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982 words.

<Inquisitive>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 7

Amy was showing more skin than she had covered up, but she left the house anyway, knowing that she had no other option than to leave in her current state. Riding high from her look in the mirror she waddled down the drive, noticeably bigger than when she entered her house earlier that day. Her huge stomach bobbed and wobbled on her frame, pulling her from side to side. It was now so big that she looked comical, it didn't look real, her belly was larger than a beach ball, it didn't even look human anymore. The street she lived on was relatively quiet, but she saw how the curtain twitchers over the other side of the road were watching her manoeuvre her gigantic tummy towards her car.

I don't care... Watch all you want...

Amy opened her door and stuffed her stomach into the driver's seat, it pressed into her stomach and caused her a mild bit of discomfort, but she knew she had to pick up Tom. Her boobs bulged against her chin; she could've sworn she heard them slosh when going through potholes in the road. Each time Amy turned the wheel of her car she felt the wheel pull against her skin, the friction causing a mild amount of burning.

Thankfully the drive wasn't too long, but the real test was now walking across the yard. Opening her door, she looked at the other parents and guardians headed towards the gate.

Alright... Let's go.

With a big grunt, she pushed her stomach out of the car, it hung towards the floor for a moment, the momentum from the colossal shift in weight on her frame allowed her to jump up onto her feet, or rather, nearly fall onto her feet. Amy's hands dug into her spin to act as a counterbalance to the jutting dome. People were already staring; she couldn't help but revel in their eyes on her big stomach.

I've got nothing to hide...

Each heavy footstep she took shook her body and caused her stomach to bounce on her torso. There were a large number of people now catching her out of the corner of their eyes. It was hard to blame them, generally you'd never see this much skin from anyone but in the unique case of Amy, it was so much different. People looked on inquisitively, some in disgust, some in curiosity, shock and more.

Waddling towards the school she stood waiting, watching how everyone was trying to sneak glances at her. None dared approach, bar one exception. Mrs Taylor.

"Um... Amy..." She seemed shocked when her eyes landed on Amy's belly.

"Hi Mrs Taylor." She glared at her. "Everything okay?"

"Ye... Yeah... Umm... Say... Is everything okay with you?" She pointed, not so slyly, at Amy's exposed stomach.

Amy nodded. "Why of course..." Her hands started to rub the taut surface of her belly. "Never better." She beamed.

"Well... Um, alright, just, it's that..." Mrs Taylor was struggling for her words. "Are you... Bigger since this morning?" Mrs Taylor bluntly asked.

"Oh, I don't know..." Amy said before pushing her stomach against Mrs Taylor.

Her giant stomach collided with Mrs Taylor and the teacher let out a quick yelp.

"Amy... I think you should see a doctor... A girl of your age... You shouldn't be this pregnant..."

"Why Mrs Taylor, I'm not pregnant at all..."

Mrs Taylor looked down confused and went to press her hand into the top of her bulging gut.

“Mrs Taylor, Class 3B needs you.” The booming voice of Mr Simmons could be heard over the whole yard. His eyes followed his staff member walk back into the school and he then turned his attention to Amy. His cool demeanour dropped for a second, his mouth agape. “Amy...” He barely formed a whisper.

“Yes...” Amy responded in a breathy tone.

“My... God...” Mr Simmons was now giving a look similar to this morning when he was touching her stomach.

“Oh... You noticed?” Amy said playfully before taking a deep breath and watching his eyes remain glued to her stomach. “I grew...”

Mr Simmons gawked at the massive boulder hanging off the eighteen-year-old. Amy felt a similar feeling to this afternoon when Dave was trying to help her get into her top. She felt in power again, she felt sexy, she felt as if she had him in the palm of her hand.

“Mr Simmons... Could Tom stay in the after school club today? I think I’d like a chat with you about something...”

Mr Simmons nodded.

He took out his phone and sent Tom’s teacher a message asking him to stay back in class and then he turned and made for the building, being careful not to walk too quickly for the large Amy.

“My office would be a good place.” He muttered, socially off balance with Amy.

“I agree...” Her words oozed out of her mouth and tickled the very innards of Mr Simmon’s soul.

The two walked in silence, Mr Simmons because he was nervous about the forming situation, Amy was purely to keep him in suspense. He kept making sly glances behind him at Amy and each time he felt his heart flutter and cock throb.

Mr Simmons had it bad for pregnant women, he hadn’t told anyone, ever. He had watched Amy balloon over the past few weeks, but this morning was the closest he had gotten to her, it was so

unexpected, and he felt that he was unprofessional, and he was mildly concerned that he might have been inappropriate. The burning desire within him kept that small voice quiet though. Now having seen her in the yard, even bigger, bigger than any model he had seen online. He was awestruck. It didn't seem real; he gave another glance to the huge belly of his wildest dreams.

I don't want to wake up.

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