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1,583 words.

<Hooked>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for three wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Eight

In an instant I felt the feeling return, my stomach started to push out again.

“Seeing as you’re so eager... How about you first?” Michelle moved her hand up to my belly and she started to rub it.

It wasn’t really a question; she had already made the choice for me. I was happy to go first, I was just so happy she was here, I didn’t even question anything, I just let her make my belly bulge slowly against her hand.

“It feels as good as I remember...” I groaned into her ear.

Enjoying my swelling belly she just rubbed and played with it. The speed was much slower than last time, but I chalked that up to being out in public, thankfully the lighting here was dim enough and the people drunk enough not to really pay attention to the very busty woman rubbing a guy’s round belly.

I was determined to let her go as far as she wanted. Part of me thought that if she made me as big as she wanted, she would stay and not have to go back. It was obvious that she was rich from the penthouse and seeing as she

was flying around for work, her money wasn't inherited or unearned, she was a hard worker. So maybe if she couldn't work from here, maybe I could go with her.

The fantasy of travelling with her, maybe becoming something more than kink fuck buddies filled my head as my belly filled out my shirt.

The other part of me wanted to see how big she would go on her turn. I stared openly at her boobs that pressed against my chest. It blocked the view to my belly, I couldn't even see how ridiculous I probably looked, I didn't care about Richard or Ben, I was happy to be inflated right here, right now, just to see her tits do the same.

I felt the air on the underside of my stomach, my shirt was starting to ride up, thankfully there was warmth to be had against Michelle's torso.

"I need... I need to stop... People are going to see..." She was moaning between pants as I felt the building pressure die down.

Michelle clearly didn't want to stop, she was happy to let this go on forever, she didn't actually care deep down but she knew that it would raise too many suspicions, maybe secrecy was how she treated her powers.

"Let them... Let them see what a big balloon I can be for you..."

Her body shuddered, she bit her lip, tempted by my words. I felt the pressure build up again for just an instant before she stopped.

I felt like I had the upper hand this time around.

Michelle sensed this confidence, and she realised that she hadn't played her turn out yet.

“Well... someone is very eager.” She hefted her boobs and let out a soft moan as they started to bulge and swell.

I was already so hard, I thought I could cum from watching her. Thankfully I had much more resolve than this. Her boobs grew slowly, like my belly, she wasn’t wanting to make too much of a scene, but I didn’t care.

I reached up and covertly rubbed the underside of her tits as she made them grow, they were getting heavier by the second, the bra she had on was being stretched as her boobs continued to swell.

I wished nothing more than to bury my dick between her tits and have her continue her expansion as she grew.

This was a close second.

Her bra became so tight, it was digging into her, if there was any pain she was experiencing, she was certainly good at hiding it. I jostled and jiggled her tits, and I heard her bra creaking, like it was going to give way soon.

“So close...” She murmured. “I shouldn’t, not here...” She had an impressive amount of control, something I knew I lacked.

They had grown significantly, she took a step back, I felt anguish as our bodies left one another, an over reaction but I felt like I couldn’t let her out of my arms again, for fear of losing her. I let her take her step back and she pointed down at my stomach.

I looked down, my body was warm from the alcohol, everything felt a bit fuzzier than if I was sober, I saw my giant ball belly and placed a hand on it. Like before, it was just so round, it made me look pregnant almost. She clearly

had a thing for my belly, just my belly, getting bigger. I was happy to be her model, her fantasy, her balloon if it meant that she would stay with me.

Although I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy the feeling, the tightness, the feeling of being so big and taut. I placed my hand on it and groaned and felt my dick bulge. It didn't feel as good as her hand but there was something arousing about feeling how big I had become.

I really am hooked...

I looked up to her and saw her eyes almost bulging out of her head as she stared at me. She knew that I would happily continue to grow, her mind was going wild with the fantasies and possibilities.

Michelle then started to bounce on the balls of her feet, her huge rack bouncing and testing the thread of her bra. Her nipples were hard and thick, very visible through the padded cups. I enjoyed her show as she jiggled and bounced before me. She was looking very big, realistic but big.

I wanted more. She knew that, just from my eyes.

Michelle rubbed her hands over her boobs and down to her torso towards her pussy. Instead of reaching her pantie line, she stopped on her stomach and there was a cheeky smirk spreading over her face.

Then I saw her belly start to shift and move. It was small, subtle, but she looked like she had eaten a big meal, her usual lean stomach now replaced with this overindulgent round belly.

"Oh my... It seems that you are rubbing off on me..." She cooed at me.

My dick couldn't get any harder. I stared at her hands as they rubbed the

small bulge of her stomach. I loved it, I hadn't thought too much about her powers, but she was able to do more than just make her tits grow. I was entranced, watching her hands rubbing her small bulge and her tits.

"M-more..."

More.

More.

More.

The words echoed in my mind, I wasn't about to let our fun end at these sizes, we were far from what we could do but in the club, we couldn't reach our potential. I hoped to get her to agree to leave and we could move back to her or my place.

Michelle had other plans, she wasn't quite done yet. She picked up my pint from the bra and buried it into her cleavage. I had no real idea what she was doing, but there were a few wandering eyes over to this very busty woman.

I thought the pint glass between her tits would only draw more attention, but I felt that she had something else in mind.

Moving her arms under her tits, she lifted her breasts and buried her face deep into her cleavage, her lips meeting the rim of the glass, she started to chug. The spectacle was ridiculous but when I watched her head disappear between her tits I got a better view of her belly. With each gulp, I could see it growing again.

She was making it bigger.

By the second I saw her stomach swell, I wasn't in a state of mind to question how reasonable this cover might've been, but I just enjoyed it as her stomach swelled larger as she downed the lager.

Dropping her breasts down, there was a mighty bounce, and I noticed how her stomach was stretching the fabric of her slim fitting dress. She looked a few months pregnant herself now. She looked good, like the embodiment of fertility. I could only stare and rub my own giant belly.

Michelle turned to her side and gave me the profile view, her boobs bulging forward and her belly was mostly hidden if you looked down if she was facing you but side on it looked big, a definite bulge here.

I was so horny, her belly was just adding to my enjoyment. I wasn't even sure if I enjoyed her belly for what it was, for the fact she was changing or even if it was some sort of shared arousal from the feeling of my own stomach.

It didn't really matter. I just knew that she looked amazing.

She walked over and pressed her boobs against my chest and her belly pressed tightly into mine. "I think it might be time we get out of here..." She said with a husky voice. "I've got so much to show you..."

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