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10,445 words.

<Inquisitive>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 1

“Tom, come on! It’s time to get up” Amy knocked on her younger brother’s door.

She heard very little movement from inside, the 18-year-old looked at her watch and saw that he was already ten minutes over.

“Careful Tom, I might have to come in there and *eat you!*”

Amy could hear her brother giggling inside.

Such a funny kid.

“OH KAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT” She pretended to sound like a monster.

With a swift swing she opened the door and with large over exaggerated steps she stomped in the room.

“*Where* is he?” She yelled.

Tom was rustling under the covers and laughing.

“I can *smell* him in here....” She teased. “Over by the wardrobe?” Amy audibly sniffed; Tom giggled in response.

“Hmmm noooo” A few big stomps and she crossed the room. “By the toy box?” She rustled some toys that were sticking out the top.

“Where is he.... *OH!*” Amy then leapt onto the bed.

The bed creaked from the weight of Amy’s body now pressing down on the wooden frame. Her body had changed drastically over the last few months. For some reason she had gained a massive amount of weight, her appetite had increased but she had gained well over 50lbs in two months. Her body had morphed into something wholly unrecognisable. Amy was a stereotypical goth, she had black straight hair, pale skin and had a very close attachment to the colour black. She used to have B cup breasts which she downplayed, and she wasn’t curvy at all, her thin frame would be described as a beanpole by most people when she was in school. Her face was very pretty, almost too pretty to be classified as a goth by most people’s estimations however she wasn’t really about that extroverted life. Plus, she loved metal music, always had pretty much, her raging apathy for chart toppers drove her down a deeper rabbit hole of heavier songs.

That however is the past, now the 130lb girl had swollen, literally, into a 200lb blimp. Her breasts had bulged up towards solid D’s and they sat heavily on her frame, the growth was so sudden that she didn’t even have bra’s that fit so she mostly went around braless, however that was becoming harder and harder as this strange growth continued. Amy’s hips had widened as did her ass thicken. She now had curves, she wasn’t pleased about this but there was a hint of something when she did catch her now larger butt or bosom in the mirror. However, there was something else that had seen a bigger change. Amy’s stomach, formerly flat, was now a massive beach ball in size that stuck off her torso. Massive didn’t describe it accurately, in two months she looked like she had literally swallowed a cannon ball. Her stomach was taut and round in appearance, it wasn’t too tight to touch but it was heavy. It was the biggest contributing factor to her weight gain, probably 40 of the 50lbs that now weighed heavily on the bed.

“I. Feel. Something!” Amy roared, her little brother giggling uncontrollably as she wrapped her hands around his ankle under the quilt.

“Nooo! Noo!” Tom laughed and screamed.

With a swift yank, the duvet was off of Tom, and she was looming over him.

“Got you!” Amy put head to his stomach and started to blow raspberries on his stomach.

“Aaah!” Tom was in hysterics laughing.

She let up after a few seconds of tickling. “Time to get up!”

“I can’t.” He said.

“Why not?” Amy gave a quizzical look.

“Your tummy is on my legs.” He prodded the giant orb.

“Oh sorry.” Amy blushed before jumping up as quickly as she was able.

“Amy.”

“Yes?”

“Why do you have such a big tummy now?” Tom asked innocently.

Amy looked down at her orb and placed a hand on the top of its swollen form.

“Oh, I don’t know Tom, I think it might’ve been all the kids I’ve eaten who didn’t get up when I asked them too!” She licked her lips and started to edge nearer to Tom.

He quickly screamed and rushed out of the room.

“Brush your teeth!” Amy shouted as her little brother giggled out the room.

Amy took a second to prod her gigantic stomach.

Why do I have such a big tummy...

She huffed and hefted herself off the bed into a standing position. Looking down Amy was unable to see anything under her globular stomach. She had outgrown most of her clothes and at the rate she had grown she was unable to afford new clothes. Since turning 18 her parents made her pay her way with things like that, she had a job, and it was pretty good for paying for drinks at the local bars and putting petrol in her car but it wasn’t enough to pay for a whole new wardrobe every week almost. So, she resorted to wearing the clothes that used to reveal her pale and small tummy. The view was

astounding to most, to see such a huge round stomach just out and exposed like that, it would take most people by surprise.

Her hand rested on the top of the skin on top of her belly, and she gave it a little rub. Amy turned her head to the side and looked at her jutting stomach, her hand lovingly placed on the top she couldn't help but think.

I look almost... Pregnant...

Chapter 2

Waddling across the landing, the lingering thought of her thesis running wild in her skull. She was in a daze; Amy felt her stomach bounce on her frame and almost caused her to stumble an extra step or two because of the inertia of her bump.

But... I couldn't be...

Amy wasn't a virgin, when she turned 18, she was dating a guy who she had been seeing for a while. Losing her virginity was a relatively nice experience but the relationship had faded in the following months. Nearly turning 19 at this point, Amy had only started to grow past the 9-month mark since having sex. It just didn't add up to her.

Focusing on the task at hand, she guided her belly into the bathroom and could see her brother on a stool brushing his teeth.

He was so good.

Their parents had gone away for a week on a work trip. Now that Amy was 18, they felt more than comfortable to leave Tom in her capable hands. They were mildly concerned about the changes that their daughter was going through but they were so busy working and when they saw her, she was usually eating a lot, so they chalked it up to overeating.

“Oh, there is my big boy! Brushing his teeth all on his own!” Amy waddled over to him.

Her stomach couldn't allow her to get too close to the sink because of the protrusion, Tom turned his head to the side and looked over the crest of her stomach and up to her face. He enthusiastically brushed his teeth and smiled.

"Good boy, Tom." She ruffled his hair.

There was a loud rumble and Amy's belly shook visibly, this had started last month, halfway through her growth. She had grown insatiable, and her stomach demanded more sustenance.

"What's for breakfast?" Tom said wide eyed. "I don't want to be eaten for real."

Amy giggled and looked at him with a grin. "Best get downstairs quick then."

Tom screamed and laughed as he ran down the stairs.

So much energy...

Amy was lacking in that department, the added weight slowed her down, easing herself down the stairs was an ordeal now. Arriving in the kitchen she could see Tom was obediently sitting at the table. Amy had whipped up some bacon and pancakes for herself, it was still warm. She looked at Tom who was giddily looking at the smaller stack to the side.

