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Chapter 2

Amina turned to look in the direction that her husband was looking. Angry that she was left hanging for the sake of what? Another woman?

Amina's eyes found the only other person in the park, Veronica apparently. She was in a rather revealing dress; it was a purple skin tight dress.

“Who wears something like that to the park?” Amina questioned out loud with a lot of judgement in her voice.

“Veronica...”

“You've said her name twice. Who is she?”

“My Ex. From Uni...”

Although Amina and Yaroslav had been friends for some time, there was a year where Yaroslav moved away to France to attend university. They kept in contact and spoke often, but Yaroslav didn't mention Veronica by name, nor did he have anything on his social media about her. Searching her memories, Amina did remember him mentioning something before about going out with someone, but it wasn't something they spoke at length about.

“You went out with her?”

Yaroslav nodded.

Veronica had made the couple and she started to walk towards them. Both of their eyes

were glued to the busty vixen as she bounced towards them. Getting closer Amina could make out more of Veronica and her impressive body. She was like a creation of a lust, if you had asked a teenage boy to magic up a woman, Veronica was that woman.

Stunning, beautiful, and she had curves for days.

Her long legs were slim, she was wearing high heels, the clacking of them was just coming into ear shot. Each long stride of those perfect legs was affected by what they were connected to. Veronica's ass, even from the front you could see how her slim frame had an exaggerated flare out by her hips. If she had turned around, Amina would've bet that her ass cheeks were larger than her newly enlarged breasts. Speaking of breasts, Veronica was stacked, they still shook with each step. Easily F cups, Amina could barely take her eyes off of them, especially as the dress she was wearing was so low cut. It looked like each step put her dress in danger of failing and exposing her monster tits. Glancing at her face, Amina was stunned. The woman was perfect, she could've been a model with that face alone. Her plump lips were parted, and her eyes were glued in their direction.

Amina started to feel conscious, this bombshell was walking towards them and here Amina was, heavily pregnant, constantly being rejected by her husband and barely covered by her old and out of season blouse. She hugged tighter to Yaroslav.

"Hey!" Veronica shouted over to Yaroslav.

"Hey V" Yaroslav replied. "What are you doing here?"

Veronica closed the distance and bounced on her heels before the couple.

"You said I could visit anytime, so here I am. Amina I presume?" The goddess cast her gaze over Yaroslav's wife.

"That's right..."

Amina couldn't shake the feeling that Yaroslav was somehow different. She looked at her husband and she saw a glint in his eyes. At first, she took it badly and could feel herself getting upset. She clenched her fist and chalked up her inner jealousy and rage to her hormones.

Who could blame him? She reasoned with herself.

"Amina, pleased to meet you." The pregnant woman outstretched her hand to Veronica.

After some delay, Veronica seemed to begrudgingly take Amina's hand.

"Veronica. I don't suppose Yaro told you much about me?"

Amina's eyes bulged at the forwardness of the question. "What makes you say that?"

"The way you are looking at me honey." She puffed her chest up. "When you are a model, you get used to the look... Trust me... I know what is going on in that head." She put her hands on her hips and exhaled. "Why aren't my boobs that perky? Why isn't my waist that thin? In essence, why don't I look like that?"

Amina was stunned. She looked at Yaroslav for support, but his eyes were glued to his ex. Before she could open her mouth to reply to Veronica, Veronica continued.

"I guess you've got a pretty good reason though..." Her slender finger jabbed into Amina's dome like belly. "Is it his?"

Amina felt a rage build in her. Who does this bitch think she is? Again, before she could finish drawing breath to reply, Veronica deescalated the situation.

"Of course, it is, our little Yaro here was good for at least one thing." She winked.

The brazenness of the comment disarmed Amina. She was just at a loss for words.

"Well congratulations. Why don't we celebrate with a drink? I've not been here long but I know where the pub is!" She chuckled.

Amina and Yaroslav joined in, but the feeling was tense. Yaroslav was struggling not to look at Veronica's heaving bosom as she laughed, and Amina was staring daggers into her husband.

"Let's go." Veronica took the lead.

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