

Story Contains: Breast Expansion, Ass Expansion, Pregnancy, and Sexual Content

!!! ALL CHARACTERS ARE 21+ !!!

Another MAYternity special!

!!! WARNING: THIS STORY CONTAINS THEMES OF BREAST EXPANSION, ASS EXPANSION, PREGNANCY, AND SEXUAL CONTENT. THIS STORY IS NOT SUITABLE FOR ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18. ALL CHARACTERS ARE 21+ YEARS OLD !!!

IN BLOOM

The spring breeze carried the scent of freshly cut grass and sun-warmed earth as Celeste sat on the edge of a weathered park bench, watching families drift past like scenes from a life she hadn't lived, but always wanted to. She had the kind of beauty that stopped conversations and stirred fantasies, a tall, full-figured goddess wrapped in soft curves and a quiet sadness. Her honey-blond hair, loose and shimmering, spilled over her shoulders like silk and framed a heart-shaped face with high cheekbones, flushed cheeks, and pillowy lips tinted rose-pink. Wide, hazel eyes, rimmed in long, dark lashes, lingered too long on every rounded belly that passed.

Celeste crossed one shapely leg over the other, her sundress bunching slightly at the thigh, revealing sun-kissed skin that begged to be touched. She stood slightly taller than many of the women around her, even without heels. Her height only made her presence feel more regal, while the way her hips filled out the bench could have launched a dozen obsessions. She carried herself with the confidence of a woman who knew the power of her form, yet today, it sagged beneath a subtle ache. Her hands absently drifted to her stomach, resting there as if imagining a fullness that may never be real.

The dream of motherhood wasn't the only thing that was haunting her, as Celeste's need ran deeper, darker. She longed for the warmth, the pressure, the *swell*, to feel her body ripening under the weight of developing life, to be reshaped from the inside out. It was a fantasy that danced between her thighs late at night and left her waking with sheets tangled and wet. Her desire to nurture was twined with something raw and primal, something most wouldn't understand.

As she watched a heavily pregnant woman shuffle by, one hand braced on her lower back, the other guiding a wobbly toddler, Celeste's thighs pressed together instinctively. Her breath caught, lips parting in a soft, involuntary sigh. A wave of heat pulsed through her, driven by more than just envy. Her thoughts drifted toward the life she craved, the fullness she fantasized about, leaving behind a deep, aching sense of longing.

It wasn't that she couldn't bear a child, Celeste's body was *more than ready*. The real problem was that no man she'd ever taken to bed had been willing to shoulder the responsibility of creating life with her. More than once, in the heated hush of a fleeting affair of the flesh, she'd whisper to men, soft, desperate, utterly sincere, that they could leave her afterward, vanish into the night if they wished, as long as they left something behind. All she cared about was being claimed, *filled*, and left to grow.

Celeste closed her eyes, just for a moment, letting the spring sunlight wash over her skin. The warmth made it easier to slip away into the fantasy that clung to her every thought. In her mind, she wasn't sitting alone on a park bench, she was in bed, her legs spread wide, her lover buried deep inside her, thrusting with purpose. No condoms, no hesitation, just thick, raw heat and the whispered promise of *seed*. She imagined the moment she felt it, that final push, the deep groan in her ear, and then the warmth flooding her womb, *her baby*, planted inside her like it was always meant to be.

Celeste's breath quickened, heart racing, body responding like it was real. She could almost feel her womb react, clutching at the imagined deposit, eager to start shaping life. The fantasy didn't stop there, it never did.

Pictures danced in Celeste's mind of the weeks that followed, waking up each morning feeling heavier, hungrier. Her nipples swelling, breasts tender and full. Her belly rounding out in subtle, delicious increments, no longer flat, but curved, taut, unmistakably *expecting*. She'd catch her reflection in the mirror, watching the growth with trembling fingers pressed to her skin, gasping at how *right* it all felt. The way her walk changed, the way her clothes stopped fitting, the way strangers' eyes lingered on her swelling middle like she was a miracle in progress.

Celeste imagined the soft fluttering of life inside her, that first little kick. The way she'd cradle her bump with both hands, lips curling into a secret smile. Her body no longer just hers, but a temple of creation, a vessel, a sex-drenched dream finally made flesh.

When Celeste's eyes opened again, the world returned, but her body hadn't forgotten. A needy, wet heat clung between her thighs, her panties damp from the depth of her arousal. Her cheeks flushed with a guilty, breathless ache, but she didn't move to adjust or hide it. She just sat there, tingling, her hands resting gently on her lower belly, wishing, wanting, *waiting*.

