

## ***Knocked Up Step-Mum***

*Story contains:*

- *Pregnancy*
- *Large breasts*
- *Sex scenes*

*When his dad brings home a new girlfriend, 19-year-old Eli never expected her to be heavily pregnant with quadruplets. As her belly swells huge and breasts grow massive, Eli becomes obsessed. What starts as secret help quickly turns into a forbidden, addictive affair. Now he's secretly fucking his very pregnant stepmom*

## **Part 1**

Dad brings his new girlfriend over on a Sunday afternoon with almost no warning, which is typical of him. One text, twenty minutes before they arrive, just enough time for me to throw on jeans, clear the coffee table, and pretend the house doesn't usually look like two people have been living out of laundry baskets.

Jess is around his age, maybe forty, with auburn hair, a soft blue dress that skims her curves, and a nervous smile that makes her seem less like some stranger invading the house and more like someone who knows exactly how awkward this is. Dad introduces us too formally, standing beside her with his hand resting at the small of her back, and I can tell from the way he keeps glancing at her that this is serious.

We sit in the kitchen with tea neither of them really drinks. Jess asks about my course. Dad talks too much. I answer as normally as I can, but my eyes keep drifting to the way her hand keeps drifting toward her stomach. At first I think it's nerves. Then Dad reaches across the table and takes her hand.

"There's something we wanted to tell you," he says.

Jess looks at him, then back at me, and her nervousness softens into something warmer, almost glowing.

"I'm pregnant," she says.

The words hit me like a slow, heavy wave. Pregnant. My cock instantly twitches and starts to swell hard against my jeans. Fuck. Heat rushes through me as I stare at her stomach, imagining it growing round and heavy with my dad's baby. My secret pregnancy fetish flares up instantly.

But then reality crashes in. This is Dad's girlfriend. She's carrying my father's child, my brother or sister. The guilt hits hard, sharp and immediate. I shouldn't be getting turned on by this. I

shouldn't be picturing her heavily pregnant, waddling around the house. She belongs to him. This is wrong.

Jess notices me looking and rests her palm there properly this time, no longer hiding it. Her fingers spread gently over the tiny beginning of her pregnancy, and the sight makes my cock jerk again.

"I'm only a few days along," she says softly. "Still early."

Dad squeezes her hand. "We know it's a surprise."

I nod, stunned, trying to keep my face neutral. "Congratulations," I manage, voice a little rough. It comes out sincere enough, but inside I'm burning.

Dad smiles like he's been holding his breath all afternoon. Jess relaxes beside him, still cradling her flat belly, completely unaware that her boyfriend's nineteen-year-old son is sitting there rock-hard, torn between guilt and an overwhelming desire to see her grow even bigger with his father's baby.

But that was a couple months ago.

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I had just stepped off a long-haul flight from overseas, exhausted but glad to be home. I hadn't seen Dad or Jess since that awkward Sunday afternoon announcement. A few texts here and there, but nothing more. I had no idea how much things had changed.

I unlocked the front door and pushed it open, dragging my suitcase behind me.

I expected to see my Dad, but the first thing that greeted me was an absolutely gigantic pregnant belly.

Jess stood in the hallway in nothing but a black bra and panties, frozen mid-step with a glass of water in her hand. Just months ago she had been completely flat, slim stomach, small chest. Now she was massively pregnant, her belly enormous, round, and so heavily swollen it looked like she was carrying a litter. The smooth, stretched skin shone under the light, jutting out so far it almost brushed the doorframe as she turned toward me.

Her breasts were insane. Huge swollen orbs that had ballooned to almost bigger than my head. They overflowed the cups of her bra dramatically. I was stunned, mouth slightly open, unable to process how much her body had changed. I swear her chest was flat when I met her.

My cock surged to full hardness in seconds, throbbing painfully against my jeans. Holy fuck. How is she this huge already? Four months? Five? There's no way that's just one baby. The thought made my mouth go dry and my dick leak into my boxers.

“Oh, you’re back,” she said warmly, eyes widening in surprise. One hand instinctively moved to cradle the underside of her massive belly, lifting it slightly as if the weight was becoming too much.

She stepped forward and tried to give me a quick cuddle hello, but her gigantic belly got in the way. It pressed firmly against my torso, warm and rock-hard, stopping her from getting close enough for a proper hug. The heavy bump just rested there between us as she leaned in and gave me a quick side squeeze instead.

I couldn’t speak. All I could do was stare at how obscenely pregnant she looked. My pregnancy fetish was in full overdrive, the way her skin was stretched drum-tight, her popped-out belly button, her widened hips, and those massive overflowing tits. It made my head spin.

“Jess... fuck,” I muttered under my breath, eyes locked on her gigantic bump. “You’re... huge.”

She gave a shy, tired laugh and rubbed slow circles over the top of her enormous belly. “Yeah... it’s been a bit of a shock how fast I’ve popped. Your dad’s been fussing over me non-stop.”

We stood there for a moment. I couldn’t stop staring at her. Jess clearly noticed, she shifted awkwardly, one arm moving to partially cover her chest while the other rested on top of her bump.

“Sorry about the outfit,” she said, her voice turning more embarrassed as she caught me looking. “I wasn’t expecting you back today and...”

I swallowed hard, not knowing what to say. The silence made it even more obvious I’d been staring.

Before the awkwardness could get worse, we heard footsteps coming down the hallway.

Dad appeared from the living room, grinning widely when he saw me. “There he is! Welcome home, son.” He pulled me into a quick hug and clapped me on the back. “Flight okay?”

While Dad talked, Jess shifted uncomfortably beside us. She placed both hands on the small of her back, pushing her enormous pregnant belly out even further. The huge, tight sphere thrust forward dramatically, her popped navel pointing straight at me. Her massive breasts jiggled heavily with the movement. It was obvious she was struggling to stay on her feet for long, her back arched, weight shifting from one foot to the other as she tried to ease the strain.

“Yeah, flight was fine,” I answered Dad, but my eyes kept drifting back to Jess. The way she was standing, hands supporting her lower back, belly proudly and massively on display, made her look even more obscenely pregnant.

Jess gave me a small, tired smile, still rubbing her lower back. “I’ll go sit down... standing isn’t my friend anymore.”

Jess turned slowly, her gigantic belly leading the way as she waddled toward the living room, one hand still pressed to her aching back. Dad and I followed, my gaze glued to the hypnotic sway of her hugely swollen body.

We all settled in the living room. Dad sat in his usual armchair while Jess lowered herself carefully onto the couch with a tired sigh, her massive pregnant belly resting heavily on her lap. I sat on the other end of the couch, trying not to stare but failing miserably.

Jess clearly noticed. She kept shifting uncomfortably, one hand resting on top of her enormous bump while the other tugged at her bra strap.

We chatted for a while, mostly Dad asking about my overseas trip. I answered on autopilot, my attention constantly pulled back to Jess's barely-covered body. And not long later, Dad stood up and stretched. "Alright, I'm beat. Jess, you coming to bed love?"

Jess nodded and placed both hands on the small of her back again, pushing her huge round belly out as she struggled to stand. "Yeah, I should. Standing and sitting both suck these days."

She gave me another awkward glance, clearly self-conscious after catching me staring at her overflowing chest and tight pregnant belly one too many times. "Sorry again about being half-naked... pregnancy has basically ruined all my clothes."

Dad helped her up, his hand on her lower back. Jess waddled beside him toward the stairs, her massive belly swaying heavily with every step, breasts bouncing in her strained bra.

"Night son. Don't stay up too late," Dad called out.

Then they were gone. I also headed upstairs to my room, closing the door behind me.

Sitting on my bed, I pulled out my phone and opened my secret pregnancy feed, a private collection of accounts I followed across Reddit, Twitter, and a few fetish sites. I started scrolling, hungry for the biggest, heaviest bellies I could find. Massive twins. Triplets. Even some nine-month singles stretched to the limit.

But nothing compared.

No matter how many photos and videos I swiped through, I couldn't find a single belly as big as Jess's. Her enormous, drum-tight sphere was on another level and so swollen it looked like it belonged on a woman twice as far along. I kept going back to the mental image of her standing in the hallway in just her bra and panties, that gigantic gut thrusting out, breasts bigger than my head spilling everywhere.

