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Chapter Three

The cast of characters I saw around the place were all eating and getting up to get more. Some of them were big, some were small, but they were all rubbing their stuffed stomachs, no matter the age, they were all indulging like they had never eaten before. I cast my eyes over the tables and felt a strange shudder through my body.

I was a man who had many different tastes and there was something about a weight gain that did something to my primitive brain. I found it fascinating how weight gain varied from person to person, a stuffed belly, an ill-fitting top straining to keep growing breasts at bay, too tight pants fighting for their lives to contain the ever-growing rear of a beautiful girl.

It was half the reason I had to leave the table, watching Megan was proving too much for my overactive libido.

Taking another deep breath, I walked towards the toilets, which was just past the bar. I heard a bit of a commotion, nothing too serious but I saw a very,

very attractive older woman, she was probably 40-45, but she was very beautiful and very busty.

Fuck...

I stopped in my tracks for a second just to get a read on this woman. She was wearing a summery dress, it stopped halfway down her slightly chubby thighs, time had taken some of her more youthful attributes, like her metabolism, so there was a soft layer of chub over her, very slight, but I could imagine she must've been stick thin at my age.

Save for her massive tits.

Gosh... They're huge...

They were easily bigger than Megan's, they were very much front and centre too, her dress was low cut and very supportive, her boobs were being pushed together to make a rather inviting line of cleavage. Her face was beautiful, age had been kind to her, despite looking obviously older, it was like she was more beautiful for it. Her blonde hair was in a ponytail, showing off more skin was not helping me not stare at her, her neck was so inviting as was the wall of cleavage she had thrust out. Her slight pooch was hardly visible because of the dress, but her tits overshadowed it to such a degree anyone would forgive the little dough she had in the middle.

The commotion was stemming from her, she was chastising her husband who appeared to be rather drunk, there were a few empty glasses by the side of him at the bar, he was quite a slim man, a bit of muscle actually, clearly he worked out, but his stomach was looking a bit bloated, presumably from the

beer.

“You need to stop, that’s enough Carl!” She yelled.

The drunken man didn’t pay enough attention to her as he took a swig from the glass. “Sschooo good...” he slurred.

“Don’t blame me when your head is in the toilet bowl later!” she stormed off, past me towards her seat, a plate of food awaiting her.

In the angry walk towards her seat, I got a very good look at the monster melons that were bouncing angrily before her chin as her gait sent them into a frenzy.

Each breast must’ve been bigger than my head, probably the biggest set of boobs I had seen in real life, and it took almost all my will power not to turn and stare more.

I continued on to the toilet; I took a few minutes in there to calm down from the beautiful sights I had witnessed. I looked at my dick straining in my pants.

This holiday is going to be... Tough...

The breather I took was enough to let myself calm down. Walking back out into the hall, I could see the staff were starting to close down the stations, despite people going up for more food. I didn’t know how much the people had already eaten but I was sure it wasn’t their first plate at this point, realistically it probably wasn’t only their second.

I saw my family already making for the door, I caught them up and from there we made a plan to get changed to get towards the pool. I was happy to do

that but after the full feeling that still lingered in my stomach, I decided to check out the facilities, specifically the gym. I was quite shocked that it would have one, doubly so with how indulgent the food was, but I was dedicated not to undo all of my hard work in only two weeks. I thought back to the food.

That might be rather difficult...

I tried not to let those thoughts win and I made my way to the gym. Noticing a lot of sluggish people meandering back to the lifts, presumably to have a nap to ease their food coma.

I walked past the forming queue, hearing a few comments about how full they were and how good the food was, even how much someone thought they were going to gain on the trip.

I need another breather...

I carried on and made it to the gym, it was empty, the kit looked entirely unused but there was sufficient machinery there for me to get my full work out in, something I was rather shocked about if I was being honest.

I planned my work out after looking through the machines and I wrote it into my diary, the days I was planning to go and what I was going to do. The travel today was enough to leave me exhausted even though it was only late afternoon.

“Tomorrow morning...” It sounded like an excuse, but I wasn’t about to let myself off like that.

Walking back to the lift I passed my group and they told me they were going to save me a sun lounger.