Picking up both plates, she jiggled over to the table and placed her plate opposite Tom and then the small stack before Tom.

Amy used the side of her hand to obscure her mouth and leaned in towards Tom. "Don't tell Mum or Dad..."

Tom mimed, zipping his mouth shut.

"Good." Amy reached into the cupboard and pulled out some maple syrup and raised an eyebrow at Tom.

He nodded. "As long as you don't tell Mom or Dad."

"Secret's safe with me." She gave an exaggerated wink to her younger brother before unleashing a torrent of sticky goop onto the pancakes.

Plopping her larger behind onto the seat opposite, she winced as her stomach hit the edge of the

table. Rubbing it to soothe the pain she was once again reminded at the sheer size of her stomach; she was barely able to reach its entire circumference. Quickly distracting herself from the huge orb resting between her thighs, she picked up her fork and plunged it into the soft and fluffy pancake, being sure to dip it in some of the pooled maple syrup around the base of the stack.

Tom had two pancakes and two rashers of bacon, Amy by comparison had nine pancakes and 12 rashers of bacon, the rest of the pack. The stack was huge, Tom had seen his sister's appetite increase over the weeks, but he didn't think to question it, he just enjoyed the nice things he was now allowed to do that his parents weren't around.

Amy rapidly consumed the stacks of pancakes and bacon, mere minutes the stack lasted, she even licked the plate of the syrup that the pancake wasn't able to pick up due to already being saturated. Despite the huge amount of food she had just consumed she was still hungry, her stomach was still aching for more. Amy would've made more food if it wasn't for the time and the fact that Tom had finished his food. Her stomach had visibly swollen from the meal, her fingers softly danced over the surface under the table. Tom looked over at his bloated sister and smiled.

"Done." He smiled, his mouth still chewing some of the contents of his last forkful.

"Good, let's get you ready for school then champ!"

Tom was a lot more compliant with Amy, mostly because of what she let him get away with, he just was more agreeable to her requests. Amy waddled out of the house and Tom jumped into his booster seat in her car. Amy had to buckle him in, in doing so her stomach was pressed against the side of his seat and it bulged over to his legs. He let out an exaggerated groan.

"It's gobbling me up!" Tom joked, poking the taut surface of her stomach.

Amy had to stifle a burp from his prods. After making sure the clasp was clicked in, she removed her heavy belly from his legs and sat herself in the driver's seat. Since her growth she had to have the seat pushed all the way back but even now it wasn't enough, her arms were struggling to reach

the wheel, but her belly was not, it would catch on the wheel through the movement of her body when driving.

“Do they make bigger cars?” Tom asked.

“I suppose they do, why?”

“Your tummy looks like it needs another seat.” He said innocently.

“I still could eat you, ya know” Her hand shot to his side, and she gave him a little tickle.

He wasn’t wrong. I was getting too big for this car...

Arriving at the school, she found a parking spot rather quickly which was a rarity in itself. She got out of the car and waddled to the other side to help Tom out. Thankfully for Tom’s legs he could undo the seat belt. She provided him with her hand for support to jump out of the car. This was the part she hated.

Waddling up to the school shouldn’t be a bad thing but the stay-at-home mums would all whisper and judge her, the community was small, so they had all seen her swell up over the past few months but most of them hadn’t seen her in the flesh for a few weeks. She had obviously grown since then and with her wardrobe being a bit small, she was obviously displaying a lot of flesh for the school yard to ogle.

Amy heard a few not so hushed whispers, she did her best to ignore them, but it was hard. All eyes were on the 18-year-old as her stomach now was bigger than most of theirs were when they were with child. As she got closer to the school there were some grandparents who came over to her and unashamedly stopped her.

“Oh, look at you, Amy, right?” One of them said,

“Yeah, Tina’s girl.” She added.

“Oh Tina, lovely girl. She didn’t mention that she was going to be a granny soon like us?” The older women all started to chuckle.

“What do you mean?” Tom asked.

“Well Tom, your sister has a baby in her belly, you’ll have a new friend soon.”

Tom looked at his sister wide eyed.

“I’m...” Amy started to say.

“WOWEE A NEW BABY BROTHER OR SISTER.” Tom didn’t quite understand family trees.

The grandparents collectively said “Awww” and giggled. One of them started rubbing her massive stomach.

“I’m not pregnant...” Amy said under her breath.

“What was that dearie?”

“I said I’m not pregnant.” Amy had raised her voice now. She shooed the elderly woman’s hands from her stomach.

“Oh... See you soon then...” The procession of Nan’s all made a hasty exit from the yard.

“Oh, what shall we name the new baby?” Tom asked. Tom didn’t know what pregnant meant either.

Grasping his wrist, Amy led Tom to the school.

“There isn’t a baby in there Tom, those old ladies were wrong.”

“Aww...” He said sadly.

“Well, if there was, that would mean I couldn’t spend my time with you anymore. So, it’s a good thing.”

Tom nodded.

“Now go have a great day at school, I’ll see you later.”

Tom gave his sister a big hug, his arms wrapping around her thicker thigh and his head pressed into the side of her swollen stomach.

“Later.” He ran to the door a few metres away.

Just as Amy turned to leave, she heard her name being called.

“Amy darling?”

Mrs Taylor

“Yes?” Amy said, turning on her heels a little too quickly with her added girth, almost losing her balance.

Mrs Taylor’s eyes were gawking at the protruding stomach. “Wow... You must be ready to pop any second...” She said as her hands met the surface of her stomach.

“I’m not pregnant.” Amy said back, unable to sound too stern thanks to her shock.

“Nonsense, you don’t just grow a stomach this big and not have a baby... Er... Babies in your case.” She rubbed her hand around the edges of the round taut stomach. “So, who’s the father?”

“I’m. Not. Pregnant.” Amy’s annoyance was starting to permeate through. “There is no dad, because there is no baby.”

“Nonsense, I felt it kick.”

Kick?

“See...” Mrs Taylor took her hand and placed it on Amy’s own belly.

She could feel movement for sure, there was something happening under her flesh.

“I’d say there is more than one for sure, very lively too.”

More than one...

