

A Parturient Surprise

A Light Fantastic Tale

“Aimee, you are *not* setting me up on a fucking blind date.”

Lew’s slim co-worker and lifelong friend leaned over the side of his cubicle, her eyes big behind her long black hair. The office was empty, everyone else having headed off to lunch while Lew stayed back to finish up a report. Aimee took the opportunity to harangue him about his love life.

“Come on, Lew! You haven’t even had a single date since you broke up with Madalyn. You need to get back out there, man!”

He grunted. “Maybe I don’t feel like a date?”

She rolled her eyes. “Dude, you can’t spend the rest of your life jacking off to pregnant chicks on the Internet.”

He choked, his cheeks going red. “A-aimee, what the fuck?”

She giggled, leaning forward and poking him in the nose. “Just teasing, man, I don’t care about your fetish. Although this girl I know is seriously 100% your tastes, hand over heart. It’ll be love at first sight for you, I guarantee.”

“She’s that hot?”

“Smoking hot. Long, big blond hair, cute face with just the deepest blue eyes, body of your dreams. She’s smart and funny and she likes to cook.”

Lew considered this for a moment. “So what’s the catch?”

Aimee’s expression turned impish. “Whatever do you mean?”

“Well, like, if she’s so amazing... why is she single?”

“Well, there- um. There’s a reason. There’s something about her a lot of guys aren’t into. You’ll be fine, though, trust me.”

“That sounds fucking ominous. So you’re setting me up with this amazingly attractive woman who has some horrific deal-breaker that you *can’t tell me about*, I’m just supposed to trust that you know me well enough to know it won’t be a deal-breaker for me?”

Aimee took a sip of her coffee. “Yup. That sounds about right. Come on, bro, I know you better than you do. Just trust me on this and go on the fucking date, all right? I’ll tell you what, if the date on Saturday doesn’t go well, pizza and beer on me on Sunday?”

“Okay, fine. Set me up with this mystery otherworldly horror.”

Lew sat uncomfortably at a table for two at Luigi's, his local Italian joint. It was a perfect first date venue – just fancy enough to count as a halfway decent place to bring a woman, but cheap enough that it didn't feel like a waste if it didn't go beyond a first date.

It was the place he'd first taken Madalyn, his ex. His thoughts drifted back to her. In hindsight Madalyn had not exactly been the most attractive woman in the world, certainly not the goddess that he'd seen every time he looked at her. She was deliciously thick, though, and carried her plumpness with an unbearably sexy confidence. It never occurred to her that her fat breasts and big squishy tummy were anything but erotic for Lew, and it drove him wild. She was what Lew's Internet history called a BBW.

That had been the downfall, though. On learning about Lew's online predilections, she'd gotten into posting pictures of herself, revelling in the attention she got from chubby-chasers from around the globe. It had been one of those she'd clicked with, met up with and subsequently carried on a three-month affair before leaving Lew for him. Apparently her confidence had been a bit of a façade, and she'd assumed Lew was the best she was ever going to get.

Lew himself was, in his opinion, not that much of a catch. Aimee had disagreed, noting his positive qualities after his breakup, trying to push him back into dating. He was slim, moderately tall, with unruly dark hair. Tonight he wore a white button shirt with a blue jacket over it, and he'd let himself go a little stubbly.

Rosemary, Aimee's friend and his blind date, was ten minutes fashionably late. Lew was toying with a piece of garlic bread and his Coke, playing the "when am I going to decide to leave" game. He settled on giving her another ten minutes before he spotted a woman walking through the front door, asking directions from the wide-eyed maître d'.

Aimee's description hadn't been wrong. She had a round face with soft, flawless cheeks, thick lips and sapphire-blue eyes. She did indeed have masses upon masses of golden-blond hair that fanned out from her head like a waterfall down to below her butt. It was also readily apparent why this beautiful creature wasn't having the best luck with her love-life, as Lew choked slightly on a piece of bread.

Jesus Christ, Aimee.

