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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 7

“I think it is time I teach you a lesson.” Ludmila looked up at Jamalla, the rage fuelled fire in her eyes added weight to what she just said.

Ludmila started to shake and looked at Diana for comfort, but she noticed a different air about her.

Jamalla was the dominant one.

Ludmila watched the larger woman walk over to her and quickly around the back.

“Diana, cut her out of her clothes. Now.” She barked.

Diana wasted no time, likely because she knew the punishment for insubordination. Using some scissors, she cut through the shorts and top of Ludmila, exposing her naked body to the air.

“Well... Well...” Jamalla said, eyeing up her prey. “You certainly look full.”

She used a riding crop to poke at Ludmila’s engorged breasts, the full bobbing masses wobbling, despite how tight the clamps were, the pressure build up from her tits caused her to leak when she moved them.

Ludmila moaned, she hadn't really noticed until right now, but her tits had grown from being so overfilled. They looked two cup sizes bigger, they ached and throbbed, but she knew better to ask for some help, the women would likely just use it against her. She bit her tongue and held back.

“And this...” Jamalla grunted.

The crop now traced the side of her taut belly as it hung towards the floor. It was gravid to say the least. Diana reached out and started to rub it after Jamalla brought attention to it.

A swift thwack hit Diana and she screamed out.

“Ow!”

Jamalla raised the crop again and looked at Diana with malice.

“Keep your hands to yourself.” Jamalla barked. “As for you...”

Another thwack filled the room, Ludmila felt a sharp pain in her ass.

“You were rude to me. You have to be punished for talking to me like that.”

Thwack.

“Nobody.”

Thwack.

“Talks to me.”

Thwack.

“Like that.”

Thwack.

Ludmila bit her tongue as she felt the searing pain from the whips. She knew better than to scream, even if it was an involuntary response, her fear for what else might come frightened her more than her body's instincts.

Cowering in pain and fear, Ludmila looked up at Jamalla and apologised.

“I am so sorry...”

The sincerity in her voice was all too real, her ass was raw from the few lashings she received but it was enough to stop any thought of defiance from her. She needed it to stop.

“Show me.”

Ludmila looked confused, another slap followed immediately after she raised her eyebrows.

“Show me how sorry you are.” Jamalla barked.

“Yes. Of course. Allow me to show you how sorry I am.” She begged.

Jamalla said no words, she turned, dropped her trousers and presented her gigantic fat ass before Ludmila. The huge cheeks now covering her entire field of view, the soft cellulite covered skin was less than an inch before her. Ludmila’s lips parted and pressed against her cheek, a long sensual kiss, followed by another and another. Ludmila hoped it would be enough to kiss and lick her ass. The huge soft cheek started to lean closer to her face, now starting to envelope her, each cheek easily larger than her entire face. Jamalla had a thick and fat ass after all, it was something that she was proud of and she continued to push her bum against Ludmila’s lips.

“Are you enjoying back there?” Jamalla called out.

Ludmila knew better than not to answer so she grunted in agreement, thanks to the cheeks grinding against her face, she was unable to speak words. She continued her worship before she felt someone, Diana, rubbing her stomach again. Jamalla turned her head over her shoulder and looked at her lover now on her knees kissing Ludmila’s huge hanging stomach.

Jamalla took a step forward and turned around, she removed her panties and stood with her lower half exposed, she shuffled forward and spread her thighs as much as she could whilst still

standing, her pussy now pressed into Ludmila's face. Ludmila started to lick and kiss her plump nethers and Jamalla immediately started to shake, the sensation travelling down her legs before Ludmila.

"Diana... Make yourself more useful."

Diana crawled out from under her pregnant lover and moved her face between Ludmila's exposed genitals and started to lick at her sex. It took no time at all for Ludmila to cum, Diana was adept at this from her time with Jamalla but also from the vast amount of orgasms she had already endured. Jamalla wasn't too far behind, the two panting women gasped for air and then Jamalla signalled Diana to come to the front of their captive.

"Your turn." Jamalla said, pushing Diana's vagina unto Ludmila.

Diana had worked herself up considerably with her exposure to Ludmila's body and finally it was time to receive some real relief. Much like Ludmila, Diana's orgasm was quick and powerful, she fell backwards afterwards and Jamalla stood over them both.

"I don't usually like you having your own prisoners Diana but with this one, I'll make an exception. Do what you will."

Diana looked up at Ludmila and gave a sinister smile.

"Yes my Queen."

Diana rose to her feet and looked Ludmila in the eyes.

"This is going to be fun."

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