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11,186 words.

<Gestational Desires>

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Chapter 1

Gravid, round and waddling. Three words that can describe Ludmila very well at this point. She was a 24 year old woman who's family hailed from Poland, she had blonde hair that she used to do more with but since becoming pregnant she would only now put it in a ponytail. She was slim for the most part, pre-pregnancy she was a lot smaller, however. Her breasts were a modest B cup and the only remarkable thing about her body was her curvy ass, each cheek was thick and firm. The gestation of her child had changed that somewhat, her breasts had doubled in size, thanks to the milk production that was ramping up. In her eighth month they were already starting to feel the dull ache from them filling up. Her stomach had started to drop already, not much but enough for her to notice, her due date was rather soon after all.

She was headed to the corner shop, she had a craving and her husband, Mark, was too busy working from home. She waved to the neighbours that she came across, she did love this village she lived in now, it was so small that everyone knew each other. Opening the door to the shop she immediately noticed Jamala and Diana, how could she not, they were loud, boisterous and rude. Today

they were even more things, one of those being scantily clad.

Jamala was in her mid-thirties, Ludmila guessed she was 33 or 34, she wasn't really good with numbers. Jamala had dark skin and was a loud woman, often causing scenes wherever she went, today seemed to be no different. The overweight woman was chastising the man behind the till about being overcharged. Thanks to her clothes, there was very little not on show. Jamala's ass took centre stage thanks to its immense girth, almost all of her fat had piled on to her hips and ass, the woman was not far off a walking booty. She had C cups and a level of fat around her mid-section that showed that she was very quick to give into temptations.

Ludmila could see the clerk was struggling to deal with her, she wanted to step in but clocked Diana with her. Diana was younger than Ludmila, how she became friends with Jamala, Ludmila doesn't know. Diana was just as feisty as Jamala, just as impulsive and was unable to control her emotions so often that it has gotten her in trouble a few times.

Diana is a slender version of Jamala, her ass is huge and round, thanks to her skirt it is also mostly hanging out. Her B cups were slightly less than Jamala's. Ludmila found herself frozen as she looked at the younger woman. Diana's face was so cute and sweet, her smile was inviting despite being part of this troublesome duo that frustrated residents. Her blonde hair was in a rounded bob that only made her appear cuter. She wore a lot of pink clothes usually and today was no different, only just that it was less than normal. She had a low cut tank top on, her bra clearly visible and a good portion of her boobs were on show. Even though she wasn't as busty as Ludmila or Jamala, she still was showing a lot of skin. Looking down her trim tum, it was impossible not to notice the other prominent feature on the girl. Diana had a massive ass, her hips were wider to accommodate its magnitude, unlike Jamala who had a fat ass, Diana's was firm, toned and perfectly bootylicious. The underside of her cheeks were

exposed thanks to her pink shorts. Ludmila found her eyes lingering for a bit too long as she walked towards Jamala.

Diana watched carefully as Ludmila approached Jamala from behind.

“Jam, behind you.” Diana alerts her friend.

Turning around the large Jamala almost eclipses the relatively tiny Ludmila. Looking at her front, Ludmila can see how much is on show, her tits are practically bursting from her ill-fitting bra. The top she had on was so low cut that you could practically see her belly button, let alone her entire chest.

Ludmila lost her cool and started to raise her voice with the girls.

“Hey! Leave Derek alone, you know he isn’t here to steal from you!” Ludmila shouted.

“List-” Jamala starts to raise her voice, but Ludmila cuts her off.

“No! You leave him alone, You and Diana just go around this town causing a scene wherever you go practically naked, I can see your panties. Cover the fuck up and move along.”

The power coursing through her was invigorating, she felt in-control, she felt like she was serving justice, she felt like the two women were hers to order around.

That feeling wouldn’t last.

Ludmila felt a strange sensation from behind, the cold chill of fingers against her lower back made her screech, before she could move, she felt a firm tug on her underwear.

“It only seems fair that we see yours too. Don’t you think so?” Diana said menacingly before pulling Ludmila’s pants between her cheeks, the fabric digging into her uncomfortably.

“AHH!” Ludmila yelps.

Jamala grabs her drink from the counter and splashes it over the pregnant woman and both of the women laugh at Ludmila.

“Take that you bitch” Jamala raises her voice to degrade Ludmila.

“That’s enough, G-get out.” Derek stammers.

Diana grabs Jamala’s wrist before she can do anything else. “C’mon, leave her, look we won.”

Diana said, pressing her body up against Jamala’s and whispering softly.

“Yeah, we’re going.” Jamala replies to Derek, swaying her huge bum from side to side as she leaves, each big chocolate cheek on show.

Diana looks at Ludmila, who is now crying, longingly for a second before catching up to her friend, her younger tighter ass still grabbing Derek’s attention despite the ruckus they just caused.

“Are you ok Mila?” Derek asked the pregnant woman now crumpled on the floor, wet and in pain.

“No, I’m just going to go home and forget this ever happened.” She said through tears.

Rushing home as fast as her wide hips and bulging belly will allow, she can’t help but think about those two girls.

How can they run about like that... Their tits out... They’re just so... Exposed...

Ludmila feels something different now about the whole thing.

They are basically... Naked... Their huge asses... Tits... on show...

Her gait starts to stagger as she feels her knees wobble. She is almost home; she can see her front gate from where she is.

And I felt so much... Power... The thrill...

She bursts through the door and rushes into the bathroom, thankfully Mark was busy doing work so she could get the peace she required. She sits on the toilet and parts her legs and reaches

under her large stomach and starts to play with herself to the thought of the younger Diana, how she showed her mercy, how she spared her and her beautiful body.

Ludmila was always a woman who liked control, loved being in control but something about the events of the day, those aroused her further. Her fingers play with her clit with a familiarity unmatched by anyone, Mark never really did have a huge sex drive but since becoming pregnant he was even less interested in her. Ludmila however found the opposite to be true. Her growing stomach, her widening hips, her body plumping up, it all was such a turn on for her.

Her other hand started to caress her turgid breasts through her top before she scrambled to release them to her palm. Her fingers started to pinch and twist at her nipples, the forming colostrum just reminding her how close she was to the end of the pregnancy.

I wonder how much bigger I'll get...

Chapter 2

Ludmila heard a knock on the door, just as she was coming down from her orgasm. She hoped that Mark would get the door but a second knock after half a minute passed proved that it was going to have to be her that answered the door. She Made herself appear presentable, straightening up her clothes over her large bump she waddled downstairs. She caught a glance of herself in the mirror and realised that she was still flush faced. This only proved to embarrass her more. Ludmila took a deep breath and opened the door.

It was Diana.

What was she doing here? Ludmila thought to herself.

“Hey.” She said softly.

“Hello Diana...”