His blind date was pregnant. *Massively* pregnant. Her ruffled black dress was tailored in the front to allow for the presence of a distended belly that stuck out ahead of her more than a foot. Her fingers could not have met across the fullest extent of its width. She must easily have been full-term with triplets, a fact Lew noted with a hint of shame that he could make that comparison off memory alone. It took him a little time to note that her belly was joined by wide hips, a substantial butt and a pair of breasts each nearly the size

of her head that sat to either side of the top of her gravid stomach. She caught eyes with him with a dazzling, perfect-toothed smile and waddled over to his table.

“Hi, you must be Lewis!” Her voice was chirpy and clear as a bell. He coughed, getting to his feet rapidly to move around and pull out her chair. His voice cracked a little as he replied. “Uh-uhm, y-yeah. I’m Lewis, but my friends call me Lew. Are you Rosemary?”

She replied with a dimple-cheeked smile. Her dimples were lethal. “Well, aren’t you a gentleman getting my chair like that? Yes, I’m Rosemary, but call me Rose.”

She sat down with a less adorable grunt, awkwardly-half turned from the table to make room for her stomach. “Sorry I’m late, but the bus didn’t go as far as I expected and I had to walk a little further than I thought, and, well – I don’t make great time.”

“Are you okay?”

She smiled again. “Aren’t you sweet? I’m perfectly fine, just physically awkward.”

She sat in silence for a moment, watching his face intently. She seemed to be waiting for something. He coughed to break the moment.

“So, um. Hi. It’s nice to meet you.”

“And you as well. I have to admit, I was pretty scared of coming on a blind date. I haven’t dated in a while.”

“Me neither, not since I broke up with my ex. Aimee pushed me into doing this. It wasn’t my idea, really.”

“Oh.” Her eyes went down. “It’s okay. I understand. Let’s just order and make it quick, then.”

“What? Oh, n-no, I didn’t mean it like that! It was just conversational, I’m sorry. I’m actually- well, I just mean I didn’t know what to expect from the night!”

She looked seriously at him, tucking a thick tuft of blond hair away from her face. Lew realised with a shock that he could see the outlines of her enormous nipples through the dress. “You don’t have to pretend for my sake, it’s fine. I’m- I’m used to it.”

“Used to it? To what?”

“To guys avoiding me.”

Lew’s eyes went wide. “No, no, really, I’m not- I don’t want to avoid you!”

She raised her eyebrows. “Really? There’s nothing about me you find... odd? Unappealing?”

Lew went red. “Nothing that I can’t deal with.”

She watched him levelly again, but her reply was cut off by the waiter. The poor man's eyes were nearly bulging out of his head as she ordered two appetizers and a large soda. She sighed as he walked off.

"Go ahead, say it. *Eating for four?*"

"Furthest thing from my mind. My ex was a big eater too, I'm totally used to it."

Rose smiled again. Lew hadn't realised how much he missed the smile when she'd thought the date was turning. "I must say you're taking this remarkably well. I've only caught you staring like half a dozen times."

Lew went red again. "I'm sorry, I just—"

"It's fine. I'm totally used to it, and most people don't even bother to hide it."

Lew groped around for a topic that wasn't to do with her enormous belly. "So, uh, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a freelance writer and I've got a bit of independent wealth. I used to work for a firm in the city doing technical writing, but I had to give that up."

"Will you be going back after?"

"After what?"

Lew gestured vaguely. "After you... You know? When you're finished?"

She sighed. "I wish. No. I'll be doing freelance for way longer. It's really all I've got."

"Childcare is really expensive these days, yeah. I can see that would be an issue."

She gave him a brief look. "Uh, yeah. Childcare. That's the issue."

Her food arrived, and she spent the next few minutes eating heartily, taking great forkfuls of both her grilled eggplant and herb bread. She manoeuvred around her swollen frontage with practised grace, like she'd been doing this all her life. She caught his eye as she swallowed a hunk of bread.

"What's up?"

"I'm just" he blushed again, "just looking. You're very pretty. Is that okay? I can stop if you want."

