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1,494 words.

<The Heatwave>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

“That’s right Carol, although it is hard to believe, Saturday should see the start of our heatwave, highs of 39°C in some places down south but for most of the country you should get a good 30-”

I pressed the power button and watched the TV screen turn black.

“What a load of crap.” I peered out the window and saw the drizzle still in the air, my patio turning into one giant puddle. “From this, to heatwave, what a load of bollocks.”

It was always hard to believe the weather here, but this seemed the most out there, although it wasn’t uncommon for the news to get the weather wrong here in the UK, it did like to sensationalise it just a tad.

I needed to go out and do some shopping.

Maybe today would be better when it is drizzly like this...

A smart thought, it was such a shame that everyone else in the area must’ve had the same idea. The shop was packed, the poor supermarket wasn’t quite prepared for this sudden forecast of good weather, on a Wednesday of all days. The aisles were bare, especially of the “summer products”.

Animals...

The country would always go a bit mad with the weather, this is likely why the news outlets would report it in such an over-the-top way, probably why they would get it wrong more often than

not. The shop was thankfully small, living alone had its benefits. I had been alone for a number of months; my last girlfriend and I fizzled out and I was just glad that I didn't ask her to move in when I thought things were looking very good.

Arriving home I saw a big van pulled into the drive next door.

Oh! New neighbour!

The place had been on the market for about a week before it had sold, I lived in a nice enough area with access to the motorway and a decent sized garden. The sale was after the previous owner moved to their holiday home in Italy to retire. I was always nervous when I would see a new neighbour, you'd never know who you'd get.

Please don't be a family of six with four under five.

I crossed my fingers as I went to remove the bags from my car, praying that I was not about to have a noisy nuisance of a neighbour. I tried to spy who was moving in but with the moving company lugging things at a rapid speed, it was quite hard to see.

As I was turning the key in the door, I saw her.

A gorgeous fiery redhead, her hair was the first thing I noticed. It was a bit damp and frizzy from the rain, but it was a bright ginger which was halfway down her back. The girl was fairly thin, a little bit average in her build, certainly nothing to write home about.

Why am I like this...

I questioned myself but quickly remembered why.

Oh. Because I am single and haven't had sex in about six months.

I didn't linger, lest I creep her out.

That would not be a good first impression.

It was quite hard to work out what she looked like as she was rushing around so much but just as I pressed the handle on my door, she turned and saw me. She gave me a huge enthusiastic smile and handed the box she had to one of the movers and rushed over to me.

"Hi! I'm Rosie!" Her voice was bubbly and sweet.

The girl looked to be in her early 20s, I hadn't seen anyone else, but I would presume a woman as beautiful and sweet as her would very much be taken. Seeing the front of her and a lot closer up I could see that she was mostly featureless, if she wasn't she hid it well. She did have a feminine body, but it was downplayed by her lack of any meaningful distribution of fat. She was slim and pretty. A very cute combo.

"Hi, I'm Andrew." I greeted her. "You sure did pick a day to move" I joked.

"Yeah... Even harder when you are on your own, thank goodness for movers!" Rosie giggled.

Her laugh was infectious, it was so cute and bubbly that I couldn't help but feel myself smiling and joining in more than I usually would.

Did she say on her own...

"If you need anything, please, Rosie, don't hesitate to ask."

"I should be fine; I've got to unpack on my own, but I should be done just in time for the heatwave! If I'm lucky, I might even have the pool up by then!."

My mind did immediately wander, and I thought about her in some sort of revealing bikini, her pale skin and light freckles on show to the world.

Stop it.

Sensing myself becoming too distracted by the thought, I had to silence it.

"If you want, I can sort you out and save you cooking when you've got to deal with all your stuff." I offered.

"That is so sweet! I think I might need to take you up on that." She blushed.

"That is why I offered; I know how much of a pain it is to move. Here is my number." I handed her one of my business cards.

I worked in a bank as a financial advisor, so I had my own card, a blessing and a curse. Today, sharing it with Rosie, definitely a blessing. She seemed impressed that I had a card. I don't know why I tracked that, but I think I was still thinking with my other head a little.

"Feel free to call me if you need anything, I was going to make food for seven or so, is that

alright with you?”

Rosie smiled, a tear almost forming in her eyes. “That sounds perfect.”

We really hit it off, she gave me more background on her life up until this point. She worked as a hairdresser but after her hermit uncle passed away she got a sizable inheritance; she was written into the will thanks to her spending a summer with him a few years ago. So, she bought this house to get onto the property ladder. We spent some time together when we would share a meal, it wasn’t every meal, but Rosie was very efficient and managed to get everything unpacked by Friday night.

“I think I’ve still got stuff packed from when I moved three years ago Rosie, impressive.” I told her.

She beamed, “Well, despite my complexion, I must admit, I love the sun so there was no way I was going to miss the first heatwave of the year.” She smirked, there was something else going on here, I just didn’t quite know what.

“Sounds like a good idea, I might relax in the sun tomorrow too, if the weatherman is right of course.” We both chuckled.

“I am sure he is, I can just feel it.” She bounced on her heels.

The excitement was radiating from her, her small boobs jiggled in her top and I could see her nipples were hard.

It isn’t even cold.

I tried not to get caught but I am sure she did clock my gaze. I tried to move along before my face turned red.

“Well, you can pop around if you want Rosie, I know you’ve unpacked in here, but it might be a tall order to sort the back out tomorrow too.”

“Oh, I’ll get it sorted, I just can’t wait to lay down on my sun lounger, as long as I get that out, I’ll be fine.” She was bouncing about again.

She sure is excited for some sun.

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Choices for Chapter 2

- A.) Continuous slow growth - She knows it'll happen*
- B.) Grows in the heat and shrinks overnight - She knows it'll happen*
- C.) Controls her size at will - She knows it'll happen*
- D.) Continuous slow growth - She doesn't know it'll happen*
- E.) New power to change, unskilled, unpredictable*
- F.) Grows in the heat and shrinks at night - She doesn't know it'll happen*

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*If she knows, she will be more teasing focused from the get go, if she doesn't know she will be shocked and confused and maybe eventually is more teasing with it.**

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