“I’m here to apologise... Look, it wasn't cool what I did, and it only got Jamala more riled up.”

She paused, looking down at Ludmila’s chest and noticing her hard nipples.

It was now the younger girl’s time to blush. Diana might’ve been in her 20s but she had a lack

of experience, mostly because she hung out with Jamala, she found herself becoming increasingly embarrassed by standing there in Ludmila's doorway.

"Have I got something on my-" Ludmila said looking down and realising what Diana was staring at.

Not only were her nipples hard but she had started to leak some milk, likely from her fun from a few minutes prior. Looking down at the damp spots covering her chest she couldn't help but rub her stomach and look at Diana and realised that it wasn't judgement, it was something else. Lust.

Ludmila found herself losing herself to her lowering inhibitions, she reached out and rubbed Diana's bicep.

"Hey, it's okay, you don't have to apologise for Jamala." Her hand lingered on her bicep for a few more seconds, Diana was unable to take her eyes off the pregnant woman before her.

"I..." She couldn't even start a conversation at this point, her fascination had become too much for her.

"Everything alright Diana?" She smirked knowingly.

The blushing girl looked up at her and looked a bit confused and lost for a second. Then without warning she lunged forward and pressed herself against Ludmila, Diana's comparatively smaller body pressed into the gravid form of Ludmila, and their lips made contact. Time itself seemed to stop for the two of them, their lips mashing against one another, their hands starting to explore the body of the other.

Diana's hands made their way down Ludmila's side and found the side swell of her stomach. Her inquisitive hands started to work their way around the front of the protruding bump. Ludmila was so big thanks to her four previous pregnancies, each one causing her stomach to swell even bigger, this was no different, she didn't have long left and she had already surpassed the size of her last pregnancy at full

term a month ago. The multiple pregnancies caused her body to be a bit looser and saggier than she would've liked but Ludmila didn't think too much about this when Diana's hands were roaming her body, especially now, being so full and fertile helped reduce the amount of loose skin over her body.

Diana's trim and firm body was one that had not yet felt the miracle of childbirth, her huge ass would likely make more likely thanks to the male attention she would draw in. Ludmila's hands ran down her back and towards those thick cheeks she had been so upset at hours previous. Making contact with the swells of each buttock was an arousing experience all in itself. Her hands couldn't cover all of her bubble butt, not for a lack of trying. Ludmila felt the fat tissue spread between her fingers, causing her to squeeze harder.

The two embraced in the doorway for a few minutes, Diana losing control as she started to rub and caress Ludmila's pregnant middle, her hands could barely leave the bump.

Ludmila cooed. "Do you like it?" she moaned softly.

"I... I've never felt anything like it..." Diana said with a dazed tone in her voice. "It's so perfect so... So..."

"Round? Big?" Ludmila said proudly.

"Yes." Diana let out an exhale, her body shivering as her hand rubbed over the horizon of Ludmila's stomach.

Her fingers worked their way across the surface of her stomach and towards her protruding navel. Diana was fascinated by the nub; she started to rub and play with it.

The reaction from Ludmila was instant, the pleasure she felt was immense. She found that during each pregnancy there was something that happened that was only true for the duration of her pregnancy. When her belly button popped out, which happened earlier and earlier with each pregnancy, she found

that it became an erogenous zone. She would play with the nub as she rubbed her clit, and it would cause her untold levels of pleasure. Due to her husband's lack of interest in her physically during this time, she found that she would need to pleasure herself more often, but now there was someone rubbing it for her.

She had to cover her mouth to stifle her moans and she found this only caused Diana to go on the offensive.

Diana pushed Ludmila backwards through the door and against the nearest wall, Ludmila found herself pinned against it, Diana's hand rubbing her boobs and stomach, teasing her navel. The after effects of her heightened arousal from before answering the door were still lingering within her. Diana lowered herself down into a squat, something that her ass proved she was adept at, and she lifted Ludmila's shirt and started to kiss and caress her stomach with more fervour. Her tongue drawing circles around her popped navel and rubbing the swell of her stomach. Ludmila's head was pressed against the wall, trying to lean back and withhold her screams.

Diana slipped her hand down the underside of her stomach and into her maternity pants and started to work her throbbing clit. It took nearly no time at all before Ludmila was spasming against the wall. Diana was shocked by how quick it was, she let go of Ludmila and watched as she slid down the wall onto the floor, panting and moaning from the aftershocks.

"I... I've got to go..." Diana runs out the open door, leaving Ludmila on the floor, wondering what just happened.

It took her some time but she rose to her feet and waddled up the stairs, barely covered by her clothes, she barged into Mark's room and threw herself at him.

"I need you. Now." She demanded.

Too turned on to take no for an answer, she dropped to her knees and started to rub at his crotch.

“Please Daddy, fuck me...” She moaned; she wasn’t usually this much of a mess but the distinct lack of penetration was something she so desperately craved.

“You can do anything to me... Please...” She was becoming more desperate, Mark’s lack of response was a worrying sign.

Ludmila pulled her neckline down and flopped her engorged tits out and started to play with them in front of Mark, pinching her dark thick nubs and practically begging him to do something, anything to her.

Alas, much like the many times before, she found that he wasn’t responding.

“Babe, I am so sorry...” Mark’s voice filled with love, affection and remorse. “I just can’t... I’m working and...”

“You don’t find me sexy.” Ludmila finished his sentence.

“No, that isn-”

“Then why aren’t you hard?” She huffed. She started to cry and sped out the room. Mark didn’t follow her. Ludmila laid down on her bed and cried, still desperately turned on from her interaction with Diana.

Her phone pinged. It was Diana.

Chapter 3

Ludmila picked up her phone to read the message, she was shocked at what she was reading.

#

Diana: *I'm sorry... A woman in your condition, with a husband, I shouldn't have done that.*

My apologies, it won't happen again.

Ludmila: *It's ok, honestly... I'll be honest, It has been a long time since I've felt like that with another person.*

Diana: *Really???*

Ludmila: *Mark just never has found me attractive.*

Ludmila: *Not in my current state at least.*

Diana: *I do.*

There was a long pause, Ludmila put her phone down, blushing at the comment from Diana, Diana started to worry she had overstepped.

Diana: *Sorry*

Ludmila: *Don't be.*

Ludmila: *What do you find particularly attractive about me?*

Diana: *You have a very beautiful and sweet face.*

Ludmila: *Is that all?*

Diana: *No...*

Ludmila: *Why so shy? Tell me Diana, I haven't had a compliment in about eight months.*

Diana: *Your boobs... They are big.*

Ludmila: *Much bigger than a few months ago, that's for sure. Do you like them?*

Ludmila couldn't resist her urges any more, knowing that there was a young beautiful woman attracted to her, she decided to go on the offensive. She snapped a quick photo of her cleavage, using her arms to push her breasts together, she looked busty. The deep blue veins covered a good portion of the surface of her tits, thanks to how engorged she now was as she approached her end date, she looked fit to burst any second.