I hopped into the lift and realised my detour to the gym saved me getting stuck in the crowds. After only two floors, the lift stopped and it opened to reveal a very beautiful woman,

Moderately tall, she was a few inches shorter than me, her red hair was flowing and long, not dissimilar to Megan's hair but it was a dark red, her eyes were vibrant and looked so happy, her smile was big, thanks to her plump lips. She was stunning, looking down she was quite average in build, she wasn't as busty as the mystery Milf from the bar nor Megan for that matter, but she wasn't as flat chested as my sister, barely. Her body was thin, her skin smooth and she had beautiful pale skin, this holiday was likely something rare for her just based on how pale she was. The sun was something she didn't really see much of. Dressed in a cute flowing summery long shirt that was slightly see through, it was just a cover for the bikini beneath. She wasn't really my dream girl, but her face was so pretty with that beautiful smile that I couldn't help but beam back at her when she walked into the lift.

"Hey" she said, coming into the lift.

"I think they say Hola here." I teased.

The woman around my age looked at me with a defeated look. "It's hard to undo so many years of British manners."

I laughed, "Yeah, it bloody well is!"

She let out the sweetest chuckle that made me extend my own laughter.

"Hang on, this thing is going up." She looked confused.

"Yeah, sorry, right to the top for me I'm afraid."

“Oh!” She blushed.

“Just had food, time to see the rest of the group before we undoubtedly lounge at the pool this afternoon.”

“Sounds like a good idea, I’m Sam by the way.”

“Chris, nice to meet you Sam. I’m sure I’ll be seeing you at the pool, not sure what else there is to do here to be honest.”

“Well yeah, that and eat.” She again let out a sweet laugh, and I smiled at the red head. “It was really nice, the food I mean.”

“Yeah, I’ve never had a buffet like that before.”

“Me neither, if I’m not careful I’m going to put on five stone.” She laughed again, a rather jolly girl she was.

This time however my laugh along with her was a bit more nervous, I was just imagining what that would do to the girl. The thought of that much weight being piled onto her thin body did excite me, I couldn’t lie to myself, it was her that I needed to worry about my reaction. This was a small island, she would be around and she seemed very sweet from the first interaction.

Thankfully, despite my building paranoia, she didn’t seem to say anything more on the subject as the lift came to a stop on the top floor, the door opened and unlike the other floors, there was no hallway, it was just the giant room and even from the small glimpse, Sam was awestruck seeing the scale of the room.

“See you down there Sam.” I smiled at the red head who was looking rather stunned.

“Y-yeah, see you down there Chris...” She trailed off as the door closed.

I walked into the room, my heart still aflutter with that small interaction with Sam, I couldn't place it, I didn't know anything about her, not even if she was single, it was just a feeling.

Don't get your hopes up...

I tried to talk myself down as I walked into the suite, looking for the others.

“Anyone here?” I called out, I was met with silence.

Seems I was too slow for them; they must be at the pool...

I quickly changed myself but as I was making my way back to the lift with my towel under my arm, I heard a noise from Millie's room, it was her and Ben talking. I wasn't one to eavesdrop but with how silent the room was, it was rather easy to do so. I slowed down as I walked towards the lift and saw a tiny crack in the door. Letting my curiosity get the better of me, I looked in and saw Millie in a bikini.

She looked great, her bump was on show, loud and proudly sticking out before her, her skin was smooth, but she wasn't quite at the point of having the over stretched skin that looked shiny, she had a few months left. I saw her standing with her hands on her hips, those wide motherly hips that had come in a lot earlier for her because she was already so bottom heavy. I was glad that she was standing side on or I might've looked at her butt.

She's my sister!

I scolded myself before I looked at Ben who was looking like his normal

lean self, in trunks, he was prodding his stomach, usually almost concave, it was clear the meal was settled in his stomach and I heard him complain to Millie about how it made it him look, he was very proud of his abs and his physique, Vain I called it personally, but he wasn't happy with the effect of gorging that much food.

“I'll be as big as you in the next week if I keep eating like that!”

Millie's face dropped and she looked at her own stomach. Ben didn't realise that his words hit her like that, he was too focused on his own body to even look up and see.

Millie placed her hands on her bump and just listened to her boyfriend continue to complain that one meal had made him fat.

I had to walk away; I couldn't listen to him talk to my sister like that for a second longer.

I hope he does get fat here, dickhead...

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