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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

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.

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