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952 words.

<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Four - Sam

I finished my jog around the block, making good time although I was pretty distracted for most of it. I kept thinking about Lauren and how good she looked.

I want to look like her...

There was a small sense of doubt, but it was more for the effort required to look that good.

I got home and my mum was up and making a whole feast of food.

“Full English, that will hit the spot today.” She said to nobody in particular.

I looked at my watch and went to input the food I was about to consume; I expected a few notifications to yell at me for smashing through my salt intake or fat intake but there was nothing. In fact, I didn’t even get halfway through entering the information before Oscar appeared and spoke.

“I already entered the food for you, don’t worry, you are still on holiday.”

Again, I found myself not concerned with how openly the watch was breaching my privacy. I found it rather useful actually.

“But you entered a large full English... I wasn’t going to-”

“Nonsense, the food will help your readiness score and give you calories to turn into muscle mass. Your run this morning has already worked off this food.”

The watch face filled with lots of graphs and windows, and I could see the information before my eyes but there was a timer counting down too, it read 16 minutes and 46 seconds.

“What’s that?” I curiously asked.

“That is the time you have to eat it; you need to eat it by that time so that it won’t be detrimental. If you eat it by then, you can have time to digest before your metabolism slows back down after your run.” Oscar said to me in his smooth voice.

Hard to argue...

My mum dished out a massive plate of food. A copious amount of bacon, sausage, hash browns. I could see the grease pooling on the plate, forming a seal around my beans.

There is... A lot...

I stared at the meal for a few seconds before my watch face changed to a timer. It read 14 minutes and was counting down.

I will just stop when the timer hits zero, I can’t eat it all by then...

Dad and Abigail hadn’t joined us yet, they were still sleeping in, but Mum had cooked the next plate. I tucked into mine, not wanting to miss that timer. The timer really did throw me off, I just stuffed the food in, my mouth almost too full numerous times, so that I could hardly chew. I was making a large dent into the food but Mum saw that as a challenge, she topped up my plate with some more sausages and bacon.

“You must be hungry; I’ve not seen you eat like this in years.” She smiled, for her that was a compliment.

Fuck... I can’t...

Despite my inner voice telling me no, my hands continued to pick up more food and lead it to my open maw. I glanced at the plate and gasped.

I am a pig...

But I couldn’t stop. Forkful after forkful made its way to my mouth. I was starting to feel full, each bite was harder and harder to get down.

I should stop.

Oscar was pointing to the timer on my watch. It was almost over, somehow I had managed to eat **all** of the food.

“Your run this morning has already worked off this food”.

Oscar’s voice was in my head repeating itself, in part to justify my gluttony.

*Maybe he didn’t account for... **this**.*

Gluttony. Pure Gluttony.

The plate was cleared, with a minute to spare. I stared at the grease that was left on the plate from the last sausage that was still travelling to my stomach, and I groaned.

“I’d give you more, but your father and Abigail won’t have anything... Did you want me to get you something else?” Mum offered.

“No- *Burp*” My face turned red. “Excuse me!” I said embarrassed.

Mum just chuckled to herself.

I can’t believe I have just eaten all of that...

I felt the overwhelming feeling of a food coma start to take hold. “I think I am going to lay down...”

Mum didn’t even turn to me, I groaned again as I lifted myself from my seat. I gasped at what I saw.

My belly was stuffed. More than that.

It’s huge.

My stomach looked like I was expecting, and that I was rather far along at that. I felt the cool air on my lower belly, due to my consumption, my stomach was on show. The running top I had on was not meant to cover something quite so big.

I cradled my rounded stomach and waddled to the spare room that I was inhabiting. Abigail heard my heavy footsteps on the stairs and rushed out and she bumped into my stomach. Looking at my gravid swell, I saw her eyes grow wide.

I didn’t let her say anything, thankfully she just stared at my belly as I shuffled past her to the room. I quickly closed the door, lest Dad see me too.

I flopped myself down onto the bed and looked down at the mountain that was rising high

from my torso.

“I think resting might be a good idea actually, your metabolism should work through this food in... About 90 minutes, if you fall asleep, I’ll wake you when you are done.” Oscar said to me, I didn’t even feel like I had the energy to lift my arm to check him.

I placed a hand on my stomach and rubbed it tenderly.

I hope he is right...

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