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1,608 words.

<Rekindling>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 3

Phoebe slipped him her number and rose from her chair, having not seen her gravid size for so long, Jessie almost gasped when he saw her huge bump rise over the edge of the table. He watched her waddle her pumped up body towards the door and heard the ding from the bell as she left.

Jessie took a second at the table, struggling with his semi, he knew he needed to wait a second before getting up.

Don't want the staff to see me like this...

Jason descended on the table like a vulture. "Was that Phoebe?"

"Yes."

"And did I see right..."

"Yes."

"Pregnant."

Jessie nodded.

"What is she doing back here?" Jason grilled Jessie. "Hang on. Is that her number?" Jason noticed the paper in Jessie's hand.

Before Jessie could even answer, Jason threw another question.

"Isn't she the one that you went out with..."

"Yes."

"So, this is like a second chance for you then?"

"I guess."

"Despite her condition?" Jason raised his eyebrow.

"Yeah well... We're adults now so I guess there is added complexity sometimes right?"

"Hey, no judging here buddy, you know me J, I'm your number

one fan, you've helped me so much." He opened his phone and furiously started typing.

"What are you doing?" Jessie asked.

"Telling my girl that I won't be off tomorrow."

"Why's that?"

"I'll cover you here, I saw how you and her were staring dreamily into each other's gaze, the whole bloody shop probably could if they bothered to look." Jason laughed. "You were like some lovestruck teens."

Jessie blushed and looked away from his friend who was clearly ribbing him for his infatuation.

"Don't look so ashamed, I'm just pulling your leg." His boisterous laugh dimmed to a chuckle. "It's fine, I'll let Amy know, she will be fine." Jason pat Jessie on the side of his arm. "Tell you what, why don't you go home now, I'll clear this all up."

Jessie looked at his friend in disbelief. "But you've done so much, c'mon we're in this toget--"

"You've done way more for me, go on, get out, me and these youngsters have got it, go get yourself something nice to wear and take her somewhere nice." Jason winked.

"You're too good to me Jason."

"I know." He joked standing up from the table and starting to clear the tables with the rest of the staff.

Jessie left the cafe with guilt in his heart, but he knew that Jason wouldn't let him stay, even if he wanted to. It was early enough for him to head to a local clothes shop and pick up a nice shirt and new pair of jeans. He went home that night and just kept thinking of Phoebe, especially how pregnant she was.

She was massive...

The words rang through Jessie's head, and he kept thinking about how close he was to her not that many hours ago, but he craved her. It was quite unlike him. He sat on his sofa and picked up his phone.

"Should I?" He said aloud, thinking about texting her. "Is this too desperate..."

He reasoned with himself, they weren't kids anymore, this was the adult world, she was about to have a baby.

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If not now, when? The motivational words entered his head, oddly enough the voice saying them was Jason's.

Jessie: Hey Phoebe, it was great seeing you today, it has been so long. I hope I don't sound like a loser, but I'd love to meet up with you tomorrow.

Phoebe: You already said you would, silly.

Jessie: Oh... Yeah... Sorry.

Phoebe: You just wanted to find an excuse to talk to me didn't you?

She saw straight through him. That is exactly why he struck up the conversation, it hadn't been more than three hours since he last saw her, but he wanted, no, needed more.

Jessie: I mean, if you talking to me is a side effect of my stupidity then I will be stupid all day.

Phoebe: Okay, I now think you might be a loser.

Phoebe: Just kidding, before you panic.

Jessie: Thank you, I was about to start hyperventilating.

Jessie: So... Tomorrow?

Phoebe: You aren't very good at this dating thing you know.

Jessie: Well, you are the one who told me about how you dated in the big city, what would one of those guys do?

Phoebe: Break my heart, use me, disrespect me... The list goes on...

Jessie: I certainly don't want to do any of those things... How about we go get some food out?

Phoebe: Oh, you know what? I've been craving food from that place on the corner by the bus station, The King's arms?

Jessie: Mark and Heather sold it, it's now the Red Lion.

Phoebe: They did such a good carvery...

