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895 words.

<Ravenous>

by <Growing Desires>

### Chapter 3

That day was the most reluctant I had ever gone to work, and I was working this job during some horrific rainstorms. The day was one of the long and tough days, lots of heavy graft. That night when I got home, Ellie had gone out with some work colleagues, and I was too tired so the super sexy build up was the furthest thing from my mind.

Ellie arrived home that evening late, apparently going out for some food with her colleagues quickly turned into a bar, then a club and then another bar and late-night food. She stumbled through the door, clearly she had drunk more than her fair share of alcohol that evening. I had fallen asleep on the sofa; I was planning on waiting for her to come home but the hour drew too late, and the day had caught up to me.

In her work attire she looked very pretty in general, she wore a flowery flowing dress, she said things like that made her more approachable. I loved how she looked in it, it made her look so cute.

The sight before me now however, I wouldn't describe as cute.

She looked at me on the sofa and put a finger to her lips. "SHHH" she over exaggerated and tried to suggest I be quiet. The cute dress had a few wet spots, likely from a spilled drink or two. She stood straight and tried her best impression of a sober Ellie.

Obviously it was terrible.

Ellie giggled and laughed as she watched me stand up and walk towards her. I wrapped my arm around her back and brought her in for a hug, more so to stabilise her, Ellie threw her face into mine and her boozy breath filled my nostrils for but a second before I found her sloppily making out with me. I reciprocated out of shock, but not from her forwardness, but for what I felt pressed against me.

Ellie had overdone it again, the stuffed stomach she sported yesterday appeared to be back, maybe it was bigger, it was certainly hard to tell with just it pressed against me.

*I need to feel it...*

I moved a hand from the curve of her back around to her side, where I was expecting her side to stop. I felt an unnatural tightness, my hand followed the swell and I found my hand drawing slowly around a small portion of the wider circumference of her bloated middle.

Ellie felt my hand and placed her own on top of it and started to work my hand into her stomach, making me massage it almost. Her kisses got more passionate and quickly I found her pushing me towards the bedroom,

My arousal peaked rather quickly in my pants, it rubbed against her leg, Ellie fumbled to reach it and touch it, barely breaking the kiss, we headed towards the bedroom slowly. As we were passing the bathroom she broke the kiss off and dove in to quickly throw up.

*That was close!*

I had narrowly avoided being puked on, but I still had a job to do. I lowered myself down and held her hair between her heaves. Thankfully it wasn't a lot, but she did make a bit of a mess that I needed to clean up. Ellie stomped towards the bed, not out of any emotion, but just from a lack of ability to control her steps accurately thanks to her intoxication.

After a few minutes the bathroom was in a reasonable state, I went to join her, but she was already asleep. I could hear her snoring before I even got into the room. Seeing her spread out on the bed did draw my attention to her stomach again. Her dress had ridden up when she fell onto her back, and I could see her pants and the swell of her gut. Her belly looked huge from this angle, off her trim frame, it bulged like a balloon rising and falling with each breath.

*She looks pregnant or something...*

It was so taut, so bloated, she had made an absolute pig of herself, for why I cannot even begin to work out but there was one thing I knew.

I couldn't tear my eyes from it.

I was intoxicated by her body, like I had some strange curiosity. Needing to watch it, needing to examine it, touch it.

I just watched her for about a minute before I saw her body get covered in goosebumps.

*She's cold.*

I wrapped her up in the blanket and moved her into a sensible position on the bed so that I might get to share it with her. I found myself here again, my hands on her belly and confused.

My fingers laid on her unyielding skin, there was almost no give when I put pressure on it with a finger, it squished a little but there was a lot of resistance.

I spread my hand wide and tried to see how much of the surface I could cover, a task that I was destined to fail, even before she had done this to herself but now it was just that more drastic.

My hand danced over her skin for a while before I fell asleep too.

The last sensation I remember was the warmth of her swollen belly.

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