

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Pregnant woman starts to get cravings for +3000 calorie drinks at Starbucks. It's been eight months, and these drinks have really taken their toll!*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## Pregnancy Cravings

Marina and Katy stepped into the warm, bustling Starbucks arm in arm. It was always their first stop before a Saturday of outlets and flea market picking, and today, they were in even higher spirits than usual.

Snaking her arm around her partner's waist, Marina quirked a pierced eyebrow with concern. "Are you sure you want your usual, babe? I read caffeine isn't good for the baby."

The words 'the baby' had been Marina's favorite phrase over the past two weeks since they'd confirmed with the ob-gyn that Katy was, in fact, pregnant. Not that the tall, statuesque blonde minded; the words made a happy warmth bloom in her belly every time she heard them. At this moment, however, Katy's belly was sending a different signal.

"Don't worry, babe, I can live with decaf for nine months."

They reached the counter, where the barista asked for their order. Marina spoke first. "We'd like a *Grande* Americano with room for cream and light ice. And a latte with almond milk, decaf with—"

Katy cut her wife off mid-order. "Actually, can I try one of those... *Nitro foam whipped salted caramel macchiatos*?"

Marina looked wide-eyed up at her pregnant partner. Katy blushed faintly. "Um, decaf... and uh... venti?"

The dark-haired Marina paid for their order, and the couple spoke in whispers as they waited.

"You know those things are like, three thousand calories??"

"You're exaggerating. Plus, I'm starving! I always thought all that pregnant cravings stuff was an urban legend, but I feel like I haven't eaten in *days!*"

"I'm just looking out for you, babe..."

Katy reached up to lightly scratch the back of Marina's neck. "I know you are, but I'm fine. We want the baby to be healthy, right?"

Between Katy's gentle touch and the use of the magic words, Marina's resistance melted away. "Of course, of course. You know I appreciate you doing this, right? I just want the baby to be pretty like you."

"Aww, don't act like you're not pretty, too." Katy slid her hand downward to grab a handful of Marina's tiny behind, craning her neck to nibble at her wife's ear."

"Babe! Not in the Starbucks!"

"Order for Marina!"

As they left the coffee shop, the busty blonde sipped her sugary drink. "Oh my god, this is *so* good!" She actually touched a manicured hand to her still-flat stomach. "This is *exactly* what the baby wanted..."

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*Eight Months Later*

*-bing, bong-*

Marina rushed to the door of their apartment, where a DoorDash driver waited with a carrier of four huge coffees.

"Order for Marina?"

"That's me!"

"Have a nice day!"

Before the door had fully closed, a voice came from the living room. "Is that my coffee, babe?"

“Yeah!”

Marina grimaced at the burden she carried to her pregnant wife. Four gigantic coffees. She'd confirmed in the app that the *Trenta* size was indeed nearly three thousand calories. But how could she say no to her beautiful blonde partner? Walking into the room where Katy was all but permanently beached these days, Marina tried — and failed — to come up with a good excuse.

Katy sat in their recliner. Her hips spilled over the armrests, and her swollen feet stuck out from her sleep pants. Katy's 'pregnant glow' had started in the first trimester and seemed to grow by the day. Her baby bump was so huge and round that Marina sometimes thought she could curl up and fit in there herself. And her breasts had swollen up to be twice the size of Katy's own head!

Fighting the arousal deep within her, Marina handed a giant coffee to her partner. “I got four, so they should last all day if you go—”

Katy gulped greedily, breasts wobbling and belly pulsing as the sugary beverage flowed down her throat. Marina thought she could *see* her wife growing larger with each swallow.

“—go easy on them...”