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<Thick as Thieves: No Nut November 2>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Thirteen

I slept for 16 hours, it felt like I was out for a week, I woke up to messages from Brigid. She was concerned about where I had gone and despite the fact I had essentially fucked her and left, she was still wanting me back over. There was an air of need and want in her messages, she seemingly wanted more of my dick. She sort of sounded like an addict when she was talking about it.

My morning wood looked lethal, it hadn't grown much since last night.

No sex... No touching...

The thought crossed my mind that I was only getting bigger when I had sex or touched myself. Well, I was always growing but touching myself was making me grow at a much quicker rate.

Was that possible?

I asked the question after I had seen firsthand proof of transformations that I couldn't possibly explain or understand.

So why can't I cum?

No matter what I did, there was no release.

Fucks sake...

I stayed in my room for the rest of the day, trying to avoid any stimulation. I didn't want to get any bigger.

I couldn't... Surely...

Looking at my phone I saw Brigid had sent me some pictures of her naked body in the mirror. She looked good. Really fucking good. She looked better bigger, her body was so round, and I felt the unbearable urge to touch myself almost take over.

NO!

I threw my phone to the bed and sat there, frustrated.

What the fuck am I going to do...

There was a ping on my phone, a calendar notification. I picked it up and saw that tomorrow's event reminder pinged.

Football!

I was hoping that the distraction would be good enough. I messaged Brigid back, apologising that I had to go out of town for a few days, four to be exact.

Who knows how big I'll be by then...

And I planned to meet up with her when I returned. I didn't want to ghost this girl, she was amazing, not just physically.

*Who knows how big **she'll** be by then...*

I couldn't linger on the thought for long, I needed to just focus on

surviving the night, a not so insignificant task.

I was quite pleased to find that I had grown only ever so slightly thicker by the next morning, the football trip would be a good distraction. The first day's games went very well. We went out to celebrate; we lost Jonesy until the next game the following morning and he was quite sheepish. Me and Gregggy didn't think much of it and just continued to play, we got to the quarter finals before getting knocked out. Heading home without taking the gold was a bit disappointing but I didn't mind. The distraction wasn't quite as good as I was hoping. The drinking in the nights after the games was starting to get me in a place where I was looking at women with far too much lust.

I stayed in the room from halfway through night two onwards. Trying to not stimulate myself at all.

Hard when Brigid was messaging me, I couldn't get the goddess out of my head. I noticed though that my growth had stopped. I woke up on day two and I hadn't grown anymore. I was still pent up, but I felt something had changed in me. I couldn't place it, but I was certainly glad to have finally stopped growing.

The trip wrapped up really quick, and I was glad to be headed home on the bus with the guys. I was feeling the excitement build in my loins when Jonesy finally cracked under Gregggy's grilling.

"Fine! Okay! I fucked that girl on the first night!" He threw his hands in the air.

"What girl? The fat one?"

Jonesy's face fell, blushing as everyone looked at him. He nodded.

Greggy put his hand on his arm "Well... You lost... Not your usual type though... Must've had it bad."

Jonesy hung his head, and I let the information sink in.

He lost...

I don't know why or what sparked it, but I couldn't help but feel a huge burden lifted from me at that moment, although I sort of thought it was lifted a few days prior.

The coach pulled up, and I disembarked and rushed into the flat quickly wanting to get to see Brigid, I saw Meg's door closed and gave it a quick knock.

I should tell her; he was giving her so much shit for it...

"Hey Meg, it's Hench, we're home. You'll never guess what, Jonesy lost No Nut November, first day away." I chuckled loudly. "Anyway, I'm going to unpack, we're thinking of food, meet you downstairs."

I took my bags to my room and quickly discarded them, rushing down the stairs again I saw there was no life from within Meg's room, I was going to wait but then I got a text from Brigid. She asked if I was home yet.

Replying and running out the door, I sped past Jonesy and Greggy that were still dragging themselves home. I ran, literally ran down the road. I was grateful that I lived close enough to just run it. Despite the physical exercise I had put in over the weekend, I felt a renewal of power in my legs with the prospect of seeing Brigid.

I was halfway there when I heard a familiar voice call to me.

“James!”

Déjà vu.

The voice sounded different though, it sounded like someone was speaking through a full mouth or if they had pressure on their throat.

Sarah?

Had I thought it was anyone else I would’ve kept going but I was sure it was her. Stopping, I turned, my lungs working overtime to catch my breath.

Sarah too was struggling for breath, but for a different reason.

Holy shit...

Sarah was looking rather different from a few days ago, apparently I wasn’t the only one to continue changing, although the girl didn’t look like she had the self-control that I did. It looked like she had been indulging the whole time, no resistance to the call of greed and hunger.

Her face was far fatter now; her neck had been swallowed by fat and that explained why she sounded different. Her cheeks were fat, and it looked like she had been pumped full of fat, like some sort of fat transfer surgery but directly to her face. Looking down was the obvious thing to do next but I genuinely think the gravitational pull of her gigantic body was the reason for my eyes dropping. She was massive, no that wasn’t good enough, beyond that.

The woman was a huge mass of lard and fat. I didn’t even understand how she was in clothes outside and moving. The latter was a mystery, but the former was a generous way to describe her current state of dress. She was bursting out of her clothes, her fat was on show all over almost, the T-shirt

that even I, as tall and big as I was, could fit my whole body in, barely was a crop top to her. It strained against her fat tits, they were huge, maybe even comparable to Emma. It wasn't a fair comparison as there was a lot more spread on Sarah's fat breasts.

Her stomach was the thing that took the cake, literally.

Packed tight, it didn't matter, she still had fat oozing off of the taut organ that had caused her to inflate so full and fat in this short amount of time, the subtlest of movements made her body shake and wobble, the imagery made me think of Brigid, who was the true target here, yet, I found my cock betraying me.

"Still got it..." Sarah cooed, jiggling her belly, making a tsunami of fat wash over her body and shake the rest of her frame, I thought that it might even knock her off her feet. "Big enough for you? Or should I go back in and get another burger, twenty-one or twenty-two, does it matter?" Sarah patted her stomach and the deep noise that filled the air made me shiver with arousal.

She's not full...

The prospect of her somehow getting bigger was maddening to me.

Brigid.

"Let me... See it... Please... I'm so hungry..." Sarah's words were hypnotic, a siren's song that threatened to call me in.

No...

I was about to move but with some unnatural and ungodly power she moved towards me and her stomach pressed into me, my hand braced for

impact, and I felt her doughy middle swallow my hand.

“I’m... I’m just so much now... You love it... Don’t you...”

I looked Sarah in the eye and could see even how her eyes had sunk into her head because of her growth.

“Yes.”

Sensing victory, Sarah smiled happily that she had finally won. Sensing her let her guard down and about to gloat. I made my exit. Sprinting up the street, easily out running the 500lb girl behind me, one word ringing in my head.

Brigid.

Sprinting was taking its toll on my already spent body, I slowed down on the corner before Brigid’s place and I rested against the lamppost, huffing in air like it was in short supply.

“Hello James...”

Another voice that made me shiver.

Jess...

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