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1,486 words.

<Thick as Thieves No Nut November>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Four

We were so close as friends that we became like background noise for each other so often, today was no exception, by about mid-afternoon, I felt an uncomfortable pang, two actually.

My stomach growled, loudly. It startled both of us.

I was hungry.

I felt like the noise brought me out of another universe, the game world fading from my mind as I thought about grabbing a bite to eat. I turned to Meg and noticed she was still leaning back on the futon, her chest looked bigger from the angle I was at as it was blocking some of her face. I had barely noticed that her feet were next to my thighs. I stared at her face, and she did the same back to me.

“Hungry?” She asked. Her sultry voice was the first sound other than the game I had heard in a while.

It reminded me of my other pang.

My balls.

I had a low dull ache in them, being reminded of them made me conscious of where they were, currently they were pressing into my inner thighs. I spread my legs to accommodate them but that had an unintended side effect. Megan lifted her legs and draped her feet over my lap, the back of her calves on my thighs.

Oh no.

My cock was already starting to stir from being reminded of her breasts, let alone her voice, and now this.

“Yeah, let’s get some food.” I motioned to stand up, but Megan used her legs to pin me to the seat.

“Not so fast, I fancy a sub from that place down the road, I’ll order it now on the app, I’ll get your usual.”

“Cool...”

A great and kind gesture but with the current seating arrangement, I need to move...

I am in my head about this, and I can feel my erection starting to form in my pants. I pick up the controller and try to distract myself.

What is that...

Her legs, they are wriggling on my thighs. An innocent enough gesture, but thanks to my heightened arousal I am growing more aroused by the second.

No...

“There... Done!” She beams.

“Thank you.” I smile and nod at her.

Am I that awkward... Or...

“T.”

Fuck.

“You, ok?” She continues.

I nod. “Fine.”

“You look... A bit... Uneasy...” Megan sits up, her legs still on my thighs, her boobs pressed together by her arms.

Are they bigger...

I was in my own head, thinking about crazy things.

Tits don't just grow.

Yet here they were. Formerly a modest B but now a sizable C.

Maybe more...

It was obvious I was staring, Meg laughed. I blushed.

“It’s ok. This game is hard.” Megan added. “No nut November.” She rubbed my arm.

I panicked and looked away. Only when I did that did I feel something that I should’ve noticed sooner.

My rock-hard dick was pressing against her calves.

Shit.

“Meg...” I started to try to do some damage control, but she just smiled at me.

“It’s ok...” She moved her legs with intention now, it was clear to me.

“What are you...”

“It’s ok... I won’t tell them about the game...”

The game.

“I don’t care about the game... I care about you... This isn’t right...”

Her eyes filled up. “That is so sweet...” with a flick of her legs, she moved off of me and rested her tits against my chest and planted a huge kiss on my lips.

My world was rocked, every emotion, every pent-up desire from this morning was coming back out. My dick felt like it was going to tear through my trousers. I felt her hand graciously trace its girth in my pants.

“My... My...” She cooed in my face. “Looks like I wasn’t the only one who grew...”

She did grow! I knew it!

“I don’t remember it being quite *this* big...” She moaned, her breath hot and heavy on my face. “Same for *these*...” Meg leaned back, using her spare arm she hefted her tits towards her chin.

My cock pulsed and flexed against her hand, and I moaned.

“I think you like that...” She moaned. “I know I like *this* and *these*”.

“Megan...” I panted weakly.

“What’s causing it do you think...” Her hand started to be firmer with my dick. “I can’t imagine having done this to you a few days ago... So, what changed?”

Megan was always logical; she was a thinker. Right now, I do not have the capacity for such things. I could do but one thing.

“Please...” I begged.

“Do you think... Do you think it’s the game...”

“What are you on about?” I asked, confused, not following her train of thought.

Meg jumped up and straddled my lap, my cock’s length pressing against the curve of her ass. Her chest mere centimetres away from my face. “I think it is...” She moaned, feeling my engorged cock flex beneath her. “As much as I want *all* of this... Not yet.”

She planted another kiss on my lips and jumped off, “You’ll have to wait.”

The doorbell rang and her ears perked up.

“Food’s here anyway. I think it best if I eat it in my room, you stay here, I’ll bring it up in a sec.

She rushed out the door and left me gasping on the futon, my cock aching for release.

Fuck...

It was nearly impossible to resist wanking, the only reason I didn’t right then and there was because Meg sent me a photo. The picture was of her topless, but she had censored her nipples.

“You’ll get the uncensored version if you don’t cum. We aren’t letting Jonesy win.”

What kind of deal is that?

I grit my teeth and bury my head into a pillow and screamed loudly for a few seconds before I noticed Megan was at the door again with my sub.

“Maybe I should watch you, make sure you don’t...” For safety, I’ll sit on the bed though... You stay there...” Her eyes were staring at my still erect dick.

This is a stupid game.

Impossibly, I resisted, Megan offered to text me that picture the next day. For fear of losing the game and not wanting to cash in on my friend like that, I declined.

The next week was weird.

The tension in the air was weird between me and Meg, every time we saw each other we were like horny teens. Meg kept herself covered in a robe to reduce the risk of me getting hard but thanks to my continued growth, I was never far away from an erection. I could only imagine to myself what was under that fluffy robe. I went about my day as normal as possible, but I found myself being drawn to Meg. Every day when I'd get home I'd stand near her door and try to build the courage to knock but I always bailed.

I felt a longing for her, the excitement about what changes she has undergone was also very much at the forefront of my brain. My desperation was starting to take over my mind.

Going outside was starting to become a bit more awkward, my balls had swollen more over the past few days, as had my cock, the morning woods were becoming almost unbearable too. My daily life was being impacted by my girth. I found a few girls would give shocked faces and some would even wink at me. If not for the thought of Meg, I would've caved immediately. My balls were about 25% bigger than normal and my cock too, it was only the 11th of November at this point, the last day of the guy's trip, they were due back tomorrow afternoon.

The urgency of our situation and our time in the flat alone was very much on my mind. I had thought about messaging Meg on the way home but again, I was fearful of what it might do to our friendship. I left it.

Opening the door to our shared apartment, I headed to my room and opened the door, only to jump out of my skin when I saw Megan on the futon.

"Christ alive Meg... You scared the shit out of me..." I sighed.

"T. We need to talk." She said firmly.

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