

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,063 words.

<Threshold>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

The co-workers were quite confused to find the rooms had a door between them so they could have a sort of open plan situation. It wasn't the worst arrangement; they've been to a place before with just a single bed. They looked around and saw the room was very swanky, very much the nicest place they'd stayed in. The roof was adorned with wooden sculptures and there were even some renaissance type paintings on Hana's ceiling. It was very beautiful. The beds were huge, bigger than they were both expecting. There was a fully stocked and complimentary mini fridge and plenty of treats on the desk opposite the bed.

“Wow this place is really nice.” Hana said, looking around in awe. “Good job, I think you should book the rooms more often.” Her little giggle was a bit out of character, but it was always great to hear.

Kyle smiled and felt his cheeks blush, knowing full well how much of a happy accident this really was.

They arrived for the afternoon check in, their workday was essentially over, that didn't stop Hana from firing up her laptop on her desk and reviewing some emails. Kyle on the other hand got changed and read through the onsite facilities.

"They've got so much here..."

Hana raised an eyebrow. "You should know, you booked it."

"I just forgot..."

Hana returned to her screen and Kyle got ready to go downstairs and look around. "They've got a gym here, I know you like to get your runs in."

"I'll look at that in the morning, I need to sort something out before I can relax. You should really do some prep for tomorrow you know, we're still on the clock."

Whilst she was right, it was definitely not in Kyle's nature to put that level of effort in. "I'll do it in the morning."

Hana tutted and carried on typing, leaving Kyle to leave with a sense of guilt looming over him.

Kyle thought about her words for a few moments before he let it go, he was walking down the hallway, admiring the architecture of the hotel, it was like nothing he had seen before. Back in the lobby he saw the stone-faced woman still at the desk, he flashed her a cheeky wave and she barely even registered it.

Right...

He moved on to the restaurant, hoping to scout out some food. He was so

intrigued by the place that he really hoped that he wouldn't need to leave to go get something for dinner because every step he took in this place revealed more to him.

Opening the large door, he was immediately hit with the smell of pure flavour, there were so many that it was hard to even separate and distinguish them. There were quite a few patrons eating and drinking, it didn't seem like a busy place until he walked into here. There was an eerie sense about everyone, he couldn't place it, but everyone looked rather different, it almost seemed like they each could've found themselves on a TV show about unique bodies.

Casting his eyes over the crowd he saw so many different types of people, men and women alike, they looked like they've gone under plastic surgery or something, they didn't look natural and themselves. Kyle couldn't help but spot two women sat at a table, one of the women looked like she was about to explode, she was very heavily pregnant, unlike most women in her state she seemed more than happy to wear just a crop top and that was barely containing her massive milk laden tits. Deep veins bulge over the surface as her milk supply was getting ready for the impending birth of the very clearly multiple babies she was carrying, yet she was just acting like a normal woman on a night out. Her gigantic orblike stomach looked like it had a reddish hue, there were no stretch marks, but her stomach looked firm and taut, no doubt about it. Clearly on show her, she saw no issue about showing off so much skin.

Her friend was even more extreme, somehow, to say she had the biggest tits Kyle had ever seen, they were huge pumpkins that she was just resting on

the table, her side entirely taken up by their gigantic size. Kyle almost wanted to watch her all night to see if she was even able to stand with those things. The top she had on was strappy and very revealing; there was almost as much skin on show as her friend but obviously her watermelons were much more obscene. The cleavage would have swallowed Kyle whole and before he lost his mind, he needed to look away and carry on to the bar.

What the fuck is this place...

The shock was mixed with some sort of obscene arousal. This place was like it conjured up in the depths of a horny teenager with some of the bodies of the people here. Kyle didn't care how bad the food was, he was not going anywhere else.

Taking a stool at the bar, he saw the bartender come over, cold, quiet and almost as stoned faced as his reception counterpart. He looked at Kyle expectantly.

"Drink?" He murmured.

Kyle looked at his watch and then back at him. "Go on then." He said jovially, noting that it was barely 4:30 when he was ordering his first drink. "Beer please."

The man shuffled away and presumably went to get his beer. That is when Kyle felt a rumble beside him, a heavy thud and a warm arm resting against his.

Turning to look he saw a woman in her mid-30s sitting next to him, she was gorgeous, dolled up and ready for a night out by the looks of it, her bleach

blonde ringlets hung down the side of her chubby face and she smiled at him.

“Hey there.” She said confidently.

“H-hey...” Kyle was taken aback; his usual charm was knocked off kilter because of one thing.

She glanced into his eyes and smirked. “Oh, I think me, and you are going to get along just fine.” She turned to the man behind the bar. “Make it two more beers.” She shuffled closer to Kyle, and he felt the warmth of her thigh against him.

“I’m Mandy... And you are?”

* * *