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<New Leaf>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Six

I was riding on a high, higher than any spin class could give to me.

Despite what Lisa would have me believe...

My legs were jelly, I was still not sober, and I had a long walk home but none of that mattered to me, I had just kissed Abi. Something that was still so strange that it was even a thing. I looked at my phone and saw a few messages from Lisa, but I was absolutely not interested in drunk texting her, I just saw a lot of peach emojis.

She's the worst...

I laughed as I walked into the night, a lingering thought kept coming back to me.

Am I too big...

It was such a strange question, not because it was a strange question. I did imagine that some women would ask that question of their potential hookups or boyfriends, whatever. The question was so strange coming from Abi

because of how confident she was; to have that much doubt wasn't right, it didn't line up in my head.

I kept walking, mulling it over.

Unless...

I was sure that she had grown a bit more generous in her rear, it was a stupid brain worm that wasn't going away, maybe it was more fantasy than reality but I was still so convinced of it that this train of drunken thought was not going to quell the over curious mind.

*What if she **is** getting bigger...*

People don't just grow bigger butts, growth isn't that targeted, if it was, there would be a lot more people looking how they want in the world.

That's a thought...

I shook my head to dispel the thoughts that were going to take me farther into fantasy land.

She is growing...

I settled on it, I had no proof, no evidence, just my almost blurry eyes.

I paused on the pavement and lifted my hand to my face.

And my hand!

I felt her butt, sure, each cheek was larger than my hand, but I could probably tell if she were to get bigger from where she was now.

I thought back to that miraculous moment where my hand was actually touching her butt.

Perfection...

My brain wouldn't let it go though, I thought back to my conundrum.

If she was asking... Not because she was insecure... But because she was growing...

My mind thought back to her face, was it that sad, was it that worried and concerned or am I just projecting something that wasn't there. It was hard to say.

She's growing...

Why ask?

The cold air swept over my warm face as I approached my door, and I pulled my keys out.

She was testing to see if I'd still be around if she grew?

That was the last thing I remembered before I got into the house.

The next morning was rough, to say the least. Lisa was a bad influence, for the drink and the spin class.

Ah...

My cock was rigid and pressed awkwardly against the bed as I groggily threw myself onto my back.

But...

My mind relived the day, in dashes of memory like I was changing the channel on the TV quickly or something. There wasn't a great reception, the fuzziness was very much down to the drink but there was a smiling face looking at me, the focus of my mind's eye.

Abi.

Her face was getting closer, I was getting snippets of conversation, short little flashes of seeing her butt, the spin class, the bar stool, it was flooding into my head until.

The kiss.

I knew quickly that it wasn't just one kiss but that last kiss at the end of the night, it stuck with me. The cold air against my warm face was shielded by her own warmth, her plump lips pressed against mine was an extension of that protection from the cold but how it transferred to me, how the sparks from that seemed to jump start my soul.

I need to get off that destiny crap that Lisa sends me...

It wasn't destiny, it wasn't some sort of divine star signed moment, it was just pure, unadulterated attraction.

I really wasn't sure what I had that Abi liked but I knew what I liked about Abi.

Everything...

My head was pounding a bit too hard to take care of my morning wood, so I turned to my side and grabbed my phone. Lisa had sent me a bunch of messages, but I was surprised to see an unread message on my gym app.

Huh?

I felt something deep down that this wasn't going to be something about the pool being closed.

I opened it and saw Abi's face.

This thing has messaging! Nice!

I read the message, it wasn't a message really, it was just a phone number. I certainly didn't need to be told twice; I put it into my phone and messaged her to see how she was doing this morning.

"I don't like texting... Meet me for coffee? 11 at Cake & Co?" was the reply I received.

I looked at the time and saw it was just about 1030.

Fuck!

I replied yes and got ready and rushed down to the place she text, I was a bit early, it was thankfully quite close to my place and although I could've walked, driving was the quicker option. I actually arrived before Abi, although I was a bit dishevelled sitting down just in time to see her walk through the door.

The pounding headache I was still trying to suppress meant nothing when my eyes landed on her curvy form. She looked perfect, like there were no lingering effects from the drink she consumed last night.

