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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 3

Ludmila picked up her phone to read the message, she was shocked at what she was reading.

#

Diana: *I'm sorry... A woman in your condition, with a husband, I shouldn't have done that.*

My apologies, it won't happen again.

Ludmila: *It's ok, honestly... I'll be honest, It has been a long time since I've felt like that with another person.*

Diana: *Really???*

Ludmila: *Mark just never has found me attractive.*

Ludmila: *Not in my current state at least.*

Diana: *I do.*

There was a long pause, Ludmila put her phone down, blushing at the comment from Diana, Diana started to worry she had overstepped.

Diana: *Sorry*

Ludmila: *Don't be.*

Ludmila: *What do you find particularly attractive about me?*

Diana: *You have a very beautiful and sweet face.*

Ludmila: *Is that all?*

Diana: *No...*

Ludmila: *Why so shy? Tell me Diana, I haven't had a compliment in about eight months.*

Diana: *Your boobs... They are big.*

Ludmila: *Much bigger than a few months ago, that's for sure. Do you like them?*

Ludmila couldn't resist her urges any more, knowing that there was a young beautiful woman attracted to her, she decided to go on the offensive. She snapped a quick photo of her cleavage, using her arms to push her breasts together, she looked busty. The deep blue veins covered a good portion of the surface of her tits, thanks to how engorged she now was as she approached her end date, she looked fit to burst any second.

Diana: *YES.*

Ludmila: *Good, they felt so good when you were touching them earlier... I'm playing with them now...*

Diana: *Fuck...*

Ludmila: *So vulgar... That's ok, you can make it up to me tomorrow.*

Diana: *Absolutely, I am not sure if I can wait that long, that long to feel your pregnant body against mine again.*

Ludmila: *You seem to like my milky tits... Shame you didn't try any.*

Ludmila: *There is something beautiful about being pregnant, how big your boobs get, the milk, it feels quite sexy*

Diana: *And the other changes.*

Ludmila: *Other changes? What do you mean?*

She couldn't mean... Ludmila thought to herself, her eyes were now glued to her phone screen waiting for the triple dots to form into a message.

Diana: *Everything, darker nipples, thicker all over, wider hips, even the swelling features on your face, those plump lips look so suckable.*

Ludmila blushed, "Surely this girl couldn't find... This attractive." She looked down at her body laying on the bed, her wide hips spreading over the surface, her thicker thighs touching each other and her boobs desperately trying to escape. Her eyes lingered on one thing that Diana hadn't mentioned. Her stomach.

What an odd omission.

Ludmila: *You describe me like you can't control yourself, like you lust after me, in this state?*

Diana: *I do. I want you. I want to make you mine. If Mark doesn't want to take care of you, then why not me.*

Ludmila gasps, her pussy throbs at the thought.

Ludmila: *He always found the belly a turn off.*

Diana: *Mark is a fucking moron. Your belly is the best part.*

Diana deleted the message after a second or so, Ludmila didn't know what to say. She insulted her husband, she complimented the very thing he despised about her form and Ludmila could even infer that actually, Diana found her belly sexually arousing.

Diana: *Sorry...*

Ludmila: *Don't be. Tell me more...*

Diana: *About Mark?*

Ludmila: *Fuck Mark, my belly... I want to hear more...*

Diana: *Well, I fucking love it, I love bellies, I've had a fetish for pregnant bellies for a long time. Not just pregnant ones, but fat ones too, if both, even better. I've never been brave enough to get the latter myself but one day I would love to be knocked up and huge, just like you.*

Ludmila: *What would you do if you were here right now?*

Again feeling the thrill of the moment, she sent a picture of her point of view, looking down at the bed. The photo got a great shot of her tits and cleavage but the main focus of the photo now was her belly. It rose high above her tits, The covered dome strained the maternity top, the sheer dimensions of her belly were immense, her multiple pregnancies were likely the cause of this new shape. The strained fabric really added to the photo, it made Ludmila appear more gravid if anything.

Diana: *You look... Amazing.*

Ludmila: *I asked you a question.*

Diana: *I would do a great many things...*

Ludmila: *Tell me.*

Her hands slipped to her already overstimulated clit. She started to massage it and waited patiently for the next message to come through.

Diana: *I'd worship your belly, I'd lick you all over, there would not be an inch of you that my lips wouldn't touch. I'd make you scream again, make you feel the lust I have within me for your sexy body.*

Ludmila: *That sounds good to me.*

Diana: *Are you touching yourself?*

Ludmila's face turned a bright red, like she was caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

Ludmila: *Yes...*

Diana: *Good... Me too...*

The message egged on Ludmila, her fingers working herself harder and faster than before. Something about the taboo nature of the whole thing was turning her on, and to know that Diana was doing the exact same thing. Her breathing quickened and her gasps filled the room. She gave up caring about Mark, her noises were not suppressed, she just worked herself to the edge.

Ludmila: *I want it...*

Diana: *What?*

Ludmila: *I want what you said... I need it...*

Diana: *If you cum for me now, I'll give you everything you want and more tomorrow.*

Ludmila: *I am yours Diana...*

Diana: *Good girl.*

Diana attached a photo to the last message, it was of her bent over before a mirror, her perfect giant ass taking up most of the picture, her fingers plunged deep into her pussy. It was enough to make Ludmila lose control and push her over the edge, before she did, she saw the caption.

All for you.

She came hard.

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