Diana: *YES.*

Ludmila: *Good, they felt so good when you were touching them earlier... I'm playing with them now...*

Diana: *Fuck...*

Ludmila: *So vulgar... That's ok, you can make it up to me tomorrow.*

Diana: *Absolutely, I am not sure if I can wait that long, that long to feel your pregnant body against mine again.*

Ludmila: *You seem to like my milky tits... Shame you didn't try any.*

Ludmila: *There is something beautiful about being pregnant, how big your boobs get, the milk, it feels quite sexy*

Diana: *And the other changes.*

Ludmila: *Other changes? What do you mean?*

She couldn't mean... Ludmila thought to herself, her eyes were now glued to her phone screen waiting for the triple dots to form into a message.

Diana: *Everything, darker nipples, thicker all over, wider hips, even the swelling features on your face, those plump lips look so suckable.*

Ludmila blushed, "Surely this girl couldn't find... This attractive." She looked down at her body laying on the bed, her wide hips spreading over the surface, her thicker thighs touching each other and her boobs desperately trying to escape. Her eyes lingered on one thing that Diana hadn't mentioned. Her stomach.

What an odd omission.

Ludmila: *You describe me like you can't control yourself, like you lust after me, in this state?*

Diana: *I do. I want you. I want to make you mine. If Mark doesn't want to take care of you, then why not me.*

Ludmila gasps, her pussy throbs at the thought.

Ludmila: *He always found the belly a turn off.*

Diana: *Mark is a fucking moron. Your belly is the best part.*

Diana deleted the message after a second or so, Ludmila didn't know what to say. She insulted her husband, she complimented the very thing he despised about her form and Ludmila could even infer that actually, Diana found her belly sexually arousing.

Diana: *Sorry...*

Ludmila: *Don't be. Tell me more...*

Diana: *About Mark?*

Ludmila: *Fuck Mark, my belly... I want to hear more...*

Diana: *Well, I fucking love it, I love bellies, I've had a fetish for pregnant bellies for a long time. Not just pregnant ones, but fat ones too, if both, even better. I've never been brave enough to get the latter myself but one day I would love to be knocked up and huge, just like you.*

Ludmila: *What would you do if you were here right now?*

Again feeling the thrill of the moment, she sent a picture of her point of view, looking down at the bed. The photo got a great shot of her tits and cleavage but the main focus of the photo now was her belly. It rose high above her tits, The covered dome strained the maternity top, the sheer dimensions of her belly were immense, her multiple pregnancies were likely the cause of this new shape. The strained fabric really added to the photo, it made Ludmila appear more gravid if anything.

Diana: *You look... Amazing.*

Ludmila: *I asked you a question.*

Diana: *I would do a great many things...*

Ludmila: *Tell me.*

Her hands slipped to her already overstimulated clit. She started to massage it and waited patiently for the next message to come through.

Diana: *I'd worship your belly, I'd lick you all over, there would not be an inch of you that my lips wouldn't touch. I'd make you scream again, make you feel the lust I have within me for your sexy body.*

Ludmila: *That sounds good to me.*

Diana: *Are you touching yourself?*

Ludmila's face turned a bright red, like she was caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

Ludmila: *Yes...*

Diana: *Good... Me too...*

The message egged on Ludmila, her fingers working herself harder and faster than before. Something about the taboo nature of the whole thing was turning her on, and to know that Diana was doing the exact same thing. Her breathing quickened and her gasps filled the room. She gave up caring about Mark, her noises were not suppressed, she just worked herself to the edge.

Ludmila: *I want it...*

Diana: *What?*

Ludmila: *I want what you said... I need it...*

Diana: *If you cum for me now, I'll give you everything you want and more tomorrow.*

Ludmila: *I am yours Diana...*

Diana: *Good girl.*

Diana attached a photo to the last message, it was of her bent over before a mirror, her perfect giant ass taking up most of the picture, her fingers plunged deep into her pussy. It was enough to make Ludmila lose control and push her over the edge, before she did, she saw the caption.

All for you.

She came hard.

Chapter 4

The resulting orgasm, coupled with her pregnancy fatigue meant that she fell asleep after the exchange. Waking up she had a message from Diana telling her to meet her at her place at four. It couldn't come fast enough for Ludmila, Mark hadn't come to bed after their exchange, and he was back at his desk already working this morning when she got up. Thankfully her kids were with her Mum for a few days, meaning she got to lay in bed until mid-morning.

Walking past Mark's office, she peered through the crack and saw him working away on a project. He must've heard her lumbering across the landing but he didn't look towards the door.

Why is he giving me the cold shoulder? He turned me down.

Ludmila carried on before she got angrier at the situation, waddling down the stairs, her heavy footsteps echoed through the house. Entering the kitchen she found that she had a continental breakfast ready for her there.

Mark.

Her husband might not be treating her how she wanted exactly, but he still had his sweet nature

about him. He was all over the housework, especially now when she was in her current condition and clearly he was caring for her, as demonstrated by him taking the time to prepare breakfast for her. She texts him to thank him, not wanting to spend the energy to climb the stairs.

She ate the food gratefully and they did text each other a few times, it made her feel better and more loved, she just wished that he wasn't working and they could snuggle. Unfortunately for them both, he was on a meeting call all morning and he had to work through his lunch. Ludmila's thoughts moved onto the plan for the late afternoon. The thought alone makes Ludmila's nipples hard, they press out against her top and her fingers start to play with them subconsciously. It is only when she is already walking out the house does she notice the dark patches around them, her playing has caused her to leak some milk but it is too late now to fix it.

Arriving at Diana's she rings the doorbell and waits, excitedly. Diana answers the door and gasps. It isn't hard to see why, Ludmila knew what made Diana tick so she deliberately chose an ill-fitting top this morning, top is generous, it is more like a bralette than a top. Ludmila's belly is pretty much entirely on show, a deliberate attempt to stun Diana. It worked, a little too well.

Diana didn't say any words, her hand wrapped around Ludmila's wrist and she yanked her arm to pull her inside.

Ludmila's top had two large dark patches on it thanks to her leaky problem, this wasn't lost on Diana as she dragged her into her home. The encumbered Ludmila barely kept up with Diana as she took her upstairs. Spying her bedroom on the ascent she noted that they passed the doorway to that room and was pushed into a different room, this room was almost empty, and the window was blacked out. The dimly lit room made Ludmila think it was like a dungeon, she wasn't too far off.

