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Chapter 10

The next day Amina woke up, a little stiff from the sofa bed, she was awoken by noises coming from the kitchen. She knew better than to investigate. It wasn't long before Veronica entered the room with something she hadn't seen since she was a girl. A piercing gun. Amina shuddered but she didn't resist.

“What is that for, Mistress?”

“I like this new Amina. This is for you actually.”

Amina already knew that, but she wanted to know more details. It wouldn't take long, however. Veronica planted a firm heel into her chest and pushed her backwards onto the floor. Looking up at the ceiling, she waited for her mistress' next move. Her heels clacked as she walked around the gravid woman on the floor before standing over her face. Veronica was wearing a skirt, without panties as Amina was now noticing. Showing off her powerful legs, Veronica squatted down until her ass was now pressed against Amina's face.

“Kiss it.” She ordered.

Like the good slave she was, Amina parted her lips and started to kiss and lick Veronica's big booty. Veronica let out a few gasps herself, mostly shocked by her willingness. Veronica continued.

Amina was enjoying the soft expanse of Veronica's huge rear on her face. She was finding

the need to please and serve was starting to drive her. She felt an odd sensation on her chest, Veronica was pulling at her teats and then suddenly.

Searing Agony.

Amina struggled to hold in her scream, but it was no use. Veronica laughed.

Her right nipple was in agony, it was short but so shocking that she was starting to shake. Without warning she felt the same pain on her left nipple. A new sensation followed, a cold one. Both of her nipples felt cold, heavier. If she wasn't in so much pain, she could've worked out that Veronica had pierced her nipples.

Light started to return to her eyes as Veronica's perfect ass rose above her. She looked down to find two bars in her nipples, they were linked by a chain which was attached to a leash, the handle in Veronica's hand.

"You were such a brave slave..." With a quick tug, Amina felt the pain of her nipples being yanked, a clear enough motivator to get up off the floor.

She flipped over onto her hands and knees and found the next tug less painful but just as forceful.

"It's time for breakfast." Veronica said as she pulled the chain again, a slow steady pull to lead Amina into the kitchen.

Yaroslav was sitting at the table and reading the paper, he looked down at Amina as she was being led onto the cold tiled floor. Veronica led the heavily pregnant Amina to a dog bowl on the floor. Amina looked at the bowl and saw that it was filled with pancakes, Amina's favourite.

"Eat up..."

Amina lifted her hand to grab a pancake but found a sharp pain on the back of her hand, Veronica's heel. Amina looked up, wincing. Veronica shook her index finger from side to side.

"Yes mistress." Amina lowered her face into the bowl and started to bite at the dry fluffy stack.

"Oh! I forgot the syrup."

Before Amina knew it, she felt the sticky sweet liquid splat on her head, it ran down her face

and into the bowl. A mountain of it was now forming after dripping down her chin. Amina just continued to eat. She was good at eating after all.

Veronica joined Yaroslav at the table, and they ate their own breakfast, much healthier than Amina's. Veronica couldn't help but keep an eye on Amina as she gobbled down pancake after pancake. Just as Amina thought she was coming to the end of the bowl; Veronica added another stack.

“Eat up.”

Yaroslav got up and was preparing to leave for work. He turned to Veronica and gave her a big kiss before grabbing his lunch and leaving.

“You better eat all of that before he pulls out the drive.” Veronica challenged.

Amina was finding it difficult to eat without her hands, but she went as quickly as she could. Veronica watched and smiled at Amina as she scooped the last few bites into her mouth. Her face was covered in syrup, but she was done.

“You aren't done yet...” Veronica kicked off her heels and bent down and picked up the bowl and turned it upside down onto her feet on the floor. The residual syrup cascaded over her feet. “He's just started the car.”

Amina frantically started to lick and suck the syrup from Veronica's feet, she even licked the floor. Veronica stripped off and sat on the floor before locking eyes with Amina.

“Missed a bit.” She said before grabbing the syrup bottle and squirting it over her massive boobs.

Amina's gravid form made its way to Veronica's breasts, but she laid back onto the floor. Amina would have to straddle and climb over her mistress. Her belly rubbed across her perfect legs and rested around by her pussy. Amina had to use her stomach as a pivot point to reach Veronica's breasts, but she started to lick and suck all of the syrup from her melons.

“Yes... Suck them... Lick them... Worship my huge tits. Just like Yaro does.”

Amina started to moan now.

The two remained on the kitchen floor for at least an hour, Amina licking and sucking,

Veronica adding more syrup to her body for Amina to slurp up. Unfortunately, the bottle had come to an end. Veronica pushed Amina back, she watched as the gravid fat bump of her slave loomed over her. It was so stuffed and tight from the pancakes; it appeared even rounder.

“You.” Veronica slapped Amina’s belly. “Are.” Another slap. “So fucking fat.” A third and final slap.

Each one caused Amina to gasp but she was starting to moan from the sharp sensation.

“Yaro could never love a huge, bloated whale like you...” Veronica continued to tease. “I’m going to make you bigger...”

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