This time it was her turn to blush. "No, it's fine. I like it. It's just hard to tell sometimes if it's interest or, uh. Fascination, I guess?"

When she'd cleared away the plates, she turned to him again, her chin on her fist, one breast pressing meatily into her forearm. "So, you're really okay with this? Like realtalk, be brutally honest. It doesn't bother you that I'm the size of a house?"

He shook his head. "No. Besides, even if it did, you must be pretty close by now, right? You can't have more than a week or two left."

She sighed. "Nope. I'm not even close. I'll... never be close."

His brow wrinkled. "How can that be? I mean, not to be rude, but you look ready to pop."

"I'm not pregnant."

"Come again?"

She sighed again. "I'm not going to be a mother. I'm not carrying any babies. I guess it's not entirely correct to say I'm not pregnant, but it's not an ordinary pregnancy."

"I'm... very confused."

She chuckled humourlessly. "I'm not surprised. Let me put it this way. You think I'm pushing nine months, right? And I've probably been this size for a couple of weeks?"

He nodded expectantly. "Right. Well. Not only have I been "pregnant" for a year and a half, I've been *this big* for a year and a half."

She went on, noting Lew's stunned expression. "Okay, so, in my callow youth, I enjoyed male attention. A fair bit of it. I used to be really hot, actually. Anyway I had a checkup and my doctor suggested I volunteer for this clinical trial for a new kind of birth control. Supposedly some genetic-engineering hormonal thing, one shot and you're completely bulletproof. Well, the shot certainly did its job, but only because it apparently made my body just start producing a bunch of these pregnancy hormones all by itself. The next day, I felt all bloated and weird, and over the course of the next month, well." She motioned down at her belly.

"I've been exactly like this ever since. Permanently, massively pregnant. I've had dozens of ultrasounds, but all they tell me is there's nothing in there but water. Doctors can't work out how to fix it, but the hormone levels aren't dropping off at all. Every indication they have is my body will do this forever."

Lew carefully considered what Rose had just told him, thankful that the table was blocking any possible sight of the erection straining against his jeans. "So you got a... an experimental birth control shot that's made you permanently pregnant?"

"That's the size of it, yeah."

"I hope you understand this all sounds very contrived."

"Why would I lie to you? What possible reason could I have to pretend I'm stuck like this?"

"I don't know. Maybe Aimee's had a word to you?"

“A word about what? What could she have told me that would make me make up something this stupid to pretend I’m permanently pregnant?”

Lew had already pulled his phone out, sending a text to Aimee. *Did you tell her?*

A few seconds later, the reply arrived. *not a word d00d, i want her to find out for herself about ur huge boner for preggo chicks*

He shifted uncomfortably again. *So this story is legit?*

far as i can tell. shes been that size for lik a year. enjoy ;-)

He looked back up into her moist eyes. Her thick lower lip was quivering.

“I guess you’re right. There’s no reason for you to lie. Sorry, it’s just–“

“That your blind date telling you a medical mishap caused her to be massively pregnant for the rest of her life is a lot to take in?”

“Yeah. Exactly.”

“If it helps, it’s also what I meant about being independently wealthy. The settlement they made is enough to muddle by on.” She shifted, tugging on the straps of her dress with a grunt.

“Are you okay?”

“Hm? Oh, yeah. Um. This is really embarrassing, sorry.”

“You’ve been pretty candid so far.”

She smiled again. “I also lactate. A lot. My tits are currently three sizes too big, and sore because I’m full to the brim with milk, because I was too nervous to pump earlier. Candid enough for you?”

Lew went red as his boner surged. Rose giggled. “I’ve noticed guys are always a lot keener about my gigantic boobs than they are my belly. Are you a boob man, Lew?”

What was the point in hiding anything? Lew nodded. “I’ve always liked girls who were, you know. On the bigger side.”

“Of boobs?”

“Of, well. Everything?”

“Everything?”

“Boobs, butts, belli- uh.”

Her eyes went wide. Lew swallowed, realising it was already in the air, and plunged on.