Diana swiftly kicked the door shut once they had both entered and Ludmila was in shock at the decor once she did realise what she was looking at. Various sex apparatus were set up in the room, she recognised a few but there were some odd looking contraptions here, she could only infer that these too were used for sexual pleasure.

Before Ludmila could speak, her lips found themselves busy with Diana's plump lips. The two entered a passionate embrace, lips locked, Diana's hands exploring Ludmila's fertile body, it wasn't long before her hands found their way to her leaky breasts.

"I think you might need some milking honey..." Diana whispered.

She broke the embrace and instructed Ludmila to sit while she rummaged through a drawer. Ludmila sat her plump bum on the leather seat. The chair itself had nice leather arms and a mostly comfortable back, there seemed to be a few levers sticking off of it.

Best not touch... Ludmila thought to herself.

Diana returned, hiding something behind her back. She lowered herself to Ludmila's knees and started to kiss her legs, the sensual exploration of her body caused her head to tilt backward and her eyes to close. That was the opening Diana was looking for, she continued to kiss her leg but with her hands she was expertly closing the restraints on Ludmila's wrists which were resting on the arm of the chair. Before Ludmila even noticed, Diana had fastened the cuffs so she was not stuck in the chair, her legs and arms bound, she was powerless to Diana now.

Her tits were still leaking, they had a dull throb from within, she needed to release, she hadn't noticed it before now. Looking at Diana, she decided not to question her current situation, lest she make it worse.

Just go along with it, it is kinda fun. She told herself.

Diana picked up the object she had brought over from the drawer, it was a breast pump.

Ludmila had used these before but had not needed to use one since her first pregnancy, she was always so quick to express and thankfully her babies latched on without much issue. The last time she had used it though, she noted how much it increased her milk production.

Looking at Diana now, with a wide grin spreading over her face, Ludmila couldn't help but squirm.

"You look positively engorged... Let me help..." Diana's words lingered in the air with a hiss.

The pump looked a bit different to the one she had used, this one had straps, Ludmila couldn't quite work out what these were for at first, but when Diana started to tie them around her back, she realised. The straps were used to keep the suction cups in place. The leather straps went over her shoulder and under her opposite armpit, forming a cross as they intersected between her shoulder blades.

Now here Ludmila was, heavily pregnant, bound to a chair and breast pumps tied to her boobs. She looked up at Diana with a sense of fear in her eyes.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was shaky, having never done anything like this, she was nervous.

"Having fun."

Chapter 5

A click was heard, and the pump started to whirl rhythmically, Diana watched as her nipples were being sucked into the transparent cups, Ludmila's elongated nipple gushing milk into the tube that led to the large collection chamber. The one Ludmila had purchased led straight into a bottle but this one was more like vat, a sealed bucket almost. It looked massive, it too was transparent with a gauge on the side, not that Ludmila could fully see it anyway.

She writhed in the chair against the restraints, the pleasure from being milked by a machine was a memory long lost to her. The sensation was quickly becoming too much for Ludmila. Diana wasted very little time herself, indulging in her fantasy too, she found herself at Ludmila's knees again, her tongue danced over her soft flesh before finding her gravid middle. Thanks to the shorts and crop top, so much of Ludmila's skin was on show and accessible. Diana's tongue danced around the taut eight month belly, she worshipped the orb as Ludmila's tits were being drained above. The baby was awake and wriggling thanks to the activity that its mum was engaged in, Diana felt the movement and continued to kiss and grope her stomach.

With some effort, she lifted the bulbous dome and slipped her fingers under the waistband of the too tight shorts and popped the button open. Ludmila was powerless to stop Diana, not that she wanted to at this point. Her shorts were pulled down her legs and Diana started to go to work on her pussy. She was only able to get her fingers between her folds to start to massage her clit but it was enough for Ludmila for now. The pleasure was intense, amplified by the pumping going on, her screams filled the room before her body shuddered and she came.

Diana moved backwards and let Ludmila catch her breath, she watched as the pregnant stomach rose and fell with each laboured breath. Her eyes fixated on the outie belly button. Diana reached beneath the chair and started to pull a lever, the chair started to transform, spreading Ludmila's legs apart and leaning back, it didn't take long until she was on her back and her legs were spread wide, the huge belly blocking Ludmila's view of Diana.

"Di..." Ludmila said between gasps.

Diana didn't give Ludmila the respect to even answer back, she started to kiss her way up her thigh instead towards her dripping sex. Her tongue parted her lips and her fingers sunk into her thighs. Diana licked Ludmila at a feverish pace until Ludmila came, it didn't take long thanks to Diana's apparent expertise with Jamalla. Another few times Ludmila was brought to orgasm. Exhausted by her body's continued heightened arousal and subsequent eruptions, she panted heavily on the chair, now turned table.

Diana rose up from her lower half and let her hands glide over Ludmila's body, savouring every inch of her swollen form.

"There is something so arousing about a woman in your state... It is a shame that you aren't big enough yet though." Diana said ominously.

Ludmila barely registered what she had said and tried to watch Diana walk around her. Ludmila felt the pumps being pulled from her chest with an audible pop.

Diana looked down at Ludmila and her leaking nipples, the steady stream of milk leaking onto the side of the chair and subsequently onto the floor.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her nipples. She yelped and looked down to see that Diana had slipped on a nipple clamp on her left breast, the thick nipple was nearly cut in half from the pressure thanks to its engorged size.

“AHH!” Ludmila started to scream before a second jolt hit her, this time in her right nipple.

“Can’t let any of it go to waste now...” Diana said, lowering herself down to Ludmila’s body, her tongue tracing the stream of milk back to her now clamped nipples.

Ludmila let out a soft moan. Diana could sense her arousal and once again started to work her clit, this time with her hand.

“You belong to me. You are my cumslut, you will cum when I want you too. You are my toy. You are nothing more than that.” Diana said firmly, Ludmila moaning all the while, she stopped and stared at Ludmila’s face. “Do I make myself clear?”

Ludmila was unable to answer, her gasps from being so close to the edge was too much, she writhed, pulling at her restraints.

There was a loud slap that echoed throughout the room. Diana has struck Ludmila’s tits, they wobbled and crashed against one another. Ludmila yelped.

“I said. Do I make myself clear.”

“Yes...” Ludmila said, her voice low and weak, feeling sorry for herself.

“If you listen... You’ll have fun, I promise.”

Chapter 6

Ludmila was trapped, bound and stuck to the chair. Diana rubbed her stomach lovingly and she kissed it all over, all the while playing with Ludmila's overworked clit. Diana kept her on the edge of release for hours at a time, her fingers danced around her navel and Ludmila would moan even more, feeling the erotic sensation from the ordeal overtaking her fear of being trapped. The prolonged teasing and worship were turning the pregnant beauty on past the point she previously thought possible but it just made her yearn for something else. Cock. She was desperate, she needed to be filled. Her hormones were already sky high when she knocked the door hours ago but now, her body was begging for release, a release that Diana would not give her.