As Mrs Taylor rubbed Amy’s stomach, Amy sat there motionless, she felt the wriggle against her hand and for the first time she connected the odd internal sensation with the movement on the surface.

No... It’s just indigestion... Or gas... Or something... Anything...

Amy’s mind was reeling from being blown like this, in such a public setting. She felt so exposed and lost.

“Amy?” Mrs Taylor’s voice broke her from her daze. “You Ok dear?”

“Uhh? Yeah, sorry spaced out for a sec there...”

“I’ll say, well who is the lucky father? How far along are you? You look fit to pop soon.”

Mrs Taylor’s questioning was making Amy start to get anxious.

“I’m not pregnant...” She repeated.

Mrs Taylor was just about to grill her further but thankfully Mr Simmons came to save the day.

“Come now Rachel, I think it is time we take register.” Mr Simmons ushered his colleague into the school.

Mr Simmons was the head teacher for the school, he was young for his position, but he had turned the school around in such a short amount of time he had earned the respect of his peers from boosting grades and securing funding for extracurricular activities. Education was his passion and it showed in everything he did for the community. He wasn’t even thirty, but he had already had such a good career in the town. It certainly helped that he was also charming and a good looker. He was well built, rather fit and always so smartly presented. Amy had let her eyes wander once or twice but it was hard not to when he walked by.

“I’ll catch you up Rach, I just want to speak to Amy here.”

Speak to me?

“I’m so sorry about Mrs Taylor, she can be a bit...”

“Nosy?” Amy finished his sentence.

“I was going to say a busy body, but your description works too.” He chuckled. “I’ll have a word... A woman in your condition shouldn’t be grilled like that.” He looked at Amy with such a caring look that Amy felt her heart flutter.

“It’s okay, I’ve had a lot of questions lately...” Her voice trailed off.

“Hey, you don’t need to answer any of them. You just look after yourself.” His hand then pressed against the side of Amy’s stomach. “And this one too.”

Amy’s anxiety over being called pregnant was no longer present, there was another feeling,

something warm and comforting about his hand and gaze, she instinctively placed her hand over his and met his eyes.

“Yeah... I will...”

Mr Simmons smiled back and gave a bit of a rub, his fingers splaying wider to really feel the gravity of her stomach, her hand pressed his harder. She almost moaned from the sensual feeling of his hand on her gravid middle.

Mr Simmons cleared his throat and slipped his hand out, recomposing himself. “Right, well I’ll see you later when you come to get Tom. You take care Amy.” He turned and hastily walked into the school.

“Thank you...” She called out before he entered the doorway.

Amy’s hand was still where he was moments prior. She was the only person in the yard, holding her huge stomach, she looked down at it.

See you later...

Chapter 3

Amy walked back to the car and sat down for a few minutes; the walk had partially taken it out of her but also the interaction with Mr Simmons was still playing in her mind. She found herself feeling aroused, the overwhelming desire to touch herself right now was almost too great.

I think pregnancy does make some people horny.

Her own mind was even betraying her at this point. She sternly snapped herself out of it and furiously started typing away on her phone.

Amy: Hey Dave, can you come round to mine? It's urgent.

Dave: Are you mental? It's like fucking not even 9.

Amy: Urgent.

Amy added a photo of her stomach pressing against the steering wheel and immediately pulled off.

He better come...

The short drive was a good distraction, having only recently passed her test, driving was still a

lot of work for Amy. Waddling to the door, she let herself in and just as she was closing the door, she heard Dave's overworked engine revving up the street.

Change gear...

He came skidding to a halt on the pavement outside her parents' home and looked at his friend. He wasn't quite as wide eyed as most of the people who saw her nowadays. Amy and Dave were in a band together. Dave was the drummer, Amy was on guitar and vocals, they had hung out almost every day for the last eight years, they were best friends. Dave had seen his friend balloon up over the last few months and whilst there wasn't much said at first, Dave was quite aware of how she felt about it.

Dave joined Amy in the house and threw himself on the sofa and closed his eyes.

"Ya know, this is early for me..." He grunted and covered his eyes with his forearm to help shield his eyelids from the bright light of the outside world. "I was out last night... Probably shouldn't have driven..."

"Dave." Amy replied with a serious tone. "This is serious."

Dave was a layabout and chilled but he always rose to the occasion for Amy. He sat up and wiped his eyes. Looking at his friend, he was now taking in her form. Her gravid body was positively gigantic, even to Dave who had seen it swell over weeks, he was taken aback.

"Another growth spurt?" Dave asked.

"No. Just... Look at me..." She gestured to her belly dominated frame.

It was unable to be contained with her wardrobe and Dave couldn't help but stare at the pale orb now bulging off her torso. There were no stretch marks, it was a perfect sphere. The rapid growth would lead someone to think that it would've overtaxed the skin but there was no blemish in sight, it was beautiful in a way.

Dave agreed, he thought about how feminine and womanly it looked, like she was a fertility goddess or something. Dave had brought up the notion of pregnancy tests and seeing a doctor, but Amy would shut him down. She was scared, it was hard to blame her, adding so much weight to your frame,

the questions and whispers, it was just too much for the eighteen-year-old.

“I’m just... So big...” She plopped down on the sofa next to Dave.

Her breasts used the bulging middle as a shelf, her thigh was pressed against Dave, needing to spread wide to accommodate the girth of her rotund middle.

“Mrs Taylor was asking questions...” Amy said, her eyes filling up with tears.

Dave put his hand on Amy’s shoulder to soothe her, it only made her cry more. He pulled her towards his side and gave her a big and long hug. Amy felt warm, safe, cared for. It was a feeling that she had never experienced with Dave. She turned and looked up at his face and she felt close enough to kiss him.

Kiss him...

Her mind told her, she managed to resist.

Stupid hormones.

“Are you okay?” Dave asked.

Amy nodded. “She was just so nosy...” Her hand went to her stomach and started to rub the side, remembering Mr Simmons’ touch not so long ago. “Mr Simmons saved me.”

“Simmons is a good dude.” Dave nodded, “Shame he wasn’t there when we were in school.”

“He... Umm...” Amy felt herself turning red, her heart fluttered, and her nipples were stiff. “He touched it...”

“Well... People do that to pregnant chicks right?” Dave didn’t think about what he said, his face filled with remorse for the poor choice of words.