My cock was aching, leaking steadily. I shoved my hand down my pants and started slowly stroking, eyes half-closed as I imagined her. I wanted to jerk off so badly, right now, but I was also starving after the long flight. I told myself I'd eat something first, then come back and edge for as long as I wanted.

I adjusted my painfully hard erection in my sweatpants and quietly went back downstairs toward the kitchen, trying not to make too much noise.

The house was dark except for the dim under-cabinet lights. I quickly grabbed a cold drink and a couple slices of cold pizza, then headed back toward my room.

On the way back, I saw Jess lying on her side on the large couch, facing the TV. She wore a thin white singlet that had ridden all the way up under her heavy breasts, leaving her entire massive pregnant belly completely bare. Her grey PJ shorts were stretched low, hidden under the huge curve of her stomach. The sight stopped me in my tracks.

Her belly was even more staggering lying down. It rested on the couch cushions and still rose high into the air. The skin looked shiny and drum-tight, with faint stretch marks visible across the sides.

She had one hand slowly rubbing wide circles over the top of her gigantic bump while the other supported the heavy underside.

“Hey,” she said softly, looking up at me with a warm but tired smile. “Couldn’t sleep either? These babies are going absolutely wild tonight. I tried lying in bed for over an hour but nothing felt comfortable, so I came down here.”

She patted the couch in front of her. “Come sit and watch with me for a bit? I’d really like us to get along. I know this whole situation with your dad and me happened pretty fast, and I want you to feel okay having me around. I don’t want things to be weird between us.”

I nodded, trying to play it cool, and sat down near her feet, plate balanced on my lap. My cock was painfully hard again, clearly tenting in my sweatpants. There was zero chance of hiding it.

“I should probably tell you... I’m actually only seven months along,” she said, gently stroking the massive sphere in front of her. “And... it’s four babies. Quads. No joke.”

I nearly choked on my pizza.

“Quads?” I repeated, stunned. My eyes widened as I stared at her belly. “You’re only seven months pregnant... with four babies?”

Jess nodded, letting out a soft, embarrassed laugh. “Yeah. We were shocked too. They thought it was twins at first, then triplets... and then they found the fourth one. The doctor says they’re all doing really well, but I’ve gotten huge really fast.”

Holy fuck. My mind was reeling. Only seven months. With four babies inside her. My cock throbbed hard at the thought. If she was already this massively swollen at seven months, how enormous was she going to be at full term? Her belly would probably be inhumanly big, so heavy she would be bedridden, maybe even needing a wheelchair. The image made my mouth go dry.

Jess kept rubbing her bare belly in slow, soothing circles, completely unaware of the filthy storm happening in my head. "Your dad's been amazing, but it's a lot. I feel like I'm taking up the whole house sometimes."

She shifted a little, causing her gigantic quad bump to roll and tighten. The thin singlet slipped higher, and her massive breasts jiggled heavily. She noticed me staring again, at her belly, at her tits, at the very obvious erection in my pants, and bit her lip awkwardly, but she still tried to keep the conversation friendly.

"So... tell me more about your trip?" she asked, voice soft and genuinely interested. "I want to hear everything. I really do want to be part of the family... if you'll let me."

Her hand never stopped gently caressing her enormous quad pod as she lay there beside me, friendly, warm, and completely exposed.

We ended up talking for a surprisingly long time and kinda bonded. She asked real questions, about my course, what I wanted to do after university, even what kind of music I liked. She listened properly, laughing at my stories about getting lost in Barcelona and the terrible hostel I stayed in.

"I'm really glad you're home," she said softly after a while, shifting her weight with a small wince. "I know this must be weird for you. One day you leave and your dad is single, next thing you know there's a very pregnant woman living in your house." She smiled self-consciously and patted the top of her huge belly. "Especially one who looks like she swallowed a beach ball... or four."

I chuckled despite myself. "Yeah... it's definitely an adjustment."

She smiled, looking relieved that I was opening up a bit. "I'm not trying to replace anyone or rush anything. I just... I really care about your dad. And I'd love it if we could be friends. Or at least not awkward housemates."

She genuinely seemed to want a good relationship with me, not just as her boyfriend's son, but as family. And despite how insanely attractive her massively pregnant body was to me, I found myself actually enjoying talking to her.

Still, I stayed painfully hard the entire time. Every time she rubbed her belly, or it moved on its own with the babies kicking, or her heavy breasts shifted in that thin singlet, my cock throbbed. She noticed the tent in my sweatpants more than once but never commented on it. She just kept being warm and friendly, clearly determined to make this work.

Eventually she yawned widely. "I should probably try to go back to bed soon... but this was really nice. Thank you for sitting with me."

She slowly and with great effort, sat up, her gigantic quad belly dropping heavily between her thighs as she did. "I'm really glad you're home."

I watched as she waddled out of the living room, her belly leading the way, swaying heavily from side to side with every slow step. I stayed frozen on the couch until I heard her heavy footsteps climbing the stairs.

The house was quiet again. My cock was aching so badly it almost hurt. The friendly conversation had only made it worse, hearing her talk so casually about her body, watching her rub that insane belly for nearly an hour, seeing it move and shift with the four babies inside her... I was losing my mind.

I went straight up to my room, closed the door, and dropped onto my bed. My sweatpants were off in seconds. I wrapped my hand around my throbbing cock and started stroking hard, eyes closed, replaying every moment.

I was stroking fast, breathing hard, when I heard a low, muffled groan from down the hallway. Dad and Jess's room. Then another soft sound. She was clearly still awake and uncomfortable.

The thought of her lying in bed right now, massive belly towering over her, four babies kicking, made me even harder. I kept jerking off, imagining sliding my hands over that tight, hot skin, feeling the babies move under my palms, hearing her moan as I rubbed lotion into her stretch marks. It didn't take long to finish

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The past month had been surprisingly quiet. Nothing dramatic or life-changing happened after that late-night couch conversation with Jess. Dad went to work, I went back to my uni classes, and life in the house settled into a strange new rhythm.

But fuck, I had enjoyed every single day of it.

Jess just kept growing. At eight months pregnant with quads, her body had transformed even more. Her belly had dropped lower, becoming even heavier and rounder, pushing out so far it looked like she was carrying a full-term singleton times three. Her breasts had ballooned again, huge, constantly leaking a little into whatever top she wore, and so sensitive she winced every time they brushed against anything. I timed my trips downstairs just to catch glimpses of her waddling through the kitchen in tiny shorts and a stretched tank top, one hand always under that massive gut, the other rubbing slow circles over the tight skin. She had no idea how many times I'd slipped into my room afterwards, jerking off furiously to the mental image of her.

The first properly weird thing since I got home was my 20th birthday.

Dad insisted we all go out for dinner, him, Jess, me, and even Mum. One big, awkward "family" celebration. I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but I said yes anyway.

And so that afternoon we went shopping so Jess could find something decent to wear.

The maternity boutique was quiet, but the assistant's eyes widened the second Jess waddled through the door. She was wearing one of Dad's oversized shirts. He's a big dude, so the shirt hung like a tent on her, but even that barely covered the lower curve of her gigantic belly, the hem riding high and exposing a wide strip of bare skin underneath.

Jess tried on several outfits. Most of them were a disaster. Finally she stepped out of the changing room in the dress that fit best, a long, flowy maternity maxi dress in deep burgundy that was supposed to be elegant and loose. But it wasn't.

The dress was meant to be flowy and long, but on her massively pregnant body it rode up almost to her crotch, turning into something that looked more like a slutty clubbing dress than a nice dinner outfit. The thin fabric clung to the front of her enormous quad pod, stretching tight across the heavy curve and stopping obscenely high on her thighs. Every step made the hem creep higher.

Her boobs were covered in this one, unfortunately, but they still spilled heavily out of her bra under the thin fabric, testing the seams when they jiggled with every breath.

