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Chapter 4

The three of them burst through the door of the couple's house. Yaroslav stumbled up the stairs, the fresh air hadn't helped his level of intoxication. Amina watched her husband try to make it upstairs without bumping into the wall. She could've watched him all night, but she felt a hand pulling her forward once more.

"We should probably make sure he gets into bed safe." Veronica said.

Amina found it strange that she said something that she agreed with. By the time they got in the bedroom, Yaroslav was laying on his back on the bed, his trousers were unbuttoned, and his shirt was half off. His toned abs were on show and his rock-hard cock was trying desperately to get out of the new cap in his jeans.

Amina found her gaze glued to his throbbing member.

"Looks just as good as I remembered..." Veronica whispered in Amina's ear. "I bet you get to have all the fun you want with that... I must admit I am jealous."

"Umm..."

"You don't?" Veronica feigned shock.

"Ever since... This..." Amina placed her hands either side of her round belly. "He hasn't been as interested..."

"Oh, you poor thing..." Her hands traced the top of her belly. "I bet you miss it... I can see

it in your eyes.” Veronica continued. “Touch it... I don’t mind...”

Was she crazy? Amina thought.

“Go on...” Veronica’s words oozed from her mouth.

Amina was struggling to contain herself, she kept wanting to ask Veronica to leave but she wasn’t wrong. All that time without any action was driving her insane. Amina’s body ached for it. Veronica knew it too. Timidly her hand reached out, almost on its own. Amina’s hand coaxed his cock out of the denim, and it made an impressive tent with his pants.

Amina’s delicate fingers traced its length and let out a soft moan.

“It’s been so long, hasn’t it... You can do more... I don’t mind, not like I haven’t seen it before.” Veronica’s voice was filled with lust, egging on Amina to give in.

Amina’s hand wrapped around Yaroslav’s cock, and she started to stroke up and down. She had lost herself to her growing arousal.

It’d just been so long. She tried to justify her actions..

Yaroslav was moaning in his unconscious state. He started murmuring, at first it was hard to understand but then he abruptly yelled. “Veronica...”

Amina felt her heart sink, her eyes filled with tears, and she let go of his dick. She rushed out the room and straight into the bathroom. She didn’t even think that she had just left Veronica alone with her husband and his hard cock. She just knew she couldn’t face him right now. Amina was shocked to find that Veronica was only a few steps behind her.

“Hey... I’m sorry... He’s drunk, you know he didn’t mean it.” Veronica tried to console Amina. “I mean... otherwise he wouldn’t have done this...”

Veronica’s hands found themselves on her bulging stomach once more.

“He doesn’t want this... He wants you.” She eyed her up again. “Thin, big tits, huge ass... What else could he want? Certainly not a fat saggy mess like me.”

“You aren’t a fat mess...” Veronica said with sincerity.

“Have you seen me? I am huge... I am only going to get bigger too...” Amina was now starting to ugly cry once more.

Veronica's hands were continuing to caress Amina's large and round stomach. Amina enjoyed the feeling of her sensual hands on her bump.

"There is something beautiful about the miracle of life..." Veronica lowered herself again to Amina's gravid middle, exposed her stomach and planted more kisses on it. "I think you should help me tomorrow..."

Feeling the sweet pecks at her flesh. She was confused, turned on residually from seeing Yaroslav's cock but so upset with his reaction and now being kissed by practically a stranger. Her head was all over the place.

"What do you mean?" She said between gasps as Veronica was starting to become a bit rougher with her handling of her body.

"I'm a model... and I am here on business... I've got a photo shoot tomorrow... Why don't you and Yaroslav come..."

And watch Yaro drool over you? No thank you. But before she could verbalise it, Veronica stood up, facing Amina.

"You and him would be the subject."

Amina was shocked, she thought about it for a second but she couldn't say no to Veronica. She nodded.

"Excellent..." Veronica's voice purred. "Before I go too far without Yaro's permission... I think we best stop... It is late... Do you mind if I stay here with you two?"

"Of course... The sofa pulls out into a bed." Amina straightened her clothes and covered herself up.

"See you in the morning."

Veronica left the room with a confused and horny Amina left to try and collect her thoughts before going back to her bedroom. She waddled into the room and still saw Yaroslav on his back, his rigid cock pointing to the ceiling. Amina thought about wrapping her hands around it once again but thought better of it after the first time she tried that.

She looked down at her hugely packed stomach and her saggy breasts and then stared one

last time before covering it up.

Laying in bed, she felt too turned on to fall asleep. Despite her husband's boozy breath, she could feel his body resting against hers. She reached over and felt his chest and found herself still too aroused for slumber.

She needed release.

Amina reached down to her excited nethers. One hand feeling Yaroslav's abs the other struggled to reach around her bump to start to touch her soaked pussy. Her fingers started to make quick work of her throbbing clit. Her imagination was going wild, she thought back to the night that Yaro and she conceived and how good it felt. That night was an intentional choice to knock Amina up. They had decided they wanted to have a child and the fire and passion of their relationship bubbled over. Amina had been taking ovulation tests for a number of weeks prior to that night, they both knew that she was ovulating. As soon as the two lines appeared on the test, she told Yaroslav. Within minutes he had picked her up and was tearing her clothes off between kisses.

He was like a wild animal, he used every bit of his strength to take her that night, she was seeing stars by the time he was finished with her. He filled her up so completely that she was now expecting twins. Amina's breathing was getting quicker and shallower as her fingers worked herself to a building orgasm. Amina felt her whole-body jiggle and quake. Rubbing at a feverish pace, she let out a soft stifled moan, she had to restrain herself from thrashing because of how strong her orgasm was. She was so turned on, so desperate, she needed it, badly.

Panting and closing her eyes, she felt herself drifting off to sleep. She was too lost in the moment to notice Veronica in the doorway watching Amina as she rubbed herself to an explosive end.

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