Amy though, surprisingly, didn’t cry or snap. “I guess they do...” She murmured. “Did... You want to touch it?”

Dave was confused, he thought it best to play along to help his friend.

“If you are okay with that?”

Amy grabbed his free hand and placed it on her stomach and moved it around. It didn't feel the same as Mr Simmons, but it was quite exciting to have someone touching her stomach, Amy couldn't quite work out why.

"It must be heavy..." Dave added.

"It gets in the way more at the moment..."

"I bet." He added.

"Cheeky." Amy shifted herself and pinned her stomach on Dave so he could feel the weight. "So... Is it heavy?"

Dave was partially winded from the weight and from the shock of her placing her stomach on him. "It isn't light..." He grunted.

Amy laughed and pushed it against him more. She felt power. "How about now?"

"You're crushing me, Amy!" Dave used both hands to playfully push her away, despite his "best" efforts, she wasn't budging.

Dave felt rather odd about the whole encounter, his best friend's stomach had blown up to epic proportions and it was now being used to pin him to the sofa. He felt the weight increase and his hands were being pushed further into his body.

"Hey, I wasn't joking... You... ~ugh~... Are going to crush me... If you press any harder."

"I'm not doing anything." Amy said, wide eyed and looking at her stomach.

Dave's eyes moved from her face and down to her belly and watched as it was in fact, swelling.

Amy whimpered. "I can't get any bigger..."

Her belly had swollen larger, rapidly. Both Amy and Dave sat in a state of shock, it had looked like she had been hooked up to a pump and inflated. The swollen orb was still pinning Dave to the sofa. They both just stared at it, moments prior it was pulsating and growing but now it was stationary other than the movements of Amy's deep breaths. Both of them were too scared to move, in case it triggered another growth spurt.

Movement was forced upon them however, there was a movement from within and Amy jumped backwards screaming. Falling to the floor, her girth was spread out between her thighs, she looked at how her stomach was now rising high enough to push her boobs upwards, the middle of her stomach was pressing between her cleavage, her breasts were starting to be separated by the middle of her stomach. She watched, filled with fear, until she felt another movement inside. It was minor but enough to startle her again. She waited a few more minutes but there was no more movement.

Dave spoke up “I think we need to go to the hospital...”

Chapter 4

Amy sat on the floor, her state of shock having dissipated, it was almost as if her hormones were soothing her. She was still worried when she thought about it, however the thoughts were hazy. She rubbed her stomach and let out soft moans as her hands massaged areas of her stomach that felt good. Amy wasn't sure how long she was on the floor for massaging her belly, but Dave came in at some point and broke her from the trance.

“They can't get us in until Monday.” He says defeated.

“That's four days from now...” Amy replied, her mind wandering after rubbing her stomach again. “What if I... Grow... Again.”

“I know.” Dave paused for a second and then like he was struck with lightning he outstretched his hand to Amy. “I have an idea.”

“This is dumb.” Amy muttered. “This is a bad idea.”

“What other option do we have?”

The two of them were now racing down the street in Dave's car, his great idea was to sneak into the hospital.

“And what if the machines are in use?” Amy asked.

“That is why they can’t see you until Monday, no trained staff is back until then.”

“And the other hospital staff?”

“I’m sure a heavily pregnant woman waddling into an ultrasound room won’t raise any alarm bells.” Dave said confidently.

“Idiot.”

“I heard that.”

It wasn’t long before they were parking in the hospital, Dave sped the whole way, not any more than he usually did, however. He helped Amy out of her side of the car, and he held her arm as she waddled with her newly increased girth into the hospital, someone on reception saw her and immediately pointed towards the maternity ward.

“Thank you.” Dave replied.

Amy dug her elbow into his side.

“I’m not pregnant... I can’t be...” She said in a hushed voice.

“Shush”

Dave received another sharp elbow to the side.

The two made their way to the maternity ward, thankfully they spied an unoccupied room with an ultrasound machine rather quickly. Diving in, Amy heaved her huge frame onto the bed and looked at Dave expectantly.

He stared back blankly.

“Well?” Amy raised her eyebrow.

“Well... Shit, I didn’t really think this far ahead.”

“Trust you, the one good idea you had, and it worked but now we are stuck.” Amy started to look at the vastly complicated setup on the ultrasound machine. “How the fuck do we...”

Amy felt a cold substance splat on her huge tight tum. She covered her mouth with her hand and let out a muffled scream. Looking over her bump, she saw Dave with a tube of jelly in his hands.

“Well, I know you need this...”

Amy let Dave continue to cover her stomach with the gel, and she started to play with the machine. The screen turned on and there was that familiar dark navy screen, picking up the sensor, she found that moving the tip was having an effect on the screen. On the sensor was a dial, it was on the side like a volume button on a child’s walkie talkie.

“Dave.” She called her distracted companion. “Give it a go.”

He pressed the end against her stomach and they both gasped as the sudden light blue outlines on the screen. They had no idea what they were looking at, but it was very stationary, it only moved when Amy breathed.

“I think that’s my liver or something... play with the dial.”

Dave moved his thumb and saw how it looked like they were going deeper into her “liver”, like there was a cross section of it.

“Man, this is dope.” He kept going until the screen was filled with a solid colour.

“I think you went too far, dummy.”

“Why don’t you try?” He goaded. “Oh wait, you can’t reach.”

Amy’s elbow might not have been able to hit him, but her knee was able to make contact with his side.

“Try going from the bottom.”

Dave moved the tip down the swell of her stomach and turned the dial, things were coming in and out of focus that neither of them could make out.

“Stop!” Amy screeched. “Go back.”

Dave slowly moved the dial and they both were shocked at what they saw.

There was an eye, a strange, deformed body and more appendages than they were expecting.

Amy started to hyperventilate.

“Hey, we aren’t exactly experts, maybe we are just doing something wrong.” Dave flicked a button and suddenly the speakers on the machine started to go off. A heartbeat, not a regular one though. It was beating in triplets and there seemed to be some echo on the machine.

Dave moved around and they were identifying another entity, much like the first, it had many appendages, and it didn’t quite look human. The heart was beating in triplets, it was easy to see it bouncing with each thump.

“Two...” He continued to scan until he saw another and another. It was hard to count but all in all Dave thought he could see six babies inside his friend.