"This is the best one," Jess said, turning sideways in front of the mirror. Her belly looked even more massive in profile, the dress fabric pulled drum-tight over the round sphere. She placed both hands on her lower back and arched slightly "Everything else makes me look like I'm smuggling a car. At least this one kind of works... even if it's riding up like crazy."

Dad smiled proudly and rested a hand on the tight curve of her belly through the dress. "You look beautiful, love."

I couldn't stop staring. The way the long dress had turned into a tiny, slutty thing on her made my cock twitch hard in my jeans. Holy fuck... she's eight months. How the hell is she going to look at full term?

Jess caught me looking again and gave me a small, slightly awkward smile. "You're quiet. Too much?"

"You look... incredible," I managed, voice rough.

Jess blushed but seemed genuinely pleased. "Thanks. I'll take it."

We paid and left the shop. Dad had already knocked back a couple of beers at the bar next door while we were inside, so when we reached the car he tossed the keys to Jess. "You drive, love. I'll have another one at the restaurant."

Jess stopped dead, one hand on her enormous belly, and gave him a cross look. "Babe, you know I can't fit behind the wheel anymore. This belly doesn't exactly leave room for a steering wheel."

Dad blinked, then laughed like it was no big deal. "Right, right. Sorry."

I stepped forward. "I'll drive again."

Jess shot me a grateful smile and climbed into the passenger seat. I pushed the seat all the way back for her, but even then her gigantic quad belly pressed right up against the dashboard. The short hem of the dress had ridden up even higher on her thick thighs, barely covering anything.

The road to the restaurant was full of speed bumps and potholes. Every bump made Jess's huge breasts bounce and jiggle heavily under the thin fabric of the dress. Her bra was clearly struggling; the soft, overflowing flesh shook and swayed with the motion of the car, clear as day under the fabric of the dress.

I tried not to stare, but it was impossible. Jess noticed almost immediately. She caught me looking and gave a small, embarrassed laugh. "Eli... they're not going to stop moving on these roads, you know," she said softly, cheeks turning pink. Without another word she brought both hands up and cupped the undersides of her huge breasts, holding them steady for the rest of the drive.

I kept my eyes on the road after that, heart hammering, until we reached our destination.

The upscale Italian place had dim lighting and white tablecloths. Mum was already seated when we arrived. The moment her eyes landed on Jess, her expression shifted from polite to openly shocked.

"Jesus Christ, Michael," Mum said, not even trying to hide it as we approached the table. "She looks like she is about to explode. You didn't think to tell me before dragging me out to dinner?"

Jess gave an awkward laugh as she carefully lowered herself into the chair, both hands cradling the huge underside of her belly. "Eight months... It takes up a lot of room these days." She winced a little as her massive womb settled heavily onto her lap, pushing the burgundy fabric even tighter.

Mum's gaze dragged slowly over Jess's body with clear judgment. "Well, those boobs are certainly... something else. I didn't know they could get that big without implants."

Jess flushed bright red and instinctively tugged at the neckline, but it did nothing. Her enormous breasts still strained heavily against the thin dress fabric.

Mum continued, sipping her wine and eyeing the way the dress was stretched obscenely tight across Jess's enormous gut. "Honestly, it looks painful. Surely you have twins in there, I only had one baby at a time and I still complained nonstop. I don't know how you're even walking around looking like that."

Dad placed a protective hand on Jess's tight belly. "She's doing amazingly," he said, voice firm with a clear edge. "The babies are healthy and that's what matters."

Jess tried her best to keep things civil, smiling politely even though the comments were obviously getting to her. "It is a lot, but we're managing. The doctor says everything is going really well." She gently rubbed the side of her belly, the thin dress fabric straining loudly as she moved.

Mum just hummed and raised an eyebrow. "They must be. You're absolutely massive. But glowing of course"

Throughout the meal the tension stayed thick. Mum was overly nice in a fake way and kept making little digs every chance she got about how much weight Jess had gained, how her breasts looked ready to burst out of her bra, how the dress made her look like she was trying too hard, and how she took up half the table with that "beach ball" belly. Jess handled it gracefully, staying warm and friendly, asking Mum questions about her work and trying to include everyone. But I could see the way she kept one hand protectively on her huge belly the whole time, gently stroking it like it comforted her.

Without thinking, she reached across and took my hand, pressing my palm firmly against the tight fabric over her enormous belly. A strong, rolling kick thumped right under my fingers.

"Feel that?" she whispered, smiling at me softly despite Mum's stare. "They always get extra lively when I'm sitting still."

I left my hand there longer than I should have, feeling the heat and constant movement inside her. My cock was rock-hard under the table the entire time. Mum noticed the hand placement and rolled her eyes dramatically.

"Well, happy birthday, Eli," Mum said dryly, cutting into her pasta. "At least one of us is having a good night watching your dad's girlfriend show off how big she is."

Jess blushed deeper but kept her hand over mine for a few extra seconds before pulling the dress back into place as best she could. She gave me another small, warm smile, the same friendly one she always did when she was trying to make me feel like part of the family.

The table went quiet for a beat. Dad glanced at Mum, waiting for another sharp comment, but instead she took a slow sip of wine and gave a small, slightly forced smile.

"Well... congratulations again on the babies, Jess," Mum said, her tone suddenly polite, almost too polite. "You must be so excited."

Jess relaxed a little and smiled back. "Thank you. It's been a bit overwhelming, but we're really happy."

Mum nodded, still wearing that oddly pleasant expression. "The dress is... very flattering on you," she added, eyes flicking to the short hem riding high on Jess's thighs. "You're carrying it all so well."

For the rest of the main course Mum kept acting strangely nice, asking polite questions about the pregnancy and how Jess was feeling. But the tension never fully left the air even as the pregnancy hormones hit Jess hard.

She suddenly got teary-eyed, one hand gently rubbing the massive curve of her belly. "I'm sorry," she said softly, voice cracking a little. "It's just... I'm so happy to be here tonight. With all of you. I know this whole situation is new and a bit weird, but I really do want to be part of the family. Eli, your dad has told me so much about you, and I just... I already feel like you're my family too."

A single tear slipped down her cheek. She quickly wiped it away, laughing at herself. "God, sorry. Blame the quads, they make me cry over everything these days."

Mum reached over and gave Jess's shoulder a gentle squeeze, still wearing that same uncertain-but-nice smile. "Oh, sweetheart, don't apologise. Pregnancy does that. You're doing beautifully."

At that exact moment Jess caught me staring again, eyes locked on the way the thin burgundy fabric of the dress covered her massive breasts but still let the heavy, overflowing shape of her bra push through underneath, the deep cleavage clearly visible. Mum noticed too.

"Eli can't take his eyes off you tonight, Jess," Mum said playfully, a teasing lilt in her voice. "Pregnancy really suits you, doesn't it? Look at him, he's mesmerised."

Jess let out a soft, embarrassed laugh and gave me that warm, friendly smile again. "He's just being sweet," she said, but her cheeks stayed pink.

As the night went on Dad kept drinking wine with the main, then another bottle with dessert. He got louder, handsier. He slid his arm around Jess's shoulders, pulling her closer so her gigantic belly pressed against his side. A few minutes later his hand dropped lower, openly squeezing one of her huge breasts through the thin fabric of the dress.

"Look how much these have grown," Dad slurred loudly, giving her tit another squeeze right in front of everyone. "Bigger than any you've ever seen, right Susan? Way bigger than yours ever got." He laughed drunkenly, clearly trying to rub it in.

Jess stiffened and quickly pushed his hand away, whispering, "Babe, not here," while trying to keep smiling for Mum's sake. She didn't want to disrespect her by making a scene. Dad just chuckled and did it again a few minutes later, groping her overflowing breast more obviously this time. Jess had to push his hand away twice more, cheeks burning, all while still trying to stay polite and warm toward Mum.

After the third time Dad got handsy, Mum's whole attitude shifted again. She suddenly became even more overly nice, like she felt bad for how she'd spoken to Jess earlier.

“You know what, Jess? You really are such a lovely girl,” Mum said warmly, leaning in. “I can see why my ex is so smitten. And the way you’re handling all of this. I’m sorry if I came on a bit strong earlier. It was just a shock.”