Meanwhile, Diana was free to enjoy herself at the expense of her pregnant captive. She made Ludmila lick her out multiple times by riding her face. The first few times Ludmila wasn't quite as prompt to start so Diana had to turn to some punitive measures. She pulled at her nipple clamps, stretching her sensitive nubs to the point beyond pain. Ludmila's screams only turned Diana on more.

Diana was starting to flag, she had cum so many times and her torture was taking it out of the

younger woman. She checked her phone and saw a message. She kept the content of the message secret from Ludmila but she smirked and continued her worship of Ludmila. Her tongue dancing over her rotund stomach and navel. Diana worked out that Ludmila's belly button must have turned into an erogenous zone at some point because she could feel her pregnant lover's body writhe more when her tongue was dancing around it.

"P... Pl... Please..." Ludmila gasped weakly.

"Please what?" Diana said, with a stern look at her captive.

"Please... I need to cum... I can't take it anymore..."

"You will take what you get."

Diana bent down and started to fiddle with the levers on the chair again, this time the contraption sat her up right. Diana brought two wrist restraints over and cuffed her again, these restraints had clips to connect to something else, Ludmila didn't know at this moment in time but they could connect to many of the restraining frames in the room. The first one that Diana led her to put her in a position that she was bent over. Her hands were bound to a singular bar, a bar was pressed into her thighs and the bar was moved forward causing her to have to bend over.

Ludmila now stood, barely clothed and bent over like she was in stockades, the only difference was that her head was free. She looked up at Diana whose ass was now face level to her. Ludmila couldn't help but think about how thick Diana was and how beautiful she was, her ass hovered near her face and she wished that she could kiss it. She wouldn't have to wait too long, Diana couldn't resist pressing her ass against Ludmila's face, she kissed and licked like a woman possessed.

This didn't last too long, the door to the house went and there were footsteps approaching, heavy thuds shook the room, suddenly the door swung open.

Standing there before the two women was now Jamalla, the overweight woman bulged out of her clothes and she looked at them both.

“Already in position I see.” She snickered.

Chapter 7

“I think it is time I teach you a lesson.” Ludmila looked up at Jamalla, the rage fuelled fire in her eyes added weight to what she just said.

Ludmila started to shake and looked at Diana for comfort, but she noticed a different air about her.

Jamalla was the dominant one.

Ludmila watched the larger woman walk over to her and quickly around the back.

“Diana, cut her out of her clothes. Now.” She barked.

Diana wasted no time, likely because she knew the punishment for insubordination. Using some scissors, she cut through the shorts and top of Ludmila, exposing her naked body to the air.

“Well... Well...” Jamalla said, eyeing up her prey. “You certainly look full.”

She used a riding crop to poke at Ludmila’s engorged breasts, the full bobbing masses wobbling, despite how tight the clamps were, the pressure build up from her tits caused her to leak when she moved them.

Ludmila moaned, she hadn't really noticed until right now, but her tits had grown from being so overfilled. They looked two cup sizes bigger, they ached and throbbed, but she knew better to ask for some help, the women would likely just use it against her. She bit her tongue and held back.

“And this...” Jamalla grunted.

The crop now traced the side of her taut belly as it hung towards the floor. It was gravid to say the least. Diana reached out and started to rub it after Jamalla brought attention to it.

A swift thwack hit Diana and she screamed out.

“Ow!”

Jamalla raised the crop again and looked at Diana with malice.

“Keep your hands to yourself.” Jamalla barked. “As for you...”

Another thwack filled the room, Ludmila felt a sharp pain in her ass.

“You were rude to me. You have to be punished for talking to me like that.”

Thwack.

“Nobody.”

Thwack.

“Talks to me.”

Thwack.

“Like that.”

Thwack.

Ludmila bit her tongue as she felt the searing pain from the whips. She knew better than to scream, even if it was an involuntary response, her fear for what else might come frightened her more than her body's instincts.

Cowering in pain and fear, Ludmila looked up at Jamalla and apologised.

“I am so sorry...”

The sincerity in her voice was all too real, her ass was raw from the few lashings she received but it was enough to stop any thought of defiance from her. She needed it to stop.

“Show me.”

Ludmila looked confused, another slap followed immediately after she raised her eyebrows.

“Show me how sorry you are.” Jamalla barked.

“Yes. Of course. Allow me to show you how sorry I am.” She begged.

Jamalla said no words, she turned, dropped her trousers and presented her gigantic fat ass before Ludmila. The huge cheeks now covering her entire field of view, the soft cellulite covered skin was less than an inch before her. Ludmila’s lips parted and pressed against her cheek, a long sensual kiss, followed by another and another. Ludmila hoped it would be enough to kiss and lick her ass. The huge soft cheek started to lean closer to her face, now starting to envelope her, each cheek easily larger than her entire face. Jamalla had a thick and fat ass after all, it was something that she was proud of and she continued to push her bum against Ludmila’s lips.

“Are you enjoying back there?” Jamalla called out.

Ludmila knew better than not to answer so she grunted in agreement, thanks to the cheeks grinding against her face, she was unable to speak words. She continued her worship before she felt someone, Diana, rubbing her stomach again. Jamalla turned her head over her shoulder and looked at her lover now on her knees kissing Ludmila’s huge hanging stomach.

Jamalla took a step forward and turned around, she removed her panties and stood with her lower half exposed, she shuffled forward and spread her thighs as much as she could whilst still

standing, her pussy now pressed into Ludmila's face. Ludmila started to lick and kiss her plump nethers and Jamalla immediately started to shake, the sensation travelling down her legs before Ludmila.

"Diana... Make yourself more useful."

Diana crawled out from under her pregnant lover and moved her face between Ludmila's exposed genitals and started to lick at her sex. It took no time at all for Ludmila to cum, Diana was adept at this from her time with Jamalla but also from the vast amount of orgasms she had already endured. Jamalla wasn't too far behind, the two panting women gasped for air and then Jamalla signalled Diana to come to the front of their captive.

"Your turn." Jamalla said, pushing Diana's vagina unto Ludmila.

Diana had worked herself up considerably with her exposure to Ludmila's body and finally it was time to receive some real relief. Much like Ludmila, Diana's orgasm was quick and powerful, she fell backwards afterwards and Jamalla stood over them both.

"I don't usually like you having your own prisoners Diana but with this one, I'll make an exception. Do what you will."

Diana looked up at Ludmila and gave a sinister smile.

"Yes my Queen."

Diana rose to her feet and looked Ludmila in the eyes.

"This is going to be fun."

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Chapter 8

Diana unhooked Ludmila from her shackles and let her sit on the floor so she could catch her breath.

