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<Inquisitive>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 2

Waddling across the landing, the lingering thought of her thesis running wild in her skull. She was in a daze; Amy felt her stomach bounce on her frame and almost caused her to stumble an extra step or two because of the inertia of her bump.

But... I couldn't be...

Amy wasn't a virgin, when she turned 18, she was dating a guy who she had been seeing for a while. Losing her virginity was a relatively nice experience but the relationship had faded in the following months. Nearly turning 19 at this point, Amy had only started to grow past the 9-month mark since having sex. It just didn't add up to her.

Focusing on the task at hand, she guided her belly into the bathroom and could see her brother on a stool brushing his teeth.

He was so good.

Their parents had gone away for a week on a work trip. Now that Amy was 18, they felt more than comfortable to leave Tom in her capable hands. They were mildly concerned about the changes that their daughter was going through but they were so busy working and when they saw her, she was usually eating a lot, so they chalked it up to overeating.

“Oh, there is my big boy! Brushing his teeth all on his own!” Amy waddled over to him.

Her stomach couldn't allow her to get too close to the sink because of the protrusion, Tom turned his head to the side and looked over the crest of her stomach and up to her face. He enthusiastically brushed his teeth and smiled.

“Good boy, Tom.” She ruffled his hair.

There was a loud rumble and Amy's belly shook visibly, this had started last month, halfway through her growth. She had grown insatiable, and her stomach demanded more sustenance.

“What's for breakfast?” Tom said wide eyed. “I don't want to be eaten for real.”

Amy giggled and looked at him with a grin. “Best get downstairs quick then.”

Tom screamed and laughed as he ran down the stairs.

So much energy...

Amy was lacking in that department, the added weight slowed her down, easing herself down the stairs was an ordeal now. Arriving in the kitchen she could see Tom was obediently sitting at the table. Amy had whipped up some bacon and pancakes for herself, it was still warm. She looked at Tom who was giddily looking at the smaller stack to the side.

Picking up both plates, she jiggled over to the table and placed her plate opposite Tom and then the small stack before Tom.

Amy used the side of her hand to obscure her mouth and leaned in towards Tom. “Don't tell Mum or Dad...”

Tom mimed, zipping his mouth shut.

“Good.” Amy reached into the cupboard and pulled out some maple syrup and raised an eyebrow at Tom.

He nodded. “As long as you don't tell Mom or Dad.”

“Secret's safe with me.” She gave an exaggerated wink to her younger brother before unleashing a torrent of sticky goop onto the pancakes.

Plopping her larger behind onto the seat opposite, she winced as her stomach hit the edge of the

table. Rubbing it to soothe the pain she was once again reminded at the sheer size of her stomach; she was barely able to reach its entire circumference. Quickly distracting herself from the huge orb resting between her thighs, she picked up her fork and plunged it into the soft and fluffy pancake, being sure to dip it in some of the pooled maple syrup around the base of the stack.

Tom had two pancakes and two rashers of bacon, Amy by comparison had nine pancakes and 12 rashers of bacon, the rest of the pack. The stack was huge, Tom had seen his sister's appetite increase over the weeks, but he didn't think to question it, he just enjoyed the nice things he was now allowed to do that his parents weren't around.

Amy rapidly consumed the stacks of pancakes and bacon, mere minutes the stack lasted, she even licked the plate of the syrup that the pancake wasn't able to pick up due to already being saturated. Despite the huge amount of food she had just consumed she was still hungry, her stomach was still aching for more. Amy would've made more food if it wasn't for the time and the fact that Tom had finished his food. Her stomach had visibly swollen from the meal, her fingers softly danced over the surface under the table. Tom looked over at his bloated sister and smiled.

"Done." He smiled, his mouth still chewing some of the contents of his last forkful.

"Good, let's get you ready for school then champ!"

Tom was a lot more compliant with Amy, mostly because of what she let him get away with, he just was more agreeable to her requests. Amy waddled out of the house and Tom jumped into his booster seat in her car. Amy had to buckle him in, in doing so her stomach was pressed against the side of his seat and it bulged over to his legs. He let out an exaggerated groan.

"It's gobbling me up!" Tom joked, poking the taut surface of her stomach.

Amy had to stifle a burp from his prods. After making sure the clasp was clicked in, she removed her heavy belly from his legs and sat herself in the driver's seat. Since her growth she had to have the seat pushed all the way back but even now it wasn't enough, her arms were struggling to reach

the wheel, but her belly was not, it would catch on the wheel through the movement of her body when driving.

“Do they make bigger cars?” Tom asked.

“I suppose they do, why?”

“Your tummy looks like it needs another seat.” He said innocently.

“I still could eat you, ya know” Her hand shot to his side, and she gave him a little tickle.

He wasn't wrong. I was getting too big for this car...

Arriving at the school, she found a parking spot rather quickly which was a rarity in itself. She got out of the car and waddled to the other side to help Tom out. Thankfully for Tom's legs he could undo the seat belt. She provided him with her hand for support to jump out of the car. This was the part she hated.

Waddling up to the school shouldn't be a bad thing but the stay-at-home mums would all whisper and judge her, the community was small, so they had all seen her swell up over the past few months but most of them hadn't seen her in the flesh for a few weeks. She had obviously grown since then and with her wardrobe being a bit small, she was obviously displaying a lot of flesh for the school yard to ogle.

