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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 5

A click was heard, and the pump started to whirl rhythmically, Diana watched as her nipples were being sucked into the transparent cups, Ludmila's elongated nipple gushing milk into the tube that led to the large collection chamber. The one Ludmila had purchased led straight into a bottle but this one was more like vat, a sealed bucket almost. It looked massive, it too was transparent with a gauge on the side, not that Ludmila could fully see it anyway.

She writhed in the chair against the restraints, the pleasure from being milked by a machine was a memory long lost to her. The sensation was quickly becoming too much for Ludmila. Diana wasted very little time herself, indulging in her fantasy too, she found herself at Ludmila's knees again, her tongue danced over her soft flesh before finding her gravid middle. Thanks to the shorts and crop top, so much of Ludmila's skin was on show and accessible. Diana's tongue danced around the taut eight month belly, she worshipped the orb as Ludmila's tits were being drained above. The baby was awake and wriggling thanks to the activity that its mum was engaged in, Diana felt the movement and continued to kiss and grope her stomach.

With some effort, she lifted the bulbous dome and slipped her fingers under the waistband of the too tight shorts and popped the button open. Ludmila was powerless to stop Diana, not that she wanted to at this point. Her shorts were pulled down her legs and Diana started to go to work on her pussy. She was only able to get her fingers between her folds to start to massage her clit but it was enough for Ludmila for now. The pleasure was intense, amplified by the pumping going on, her screams filled the room before her body shuddered and she came.

Diana moved backwards and let Ludmila catch her breath, she watched as the pregnant stomach rose and fell with each laboured breath. Her eyes fixated on the outie belly button. Diana reached beneath the chair and started to pull a lever, the chair started to transform, spreading Ludmila's legs apart and leaning back, it didn't take long until she was on her back and her legs were spread wide, the huge belly blocking Ludmila's view of Diana.

"Di..." Ludmila said between gasps.

Diana didn't give Ludmila the respect to even answer back, she started to kiss her way up her thigh instead towards her dripping sex. Her tongue parted her lips and her fingers sunk into her thighs. Diana licked Ludmila at a feverish pace until Ludmila came, it didn't take long thanks to Diana's apparent expertise with Jamalla. Another few times Ludmila was brought to orgasm. Exhausted by her body's continued heightened arousal and subsequent eruptions, she panted heavily on the chair, now turned table.

Diana rose up from her lower half and let her hands glide over Ludmila's body, savouring every inch of her swollen form.

"There is something so arousing about a woman in your state... It is a shame that you aren't big enough yet though." Diana said ominously.

Ludmila barely registered what she had said and tried to watch Diana walk around her. Ludmila felt the pumps being pulled from her chest with an audible pop.

Diana looked down at Ludmila and her leaking nipples, the steady stream of milk leaking onto the side of the chair and subsequently onto the floor.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her nipples. She yelped and looked down to see that Diana had slipped on a nipple clamp on her left breast, the thick nipple was nearly cut in half from the pressure thanks to its engorged size.

“AHH!” Ludmila started to scream before a second jolt hit her, this time in her right nipple.

“Can’t let any of it go to waste now...” Diana said, lowering herself down to Ludmila’s body, her tongue tracing the stream of milk back to her now clamped nipples.

Ludmila let out a soft moan. Diana could sense her arousal and once again started to work her clit, this time with her hand.

“You belong to me. You are my cumslut, you will cum when I want you too. You are my toy. You are nothing more than that.” Diana said firmly, Ludmila moaning all the while, she stopped and stared at Ludmila’s face. “Do I make myself clear?”

Ludmila was unable to answer, her gasps from being so close to the edge was too much, she writhed, pulling at her restraints.

There was a loud slap that echoed throughout the room. Diana has struck Ludmila’s tits, they wobbled and crashed against one another. Ludmila yelped.

“I said. Do I make myself clear.”

“Yes...” Ludmila said, her voice low and weak, feeling sorry for herself.

“If you listen... You’ll have fun, I promise.”

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