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## Chapter 1

Round, fertile and burgeoning with life. Those would be choice words to describe Amina. Amina was a slim and slender woman in her late 20s. She met Yaroslav in school and has been friends since then, eventually they took their relationship to the next step when they were 22 and 6 years later and they were looking to welcome their 1st and 2nd child into the world. That's right, Amina is pregnant with twins.

Amina's body had undergone a number of changes since those two lines on that stick changed everything for them. Yaroslav was very loving and kind, he tended to his pregnant wife every opportunity he could, and his love was only growing as she did. Amina had just entered her third trimester and she was getting big. Her stomach was now bulging out as much as a pregnant woman who was about to give birth, thanks to her twin occupants. Her skin couldn't stretch as quickly as she was growing, and her belly was covered in stretch marks. Red painful tears in her flesh covered the lower swell of her belly. Her linea nigra had already come in and it was stretching from the base of her stomach to her navel. To say she looked ready to pop was an understatement. She looked positively overdue.

"Ugh..." Amina grunts as she tries to shift her weight to get off the sofa.

"Not long left sweetie..." Yaroslav consoles his wife.

"I know..."

Yaroslav reached out to his heavily encumbered wife and grabbed her wrist and helped her

to her feet.

“Let’s make use of this alone time before we’ve got four more feet running about here”

Yaroslav said lovingly.

“You know they don’t come out walking, right?” Amina jokes.

Yaroslav laughed. “I know that, come on, let’s go for a walk, the sun is out.”

Whilst Amina loved the sentiment, there was something else she would rather do with her time. The influx of hormones had meant Amina’s sex drive had skyrocketed. She leaned her larger body against Yaroslav’s and leaned in for a passionate kiss. Their lips locked but he broke the kiss off early. Trying to keep the playful mood alive, Amina started to kiss his neck, however, she did struggle thanks to the girth of her gravid middle.

“N... Not right now honey...” Yaroslav tried to gently let his expectant wife down lightly.

This had been going on for a few months already at this point, since she entered her second trimester and really started to show, Yaroslav had been declining her advances. It was starting to really upset Amina. She loved her husband, and she wanted nothing more than to physically express that love but being massively pregnant was apparently not doing it for Yaroslav.

Amina tried everything she could think of to rekindle that flame but alas, as time marched forward, so did her waistline. Ever bigger and ever more morphed by pregnancy, Amina’s body was a constant source of self-doubt.

“Why don’t we go to the park?” She suggested, trying to move past the feeling of rejection.

Yaroslav awkwardly nodded.

Amina was busting out of her clothes, her rapid growth had taken them both by surprise, at the rate that they were going, it wasn’t a good idea to get a new wardrobe, to only outgrow it in a few weeks when she undoubtedly got bigger. Walking out into the warm summer air, Amina could feel the breeze tickle every extra inch she had on show. Thanks to her pregnant body and lack of fitting clothes, her belly was an easy target for the wind to cool. Her top could barely cover as far as her navel, leaving the lower hemisphere of her belly clearly on show and the dark line leading to the

apex of her belly. Up top, her breasts had swollen too, considerably. Going from a mere C cup to now DD was a welcome change for Yaroslav until her belly started to pooch outward. Her swollen and fat tits pooled heavily on her taut tum and strained to tear open her top at every step. The blouse was fairly low cut as it was but thanks to her milk laden breasts, it was revealing far too much to be considered decent. Amina hoped it might tempt her husband, but he just handed her a cardigan. Even in this heat, Amina only took that to mean that she needed to cover up.

Disappointed, the couple walked to the park.

The summer holidays hadn't started yet so it was still peaceful. The council were in progress of cutting the grass for the upcoming football season for the summer holidays for the kids. The smell filled both of the couple's nostrils and it reminded them of when they used to come here as kids themselves. They didn't come to the park together at that time as they were too young but they both had fond memories of playing here. They reminisced, for a short time things felt normal, happy. Amina leaned her head on Yaroslav's shoulder.

"Those were good times... I am so glad I met you though..." Amina trailed off.

"Me too." Yaroslav wrapped his arm around her shoulder and gave a loving squeeze.

She looked up to her husband and took in his rugged jawline. He hadn't shaved today, the 30-year-old really did suit gruff. He was tall and athletic, his body was in amazing shape, somehow even better than when he was in his 20s. Fit and able, he would frequent the gym often and run laps around the pitch that was now being pruned for the season. His black hair was usually kept short, but he hadn't had it cut in a few weeks, so it was just starting to get in his way. Amina didn't mind the look, despite looking a bit unkempt, he certainly looked handsome to her.

Taking her hand, she traced her fingers along the side of the cheek facing away from him, feeling the coarse hairs, and pulled him to meet her gaze. Slowly Amina lifted her head and puckered her lips. She closed her eyes and waited for her husband's loving kiss.

Amina waited.

And waited.

It didn't come. Amina opened her eyes, already incredibly emotional, angry and confused.

“What’s wrong Yaro! You can’t just leave me hanging there... Am I that disgusting or is there something wrong?”

“It’s Veronica...” He almost whimpered.

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