

Your date was going amazing. The man was a little bit stern, perhaps a bit too much for your liking, but you seemed to adore that somehow. You seemed to take a liking to him, somewhat unexpectedly. He watched you eat and seemed to be desperately into that. You knew it from the start. You had seen guys like this before, but this one was different. His ears blushed whenever he was caught staring, and quickly moved his head away, shaking it slightly.

You found it adorable. So you kept staring right into his eyes as you ate your third helping of dinner in a fancy restaurant the man had chosen. His name was Zayne. Even that was cute about him.

He seemed so interested in you eating, so much that it was almost impossible to you. But you liked it, more than you thought was possible. So you simply continued, eating slowly but surely and watching as your belly grew past your waistline, sitting in a plushy manner on your thighs. It felt so good. And you knew that Zayne enjoyed it, too, which only made things even better for you.

Zayne was now blushed all over his face, flushing a deep red, which you found just possibly the cutest thing on the entire Earth. You finished eating and wiped your face with a tissue that you were given beforehand, still staring at Zayne with this cocky look in your eyes. Behind the tissue you were smiling confidently, loving the attention.

You stood up and found yourself swaying a little bit with how much you had just eaten. It was worth it, though. Perhaps you could get more out of Zayne with it.

It looked quite possible, rather. He immediately walked over to your side and held you by your waist, his fingers digging into the fat rolls that now formed on your side. You loved the attention and hoped there would be more to follow once you made it to the car.

He parked right next to the restaurant, which was a huge relief to you as you found yourself struggling to walk with how much food was packed in your stomach. You still did not regret it even a tiny little bit. He led you to the car and even helped you make it inside, to which you reacted with a big smile and a squeeze of his hand as he let go of your waist. He sat in the driver's seat and started the car.

You watched him closely. His hands were so... pretty, you wanted to say, as they held onto the steering wheel. Everything about him was gorgeous. From his hair through his whole body to his name alone. There was not a thing in this man that you did not consider attractive.

"My or your place?" you asked, confident like never before. Your current mood was so good nothing could make it disappear.

Zayne muttered something under his breath before actually replying to you: "Yours is fine, but if you prefer me not going there, that is also okay," he explained, and you felt your heart skip a beat or two.

How could someone be so gentle and considerate, yet clearly so turned on by you?

You really had no idea, but decided to let it go for now and just go with the flow of the date.

"To mine, then, lemme type the address in for ya," you said quickly, getting a hand on the navigation monitor and quickly typing in what you had to. "It's not far away, five minutes tops." You were relaxed as ever.

His free hand you took immediately and placed it on the roundest part of your stomach, just for it to stay there during the quick ride.

"What are you—" he started, but couldn't finish due to a terrible case of blushing that once again appeared on his face.

"Just hold it," you decided to say, nodding along. You had never been so confident with a date before, and yet that did not seem to bother you at all.

Zayne seemed to agree or at least accept it as his hand did not move for the entirety of the ride, instead staying where you placed it, even rubbing soothing circles into your stomach sometimes, when he thought you were not watching.

You got to the apartment complex you lived in after the aforementioned five minutes. He helped you get out of the car and into the flat, which you accepted with a lot of gratitude. You both made it to the apartment quite quickly, and kicked off your shoes before entering the living room.

You had an idea. Seeing a slight roll on Zayne's stomach that could be very well seen from under his dress shirt, you couldn't help but wonder how much you could get him to eat. Not a lot, probably, as he was a cardiac surgeon and probably worried about his diet a lot. But you still had high hopes.