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1,167 words.

<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Five - Sam

My watch buzzed me awake; the nap felt very refreshing.

“I had to let you sleep for a bit longer, your sleep cycle needed an extra 23 minutes to finish.” Oscar said. “Meaning you should feel more refreshed.”

“Thank you, Oscar, I do.”

I hadn’t opened my eyes yet; I had forgotten about my feast and stomach. When I opened my eyes, I was shocked to see a little pot belly still sitting there.

“AAAHH!!” I screeched.

“What’s wrong Sam?” Oscar asked.

“What do you...” I poked my stomach. “This... I... I’m meant to be losing weight...”

“Oh, your metabolism did a good job of working through the food, it had to go somewhere. We will get it off in no time, after you get back home, and we get you back to the gym. This isn’t anything that will stick around.”

I placed my hand on my stomach and felt dread.

It’s so... squishy... I have never had a stomach like this. Even when I was at my fattest.

My body seemed to take the food and add it to my belly directly. I almost looked stuffed still, or just like I had been pigging out for a few weeks. I stood up and looked in the mirror.

My frame was still as chubby as it was, a few bits of fat here and there but this belly was out of place now, I had done such good work slimming already but I wasn't done. Now with this rounding gut, I looked like I had probably put on a good portion of what I lost, but it was just in my stomach.

I sort of look... Pregnant...

I rubbed the top of it and gasped at how it felt. It was soft but much less than I thought, almost as if I had a beer belly or something.

What's that smell? ...

A thick and heavy aroma filled my nostrils and I found myself practically drooling.

Ham...

My mum always glazed ham at this time of year and the smell was intoxicating but this year there was something more to it, something extra, I felt my belly groan in agony.

It was hungry.

How is that possible... After this morning's feast...

My belly quaked, sticking out of my shirt still. I shuddered.

"I think it might be almost time to get some food." Oscar informed me.

"Surely not."

"You need to have calories to spend calories. You can do some extra work out after eating."

"No... I..."

"I am advising you to get some protein before we do anything else." Oscar added.

He is an AI... The reviews were good and... Lauren looked great...

I headed downstairs, into the thick almost cloud of smell. It was divine, I couldn't help but think about eating a whole load of the sweet, cured meat.

"Just in time..." My mum said to me,

I watched as she pulled the ham out of the oven, leaving it to cool on the side, my mouth must've been watering.

“This one isn’t quite ready...” She said, disappointing me.

I heard the crinkling of foil, and I turned my head to my mum who was now taking the cover off of a second ham.

“This one is ready though...”

Wasting no time, she cut into it and carved up some slices. I sat there, watching in awe, clutching at my bloated stomach. I watched her bring over the plate of ham and set it down before me.

“I’ll bring you some bread and some crisps now...” She giggled. “We’ve got loads, your dad did say I went overboard this year.”

I tried to resist, the ham on the plate before me, I didn’t want it.

My stomach churned.

I need it.

My watch buzzed and I saw it read “Food time.”

No...

Mum started to pile more food on the table, she was setting up a buffet for everyone else.

“They won’t be too long before they are back, you can start now though if you want.” My Mum said, adding dips and crisps to the table.

I could resist no more. I picked up a handful of onion rings and started stuffing them into my face. My mother paid no attention to me, she continued to pile food on the table for the buffet.

Cheese cubes, sausage rolls, various biscuits and sweets. The list could go on and on.

The list was growing in real time with the list of food that was stretching my stomach. I kept eating, mouthful after greedy mouthful. I felt how tight my stomach was, but I couldn’t stop.

I shouldn’t be this hungry...

I was. I ate.

And ate.

I don’t even know how much I ate, I just kept feasting upon the food until I had eaten so

much of it that my Mum had to step in.

“My... Someone is hungry... You have to leave some for your dad and Sister though...”

Her voice broke my trance, and I felt an uncomfortable ache in my torso. I looked down and saw how far I had the chair pushed back; it was required so that I could even be at the table. My belly had stretched considerably. A huge orb now where my previously flat stomach was, a giant orb compared to the gut I woke up with.

I gasped, thankfully not loud enough to alert my Mum. I rose to my feet and felt how my centre of gravity had changed, I wobbled on my legs, which in turn made my belly jiggle.

Rushing out the room, I heard my Mum say one last thing. “I can make more if you really want...”

The tempting offer was thankfully something I could resist. I rushed upstairs and into my room and stared at myself in the mirror. My shirt had ridden up and my belly was just on show.

Belly...

A word that almost didn't describe it anymore. My belly resembled a balloon more than a woman. Truly gigantic. I could see the skin had turned a soft shade of red from the immense pressure it was under. I lowered myself onto the bed and felt how it hit the bed before my butt, meaning I had to lean back to accommodate its taut girth.

“I... I look like I've just been pumped up...”

“The shape is part of the bulking plan I've put you on. It will dissipate over the next few hours; your body will make quick work of this.” Oscar's words didn't soothe me, it just made me feel like he was part of the problem.

The sense of fullness was something that felt rather good actually, now that I had stopped and was laying back. I glanced at the clock.

12:45.

My eyelids were growing heavy. The food was forcing me to take another nap.

Slowly my world faded to darkness as I let the nap take hold once again.

My brain was picking up on a pattern.

Stuffed... Sleep... Stuffed... Sleep...

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