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<All Inclusive>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Four

I was seething for the lift ride but when I got outside into the pool area, I felt my rage slowly melt away, in part because of the relaxing vibe, in part because of the blistering heat but also because there were a lot of people sprawled out on the loungers rubbing their overfilled bellies. It was a bit surreal, food comas had taken hold on half of the resort I would guess, lots of naps being held. I walked along the edge of the pool and just cast my eyes over all the people lazing around.

I suppose this is what a holiday is about...

I found my eyes catching different people on each scan of the loungers, their various shapes and sizes, their level of dress, their tattoos, their hair. I was overstimulated but somehow in a good way.

I found my parents laid out on some loungers themselves, they had some space next to them, so I made my way towards them to join in. Before I could make myself known, I realised that they too were napping.

My parents weren't large people, my mum was average, the years had meant she had accumulated some adipose over her frame, like Millie, mostly in her lower half, time had made her sag a bit more than she would like but she still looked good for someone turning 53 this year, My dad was in better shape than my mother though, he had spent a lot of time in his youth cycling in his spare time, he used to do races but again, time had taken a lot of his vigour from him and although his body was not succumbing to fat and a slower metabolism, mostly due to him still getting on his bike from time to time, he was not as thin as he was.

They looked peaceful laid out on the loungers; I decided to walk past them instead of joining them. I was quite aware that there was an open bar because of the all-inclusive deal here. I saw there were a lot of people already drinking alcohol around the pool as the children splashed in the large pools.

When in Rome...

I made my way to the window that was serving drinks, it looked like it was connected to the full sit-down bar. I ordered myself a lager, something nice and cold to help me stave off this heat, it was a bit much for me.

The shade is my friend...

I took a sip of the refreshing beverage and let out a satisfied "Aaahhh", embarrassingly loud if I was being honest but nobody heard me over the loud noises from the children playing in the pool.

"Nice lager isn't it..." A sultry voice slithered into my ears.

I almost jumped but with a slow turn I was greeted with a familiar face,

more like chest.

The milf from the bar was standing next to me at the bar, she was rather tall, it didn't make much difference to me other than it set her tits far closer to my eyeline than I would've thought. I tried not to look but it was almost impossible, they were huge and just so out there. Her dress made no attempt to hide her assets, in fact, I thought it was more that the dress was showing them off. Her hand was delicately playing with her pint glass; she was apparently a lager drinker too. I managed to tear my eyes from her chest and towards her face and saw that she was rather beautiful, clearly older than me and there were signs that time was getting on, but she still looked great. Her blonde hair was in a ponytail but from the front I could see two curly strands of hair that were down either side of her beautiful face.

I don't know how long I was staring but I imagine she was very much happy with my awestruck expression, mostly because of how vivid her smile was.

Did she say something...

"Y-yes, I've never had such a nice beer before."

"The bar staff told me they brew it here on the island, that is why it's so good." She paused to take a swig of her own glass. "Michelle." She presented her hand out to me as if I should fold over and kiss it.

I absolutely would...

I wasn't sure if that was uncouth, so I just sort of awkwardly grabbed her hand like a handshake of sorts. "Chris..."

I was still confused why this very busty woman was even introducing herself to me and where was that guy she was with earlier.

Carl was it?

I didn't know what to say, my cock knew what it wanted to do though. I think she knew it too if I was being honest with myself.

"Here alone?" She asked, prying for information that I was all too eager to give her.

"No, Mum, Dad, Sister and her boyfriend."

"Nobody for you?" She barely let my voice finish resonating in her ear.

"No, just on my lonesome in one sense I guess..."

"Awh poor baby, someone as cute as you shouldn't be alone in a place like this..." She scootched closer to me; her boobs were now resting on the bar.

My wandering eyes looked down, and I saw how her flesh bulged over the top now with some more firm support from the bar to relieve the weight of her tits.

They're magnificent...

Her smile was only growing; I noticed it only after staring for probably a few seconds too long at the older woman's big boobs.

"You?" I said, putting my pint to my lips to try and hide my embarrassment for being caught again staring at her chest.

Her smile quickly faded and a scowl came across her pretty face.

"No... My husband is over there..." She sounded exhausted by that fact.

"He's just been drinking since we got here. He saw that there were free pints on

tap and he didn't waste a second." She grumbled. "He's going to get a beer gut by the time we get back." She paused for a moment before she said under her breath. "Unless he pops first..." Michelle pointed towards Carl who was down the other side of the bar, drinking and he didn't look like he had slowed down any since I saw him earlier, his stomach looked a bit more bloated too.

"He's making me feel sick just looking at him slinging them back..." Michelle grunted. "Disgusting pig." She snarled as she turned back to me.

My eyes lingered for a few seconds longer on Carl, he moved around in the seat to chug his next pint glass down and he was surprisingly sober in his movements. When he moved I could see just how bloated he looked and it was a much more significant change than I was expecting.

"Don't pay that man any attention... If he wants beer over me, then so be it." Her hand rested on top of my hand that was on the bar. "We can have some fun, right?" Her smirk grew and she waited for my reaction.

I've never had this before... What should I do...

"What type of fun?" I said, trying to sound smooth and naïve.

Michelle scooted over to me more, her knees were touching mine now, she was in my personal space, she had shifted herself from the bar and her boobs were now hanging over my thighs, she puffed up her chest and thrust it out to exaggerate the huge size of her melons, not that she needed to.

"Oh... I don't know..." She said coyly before giving a shake of her boobs, really laying it on thick.

I nervously stammered, unable to speak, I was however grateful that my

now raging cock was hidden by the shelf of her tits so she couldn't see exactly just how hard I was for her. My face was crimson and I tried to smile back at the very busty and beautiful woman.

Sensing my inability to speak, Michelle leaned closer, her boobs collided with my chest, and she leaned into my ear.

"You like them... Don't you... It's okay, you don't need to say a thing..." Her hand was on my knee and slowly she slid it up my thigh. "I know how to handle men..." Still ascending up my leg.

This is too much...

"When that pig isn't drinking beer like a gluttonous hog, he is a very happy man... Can you think why?"

Her hand moved from the outside to the inside of my thigh and still she leaned over more, her boobs were crushing my chest. I looked down and saw how they just bulged up towards my face, spreading over my chest trying to swallow me whole.

So big...

It took a few extra seconds before she made contact with my rod.

"Oh, so hard... Is that for me? And my girls?" She smiled as her fingers slowly wrapped around my girth.

I was paralysed, she was like a snake, constricting my cock, the paralysing venom had entered my bloodstream minutes prior. I let out a soft gasp, and I heard her let out a very soft playful giggle.

"Oh Chris, I can see that we are going to have a lot of fun..."

I swallowed hard as she gave me another squeeze, eliciting another moan.

“As much as I could play with you all day right here, I don’t want to attract an audience.”

She giggled before she released my cock from her grip and removed her magnificent breasts from my chest. Michelle sat up tall in her chair and surveyed me, seeing the clear bulge in my pants she smiled to herself.

“I am so glad I found you; I tan topless and... It’s always nice to have someone to apply my suncream.” She picked up her lager and finished the glass and stood up. “I think you should sort yourself out before you join your family.” Michelle giggled before she started to walk away, stopping at my side, she leaned in and kissed me on my cheek. “You better not leave me waiting.” She moaned this time. “*I’m probably as horny as you are right now.*” She whispered before she walked away.

I turned to see her leave, her curvy rear shaking from side to side, the mature woman turned around and blew me a kiss before rounding a corner.

That woman is trouble...

I paused and looked down at my very obvious cock in my shorts.

Or a succubus...

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