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<Gestational Desires>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 4

The resulting orgasm, coupled with her pregnancy fatigue meant that she fell asleep after the exchange. Waking up she had a message from Diana telling her to meet her at her place at four. It couldn't come fast enough for Ludmila, Mark hadn't come to bed after their exchange, and he was back at his desk already working this morning when she got up. Thankfully her kids were with her Mum for a few days, meaning she got to lay in bed until mid-morning.

Walking past Mark's office, she peered through the crack and saw him working away on a project. He must've heard her lumbering across the landing but he didn't look towards the door.

*Why is he giving me the cold shoulder? He turned me down.*

Ludmila carried on before she got angrier at the situation, waddling down the stairs, her heavy footsteps echoed through the house. Entering the kitchen she found that she had a continental breakfast ready for her there.

*Mark.*

Her husband might not be treating her how she wanted exactly, but he still had his sweet nature

about him. He was all over the housework, especially now when she was in her current condition and clearly he was caring for her, as demonstrated by him taking the time to prepare breakfast for her. She texts him to thank him, not wanting to spend the energy to climb the stairs.

She ate the food gratefully and they did text each other a few times, it made her feel better and more loved, she just wished that he wasn't working and they could snuggle. Unfortunately for them both, he was on a meeting call all morning and he had to work through his lunch. Ludmila's thoughts moved onto the plan for the late afternoon. The thought alone makes Ludmila's nipples hard, they press out against her top and her fingers start to play with them subconsciously. It is only when she is already walking out the house does she notice the dark patches around them, her playing has caused her to leak some milk but it is too late now to fix it.

Arriving at Diana's she rings the doorbell and waits, excitedly. Diana answers the door and gasps. It isn't hard to see why, Ludmila knew what made Diana tick so she deliberately chose an ill-fitting top this morning, top is generous, it is more like a bralette than a top. Ludmila's belly is pretty much entirely on show, a deliberate attempt to stun Diana. It worked, a little too well.

Diana didn't say any words, her hand wrapped around Ludmila's wrist and she yanked her arm to pull her inside.

Ludmila's top had two large dark patches on it thanks to her leaky problem, this wasn't lost on Diana as she dragged her into her home. The encumbered Ludmila barely kept up with Diana as she took her upstairs. Spying her bedroom on the ascent she noted that they passed the doorway to that room and was pushed into a different room, this room was almost empty, and the window was blacked out. The dimly lit room made Ludmila think it was like a dungeon, she wasn't too far off.

Diana swiftly kicked the door shut once they had both entered and Ludmila was in shock at the decor once she did realise what she was looking at. Various sex apparatus were set up in the room, she recognised a few but there were some odd looking contraptions here, she could only infer that these too were used for sexual pleasure.

Before Ludmila could speak, her lips found themselves busy with Diana's plump lips. The two entered a passionate embrace, lips locked, Diana's hands exploring Ludmila's fertile body, it wasn't long before her hands found their way to her leaky breasts.

"I think you might need some milking honey..." Diana whispered.

She broke the embrace and instructed Ludmila to sit while she rummaged through a drawer. Ludmila sat her plump bum on the leather seat. The chair itself had nice leather arms and a mostly comfortable back, there seemed to be a few levers sticking off of it.

*Best not touch...* Ludmila thought to herself.

Diana returned, hiding something behind her back. She lowered herself to Ludmila's knees and started to kiss her legs, the sensual exploration of her body caused her head to tilt backward and her eyes to close. That was the opening Diana was looking for, she continued to kiss her leg but with her hands she was expertly closing the restraints on Ludmila's wrists which were resting on the arm of the chair. Before Ludmila even noticed, Diana had fastened the cuffs so she was not stuck in the chair, her legs and arms bound, she was powerless to Diana now.

Her tits were still leaking, they had a dull throb from within, she needed to release, she hadn't noticed it before now. Looking at Diana, she decided not to question her current situation, lest she make it worse.

*Just go along with it, it is kinda fun.* She told herself.

Diana picked up the object she had brought over from the drawer, it was a breast pump.

Ludmila had used these before but had not needed to use one since her first pregnancy, she was always so quick to express and thankfully her babies latched on without much issue. The last time she had used it though, she noted how much it increased her milk production.

Looking at Diana now, with a wide grin spreading over her face, Ludmila couldn't help but squirm.

"You look positively engorged... Let me help..." Diana's words lingered in the air with a hiss.

The pump looked a bit different to the one she had used, this one had straps, Ludmila couldn't quite work out what these were for at first, but when Diana started to tie them around her back, she realised. The straps were used to keep the suction cups in place. The leather straps went over her shoulder and under her opposite armpit, forming a cross as they intersected between her shoulder blades.

Now here Ludmila was, heavily pregnant, bound to a chair and breast pumps tied to her boobs. She looked up at Diana with a sense of fear in her eyes.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was shaky, having never done anything like this, she was nervous.

"Having fun."

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