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1,103 words.

<Ravenous>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 2

We walked to the car and Ellie and I were more than happy to walk with her jeans undone and the lower swell of her gut exposed into the cool breeze.

“Gosh I really overdid it huh?” she giggled.

“You got your money’s worth.” I replied, it made her smile.

“You don't mind that I made a pig of myself do you?” Ellie faced me with a raised eyebrow.

“I don’t think you made a pig of yourself. at all.”

She was quick to pat her stuffed stomach and laughed. “If you say so.”

“We spent a lot to get in here, so it's fine, don’t worry.”

“Worrying? I’m not worried... Honestly... I’m just feeling so ravenous.”

*There was that word again.*

“Oh yeah?”

“Truthfully, I wouldn’t mind if we swung by a drive through for some ice cream, I think that would hit the spot.”

*Wow...*

“Sure.”

I did as she suggested and she ordered two tubs for herself, I was even more shocked to find that after all of that food she had managed to eat both tubs before we made it home. a mighty

feat for anyone, for someone like Ellie, I wouldn't have believed it.

"I've never seen you like this Babe?"

"What can I say? I guess I am just having a fat day." She joked.

*A fat day... I think for someone her size this would count as a fat week.*

"Come on, let's get me out of these clothes and let me sleep it off... I can feel a food coma coming on."

Ellie stood there expectantly, I looked at her with my own raised eyebrows.

"What are you waiting for? Not scared of a little Tum are you?"

Her words were strange and foreign to me but clearly that was the theme of the day, she was very unmoved by her great stuffing. I helped her out of her jeans first, lowering them down her toned legs, my face looking up over the crest of her gut into her seductive eyes. I lifted myself up and brought my hands to the hem of her shirt in order to help her be free from her polyester covering. The hem was stretched over her stomach but quickly It lifted over the rest of her body with ease. I stood there looking at my girlfriend in her bra and panties and smiled at her beautiful body.

"Hang in there tiger, we are not doing any funny business until I am not feeling like I have just jammed enough food to feed a family of six down my gullet."

"Point taken." I gave a pout.

"I will allow you to rub my butt... you seem to like that..."

"And you don't?" I chided.

"Touche" She fussed with the bra clasp that was digging into her. "One last thing..." with one final swift motion, she moved her hands off from behind her back and I watched the bra fall and slide down her stomach.

"Butt only mister..." She teased.

"Yes Ma'am" I saluted.

I tried to get some rise out of her but it was no use, she fell asleep on the bed next to me in

minutes. Apparently the food had done a number to her, in her half-dazed state she moved my hand from her butt and moved it onwards her stomach.

*Woah.*

It was tight so say the least.

Her stomach was smooth, firm and had very little give to it. My fingers spread across the taut surface, and I felt strange, it felt arousing but there was something a bit strange and almost shameful for thinking that way in my own head. I didn't stop rubbing it though, feeling how the warm taut orb felt was nice, comforting, even if my other conflicted emotions made it a primarily confusing experience.

I rubbed her body lovingly, trying not to get myself too worked up, but eventually I settled my head on the pillow next to her and my arm remained still.

The nap was much more than just a nap, it wasn't really late when he got into bed but after the amount of work we were putting in, we didn't know how tired we were. The whole night slipped away, and we slept through.

When we both awoke, Ellie's belly had gone back down, the sleep had digested all of that delicious food. She stood up and looked at her body in the mirror.

"I've put on a bit of weight... Haven't I?" She commented, looking at her profile.

Half awake, barely registering that Ellie was addressing me, I shook my head, all my stereotyped learnings over the years had taught me to say as much.

"C'mon Dan, look..." Ellie pinched more than a few inches of chub as she had more in her hands now than she did combined when we met. Again, she wasn't fat, but compared to her time and shredded form before, she looked worlds apart.

"Fine, you have put some weight on, but you aren't fat."

"I never said I looked fat, I only said I put on some weight..."

My face dropped.

*Shit.*

Ellie burst into laughter. "Not yet at least. I mean, it's only a few pounds right?" Ellie was

showing off to me,

“It doesn't look bad.”

“Oh? was I ugly before?”

I fell for the oldest trick in the book, “Uhhh.”

“I'm just joking.” Ellie bounced on her heels over to me and planted a kiss on my lips.

“I know you don't think that.”

I raised an eyebrow, clearly confused, still feeling blindsided by the line of questioning after I had just woken up from a long sleep.

“Well, I remember how much fun we used to have and how hard I'd make you...” her voice trailed off, she sauntered over to me.

“And...”

“Well, you look.” She grasped my throbbing cock. “And feel... About that hard.”

I leaned forward, desperate for more but she pushed me back. “Nice try, but do you even know what the time is?”

“What time is it?” I looked around, horny dazed and confused.

“We slept through the night, it is 8am.”

“Shit!”

“I've got work in about 58 minutes...”

“Are you sure I couldn't persuade you?”

Before Ellie could answer, there was a knock on our door.

“That'd be your uncle.” She smirked at me.

“Guess you'll just have to wait until after work.” Ellie said, walking towards the bathroom.

“I've got to shower, see you later honey...” accenting the last word with a firm spank to her ass.

The knocking at the door grew louder.

*For fucks sake...*

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