A baby's wail cracked the afternoon air and stirred something deep inside of Celeste. The feeling wasn't merely arousal, however, as the sensation felt *very* different than the pleasure she had become accustomed to. There was something more to this experience, but it didn't make any sense to her.

It started as a gentle ache, barely there, just a subtle fullness behind Celeste's nipples, like her body had been holding its breath for too long and was now, finally, beginning to exhale. She folded her arms over her chest, not to conceal but to *feel*. Heat bloomed beneath her palms, spreading like warm honey through the soft tissue, and then came the pressure, slow, insistent, *glorious*.

Celeste's breasts began to swell beneath her sundress, not suddenly, but sensuously, like dough rising in the oven. She felt every pulse of growth, each stretch of tender skin as the softness thickened and the weight built. The straps of her bra dug into her shoulders, struggling to contain the sheer *mass* that was pushing outward and upward with each breath, as her cleavage deepened, darkened, and became indecent for such a public place. Veins surfaced faintly beneath her skin, like delicate blue brushstrokes tracing the curves of a masterpiece in progress.

The sound of Celeste's moan was barely audible over the rush of blood in her ears, as the sound rumbled low in her throat. Her nipples throbbed, visibly erect, pushing proudly against the fabric as if begging for lips, for hands, for *purpose*. With each heartbeat, her breasts gained

more heft, more presence, no longer simply part of her body, but the *center* of it, in all of it's heavy, maternal glory.

Sumptuous breasts rested against Celeste's ribcage now with undeniable weight, dragging at the fabric of her dress. She shifted slightly and felt the subtle sway, the undercurrent of motion from her own body, breasts so large they moved on their own rhythm, as if aware of their new role, as if *craving* it. She was starting to lose herself in her growth.

There was no mistaking it, these weren't the perky, modest handfuls Celeste once knew. No, these were full, pendulous orbs of promise, gorgeous, gravid curves built to nourish, to attract, to *serve*. With every second that passed, they only grew more impossible to ignore.

Across the park, a visibly pregnant woman laughed, a deep, belly-shaking laugh that turned heads. Celeste couldn't look away. That ripe, rounded curve beneath the woman's top that struggled to cover her navel, the unmistakable fullness of late pregnancy, the way she cradled her bump with both hands like it was something precious and divine. It was too much, too perfect. The woman radiated contentment, power, and purpose, and Celeste felt it like a jolt to her spine.

The next sensation came, taking the very breath from Celeste's lungs, as a soft flutter stirred deep in her abdomen, followed by a curious tightening, like her womb had awakened, stretching after a long sleep. It spread from her pelvis upward, like heated silk sliding beneath her skin. She gasped, her hand flying instinctively to her stomach. Under her fingertips, the flesh was shifting, *rising*.

Celeste's belly began to press forward, ever so slightly at first, just a gentle rounding that made her look like she'd finished a big meal, but it didn't stop. With each passing breath, her abdomen crept outward, smooth, taut, and noticeably growing. Her dress tightened across her middle, bunching ever so subtly as the fabric strained to contain the bloom beneath it. The swell had shape now, volume, a soft weight that tugged at her core and twisted her desire tighter.

Glancing down, what Celeste saw stole her breath, a delicate dome, perfect and gentle, rising from her once-flat stomach. Not a bloat, not an illusion, this was the beginning of something *real*. Her fingers splayed across the curve, stroking the newly sensitive skin, and a shiver danced down her spine. She could *feel* the fullness, not just on the surface, but *within*. Her womb felt occupied, her body humming with the unspoken rhythm of gestation.

Emotion and arousal tangled in Celeste's chest. Her thighs pressed together as her core pulsed again, wet and wanting, clenched around a presence that was already growing inside her. The fantasy wasn't just a fantasy anymore, it was *happening*, and it felt *right*. Her hips involuntarily bucked, eyes fluttering closed, as her thoughts spiraled.

Is this how it begins? Is this how it feels to cradle life?

Celeste's belly swelled again, slightly larger, rounding out just a bit more. The size of an orange, then a grapefruit, while her breathing quickened. She felt heavier in the best way, blooming with new life. She imagined herself weeks from now, rubbing lotion into stretched skin, cradling herself in the mirror, whispering lullabies to the child within. The thrill wasn't just sexual, it was *transformative*. This was more than lust, it was fulfillment, as she was becoming the mother she always knew she was meant to be.