“You are mine... You are my thing; I get to do what I want to you.” Diana said, her hand resting on her stomach and rubbing wide circles around the vast gravid belly. “How long do you have left?”

Ludmila struggled to find her voice, she took a moment, one moment too long.

Diana gripped Ludmila’s face by her cheeks and lifted her gaze to hers.

“When you are spoken to, you will respond. Got it?”

Ludmila was too weak to fight her captor’s hand to nod but thankfully for her, Diana felt the attempt.

“Now, tell me, how long have you got left until you pop?”

“About four weeks... or so...”

Diana smiled. “Good. Now, tell me, how much do you weigh?”

Ludmila went to raise her eyebrows, but she quickly remembered what happened the last time she did that. She tried to stall whilst she recalled the reading on the scale from last week.

“Um, let me just think, I was weighed last week by the midwife, I think it said 230 lbs.”

“Good girl, now, rest up, you can use that bed.” Diana pointed to the single bed with the thinnest mattress Ludmila had ever seen.

“Thank you.”

Diana smiled. “I love a grateful slave.” She leaned in and kissed Ludmila on the lips, her hand unable to resist from rubbing the upper swell of her stomach.

Diana stood up and left the room, a large clunk was heard before Ludmila heard footsteps retreating from the door.

“I guess it’s locked...” She muttered to herself before crawling over to the bed and falling into a deep slumber.

Ludmila awoke with a jolt, a loud clunk and bang from the door caused her to sit upright in panic. She looked at the door and saw Diana enter with a giant plate of food. She walked over and placed it on the bed next to Ludmila. She looked at it timidly, her mouth salivating, she hadn’t eaten in... How many hours, she didn’t know.

“Go on, eat up.” Diana gave her permission.

Ludmila wasted no time and started to scoff the fatty breakfast before her, sausages, bacon, eggs. Almost a full breakfast, but it seemed to be just the fattest parts of the breakfast, she even had piles of black pudding. She picks forkful after forkful and stuffs it into her hungry mouth, she didn’t quite realise how hungry she was before the first morsel of food touched her lips. She was so engrossed in the food that she failed to notice Diana prick her with a needle until the contents had already been dumped into her body.

She froze.

“What was that?” She gasped.

“It’s something to help.”

Ludmila knew now to question anymore, she just let it slip out of her mind and returned her focus to the food before her. She ate and ate until the plate was clear, her stomach felt a bit tight and compacted but she couldn’t help but rub it and hope there was more. Diana was looking at her knowingly.

“How did I know...” She said before rubbing Ludmila’s belly lovingly.

Diana got up and quickly rushed downstairs, only to return with another plate, just as full as the last one.

“Go on.” She said as she presented Ludmila with the overflowing plate of food.

Ludmila was seemingly in a trance, her vision was blurry other than the food that was before her. She filled her face, each bite followed by rapid gnashing of her teeth and then a quick but loud swallow. It didn’t take long before Ludmila had cleared the plate entirely, she was now looking again at Diana expectantly. Her hand was absentmindedly on her stomach, if she had paid more attention, she probably would’ve seen that it was sticking out farther than it was before she started her gluttonous rapid consumption.

“Oh, still hungry?” Diana said without a hint of shock in her voice.

Ludmila nodded and started to lick her lips.

“I haven’t got any more food... but...” Diana pointed to a vat.

The vat was connected to a hose which led into a face mask. It looked similar to the mask that fighter pilots wear, the hose was thick and see through. Ludmila didn’t question anything, she just

reached out towards the mask, unable to get up on the first try in her currently stuffed and gravid state. Her belly had pushed out and in order to accommodate the growing girth of her middle she had to spread her legs further apart, not that she noticed.

“Oh, don’t you move honey...” Diana said softly, her fingers tracing over Ludmila’s protruding middle.

This broke Ludmila from her trance and she looked down at her stomach and realised that it was now much larger than it had been, the vast amount of food clearly taking its toll on her body.

“What the-” Ludmila started but she was cut off by Diana.

Diana had shoved the mask over her face and clipped it around the back of her head before Ludmila could even act. The hungry look of desire had now faded, and it was replaced with one of fear. Diana jumped behind Ludmila and grabbed her wrists and handcuffed them behind her lower back. Ludmila was once again stuck. Bound by physical restraints but also bound, in part, thanks to her huge stomach.

She groaned and moaned in disagreement, her eyes pleading with Diana. It was no use however; Diana was seemingly feeding off of this. She leaned in and rubbed the side of her scalp before planting a kiss on her forehead.

“I thought you were hungry, my love.” Her hands once again start to rub the swollen expanse of her middle, she fails to suppress a moan. “You... Certainly look hungry... I am sure you could handle a lot more...” Diana slaps the side of Ludmila’s stomach with considerable force, the deep thump from her stuffed middle echoes through the room.

Ludmila winces and groans from the slap, the red hot prickly stinging from the slap causing her a great deal of discomfort. Watching Diana intently, she sits helplessly as she turns the tap on top of the

vat. Thanks to the transparent tube, Ludmila was able to watch as the cream-coloured liquid made its way down the pipe. It didn't take long before it was in her mouth, she tried at first to resist swallowing it but it was quite clear that she wouldn't be able to overcome the pressure from the vat. She swallowed and something clicked inside of her again. She groaned and her pupils dilated and she knew one thing.

She needed more.

Diana watched with glee as Ludmila rapidly swallowed the substance, she wasn't aware that Diana had turned the pressure up. Her greedy gulps made quick work of the stream of liquid being pumped into her.

"You really are such a good piggy." Diana said softly, her fingers tracing Ludmila's face.

Diana's eyes couldn't help but look down at the growing orb between Ludmila's legs. She watched as it grew redder and tighter with each loud audible gulp. Her once eight month looking stomach had already surpassed nine months with twins after she had eaten the large plates of food but now it was starting to get out of this world. It looked like she was carrying multiples well past due, maybe even a month or two past, despite the impossibility of it, Diana stared at the taut dome. Her fingers were powerless to resist the call of the stretched skin, slowly they splayed over the surface.

Tight, taut, utterly full.

The vat was nearing its end, before Ludmila's trance ended, Diana wanted to feel her stomach unrestricted. She tried to heft the mighty mound but found the contents of the densely packed stomach were too heavy for her to jostle. Her veins were pressed to the surface, the skin reddened by her expansion, some former stretch marks from her previous pregnancies are now being once again strained beyond their means.

The room was suddenly filled with the noise of Ludmila swallowing air, the vat was now empty.

The autopilot didn't disengage after the liquid finished dispensing, Diana had to reach up and remove the mask to break the spell Ludmila had put herself under. Now free, she panted heavily and let out a few burps. With her arms behind her back, Ludmila looked all the bigger, her back arched to be able to comfortably keep her arms behind her back.

