

YourBellyMama - Summer break

<https://twitter.com/yourbellymama/status/1660725034783227905/photo/1>

The year had drawn to a close, my final exam had been a confusing mess and although I wanted to dwell on it, I knew it was done. I had to simply wait. I had travelled home after my exam and despite being on the road for a whole day a text popped up on my phone.

*“You back in town yet? Want to come over?”*

It was from my buddy Carl. Me and Carl were tight, unfortunately he stayed home to go to college, and I travelled 600 miles away for my higher education. I wanted nothing to head home and sleep for a thousand hours but the prospect of seeing my good friend and having some pizza sounded absolutely perfect.

*“I’ve literally just got home, I’ll get my stuff in the house, order us a pizza, I’ll pay when I get there. I got a nice job on campus so I’m good to pay.”* I replied.

I greeted my parents and quickly unloaded my car and dumped it all in my old room. My parents had kept it exactly the same since I left nine months ago. I rushed over to Carl’s not wanting to eat cold pizza. I let myself in, a normal thing we did, and I headed for his room.

“Oh hey, Carl said you were back, didn’t think you’d take long to be over...” A voice called to me from the living room as I passed.

I stopped and took a step back. I saw the back of a woman’s head, her long black hair flowing over her back. Carl’s mum. She was always quite flirtatious, and she looked great. She had Carl when she was young, so she was always going to get those comments from his friends growing up. Carl was a champ, he let it fly over his head.

“Hey Mrs B”

She turned her head and cast her gaze on me. Something felt different. I smiled and waved awkwardly.

“This pizza is good, Carl has yours in his room.” She winked and turned her attention back to the TV and pizza.

I lingered on the thought for a second longer before joining Carl in his room. He was playing a shooter and threw me a controller as soon as I walked in.

“Come on man, let’s get through this campaign, like old times!”

We had completed Angelic Hoop 3 multiple times, but something always felt nostalgic about playing through it again with Carl, it reminded me of a time long ago when we were young. My mind wandered and thought about how his Mum used to come in and bring us snacks.

Her slender frame was usually in shorts and a crop top in my memory, mostly because I’d spend most of the summer at his place. Carl’s Dad worked away so he wasn’t there too often, but he made more than enough for Mrs B to be at home for Carl, which in turn meant

that she would be hosting us. I can still remember her leaning over and handing me a drink and seeing deep into her cleavage, her tits filled out that crop top like nothing my young brain had ever seen before.

“Man, get your head in the game, I’m under fire here!” Carl called, bringing me back to reality.

We cleared the hordes of enemies and progressed onto the next level; my brain started to wander again. Carl’s Mum was also one for sunbathing, I can recall spying on her from the house when I went to the bathroom. Her body was beautiful, to me she was perfect. Years went by and I had a slew of girlfriends but none of them ever stuck, my luck in college wasn’t the best either. Something about seeing Mrs B was playing havoc in my head. Something about the flirtatious tones always lingered in me.

*It wasn’t real.*

I’d tell myself; I was just living some teenage fantasy. But there was something earlier, something different.

“Man, you suck today, and your pizza is going cold.”

I cast the thoughts from my brain and started to focus and play. We gamed into the night, the clock was quickly approaching midnight and we were approaching the end of the campaign and Carl was flagging. Carl was always one to crash first, I noticed that my wingman veered off the cliff and when I turned to him on the sofa next to me, I could see his head had slumped backwards and he was now snoring.

*Some things never change.*

I quietly got up and turned off the console, I threw a blanket on him and left the room. I was surprised to see the light was still on in the living room.

*Mrs B was never up this late.*

Carl joked that he got his ability to fall asleep when the clock struck midnight from his mum. I quietly peered into the room and saw that the sofa was empty, a few discarded empty pizza boxes on the floor next to where Mrs B was sitting earlier.

*She didn’t have company, did she?*

I looked around, curious, I couldn’t see any signs of life.

*I’ll just say goodbye and then be on my way...*

I justified my actions in my head.

I heard a noise coming from the kitchen and I almost jumped out of my skin. I stumbled backwards for fear of being caught, like I was intruding or something. I fell backwards over the arm of the sofa onto my back, I lifted my upper torso into an upright position and stared at the door.

*I'm screwed.*

I watched as a figure came into the doorway; however, it looked nothing like I was expecting. It quickly saw that it was Mrs B, but she had changed drastically over the months. I first caught her face, her sultry smile was weakening my resolve, her eyes burning with raw desire, she flicked her eyes down and I followed her lead. She was in a white dress, a thin fabric that flowed down her body, it seemed to have no side from her hips onwards so I could see her legs on display, but I was getting ahead of myself.

Her tits were bigger, she was braless, and it was easy to see, her thick nipples were pointing out the front of the dress aching for attention. Her boobs were stretching the thin fabric and bulging over the top of the hem of the dress.

Mrs B stood in the hallway striking a pose, her right leg was spread outward, if not for the dress I would see her underwear, if she was wearing any. I watched her hand rubbing over the surface of something wholly new to her body. Her stomach. In the past few months, she must've really gorged, or she was pregnant.

*I think Carl would've mentioned the latter...*

Her stomach bulged obscenely from her torso, and it looked so taut and round. The best description for what I was looking at would be like that infamous scene from Gentlemen in Noir Tux's, where there was an alien, Celina, who ate a person. Her stomach looked identical to Mrs B's now. The rest of her looked relatively the same, but that stomach was something else.

Her hands traced over the surface of her dress, and I could hear her breathing heavily.

"So... I hope you like what I did..." Her raspy voice filled my ears. "You left your laptop here once... It was unlocked and... Well..."

It was true, I did enjoy a larger woman, I did enjoy the expansion fetish, I had many kinks that I would never dream of telling anyone about, let alone my best friend's mum. Somehow, without me knowing, I had, sort of.

"I don't know what you are talking about Mrs...B..." I stammered.

"Don't play coy with me..." She took a few strides towards me, her hands not leaving her stomach, she rubbed the globe and stood over me, still mostly horizontal on the sofa. "I can see it in your eyes..." She tapped the top of her round gut. "You haven't taken your eyes off it since I walked in..."

It had taken me by surprise, but her forwardness, the gravid form she now had, it really did hold power over me. My cock was rigid in my pants, I knew she saw that too.

I looked at her beautiful face and smiled, uneasy.

"Go on..." She cooed.

I gave in, she had me where she wanted me. I turned my body to face her and my hands reached out and I placed my palms on her firm stomach. She pushed it out into my hands and against my face, quickly I found her straddling my lap, my cock pressing against her thigh. Her stomach filled my vision and torso. She shifted it down and my eyes were now met with her tits.

“What about Carl?” I asked.

“He is a heavy sleeper... Now, don't make mama wait anymore...”

*It was going to be a good summer break.*