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Chapter 5

The morning came around and Yaroslav had woken up first, somehow. His head was heavy, and the effects of the hangover were real. He groggily slipped out of bed and rose to his feet. He was very careful not to wake Amina. He could smell the pub on his unbuttoned shirt and decided to take it off, his jeans were uncomfortable to sleep in, he let them fall to the floor and stepped out of them. He was just in his boxers, he started to leave but he stopped in the doorway he looked back at his gravid wife's form, she had pulled the sheet off her body and was laying there naked for him to take in.

Yaroslav didn't know how to feel or what to think. He couldn't see her the same since she had started gestating, but he knew he still loved her. Thinking back to the events of yesterday, his mind flashed with the image of Veronica. He couldn't help but compare their bodies and he hung his head in shame. Before he could dwell on the thought any longer, he walked into the bathroom and relieved himself, splashed some water on his face before making his way to the kitchen to get a drink.

Ow my head...

Yaroslav opened the fridge and grabbed some orange juice. Pouring his glass and taking a quick swig, the cool citrus flavour filled his mouth. He drank the whole thing and practically slammed the glass down and looked at the clock.

5:45...Back to bed...

Yaroslav turned around to make his exit but was shocked to see Veronica standing there.

Did I make too much noise? Was she really that light of a sleeper?

It didn't matter now. Her body was posed in the doorway to accentuate her curves. She was side on, her chest thrust out. She wasn't in her dress, it looked as if she had grabbed one of Amina's pyjama shirts. It fit exceptionally differently on her body though. Whilst the shirt on Amina would be revealing a massive portion of her belly at this point, even prior to her pregnancy, it was large on her, it covered her body like a sheet would. Veronica however, is a different story.

Her large breasts filled the shirt out, it was tight across her bust, those F cups were constrained in the fabric and packed tightly to her chest. If anything, it might've minimised their size, they still looked big regardless. Ironically, Veronica's belly was slightly on show thanks to the shift in the fabric caused by her tits. Unlike the dome-like stomach that Amina had, Veronica's stomach was trim and firm. Perfect.

To match the pyjama top, Amina had shorts. Those shorts were, much like the top, baggy and comfortable. Veronica's ass made them look like skin tight spandex. Those huge firm cheeks filled the shorts and in this side view, they stuck out so far behind her.

Combined with the lingering arousal from last night, morning wood and seeing his old flame filling out his wife's clothes. He was rock hard. It was something that he wasn't able to hide. His boxers looked more like a tent due to his hard cock. He was frozen as he looked at Veronica who was eyeing his chiselled body like he was a piece of meat.

"You don't need to hide that..." She said in a low whisper. "I saw it last night anyway..."

Yaroslav felt a sense of dread looming over him.

What did I do...

"Don't worry... Amina was there." Her words somehow soothed him. "She isn't here now though." Veronica added with a hint of a threat in her voice.

She took long strides across the tiled floor and was quickly standing next to Yaroslav; she stopped mere millimetres before her tits would've collided with Yaro's chest.

"I bet you noticed what I'm wearing." Veronica glanced down; Yaroslav found it impossible

not to follow. "Fits a little different on me... Compared to that huge wife of yours."

Yaroslav couldn't respond, he could only stare at the stretched-out image on the front of the shirt.

"I think it might have something to do with me. Firm. Perky. Perfect. Huge. Tits." She mashed her breasts against Yaroslav's chest, pushing him back against the counter behind him.

"Guess mine aren't quite as fat and saggy as hers..."

Yaroslav felt his cock pressing against Veronica's body, she stood on the tips of her toes and straddled his rigid member. It became nestled between her thighs and its length ran parallel to her lips. The heat he felt from there was driving him wild.

"You haven't said anything about the shorts." She teased, knowing he hadn't said a word since he laid eyes on her.

Without warning, she took his hands and placed them on her huge booty. He felt how big and firm her cheeks were, he couldn't not squeeze them when his hands landed on her fleshy orbs.

"I don't quite think it was that big last time we were together... All those squats... Do you think they helped?"

God yes...

"You feel bigger too... Or is that just because of me?" Veronica whispered.

Yaroslav's cock pulsed and throbbed against her. He pulled her closer by her ass, feeling her tits spread over his chest. He felt her hot breath on his face. Their lips slowly drew closer together.

Before they could meet however, there was a distant noise that froze Yaroslav in place.

"Amina..."

"Shame..." Veronica said before planting her lips on his.

She forced her tongue into his mouth and gyrated against his cock, it was brief, only a few motions but for that short amount of time, Yaroslav was in heaven. Just as quick as it started, it ended. Veronica jumped backwards and briskly left the room with an extraordinary amount of stealth. As Veronica left the room, Yaroslav saw his wife's bump enter the room a full second before

the rest of her.

“I was wondering where you were. Are you ok? How is your head sweetie?” Amina waddled towards her husband.

Yaroslav was panting, he was still so turned on, and was reeling from what Veronica just did. He cleared his throat.

“Fine... Ugh... Just a bit thirsty is all...” He mumbled.

“I think you might want more than just water...” Amina was bold in pointing out his hard cock in his boxers.

“Oh um... Morning wood... Ya know...”

“Oh.” Amina said, a little defeated.

“Oh no... Um... You are beautiful... I-” Yaroslav tried to save it.

Amina’s eyes filled with tears, and she turned away from him. “It’s Okay... It’s like what you said... Not long left.” She waddled back out of the kitchen towards the bedroom.

Shit.

From the corner of his eye, Yaroslav saw Veronica’s eyes in the dimly lit doorway to the living room. She winked at him before retreating.

Double shit.

Yaroslav followed Amina but despite his best efforts, the door to the bedroom was locked and he could only hear sobbing from the other side of the door. Cutting his losses, he decided to jump in the shower. Just as he was rounding the corner to get into the shower, he saw Veronica leaving the bathroom. In all the commotion, she had showered herself and was now only wearing a towel.

“Hey” she said in a breathy tone. “Hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all.”

“Good...” Deliberately she dropped the towel. “Oops...”

Standing before him, she was in the buff. He remembered how she looked all those years

ago and he could definitely say that she had only become more arousing to Yaroslav. Her tits had grown, somehow, they didn't lose any of their perkiness. Her heaving F cups were tight and taut, natural but with all the perkiness of implants. Yaroslav knew better than to think that she had gone under the knife. She was just that perfect.

Her abdomen was trim, it really did add to the effect of her tits. They were wider than her waist. Further down was an interesting story. She always had an hourglass figure and it had only become more pronounced. She has slimmed down, and her hips have spread wider, really adding to her curvy figure. Veronica had perfect long legs that were smooth and toned, the thigh gap made Yaroslav shudder.

"I'll just get that..." Veronica turned around and picked up the towel. The whole thing was clearly intentional, but Yaroslav didn't protest.

When Veronica turned around, Yaroslav was given a perfect view of the twin globes that sat on her rear. Rivalling her breasts in size, the firm cheeks were presented to him. She bent over and grabbed her towel, stood back up slowly and slung the wet towel over her shoulder and strutted into the living room, leaving Yaroslav horny and desperate once again.

His shower needed to be colder to help calm him down and he needed to remain focused to apologise to Amina. Little did he know that they had already made some interesting plans for the day.

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