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Chapter 11

She was right, over the following weeks, she continued to stuff and feed the endless appetite of the Pregnant Amina. She would lead her into the kitchen each morning and fill her bowl with a fattening banquet, all laced with butter, fat and gainer shakes. The whole intention was to make her more belly than woman. One day when Veronica returned from shopping, she let Yaroslav put the shopping away and she rushed to the over encumbered Amina on the sofa. Her hands filled with four bottles of milk. Before Amina could react, she found her mouth filled with a funnel, expertly strapped around the back of her head, and the tube went deep into her mouth. Seconds later the cold white liquid filled her mouth. She was so shocked she just sat there with her mouth full.

“Drink.” Veronica barked.

Amina didn't, not in an act of defiance, but more that she was so shocked about what had just happened. Without warning, Veronica pinched Amina's thick and dark nipples. The feeling of her sensitive nipples being pinched between the metal bars skewering them caused Amina to wince, but she started to swallow the milk. Every time Veronica thought she was taking too long, she would pinch Amina's nipples. Bottle after bottle, she kept making Amina drink, her pregnant belly had gained a lot of weight, it wasn't as taut and round as it once was, it had taken on a more of a fatty appearance, thanks to the constant feeding. This was now being filled out thanks to the forced bloating that was now happening. Veronica slapped Amina's belly, as if she was proud that she had made the pregnant woman so big and fat.

“Last one.” Veronica whispered. She pooled a saggy breast in her hand and gave it a squeeze, watching the milk fly out of her tortured nipples. “There is something special in this one...”

Amina barely registered the comment, but Veronica continued regardless.

“Yaroslav absolutely loves my huge tits... Yours have grown for sure but they aren’t like mine. Yours are fat and saggy, they are disgusting, no wonder Yaroslav was so happy to get his hands on mine.” She let the venom of her words sink in. “But I am so good to my stud, I told him, I am sick of seeing your boobs, he agreed, so I found something that can help.”

With that, Veronica stood up and dropped a pill into the funnel with the last bottle of milk.

“Now finish that off...”

Amina knew better than to resist a direct order, but it was more than that, she wanted to please her mistress. She struggled to swallow the milk but eventually she cleared the funnel and was glad to be able to breathe through her mouth again. Veronica removed the funnel and stood back and stared at the fat blob of a woman now on the sofa, with a wicked grin on her face. Amina started to rub her belly, the fat orb was tightly packed with milk, she had to stifle a few burps, lest she burst.

Then, her eyes went wide.

Veronica chuckled. “It’s starting, isn’t it.”

Amina felt a burning sensation in her chest, specifically her tits. The Warmth spread from her nipples inward towards her chest. Then she watched in horror as her breasts started to change, deform and retreat inwards. At first, Amina thought they were becoming firmer and perkier, but she knew Veronica better than that at this point. She felt the warmth spread to her belly too. It wasn’t much longer before her belly started to grow, this, she was sure of. Her belly, already incredibly massive, started to push forward, not a massive amount but it was noticeable to Amina. She felt her stomach stretch and bulge over more of the floor, the soft carpet tickling her flesh as it expanded. She looked down and could even see it moving forward.

“Oh, they didn’t mention that when they gave me the pill... As if you need to get fatter...”
Veronica remarked.

Turning her attention back to where the burning sensation started, she let out a scream as she finally worked out what was happening.

“Took you long enough you dumb cow.”

Her tits were shrinking. They were C’s turning into Bs at this point and it wasn’t long before she was back to her prepubescent size, but they even went further than that. During their shrinking, it was as if someone was twisting a toothpaste tube, her nipples were shooting milk out at a rate that was unheard of. They shrunk until there was not an inch of fat on her breasts. Her once leaky breasts were now just two dark pierced nipples jutting out from her abdomen.

Veronica wasted no time to come over and give her nipples a twist, noticing that there was no milk coming out, she screeched with joy.

“There! No more leaks.”

Amina stared at her belly as it finished up its growth. She was in awe.

Amina was all belly at this point. Sat in a milky mess, shocked at what had happened. She looked up at the doorway just as Yaroslav walked in.

“Yaro, look, I fixed that problem we had.” Veronica cheerfully said, pointing at his hugely pregnant and breastless wife on the floor. “Makes you want to play with mine even more now, doesn’t it?”

Veronica thrust her tits into his chest and started kissing him in front of Amina. Their moans filled Amina’s ears, she looked back down and poked her flat chest, to make sure it was real.

It was.

She then rubbed the vast expanse of her belly. Much larger than any pregnant woman should get with twins, she looked fit to burst. Her hands explored as much of its vast expanse as she could.

“Slave.” Veronica called, gathering her attention.

Yaroslav was pawing at Veronica’s huge breasts and moaning as he kissed her neck. When Veronica knew that Amina was watching, she moved his head back and stared deep in his eyes.

“Tell me.”

“Veronica. I love you.”

The words rang through Amina’s ears and bounced around her head. Veronica had won, her mistress had won. Wholly. She found herself not sad, but rather, turned on. She let out a soft coo.

Veronica noticed.

“Tell me again.”

“I love you, Veronica.” Yaroslav moaned again.

Amina’s thighs started to rub together, she started to breathe quicker, her heart pounded in her chest.

“More.”

“I love you so much Veronica, you are so incredible, so sexy, so... So... Just so perfect.”

Amina shrieked as her body was overcome with a sensation not unfamiliar to her, just in this context it was foreign to her. She came. Her body trembled, she fell onto the floor and her hips were grinding against her belly. It would’ve been the floor, but her massive stomach was blocking the way. She panted heavily as she was still so turned on.

Veronica laughed and continued to snog Yaroslav. It wasn’t long before they left the room, Veronica’s screams filled the house once again. Amina laid on the cold floor, staring at her huge belly, she watched as her belly lurched and wriggled as her occupants struggled for space with her milk filled stomach. She felt some pains in her stomach start to take hold and assumed it was her early labour setting in.

She was right.

A few hours after the stuffing, she was contracting regularly. She shouted for Yaroslav and thankfully he came to her. Unable to move her, they called the doctor to come for an emergency home birth. The labour was quick, but painful, mostly due to the weight crushing down on her ribs. Both babies were delivered with no complications, she held them both close to her chest, but she had to bottle feed them from formula thanks to Veronica removing her breasts.

Yaroslav sat next to his wife and stared lovingly at the new members of his bloodline. He went to get Veronica to show her, but he was shocked to see she had left. Checking his phone, he

saw a harrowing message with an attachment.

“That was fun... Shame it had to end... I know you’ll be dreaming of me every day... Maybe I’ll come back and fuck you in a few years.”

Yaroslav opened the video attachment and was greeted by the video from two months prior when they were at the photo studio.

Yaroslav looked back at the living room where his wife was. Their relationship had been hit by a category five hurricane that threw everything they had off balance. Yaroslav was filled with guilt and shame all at once when he saw his wife cradling their newborns. Amina was also riddled with shame, how she let this happen, how she let her man be taken from right before her eyes and for her to be so thoroughly humiliated. They locked eyes and then looked at the babies.

It was time to move on. Somehow.

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