Amy heard a few not so hushed whispers, she did her best to ignore them, but it was hard. All eyes were on the 18-year-old as her stomach now was bigger than most of theirs were when they were with child. As she got closer to the school there were some grandparents who came over to her and unashamedly stopped her.

“Oh, look at you, Amy, right?” One of them said,

“Yeah, Tina's girl.” She added.

“Oh Tina, lovely girl. She didn't mention that she was going to be a granny soon like us?” The older women all started to chuckle.

“What do you mean?” Tom asked.

“Well Tom, your sister has a baby in her belly, you’ll have a new friend soon.”

Tom looked at his sister wide eyed.

“I’m...” Amy started to say.

“WOWEE A NEW BABY BROTHER OR SISTER.” Tom didn’t quite understand family trees.

The grandparents collectively said “Awww” and giggled. One of them started rubbing her massive stomach.

“I’m not pregnant...” Amy said under her breath.

“What was that dearie?”

“I said I’m not pregnant.” Amy had raised her voice now. She shooed the elderly woman’s hands from her stomach.

“Oh... See you soon then...” The procession of Nan’s all made a hasty exit from the yard.

“Oh, what shall we name the new baby?” Tom asked. Tom didn’t know what pregnant meant either.

Grasping his wrist, Amy led Tom to the school.

“There isn’t a baby in there Tom, those old ladies were wrong.”

“Aww...” He said sadly.

“Well, if there was, that would mean I couldn’t spend my time with you anymore. So, it’s a good thing.”

Tom nodded.

“Now go have a great day at school, I’ll see you later.”

Tom gave his sister a big hug, his arms wrapping around her thicker thigh and his head pressed into the side of her swollen stomach.

“Later.” He ran to the door a few metres away.

Just as Amy turned to leave, she heard her name being called.

“Amy darling?”

Mrs Taylor

“Yes?” Amy said, turning on her heels a little too quickly with her added girth, almost losing her balance.

Mrs Taylor’s eyes were gawking at the protruding stomach. “Wow... You must be ready to pop any second...” She said as her hands met the surface of her stomach.

“I’m not pregnant.” Amy said back, unable to sound too stern thanks to her shock.

“Nonsense, you don’t just grow a stomach this big and not have a baby... Er... Babies in your case.” She rubbed her hand around the edges of the round taut stomach. “So, who’s the father?”

“I’m. Not. Pregnant.” Amy’s annoyance was starting to permeate through. “There is no dad, because there is no baby.”

“Nonsense, I felt it kick.”

Kick?

“See...” Mrs Taylor took her hand and placed it on Amy’s own belly.

She could feel movement for sure, there was something happening under her flesh.

“I’d say there is more than one for sure, very lively too.”

More than one...

As Mrs Taylor rubbed Amy’s stomach, Amy sat there motionless, she felt the wriggle against her hand and for the first time she connected the odd internal sensation with the movement on the surface.

No... It’s just indigestion... Or gas... Or something... Anything...

Amy’s mind was reeling from being blown like this, in such a public setting. She felt so exposed and lost.

“Amy?” Mrs Taylor’s voice broke her from her daze. “You Ok dear?”

“Uhh? Yeah, sorry spaced out for a sec there...”

“I’ll say, well who is the lucky father? How far along are you? You look fit to pop soon.”

Mrs Taylor’s questioning was making Amy start to get anxious.

“I’m not pregnant...” She repeated.

Mrs Taylor was just about to grill her further but thankfully Mr Simmons came to save the day.

“Come now Rachel, I think it is time we take register.” Mr Simmons ushered his colleague into the school.

Mr Simmons was the head teacher for the school, he was young for his position, but he had turned the school around in such a short amount of time he had earned the respect of his peers from boosting grades and securing funding for extracurricular activities. Education was his passion and it showed in everything he did for the community. He wasn’t even thirty, but he had already had such a good career in the town. It certainly helped that he was also charming and a good looker. He was well built, rather fit and always so smartly presented. Amy had let her eyes wander once or twice but it was hard not to when he walked by.

“I’ll catch you up Rach, I just want to speak to Amy here.”

Speak to me?

“I’m so sorry about Mrs Taylor, she can be a bit...”

“Nosy?” Amy finished his sentence.

“I was going to say a busy body, but your description works too.” He chuckled. “I’ll have a word... A woman in your condition shouldn’t be grilled like that.” He looked at Amy with such a caring look that Amy felt her heart flutter.

“It’s okay, I’ve had a lot of questions lately...” Her voice trailed off.

“Hey, you don’t need to answer any of them. You just look after yourself.” His hand then pressed against the side of Amy’s stomach. “And this one too.”

Amy’s anxiety over being called pregnant was no longer present, there was another feeling,

something warm and comforting about his hand and gaze, she instinctively placed her hand over his and met his eyes.

“Yeah... I will...”

Mr Simmons smiled back and gave a bit of a rub, his fingers splaying wider to really feel the gravity of her stomach, her hand pressed his harder. She almost moaned from the sensual feeling of his hand on her gravid middle.

Mr Simmons cleared his throat and slipped his hand out, recomposing himself. “Right, well I’ll see you later when you come to get Tom. You take care Amy.” He turned and hastily walked into the school.

“Thank you...” She called out before he entered the doorway.

Amy’s hand was still where he was moments prior. She was the only person in the yard, holding her huge stomach, she looked down at it.

See you later...

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