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1,226 words.

<Inquisitive>

by <Growing Desires>

### Chapter 3

Amy walked back to the car and sat down for a few minutes; the walk had partially taken it out of her but also the interaction with Mr Simmons was still playing in her mind. She found herself feeling aroused, the overwhelming desire to touch herself right now was almost too great.

*I think pregnancy does make some people horny.*

Her own mind was even betraying her at this point. She sternly snapped herself out of it and furiously started typing away on her phone.

Amy: Hey Dave, can you come round to mine? It's urgent.

Dave: Are you mental? It's like fucking not even 9.

Amy: Urgent.

Amy added a photo of her stomach pressing against the steering wheel and immediately pulled off.

*He better come...*

The short drive was a good distraction, having only recently passed her test, driving was still a

lot of work for Amy. Waddling to the door, she let herself in and just as she was closing the door, she heard Dave's overworked engine revving up the street.

*Change gear...*

He came skidding to a halt on the pavement outside her parents' home and looked at his friend. He wasn't quite as wide eyed as most of the people who saw her nowadays. Amy and Dave were in a band together. Dave was the drummer, Amy was on guitar and vocals, they had hung out almost every day for the last eight years, they were best friends. Dave had seen his friend balloon up over the last few months and whilst there wasn't much said at first, Dave was quite aware of how she felt about it.

Dave joined Amy in the house and threw himself on the sofa and closed his eyes.

"Ya know, this is early for me..." He grunted and covered his eyes with his forearm to help shield his eyelids from the bright light of the outside world. "I was out last night... Probably shouldn't have driven..."

"Dave." Amy replied with a serious tone. "This is serious."

Dave was a layabout and chilled but he always rose to the occasion for Amy. He sat up and wiped his eyes. Looking at his friend, he was now taking in her form. Her gravid body was positively gigantic, even to Dave who had seen it swell over weeks, he was taken aback.

"Another growth spurt?" Dave asked.

"No. Just... Look at me..." She gestured to her belly dominated frame.

It was unable to be contained with her wardrobe and Dave couldn't help but stare at the pale orb now bulging off her torso. There were no stretch marks, it was a perfect sphere. The rapid growth would lead someone to think that it would've overtaxed the skin but there was no blemish in sight, it was beautiful in a way.

Dave agreed, he thought about how feminine and womanly it looked, like she was a fertility goddess or something. Dave had brought up the notion of pregnancy tests and seeing a doctor, but Amy would shut him down. She was scared, it was hard to blame her, adding so much weight to your frame,

the questions and whispers, it was just too much for the eighteen-year-old.

“I’m just... So big...” She plopped down on the sofa next to Dave.

Her breasts used the bulging middle as a shelf, her thigh was pressed against Dave, needing to spread wide to accommodate the girth of her rotund middle.

“Mrs Taylor was asking questions...” Amy said, her eyes filling up with tears.

Dave put his hand on Amy’s shoulder to soothe her, it only made her cry more. He pulled her towards his side and gave her a big and long hug. Amy felt warm, safe, cared for. It was a feeling that she had never experienced with Dave. She turned and looked up at his face and she felt close enough to kiss him.

*Kiss him...*

Her mind told her, she managed to resist.

*Stupid hormones.*

“Are you okay?” Dave asked.

Amy nodded. “She was just so nosy...” Her hand went to her stomach and started to rub the side, remembering Mr Simmons’ touch not so long ago. “Mr Simmons saved me.”

“Simmons is a good dude.” Dave nodded, “Shame he wasn’t there when we were in school.”

“He... Umm...” Amy felt herself turning red, her heart fluttered, and her nipples were stiff. “He touched it...”

“Well... People do that to pregnant chicks right?” Dave didn’t think about what he said, his face filled with remorse for the poor choice of words.

Amy though, surprisingly, didn’t cry or snap. “I guess they do...” She murmured. “Did... You want to touch it?”

Dave was confused, he thought it best to play along to help his friend.

“If you are okay with that?”

Amy grabbed his free hand and placed it on her stomach and moved it around. It didn't feel the same as Mr Simmons, but it was quite exciting to have someone touching her stomach, Amy couldn't quite work out why.

"It must be heavy..." Dave added.

"It gets in the way more at the moment..."

"I bet." He added.

"Cheeky." Amy shifted herself and pinned her stomach on Dave so he could feel the weight. "So... Is it heavy?"

Dave was partially winded from the weight and from the shock of her placing her stomach on him. "It isn't light..." He grunted.

Amy laughed and pushed it against him more. She felt power. "How about now?"

"You're crushing me, Amy!" Dave used both hands to playfully push her away, despite his "best" efforts, she wasn't budging.

Dave felt rather odd about the whole encounter, his best friend's stomach had blown up to epic proportions and it was now being used to pin him to the sofa. He felt the weight increase and his hands were being pushed further into his body.

"Hey, I wasn't joking... You... ~ugh~... Are going to crush me... If you press any harder."

"I'm not doing anything." Amy said, wide eyed and looking at her stomach.

Dave's eyes moved from her face and down to her belly and watched as it was in fact, swelling.

Amy whimpered. "I can't get any bigger..."

Her belly had swollen larger, rapidly. Both Amy and Dave sat in a state of shock, it had looked like she had been hooked up to a pump and inflated. The swollen orb was still pinning Dave to the sofa. They both just stared at it, moments prior it was pulsating and growing but now it was stationary other than the movements of Amy's deep breaths. Both of them were too scared to move, in case it triggered another growth spurt.

Movement was forced upon them however, there was a movement from within and Amy jumped backwards screaming. Falling to the floor, her girth was spread out between her thighs, she looked at how her stomach was now rising high enough to push her boobs upwards, the middle of her stomach was pressing between her cleavage, her breasts were starting to be separated by the middle of her stomach. She watched, filled with fear, until she felt another movement inside. It was minor but enough to startle her again. She waited a few more minutes but there was no more movement.

Dave spoke up “I think we need to go to the hospital..”

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