

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,421 words.

<Reignite>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 7

The couple found themselves being quickly rushed to get dressed and ready to go. Yaroslav only managed the one pancake because of his distractions, Amina on the other hand had eaten four stacks, so twelve pancakes. To say she was bloated was an understatement. She had to heave her heavy belly up before she even had a chance to lift her fat ass from the chair. She wobbled as she self-righted herself, she hoped that Yaroslav hadn't noticed, fortunately he didn't but that was because he was staring at Veronica as she bounded out of the kitchen. Amina could see his eyes were laser focused on her ass.

She bit her tongue.

"Meet at the car in five!" Veronica called out from the bathroom as she closed the door, her outfit draped over her arm.

They all got dressed and made their way to the car parked in the drive. Amina put on her unadventurous cardigan which desperately tried to cover up her body, due to her size though, it was a tough ask for the fabric to contain her now stuffed stomach too. Amina waddled down the drive and awkwardly lowered herself into the passenger seat, she was in no fit state to drive thanks to her protruding stomach. Amina looked down and rubbed her tightly packed stomach.

*I'm so big... No wonder Yaro doesn't find me attractive... I'm a fat mess...*

Her eyes filled up with tears.

Behind her, in the doorway Yaroslav was waiting for Veronica to leave the house so he could lock up. He waited with excitement dwelling within. What little time they had alone together was already starting to excite him. It was irrational, he loved his wife, he didn't want to do anything, but she was Veronica. Her ability to tease was unmatched. The events of the morning still swirling through his skull, he felt his cock twitch from reliving the moments in his head.

When she did finally arrive from the bathroom and walked down the hallway, he was floored.

Veronica strutted with a sexual confidence like no one else. Her long strides had her assets jiggling and bouncing, Yaroslav was too weak to resist staring at her marvellous melons bouncing in her over-strained tank top. He barely even noticed her midriff on show, her slim waist almost defied biology, flaring back out into her wide and womanly hips. Hips that were covered, barely, in a short miniskirt. Veronica's legs were long, smooth and slim.

"You should take a picture... It'd last longer sweetie..." Veronica blew him a kiss just before passing him.

Yaroslav didn't respond, he only continued to stare, now her ass on show for him. He practically drooled as her shelf-like rear bounced down the drive. Veronica turned her head and winked at him as she lowered herself into his car.

After taking a moment to regain his composure and locking up, he hopped in the car with the two women.

"So... Where to?" He asked.

Amina pointed to the inbuilt sat nav, the address had already been input. Yaroslav didn't recognise the address, but it wasn't too far. The journey was quick, the car ride felt a bit tense, but they eventually arrived without any hassle. Yaroslav thankfully found a place to park and by the time he walked around the other side of the car, Veronica was helping Amina get out of the seat. Her large stomach bounced off the toned abdomen of Veronica. The contrast was immense.

They walked into the nondescript building and only once they got inside did Yaroslav realise what this place was.

“What are we doing at a photo studio? Got some work today, Veronica?”

“You could say that...” She trailed off suggestively. “Why don’t you ask Amina, I’ll get everything sorted.” She rushed ahead and talked to the man who had a large bunch of keys with him.

He turned to his wife, who he had paid a low amount of attention to since they woke up.

“Hey babe... What’s all this?”

“Veronica suggested we do something...”

*That can't be good.* Yaroslav thought to himself.

“Right... what exactly?” He pressed.

“Well... Since... Umm...” She pointed down at her stomach which was almost pressing against Yaroslav, despite being almost three feet away from him. “I haven’t felt... Worthy, Worthy of your gaze....”

Yaroslav’s face dropped. “Oh babe....” He wrapped his arms around her, giving her a big hug. “I love you... I love our two babies.... I want nothing else in the world...”

“I know... But I want more... I want you to look at me like you did eight months ago... When you got me like this.”

The penny dropped. He understood exactly what she wanted, although he was unsure, he could give it to her. He didn’t want to upset her, and he certainly wasn’t quite ready to have this conversation right now. He brought the conversation back to the events at hand.

“So... Why are we here?”

“Well... I don’t know exactly but Veronica asked me to take some pictures.”

“Oh?”

“With you...”

“Oh!”

The two continued to embrace for a few moments before Veronica returned, a fancy camera around her neck, she beckoned the couple through into the backroom.

The room was very well lit, lots of lights pointed at a backdrop with a double bed in the centre of the room. They both looked around and were shocked to people sat staring at the bed in the middle of the room. There were about ten or so people all faced towards the bed, their eyes were following Veronica though.

“So, I am assuming Amina explained to you Yaro.”

He nodded.

“Good. Take your shirt off and get on the bed.”

Amina was a bit shocked, so was Yaroslav but he was more than eager to listen to her instructions. He couldn't help but notice the crowds gaze on his body.

The two women watched too as he stripped off his shirt and revealed his chiselled physique. He wasn't jacked or anything, he just had a low body fat percentage, his toned frame was a welcome sight to both women. Veronica gave a cheeky wolf whistle, and he climbed on the bed. He sat on his knees and waited for his next instruction.

“Your turn Amina.”

“WHAT?” She shrieked.

“You heard me right, take off your top and sit on the bed.”

She timidly unbuttoned her cardigan and looked nervously at Veronica. Her husband watched her strip off and reveal her exposed body, now in a bra and maternity pants, she looked at Yaroslav blushing. She caught someone in the crowd gawking at her. She turned away, as if to cover up, but she found more eyes were on her huge stomach no matter which way she turned.

“And the bra.” Veronica pressed.

Amina gulped audibly. She was nervous to be seen like this, in front of all these people, before her husband who she was convinced didn't find her attractive anymore. She did as she was told and removed her bra, letting her fat and saggy milk bags flop onto the top of her hugely distended stomach. Her boulder-like belly dominated her frame, but her larger tits did catch Yaroslav's eyes, and a few onlookers.

“On the bed, we need to get shooting.” Veronica rushed the nervous prego. “These fine

people aren't going to stay here all day."

A few people in the crowd chuckled. She lumbered over to the bed and lifted herself onto the mattress, along with her husband. They awkwardly sat side by side, awaiting further instruction.

"Be natural. Hug, kiss, do whatever, Ignore the camera." Veronica leaned forward and lifted the camera to her eye, looking to get the right angle and shots. She moved around and started clicking the button.

Yaroslav awkwardly placed his hand on his wife's shoulders and leaned in for a hug. It didn't feel or look natural, they embraced further but again it just didn't seem normal.

"Do you like her tits Yaro?" Veronica commented.

Yaroslav was stunned. He couldn't answer.

"They aren't perky, but they are pretty big right." She continued to make comments on Amina's body. "That belly seems tight though, if you like firm things..."

Amina heard a few whispers in the crowd, and she tensed up when he placed his hand on the bump. It was all awkward and not natural.

"Right... well this isn't working well... You both look stiff as boards. Let's lighten the mood. Here." Veronica threw a costume to the bed.

\* \* \*