Jess looked relieved and touched. “Thank you. That means a lot.”

Mum smiled wider, eyes flicking to Jess’s belly again. Later, when Dad was on his fourth glass and barely coherent, Mum leaned closer to Jess and dropped her voice like it was just girl talk.

“So... be honest with me,” she said with a light laugh. “After these are born, would you ever get pregnant again? Or... if you didn’t want more of your own, would you ever consider being a surrogate for someone else? I mean, clearly your body is made for this.”

Jess blinked, surprised but still polite. “Oh... I haven’t really thought that far ahead. Maybe one day, but four is already a lot.”

Mum laughed softly, but there was a hungry edge to it now. “Just something to think about. You’re so good at it.”

By then Dad was completely hammered. He suddenly leaned in and tried to bury his face straight into Jess’s massive bust, mumbling something about how “fucking perfect” her tits were.

Jess’s eyes widened. She shoved him back hard. “Eek! Stop it!” she hissed, then slapped his shoulder sharply.

The whole table went silent.

Jess’s face burned with embarrassment. “I’m sorry,” she muttered to Mum, then pushed her chair back. “I need some air.”

She stood up and waddled off toward the bathroom, the short dress riding up dangerously high on her thighs, her gigantic quad belly leading the way as she moved. Her heavy breasts bounced with every hurried step under the thin fabric.

Dad just laughed drunkenly in his seat.

Mum watched Jess waddle away, then looked back at me with that same oddly intense, overly-nice smile.

“Poor thing,” she said softly, almost to herself. “She really is carrying a lot, isn’t she?” Her eyes lingered on the empty chair where Jess had been sitting, as if she were already picturing something far beyond tonight.

Dad just chuckled drunkenly and reached for another glass of wine, completely oblivious to the slap or the tension. “Ahh she’ll be fine.”

The waiter brought the bill a few minutes later. Mum paid for her own share, still acting strangely pleasant, and gave me another tight birthday hug. "Call me soon, sweetheart. Lets go for lunch, you, me and Jess" she whispered in my ear before leaving. "We should talk about... family things."

Jess came back from the bathroom a couple of minutes later, eyes a little red but trying to smile.

"I'm ready to go home," she said quietly, not even looking at Dad.

The car ride home was painfully awkward.

I drove. Dad was slumped in the back seat, half-asleep and muttering nonsense, reeking of wine. Jess eased herself into the passenger seat with a soft groan, pushing the seat all the way back again so her gigantic belly could fit. Even then the tight curve pressed right up against the dashboard.

She was an emotional mess. Tears kept slipping down her cheeks as we pulled out of the restaurant car park. She tried to wipe them away quickly, but more came. "I'm sorry," she whispered, voice shaky. "I didn't want to make a scene. I just... I hate when he drinks like that. And your mum being so nice out of nowhere... it felt weird. Like she was being fake. I just wanted tonight to be nice for you."

I kept one hand on the wheel and glanced over at her. Her massive breasts rose and fell with every shaky breath under the thin fabric. The dress clung to every heavy curve of her belly, the fabric stretched so tight it looked ready to split.

"You didn't do anything wrong," I told her softly. "Dad was out of line. You handled it better than anyone could."

Jess gave me a small, grateful smile through her tears and reached over to squeeze my arm. "Thank you, Eli. You've been... really safe tonight. I feel like I can actually talk to you." She kept her hand on my arm for a long moment, like she needed the contact. Every time Dad snored or shifted in the back seat she tensed up, clearly avoiding even looking at him.

When we finally got home, Dad could barely walk.

I helped him inside and basically dumped him on the couch in the living room. He was out cold within seconds, still fully dressed and snoring loudly.

Jess stood in the hallway for a moment, both hands supporting the huge underside of her belly, looking exhausted and overwhelmed. The short dress had ridden all the way up again, almost all of her soft legs exposed. Her eyes were still glassy from crying.

"I can't go to bed with him like that," she said quietly, voice small. "Not tonight."

She looked at me, almost shy. "Would it be okay if I stayed up for a bit? Maybe in the kitchen or living room? I just... I feel safe with you around right now, Eli. I don't want to be alone."

I nodded immediately.

Jess gave me that warm, grateful smile again and slowly waddled toward the kitchen, one hand on her lower back, the other cradling her massive pregnant belly. The short hem of the dress kept creeping higher with every step, exposing more of the smooth, stretched skin underneath.

I followed her. She filled the kettle and leaned against the counter while it boiled, both hands now resting on top of her enormous quad belly like it was the only thing keeping her upright.

"You know," she said softly, not looking at me at first, "you're so much more mature than your dad. He's out there snoring like a teenager after embarrassing me in front of your mum... and you've been the one looking after everyone all night." She gave a tired little laugh and glanced up. "Sometimes I joke with myself that maybe I should've dated you instead. At least then I wouldn't have to deal with a drunk partner who can't keep his hands to himself."

It was clearly meant as a light, joking comment to cut the tension, but the way she said it, soft, almost wistful, made the air feel thicker. She blushed right after, rubbing slow circles over her tight belly. "God, ignore me. Pregnancy brain. I'm just emotional and tired."

Jess gave me that warm, grateful smile again. "Would it be weird if I crashed on the couch down here? Or... if you wanted to stay up a bit longer and keep me company?"

Before I could answer she winced and rubbed her lower back. "Actually... this dress is killing me. Give me two minutes, I'm just going to throw on something comfy."

She waddled away slowly, one hand under her massive belly. A couple of minutes later she came back down wearing an oversized sleep shirt. On her eight-month quad body it was anything but. The hem was sitting high on her ribcage so her entire enormous belly was completely exposed.

Jess's cheeks were bright red the second she stepped into the living room.

"Oh god, Eli... I'm so sorry," she said immediately, trying to tug the shirt down with both hands but it refused to budge. "This is so inappropriate to be standing here like this in front of you, my step-son. I swear I didn't mean to come down half-naked. I'm really sorry."

She kept apologising as she waddled over. "I know it's weird... my belly is just... out. I look ridiculous. I can go put something else on if it's too much."

"It's fine," I said quickly, voice a little rough. "Seriously. Sit down."

Jess gave me one last embarrassed look before lowering herself carefully onto the couch beside me with a long sigh of relief. Her gigantic bare belly settled heavily between her spread

thighs, the underside resting on the cushion. She kept one hand on it protectively the whole time.

We sat like that for a long time, the house quiet except for Dad's distant snoring. Jess sipped her tea slowly, occasionally wiping at her eyes when another wave of hormones hit her. She talked softly about how overwhelmed she felt carrying four babies, how much her body had changed, how she sometimes felt like a "human incubator" instead of a person.

And at one point she caught me looking but didn't pull away. Instead she gave me another small, warm smile, the same friendly one from dinner, but this time it lingered a little longer.

Eventually her voice grew softer, her eyes heavier. "You really are my safe person tonight, Eli," she murmured, yawning. "I don't know what I'd do without you..."

A few minutes later she drifted off completely.

As her breathing evened out I slowly rested my hand on the top of her enormous bare belly. The skin was burning hot and drum-tight under my palm, the heavy curve rising and falling with every slow breath.

Her head slipped down until it rested fully in my lap, auburn hair spilling across my thigh. At the same time her body relaxed and her gigantic pregnant belly rolled slightly, hanging even heavier over the edge of the large couch like a ripe, overfilled globe. The position made it look much much bigger and round. I sat completely still, heart hammering, keeping one hand gently resting on her hot, taut skin.

This was exactly what I had imagined that night weeks ago, sneaking into their room just to see her lying like this. And now it was real. Jess was asleep in my lap, completely vulnerable, her enormous bare belly hanging right there like a fertile goddess. The way the heavy curve drooped over the couch edge, the way it moved with every tiny kick from inside... it was better than any fantasy I'd jerked off to.

My cock was rock-hard under her cheek, throbbing painfully, but I didn't dare move. I just stared, drinking in every inch of her massively pregnant body, my hand gently stroking the tight skin in slow circles while she slept peacefully against me.