“The truth is it’s not just that I’m into big girls. I’m, uh... Look, this is something literally only one other person in the world knows.”

"I'm on the edge of my seat, cutie."

"I have an, um, a- a *specific appreciation* for uh, women who are, um... with child?"

Rose took a moment to let it process. "You like pregnant girls?"

He nodded. "Really like. Like, um. I find them really attractive."

"It almost sounds like you're saying you have a fetish, or someth- oh. *Oh.*"

He nodded, still red. Rose stood stock-still for a moment, then leaned back in the chair.

"Ooh, it's so inconvenient carrying this *big, swollen belly*. So *heavy* and *round*."

She giggled as Lew jumped, his cheeks beet-red. "Wow, you weren't kidding!" She leaned forward as much as she was able, her breasts bobbing together behind her dress atop the swell of her stomach. The dress wasn't low-cut but it revealed the gelatinous bulk of her mounds perfectly. "You... see something you like?"

He nodded mutely. She studied his face and reactions intently. Not unhappily, but like she was evaluating him. "You're serious. You really do have a fetish for this, don't you?"

"I'm sorry, I just--"

"Why are you sorry?"

"Well, I don't want to make you feel like you're just, you know, a fetish..."

"What else am I?"

He looked into her eyes. "You're beautiful. You have perfect skin, amazing hair, you have a gorgeous smile. Your laugh is one of the prettiest things I've ever heard."

"And I'm also really, ridiculously pregnant?"

"Well, it, um, doesn't hurt, but--"

"It's okay! You're really super-sweet. And you're cute, which doesn't hurt." She winked, then settled back into her seat, grunting as she moved her belly back into position atop her thighs. "Question. Um. Does this, pregnancy fetish thing, still count when the girl is as big as I am?"

"Um. Moreso, if anything."

"*Wow*. I was wondering why Aimee was so sure we'd get along."

"Yeah, hehe. She told me I was going to love you the moment I saw you."

She bit her lip, slipping her hands up to her chest and raising her breasts for a moment, before letting her hands trace down the swell of her stomach. "And do you?"

He took a deep breath. "You are unquestionably the sexiest woman I've ever seen in my life."

She smiled at him. "Wow. I forgot what this felt like."

"What?"

"Feeling sexy. I haven't felt sexy since the day I transformed. Guys have stared at me, tried to grope my tits, but... I haven't felt like someone actually *wants* me for a year and a half. Just fat and bloated and ugly."

The conversation broke off a little as their mains arrived. Rose packed it away, along with multiple glasses of soda and water. Lew didn't question it, but she volunteered that when you lactate three gallons a day, you work hard to replace it. Lew's erection didn't subside the entire meal.

Wiping away tomato sauce, Rose paused for a moment and looked Lew in the eyes.

"Lew, I'm going to be honest. This feels too good to be true. I am- I want this to be real. I really like you, and I don't want to start something based on a lie. If you're not being honest with me, I won't be mad. I'll forgive you. We can walk away right now. But if we get dessert together, I'm going to give in to this dream."

He reached across the table, taking her hand. "What do you want for dessert?"

* * *

After dinner, Lew helped Rose up from her seat. He couldn't believe the weight she was carrying around 24/7. She cheekily moved one of his hands to the top of the swell of her belly and smiled coquettishly at him.

"Does it feel good?"

"It's really sexy, yeah. It's a really nice belly."

"Well thank you, I made it myself." She brushed one of her breasts, and gasped. "Oh boy. The girls are *really* full. I- oh no."

Lew was about to ask what was wrong when he saw dark patches spreading across her dress. Against the black fabric he could only see it up this close. "I'm sorry, Lew, I don't normally let it get like this-"

"It's fine."

"Oh, yeah. I guess milk kind of comes with the territory, huh?" She giggled. "You're so weird. I mean, don't get me wrong, I like it. But you're still weird." She hugged in close to him, pressing the swell of her stomach and breasts against his body. "So, um. I've been having this fantasy since I changed."