Two women sat on a nearby bench, their voices low and intimate, flowing with the rhythm of shared experience. They traded stories about formula brands, sleepless nights, teething tricks, the kind of language only mothers knew. One passed a worn diaper bag to the other like it was sacred, a symbol of something Celeste had craved for years, that sense of belonging and purpose.

Celeste leaned toward their voices intently, drawn to the cadence of maternal knowledge. Every word soaked into her like warm milk, and something *deep* within her clenched in response, as if her body knew exactly what came next, it began to *prepare*.

The shift was slow at first, subtle. Just a feeling of tension in Celeste's hips, like her bones had been wrapped in velvet and were now gently spreading. Then came the *pull*. She squeaked aloud, her eyes flying wide, as her pelvis widened beneath her. Her rear expanded, *grew*, the weight of it sinking into the bench.

Celeste's hips pushed outward, stretching her dress across her lower body in ways it had never been meant to accommodate. Seams strained, as her ass swelled with maternal purpose, thickening into plush, round curves designed not just for attraction, but for *bearing*. She was taking on the shape that most women spent years in the gym sculpting, or paid to have made.

Celeste felt it all, the soft resistance of her dress as it clung to her shifting figure, the slow, powerful pressure of widening bones, the swelling of flesh as fat and muscle redistributed into new, fertile proportions. Her already desirable backside now filled the bench beneath her, overflowing slightly at the sides with exaggerated softness, lifting her slightly in place. She shifted, and the movement jostled her new curves, *they moved with her*, no longer something she sat on but something she *carried*, with considerable weight. She picked at the uncomfortable wedgie her cheeks had created, as her panties were being devoured by the space between her ass, practically turning it into a thong.

The way her center of gravity shifted, lowered by the change, left Celeste feeling like a tree taking root, strong and immovable, built to grow life and carry it with sensual grace. Her thighs brushed together now with every subtle movement, the shape of her body becoming unapologetically full, deliciously heavy. Her hands trembled as she slid them down her sides, fingers tracing the dramatic flare of her hips, the lush swell of her ass. She could barely recognize herself, nor did she want to.

Her pulse thumped harder, matching the slow beat of arousal that never stopped humming through her. She imagined what others would see now, how they'd stare at her hips, her backside, her belly. Not in judgment, but in awe, as if they knew she was in the midst of something sacred, something *inevitable*, and she wanted *more*.

Celeste's gaze wandered again, still dazed from the changes her body had already endured. She had become soft and heavy in ways she never thought possible, and still, it wasn't *done*. Something inside her knew what she wanted and was more than happy to oblige. She didn't have to wait long.

Across the lawn, under the shade of a willow tree, a young woman sat in serene silence, cradling an infant in her arms. The baby suckled eagerly at a bottle, lips smacking softly with each pull. The woman's eyes were gentle and lidded with that peculiar exhaustion only mothers knew, but her expression was utterly content, peaceful in a way that struck Celeste straight

through the heart. She held the bottle with such tenderness, tilting it just right, brushing her fingers over her child's downy hair as the little one drank, safe and warm in her arms.

Something *snapped* in Celeste. Uncontrollably panting, her nipples stiffened with sudden, sharp intensity, the fabric of her bra damp and clinging. The pressure returned, *no*, not pressure, *swelling, milk*. Her breasts, already generous from their earlier expansion, began to swell once more with slow, glorious urgency. She whimpered, arching her back slightly, the weight of them doubling, tripling. Her bra surrendered to the growth, the clasp in back giving way with a quiet pop that felt *obscene* in the open air.

Celeste's breasts hung heavy and swollen, straining against the thin cotton of her dress. The fabric clung to every curve, stretched tight across her areolas, now broad and dark, sensitive to the faintest whisper of air. Her milk had come in. She could feel it, *knew* it, thick and warm, pooling inside her like liquid gold, her body aching with the instinct to nourish. Drops welled at the tips of her nipples, soaking through, drawing faint circular stains on her dress like blooming flowers.

With an immediate shift, Celeste's belly surged. Her abdomen tightened, then pushed outward with new momentum. What had been a gentle swell moments ago was now a *bulge*, then a *full-blown belly*. She clutched the sides of the bench, moaning through her teeth as her womb filled rapidly, skin stretching taut as a drum.

