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<Rekindling>

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Chapter 5

Jessie was taken aback.

She can only mean one thing right?

He didn't get much more time to think, he just sat there and watched as she pulled the chair around the side of the table giving him a clear line of sight to her body.

"I've seen you looking here too..." Her hands fell gracefully to her swollen middle. "This must look huge too... Huh?" She teased.

Jessie was stunned.

Why... Why was she doing this?

"Oh Jessie... You look mortified honey..." Phoebe scooted the chair towards her date. "You don't need to be embarrassed... I understand..." She placed her hand on his and moved it over to her pregnant middle.

Jessie was torn, he felt shame, embarrassment and all sorts of terror. Equally he was so turned on he thought he might explode right there.

"Oh Jessie... Honey... You don't remember, do you?" Her hand was on his chin, lifting his gaze to meet her eyes. "Remember... That party?"

Just then like a bolt of lightning he was transported back to when they were at a party. Phoebe's words acted like a narration for his recollection.

“It was my 18th...”

The room appeared in Jessie’s imagination, recalling the details of the house party, there were balloons everywhere, about 25 people were over Phoebe’s parent’s place when it all started, they had left the house to her with just one rule, anything you break is fixed. It was a risky gamble, but they knew their daughter was good and they were a lot worse when they were young. Jessie was sitting opposite Phoebe and there were two other’s playing spin the bottle, the night had dragged on and only these four remained awake and still drinking. Some had moved on to either go home or go to a club in the town. The two others were just names to Jessie, it didn’t matter as they were love birds and after one of them dared the other to kiss them things took a rather heated turn. Jessie can remember watching them stumble out of the room, his memory wasn’t the best thanks to the copious amounts of alcohol he had.

“Tiff and Jack had just left; they were drunk enough to finally kiss one another, and they went to my parent’s room... It was just you and me...”

Jessie recalled looking down at the bottle and saw that it was pointed at him, he saw a smirking Phoebe staring back at him. She had lost her top after someone spilled beer down it, so she was just in her bra and skirt. Her eyes were locked on Jessie, and he couldn’t help but glance down.

“You were checking out my boobs and it gave me the idea... I asked. What do you like?” She giggled. “I know we had dated, and I knew that you certainly had an appreciation of my chest but what you said shocked me actually...”

Jessie recalled the question and remembered stuttering and slurring a bit, the Dutch courage wasn’t ridding him of all of his timidity.

“Do you remember what you said?” Phoebe asked.

“Boobs...” Jessie said lamely.

“Yes...”

He recalled Phoebe pulling her boobs out of her bra and showing them off to him. The perfectly perky breasts caught his attention, he can remember the feelings rushing through his head

now as if it was happening right now.

“I pulled my bra off and you just stared...”

Phoebe and Jessie had already dated by this point, they were no longer an item, yet here she was, topless, something that he hadn't seen when they were dating, a few years removed to that, a lot of drink and lots of sexual tension in the air.

“I crawled over to you, my boobs hanging there, your eyes never left them but when my hand touched your face, you said...”

“There is something else...” Jessie said nervously.

“Yes... Do you remember what you told me that day?” Phoebe brought Jessie's attention from his memory and back into the present.

“I...” Jessie stammered.

“Yes?” Phoebe said, teasingly, she knew what he was going to say so she started to move.

“I... Said...”

Phoebe never let her eyes leave his, she slowly slid the chair back and moved her hands down her full chest and her palms rubbed the grand orb of her bump. She was more than blatant with her teasing now, Jessie watched on in horny horror as she started to shake and pat the giant belly she now had. Each movement made her boobs jiggle in her top, almost busting free.

“What Jessie? What did you say?” Phoebe said, pouting her lips and still rubbing her stomach.

“P...” Jessie struggled to say it for a few reasons, the biggest reason right now as that she was turning him on so much.

“Pregnant. Pregnancy is hot.” She moaned. “That's what you said to me, you said Pregnancy is hot... Well... Jessie, look at me, do you think *this* is hot?”

Jessie was timid, shy, nervous, embarrassed and so much more but being asked that question right now, he only had one response and it superseded his emotions.

“Yes.”

“Good...” Phoebe took his hand and placed it on her belly. “You earned this at least...”

Jessie couldn't believe what was happening, in 24 hours he had gone from the fading memory of his busty ex-girlfriend to seeing her massively pregnant and his hand was on her bump. He thought he might cum right there.

“What's funny is... As soon as I found out...” She grabbed his other hand and placed it onto her taut middle. “I thought of you... Your hands on my swelling middle... Every day I would get more pregnant, you would just fawn over me... Every day you'd get home, and you'd see more of me...”

Jessie was panting, his knuckles were white gripping the table, Phoebe had him in the palm of her hand like putty. She could see his cock throb through his trousers.

“I think that probably about sums it up right?” Phoebe paused once more. “Big belly, big boobs... Now, Jessie, was there anything else?”

Jessie shook his head slowly. “No...”

“Good.” With that she pushed her chair back and sat down at her side of the table.

Jessie raised his sweat covered eyebrow.

“What?” She looked down at the menu and chuckled. “Pregnant girls gotta eat Jessie, you just keep that from misfiring while we enjoy our date, I mean you did say you'd take me out.” She stuck her tongue out playfully and covered her boobs with the menu, giggling.

“Oh... Yeah... Um... Food...” Jessie picked up his menu and struggled to concentrate.

“Hey... Jessie...” Phoebe's voice was inviting and leading.

“Yes?”

“I hope you don't mind; the baby is quite hungry today...” She patted her stomach of emphasis; the noise triggered a Pavlovian reaction from Jessie. “I might need to order a lot...”

“That's fine.”

“Sometimes I just eat so much... I might need a belly rub after...”

A belly rub...

The food arrived and there was a lot of it. Jessie gasped as the waiters kept bringing more food, she had placed the order through an app on Jessie's phone, the price didn't matter one bit, but he was just shocked that it kept coming.

"I'm eating for..." She placed a finger on her chin. "Two... I think?" She joked.

Her words were turning Jessie on, he just watched her cram more food into her huge stomach, it made sense to him how she was looking so big despite the fact she was only six months pregnant. The meal made her belly swell out a bit more so that she looked even more bloated, after polishing off the final dish she leaned back and let out a content sigh.

"Ooof... You know how to treat a lady..." She pat her stomach. It sounded full to capacity.

Jessie stared and gawked at her stomach. The dress did even less now to hide her true gravidity.

"Come here..." Phoebe beckoned him over to her.

Jessie leaned forward and with a timid "What..." He watched the smirk rapidly spread over her face, his desperation bringing her untold levels of satisfaction.

"I think it is time for that belly rub..."

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