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Chapter 6

Amina took a while to calm down but eventually she left the bedroom, her eyes were puffy, and her spirit was shattered after the events of last night into this morning. She thankfully met Veronica first in the kitchen. Veronica had helped herself to making food, pancakes for them all with strawberries and chocolate spread.

“Yaro said I could get started. I hope you don’t mind.” She didn’t turn around, she just pointed with the spatula to the table. “I’ve just served your stack, hun.”

It was hard to disagree with her actions when the service was that sharp. Amina sat down and started to gobble the fluffy batter.

“Oh wow... These are great...”

“I’ve got many talents, Amina.” Veronica replied.

“Pancakes. Pancakes are at the top of the list.”

“Oh and not my figure? Not sure if I should be offended or not.” She joked.

Amina blushed and continued to eat. Her eyes glanced over to the curvy bombshell. Amina finished the stack rather quickly and Veronica brought a second set and placed it down before her, with a wink, she was back to the stove top. Amina was still hungry, so she ate the second stack, she leaned back in her chair and rubbed her bloated belly. A third stack was placed before her on the table.

Where was she getting all the ingredients for this?

Amina felt rude if she declined the offering, so she started to slowly work her way through this third stack. Yaroslav entered at that moment, he noticed his wife eating more food and rubbing the top of her swollen stomach. Amina caught his eyes staring and she blushed again.

Awkwardly Yaroslav looked at Veronica who was still cooking.

“You took your time.” Veronica said with a stern voice. “A particularly hard shower?” The playfulness in her voice went straight over Amina’s head but Yaroslav felt it hit him square in the chest.

He hadn’t taken the opportunity to relieve his bulging problem, a conscious choice for a few reasons but the one he wasn’t quite willing to admit to himself was he wanted to be teased more.

“Sorry, didn’t realise you were waiting for me.” He said with sincerity.

Taking a seat opposite his wife, he couldn’t help but notice her continuing to eat and, in his mind, grow. Veronica placed his stack of pancakes on the table and returned to the stove to make more. He knew Veronica was a good cook, she always used to do the cooking when they were together, but he was floored by how good these pancakes were. His audible satisfaction caused Veronica to turn to him.

“That good huh?” She shook her chest and winked at him, thankfully out of line of sight to Amina.

“These are fantastic.” Yaroslav said, Amina let out a “Hmmm” in agreement.

Veronica joined the couple at the table with two stacks of pancakes. One for her and one for Amina. Amina tried to push them back, but Veronica insisted.

“You’re eating for more than just yourself. You should be nice and full before we head out.” She placed her hand on Amina’s.

Amina just continued to eat.

Veronica started, keeping a close eye on Yaroslav. She picked up a whole strawberry and ate it sensually, her plump lips wrapping around the fruit and slowly taking her bite, letting her lips linger on the edge of the red flesh. Yaroslav knew her intentions and tried to resist, but that became

much harder when he felt her foot rubbing against his leg.

What is she doing?

Her feet rose higher and started to caress his thigh.

How is she even doing that?

Yaroslav was losing his concentration.

“Ooops...” Veronica whispered, Amina didn’t notice, she was too engrossed in eating her breakfast.

Yaroslav did notice however, she had dropped a strawberry onto her top, well Amina’s top. The red juice stained the top instantly but that didn’t stop Veronica from trying to get it out. She let her long tongue hang out of her mouth and she let a big wad of spit land on the spot, and she started to rub and apply friction and force to her top, and by extension, her huge tits. He couldn’t keep his eyes off her fingers as they kneaded the large soft breasts.

Yaroslav was already hard, his cock had snaked down his thigh, but this was driving him insane. Veronica’s foot somehow had contorted in a way that she was able to reach his cock, without bumping the table. He started to feel his heart rate increase, his breathing was becoming heavier. Here he was, sitting opposite his heavily pregnant wife stuffing her face and to his left was Veronica, his incredibly sexy model ex-girlfriend who was now working his cock under the table while playing with her tits.

“You’ve hardly touched your pancakes. Are you sure you are all right after last night?”

Amina said with concern in her voice. “And you look warm. Are you running a fever?”

“N-no... I-“He grunted. “I’m fine. Just... Hot spell... I think that shower might’ve been-“He grunted again. “Too warm or something.”

Veronica had thankfully stopped rubbing the red spot on her top, but her toes were still stimulating his hard cock beneath the table.

Amina turned her attention back to the last pancake and groaned when her eyes met it. Veronica, still playing footsie with Yaroslav’s cock, leaned over to Amina.

“You look stuffed. Let me help.” She didn’t wait for a reply from Amina, she stuck a fork

into the pancake and lifted it whole and guided it into Amina's mouth.

Amina's eyes went wide as she felt the puffy succulent breakfast treat be forced between her lips. It filled her mouth and she struggled to chew it. Amina's hand was joined by the slender one of Veronica on her belly. Veronica was rubbing the top of her stomach, which rose above the edge of the table and was digging into its edge.

"Good girl..." Veronica said lustfully.

Amina just blushed. Yaroslav was panting. Veronica had the two of them exactly where she wanted.

Veronica stopped all physical contact and abruptly exclaimed. "Right, are we ready to go?"

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