Their eyes were glued to the monitor, and they could see the multiple entities inside Amy. One of their eyes opened and they could see it trashing about slightly, clearly the ultrasound was affecting them. Amy slapped Dave’s hand away.

“This can’t be happening...”

Amy became distant, she was in shock.

Six... Things... Inside...

Dave tried to comfort her, but how could he? She was already massive, who knew how long these things would be in her, what would happen when it was time to come out. Her mind was racing, as was Dave’s. They weren’t able to dwell for too long, they heard footsteps coming towards the room. Dave quickly rubbed the gel off and they both met the doctor coming into the room.

“Sorry, I had to adjust myself. You know, being pregnant and all, rather uncomfortable.” Amy blagged as they both walked past the doctor and down the hall. The junior doctor was quite taken aback.

“Strange...”

He peered into the room and saw the ultrasound machine still on.

“Even stranger...”

Chapter 5

Somehow Dave's plan had worked, they were driving to Amy's house. The car ride was silent, both occupants were deep in thought, what had they just seen, what was going to happen next, who do they tell. The questions raced through their heads but neither could muster the courage to break the silence.

Dave was gunning it down the motorway, Amy's eyes landed on a poster for a drive through, just a few miles down the road. It was on her way home anyway. Amy felt her stomach gurgle.

"Food." She uttered.

"Huh?" Dave said, looking at his obscenely pregnant friend.

"I need food. Now." Amy said, clutching her stomach.

"Umm... sure there is a drive through at the next exit, I can't get in the right lane to get off her-"

The car swerved as Amy grabbed the wheel and flung the car onto the slip road. Dave's heart rate skyrocketed as he was handed back the wheel, barely able to control the vehicle and not crash into other road users.

"Oh look... A drive through..." He said nervously.

Amy didn't respond, she was starting to double over her stomach, her fingers were desperately trying to soothe the pain she was now feeling within. Dave drove into the drive through lane and started

to order what he wanted for food.

“Anything else?” The lady said through the intercom.

“Fifteen double quarter pounders, eighty chicken dippers, make the quarter pounders a large meal, that comes with fries, right? Of course, can I have twenty snack wraps too...” She only just realised what she was saying, she looked shocked at the screen as the woman working the till populated the order.

“...That’s it... Big party...” She offered as justification.

Dave was wide eyed, those eyes even started to water when he saw the bill. “Uhhh... You can get this one...”

Amy awkwardly placed her bank card in his hand.

The order came surprisingly quick, which was great for Amy, she was struggling to tolerate the hunger pains anymore. They weren’t too far from home, so Dave elected to drive them back to Amy’s.

“I’ll eat mine when we get back...” He looked at her stomach which was visibly rumbling. “You don’t have to wait...”

“Wasn’t planning on it.”

As soon as the order was handed to Dave, Amy snatched the bags off of him and she greedily tore into the bag. She took a whole burger and practically inhaled it. It aided in the pain in her abdomen but not for long, she needed to keep eating and she had no intention of stopping until at least the order had been cleared.

Dave led them home while Amy tore through the “Birthday party” order she had; burgers were balanced on her stomach like a table. By the time they got to Amy’s half the order had been consumed, an impressive feat seeing as it wasn’t even that long of a drive.

Dave got out and looked at Amy still seated.

“Come on, let’s get inside.”

“Can’t. Too hungry.” She said through a full mouth.

“Amy... I am worried that if you stay there eating... You might not get out.” Dave pointed to the dash which was now under significant pressure from Amy’s belly.

Her already gargantuan pale orb had grown even more from the food she had now ingested. Her stomach was too taut to really give way to the dash and actually it looked like she had started to bend it. Protruding a few feet most likely at this point, Amy stared at the huge globe. She felt a strange feeling... Almost pride.

“I’ll need a hand.” She admitted.

Dave opened the door and watched for a second without any movement from his friend.

“I need you to move my belly.” Amy instructed.

Dave reached under the gravid orb and lifted from below, the movement pushed her tits against her chin, even though they looked like they had grown. Turning Amy to her side and letting her stomach go and taking a step back, Dave now watched Amy intently to see how she could possibly get into a standing position. Not without help was the answer. Amy reached out her hand and Dave wrapped his hand around her wrist. With a powerful tug, Amy was up.

Her stomach bumped into Dave when she rose to her feet, it nearly knocked him onto his ass. She quickly started to waddle to her house.

“Grab the food!”

By the time Dave had rounded up the meal and brought it in, Amy was sitting on the sofa in the front room, he turned the corner and saw she had stripped off her clothes. Sitting naked now, Amy’s now larger chest was sitting atop her massive belly. She looked ready to pop any second, looking up at Dave, she practically begged him for the food. Dave was too dazed by seeing his friend's naked body to do anything else.

Her greasy stomach was now being filled up once again, the food Dave handed to Amy was

being propped up on her stomach. Amy was turned to her side, one leg outstretched along the back cushions and the other was on the floor, her tummy was resting on the sofa. Dave slowly walked backwards and sat on the sofa opposite. He could only watch as Amy ate.

Burger after burger, handfuls of chips and chicken were being shovelled into her mouth at an incredible rate, Dave could almost swear he could see her belly distend in real time. She was insatiable, she hadn't slowed down one bit as she filled up her stomach. Her hands were covered in grease and crumbs from the burgers, Amy didn't care, she just ate. Her stomach was so taut already, to see it grow tighter and rounder was insane. In the space of the day, she looked like she had doubled in size. If she turned around, Dave was sure that he could see it from behind too, it looked like she had swallowed a beach ball.

Amy was done with the food; she licked and sucked the grease from her fingers and then sniffed the air.

Dave hadn't eaten his food. The alluring aroma was his rapidly cooling meal. He looked down and realised, he quickly offered it to her like some sort of bargaining chip in exchange for her not to eat him.

Amy made quick work of his order and coming to another stop she looked at Dave.

“Still hungry but I guess that'll do for now...”

Chapter 6

“You *can't* be serious... I mean, look at you!” Dave gasped.

Amy did just that, taking in the stomach that now was almost as tall as she was sitting. It covered the other side of the sofa; her hands traced the taut skin and she let out a few soft moans. Her hands rose up her swollen stomach and she cupped her tits, which had also grown. They felt heavier and denser.

