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<All Inclusive>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

The elevator took us to the top floor, or thereabouts, the view was incredible. The sea, neighbouring islands, and below I could see the whole island. It looked quite a bit bigger looking down but for the size of the hotel, it was still rather small.

“So, this island, privately owned I guess?” My dad asked

“Oh yes, Mr David owns the island.”

“And he made *this*?”

“Yes, he lived here for years but after enjoying how relaxing the island was, he wanted to share it with the world.” The man said, like it was rehearsed, my dad wasn’t exactly satisfied with the answer, but we were at the room door, so the gentleman opened it with a key card, which he handed one each to us all.

“I hope you enjoy your stay, as part of the competition, you also get free complimentary room service for the whole stay.” He bowed his head.

“Free room service?” Millie gasped.

“Ah yes, for you all, especially for someone in your condition, eh?” He gestured to her bump. “Mr David’s orders.”

“Oh, Mr David is here?”

“Yes, this is the maiden voyage, so to speak.” He smiled. “He saw you and told me that anyone who is pregnant can have free room service for the whole room. He said his wife wasn’t a fan of moving in the heat when she was pregnant here.” The man chuckled. “Mr David is very generous.” Again, reading like something rehearsed.

“Well, tell Mr David that we thank him very much.” Mum spoke up.

“Absolutely Ma’am” The man bowed before leaving.

We all looked around the suite, it was massive to say the least. It was clearly the best suite at the resort. It looked like one of those New York apartments that looked over central park, the ones that rich celebrities owned. There was so much glass to see out onto the island, a giant TV, a huge fridge that my dad opened and was shocked to see it was fully stocked. There were four bedrooms, with the setup we had, it just meant that one room was wasted but it was a great place to leave our luggage and anything we didn’t need to hand. Each room was massive, again another TV, a Queen-sized bed, each had an ensuite and each of those was bigger than our bathroom back home. A huge walk-in shower, a giant hot tub with lots of water jet options by the looks of it. The place was crazy to say the least.

We got settled and it was mid-afternoon and before we could let loose

and relax we all agreed that it was time for food. Not feeling cheeky enough to order room service, Mum spotted on the glass dining table there was a brochure that had a rundown of the timetable of the resort.

“Looks like the food buffet is open.” She stood up in a rush, still reading the pamphlet. “Looks like it will close soon.”

“Then what are we waiting for!” Dad said, joining Mum in rushing for the front door.

Millie waddled and Ben followed her closely.

Arriving at the dining hall, it smelled amazing. Mum and Dad had given me the heads up that the food would likely be terrible, it was how they made the all-inclusive price point work for them in most places, but it was usually very serviceable. The smell in the air though, it certainly took me by surprise by just how good it was. We picked out a table, and I cast my eyes around the room looking at the various buffet stations and I could feel myself drooling at the choices. The hall was quite busy, lots of people of all different ages and shapes and sizes, it was almost overstimulating to be honest. I grabbed a plate and started to load up small bits from many of the stations, wanting to try everything more than anything else. The choices were quite varied and multicultural.

I sat back down and heard Dad talking to Mum. “You’d think they’d rotate the menu, but it looks like they just serve the whole menu at once.”

I raised an eyebrow which Mum saw.

“Well, when me and your father went all-inclusive years ago, they had a

lot less choice, but they would rotate the buffet often.” She clarified, turning to look past me and at something behind me.

I didn’t need to turn, it was my sister, who had just waddled to the seat next to mine, she lowered herself down and Ben sat on the other side of her.

Ben was quite quiet and shy around us, he didn’t quite feel included I thought, but I knew he and Millie were very communicative, just based on how much they message one another when they’re not near each other. While in the company of the family, they would speak to each other in hushed breaths, rather than open enough for us to get a good idea of the type of man he was going to turn into once he grew up.

If that man child ever grows up...

