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1,130 words.

<Catching Up>

by <Growing Desires>

### Chapter Three

“Look...”

I showed my phone and there she was, bigger, far bigger than before. It felt impossible even to me and I was the one there taking the picture.

“What the fuck...” Taliah was in utter disbelief; it was hard to blame her.

On my phone screen was a picture of Clara, gigantic wasn't a good enough descriptor. The next date was actually in her house, she was housebound since she had been going through these changes, it was something she was feeling a bit self-conscious about but she was still pretty happy to see me which I guess just told me that I was very flattering of her figure.

The picture was taken when I had a similar reaction to Taliah, my jaw probably hung even lower than hers. She was standing in the doorway, her belly was in danger of touching both sides when she looked at me from the front, she obviously was very amused with my reaction so she told me that I should take a picture, that it'll last longer.

I don't know if anyone has ever said that and the other person has actually taken a picture. Taliah was very accommodating and let me snap that one little pic.

"Details." Clara said bluntly, taking a big swig from her coffee.

So, I started, glossing over the texts and exchanges over the days prior to us meeting up. Certainly, speeding through the parts where there were late night texting sessions, and the photos that she had sent me. Although they didn't show everything I could tell that she was certainly growing bigger.

The details I was focusing on were the details of our next meeting. I recalled that I had knocked on the door and then she opened it in her pyjamas, which was meant to be a very loose-fitting top and trousers that were soft and stretchy. Ultimately they didn't fare too well against that promise as her body had just grown that far by this point. Her belly was far bigger than someone 9 months pregnant now, it had only been six days since I had seen her already generous bump which had now blown up into a sphere. A sphere fully on show, the top had barely enough give to hold back her massive breasts at this point, and her stomach.

There were still no blemishes, it was incredible, the whole thing was to be honest, but I wasn't questioning it, certainly not when I was that horny from setting one eye on her gravid form. Her belly was big, round and wide. It stuck out some distance, but it didn't look obscene, if anything it sort of sat right on her body, it didn't make too much sense to me.

Her whole body had morphed somehow to accommodate her gravid size,

her stomach was just so dominant on her form that it caused me to lock up and stare.

*She was inhuman at that size...*

She had invited me in, and I just stared as she shifted her whole body around, turning away to lead me into the other room. I spared some of the inner thoughts I had from Taliah but from the look on her face, I knew she knew.

*She always was so damn perceptive.*

“So... What did you do?” Taliah swirled her coffee cup knowingly, her tone was teasing, I felt a familiar blush spread over my cheeks as she pushed me for more information, I felt the dynamic of the conversation fall into a similar position of power where I was at her behest.

*How does she do this every time...*

I didn't really mind, just talking it out loud was sometimes a bit harder to do when someone was sitting a few feet away from you.

“Well... I followed her in...”

“You said that part already...” Taliah had a smirk but a firmness in her tone that suggested she wasn't about to let me circle her around.

“Okay, so we get in and...”

I continued on with the story from where I had previously cut off. Noting at how Taliah listened intently to how I described Clara's gravid form.

Clara sat down on the sofa, and I swear I heard it almost give out, the heavy orb crashing against the strut that held the front up. The leaning back

into the soft cushion only made her stomach angle upwards and make it look all the larger. It was a perfect sphere, no blemishes, just a round fleshy orb, it sounded gross but to me I was staring at something so unique, so divine that I couldn't stop my lower jaw from hanging.

Clara could see the fascination in my eyes, and she wanted to see how far she could push it again.

“Getting... Pretty big...” She said nonchalantly. “You have got to wonder just how big I'll get...”

Her words threw my mind into an overactive frenzy of thought.

*What if she got bigger...*

The thought consumed me, I looked down at the monumental woman and surmised that there was just absolutely no way she could, she would burst, surely. The babies would come out; there would need to be some sort of an intervention.

Yet.

The skin looked like it could still continue to stretch, to grow, to expand. There was a warmth, a softness, a glow about her that, like a moth to flame, it drew me in. I didn't even realise that my hands were on her stomach until I heard the next words from her.

“Bold today? Aren't we?”

I had been staring at the upper crest of her belly, and the words shook me from my trance. I looked down at the reason for the warmth I felt on my fingers, realising that I had started touching her skin. I lifted my eyes up and

over the horizon of her stomach and I saw her face; there was a flushed look about her and only after I had locked eyes did she make the next move.

“These...” She pulled at the hem of her pyjama shirt. “Have grown too...”

There was a thwack that was fleshy in nature, and I had to straighten myself up a bit more to see that she had just released her boulders from their top. Her nipples were dark and looked painfully erect. A small dribble of liquid was on the bottom of each of them. Clara pushed her hands together against the boobs that had now surpassed her head in size. The soft flesh yielded somewhat, their tautness from the milk that had engorged them meant they weren't quite as pliable as I was expecting.

Her nipples were offered up to me and my eyes went wide.

She cooed “Put that mouth to use...”

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