The house was silent except for her soft, even breathing and the occasional quiet kick against my palm. She looked perfect. Absolutely perfect. And I couldn't stop touching her.

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A month later and Jess was nearing her due date.

Her belly had grown again. Low, heavy, and somewhat lopsided, it hung so far forward she had to lean back constantly just to balance. The skin was stretched paper-thin and shiny, covered in fresh red stretch marks, her navel popped out like a thick knob. She could barely waddle

anymore; every step made the massive globe sway and bounce between her thickened thighs. Her breasts were even bigger than before, constantly leaking into whatever top she wore, heavy and veiny. Dad was working longer hours (or drinking more), so most days it was just the two of us. Jess had stopped pretending she didn't need my help.

Then one Saturday afternoon she dropped the bombshell.

"Eli, there's someone I want you to meet," Jess said, rubbing slow circles over her gigantic nine-month belly while she sat on the couch. "My daughter, Talia. She's twenty, same as you. She's coming over for dinner tonight. I haven't really talked about her much because things have been complicated, but I want you two to get along."

She didn't mention anything else.

And I couldn't stop thinking about it. Jess had never really spoken about her daughter before, so my mind kept spinning. What would Talia look like? Would she be slim and flat like Jess was before she got pregnant, slim, small chest, tall, almost boyish? Or would she already have the same soft, curvy build her mum had now, the kind of body that looked made for pregnancy? I kept picturing different versions of her walking through the door, trying to imagine how someone related to Jess could possibly look.

By the time the doorbell rang I was weirdly nervous.

Talia stepped inside and I was stunned.

She was much shorter than Jess, with the same auburn hair but cut in a sharp, edgy bob. Her body was the complete opposite of what I'd expected. She was curvy, really curvy, with wide hips and a tiny waist that flared out dramatically. But what hit me hardest was her chest. Talia was super busty. Her breasts were massive, full, and heavy, easily bigger than Jess's already-overloaded pregnant tits. She wore an oversized black hoodie that hung loose everywhere else, but across her chest the fabric was stretched tight, pulled taut over the enormous swell. The neckline had slipped slightly to one side, revealing the thick straps of her bra digging in and the soft, creamy spillage of breast flesh pushing out the sides and over the cups. It was impossible not to stare.

Talia looked me up and down once, eyes flicking over my face with zero warmth.

"So you're the step-brother," she said, voice flat and a little cold. She didn't smile. "Cute."

Jess tried to smooth things over immediately. "Talia, be nice. Eli's been amazing since I moved in."

Talia just shrugged and sauntered past me into the living room, the oversized hoodie swaying around her thick thighs. "Whatever. Hi, Mum. Jesus, you got even bigger since last week."

Dinner started off tense. Talia was sassy and distant, answering questions with short, sarcastic replies and barely looking at me. She kept one hand casually on her own flat stomach, almost like she was already imagining it full. Dad was still upstairs getting changed when the conversation lulled.

Then we heard his heavy footsteps coming down.

The second Dad saw Jess he grinned like an idiot and walked straight over to her. Without any hesitation he dropped to his knees in front of the couch, pushed her shirt up, and planted both hands on her gigantic bare belly. He started rubbing it in slow, openly sexual circles, thumbs stroking the stretched skin right in front of everyone.

“Look at this thing,” he slurred, a little drunk again, from earlier. “My babies are in there. So huge...” He leaned in and kissed the tight skin, then let his hands slide up to grope the undersides of her leaking breasts through her top.

Jess’s face went bright red. “Mark, not now...”

Talia’s expression turned cold and disgusted. She looked away, arms crossed tightly under her massive chest, clearly uncomfortable.

I couldn’t watch it anymore. “Come on,” I said quickly, standing up and nodding toward the stairs. “Talia, let’s go upstairs. I’ll show you my room so you don’t have to sit through this.”

Talia didn’t hesitate. She shot her mum and my dad one last cold glance, then followed me up the stairs without a word.

Once we were in my room and the door clicked shut behind us, the tension in her shoulders eased just a little as she flopped onto my bed.

“Thanks,” Talia muttered, voice still carrying that cool, sassy edge but a bit softer now. “That was gross. Has he always been like that with her?”

I nodded and sat in my desk chair across from her. “Pretty much since she moved in. Gets worse when he drinks.”

Talia rolled her eyes and leaned back against my pillows, one hand resting casually on her flat stomach. “Lucky you, having to watch that shit every day.” She glanced around my room for a second, then looked back at me. “So... Mum says you’ve been helping her a lot. Rubbing her belly, carrying stuff, all that. That true?”

“Yeah. She can barely move anymore.”

Talia gave a small, knowing smirk. “Bet you don’t mind. I saw the way you were looking at her belly downstairs.” She didn’t sound accusatory, “Anyway, I’m not here to judge. I’m actually about to do something similar.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“I’m joining a surrogacy program soon,” she said, like it was the most normal thing in the world. “I’ve already had the medical checks and everything. They’re looking for someone willing to carry multiples, and I told them I’m open to as many as they can safely implant. Twins, triplets... whatever. I want the full experience.” Talia tilted her head, watching my reaction closely.

“You know... you’d look incredible pregnant,” I said, trying to sound casual. “Especially with how curvy you already are. I bet you’d look amazing carrying a huge belly.”

Talia’s eyes lit up and she actually grinned, a real one this time. She gave her flat stomach a little pat. “Yeah? That’s exactly what I’m hoping for. I want to get so big people can’t stop staring. Thanks, that actually made me feel good.”

I took the small win and pushed a little further, heart beating faster.

“I mean... maybe we could hang out more after you start showing,” I added, trying to keep my voice light. “Like, actually go out or something. You and me. It’d be cool to watch it happen up close.”

Talia’s smile faded instantly, but she didn’t get angry or cold. She just let out a soft, casual sigh and shook her head.

“Eli... no,” she said bluntly, but still relaxed and matter-of-fact. “I like that first comment. But the second one? I’m not interested in you like that. Not my type, sorry.”

She gave me a small, almost friendly nod, making sure I understood there was no room for misinterpretation.

“Cool?”

The rejection was clear, direct, and final, but delivered so casually it didn’t feel cruel. She was just setting the boundary and moving on.

We talked for a while after that, the conversation flowed easier than I expected. She told me how she’d been obsessed with pregnancy fetish stuff since she was a teenager, how she got off on the idea of her own body changing dramatically. That’s why the surrogacy program excited her so much.

I hesitated for a second, then pulled out my phone. “You wanna see something?”

Talia raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Depends what it is.”

I opened a hidden folder I kept locked behind a password, my private stash. Dozens of pictures and videos: women at all stages of pregnancy, the biggest bellies I could find, multiples, hyper-pregnant edits, the works. I handed her the phone.

She scrolled slowly, eyes lighting up. "Holy shit... you've got good taste. Some of these girls are massive." She paused on a particularly huge octuplet belly and whistled. "This is what I want."

She kept scrolling for another minute, then handed the phone back. When I took it, her eyes flicked down to my lap. A slow, wicked little smile spread across her face.

"Damn, Eli," she said, voice dripping with teasing sass. "You're rock hard right now."

I froze, heat rushing to my face.

Talia leaned forward a little, still grinning. "So... is that from all the pregnancy talk? Or is it the boob talk? Or... both?" She glanced down at her own chest, then back up at me with a playful shrug. "Be honest. We're friends now, I won't judge."

I opened my mouth but nothing came out. My face felt like it was on fire.

Talia let out a short, amused laugh and shook her head. "Oh my god, you're actually blushing. That's adorable. Relax, dude, it's just a boner." She leaned back again, looking way too pleased with herself.

She watched me squirm for another couple of seconds, clearly enjoying how flustered I was, then waved a hand like she was letting me off the hook.

"Alright, I'll stop torturing you. Promise." Her tone softened into something more casual and friendly. "So... tell me about you. You've been living with my massively pregnant mum for months now. What's that actually like?"

The conversation shifted easily after that. We just talked. She asked about my uni course, what I wanted to do after, how weird it felt suddenly having a very pregnant woman living in the house. I asked her about growing up with Jess, what she was like as a mum before all this, and why she'd decided to go the surrogacy route so young.

