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<Separate Paths>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Six

Abi was texting less as the semester picked up, she was sending less pictures and especially less of her ass to Carl. He just wished that they could be together, the long distance was starting to get to him however he knew that the summer wasn't too far away. Not even during any breaks was she able to come down to see him, she had too much coursework, projects and work to do.

He remained strong, for he knew that glorious ass was going to return.

The year quickly flew by, Carl had made plenty of money with his Father's business and they were becoming so profitable now that Carl was taking away a great wage and his Dad was even considering opening up a second branch to let Carl run it.

Abi's second year had drawn to a close and she was making plans to come down again, but she had a big event in work, being the good worker that she is, she remained up there for another few weeks. Although it was a temporary job, she was paid extra for that time, so she was very pleased to finally have a good amount of spending money to come home with.

Carl hadn't heard from her for days regarding coming down, he wasn't pushy so he just talked normally, hoping that she would give him the heads up before turning up.

Another good day at work and Carl strutted back to his car and checked his phone.

"No messages... That is strange..." Usually Abi and him were messaging more than this, he wasn't worried, he just missed her.

Driving to his place, he opened the door and was a bit spooked to see the light was on in the bedroom.

“Abi?” He called out, Carl had given her a key when she was down last time. They had their own schedule at that time, so it made sense, but Carl certainly didn’t expect it to be used to surprise him like this.

“Come in...” She cooed; her voice was thick with lust.

Walking into his room, he saw Abi was laying on her front under the covers, her fists holding up her head, she had lifted her legs up so that the blanket was like a tent. Without the duvet conforming around her body, he couldn’t see the two large masses that he had missed all this time.

“Hey! Oh my god!” Carl beamed, staring at his girlfriend in his bed, he was over the moon that she had turned up.

Something about Abi’s face though told him that this wasn’t the time for an emotional reunion. He took another step forward and she stopped him.

“Stop.” She pointed to the chair from the dining room that she had brought into the bedroom. “Sit.”

Carl did as he was told, he lowered himself onto the seat and kept his eyes on his girlfriend, somehow being able to resist just yanking the covers off and having his way with her.

“I don’t expect you to sit there all night... But I have to make sure you are ready...”

“What...” Carl’s excitement was rising, it wasn’t the same as knowing she was here, it was something else. He knew that she had done something, or at least he was hoping.

“Take off your shirt...” She commanded.

Carl had never been bossed around but he was more than happy to oblige, taking off his shirt, button by button he slowly showed off more of his toned body thanks to his semi-regular visits to the gym. Abi bit her lip and stared at his trousers.

“Those too...” She moaned, her legs were moving excitedly behind her, Carl was hoping that she would pull the blanket off soon.

Carl, realising he was being asked to strip, put on a bit of a show, he undone his belt with

one hand and with a firm yank he pulled the belt off and discarded it, slowly lowering his trousers, Carl was standing now a few metres away from Abi and he could feel the heat coming off of her. His dick was starting to come to life, filling out in his boxers.

“I still don’t think you’re ready...” She teased.

“What can I do to be ready... I’ve waited this long; I’ve been desperately waiting to see you again...”

“Why’s that?” Abi asked.

“That feels like a silly question...”

“Answer it.” Abi said, her eyes looked heavy.

“Well... I love you; I’ve missed you dearly... I have wanted to hold you in my arms, take you out on dates, spend time with you...”

Carl was feeling a bit sad by the fact he wasn’t able to do this often, but he didn’t let his emotions get the best of him, he could thankfully tell that Abi wasn’t taking it as negatively as he was suggesting with his words.

“What else...” Abi winked.

“What do you mean, what else?” Carl was feeling the tension in the air becoming thicker.

“Is there... Something you miss?” Her intentions were clear.

“You aren’t a piece of meat Ab.”

“So, there isn’t any particular thing you miss?” Abi raised her eyebrow and placed her index finger on her bottom lip.

“I... I...”

“I... I... I *what*?” Abi teased. “What is it Carl? I don’t care if you say it... I want you to say it... I want to know. I did it all for you, why wouldn’t you want to tell me how much you’ve been thinking about it?” Abi trailed off into a quiet moan as she could see Carl’s dick twitch in his boxers.

“You want to know? Fine. I’ve not stopped thinking about it Abi.”

“Thinking about what?”

“You know damn well what, your fat fucking ass.” Carl’s voice was raised, his cock was throbbing in his pants now as he became fully erect.

“More...” Abi moaned.

“I’ve been dreaming of the day you came back home, the day I could see you again, for all the other bullshit but I’ve been desperate to see your ass, it was so big, so perfect, I fucking loved it, I couldn’t get enough.” Carl’s dick was starting to leak precum against his boxers as he was getting into the finer details. “How much you grew it for me, how big it looked when you got back to university, those pictures? They’re the only reason I’ve not gone insane; every day I open those pictures up and you know what I do Abi?”

Abi was in love with the words, she was getting so turned on, his passion, his lust, it was driving her wild, so much so that she couldn’t even speak, she could only nod in response to his question.

“Wank, touch myself, jerk it, stroke and stroke. Every day, the same four pictures.” He grabbed his hard cock through his boxers and highlighted it to her. “Look, even just talking about it has got me so fucking hard... You’re laid there and I’m just telling you and I want nothing more than to yank that duvet off and fuck you senseless.”

Carl was panting now, getting very worked up, Abi wasn’t much different, she was gasping, eye level with his dick. Abi looked up at Carl and saw him take a step forward and she took control again.

“Not yet.”

“Please... I need it... I want to see it... Touch it... Fuck it...” Carl was losing himself to his obsession, he was starting to stroke his dick.

“One last thing. Promise.” Abi held her hand out still. “Sit.”

He did as he was told, his hand still toying with his member.

“Don’t you...” Abi needed to pause to catch her breath. “Don’t you wonder... Why haven’t I sent you any more pics?”

Carl was still, he had inhaled but couldn't let the air out, lest he get no more. He slowly nodded.

"You're a smart guy Carl... Don't you even have a guess?"

"B-bigger?" he sputtered.

A big smirk crossed her face "Yes."

Carl froze. He knew the answer, he didn't think her confirmation would affect him this much, but it felt like his world was being shattered and the bubbling lust within his body was going to just take over.

"I enjoyed our last meeting so much at the train station that I knew this time when I showed you my latest gains, we could be in a much more intimate position." Abi glanced at my dick, twitching in Carl's hand. "I don't know if you're still ready or not..."

"I'm ready... Please..."

Abi giggled. "I like it when you beg."

"Please Abi... Please show me your perfect ass..."

Swooning, Abi finally gave in and dropped her legs down, the blanket conformed around her body and Carl gasped when he saw, even through the blanket just how much bigger it looked. He stared and gripped his rod tightly in his hand.

"Let me give you a better look..." Abi lifted herself up onto her knees, she purposefully kept the blanket wrapped around her body, obscuring her shape, but despite the attempt, it was very clear that she had grown wider.

"Ready?" Abi asked one more time.

Carl couldn't answer, his eyes were staring at her waist. Abi took that as enough of an answer. Dropping the blanket Carl was greeted by the sight of her massive thighs and sprawling hips. The shape of her figure had been so deformed compared to what it once was but even since last time it looked so much more obscene, so much more exaggerated, she looked impossible, yet here she was.

Abi's voice dropped to a low whisper. "Do... Do you think I got bigger?"

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