Jessie: Well, the new owners have made it an all you can eat, they don't do carvery, but they do have a lot of choice.

Phoebe: I hope that they have something I am craving, since getting pregnant me and food have been a bit of a bad mix, as you might've seen today...

Jessie: You didn't eat anything?

Phoebe: No... I meant my... Ya know, everything... The whole "whale" comment...

Jessie: You are not a whale, you are beautiful.

Phoebe: Beautiful? Is that so?

Shit... Shit shit shit... Jessie worried if he had overstepped a mark.

Jessie: Sorry Phoebe.

Phoebe: Am I not beautiful?

Jessie: Well of course you are...

Phoebe: Then don't apologise, maybe tell me more...

Jessie: I remember when you walked in, the bell went and I looked instinctively at the door but when I saw you, I didn't know it was you at the time, I just couldn't tear my eyes away, you just commanded my attention with your looks.

Phoebe: You mean my boobs.

Jessie: No! I meant your dress, your beautiful silky hair, your pretty face, gorgeous eyes.

Phoebe: I was wearing glasses... You couldn't have possibly seen my eyes...

Jessie: What about the rest then?

Phoebe: Face, maybe, hair, sure. Dress? You mean my tits, admit it.

Jessie: That is so rude.

Phoebe: Tell that to your eyes honey

Jessie had to put his phone down, he was too embarrassed, this easy flirtatious message chain was meant to be fun but here he was, worried that she thought he was some sort of perverted freak. After taking a deep breath he caught up on a few messages.

Phoebe: I mean, it is hard to blame you after all, that is the one good thing that has come out of this baby.

Phoebe: (It's fine, I don't mind that you were looking)

Phoebe: My boobs were popping out of the dress, part of the reason I put it on to be honest.

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Phoebe: It is hard to feel sexy when you are the size of a barge...

Phoebe: Did I kill you?

Jessie: No, I just took a second...

Phoebe: Why?

Jessie: Okay, fine, you got me, I was staring at your chest when you came in...

Phoebe: I didn't expect you to say that, I mean, I knew it was true but for you to admit it, well done!

Jessie: Alright... Sorry.

Phoebe: Don't be sorry, do you remember when we dated before?

Jessie: Vaguely...

Phoebe: You loved my boobs back then too.

Jessie recalled the reason he approached Phoebe to ask her out in the first place was because of her boobs. She developed first in the year; she grew quickly and was certainly one of the bustiest girls in the school by the time she was in their final year. Jessie had been hanging out with Phoebe a few times and he finally, after much help from Jason, timidly asked her out. They went out a few times and hung out, but they were both so shy and nervous. They did kiss a few times, but it was as far as they took it.

Jessie: Guilty... I mean, I told you as much back then.

Phoebe: Yup, shame you barely touched them.

Jessie: I was so shy then...

Phoebe: You seem quite timid now still.

Jessie: Well... It is hard to prepare to ask your crush out for the second time, especially after you've blamed yourself for ruining the first time you did.

Phoebe: You didn't ruin it, I was shy and timid too, we were too young. I see this as a destiny sort of thing.

Jessie: That is a good way to put it...

Phoebe: The Prophecy of the boobs.

Jessie: That is what this is all about?

Phoebe: Based on where your eyes were most of the day, yes.

Jessie: I was not staring the whole day.

Phoebe: No, you weren't... But hey... Tomorrow I'll let you feel

them.

Jessie: I don't know how to respond to that...

Phoebe: Well, it's just to compare of course, purely scientific. You had an A in Biology right?

Jessie: Yes... I did...

Phoebe: Well, that is settled then, we will meet at the Red Lion, and you can fondle me. Don't be late, midday, see you there. I've got to go, see you tomorrow.

Is she for real... Jessie blushed a deep crimson.

Jessie: I'll see you there.

Jessie put his phone down on the sofa and looked at what was on the TV, he had been tuned out for ages, he quietly pressed the power button and sat in silence. His mind went into overdrive about what they had just talked about.

He read the conversation over again and read aloud one line that had stuck with him "You can fondle me..."