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## Chapter 9

Veronica moved in with Amina and Yaroslav. The seductress had her way with Yaroslav whenever she wanted, usually in front of Amina or at least by making her aware that she was going to fuck Yaroslav. The relationship between Yaroslav and Amina had broken down, communication was scarce, and Amina thought the only reason they were still together at all was because of the growing life within her womb.

Veronica had revealed her true intentions during that photo shoot, and she loved the power she had over the couple now. Yaroslav was weak-willed already but now he was truly subservient to her. Veronica hadn't worked much since moving in, apart from fucking Yaroslav, she was the cook of the house. She would make large meals for Amina, constantly stating how she was eating for three. Amina's appetite was already enhanced due to her condition but her sorrow and the piles of food being placed before her only increased this. The meals she was able to devour would be able to feed a family of six, it was as if she tried to eat away her pain.

This had a big effect on Amina's body, the formerly slim woman was starting to really pack on the pounds. At eight and a half months pregnant, her already massive belly only grew, as expected, but so did the rest of her. Her arms plumped up, as did her legs, cellulite covered her thighs and ass. She now had a double chin, and her face became much rounder and puffier. Amina barely noticed, without her husband talking to her or turning down her sexual advances, she didn't seem to care anymore.

Veronica had kicked her out of the master bedroom and taken her spot in the bed, Amina was relegated to the pull out, which was struggling to hold her growing girth. Veronica had taken all her cards off of her, so she was forced to wear the same clothes she had been wearing already, those were already woefully undersized for her body before her rapid weight gain in these past few weeks. Most days she was more out of her clothes than in. She would just sit on the sofa with her large fat pregnant belly on show, it was covered in stretch marks and her hands would be trying to rub its vast expanse in an attempt to soothe her angry skin.

Veronica was getting meaner the larger she grew. Making fun of how big she was getting, how fat and disgusting she was becoming. Taunting the pregnant woman, Veronica would get her to sit in front of her and she would use Amina's bump as a footrest.

"How could Yaro fall for someone as huge and disgusting as you... I mean look at you... Just a fat round ball of a woman, no curves at all..." She would say.

Yaroslav wouldn't speak up, he wouldn't defend his wife, he would just sit there until Veronica needed his cock again.

The final few weeks were quick. The three of them observed how Amina's weight continued to soar and the children continued their growth within her. She was completely bound now by her fat and bloated belly. She was already lactating but as her due date approached, her tits were leaking regularly, thanks to being unable to buy anything, Amina just sat with a damp shirt most of the time. Veronica hated this; she would chastise Amina for being so disgusting. Amina would try to cover any leakages up, but she was usually too late, and Veronica would twist her nipples.

"I'll keep twisting your fat and saggy teats until they stop leaking. You bloated fat cow."

Amina would scream in agony each time Veronica would lay her hands on her. The twisting never helped, it would just make her leak more, which in turn led to more twisting. Veronica would laugh at the agony she was inflicting.

The punishments from Veronica only got more severe as their relationship continued to change. Now seating herself as the head of the family, Veronica took things further and further each time. Amina's will was crushed, she was humiliated thoroughly from the way this homewrecker

entered their humble abode and degraded her so much.

Yaroslav walked in from a long day of work to find Veronica sitting on the sofa with his heavily pregnant wife on her hands and knees on the floor. He observed Amina kissing and licking Veronica's feet. The busty goddess had a riding crop in her hand, which coupled with the welts on Amina's back indicated that Veronica wasn't afraid to use it.

"Hey Yaro, baby." Veronica smiled at him.

Amina stopped licking too, looking at her husband.

There was a loud crack and Amina let out a gasp before continuing kissing Veronica's feet.

"I told you. You lick them clean until I say." Veronica added sternly.

Between kisses, Amina added "Yes Mistress."

"I've asked her to call me mistress, if you hear her use my real name, you have my permission to hit her with this." She held up the crop.

Yaroslav found the idea of hitting his wife himself quite repulsive. The only reason he tolerated it was because of Veronica and how incredible she was herself. He was so weak to her wishes.

"I think you are done now. Yaro's home." Veronica barked at Amina beneath her.

The pregnant woman moved on the floor to sit on her fat ass, Yaroslav noticed how much her large butt spread out behind her now that she had put on more weight. Amina felt his eyes burning holes through her fatter body and she felt shame, like she had let herself go so much in such a short amount of time.

Veronica stood up and planted her lips on his, passionately kissing him in front of her, purposefully to get to the pregnant woman. Veronica pulled his shirt off and quickly joined him by removing her shirt too.

"I think it is important you see what a body should look like." She gestured to herself and started rubbing Yaroslav's abs. "And if you had a body like mine... Then you could have a body like his..." She pulled his head back to hers to resume their kissing for a few moments.

Amina watched Veronica kiss her husband and she felt something different. She couldn't

work it out.

“Hey. Take your top off. It barely fits anyway...”

Amina paused for a few seconds too long, this enraged Veronica.

“I was talking to you!” She shouted as she lunged after Amina.

With furious anger, she yanked the ill-fitting shirt over her head and let her fat veiny tits slap against her round belly.

“Look down.”

Amina didn't want to anger her anymore; she turned her gaze down to her massive body.

“*That*. is exactly what Yaro *doesn't* want.” Veronica slapped her tits, hard.

Amina grunted and wrapped her arms around them out of instinct.

“Hey.” Veronica yanked her arms away. “Don't hide them, you grew these fat tits, at least let your husband see them.”

Amina looked at Yaroslav and whimpered.

Veronica leaned in and whispered into Amina's ear. “He told me... He said that you were a fat bloated mess... That my tits are so much better, my body is perfect... And yours... Well... His cock isn't even twitching, is it?” She couldn't hold back her chuckle. “And all it would take for him to get hard is for me to shake my tits and he would be ready to go.”

Amina looked at her husband and he hung his head in shame. She knew that Veronica was right.

“Perhaps a demonstration is in order.” Quick as a flash, she yanked her bra down and revealed her breasts, a quick shimmy and they jiggled wildly before her.

True to her word, Yaroslav became hard almost instantly.

“See?” Veronica pointed at his crotch. “Yaro. Come here.”

He awkwardly shuffled over to the two women. Veronica removed his cock from his pants and showed off proudly what she had done to Amina's husband.

“See... He doesn't find you attractive anymore... He needs me now.” Veronica brought her

hand to his throbbing erection and started to jerk him slowly in front of Amina's face.

Yaroslav quivered as her expert hands worked his shaft.

"If you *ever* think he will be this hard for *you*." Veronica laughed for emphasis. "Then you are really out of your mind."

Amina looked at Yaroslav and his pleased face, one that she used to elicit from him. No longer. She knew that she was nothing compared to Veronica.

"I understand, mistress." Amina said.

Shocked by her agreement. Veronica stopped jerking and looked at Amina.

"Good."

That was the first time Amina had willingly agreed with Veronica, it was something that would rapidly become the norm. Her acceptance to the events was welcomed by Veronica, she rewarded her that night and let her sit on the sofa. Just for the one night though. Her true reward would be tomorrow.

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