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1,384 words.

<Thick as Thieves: No Nut November 2>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

We made our way out, hitting our normal few spots before we were invited back to a party at someone's flat. Bars and clubs weren't really my thing, far too loud and in your face, I much preferred the slightly quieter setting of a house party. Lots more conversation and that was what I liked about nights out, certainly not the dancing or karaoke.

My lanky ass dancing... I'd be a virgin if I was a bird of paradise needing to dance for a mate.

The party was still quite loud, it was a multiple flat party, we almost had the whole floor taken over.

God bless the last flat on the floor...

I tried not to think about it as I mingled with the people at the party. My body made me stand out for women, quite often, I was a big guy, I stood out. That coupled with my muscles and general physique, I knew a lot of women saw me as a catch. I never leveraged it really, I wanted a connection, not some

one-night stand like Jonesy would seek out so often.

Looking over the crowd, I could see Jonesy in the kitchen getting another drink, Greggy was in his ear pointing at a particularly busty chick in the other room. To be fair, she wasn't really wearing a top and her tits sat high on her chest, extremely perky and rather large.

Must be surgery...

Not really my thing but there was no denying that she had huge boobs. I let those two wind each other up and I slinked into one of the living rooms, it was quieter than the rest of the place, thankfully the speakers were set up in the kitchen. The vibe here was a lot more laid back, much more my speed. A few groups of people were talking to one another, laughing, chuckling and the drinks were flowing. I saw a spot on the sofa next to a girl on her own.

I walked towards the free space and looked over at the girl as I did so. My confidence was high; I wasn't always so extroverted as to just sit next to a stranger but that is the effect of some alcohol. I sat beside the woman and took in her figure.

She hadn't looked up from her phone yet so I could only see that she was a brunette with past shoulder length hair, it was slightly curly, so she had large, long ringlets that looked very beautiful. She was in a thin and stretchy material dress, looked to be quite long, probably down to her ankles if I were to guess, I couldn't really see much else because she sat hugging a pillow against herself, just her phone between her and the pillow.

"Hey..." I spoke up, the liquid courage doing wonders for me.

The girl's face looked up from her phone, and I was blown away with how beautiful she looked. There was a glow about her, her cheeks were a bit puffy, and her lips were plump, but she looked like a model otherwise. Her hazel eyes matched her hair and her skin looked so smooth and soft that I could've reached out and touched it.

Steady on...

"Oh hey..." She sounded a bit flat; her demeanour did not match her beauty.

"James, nice to meet you..." I left a gap for her to answer.

I liked to use my real name where I could, if she were to become something more in my life, she could learn my nickname then. I felt that my nickname, if I said it, made me feel like I was big headed, and that just wasn't me.

"Brigid." Her voice was still flat but there was a softness to it underneath.

"What a beautiful and unique name."

"Yeah... My dad's side is from Ireland so..."

"Well, a very stunning name, I can certainly say that I have never met a Brigid before."

"Now you can say you have." Her tone was quite dismissive, like she didn't want to be bothered.

Probably why the seat was empty in the first place.

"So, you're in university too?" I asked, wanting to know about this girl.

“Sorta...” She seemed a bit away with the fairies for a moment. “I’m going to have to hit pause on my academics...”

“Oh why?”

Brigid’s eyes widened for a second, almost as if she was shocked I had asked the question.

“Oh... Uhh... Nothing...”

A perfectly normal question...

“Okay...” I paused. Feeling like the conversation was already drying up, not wanting to give up on this beauty, I carried on.

“So, you live local normally or did you travel?”

“Ugh... James... I’m not really... Not really one for this small talk... Why don’t you try chatting up someone else...”

“Hey. I’m not here to chat you up Brigid.” I said with a bit more of a stern tone than I was aiming for. Although she seemed to appreciate that more I think. “I like talking to people, I saw you here alone and I wanted to have a chat.”

“Hmmm....” Her tone was dismissive, like she had been burned too often by men at parties.

“I don’t know what assholes tend to talk to you but I’m not one of them.” I stopped and thought for a second. “Although... I guess they would say the same...”

She laughed; the first time I had seen a positive expression on her face. “Yeah.” She giggled. “Let me guess, I have to believe you because you’re ‘the

real deal” She burst into laughter.

“Yeah, honest James, they call me.”

She was laughing rather hard now, matching the noise in the room.

“Well, honest James, stop this small talk crap. Talk to me about something interesting.” Brigid placed her elbow on the pillow and rested her chin in it. “And I swear if you pick football, I’m walking.”

“Well... I guess I don’t mention that I am a goalkeeper for the local club.” We both laughed in unison.

The smile she had was more than infectious, she had a tough exterior but breaking through like this made me appreciate the smile even more. She was so beautiful, I didn’t want to do anything with her but every second I looked into those amazing eyes, the more I did.

Maybe the challenge was getting to me...

I cast the thought from my mind and continued to talk to Brigid. “I’m only really part of the team because of my mates. I’m sorta big so they threw me in goals.”

“Football talk...” She pretended to gesture to get up.

“Hey, hang about.” I placed my hand on her thigh, an invasion of space that a sober me wouldn’t have made. I froze and she looked at me with a scowl.

“James.”

“I’m sorry!” I blurted out and retracted my hand. “I blame the drink... I just...”

“Just what?” She looked intrigued that I seemed to suggest there was

more to that answer.

“I just didn’t want you to go...”

Brigid analysed me for a few seconds before she nodded. “I believe you.”

There was an awkward pause before she added. “So... You wanted another chance, just to sit in silence?”

“No! I’m not usually this un-charismatic.” I nervously laughed.

“Oh, just maybe in the presence of a girl?”

I blushed and looked flustered. Brigid picked up on it and smiled.

“You’re pretty cute, that is more than what I can say for most of the guys at parties like these.” She placed her hand on my thigh, seemingly unaverred by the breach of my personal space, I certainly didn’t mind. “I think you’ve earned some more time with me.” Brigid chuckled. “But I’ve got to go for a pee... Just seems like it’s all the time recently.”

I didn’t understand her comment until she moved the pillow and stood up. Usually I was the one to tower over people but now I was looking up at Brigid, her body standing up above me I was shocked, I hid it well I think but there was no hiding what I was staring at.

A big round belly.

Her voice was no longer flat; she had a sultry tone now. “I’ll be back... Don’t move...”

She’s pregnant?

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