Milk?

She thought to herself.

It would make sense, I guess...

Amy shifted her weight and let her belly fall off the side of the sofa, it was touching the ground and due to the weight, it was pulling her down towards the floor, she had to lean forward further and let her stomach take its own weight. Amy's legs were spread wide around the underside of her dome, and she felt a warm feeling from within. She wasn't quite ready to explore that, she had become acutely aware that she was naked. She reached to the top of the sofa and grabbed her bra which she had dumped there.

“I need to go soon...” She looked at the time, it was approaching late afternoon so she would need to pick Tom up soon. “With me in this condition, I think I should leave early... Give myself time to

waddle down there...”

She struggled to get the band around her torso and get her tits cupped within. Her breasts had grown, not much but enough to cause a significant amount of strain on her bra. Amy was positively bulging over the edges; her cleavage was exaggerated because of the tightness of the bra. After getting an eyeful herself, she looked at Dave with rosy cheeks.

“Hey...” She playfully said.

“*Umm...*” Dave said blankly.

“Can you help?” Amy held up her top.

Dave got up and took the top from her hand and scrunched it up so he could quickly put her head through it. She put her arms in herself, and now was the hard part, the reason she had called him.

“Don’t worry about your hands...”

He needed that advice because there was no way that Dave could get the shirt over her tits without moving her breasts. He was blushing as he tried to stretch the hem over her swollen melons, but it was no use, he needed to push her tits in to get the fabric over the crest of her bulging boobs.

His hands sunk into her tits, and he felt an electric feeling spread through him, there was movement happening in his pants. This was confusing for Dave as he had only seen her as a friend since they’d known each other, never like this. Something about groping her boobs was awakening some deep desires within Dave.

Amy on the other hand was also experiencing similar feelings, having her breasts manhandled like this was arousing but with them being larger, they were also more sensitive from the sudden growth.

“~ugh...” She moaned.

They both froze and looked at each other awkwardly.

“S-sorry... They’re sensitive... Ya know?”

Dave didn’t respond, he just resumed his mission. He couldn’t help but get a good feel of her boobs, he didn’t mean to, but he wasn’t unhappy with the sensations he is now feeling. Amy’s head

rolled back, and she thrust her chest out. This had an unintended effect, her belly too was pushed out, it bumped Dave in his legs. He stumbled backwards but refused to let go of her tits. Amy moaned as his helpful hands turned into more touchy-feely ones.

“Holy shit...” Dave said dumbly, still quite unsure how to process what was happening.

“Dave...” Amy moaned.

He looked at her dumbly.

“The top?” She looked at his hands which were firmly on her breasts.

“Oh yeah!” He fumbled his hands and got the top to cover her tits and a tiny sliver of her stomach.

She stood up, her stomach bumping David away, she stood next to him and leaned into his ear. “Thank you...” Amy then planted a kiss on his cheek “But I’ve got to go now...”

Dave took the hint and started to leave, horny, confused and frustrated. He left having known he was so close to something that he didn’t know he wanted.

Amy watched Dave leave and then turned to the mirror in the hallway, she looked down at her body and shuddered at what she saw.

I’m huge.

That didn’t quite have the effect she expected. She expected to be repulsed and disgusted at the huge stomach she now had but instead she felt her legs wobble and her nipples ache. Her tits that were tightly compacted into her top were starting to leak and small patches of dampness formed at her nipples. Her exposed stomach wiggled and moved with the life within. She looked so expectant and ripe. She should have hated what was happening but there was another feeling.

Amy felt proud, proud at what she had grown, maternal for the life inside, protective of her inhabitants. Whatever was inside her might be playing a part in this, she was unsure, but she knew one last thing.

I’m so fucking horny.

Chapter 7

Amy was showing more skin than she had covered up, but she left the house anyway, knowing that she had no other option than to leave in her current state. Riding high from her look in the mirror she waddled down the drive, noticeably bigger than when she entered her house earlier that day. Her huge stomach bobbed and wobbled on her frame, pulling her from side to side. It was now so big that she looked comical, it didn't look real, her belly was larger than a beach ball, it didn't even look human anymore. The street she lived on was relatively quiet, but she saw how the curtain twitchers over the other side of the road were watching her manoeuvre her gigantic tummy towards her car.

I don't care... Watch all you want...

Amy opened her door and stuffed her stomach into the driver's seat, it pressed into her stomach and caused her a mild bit of discomfort, but she knew she had to pick up Tom. Her boobs bulged against her chin; she could've sworn she heard them slosh when going through potholes in the road. Each time Amy turned the wheel of her car she felt the wheel pull against her skin, the friction causing a mild amount of burning.

Thankfully the drive wasn't too long, but the real test was now walking across the yard. Opening her door, she looked at the other parents and guardians headed towards the gate.

Alright... Let's go.

With a big grunt, she pushed her stomach out of the car, it hung towards the floor for a moment, the momentum from the colossal shift in weight on her frame allowed her to jump up onto her feet, or rather, nearly fall onto her feet. Amy's hands dug into her spin to act as a counterbalance to the jutting dome. People were already staring; she couldn't help but revel in their eyes on her big stomach.

I've got nothing to hide...

Each heavy footstep she took shook her body and caused her stomach to bounce on her torso. There were a large number of people now catching her out of the corner of their eyes. It was hard to blame them, generally you'd never see this much skin from anyone but in the unique case of Amy, it was so much different. People looked on inquisitively, some in disgust, some in curiosity, shock and more.

Waddling towards the school she stood waiting, watching how everyone was trying to sneak glances at her. None dared approach, bar one exception. Mrs Taylor.

"Um... Amy..." She seemed shocked when her eyes landed on Amy's belly.

"Hi Mrs Taylor." She glared at her. "Everything okay?"

"Ye... Yeah... Umm... Say... Is everything okay with you?" She pointed, not so slyly, at Amy's exposed stomach.

Amy nodded. "Why of course..." Her hands started to rub the taut surface of her belly. "Never better." She beamed.

"Well... Um, alright, just, it's that..." Mrs Taylor was struggling for her words. "Are you... Bigger since this morning?" Mrs Taylor bluntly asked.

"Oh, I don't know..." Amy said before pushing her stomach against Mrs Taylor.

