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878 words.

<Ravenous>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 13

Ellie waddled into the big open breakfast area, the strong smell of bacon and sausage filled the air along with burning toast. The place was relatively busy, but Ellie quickly made her way to a seat with a nice window view. I pulled the chair for her and helped her awkwardly lower herself onto the chair. Her stomach rested against the edge of the table when she pulled her chair in. A lady came over and immediately saw to us to explain how the buffet worked, thankfully for Ellie it was unlimited self-serve.

Not about to let her get up and get her own food. I rose first.

“What would you like first?” I said with a grin.

“I want to try one of everything, let’s start with the bacon and sausage though, I’ve been drooling since I walked in here.” She blew me a kiss as I accepted my mission.

The food on display was standard in choice but it was quickly apparent from the first mouthful that it was anything but standard. The quality was divine.

“I’m so glad we paid extra for this breakfast.” Ellie said after the first mouthful.

*Me too...*

I watched her devour the first plate quicker than I could finish half of mine.

“Hungry?” I asked.

“Ravenous”

I smiled and grabbed her a second plate before I returned to my food. Barely finishing the second half of my plate before she had finished her second overfilled plate. Ellie was groaning already.

“Did I pack those plates too much?” I asked genuinely concerned.

“I’m just so…” She grunted and huffed. “So full from yesterday still…” Her hands were trying to soothe her belly.

“Maybe we should-”

“Absolutely not, I need to eat more here, this place is amazing!”

I nodded and grabbed another plate of food, this time looking at some of the healthier options like the granola, yoghurt and fruit. The lighter side of the buffet was agreeing quite well with Ellie, but she had slowed down considerably compared to her first two plates.

By now she had eaten more than a family of four, her stomach was as big as last night again, straining very tightly against her skin. If she looked pregnant before, she certainly did now, and whilst she didn’t have her belly drop like pregnant people do, she was just so round higher up.

Leaning back in her chair, Ellie rubbed her taut stomach over her dress for a minute before she let out a quiet burp. Her hands went under the long and flowing dress, and she started to rub her stomach over her leggings that she was wearing.

“Is anyone looking?” Ellie asked.

I quickly glanced around and shook my head.

With a quick movement, she lowered the band on her leggings below her gargantuan gut. The stretchy fabric was so tightly taxed that her stomach needed to be released from it. Round and taut her belly bulged out and Ellie gave me a peek before covering it once again with her dress.

“Done?”

“Not yet.” She grumbled.

It was clear that she was being stubborn for the sake of it.

“I’ll get you another then, you’ve got pancakes left and the pastries to try.”

She nodded, clearly having over done it. I grabbed a plate of both and brought them back to her. Placing them down before her I smiled.

“I think you might’ve had too much.” I teased, using my finger to prod her gut.

*Holy shit.*

There was no give to it, if she was naked, I would’ve bet it was spherical, it almost looked like it from under her dress. I gasped in shock, my eyes locked with hers.

“Ellie...”

“Shut up. More.” Her face grimaced. “I’m still so hungry...” Her face was pleading but she also looked sad.

“Maybe we should go see a doctor... This level of hunger isn’t-”

Ellie wasn’t hearing it, she grabbed a pancake and shoved it into her mouth, and another. It wasn’t long before the plate was empty, but the Danish pastries still remained. Leaning back in her chair, her stomach was swelling upwards towards the ceiling, I timidly placed a hand on it and rubbed, noting how it was so big and tight.

“Don’t stop...” She moaned. “So full... So horny...”

*Did she say...*

Her nipples were rock hard, she was gasping and shifting on her seat.

I don’t know what came over me, but I reached for a Danish and shoved it into her mouth, her eyes were wide, from shock, from arousal, maybe even fear. I pushed one in, and she greedily accepted it and swallowed. I didn’t let up, I fed her the next one, and the one after that. Only one remained, I had lost myself to feeding her, but even after the last three, I took a pause with the last one. I was about to put it back when I felt her hands clasp around my wrist, and she weakly pulled my hand towards her face.

“Pleas-” She barely uttered before I plunged the final pastry into her mouth.

With one last exaggerated gulp I looked at the flakes of pastry that remained on my hand and then to my overly stuffed girlfriend.

*What have we become...*

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