Ludmila looked down at her beach ball sized stomach and gasped as she saw it wobble from the occupant wriggling around. There wasn't a lot of room left for the little one but that just made the movements more pronounced.

"I'm..." Ludmila started, unable to finish her sentence.

"Big." Diana added.

Diana looked at her stuffed lover.

"You are so huge... I didn't think you could take it. I guess the shot helped." Diana smirked.

"What did you do..." Ludmila asked, still reeling from the massive amount of food she had just demolished.

"The shot makes you hungry, there is more to it, but I think you can guess the rest..." Diana said with an added pat to the surface of her stuffed belly.

"Why?" Ludmila looked up at Diana who was now standing over her huge frame.

"Because you are mine, and I want you bigger." She spread her legs around her stomach so she was now straddling it. "Much bigger."

Diana flipped around and started to grind Ludmila's massive belly, her ass now gyrating against Ludmila's milky breasts. She lifted herself and moved her ass to Ludmila's face. Diana's cheeks pressing against her lover's face.

"Kiss me..." She shouted, with her fingers working her clit towards an orgasm. "Worship my

ass.” She demanded.

Ludmila knew better than to resist, she kissed and licked Diana’s thick butt and it wasn’t long before Diana came, her body shaking before erupting. So pleasurable from what she had done to Ludmila, she squirted over her stomach.

Ludmila just sat there, the hunger had finally subsided, however she couldn’t help but sit in a state of awe. She wasn’t sure there was a belly on the planet bigger than hers right now, or at least she felt that way. She could’ve sworn that if she bumped into anything then she might pop. She shuddered.

Diana slid off her belly after orgasming, laying on the floor, she writhed from the aftershocks and moaned softly to herself. Ludmila rubbed the edges of her gigantic stuffed stomach for a few minutes before Diana roused. The rubbing was soothing to her, she could feel the life within still wriggling around, each movement causing a ripple throughout the densely packed liquid now filling her gravid middle.

Standing on her shaky legs, Diana looked at Ludmila and smiled.

“This is only the beginning.”

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Chapter 9

Diana left the room and the food coma started to settle in for Ludmila, dazed and still confused by what had happened, she felt her eyes become heavy and she fell into a deep slumber. For Ludmila, Diana was right, it was only the beginning.

The next day when Ludmila woke, she looked down at her still painfully stuffed stomach and that was the difference, now the effects of the drug had worn off, she felt a dull sense of pain from within her still inhuman sized dome of a stomach. Still looking way past due with multiples, it had shrunk significantly, but not for long. Diana would return that day and stuff her again, without the use of the drug this time and much less, just keeping her topped up. This happened for a few days, it was a form of control for Diana at this point, she knew that Ludmila was in no fit state to move even if she wasn't restrained and locked in the room.

This is how Ludmila and Diana's life would go on for the next few days, she would endlessly stuff the pregnant beauty and keep her locked up. Diana took her phone and kept in contact with her husband to make sure he wasn't too worried, Diana had big plans after all.

Ludmila was Diana's play thing after all and Diana had a need, a need to feed. She wanted to see how big she could make Ludmila before she gave birth, she wanted to see her balloon up, nothing short of 400 lbs would do. With only four weeks left, she knew that filling her with that thick liquid would be the quickest way to achieve it.

The stuffings didn't slow, pushing Ludmila further and further each day, the orb was slowly becoming bigger each day, somehow it was getting used to being stretched so obscenely, rounder and fatter the orb spread over the bed, Ludmila was unable to sleep laying down anymore, she was just so encumbered by her growing middle.

Every day Diana would pleasure herself to Ludmila's growing form, rubbing herself against her stomach, sucking on her thick and milky nipples and making her eat her out. The time finally came to weigh Ludmila to see how she was shaping up, the only fair way to do this was to let her digest the contents of her stomach.

Ludmila screeched in pain as she felt the needle prick her left arm, she lifted her head and looked over to see Diana stepping back with an empty syringe in her hand.

"What was that?" Ludmila asked, half not wanting to know the answer.

"It's going to help this..." Diana patted the still taut dome which was covering the entirety of Ludmila's legs at this point.

The ripple that travelled across the surface was quite a sight to see, it turned on Diana if she was being honest. Seeing something so big and stuffed, knowing that she was the cause of it, it was more than she could deal with, her hand slipped to her nether's, and she started to rub.

"What do you..." Ludmila stopped, she didn't need to wait too long to find her answer.

A large groan and grumble could be heard, it emanated from Ludmila's stomach, the two of

them watched in awe as the whole thing rumbled, audibly and visibly. It suddenly started to deflate, slowly at first but it was definitely shrinking.

Ludmila just looked on, mouth wide, her hands rubbing the shrinking mass.

“What are you doing?”

“Don’t worry... You’ll see.” Diana said, her hands now joining Ludmila’s on her stomach.

Diana was taking long hard grabs and gropes at her stomach as it became less taut by the second. Still massively gravid, however. It was shrinking into her torso, revealing more of her legs once more.

Diana started to moan as she could see the true effect of the drug happening in real time.

“What is wrong with you? I thought you wanted me bigger?” Ludmila asked, confused and shocked.

“But my dear, you are.”

Confused, Ludmila looked at herself, or as much as she could and she first saw her round stomach slowly receding into her body but something else caught her eye. Her tits. They were growing, not growing but getting... fatter.

Her hands quickly cupped her boobs, the thick dark nipples were erect, milk leaking from them so often now, she was essentially topless since she arrived here. Ludmila gasped, looked at Diana and quickly realised that Diana’s plan was working as intended.

“You are making my tits grow?” Ludmila said, shocked.

“Not quite.”

Still confused she looked at herself all over, trying to see if there was anything else that caught her eye, and there was. She saw her fingers, they were getting thicker, her arms were becoming pudgy.

She wasn't shrinking, she was gaining weight.

The drug was apparently digesting her food at a rapid pace and turning the excess into fat.

There was a lot of excess food stored in her barrel of a stomach. It shrunk but a layer of fat was forming on her body, a soft bit of cushion to pad out her pregnant belly. Her tits surged forward, absorbing fat from her gravid middle. The increased metabolism had a secondary effect, her milk production increased too. Ludmila's breasts were swelling like her stomach had been during feasts, stretching and becoming taut, her veins becoming more apparent with each passing second, they covered her breasts, and her nipples were leaking.

Further down other changes were happening, her body was widening, becoming fatter, her hips flared outwards and her already generous ass was now surpassing Jamalla's. Diana paced around Ludmila, watching intently as the woman was gaining rapidly before her eyes, she couldn't help but touch herself.

"You love this don't you..." Ludmila said disapprovingly.

