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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 8

Diana unhooked Ludmila from her shackles and let her sit on the floor so she could catch her breath.

“You are mine... You are my thing; I get to do what I want to you.” Diana said, her hand resting on her stomach and rubbing wide circles around the vast gravid belly. “How long do you have left?”

Ludmila struggled to find her voice, she took a moment, one moment too long.

Diana gripped Ludmila’s face by her cheeks and lifted her gaze to hers.

“When you are spoken to, you will respond. Got it?”

Ludmila was too weak to fight her captor’s hand to nod but thankfully for her, Diana felt the attempt.

“Now, tell me, how long have you got left until you pop?”

“About four weeks... or so...”

Diana smiled. “Good. Now, tell me, how much do you weigh?”

Ludmila went to raise her eyebrows, but she quickly remembered what happened the last time she did that. She tried to stall whilst she recalled the reading on the scale from last week.

“Um, let me just think, I was weighed last week by the midwife, I think it said 230 lbs.”

“Good girl, now, rest up, you can use that bed.” Diana pointed to the single bed with the thinnest mattress Ludmila had ever seen.

“Thank you.”

Diana smiled. “I love a grateful slave.” She leaned in and kissed Ludmila on the lips, her hand unable to resist from rubbing the upper swell of her stomach.

Diana stood up and left the room, a large clunk was heard before Ludmila heard footsteps retreating from the door.

“I guess it’s locked...” She muttered to herself before crawling over to the bed and falling into a deep slumber.

Ludmila awoke with a jolt, a loud clunk and bang from the door caused her to sit upright in panic. She looked at the door and saw Diana enter with a giant plate of food. She walked over and placed it on the bed next to Ludmila. She looked at it timidly, her mouth salivating, she hadn’t eaten in... How many hours, she didn’t know.

“Go on, eat up.” Diana gave her permission.

Ludmila wasted no time and started to scoff the fatty breakfast before her, sausages, bacon, eggs. Almost a full breakfast, but it seemed to be just the fattest parts of the breakfast, she even had piles of black pudding. She picks forkful after forkful and stuffs it into her hungry mouth, she didn’t quite realise how hungry she was before the first morsel of food touched her lips. She was so engrossed in the food that she failed to notice Diana prick her with a needle until the contents had already been dumped into her body.

She froze.

“What was that?” She gasped.

“It’s something to help.”

Ludmila knew now to question anymore, she just let it slip out of her mind and returned her focus to the food before her. She ate and ate until the plate was clear, her stomach felt a bit tight and compacted but she couldn’t help but rub it and hope there was more. Diana was looking at her knowingly.

“How did I know...” She said before rubbing Ludmila’s belly lovingly.

Diana got up and quickly rushed downstairs, only to return with another plate, just as full as the last one.

“Go on.” She said as she presented Ludmila with the overflowing plate of food.

Ludmila was seemingly in a trance, her vision was blurry other than the food that was before her. She filled her face, each bite followed by rapid gnashing of her teeth and then a quick but loud swallow. It didn’t take long before Ludmila had cleared the plate entirely, she was now looking again at Diana expectantly. Her hand was absentmindedly on her stomach, if she had paid more attention, she probably would’ve seen that it was sticking out farther than it was before she started her gluttonous rapid consumption.

“Oh, still hungry?” Diana said without a hint of shock in her voice.

Ludmila nodded and started to lick her lips.

“I haven’t got any more food... but...” Diana pointed to a vat.

The vat was connected to a hose which led into a face mask. It looked similar to the mask that fighter pilots wear, the hose was thick and see through. Ludmila didn’t question anything, she just

reached out towards the mask, unable to get up on the first try in her currently stuffed and gravid state. Her belly had pushed out and in order to accommodate the growing girth of her middle she had to spread her legs further apart, not that she noticed.

“Oh, don’t you move honey...” Diana said softly, her fingers tracing over Ludmila’s protruding middle.

This broke Ludmila from her trance and she looked down at her stomach and realised that it was now much larger than it had been, the vast amount of food clearly taking its toll on her body.

“What the-” Ludmila started but she was cut off by Diana.

Diana had shoved the mask over her face and clipped it around the back of her head before Ludmila could even act. The hungry look of desire had now faded, and it was replaced with one of fear. Diana jumped behind Ludmila and grabbed her wrists and handcuffed them behind her lower back. Ludmila was once again stuck. Bound by physical restraints but also bound, in part, thanks to her huge stomach.