Talia answered openly, still sassy but relaxed now that the flirting line had been shut down. She told me she'd always been the independent one, that she and her mum had a pretty good relationship but she'd moved out early. The surrogacy thing wasn't just about the fetish for her, she liked the idea of helping people while getting the body changes she craved.

"Shit, Mum's probably wondering where we disappeared to. We should head down for dinner before she sends a search party."

She stood up, the oversized black hoodie falling loosely around her body again. As she moved, the thick fabric shifted and bunched still around her chest, pulled tight by the sheer weight underneath. Even though the hoodie was baggy everywhere else, her breasts were so massive that the material couldn't hide everything. The front of the hoodie stretched outward in two heavy, rounded mounds, so I could just make out the faint outline of overflowing breast flesh pressing against the inside of the hoodie.

As she turned and headed for the door, my eyes dropped. Even though the hoodie was baggy on top, her ripped cargo shorts did nothing to hide her lower half. Her ass was fat and prominent, like a shelf that jutted out dramatically from her narrow waist and wide hips.

I tried not to stare as we left my room, but walking down the stairs side-by-side made it impossible. Talia went first and with every step down, her huge tits bounced and swayed heavily under the hoodie.

*Jesus Christ... they look even bigger when they move.*

Talia didn't seem to notice my staring this time, or if she did, she didn't care. She just kept descending casually, one hand lightly brushing the railing, ripped cargo shorts hugging her hips and ass.

Halfway down she glanced back over her shoulder and caught me looking again. Instead of getting annoyed, she just gave a small, amused snort.

"Eyes up here, perv," she said lightly, though her tone was still casual and teasing rather than mean. "You're not subtle."

Jess was already in the kitchen wearing a simple blue apron tied around her back. The apron itself was decently sized, but her shirt underneath had ridden up high from all the movement, so the sides of her colossal nine-month belly were clearly visible.

"There you two are! Everything okay?"

Talia gave her mum a quick side-hug around the massive belly. "Yeah, we were just talking. Eli's actually not as lame as he looks."

Jess laughed softly. "Good. Dinner's almost ready. Your dad's... uh, resting on the couch."

Talia rolled her eyes but didn't comment. "Perfect timing," Jess said warmly, turning toward us with a tired but happy smile. "I just finished plating everything."

She waddled over carrying two full plates, her massive belly leading the way. She set one down in front of me and the other in front of Talia, then went back for her own. As she lowered herself carefully into the chair beside me, her enormous belly swung forward and accidentally bumped right into the side of my face.

Talia had just taken a sip of water and immediately snorted it out through her nose, coughing and laughing at the same time.

"Oh my god, Mum," Talia wheezed, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, still grinning. "You just face checked him with your belly."

Jess's cheeks flushed bright pink as she finally settled into her seat, both hands cradling the underside of her gigantic quad bump. "Oh no. Eli, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to. I'm just so big now I don't even know where my body ends anymore."

She looked genuinely embarrassed, but Talia was still chuckling across the table, clearly amused by the whole thing.

We all settled in at the table. Jess had managed to get comfortable in her chair, though her gigantic belly rested heavily on the edge of the table, the sides still bulging out visibly from under the apron. Talia sat across from me, looking perfectly relaxed in her oversized hoodie and ripped cargo shorts.

Jess glanced between the two of us with a hopeful little smile as she picked up her fork.

"So... did you two get along okay up there?" she asked, genuinely excited. "Are you friends now?"

Talia answered first, casual as ever. "Yeah, we're good. Eli's actually pretty chill. Turns out we've got a lot of similar interests."

Jess's face lit up. "Oh really? That's wonderful! What kind of interests?"

I felt my stomach drop. Talia shot me a quick, amused sideways glance, clearly enjoying the moment.

I panicked and blurted out the first completely unrelated thing that came to mind.

"Uh... photography," I said, voice cracking slightly. "We both like photography. You know... taking pictures of... stuff."

Talia had to press her lips together to keep from laughing. Jess, bless her, just nodded sweetly, completely unaware.

"That's lovely! You should take some nice photos together sometime, or some of me."

Jess's expression turned warm and excited again. She reached over and gently rubbed the top of her massive belly as she looked at me.

"You know, Eli, I'm actually really excited for Talia and her surrogacy plans," she said, voice bright. "I think it's wonderful what she's doing. And honestly... I've been thinking about it a lot lately. Once these four are born and I've recovered... I might want to join her. We could do it together, a pregnant mother and daughter duo. Wouldn't that be something? Both of us carrying a baby or two at the same time."

Talia raised an eyebrow, looking mildly surprised but not unhappy. "You're serious?"

Jess nodded, still gently stroking her enormous quad belly. "I am. I've loved being pregnant so much more than I expected. And doing it again but with you... that sounds perfect."

She turned that warm, hopeful smile back toward me, completely oblivious to how hard the mental image hit me.

"What do you think, Eli?"

We were interrupted by Dad's heavy footsteps coming down the hall. He appeared in the doorway a moment later, hair messy, shirt half-untucked, clearly still a little buzzed.

"Well, well," he said with a broad grin the second he saw Talia. "You must be the famous daughter I've heard so much about." He walked straight over and pulled out the chair beside Jess, eyes lighting up. "Nice to finally meet you, Talia. Jess talks about you all the time."

Talia gave him a polite but guarded smile. "Hey."

Dad sat down and immediately started asking questions, clearly keen to make a good impression.

"So, what do you do for work? You in uni or just working full-time? What kind of stuff are you into? Music? Movies? Any hobbies I should know about?"

Talia answered calmly at first, keeping it surface-level. "I work at a coffee shop. Saving up for a few things. I like photography and hiking when I get the chance."

Dad nodded enthusiastically. "That's great. And how about you and Eli up there? Jess said you two went off to chat for a while. You getting along okay? Becoming friends already?"

Talia glanced at me for a split second before answering. "Yeah, we're good. Eli's actually pretty easy to talk to."

Dad's grin widened. He leaned back in his chair, eyes drifting lower, openly looking over her body. "Well that's good to hear. You two are the same age, after all."

His drunken gaze lingered on her figure. "You look a lot like your mum, you know that? Same hair, same... features." He gestured vaguely at her chest area with his fork. "Except you've got quite the... uh... head start in certain departments already."

Jess shifted uncomfortably in her seat, one hand resting on the side of her exposed belly where it bulged out from under the apron. "Mark..."

But Dad kept going, his tone becoming less innocent by the second.

"Must make clothes shopping interesting," he said, eyes sliding slowly over her chest and hips again. "Not many girls your age have that kind of shape already.." He chuckled low, like he was

sharing a friendly observation. “Bet you have to buy everything a size up just to fit the top half, huh?”

Talia’s polite smile had gone completely flat. She didn’t answer.

I was staring hard at her across the table, jaw tight, eyes clearly furious on her behalf. She caught my look and gave the smallest nod back, acknowledging it.

Dad leaned in a little more, still grinning. “Eli’s a lucky guy having someone like you around the house now.”

Jess’s face burned bright red. She looked mortified, one hand gripping the edge of the table. “Mark, please...”

Dad waved her off casually and pushed his chair back. “Alright, alright, I’ll drop it. Just making conversation. I need another drink, does anyone want anything from the kitchen?”

He stood up and wandered off without waiting for an answer.

The second he was gone, Jess stood too, clearly embarrassed. “I... I should check on dessert,” she mumbled, waddling quickly out of the room after him, one hand cradling the side of her massive belly.

The table fell quiet. Talia leaned in close to me, voice low and sharp. “Your dad is a fucking prick,” she whispered.

I nodded immediately, still fuming. “Yeah. He really is.”

Dinner wrapped up in a tense, awkward silence. No one really finished their food. Talia barely touched hers after Dad’s comments, and Jess kept shifting uncomfortably in her seat, one hand protectively cradling the side of her massive belly where it bulged out from under the apron.

Talia stood up first, pushing her chair back with a scrape.

“I’m gonna head out,” she said, voice flat but polite. “Thanks for dinner, Mum. I’ll text you tomorrow.”