Her giant stomach collided with Mrs Taylor and the teacher let out a quick yelp.

"Amy... I think you should see a doctor... A girl of your age... You shouldn't be this pregnant..."

"Why Mrs Taylor, I'm not pregnant at all..."

Mrs Taylor looked down confused and went to press her hand into the top of her bulging gut.

“Mrs Taylor, Class 3B needs you.” The booming voice of Mr Simmons could be heard over the whole yard. His eyes followed his staff member walk back into the school and he then turned his attention to Amy. His cool demeanour dropped for a second, his mouth agape. “Amy...” He barely formed a whisper.

“Yes...” Amy responded in a breathy tone.

“My... God...” Mr Simmons was now giving a look similar to this morning when he was touching her stomach.

“Oh... You noticed?” Amy said playfully before taking a deep breath and watching his eyes remain glued to her stomach. “I grew...”

Mr Simmons gawked at the massive boulder hanging off the eighteen-year-old. Amy felt a similar feeling to this afternoon when Dave was trying to help her get into her top. She felt in power again, she felt sexy, she felt as if she had him in the palm of her hand.

“Mr Simmons... Could Tom stay in the after school club today? I think I’d like a chat with you about something...”

Mr Simmons nodded.

He took out his phone and sent Tom’s teacher a message asking him to stay back in class and then he turned and made for the building, being careful not to walk too quickly for the large Amy.

“My office would be a good place.” He muttered, socially off balance with Amy.

“I agree...” Her words oozed out of her mouth and tickled the very innards of Mr Simmon’s soul.

The two walked in silence, Mr Simmons because he was nervous about the forming situation, Amy was purely to keep him in suspense. He kept making sly glances behind him at Amy and each time he felt his heart flutter and cock throb.

Mr Simmons had it bad for pregnant women, he hadn’t told anyone, ever. He had watched Amy balloon over the past few weeks, but this morning was the closest he had gotten to her, it was so

unexpected, and he felt that he was unprofessional, and he was mildly concerned that he might have been inappropriate. The burning desire within him kept that small voice quiet though. Now having seen her in the yard, even bigger, bigger than any model he had seen online. He was awestruck. It didn't seem real; he gave another glance to the huge belly of his wildest dreams.

I don't want to wake up.

Chapter 8

Through the hallways, between the classroom doors, Amy's belly followed Mr Simmons eagerly. Amy's nipples were thick and hard from her growth and as she jiggled, she felt the contents of her breasts slosh. Absent-mindedly she rubbed the edge of her belly and prepared herself for what was about to happen.

They finally arrived at his office, and he closed the door behind them. Turning to Amy, he started.

"So... Uh... Am-"

He was struck by her stomach, it pushed him against the door, her huge mass now pressing tightly against his diaphragm.

"No more talking." Amy wasted no time and pulled her top and bra off in one swift motion, she moaned softly. "We're way past that now..."

Mr Simmons watched as her huge heavy tits flopped on top of her stomach, the thick dark nipples wet with milk from the movement alone.

She must be full... He thought.

Each breast had undergone a rapid change since this morning too, he noted. She wasn't

particularly busty before but now she had a good set of Ds. Still too shocked to move, he felt her stomach start to grind against his body. He couldn't ignore the boulder pressing him against the door any longer, his hands found their way to the huge dome. The instant his fingers touched her skin, she moaned.

“*Fuck...*” She gasped.

He wasted even less time exploring the vast gravid ball of gut now before him. The biggest pregnant belly he had ever seen, his hands kneaded and groped at the taut skin. He was starting to pant now, not just from being able to pull in a full breath, his arousal was rapidly rising. His thick cock snaked down his trouser leg, Amy's belly was pressed on that too, she could feel his girthy member becoming harder by the second.

“Mr Simmons... Do you... Do you have a *thing* for pregnant women?” She addressed the elephant in the room.

Shocked and stunned to be called out on something, now, so plainly obvious. He looked her in the eye and nodded.

“Well... I think I must look like the *biggest* pregnant woman you've ever seen.” She pouted her lip. “I hope you don't mind my *big* belly... It gets in the way...”

She was right, he was unable to reach her tits from this position, her stomach was just too big and round. He didn't mind too much, he just rubbed and started to grind his cock against her stomach through his trousers.

“You... Well... Yes, you are huge...” He grunted.

“Do you... *Like it*?” Her hands now joined his on her expansive stomach, struggling to reach them herself.

He could only nod again.

“Do you like that I am... So... What did you say, *Huge*?”

Amy didn't need to see him nod this time; she could feel his cock pulsate from the comment.

“I’ll take *that* as a yes...” She used his hands to rub around the swell of her tummy. “I think you *really* like this... Well... It’s all *yours*...” She moaned and started to back away.

In removing her weight from his torso, Mr Simmons was now free to breathe without hindrance. Amy kept walking back until her thighs bumped against his desk, she sat on the edge of it and spread her legs. Usually this would allow Mr Simmons to get a good view of his intended target, however her stomach was in the way, it hung too low, it was too vast. The raging pregnancy fetish that Mr Simmons had meant that this action still had a massive effect on her target. He stood still and looked slack jawed at Amy.

“Is... Is that for lil... No, *huge* ol’ me?” She pointed at the bulge in his pants.

Without moving his eyes from Amy, his hand started to rub and massage it through his trousers.

“*Show me.*” Amy demanded.

Timidly at first, he glanced at the blinds to make sure they were drawn. His free hand reached behind him to check the door was locked, then his hand slipped beneath the waistband, and he pulled out his rigid cock. Amy moaned.

“Come here big boy, show me what you want to do with that thing...” She teased.

Like a zombie to lust, he walked towards her, making contact with her stomach before anything else. He started stroking his cock and rubbing her belly. Amy was moaning now, something about him being so aroused by her massive stomach was turning her on a lot. It was like she was being worshipped, she loved it. It wasn’t enough though, she needed relief.

She reached around the back of Mr Simmons’ head and brought his face closer to her chest.

“Drink... They are too *full*... Please...” She moaned extra loud for emphasis.

He did just that, suckling on her teat like a newborn, he obeyed her wishes. The relief was instant, she could feel him draining her laden breasts and she was getting even more turned on. Amy’s hand couldn’t help but wander and she met his wrist which was still moving as he was stroking his cock.