He curled an arm around her side as he led her out of the restaurant. "Tell me about it?"

"I dunno. It's weird. Um. When you say you're into lactation, what do you mean?"

He ran his hand down the side of her body, feeling the shape of her body. "I don't know what you mean? It's sexy?"

"I mean, like. Just to watch? Or would you object to being more, um. Involved?"

It was Lew's turn to grin. "Breastfeeding, you mean?"

She nodded. "There's something really appealing about the idea of having someone drinking from them. Is that weird?"

"You're asking me?" He squeezed her a little tighter. "I would be honoured to drain every drop of milk from your fabulous breasts."

She gasped a little, squeezing her thighs together. "Oof. Mm. Sorry. Uh, hormones."

"Really? They do that to you?"

She nodded. "It's not all amazing tits and perfect skin and tons of hair. Apparently whatever those eggheads have done to me, it's basically ramped up my sex drive to eleven. It's really inconvenient."

He put the passenger seat of his car back as far as possible, Rose lifting her belly to allow the belt to go underneath it. Lew made extreme effort to keep his eyes on the road.

"So, like. I'm not saying I don't believe you about this being a permanent thing, but they really have no idea why your body's doing this? I mean there must be a logical explanation."

She shrugged. "Not one the doctors have found. My body suddenly started making all these crazy hormones and I just blew up. In a month I went from a size four to this walking pile of tits and stomach. I put on a hundred pounds."

"I know it must have been really frightening for you, but would you mind me saying that's really hot?"

She suddenly snorted laughing, cradling herself to keep everything together. "It was, but I also don't mind that at all. You're a huge pervert, you know that Lewis?"

She brushed her hand across the leg of his jeans, letting it rest between his thighs. "I got bigger every day. I could feel it happening, you know? My tits put on two cup sizes a week, and that's before I let them get too full. I was outgrowing bras as quickly as I could buy them."

She watched his crotch while she spoke, observing the fitful jerks of his cock under the denim. "And my belly, well, it just went crazy. I could practically sit and watch it swell. Every day I put on like an inch of stomach."

He grunted, throbbing, and she purred. “You really are into this, aren’t you? I still can’t quite believe it.” She gently rubbed his cock through his jeans. “I missed being able to feel like this. It’s even better. I’ve never had a guy as into me as you are.”

He took a deep, shuddering breath. “Jesus, you’re hot.”

“Well thank you. You’re quite a piece yourself. So when do we get back to your place?”

* * *

They burst through the door of Lew’s apartment, kissing each other savagely. They realised early on that Rose couldn’t hold Lew front-on, and instead he was holding her somewhat from the side, one hand pulling her from behind and the other resting on one of her breasts. They stumbled into his bedroom and fell onto the bed before Rose finally broke the kiss and sat up.

“Lew, I’ve been thinking about this, and, well. There’s no way we’re going to be able to do this without me taking off the dress, huh?”

He blinked. “Uh. No, I don’t think so. Why?”

“Because you’re the first person who’ll ever have seen me naked like this, and that’s terrifying? Also my tits are covered in milk.”

He brushed a lock of her hair aside and kissed her, feeling her melt into him. “There’s nothing to worry about.”

She nodded with an uncertain air, and then stood up, releasing a breath. She reached down for the hem of her dress and gently peeled it up, slowly revealing the pale expanse of her gravid body. The first thing to peek out was the bottom of her belly, followed closely by her swollen, protruding navel. The rest of the belly came next, before the dress reached the lowest point of her nipples, pointing to either side as they straddled the top of her stomach. They were the size of the copper top of a D cell battery, and topped huge, chocolate-brown areolas. The rest of her breasts were heavy and full, and traced with veins, and true to her word they glistened with leftover milk. She cast off the rest of her dress and her mountains of blond hair fell back down in a golden waterfall. She stood in front of him, totally nude save for a pair of overstretched white cotton panties, twisting one foot into the floor with her hands behind her back.

“H-how do you feel, Lew? What do you think?”