Jess looked disappointed but didn’t argue. “Drive safe, okay? Come back soon.”

Talia gave her a quick hug around the giant belly again, then glanced at me. “See you around, Eli.”

I nodded, trying to sound casual. “Yeah... hope you come back soon.”

She gave me a small, knowing smirk before heading for the door. The sound of her car starting up and pulling away left the house feeling suddenly quiet.

Dad had already stumbled upstairs halfway through the meal and was now passed out cold on the bed, we could hear his loud snoring drifting down the hallway. It was just me and Jess.

She let out a tired sigh and slowly pushed herself up from the table, both hands supporting the huge, low-hanging weight of her nine-month quad belly. The apron had slipped again, leaving even more of her shiny, stretched skin exposed on the sides.

“Well... that was something,” she said softly, rubbing slow circles over the tight curve. “I’m sorry about him tonight. He gets like that when he drinks.”

I stood up and helped clear the plates, staying close as she waddled into the kitchen. Jess leaned against the counter for a moment, looking exhausted but relieved to have the night winding down. Her gigantic belly rested heavily on the edge, the skin gleaming under the warm kitchen light.

“I’m really glad you and Talia got along though,” she added with a small, genuine smile. “It means a lot to me that you two clicked.”

I nodded, trying not to stare too obviously at how low and heavy her belly hung now. Inside, I was already hoping Talia would come back soon, our conversation upstairs had been surprisingly easy and fun. But right now, with Dad out cold and the house quiet, it was just me and Jess.

She looked up at me, eyes soft and tired.

“Would you mind helping me upstairs?” she asked quietly. “My back is killing me tonight, and I don’t think I can manage the stairs on my own.” So I helped Jess up the stairs slowly, one arm around her back while she leaned into me.

“Thanks, Eli,” she murmured, giving my arm a gentle squeeze. “I don’t know what I’d do without you these days.”

We paused at the landing. Dad’s snoring was loud and rhythmic from their bedroom down the hall. Jess glanced toward the closed door, then back at me with a tired but hopeful smile.

“Would you mind watching a movie with me?” she asked softly. “I’m not ready to go to bed yet... and it’s nice having company when he’s like this.”

I nodded immediately. “Yeah, of course. I’d like that.”

She waddled into her bedroom while I waited in the hallway. A couple of minutes later she came back out wearing what she clearly thought was just “comfier” loungewear, a soft, pale pink maternity tank top that was way too small for her current size and a pair of tiny black sleep shorts that barely covered the lower curve of her belly.

The tank top clung to her like a second skin. It stopped right below her heavy, leaking breasts, the thin fabric stretched so tight it looked ready to rip. Her massive, low-hanging quad belly was almost completely exposed, the shiny, stretched skin on full display, with only the very bottom edge of the tank top resting on the upper curve. The shorts sat low on her hips, the waistband disappearing under the heavy overhang of her gut.

Jess adjusted the hem of the tank top with a little sigh, as if it was perfectly normal.

“This is so much better,” she said, rubbing slow circles over the top of her bare belly. “The apron was digging in and those other clothes felt like they were cutting off circulation. This is way comfier, don’t you think?”

She didn’t seem to realize just how revealing the outfit was, or if she did, she didn’t care. Her breasts strained heavily against the thin pink fabric, dark nipples clearly visible and slightly damp from leaking. Her enormous belly swayed and bounced gently with each small movement, completely uncovered and on full display.

She smiled at me sweetly, completely oblivious to how my heart was hammering and my cock was already throbbing in my pants.

“Living room couch?” she asked, already starting to waddle that way. “You pick the movie. I don’t mind what we watch.”

The house was dead quiet except for Dad’s distant snoring. Just me and Jess, alone, with her looking like every filthy fantasy I’d ever had about her rolled into one.

I followed her downstairs, eyes locked on the hypnotic sway of her massive, bare pregnant belly as she moved ahead of me. We settled on the big living room couch. Jess lowered herself down with a long, relieved sigh. The tiny pink tank top had already ridden up even further, leaving the full, shiny expanse of her nine-month quad belly completely on display. She patted the cushion right beside her.

“Come sit close,” she said softly. “I don’t want to take up the whole couch by myself.”

I sat down. There was no avoiding it as her massive belly pressed warmly against my side the moment I leaned back. The heat of her stretched skin radiated through my shirt.

We picked a light comedy, but neither of us was really paying attention. About twenty minutes in, Jess shifted slightly, one hand resting on the top of her belly as she glanced over at me.

“So... what did you think of Talia?” she asked, trying to sound casual. “You two seemed to get along really well upstairs.”

I kept my eyes on the screen. “She’s cool. Funny. Easy to talk to.”

Jess nodded slowly, but I could feel her watching me. Her fingers traced slow circles on her tight skin.

“She’s very pretty, isn’t she?” Jess continued, her voice a little quieter. “And that figure... she’s always been curvy, even when she was younger. You noticed that, right?”

I swallowed. “Yeah... she’s attractive.”

Jess was quiet for a moment. Then she let out a small, soft laugh that didn’t sound entirely happy.

“I could tell,” she said. “The way you looked at her when she first walked in... and again when you two came downstairs. You have a little crush on her, don’t you?”

Her tone was still sweet, but there was a new edge underneath it. She shifted again, her heavy belly pressing more firmly into my side as if she needed the contact.

“I don’t blame you,” she added, almost whispering. “She’s young, confident, and has that body... I remember what it felt like to look like that before I got this huge.” She glanced down at her own colossal, exposed belly and let out a shaky breath. “Now I’m just this big, slow, leaking mess. It’s hard not to feel a little jealous when I see you looking at her the way you used to look at me.”

She turned her head to face me fully. Her eyes were soft, a little glassy with pregnancy hormones, and unmistakably possessive.

“You can tell me the truth, Eli,” she murmured. “Do you like her? Like... more than just as a friend?”

Her hand had stopped rubbing her belly. Instead it rested on the upper curve, right where it touched my arm, as if silently reminding me who was right here beside me.

The movie kept playing in the background, but neither of us was watching it anymore.

Jess waited, her massive pregnant body pressed close against me, clearly anxious for my answer.

I hesitated, trying to find the right words. “She’s cool, but... it’s not like that. Talia and I just talked. We’re friends, that’s all.”

Jess studied my face for a long moment, her hand still resting on the upper curve of her belly where it touched my arm. Then she gave a small, soft sigh.

“I know I shouldn’t feel this way,” she whispered. “But seeing you look at her tonight... it made me a little jealous. She’s young and confident and has that perfect curvy body. Meanwhile I’m this huge, slow, waddling mess carrying four babies.” She glanced down at her own enormous, bare belly and let out a self-conscious little laugh. “It’s silly, right? Comparing myself to my own daughter.”

She was quiet for a second, then suddenly sat up a little straighter.

“You know what?” she said, voice turning softer, almost shy. “I want you to see something.”

Before I could respond, Jess reached down, grabbed the hem of her tiny pink tank top, and slowly pulled it up and off over her head.

Underneath was a delicate black lingerie bra, clearly brand new, lacy and sexy, with thin straps and intricate patterns. It was obviously bought before she had grown this massive, because it was now comically, almost painfully too small. The cups were stretched to their absolute limit, her heavy, swollen breasts spilling heavily over the top and sides in deep, creamy overflows.

Jess looked down at herself, cheeks flushed, and gently adjusted the bra straps with both hands.

“I bought this last month,” she said quietly, almost embarrassed. “I thought it would be cute for... well, for when I still felt a little sexy. I haven’t even worn it until tonight. It’s way too small now, isn’t it?”

She turned slightly toward me, letting me see the full effect, the way the lingerie barely contained her, the soft flesh overflowing everywhere, her gigantic bare belly resting heavily below it.

“Do you like it?” she asked, voice shy but hopeful, one hand gently rubbing the top of her massive belly. “Be honest.”

The movie was completely forgotten. The only sound in the room was Dad’s distant snoring and my own heartbeat pounding in my ears.

Jess sat there in nothing but the too-small lingerie bra and her tiny black sleep shorts, her enormous nine-month quad belly completely exposed and resting against my side, waiting for my answer.