“Let me...”

She took over the job and could feel his warmth, each pulse of his member as it was being pumped with blood.

"Milk me... Milk my big tits... Don't forget about my belly though... It needs attention."

She was incredibly turned on and she wanted to tease Mr Simmons as much as she was aroused. He had cleared one boob in a quick fashion and then moved onto the second, suckling so hard that it almost caused Amy to wince. She never let up her strokes on his cock, she felt his body shudder and she knew he must be close.

Not yet...

She stopped rubbing him but left her hand tightly gripped around the end.

"Not... Yet..." She panted, approaching her own orgasm, from nipple stimulation alone.

"You've got one more thing to do..."

Not waiting any longer, she removed his lips from her nipple by pushing his head, there was a loud pop and Mr Simmons' pants filled the air. Amy reached behind her back and threw everything off the desk in one swift motion and then laid back slowly. Her stomach, from Mr Simmons' point of view, was rising higher and higher. It was now starting to loom above his head almost when he was standing there. He lost all sight of Amy, there were only two things, her belly and her panties.

"Don't leave me waiting..."

He didn't need to be told twice, he slipped the pants to the side and slowly stuck his cock into her. She was so tight for him, slowly he thrust it in further and the screams from Amy could most likely be heard in the office next door.

Thankfully Janet has gone home. He thought to himself.

He had nothing else to touch but her stomach, the huge bulging mass rose high off her torso and was pressed all against his own. He gripped the tight skin and started to slowly thrust.

"Fuck... You are so big..." Amy moaned.

"So... Are... You..." Mr Simmons grunted in return; he was already struggling to keep from

cumming.

“Are you close...” Amy asked outright.

“Yes...”

“That’s ok, me too, plus... This is like your *fantasy*, right?”

“Yeah...”

“Does it help that I am so *insanely* big?”

“Yeah...”

“That you can’t see me because I am so *big*...”

He was unable to respond now, he just kept thrusting.

“Have you ever seen anyone so fucking big... *Huge*. Huge and pregnant.”

She finally admitted it, mostly for him but it was quite liberating for her to say herself.

“I want you to cum in me Mr S...” Amy accentuated that point with a slap to her side, the ripple was felt in his body. He grunted in response.

“I don’t even know how big I will get... How much longer do I have? I could grow even *more*...”

Mr Simmons started rapidly thrusting now, each slap of his body against hers was causing her to jiggle.

“Fuck... Fuck... Yes... Imagine that... Me even *bigger*...”

Mr Simmons lost it, he exploded deep within her, thankfully for Amy she also came when his cock started to pump her full. They both screamed in ecstasy as they came harder than either had before. His body started to slump over her belly, it easily supported the weight of his, it was likely already taking on more weight than that. She rubbed her stomach softly, proud about what she had just done.

Suddenly there was a large movement from within, the multiple creatures started to writhe about

her belly, and she looked on in shock as she started to expand once more.

Not again...

Chapter 9

Mr Simmons felt it too, he felt his body being lifted. He felt her skin stretch against his arms and face. He was horrified and struck with terror but also another wave of arousal.

“Ho...How?” He questioned, looking at the growing mountain on his desk, swelling higher and wider with each passing second.

Something was different about this growth; it was more pleasurable than the last. Amy started to moan and quickly got Mr Simmons back in a position where he was ready to go.

“This... Feels amazing... *Fuck me.*” Amy’s eyes rolled into the back of her head

“But... What the fuck is happening?”

“I SAID FUCK ME!” Amy screamed, her hand desperately trying to reach around her growing belly to touch herself.

Mr Simmons was confused but he obliged, he stuck his dick back in and started to thrust again, struggling to not tremble due to over stimulation. Amy wasn’t able to resist, her body was in a state of heightened arousal, one that she had never been in before. Her body shuddered drastically, she was writhing and screaming at this point as she continued to grow. Each second, she continued to swell.

It didn’t take long before she came again, Mr Simmons this time was not quite close, so he kept

pumping without pause. His deepest fantasy being enacted in real time before his eyes, he wasn't about to stop.

Suddenly there was movement again, Mr Simmons felt it on the surface of her stomach, he recoiled slightly, something didn't feel quite right, but he didn't hesitate much to continue pumping into her.

"Fuck..." Amy screamed; she came again. The weight now on her was starting to make breathing difficult.

She tapped desperately on the side of her stomach to get Mr Simmons' attention. It was no use; he was essentially in another dimension. Desperation was setting in, she knew that if she didn't move, she would be in danger.

"Mr Simmons!" She screamed; he didn't answer. "I need to move... Too big." she weakly said as her breaths became shallower.

He kept thrusting.

"Please!" she begged.

Again nothing.

As her vision started to turn black, she felt something within. Her stomach started to thrash around, and she found she had a renewed vigour. With this new strength she thrust herself forward and knocked Mr Simmons onto the floor. He looked unbelievably at the huge round stomach now eclipsing his world.

He longed to touch it again.

He wouldn't have to wait long, Amy's short-lived strength faded, and she came crashing down on him.

For the briefest of seconds, he was in paradise, but he quickly became unconscious.

Luckily, Amy noticed, and she was able to move. With great difficulty she rose to her feet once more. Looking at the slumbering man with his cock out, she could only laugh at the sight. Covering him

up with her top and bra, she ripped a fabric banner off the wall and covered her tits. The door was a tight squeeze, but she had to get Tom. She made sure to close the door behind her to preserve Mr Simmons' dignity. Lumbering her impossibly hyper pregnant stomach down the corridors this time was much more difficult. Whatever was in her weighed a ton. She knocked on the door for the after school club and just peered her head in.

"Hey, sorry Miss Stevens, I need to get Tom now, something has come up."

"Sure, thing sweetie, Tom, time to go honey."

Her younger brother skipped over to Amy. "Hey! After school was good, I think I'd like to go again."

Thinking about her own after school activities, she couldn't help but agree.

Tom left the class and saw his sister's new body.

"Amy... Did you eat more pancakes?"

"No. I ate an inquisitive little boy like you!" She playfully roared and took a step towards Tom.

"No! Don't eat me!" He ran down the corridor, much quicker than Amy could ever muster with her massive stomach.

I could do with more pancakes actually...

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