

## The Reunion I - The Tease

You are on a road trip back to your hometown. You moved away for work about nine years ago and in doing so lost touch with the community. It is such a quiet and small town, the kind of place where everyone knows each other and no secret can be kept hidden for long. On occasion, you feel regret for moving so far away but the money was just too good to refuse. Besides, you couldn't stay in this backwater town your whole life. Sure, working for a 'Mom and Pop' store in the middle of nowhere must be nice compared to a high-pressure job in a big city, but over the last nine years you're proud of how you have climbed the corporate ladder, not to mention the rather substantial nest egg sitting in your account.

About three months ago, while you were busy typing away at your computer trying to arrange a new clients' account, you received an email. It was from your old high school. You wouldn't usually look at personal emails during work hours, however given the unexpected nature your curiosity took over and before you knew it, your mouse clicked. It said your high school was organising a ten year reunion. You scanned the email for further details; September 4<sup>th</sup>. You sat and contemplated; you had some annual leave to take, your mom *had* been hounding you to come home, plus it would be nice to meet your old friends after all this time. So, you decided to RSVP and made the necessary arrangements.

As you approach the town you are hit by wave after wave of nostalgia. The town hasn't changed one bit; same shops, same billboards, heck you even recognise most people walking through the streets. Eventually, you take a left turn down the cul-de-sac where you grew up. The pavements are framed with the same trees and shrubberies that you remember. You pull up to the house with the pastel blue window frames that your dad must have repainted over the last summer. You walk up to the front door, lift up your hand to knock but think better of it so turn the handle and walk in.

"Mom? Dad?" you call.

"Richard? Is that you? In the kitchen, come on through, take your shoes off!" your mom replies.

Doing as you're told you take your shoes off, pop them to one side and head into the kitchen. You are immediately greeted by a large portion of your extended family. You were surprised seeing everyone in the small kitchen, they hound you with hugs and questions, comments about how well you look. You laugh and take a seat around the kitchen table, chatting with them all, telling them all about life in the big city and why you are back for the week. It is just like old times.

“Well, I’m glad you’ve come home for a while, it hasn’t been the same without my baby! Look at you, so thin! You need some of Mama’s home cooking, practically wasting away boy!” your mom exclaims.

“Well, the city is a bit of a rush compared to here, Mom” you reply.

“I think you just need to find that special someone, maybe then you will look after yourself more. Or perhaps they can look after you. Maybe someone like Lisa?” Your mom smirks. One thing the city didn’t have going for it was its dating scene. Everyone was either on an app or some form of speed dating, it has been hard trying to keep up with it so you just focused on your work.

Now Lisa... You hadn’t heard that name for a long time. Lisa was your high school crush but you never had the guts to ask her out. Thinking about it now, you regretted not having the courage. Back then you were nerdy, introverted, shy. What would Lisa want with a guy like you? That’s what you told yourself then. You can still picture Lisa in your head, she stood about 5”9, just below your 6”1 stature. She was beautiful; not thin but not fat either, just a bit of padding. B cups, the younger you often guessed. She had this fiery scarlet hair that contrasted so starkly with her pale skin. Throughout school she dyed her hair often but she stuck to scarlet for the longest time. Her long, wavy hair would reach down her back, you used to stare as she’d flip it over her shoulders as she walked by. You find yourself wondering if she will be there tomorrow.

“I’m sure Lisa is all settled down with someone by now Mom.”

“Oh no, Lisa is still single. Her mom is part of my book club so we speak every now and then. Lisa has been very excited for this reunion, in fact, a little bird told me that little Lisa asked if you were going.” Your Mom’s smirk growing on her face, enjoying watching you blush.

“Oh... Erm, cool, well I guess I will get to catch up with her.” You awkwardly reply. “Anyway, didn’t someone mention some home-cooking?” Hoping to change the subject.

