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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 10

Ludmila made quick work of the vat that Jamala had ambushed her with, her stomach was painfully distended again, and she was barely able to remain on her feet. Diana was still out cold in the other room, but Ludmila had someone else she had to best before she could leave. Jamala.

“I see why Diana has been spending her time with you... Seeing you...” her fingers started to crawl over Ludmila’s taut dome. “Balloon up like this...” She moaned.

Jamala surprised Ludmila with a kiss on her lips, she was barely able to reach over her vast gravid form.

Breaking the kiss, she added, “Float on.” And took a step back.

Ludmila wasn’t going to question the decision, she made for the stairs and struggled on her descent. Just as she pushed her stomach through the front door Diana woke up and ran after her. Jamala stopped her on the stairs.

“Don’t. She will be back; I can feel it.”

Bursting through the door she called out.

“Mark!”

Her husband came bounding down the stairs and helped her into the front room, wide eyed.

“You... Umm... Had a growth spurt...”

Ludmila filled Mark in on the details and his face was screwed the whole time, disgust was plastered all over his face and in his demeanour.

“I still don’t see why you went to see Diana.”

“Because you don’t love me.”

There was a deathly silence in the room.

“Of course, I love you...”

“Touch me then... Touch me anywhere...”

She watched sternly as he raised his hand and slowly placed it on her massive, exposed stomach. He recoiled as soon as his hands made contact. He looked at her shocked.

“You can’t, can you?” Ludmila grilled him. “You think I’m too big... Too fat and disgusting... You always have when I’ve gotten pregnant...”

Mark didn’t respond, he didn’t know how.

“Just get out.” Ludmila barked, tears rolling down her face.

She was unable to get herself back up off the sofa, the drugs had worn off and she just sat there until the sweet embrace of the night took her.

The next morning, she found a long message from Mark. He had taken the kids to his Mum’s and said he needed some space until the birth.

*Until the birth... That piece of shit.*

She was a woman scorned, she was done. She knew it was time for a divorce, she didn't love him anymore, she knew he didn't love her, what was the point, he would never touch her...

Ludmila knew two people who would though...

-Knock Knock Knock-

Diana rushed to the door; she looked back at Jamala who was smiling smugly at her.

"Don't want to let her wait any longer do we?"

Diana opened the door and was greeted by Ludmila's massive stomach, it had shrunk since Jamala's stuffing, but she was still so much fatter than she had been. Seeing her on her two feet unaided almost floored the younger woman. Diana leapt forward and wrapped her arms around as much of her as she could. Ludmila loved the feeling of the smaller woman's hands all over her body, even now, overwhelmed by feelings, Diana groped and rubbed her gigantic body as she was so overcome with lust.

Ludmila revelled in it. She felt her baby within wiggle, and she knew the time was fast approaching. She had a thought that put a great big smile on her face. She looked down at Diana and rubbed the back of her head soothingly before lifting Diana's gaze up to meet her own.

"So... How big can you get me after I give birth?"

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