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1,621 words.

<Thick as Thieves: No Nut November 2>

by <Growing Desires>

### Chapter Three

I watched the very beautiful and questionably rotund girl waddle to the bathroom.

*Shit... What do I do?*

I had lots of questions entering my skull, I couldn't help but think of what it might mean if I were to stay here, if I were to wait for her return and continue to talk to her.

*Did I want to date her?*

My mind was filled with thoughts that usually I don't deal with.

*Do I want to fool around with her...*

I didn't know myself, I couldn't stop thinking. It wasn't a bad thing, in fact, it was a good thing because it turned out that being paralysed by the fear of the choice I was needing to make was a blessing as she waddled back over to me on the sofa.

I couldn't help myself now, I kept staring, looking over her body, noticing the subtle changes that usual pregnant women go under. It was the belly that took the cake though. She was rather big, I had no idea how far along she was, but I would guess she was well into the final trimester.

The fabric of her dress, potentially a maternity dress, was stretched and it almost made the fabric see through. I felt a bit of excitement when I saw her skin beneath the surface. The way it almost glowed, she looked so good, like she was made to be pregnant, like a fertile deity of some kind. I honestly found myself just staring at Brigid and her bulging middle.

I wasn't subtle, or I couldn't have been, I could tell with the frown on her face and the way she threw herself onto the sofa next to me.

"It's okay... Go on..." She sounded defeated, given up on a fight that I had no idea had even occurred. "You can say whatever... You can leave... I get it..." I thought I saw her eyes tear up. "This isn't really... Talk to guy material..."

I reached over and placed my hand on her thigh, a recurring theme of the night apparently. "Brigid... I meant what I said..."

My words threw her into an outburst of tears. I hadn't even really finished my point, but she knew what I was getting at. Pregnancy hormones were obviously sending her feelings awry. I did what I think any partially intoxicated person would do. I reached out and wrapped my giant arms around her and held her in a hug. Certainly, something a sober version of myself wouldn't do.

I just held her there for a few seconds or it might've been minutes, I honestly don't know, she was warm and it felt comforting to hold her in my arms. I could smell her shampoo with her head nuzzled into my shoulder. Brigid finally calmed herself down and we broke the embrace, looking at me with teary eyes she smiled and almost cried again but she managed to laugh it off.

"Sorry... I'm just used to being left alone... Since... Ya know..." Brigid pointed at her belly and looked sad again.

"I don't get why, because you are still you..."

"Well, most guys don't want me, they want a body and a body like this... Well... Not the most appealing, is it?"

"I think you probably just talk to apes then, only wanting your body." I said jokingly, but with enough seriousness in my words that hopefully made her feel better.

Brigid burst into laughter and despite the ugly crying she had been doing minutes prior, she looked so beautiful and cute bouncing away with her laughter, her bump jiggling and shaking from the movement of her diaphragm.

"And I think you look beautiful..." The alcohol in my system was removing my filter, and I wasn't sure if that was a good thing.

Brigid's eyes went wide, and I saw a blush creeping over her cheeks. "E... Even like this?"

"Just because you're pregnant, doesn't mean you aren't beautiful anyway, but honestly, you look great like this. You are glowing."

She punched me in the arm. “Glowing? Really?” She seemed a little annoyed by that comment. “Everyone says I'm ‘glowing’”.

“Hey! Do you punch everyone who gives you a compliment?”

“Glowing is such a cop out.” Brigid seemed more than a little annoyed.

“Fine, I think you look great, amazing, beautiful. I saw you sitting alone and I saw next to you, you were on your phone, and I didn’t see your beauty until you looked up. You are so pretty, your hazel eyes and so kind and alluring. I think there are so many women who would kill to have lips as beautiful and sexy as yours.”

I took a second, realising that I had just called her sexy and I had known her for less than thirty minutes. Brigid was quiet, uncharacteristically.

*Fuck it... Here we go...*

“Your laugh, your smile, I was hooked from that moment, and I wanted to stay with you from that moment, I am very glad I did. You stood up and I have to say, your body is incredible, bump too. You look amazing, you hold it so well.”

“Go on...” Brigid said, waiting on every word from me.

“Uhhh... You sure?”

“Please.” It was as pleading as it was commanding.

“I mean... You’re very curvy, I guess pregnancy has made your hips wider and they look great...” I was starting to worry I was going to offend her or ruin it.

“What about my boobs?” Brigid was desperate for my appreciation.

“Brigid...” I said, a little shocked.

“Oh, come on, that is usually the one thing I can count on... I mean look at them.” Without much warning she placed her hands under her bust and hefted them, clearly displaying them for me to look at.

They were sizable, the dress really minimised them, it wasn't open at all, it covered her girls up very well so I couldn't really even see their size until she lifted them up for me to gawk at. She wasn't as big as the girl Greggy was pointing out earlier but Brigid did have a sizable pair of tits. Pregnancy likely helped there and pushed her from her old size up to these E cups, at a guess.

“Guys usually go ga-ga for them now they've grown a few sizes...”

“They... Well, they do look great...” I murmured, a bit on the back foot now.

“Great? Is that all I get?” She teased.

*Is she real?*

I was struggling to keep up with her, but I wasn't enjoying being the one on the back foot, she was adept at pushing buttons and wanting more.

“I'll be honest.” I started, Brigid let go of her boobs, they bounced against her stomach, and she held her head in her hand, as if asking me to carry on. “I didn't really see your boobs...”

“Great start...”

*Blowing it!*

“Not because they were bad!”

Her eyebrow raised.

“I was too focused on this...” I reached out and gestured to her stomach. Before Brigid’s face could drop I moved my hand forward and made contact with her taut stomach. “This, you might see it as something bad, something ugly or whatever. I don’t.” Deep breath. “I see this as beautiful, feminine... Sexy...”

I left it hanging in the air for a few seconds; Brigid was completely caught off guard.

“I just love it.” I moved my hand over the surface lightly. “You look like the embodiment of a goddess.”

I wasn’t touching too much, I was just lightly tracing my hand over her and too stunned, Brigid didn’t know what to do or say. She can’t have encountered a response like this before, at least not from someone who was attracted to her.

“You’re lying...” Brigid broke the silence.

“Not at all. I happen to think pregnancy is beautiful.”

“So, you have a kink or something?” She was trying to understand.

“No, I’m not hitting up lamaze classes to try and get some tail, I like people, who they are, a pretty face even. I just happen to think that you looking like this isn’t a turn off in the slightest.”

“You’re a unique guy...”

“Well, unique or not, I sure am glad I sat next to you tonight.”

Brigid was swooning at my words, she looked so taken aback and unable to understand how to process this, it wasn’t something she was used to,

obviously. I went to pull my hand back and carry on the conversation as normally as I could but I felt her tight grip on my wrist, I looked down and then back up to her and in that brief moment her face had changed. I was no longer staring at the confused and swooning women of a few seconds ago, I was instead staring at a predator.

“Don’t stop, it feels so nice...” Her words were soft but there was an undertone of firmness that I did not want to go against.

I returned my hand to her clothed bump and rubbed it softly on the sofa at this party. I hadn’t even remotely thought about anyone else here since I sat down, I didn’t care if anyone saw me rubbing the pregnant girl’s belly on the sofa. Thankfully being someone of my size, I didn’t ever really get any comments on my actions.

*Fear of my stature...*

“I think maybe we should go somewhere...”

*What?*

“I have never had anyone touch my belly... As thin as this dress is...”  
Brigid was red faced and breathing quicker. She didn’t have anything else to say, it almost felt like she couldn’t say anything else. “I live across the hall.”  
She blurted out.

“Let’s go...”

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