After dinner, your family members slowly make their excuses and head to their homes. You eventually decide to turn in, travelling really did take it out of you. You say goodnight to your parents, peck your mom on her cheek and head to bed. As you lay there you check your phone to see if work messaged. You have a new message. But it isn’t work, it’s Lisa. Your heart flutters in your chest. You briefly wonder how she got your number. Your mom must have given it to hers during book club. “Word gets around fast” you say to no one in particular.

**Lisa:** *Hi Rich, I heard you were back in town. My mom said that you were headed to this reunion tomorrow, is that right? How have you been? It has been a long time. Married with kids yet? :P*

She was most definitely fishing, but why?

**Rich:** *Hi Lisa, Sorry for the late reply. Got home and was bombarded by the family, forgetting what a small town is like! Yeah, I am going to the reunion tomorrow, are you? I'm doing well, it would be nice to catch up tomorrow if you are there. No, no marriage or kids yet, much to the disappointment of my mom.*

**Lisa:** *Oh yeah, I am definitely going, I'm so glad you are. It will be fun catching up. The town may have stayed the same but I can't say the same for me, I look a bit different than how you probably remember :/*

**Rich:** *Time changes us all though, right Lisa? I'm sure you still look great.*

**Lisa:** *Oh, I'm not sure about that. I've put on a few pounds and I'm kind of nervous going to this thing.*

You read the message and need to stop, focus before replying. You always had a thing for larger women. Lisa was a bit bigger than the standard size two version of beauty but hearing this has caught your attention. Your mind starts to race thinking of how she might look. How many pounds is she talking about? 10, 25, 50, 100? You start to imagine what that would look like. You notice your dick starting to get hard.

**Rich:** *Oh well I'm sure nobody will notice and heck most people put on a few after high school so I wouldn't worry about it, I am sure you still look as beautiful as ever.*

**Lisa:** *I hope you are right, and you don't mind being seen with a fatty ;)*

Woah... Where is this coming from? You have no clue but you like it.

**Rich:** *I'm sure it's not that bad*

**Lisa:** *Oh, you will see. I'll talk to you tomorrow Richie, time for a bath before bed. Have a good night!*

**Rich:** *Enjoy your bath and sleep well.*

**Lisa:** *I will enjoy it ;)*

Wow. You read back through the conversation. She definitely has it out for you, you feel the excitement build in your stomach and elsewhere. You try to fall asleep, but one thought keeps you awake... What does she look like now? You give up on your quest for slumber, deciding to look through her socials to see if she has any recent pictures. You find a few but they are all dated a few years ago, clearly she isn't very active online. The last one is from about 4 years ago and it's from when she was at her best friend Sam's wedding. She is in a bridesmaid dress and it covers her quite well but you can tell she has put on a few pounds. Her face is chubbier and rounder, her arms are exposed and they seem bigger but not by much. You can tell her breasts are larger than her previous B cup as her dress strains to hold her boobs in, further down you can see that she is slightly wider at the middle but that was a long time ago.

You struggle to drift off despite being so tired from your trip, you can't stop thinking about Lisa and her potential gain. You must have fallen asleep eventually as you find yourself slowly regaining consciousness, greeted by the peaceful quiet of the country and the smell of bacon cooking on the grill. Heading downstairs, you are greeted by your mom rushing around the kitchen. You eat the breakfast she kindly prepared, make some small talk with her and your dad before making your way into town to pick up some things for tonight. You bump into a few people from high school and catch up, you wonder whether to ask them about Lisa, but decide against it. You depart with a "see you tonight!" and carry on with your errands. On your way home, you hear your phone vibrate.

**Lisa:** *I hope I didn't scare you off last night.*

**Rich:** *Why would I be scared of you Lisa?*

**Lisa:** *Not many people would still talk to a girl if she had told you that she put on a few.*

**Rich:** *I'm sure it's not that bad plus I seem to remember you having a great deal of natural beauty.*

**Lisa:** *Oh Rich, such a charmer, you will be rewarded for that ;) See you later.*

She went offline before you replied. You decide it's best to leave it until later. This woman is really getting under your skin. You can't wait until you finally see her.