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<All Inclusive>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

I had never been on a holiday that was all inclusive; to be honest, I hadn't even heard of the term until rather recently. The idea sounded great in theory. You go to a resort in another country, everything you could ever need was in one place and all included in the price of the holiday. The reality probably wasn't that good though; the food would be cheap so the resort could make as much profit as possible and sitting in one place really wouldn't be that good for a whole week. I wondered, but ultimately there was one big difference for me in my situation here.

It was already paid for.

My sister had won a trip through a competition online and it was for a family of five. Well, we were only a family of four, but Millie had met her boyfriend a number of years ago and seeing as she was now 7 months pregnant with his child, it made sense to include him.

I wasn't the biggest fan of Ben, he seemed like a vain boy more than dad

material. My sister was five years younger than me at 25 and Ben was 27. Alas, it was Millie's choice, not mine of course. My parents felt the same, but they tried way harder to be accommodating of their soon to be son in law.

The holiday in question was on an island that we had never heard of off the northern coast of Africa. When the competition was advertised my sister had assumed it was one of canaries but the flight we were getting on had a transfer after we landed to put us onto a boat.

My mum and dad both thought it a bit strange but the whole thing was paid for, their minds were eased when we arrived at the harbour and there were roughly one hundred people or so also waiting for the boat. Most of them had paid for the time on this all-inclusive getaway. My dad was quite a chatty man in his early 50s, and he had spoken to a few of the others there and whilst most of them were from Britain, they all said similar things about the island. When they were booking it was far cheaper than anywhere else all-inclusive and most of the reviews said because it was so new. Apparently this was the first time the island had run a package holiday to the UK.

The boat ride was quick and when we pulled into the small dock on the island I noticed that the island was rather small, far smaller than I had thought. The Hotel though, it was gigantic, it rose like some sort of spire from the small piece of land and it was just so out of place, I could see the perimeter wall extend for almost half of the width of the island.

It looks so out of place... It's so big for an island so small...

"Seems quite small, doesn't it?" I turned to my Mum.

“I suppose if everything is there and it’s all inclusive, does it really matter?”

“I thought it would be nice to get out and see the culture a bit?”

“Sweetie, all-inclusive means you don’t need to leave, usually this is what you pay for.” My mum said, chuckling to herself.

Right...

The idea of being essentially stuck in a resort for two weeks was certainly not that appealing to me, truth be told the heat was already starting to bother me. I tried to relax and just thought that once I get some sun cream on and have access to a pool and some shade, I would start to enjoy it.

We all disembarked the boat and after a very short walk we were at the gates to the resort. A huge stone archway with metal lettering across the arch that read “Time to relax”. It felt a bit on the nose, but I suppose with the other people here, it was clearly trying to market itself to a British crowd, hence the English on the sign.

The staff greeted us at the reception and there were quite a few of them there welcoming us.

“I suppose when you get one boat a day or something, you would be able to have the whole staff there ready.” My dad said under his breath.

“It looks really nice here.” Millie said, her hand resting on her bump.

One of the staff members saw Millie and quickly pulled her, and by extension us, from the queue and got us checked in quickly.

“Oh, my you must be exhausted Miss.” The woman said, she was very

motherly in her own right and she was very kind. It appeared that she did know some English but not a great deal, her kindness was not lost in translation though. She checked us in personally herself and upon realising that Millie was the winner of the competition she congratulated her and went to get the key to the luxury suite along with another member of staff to take us for a tour.

“I suppose they make a fuss for someone in the fancy suite.” I said to my dad and he nodded.

We had been taken to a side desk to check in; there was still a bit of noise coming from the main reception from the other guests chatting whilst they waited to get checked in.

I looked around and saw just how nice the lobby looked, it was huge, I had only seen hotels this big and fancy looking in movies. The floor was marble, the walls were pristine and white with some gold metal designs swirling around, the place was air conditioned and I was very grateful for that, as was Millie.

There were complimentary bottles of water and even that looked expensive. They were handing out drinks to those in the queue waiting to get checked in. It was just so extravagant compared to what I had ever experienced before.

“I wonder how much this trip would’ve cost if we had to pay...” I said.

“I didn’t think to look...” Millie said, taking in the sights as I was.

“The people don’t look exactly loaded, do they?” Ben chimed in.

He was right, this looked like a 5-star hotel but the people around us weren't exactly screaming that they came from money.

"Right this way miss..." another member of staff was escorting a youngish woman with her, presumably, mum and dad.

Looking them over it was easy to see why, the youngish girl was about Millie's age, and she was in a similar state as Millie. Pregnant.

I'd say she was a bit bigger than my sister but that didn't necessarily translate to further along. The woman was very pretty and cute looking, she was quite petite, her face had puffed up somewhat with that pregnancy glow, her small nose looked out of place with her slightly swollen lips and cheeks, her hair was long and it was curled at the ends, a gorgeous and luscious brown that glowed. Looking the rest of her over it was quite apparent that she was quite differently built to my sister.

Millie took after mum and she was more pear shaped than most, the pregnancy only really exacerbated that, her hips had grown a lot wider over the months as she approached birth, the weight she put on went to her butt and legs along with the obvious bump. I had heard her complaining about her bra's a few times to Mum over the past few weeks because she had never really needed to worry too much about them because she was rather perky and small when it came to her breasts. Prior to pregnancy Millie was rather small, almost underweight really, the pregnancy had put a few extra pounds on her, but she was still on the small end of weight for how far along she was in her pregnancy.

The girl waddling towards us however was almost the inverse.

She was, at a guess, a bit heavier than Millie was prior to her pregnancy but she most definitely wore the weight differently to my sister. The waddle was mostly due to her stomach and some extra hip she had but it might've been more accurate to say this woman jiggled towards us. Her boobs were the most noticeable assets she had, they were big, even though she was wearing a T-shirt that probably made them look a bit smaller with how snugly it covered her front, they still looked massive. Her breasts took up most of the fabric from the top and a good amount of her lower bump was on show. I would be lying if I said I didn't find her attractive, discounting her body, she was a very pretty girl, but those boobs were suddenly reminding me that I had not had sex in a number of months at this point.

She's pregnant, her boyfriend will turn up I'm sure...

I was a bit nosey, too nosey for my own good really, but I heard them being checked in as just a 3, the staff member made a comment about the dad and things turned awkward.

She's single...

For some reason that made me even more excited.

Get your head out of the gutter...

I chastised myself, not before looking at the very front-loaded girl one last look as a gentleman took our group to our room.

I hope I get to see her by the pool...

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