He looked trendy, or he tried to be, rather lean with hair that he put a lot of product in, sometimes just to put a hat on even. He was focused on his looks so much that I didn’t know how my sister put up with him. He looked almost like a long-distance runner thanks to a lot of effort on his diet and him doing some running in the gym. He was so self-obsessed and vain, it honestly felt like he cared more about his self-image than my sister. Still. Me, Mum and Dad all bit our tongues.

The first bite of food was divine, I was shocked by the quality. Mum had told me not to get my hopes up before we got here but tasting this food, it was better than if we went to a dedicated restaurant for the food. I honestly couldn’t believe how good it tasted. It appeared that everyone else was enjoying it too, I looked over to see the rest of the family with big smiles on

their faces as they continued to eat from their plates. Even Ben, someone who didn't eat a great deal of food, was really enjoying it.

"Wow... This is incredible." I stammered.

I got four nodding heads as they too finished their plates and went up for more. I felt full at this point, I hadn't really eaten more than my normal amount, but it was how quick I shovelled it into my mouth that caused an uneasy feeling in my stomach. I remained at the table and looked around to see the rest of the hall was full of people, some I recognised from the queue, eating and their faces were plastered with big smiles as they indulged in what was possibly the best food they had ever eaten.

And this is night one...

Ben returned with Mum and Dad, another plate of food and they quickly started to enjoy their second plate. Millie however had quite literally bumped into the pregnant girl from the reception we saw. Standing next to my mostly flat chested sister only accentuated her massive tits. It certainly helped that the girl had decided to change, ready for some pool relaxation she had put on a bikini and wore a sheer dress over it. The garment left very little to the imagination, she just looked huge. Her stomach was bigger than Millie's and her tits too, but my sister did have her beat in the hips department.

It seemed as though they were talking, most likely about their pregnancies as they kept looking at one another's bumps. I couldn't stop myself from staring a bit too long at this girls' boobs and bump.

There really is something about pregnancy...

I watched as she let out a chuckle and her boobs jiggled from side to side, the bikini top she had on was not likely to survive when her milk would come in, it was already strained by the massive melons.

I can't look anymore...

I said to myself, my cock was starting to stir in my pants with all the thoughts I was getting about this girl's tits.

I turned my attention back to the table, noticing that they had already demolished their second plates.

Was I staring that long?

It did seem that they had their fill however, they were panting almost and rubbing their stomachs under the table as Millie returned.

"New friend?" I asked, trying to engage in some conversation.

"Oh yeah... Megan, she's due a week after I am." She smiled.

She was bigger though... Wow...

"Oh, so you are at the same point." I said a bit dumbly.

She nodded and continued eating, her protruding bump had magnetised her hand to it as she must've felt full, but after she continued to eat, it just resulted in her pushing the chair back and rubbing her big stomach, it looked a lot more natural because she was pregnant but I knew it was because of the second plate she had gobbled down and not because of her active offspring.

"That was good, right?" Dad said, a bit laboured.

"Yeah, that has got to be the best food I've ever had." I chimed in, far more responsive compared to the other stuffed members of our party.

Grunts were the only other response that he was given by the others. Millie had a sweet tooth, so she went up to get dessert, her stomach leading the way. Ben was clutching his gut under the table, and I could see him now, he looked uncomfortable, more than he should. I didn't bother to ask; I wasn't likely to get a response. Mum opposite was getting over her food coma with a glass of wine; my dad had a similar idea with a pint of lager.

"I'm just going to go to the toilet." I didn't want to remain here surrounded by this food for much longer. The smell was intoxicating and despite enjoying my food very much, I was quite conscious about my diet.

Some months ago, I started going to the gym. I was quite active there and I had spent a lot of time working on my body, it wasn't for any vain reasons like Ben, but it was more for health and longevity. Don't get me wrong, I was looking much better for it, but I didn't want to throw it away with overindulgence. I looked around the big hall filled with food.

I don't know how much of a say I am going to get with that...

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