She groaned and moaned in disagreement, her eyes pleading with Diana. It was no use however; Diana was seemingly feeding off of this. She leaned in and rubbed the side of her scalp before planting a kiss on her forehead.

“I thought you were hungry, my love.” Her hands once again start to rub the swollen expanse of her middle, she fails to suppress a moan. “You... Certainly look hungry... I am sure you could handle a lot more...” Diana slaps the side of Ludmila’s stomach with considerable force, the deep thump from her stuffed middle echoes through the room.

Ludmila winces and groans from the slap, the red hot prickly stinging from the slap causing her a great deal of discomfort. Watching Diana intently, she sits helplessly as she turns the tap on top of the

vat. Thanks to the transparent tube, Ludmila was able to watch as the cream-coloured liquid made its way down the pipe. It didn't take long before it was in her mouth, she tried at first to resist swallowing it but it was quite clear that she wouldn't be able to overcome the pressure from the vat. She swallowed and something clicked inside of her again. She groaned and her pupils dilated and she knew one thing.

She needed more.

Diana watched with glee as Ludmila rapidly swallowed the substance, she wasn't aware that Diana had turned the pressure up. Her greedy gulps made quick work of the stream of liquid being pumped into her.

"You really are such a good piggy." Diana said softly, her fingers tracing Ludmila's face.

Diana's eyes couldn't help but look down at the growing orb between Ludmila's legs. She watched as it grew redder and tighter with each loud audible gulp. Her once eight month looking stomach had already surpassed nine months with twins after she had eaten the large plates of food but now it was starting to get out of this world. It looked like she was carrying multiples well past due, maybe even a month or two past, despite the impossibility of it, Diana stared at the taut dome. Her fingers were powerless to resist the call of the stretched skin, slowly they splayed over the surface.

Tight, taut, utterly full.

The vat was nearing its end, before Ludmila's trance ended, Diana wanted to feel her stomach unrestricted. She tried to heft the mighty mound but found the contents of the densely packed stomach were too heavy for her to jostle. Her veins were pressed to the surface, the skin reddened by her expansion, some former stretch marks from her previous pregnancies are now being once again strained beyond their means.

The room was suddenly filled with the noise of Ludmila swallowing air, the vat was now empty.

The autopilot didn't disengage after the liquid finished dispensing, Diana had to reach up and remove the mask to break the spell Ludmila had put herself under. Now free, she panted heavily and let out a few burps. With her arms behind her back, Ludmila looked all the bigger, her back arched to be able to comfortably keep her arms behind her back.

Ludmila looked down at her beach ball sized stomach and gasped as she saw it wobble from the occupant wriggling around. There wasn't a lot of room left for the little one but that just made the movements more pronounced.

"I'm..." Ludmila started, unable to finish her sentence.

"Big." Diana added.

Diana looked at her stuffed lover.

"You are so huge... I didn't think you could take it. I guess the shot helped." Diana smirked.

"What did you do..." Ludmila asked, still reeling from the massive amount of food she had just demolished.

"The shot makes you hungry, there is more to it, but I think you can guess the rest..." Diana said with an added pat to the surface of her stuffed belly.

"Why?" Ludmila looked up at Diana who was now standing over her huge frame.

"Because you are mine, and I want you bigger." She spread her legs around her stomach so she was now straddling it. "Much bigger."

Diana flipped around and started to grind Ludmila's massive belly, her ass now gyrating against Ludmila's milky breasts. She lifted herself and moved her ass to Ludmila's face. Diana's cheeks pressing against her lover's face.

"Kiss me..." She shouted, with her fingers working her clit towards an orgasm. "Worship my

ass.” She demanded.

Ludmila knew better than to resist, she kissed and licked Diana’s thick butt and it wasn’t long before Diana came, her body shaking before erupting. So pleasurable from what she had done to Ludmila, she squirted over her stomach.

Ludmila just sat there, the hunger had finally subsided, however she couldn’t help but sit in a state of awe. She wasn’t sure there was a belly on the planet bigger than hers right now, or at least she felt that way. She could’ve sworn that if she bumped into anything then she might pop. She shuddered.

Diana slid off her belly after orgasming, laying on the floor, she writhed from the aftershocks and moaned softly to herself. Ludmila rubbed the edges of her gigantic stuffed stomach for a few minutes before Diana roused. The rubbing was soothing to her, she could feel the life within still wriggling around, each movement causing a ripple throughout the densely packed liquid now filling her gravid middle.

Standing on her shaky legs, Diana looked at Ludmila and smiled.

“This is only the beginning.”

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