She had never looked at me like this before. The sweet, gentle Jess I knew was still there, but right now her eyes had a new sparkle, something softer and much naughtier. She bit her lower lip and looked down at her chest with a small, almost playful sigh.

“These feel so heavy tonight,” she murmured, her voice lower and breathier than I’d ever heard it. “They’ve gotten so big... and so full. I can barely carry them anymore.”

She brought both hands up and cupped the undersides of her massive breasts, slowly lifting them. The delicate lace strained even harder as she did, soft pale flesh spilling heavily over the tops and sides in deep, creamy overflows. A tiny bead of milk glistened at one nipple, soaking into the fabric.

“See?” she whispered, pushing them closer toward me until they were only inches from my face. The warm, heavy weight of her tits hovered there, swaying gently. “They’re so swollen and sensitive. Sometimes I just want to take this bra off and let them breathe... but then I remember how much you seem to like looking at them.” She gave them a gentle squeeze, lifting them higher.

“Do you like it, Eli?” she asked again, voice sweet but laced with something seductive. “Be honest. I bought this just for nights like this... even if it barely fits me anymore.”

My heart was hammering so hard I could hear it in my ears. I was freaking out, internally losing my mind.

Jess’s eyes stayed on mine, soft and innocent on the surface, but the small, knowing smile on her lips told me she knew exactly what she was doing.

“Tell me the truth,” she whispered, leaning in just a little more. “Do you like how they look in this bra... or would you rather I take it off?”

Without another word she shifted forward, swinging one thick thigh over my lap. She let out a soft, shy little gasp as she lowered her full weight onto my lap, her massive bare belly pressing warm and firm against my stomach, the curve completely filling the space between us.

“Oh... is this okay?” she whispered, voice sweet and almost apologetic, like she was just being polite. “I’m so heavy now... I didn’t want to crush you.”

But the way she rocked her hips just slightly as she got comfortable told me she knew exactly what she was doing.

Jess bit her lip, pretending to be shy as she looked down at her own body. “My curves have gotten so out of control lately,” she murmured, gently running her hands along the sides of her enormous belly. “Everything feels so full... so sensitive. These hips, this belly... my breasts are so swollen they ache all the time.”

“I probably shouldn’t be sitting on you like this,” she whispered innocently, even as she rocked a little harder, grinding her warm weight right over the obvious bulge in my pants. “It’s probably inappropriate... but it feels so nice. You don’t mind, do you?”

Her voice was still so sweet, so gentle, but her body was moving with clear intent, slow, seductive circles that made her massive belly drag across my front and her heavy breasts bounce softly in the straining bra.

She knew. She knew exactly how crazy she was making me.

Jess tilted her head, eyes half-lidded, and leaned in until her lips were barely an inch from mine.

“You’re so hard right now,” she breathed, still pretending to sound surprised and shy. “Is that because of me?”

Before I could answer, she closed the distance and kissed me.

It started soft and sweet, just like Jess always was, but quickly deepened. Her lips parted, tongue brushing mine as she let out a quiet, needy little moan into my mouth. At the same time she rolled her hips more deliberately, grinding her soaked heat against my throbbing cock through our clothes while her gigantic bare belly pressed and rubbed firmly between us.

She kissed me like she’d been holding back for weeks, hungry and surprisingly confident, all while still making those soft, innocent little sounds that drove me absolutely insane.

Jess pulled back just enough to whisper against my lips, her breath warm and shaky.

“Tell me if I’m being too naughty...” she murmured, still grinding slowly on my lap, her massive pregnant belly rubbing against me with every roll of her hips. “I just... I couldn’t help myself tonight.”

The movie was still playing in the background but neither of us was paying any attention to it anymore.

Jess kissed me harder, deeper, her tongue sliding against mine as her hips rolled in slow, needy circles on my lap. The kiss turned hungry fast.

She broke the kiss just long enough to whisper against my lips, voice shaky and breathless.

“I need you... right now.”

Her fingers tugged at my shirt. I helped her yank it off. She moaned softly when her heavy breasts pressed against my bare chest, the too-small lace bra barely containing them anymore. In one quick motion she reached behind her back, unhooked the bra, and let it fall away.

Her tits spilled out heavily, full, swollen, and leaking. Dark nipples glistening. She didn’t even give me time to look before she was kissing me again, desperate and wet.

“Shorts,” she gasped between kisses. “Take them off me.”

I hooked my fingers into the waistband of her tiny sleep shorts and shoved them down her thick thighs. Jess lifted her hips just enough for me to pull them off completely. She was completely naked now, nothing but her enormous, shiny nine-month quad belly between us.

She didn’t wait. Her hands were already working my pants open, shoving them down just enough to free my aching cock. The second it sprang out, hard and leaking, Jess wrapped her hand around it and guided it right against her soaked pussy.

“Oh god, Eli...” she moaned, voice sweet but dripping with lust. “You’re so hard for me.”

She sank down in one smooth, eager motion.

The feeling was overwhelming. She was incredibly wet and tight despite how huge she was. Her massive belly pressed heavily against my stomach as she took every inch of me inside her. Jess let out a long, shaky moan, eyes fluttering shut for a second.

“Fuck... you feel so good,” she whispered.

Then she started riding me.

She moved with surprising energy for how heavily pregnant she was, slow, deep rolls of her hips that made her gigantic belly bounce. Her heavy leaking tits bounced in my face with every thrust. She braced her hands on my shoulders, using me for leverage as she fucked herself on my cock.

“That’s it... just like that,” she gasped, voice breathy and needy. “I’ve wanted this for so long...”

Her massive belly rubbed and slapped against my abs with every downward stroke. The skin was burning hot and drum-tight. I could feel the quads shifting and kicking inside her as she rode me harder, faster, her moans growing louder and sweeter.

Jess leaned forward, pressing her leaking tits against my chest as she kissed me again, messy, desperate, and filthy. Her hips never stopped moving, grinding.

“You like this, don’t you?” she panted against my mouth, still sounding so sweet even while she was fucking me senseless. “You like your pregnant step-mum riding you on the couch while your dad sleeps upstairs?”

She sat up straighter, hands on her own huge belly as she started bouncing faster, her tits jiggling heavily, milk beading at her nipples.

“Tell me how much you love it,” she moaned, eyes half-lidded with pleasure. “Tell me how much you love fucking me like this...”

Jess was completely lost in it, sweet, shy Jess had turned into pure, shameless lust, riding me hard on the couch like she’d been waiting months for this exact moment.

She rode me harder, her hips rolling in deep, greedy circles. Her breath came in hot little gasps against my neck as she suddenly pulled my head forward, burying my face between her massive, leaking tits.

The soft, heavy flesh surrounded me completely, warm, damp, and overwhelming. I could barely breathe as she pressed me deeper into her cleavage, the scent of her skin and milk filling my lungs.

“Oh god, Eli... just like that,” she moaned, voice trembling. She kept one hand tangled in my hair, holding me there while her hips moved faster, slamming down onto my cock with wet, desperate slaps.

Her body started to shake. Her pussy clenched tight around me as she came hard, a sharp, sweet cry escaping her lips. Her thighs quivered, her back arched, and I felt her walls pulse and flutter wildly around my cock, milking me.

The moment her orgasm ended, Jess froze.

Her eyes flew open, wide with sudden panic. The sweet, naughty expression vanished, replaced by pure embarrassment.

“Oh no... oh my god,” she whispered, voice cracking.

She scrambled off me in a rush, her heavy belly swaying as she stood up on shaky legs. Cum dripped down her thighs. She grabbed the tiny tank top she’d discarded earlier and clutched it against her chest like a shield, cheeks burning bright red.

“I can’t believe I just did that,” she stammered, not meeting my eyes. “I’m so sorry... I don’t know what came over me.”

Before I could say anything, Jess turned and scurried away as fast as her pregnant body would allow, waddling quickly toward the stairs, one hand under her belly, the other still trying to cover herself.

She disappeared upstairs without another word, leaving me alone on the couch, cock still hard and glistening, heart pounding.

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