Celeste's navel popped outward with a subtle, erotic *ping*, a badge of fertility displayed proudly against her straining dress. Her belly surged forward, round and high, the unmistakable shape of a woman *nine months pregnant*, radiant as ever and impossibly full. Her sundress now clung to the very limits of modesty, riding up along her hips and belly, forced higher by the sheer volume of her bounty. The hem barely concealed the soaked fabric stretched tight between her thighs, the cloth dark and glistening where it hugged her trembling, desperately needy slit.

Celeste whimpered, her thighs slick, her breath ragged. She was overcome by heat and arousal, lost in the raw pleasure of her maternal metamorphosis. The weight of her belly pulled on her spine, shifted her balance, and made it difficult to move without considerable effort. Her whole body had been remade for one purpose, and it had accepted that purpose with glorious abandon.

The pressure between Celeste's legs was constant now, a soft pulse that begged for relief, but more than that, she felt vulnerable, *exposed*. She needed to get away, somewhere quiet, where she could cradle herself and breathe. She was dying to explore her new form.

With all her might, Celeste braced her hands on the bench and tried to rise. Her center of gravity had shifted so drastically she almost fell forward. Her swollen breasts swayed, heavy with milk, her belly tight and proud between her legs. She groaned, one hand cupping the underside of her womb instinctively, the other gripping the bench until she managed to rise to her feet.

Celeste couldn't walk, *not normally*. Her thighs rubbed together with every step, her hips forced into a wide, rolling sway, she waddled. Each step made her more aware of the life inside her, of the weight of her breasts, of the softness that clung to every inch of her.

Keeping her eyes down as she moved across the grass, Celeste willed herself toward the distant parking lot where her car waited, isolated and shaded beneath a quiet gathering of trees.

The world blurred at the edges. All she could feel was her body, *her beautiful, altered, impossibly pregnant body*, and the pleasure that refused to fade.

Celeste reached her car at last, the shade from the trees casting cool relief over her flushed skin. Her breaths came in soft, uneven pants, her body still trembling from the effort of moving, from the weight she now carried, inside and out. She fumbled with her keys, the ring clinking dully as she opened the door and lowered herself slowly into the driver's seat.

Every movement was deliberate, careful. Celeste's belly loomed large in front of her, taut and perfect, brushing the wheel as she eased herself back with a low, needy groan, adjusting her seat to make room. The soft leather cradled her hips, her ass spreading luxuriously against the cushion, her posture shifting instinctively to accommodate the life-heavy curve of her body. She was *alone* now, hidden, safe from the world and its questions.

Without hesitation, Celeste reached up and slid the narrow straps of her sundress down her shoulders, letting them fall like lazy vines. The top of her dress slipped down, grazing her sensitive skin as it collapsed around the swell of her belly. Her breasts, engorged, flushed, and dripping, spilled free with a soft bounce. Each globe was nearly the size of her head, incredibly full, as they sat high on her chest, the skin tight and veined, warm with milk and need.

Liquid warmth still wept from Celeste's nipples in slow, glistening dribbles, the droplets rolling over the curves of her breasts and vanishing between the deep canyon of her cleavage. Her areolas were wide and dark, swollen, the tips glossy with wetness and stiff with unrelieved ache.

Celeste exhaled a shaky breath and cupped one breast in both hands, lifting it with reverence. It was heavy, so *heavy*, and warm to the touch, as if pulsing with life of its own. Her thumb stroked over the nipple, and another bead of milk welled up before falling with a soft pat onto her belly. Her lips parted.

Bringing the breast to her mouth, Celeste leaned forward, taking the overstuffed nipple past her lips. The taste hit her instantly, warm, rich, sweet, *hers*. She suckled gently, her cheeks hollowing as she drew the milk into her mouth, a soft moan escaping her throat as the release washed over her.

Pleasure bloomed in waves. Her body trembled, nipples surging under the pull of her lips. Her belly shifted slightly with every breath, every tug, the fullness inside her responding to her hunger. She had no clue that her own body could offer such paradise, drawing warm, sweet cream from her own breast, sending shivers racing down her spine. Yet, beyond the arousal, there was a greater yearning, beautiful anticipation of the day her child would take that place at her chest, suckling not with lust, but with love.

Celeste closed her eyes, cradling herself, suckling from her own breast in quiet ecstasy. This wasn't just arousal, it was nourishment, it was *bonding*. Her body, swollen with life and milk, had become everything she had ever craved. She was a mother, a vessel, a goddess. In that moment, she was complete.