Diana for the first time was speechless.

"You do, don't you... You love this fat disgusting body..."

Diana increased her pace between her thighs.

"You want me to get bigger... You want me huge... Fat. Disgusting."

Diana continued to rub herself.

"Give me the tube."

Ludmila had noticed that Diana had brought in a vat like normal but hadn't yet hooked it up to Ludmila.

"This time. Don't use the mask."

Diana did just that, she popped the tube into her mouth and watched as Ludmila swallowed down the liquid willingly, swallowing it at a quicker pace than normal, Diana was stunned. She watched as she was out pacing her digestion, her stomach was no longer appearing to shrink, it was now growing once more, it wasn't growing tighter, it was just filling with fat.

Diana was losing control.

“So... How big did you want me...” Ludmila popped the tube out to ask.

Diana pressed the button affixed to the bed, it displayed a reading of weight on the screen below. She almost came right then and there. She had been keeping track of her weight throughout her stuffings, but she was shocked to see that despite her swollen gut receding so much, it was showing more weight than before. Ludmila's weight had shot up since that first stuffing, but it was always just temporary, now it was becoming fat, weight that wouldn't go away as easily. Diana moaned as the weight was still climbing.

Every second, another pound, it was ticking up, the rapid digestion was working wonders and soon enough she was at 375 lbs.

“400 sounds like a good round number to me...” Ludmila said before popping the tube back into her mouth.

She sucked the tube hard and swallowed the contents of the vat, it was clear that she now wanted what Diana did. She grew and grew. Her body exploded with fat, all over her body, her stomach was still immense, but it looked a lot more like a big round beer gut, her tits were sagging over the top of her propped up stomach. Ludmila gestured to Diana, beckoning her to come over. Diana fell against her flabby lover and embraced her fat body. Ludmila's free hands started to play with her lover's body, feeling her thick ass as she let her roam her body.

The vat was now empty, yet still Ludmila grew, each second Diana's body was being pushed further away from Ludmila's face.

"Oh baby... I'm so big..." Ludmila moaned, Diana came right there. She was in heaven, she had finally broken Ludmila, and she was feeling her growth beneath her.

Diana jumped up and looked at the scale again, she saw the dial rise slowly, about a pound every few seconds.

396...

"What does it say?" Ludmila asked.

397...

Diana just stared.

398...

"Oh, I'm close, aren't I? I can see it in your eyes. Tell me..."

399...

Diana moaned and cleared her throat.

"400."

There was a loud crash and Diana was left unconscious on the floor.

Ludmila had outsmarted her, she looked at her captor, now passed out on the floor. She quickly hefted her belly into her arms and rose to her feet. She could feel every extra pound, Ludmila struggled to even get that far. Standing on her feet, who would've thought such a difficult task. She waddled with thunderous steps towards the door, thankfully Diana had become careless and let Ludmila be free from restraints.

Squeezing her body through the door frame, her wide childbearing hips scraped against the

sides of the frame. She managed to get through and to the top of the stairs.

“Free.”

She felt a sharp prick in her fat ass and turned as quickly as she could. She was shocked to see Jamalla standing there with a big smirk on her lips.

“Not so fast, fatty. Aren’t you feeling a bit... Hungry?” Her hand was holding up a tube which was connected to a vat.

Ludmila’s body jiggled all over, her stomach roared. She looked Jamalla in the eye for a second before she latched onto the tube and started sucking.

“Drink up, you fat pig.”

Ludmila obeyed, the drug had made her unbelievably hungry once again, as she slurped down the liquid she found the thoughts of her previous life with her husband were vanishing.

He never looks after me... He doesn't want me to be big... That is what I want... I want to be so much bigger.

She looked down at her huge body and could even visibly see herself expand with each gulp at this point.

Jamala looked at the rotund woman and laughed.

“You really are just a fat fucking hog.”

Yes... Yes I am...

Chapter 10

Ludmila made quick work of the vat that Jamala had ambushed her with, her stomach was painfully distended again, and she was barely able to remain on her feet. Diana was still out cold in the other room, but Ludmila had someone else she had to best before she could leave. Jamala.

“I see why Diana has been spending her time with you... Seeing you...” her fingers started to crawl over Ludmila’s taut dome. “Balloon up like this...” She moaned.

Jamala surprised Ludmila with a kiss on her lips, she was barely able to reach over her vast gravid form.

Breaking the kiss, she added, “Float on.” And took a step back.

Ludmila wasn’t going to question the decision, she made for the stairs and struggled on her descent. Just as she pushed her stomach through the front door Diana woke up and ran after her. Jamala stopped her on the stairs.

“Don’t. She will be back; I can feel it.”

Bursting through the door she called out.

“Mark!”

Her husband came bounding down the stairs and helped her into the front room, wide eyed.

“You... Umm... Had a growth spurt...”

Ludmila filled Mark in on the details and his face was screwed the whole time, disgust was plastered all over his face and in his demeanour.

“I still don’t see why you went to see Diana.”

“Because you don’t love me.”

There was a deathly silence in the room.

“Of course, I love you...”

“Touch me then... Touch me anywhere...”

She watched sternly as he raised his hand and slowly placed it on her massive, exposed stomach. He recoiled as soon as his hands made contact. He looked at her shocked.

“You can’t, can you?” Ludmila grilled him. “You think I’m too big... Too fat and disgusting... You always have when I’ve gotten pregnant...”

Mark didn’t respond, he didn’t know how.

“Just get out.” Ludmila barked, tears rolling down her face.

She was unable to get herself back up off the sofa, the drugs had worn off and she just sat there until the sweet embrace of the night took her.

The next morning, she found a long message from Mark. He had taken the kids to his Mum’s and said he needed some space until the birth.

Until the birth... That piece of shit.

She was a woman scorned, she was done. She knew it was time for a divorce, she didn't love him anymore, she knew he didn't love her, what was the point, he would never touch her...

Ludmila knew two people who would though...

-Knock Knock Knock-

Diana rushed to the door; she looked back at Jamala who was smiling smugly at her.

"Don't want to let her wait any longer do we?"

Diana opened the door and was greeted by Ludmila's massive stomach, it had shrunk since Jamala's stuffing, but she was still so much fatter than she had been. Seeing her on her two feet unaided almost floored the younger woman. Diana leapt forward and wrapped her arms around as much of her as she could. Ludmila loved the feeling of the smaller woman's hands all over her body, even now, overwhelmed by feelings, Diana groped and rubbed her gigantic body as she was so overcome with lust.

Ludmila revelled in it. She felt her baby within wiggle, and she knew the time was fast approaching. She had a thought that put a great big smile on her face. She looked down at Diana and rubbed the back of her head soothingly before lifting Diana's gaze up to meet her own.

"So... How big can you get me after I give birth?"

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