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1,412 words.

<Ravenous>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 9

Without so much as another word she let herself fall over my body, her taut stomach pressing hard against my body, my dick becoming stiffer by the second, I felt her lips lock with mine. Her weight crashing down on me almost winded me, I let out a gasp of air as my lungs were deflated thanks to her compression. I felt her body squash mine and my hands roamed over her plush form. Feeling every small extra bit of fat that was starting to take form on her body. It was intoxicating, I felt like an explorer, traversing her curves.

My fingers finding deposits of her softness, her widening hips were certainly a welcome addition to my hands as I smacked her fatty cheeks before rubbing my way around to her thighs. I was struggling to breathe but I was in heaven, who could blame me not for caring at this point.

Why does this feel so good...

Then I gripped my hand tightly on her thigh, her flesh bulging between my fingers.

But I feel so... Wrong...

My dick was hard, and I was enjoying it but it felt like there was something wrong about enjoying my rapidly gaining girlfriend.

Why is she even eating so much, it is obscene...

My thoughts were not in the moment and Ellie was starting to get the sense I wasn't there. She pushed herself off of me and sat on the edge of the bed looking at me with a hint of concern in

her eye, but she put on a brave face.

“What’s wrong?” She said with an overexaggerated pout.

“I...” I stammered; my dick twitched. “I don’t know...”

Why can't I just enjoy...

“I think you might’ve knocked the air out of me...” I playfully poked her.

“If you can’t handle me...” She leaned in close. “Maybe I need to find another man...” She joked.

I threw her back onto the bed and straddled her, enjoying the feeling of her firm belly pressing against my lower torso. Again, my dick throbbed, and I ached to do more but my head was scrambled.

Why now...

I leaned over her belly and planted a big kiss on her lips before she pushed my head down. I nuzzled her neck, and I could hear her moaning from below. My face made its way to her boobs, and I kissed them over her clothes. My hands were unfortunately preoccupied with holding myself up so I couldn’t enjoy groping her larger tits.

I was too in my head, I kept worrying about the strange guilt-ridden feelings that were swirling inside.

Stop.

I tried to centre myself, thinking hard about what was before me, my chubby, overly bloated, busty girlfriend.

She has really gained weight...

Her tits are huge now...

That belly is so big and round...

Every thought made me hard; I kept thinking about doing the next thing to her, but I was holding back.

Why...

Her belly gurgled under my body and rumbled.

Is she hungry... Again?

I looked at her face and saw her eyes rolling into the back of her head, her own hands were trying desperately to reach her pants, but she wasn't able to with me on top. She was desperate, a woman possessed.

Again, her stomach roared. This time Ellie looked me in the eyes and smirked.

She didn't need to open her mouth, the word was already in my head, as if telepathically transmitted there.

I nearly jumped out of my skin from fright when the door was knocked, Ellie used my momentum to throw me to her side and she jumped up onto her feet and rushed the door.

"Room service!" she cheered as she bounced over to the door.

Flipping onto my stomach, I looked at the door, but Ellie's butt was in the way, not that I minded too much. My cock was still painfully hard and pressed into the mattress. Ellie was swaying from side to side, and I could see a mountain of food on a trolley.

No way...

I was doubting if it was real but the more this happened, the more I was coming to realise that it was more than likely real. Ellie had become such a big eater over the past few weeks that I was believing these gigantic meals to be true.

The boy at the door brought the food in and parked up the trolley and looked around the room, realising it was just us two. His cheeks went red, and he glanced at Ellie's midsection. He was probably 18, his first job and he was standing here in a very confusing and uncomfortable situation. Ellie broke the silence.

"Thank you..." Ellie said, winking with her hand rubbing the side of her gut.

The boy nodded and made a swift exit, stopping to close the door and get one last look at Ellie spilling out of her clothes. Looking back at Ellie, she grabbed the first plate and started to eat, leaving no time for me to even react.

She must've been hungry...

The new norm for her apparently, I watched her eat happily from the plate, bite after bite of pasta. The thick cheese sauce didn't have time to even drip from the fork before it was shoved into her greedy maw. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she shovelled the food into her face.

"Babe..." I said softly, enthralled with her eating.

Her gluttonous noises filled the room, had the young lad still been here, his face would've been the same colour as the red lamp shade. I just watched as Ellie's trance allowed her to keep eating, keep pushing past full and I almost thought I could see her stomach grow before my eyes.

"Babe..." I tried again, barely any louder.

It didn't register with her, she just moved onto the next plate and stuffed more into her swelling belly.

"You'll ruin dinner..."

Falling on deaf ears again, she just kept eating. It took a frighteningly short amount of time for her to clear the food, the scattered remains of the plates and cutlery was strewn across the top of the trolley. Ellie's belly was big before but now it was really starting to scare me.

Her top had ridden up at some point, I too was just as entranced as Ellie. Her bare belly was taut, round and almost slightly pink from the visible stretching that it was enduring. It looked like she had put on 20lbs to her stomach alone.

It was obscene. It was so big. So grotesque. Gluttonous.

I couldn't tear my eyes from it though.

Why...

The food was all gone but she was still trying to reach the trolley.

Standing up I walked over to the trolley and wheeled it closer to her, standing over her, I saw how far her stomach stuck out, how it was pushing her legs apart. Her belly had become an unwieldy orb.

She grunted, I could see why, the trolley had a lower compartment I hadn't noticed before, she was struggling to reach for the plate of cake on the shelf.

More?

Her stomach let out a flurry of noises as it was presumably trying to digest the food to provide a family of six their lunch.

She is so...

The words were flooding around my head.

Obscene, grotesque, gluttonous, big, round, fat...

I bent down and grabbed the plate, my will to help her was far greater than any other feeling I had at this moment. I held the plate before her, and she looked up at me longingly.

Obscene...

I looked down at the cake, it was trying to eclipse the vastly swollen stomach of my girlfriend, but it was far too small to do so.

Grotesque...

My eyes went back to hers; they were pleading.

Gluttonous...

More. She wanted more. She needed more. The desperation was evident on her face.

Big...

I watched her struggle to lift her hand to even reach the plate, she was so tired from her feasting, the food coma was coming on hard.

Round...

Before she could reach the plate, I moved it back, her face dropped. I stared into her eyes.

Fat...

I picked up the cake slice with my hand and brought it to her mouth; she quickly started to chew and eat from my hand like a feral animal. I felt my dick ache and strain against my pants.

Sexy...

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