and it took 25 minutes for it to even go soft. I walked out of Brigid’s back into the party with the boys. Jonesy and Gregggy were at the door and wanting to make a sharp exit, apparently Jonesy was accused of harassing a girl.

Instead of doing the sensible thing and going home, instead we went out and got hammered. Something I was sure to regret in the morning. The places

we went there were so many people, loud noises but thankfully enough alcohol to numb my surroundings. There was one thing left in my head.

Brigid.

At one-point Greggy had set Jonesy up for a lap dance, just to see if he could break him. It almost worked actually, I didn't care about the game, seeing as I almost broke it not a few hours ago.

*Whatever... She would've been worth it...*

Greggy and Jonesy spent a lot of time just trying to get each other to break while I drank to myself. I did notice though a few women were spying my dick when they could. Despite not being erect it was definitely bigger when I was soft than normal.

*I'll need to get it checked or something...*

Then a thought came over me.

*What if I ask Brigid to check it out...*

My cock started to grow once again in my pants; I was getting hard. I was too drunk to care to stop it and certainly I was too horny to bother to even consider doing anything about it.

"Hey there... See something you like?" A soft and feminine voice took me by surprise, I had been staring off into space, and I must've looked like I was staring at this woman.

There was nothing wrong with her, not at all, in fact, if it hadn't been for Brigid I would've probably made a move. She was a bit short and she had a chubby middle but it looked good, her boobs were pretty big, especially as they

were propped up by a balcony bra that was doing some serious graft to get her tits looking that good.

“Oh hey... Sorry I was just...”

“Oh my god... You’re fucking huge...” The girl was probably far drunker than I, she stared openly at my dick and gawked.

Before I could stop her from doing anything she touched it, her hand was on it, feeling if it was real. Instinctively I flexed my cock and she screamed.

“Oh, my fucking gawd!”

I wasn’t liking this attention, I slid up and she tried to stop me.

“I’ve got to see it... Holy shit...” She started to mash her tits together to try and get a rise out of me.

“No... I...” I couldn’t even really turn her down with any serious conviction because I was far too gone myself.

Reaching forward to put my hands on her waist, I collided with her generous pudgy middle.

“My tits are up here.”

“It’s okay, I was go-”

The drunken girl cut me off and tried to play along with whatever game she had made up in her head. “You like fat chicks?”

The phrase hit me so off guard I raised an eyebrow and froze.

“Shit hang on...” I saw her fiddle with her dress and without much more warning I saw her chubby middle push out and swell as she let herself relax somewhat. “Shapewear...”

I was stunned, it was my turn to gawk at how round her stomach looked thanks to the shapewear that she only managed to push down over her stomach, it was bunched at the base of her belly and it actually made it look bigger and rounder. A deadly combo for me right now.

“Big enough?” She pleaded. “Come on...”

I couldn't quite believe it. I was understandably, very horny from the events of earlier, the woman before me looking a few months pregnant herself, some unknown kink I had not realised I even had was now showing itself again for the second time in a single day. My dick was trying to tear right out of my pants, I couldn't resist putting my hand on her bulging belly, still covered by her dress.

The tautness, the feeling of her stomach, was drunk enough to believe whatever she was doing was making her feel more like Brigid. I moaned as she started to stroke my shaft.

*What the fuck is going on...*

It was not me, at all, yet here I was, leaning into it. That's when I felt a hand on my back.

“C'mon Hench, Jonesy is going to get us kicked out.” It was Gregg, he barely paid attention to what was happening, but it was enough of a pull that I slid off the chair leaving the very worked up woman staring longingly at my pants.

Denied again, not that I wanted to this time, I found myself edged by circumstance and I was struggling to hold onto my sanity. This time we found

ourselves at a pub, a much quieter affair, we had just made it in time to get locked in.

The night had already been so long, I was so worked up, Jonesy wasn't doing so well and Greggy was in his evil villain phase of his life apparently. I was just glad that he didn't notice what I was doing with that girl.

The pub was one we had gone to a few times, it was a quiet place, Jonesy picked it because he knew it was full of oldies, day drinkers for the most part and today wasn't much of an exception. He was hoping that Greggy couldn't find someone here to break him.

I let them go play pool, I choose to sit at the bar, alone with my thoughts. The bar was owned by a great guy that usually was a great guy to just chat shit with but he wasn't there today, there was a woman, probably around her mid-thirties at a guess, her red hair was in a ponytail and she was quick on her feet at the other end of the bar, I wasn't in a rush to get another drink in me, I was already far too gone, I should've turned in but alas the drinking life was for me when I went out with these two.

*Shame T isn't here... He's a good hang...*

The woman made her way over to me and again I wasn't paying enough attention so when she was asking me what to drink I was taken aback by the question.

"I'll have a..."

"James?? Is that you?" The woman almost erupted with excitement.

"Look at you!"

“Mrs Richardson?” I was shocked.

Mrs Richardson was my math teacher in school, she was quite young on the staff, but time had moved on, and she was now rapidly headed towards 40 but she still looked as pretty and beautiful as ever. It wasn't her face though that I was glued to, in the years since I had last seen her it was apparent that she had undergone a transformation of sorts. She was no longer the thin and preppy woman from before, she had clearly aged, she looked a bit worn down but her body was looking something else.

*Fertile...*

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