His eyes were wide, his breathing deep. His eyes scanned her body up and down before he swallowed.

“You’re a goddess.”

She beamed, despite her nerves. “So, uh, you promised me before – something about draining my breasts dry?”

Lew stood up, unbuttoning his shirt and slipping down his jeans. His penis tented out his boxer shorts. He went to pull them down but Rose's hand stopped him.

"C-can I? I haven't done this in so long – I kind of miss it."

He nodded, and Rose knelt down in front of him, her belly brushing his legs as she hooked her fingers into the waist of his shorts and tugged down, licking her lips as she revealed the rigid stem of his cock, glistening with lubrication.

"Hiii. I've missed you." She gave his cock a quick kiss, gently licked up a glob of precum, and then pulled his boxers the rest of the way down to allow him to step out of them. She slipped her panties down as she stood up, revealing a glistening pussy framed by an unruly thatch of hair. She giggled nervously.

"The same thing that makes my hair grow like crazy, um, well. And when you couple that with the fact that I just can't see down there..."

Lew chuckled. "I know, it's fine. It comes with the territory." He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back down onto the bed, kissing down the nape of her neck, across her shoulders, then taking one of her heavy breasts into his hands and suckling her bloated nipple into his mouth. There was a brief sour taste, which rapidly went away to be replaced by the thick flow of her milk down into his throat. She tasted like a sweetened milk substitute – almond or rice milk, but without the gritty texture. Despite the volume she lactated it was at least as thick as cow's milk, and the good kind – the creamy sort you bought at the expensive stores. He squeezed her breast roughly, suckling down hard at the flow of milk, and was rewarded with a deep, throaty moan that, judging by Rose's wide-eyed expression, was completely unexpected.

"O-oh! Oh ffuuck! I- ah, uh, oh please, keep- oooh fuuuck..."

Milk trickled down Lew's chin as he kept drinking, switching breasts after a few minutes. Rose's arms flailed on the bed, clutching at the sheets, her hair, anything to try and get a hold of the sensations wracking her body. Her first orgasm came as shockingly as the moan, her body writhing underneath Lew's ministrations, her hips bucking hard enough to lift even her weighty belly into the air. After that, Lew reached a free hand down, around the swell of her stomach, and pushed the pad of his thumb into her clit as he sucked deeply. The action immediately wrung another orgasm from her.

"Shit! Shit! *Shit!* Oh my-fuuuck, God, oh jesus suck me, suck on meee oh God-"

Lew's stomach was groaning and Rose had squealed her way through another two brain-melting orgasms before her tits finally let up their flow, and he pulled back, licking his lips. Rose sat back on the bed, panting like she'd run a marathon, her eyes unfocused.

"Oh my *God*. I've- huh... I've never cum like that before..."

Lew sat up, shuffling over between her legs, one hand holding his pulsing cock. “Rose, that was really sexy, but, uh, would you mind if I-“

She spread her legs as wide as she could, her steaming pussy opening up to him. “Put it inside me, Lew. Fuck me hard!”

She was so wet that it was all he could do not to sink down into her to the hilt on the first thrust. She squealed, bucking away from him, but coming back down to allow him to start pumping. One hand went to the top of her glorious pale belly, the other to the underside of it that faced him from his position between her legs. Stroking his fingers along the smooth skin brought rattling moans from the woman, as if the bottom of her belly was an erogenous zone. Her own hands went to her breasts, milk spraying out and leaking across her fingers as she rolled her hips into Lew’s thrusts. He didn’t last very long, but considering he’d been hard practically all night he was reasonably proud of holding out. His cock practically exploded inside her, drawing more coos and moans from his lover, and before falling over he caressed and licked the bottom of her belly until she came to one final climax, joining him in a breathless embrace on the bed.

They sat silent for a few minutes, wrapped in each other’s arms. The warm mass of her gravid form pressed deeply into Lew’s body, her belly rising and heaving with her breathing. One of his hands found its way to her bottom, sinking into the thick flesh that covered her wide hips. It was Rose who broke the silence.