Feeding slowly, rhythmically, Celeste's plush lips remained tightly wrapped around her own swollen nipple, drawing warm milk with every pull, until she was full. It flowed freely now, thick and tasty across her tongue, soothing the ache in her chest but kindling the fire lower in her body into something fierce and insistent. She whimpered around the flesh in her mouth, the

vibrations of her moans echoing back through her breast in a way that made her shudder with ecstasy.

Releasing one hand from Celeste's ample bosom, it drifted downward, guided by instinct more than thought. Her belly loomed over her thighs, heavy and firm, a beautiful burden she cradled with pride, but there was still room to reach. Her fingers slid over the soft inner curve of her leg, then pressed between her thighs where her arousal had soaked straight through the fabric. The heat there was *intense*, feverish, begging to be touched.

Purring against her breast, Celeste's hand slipped beneath the waistband of her stretched panties. The cotton was damp, clinging to the slickness between her folds, and the moment her fingers brushed over the swollen lips of her pussy, her body bucked slightly in response. She was *soaked*, flushed with arousal and desperate with need. Her fingers parted the swollen seam, gliding in deep and easy, her entrance clenching around the welcome intrusion.

The moans she tried to stifle now hummed through her chest, causing Celeste's breast to tremble in her mouth. The sensation of suckling herself while touching the pulsing center of her desire was overwhelming, *intoxicating*. Every suck, every flick of her tongue over her own milk-slick nipple, magnified the pleasure between her legs. Her fingers worked slowly at first, drawing lazy, wet circles around her clit, then plunging inward again to curl and press against the spot that made her toes curl in her sandals.

Celeste's belly shifted with every breath, high and taut, her womb cradling life that only deepened the erotic charge of the moment. She imagined herself days from delivery, heavy, leaking, needy beyond reason, entirely fulfilled by her own body.

Each moan grew louder, each ripple of sensation more potent. Celeste was caught between the fullness in her breasts, the pressure of her swollen belly, and the tightening coil between her thighs. Her back arched against the seat, her hips lifting slightly as the pleasure built higher and higher, her fingers relentless now, lost in rhythm and heat.

And then, she had come undone, mind shattered by the crashing wave of pure bliss that had taken her, sending a flood of pleasure racing through her from core to crown. Celeste cried out around her breast, the sound muffled and breathless, lips still latched as milk spilled freely into her mouth. Her body convulsed in the seat, thighs clenching, belly trembling with the force of it.

Celeste's climax rippled through her in waves, raw, deep, and consuming. Her fingers spasmed between her slick folds, her entrance pulsing around nothing, aching to be filled again even as the pleasure emptied her. Milk dripped from her lips, ran in little rivulets down the heavy curve of her breast, smearing across her taut belly as she quaked with aftershocks.

Moaning once more, softer now, drawn out and dreamy, Celeste's whole body relaxed in its aftermath. Her grip on her breast loosened, slipping out of her mouth, as she let it fall gently to rest atop the swell of her belly, slick and flushed, heavy and warm. For a long moment, there was only silence, broken by her shallow, blissful breaths. Then, peace.

A serenity settled over her, unlike anything Celeste had ever known. She rested her head back against the seat, eyes half-lidded, lips still parted. Her hand, milk-slicked, trembling, came to rest lovingly on the curve of her belly. She caressed it slowly, reverently, fingertips gliding over the stretched skin as if memorizing it by touch.

The kick startled her, a firm little nudge from within that made her yelp, then laugh softly in surprise. She hadn't noticed it until now, her wild, indulgent journey having roused the little one from its peaceful solitude. A quiet joy welled up inside her, rich and full. She was *happy*, truly, deeply happy. An unspoken wish had taken shape in her womb, and now a new life awaited her, awaited *them both*.

Every part of Celeste had shifted into place, every craving answered. There was no shame, no guilt, just warmth, wholeness. Her body had become the one she had always longed for, and she was no longer fighting for it. She was *embracing* it.

A soft smile tugged at her lips as she whispered to the life cradled within, "I can't wait to meet you..."

Another kick. Apparently her child agreed with her sentiment, as her belly shifted slightly under her hand, tight and round, radiant with a purpose that filled her heart. She exhaled another soft laugh, joyful, dazed, overwhelmed, and cradled the swell of herself with both arms, rocking gently in the quiet, cocooned space of her car.

She didn't need anyone to see her, to witness her. She had become exactly what she had always wanted to be.

A mother in bloom.