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### Chapter 3

“How long have you been here anyway?” Yaroslav broke the silence as the three walked towards the main road.

“I got in last night, quite late because my flight was... Delayed... My fault really...” She let out a suggestive giggle.

“Oh, where are you staying? There isn’t a lot of accommodation out this way.” Amina chimed in.

“Well, I think Joseph a few doors down wouldn’t mind me coming round again tonight, as long as I can keep quiet that is.”

Amina looked at Yaroslav with wide eyes before leaning in and whispering. “Joseph and Mila?”

Yaroslav nodded. “Probably.”

“What was that?” Veronica asked.

“Nothing.” Yaroslav replied.

“Remember the no secrets rule. It still applies.” She winked.

Yaroslav turned a shade of red only comparable to the lipstick Veronica had on.

The “throuple” made their way to the pup which was only a few streets over from the park. Very little conversation was held, things just felt a bit tense. They quickly found a booth, Veronica

immediately went to the bar, leaving Yaroslav and Amina together.

“What the hell?” Amina slammed her fist on the table.

“What?” Yaroslav tried to play dumb.

“You know damn well what.”

“I told her she could visit years ago... It was before I even met you... I didn’t think she would turn up, what, nine or so years later?”

Amina clenched her fist. She knew that he was right.

“Well... Who the hell is she?”

“I told you, I’m his ex-honey, and there is nothing to worry about. I was just in the area for a gig, and I thought to pop by and see Yaro.” Veronica inserted herself into the conversation and placed two pints and a lemonade on the table.

Amina scowled at the fizzy ale now before her husband.

“Sorry Amina, I didn’t think you could drink... You know... In your condition... Or are you just fat?” Veronica laughed.

Yaroslav stepped in before Amina blew a gasket. “Yeah, she is in her third trimester, twins actually.”

“Told you he was good.” Veronica winked. “I always knew.”

Amina clenched her fist.

The two of them drank pint after pint while Amina could only watch as Yaroslav became looser and surprisingly to her, Veronica seemed stone cold sober. Yaroslav was getting more flirtatious with this woman; it was starting to get under her skin, but Yaroslav assured his wife each time Veronica went back to the bar.

The night was drawing to a close and Amina was horribly bored and unhappy with how the night turned out. The bar staff informed them that they would be closing soon. Amina let out a sigh of relief and rose to her feet. The alcohol was starting to affect Veronica by this point and Yaroslav was incredibly drunk. They watched Amina waddle out of the booth and stared at her gravid figure as she loomed by the side of them at the table.

“You really are big huh?” Veronica commented.

Amina tried to approach it from a positive angle. “Well... That is what two will do to anyone.” She proudly patted her overstretched womb.

“I mean, sure...” Veronica reached and pinched some of the fat which had formed on her stomach, a small pudgy collection of fat on the exposed hemisphere of flesh. “But that feels like fat to me. Maybe you got fat?”

Amina blushed. The busty brunette was right, she had gained weight. She was drunk, it was pointless in getting angry at her, Amina decided.

“Maybe a little... Anyway, come on, let’s go.” Amina tried to hurry them out the door.

She was stunned by what Veronica did next. She bent over and planted a kiss on her belly. Wrapping her hands around as much of her girth as she could, Veronica kissed her burgeoning stomach. Amina didn’t quite realise that in that motion, she was showing her thick ass to Yaroslav. Yaroslav saw everything. Veronica wasn’t the kind of woman to wear panties and Yaroslav got an eyeful. He felt himself grow hard under the table and he couldn’t take his eyes off his ex.

The two women were engaged in some sort of weird hug / kiss for an uncomfortably long amount of time for Amina, Veronica took every second to shake and wiggle her big ass for Yaroslav. Amina tapped the vixen’s shoulder so that she would break the embrace and they could start to get a move on.

“Sorry... There is something so fascinating about carrying life. Maybe one day I’ll get the chance.”

Amina gasped. She hadn’t thought Veronica would be up for that, the transformation that would come with it, let alone the bundle of joy at the end. It didn’t quite seem to be something Veronica would deal with.

“I didn’t figure you were the type.” Amina admitted.

“Well... It would be strange, but I bet I’d rock the pregnant look.” She looked down at the heavily pregnant Amina again. “I mean, my tits getting bigger couldn’t be a bad thing, could it?” She laughed and cupped Amina’s.

Amina let out a yelp and started to feel embarrassed. Here she was, in a pub, heavily pregnant and getting felt up by her husband's ex.

"God, they feel so swollen. They feel almost as firm as mine." She then grabbed Amina's hands and placed them on her large and much firmer tits.

Amina was in shock; the motion was so quick she didn't even have time to process it. She wasn't sure if the compliment she just paid her was an outright lie or she was trying to be nice, because Amina's breasts were fat, soft and almost sagging on her frame, the fact that her breasts were preparing to deal with the new life was the only reason there was any real firmness to them. They were covered in veins, deep blue markings spread over their surface as they prepared to feed the newborn children.

Veronica's tits however were firm, perky and round. They overflowed Amina's hand, and she couldn't help but give them a testing squeeze and a jiggle. She was amazed how good they felt, truthfully Amina was getting a bit turned on by the forwardness of the situation.

Yaroslav, hammered, watched as his wife groped his ex and his already rock-hard cock throbbed uncontrollably in his pants.

"They feel good, don't they..." Veronica gasped softly.

Amina nodded.

"That's what everyone says, I think my ass feels just as good too... But maybe we should save that for when we are somewhere a bit more... Private." Veronica darted her eyes to the drunkards at the bar staring at the free show that Amina was giving them.

Amina gasped and retracted her hands and looked at her husband. "Come on, let's go."

Yaroslav awkwardly joined the two women, it was clear to Amina that he was hard, he didn't hide it well anyway but having seen it, Amina felt a surge of lust. She found that the frustrations from the day were quickly vanishing, and she just stared longingly at his pulsating member in his pants.

"Hey... Would you mind if I were to be cheeky enough to ask to stay at yours? Joseph seems to be no longer welcome in his house." She giggled.

“Sure.” Yaroslav blurted out.

Amina was too distracted to disagree, and Veronica grabbed them both by their hands and yanked them towards the exit.

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