“Lew, I... I don’t know what to say. Thank you. Thank you so much. Oh my God. You almost made this body worth it.”

He held her tightly. “Only almost?”

“God, I don’t know. If being able to feel like *that* means I need to stay like this, I could be tempted. I mean, it’s not like I have a choice, but I can choose whether I just accept it, right?”

“Rose, you are- you’re so impossibly beautiful to me. You’re my dream woman. I want you to be able to feel that.”

She kissed him, a gentle, loving kiss. “When I’m with you, I do. I feel beautiful. I feel sexy. I look down at this huge stomach and my big flabby breasts and my giant ass and it’s like looking through a filter. I feel good about it, rather than self-conscious. I want to show off for you. I want to wear sexy lingerie and do my hair. I want to watch you get hard as you stare at my tummy. I *definitely* want you to keep nursing from me, oh man. I don’t know how long it’ll last, but if I stay here, I can keep feeling desirable. I really want that.”

“I want to see you again. I want to keep seeing you. It’s... it’s up to you how you want to approach that.” He kissed her back, draping a hand down the curve of her belly. “Do you want to come back here tomorrow night?”

She smiled, her cheeks dimpling. “More than anything else in the world.”

* * *

Aimee knocked on Lew’s apartment door with her free hand. The other was cradling a case of beer. She heard a grunt from inside, the creak of Lew’s couch, then some heavy footfalls before the door swung open. She was greeted with a dimpled smile that shone from behind a mass of blond hair.

“Aimee, hi! Come on in, Lew’s just at the store picking up some food.”

Aimee put the case of beer down next to the door, pulling her friend in for a hug. She noticed that six months of the fertility goddess’s womanly touch had done nothing but improved Lew’s apartment. Rose padded away from the door, dressed in an overlarge t-shirt and white socks, and nothing else. Aimee was used to the girl’s casual semi-nudity by now. The shirt clung to the curves of the front of her body, with a couple of dark damp patches where the tips of her bloated breasts hung. It was hard to tell around the rest of the curves of Rose’s body, but Aimee was sure she’d gained a little weight. Domestic life was suiting her.

“How’re things with you and Lew?”

Sparkles practically filled Rose’s eyes. “Have I thanked you enough for setting us up yet? He’s the best.”

“I can always be thanked again.” Aimee scanned along the lines of dollar-store frames that littered the flat surfaces of the apartment. They were filled with happy-snaps of Lew and Rose, out in the town, at an amusement park, generally loving life.

“I’ve never asked you, though. How did you know about his- um, you know?”

“His fetish for pregnant chicks? He left a bunch of porn up on his laptop when we were in college, haha.”

“Oh. Well, that’s good! You know, since I met Lew, I... I’ve stopped regretting that this happened to me. I’m actually *glad* I’m like this, since it makes him so happy, and he makes me so happy...”

“Hey, everyone deserves to love themselves, Rose. I hope it’s not just for him, though.”

“Oh, no! I just meant that he makes me feel good. Knowing that there’s someone who still wants me, you know. It helps. I feel cute, and I never thought I’d feel cute ever again.”

Aimee headed over to the fridge to put some of the beers in, pushing aside a dozen plastic bottles of milk waiting for donation.

“Okay, cool. Just, Lew’s great, but never let yourself be defined by a man, hey?”

“Aimee, I look like a walking incubator. Everyone who looks at me only thinks about one thing. My existence is already defined by men. Now I just get to choose one, on my terms. It’s enough. It’s good.”

“That seems fair.” Aimee closed the door. “They’re still not any closer to working out what went wrong with your trial, are they?”

Rose sat back down on the couch and shook her head. “A little, but nothing useful. I think they think they’ve worked out how to stop it from happening again, but I wouldn’t put money on it. They’re definitely not any closer to a fix. Honestly, though, I’ve stopped caring. It used to crush me every month when they gave me the news, but now...” She sighed happily, draping her hands down across her belly. “I wouldn’t go back, even if I could.”