I followed my eyes down her curvy form and gasped when my eyes reached her hips, again still, even after touching it, I was in awe at the size of this woman's curves.

How does she do it?

It was a question that if provided an answer could make someone very rich I thought, although the reality is genetics, clearly.

Abi took a seat opposite mine, and she looked at me with a smirk.

"You know... You really don't hide your gaze very well." She giggled.

“Can you blame me?”

“Ooo!” She playfully feigned a shocked expression. “Sounds like you’ve been drinking to be that confident.”

“Maybe it’s still in my system.” I chuckled.

“I suppose that could be it.” She teased. “And for the record, yes, I can blame you.” She stuck her tongue out.

“Well, I’ll see you in court.” I said shuffling imaginary papers, the movement making me wince a little.

Abi laughed and smiled at me before there was a more concerning look spreading over her. “Your head is that bad?”

“Yeah... I drank a lot last night, not sure how you look that amazing after drinking that much...” I said rubbing the side of my forehead.

“Well, let me get you some coffee.” Abi shot me daggers when I reached for my wallet, not wanting to anger the goddess I pulled back my hand. “An americano please, thank you.”

“You are most welcome.” Abi bowed.

“You’re as lame as me.”

“Shush! Just watch me walk away.” She scolded playfully.

And watch I did.

Turning around I saw just how beautifully she filled those jeans; her butt was accentuated by the tight belt she had on that held her shirt tucked in. It just made her waist look narrower and the effect was great. Each cheek looked about as big as yesterday.

Maybe I'm wrong...

I looked over those jeans to see if there was anything identifiable, maybe she would wear them again another day and I could spot the growth.

I feel a bit creepy...

It didn't sway me from noting the patch on the left side of the waist that said the brand name, I couldn't quite read it, but it had a bull on them.

Close enough...

I sunk my head into my hands on the table and I was a bit annoyed that I missed her return but when I heard the tray hit the table I leapt into social action which just made Abi laugh, almost sending the burning hot beverages flying into the air.

I tried to play it off, failed spectacularly and looked at the tray and saw two big cups and one gigantic slice of cake.

To share?

I watched Abi take her seat and she placed the cake before her. "Sorry, I saw it and I couldn't resist."

With a swift movement of her fork, she cut a chunk out of the very decadent looking chocolate cake, and I saw the thick cream in the middle melt down slightly thanks to the room temperature. I saw the mouthful disappear behind those plump lips and she let out a very satisfied gasp.

"This is phenomenal..." She moaned and took another bite.

Is she going to eat that whole thing?

I didn't mind a girl that could eat, for sure, but seeing how fit the girl

was, it was strange to see her eating what I could only assume was a slice of cake with over 1200 calories in it.

*I never was **that** good at calorie counting...*

Abi barely spoke, she just ate the cake and I watched her, in fascination more than anything. When she finished she leaned back in her chair and blushed.

“Oh sorry! That was so rude!”

“No, you look like you enjoyed.” I smiled; it made Abi blush.

“I just can’t help myself sometimes... That's why I got into the gym... I have a sweet tooth...”

“I think we all do, right? Who doesn’t have a sweet tooth.” I reassured her.

“Yeah, I mean, I can’t complain, everything I eat goes right to my ass anyway.” Abi laughed, giving the side of her butt a slap under the table for added emphasis.

That’s how she does it...

The time spent together was good, we talked and enjoyed each other’s company, but the day was not going to last forever. We got to know each other better and only when she was leaving did I really get a good sign that last night wasn’t a fluke.

“It was nice seeing you, I enjoyed today... I really enjoyed yesterday...” She leaned in for a hug, I wrapped my arms around her smaller frame, and we enjoyed a little embrace before she whispered in my ear. “See you tomorrow for

spin... I've had to get new shorts..." She said, seemingly like she knew what it was going to do to my brain.

Uncoupling from the hug she gave me a sweet peck on the lips and disengaged before we walked out.

"See you tomorrow."

"Yeah, don't miss it. 6am sharp!" She commanded.

6am...

I felt defeated, like it was the worst thing that could happen to me, waking up that early again. Then I saw her hips swaying from side to side making her big butt shake as she walked away.

6am sharp!

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