

“Excuse me ma’am, how much is this?”

Natasha stopped folding the clothes on her counter to look up. She had been busying herself for the last thirty minutes in taking care of her store, rearranging everything, put clothes back on their hooks. She was the assistant manager to the shop, a little lingerie store hidden away in the shopping center, that didn’t get too much traffic. Most of their clothes was tailored to a woman in her thirties or forties, a woman looking to spice up her love life with their husband. There weren’t many small sizes in the store.

As Natasha looked up at the only customer in her corner of the world, she guessed she wasn’t looking for smaller sizes either. Looking at her belly ballooning out of her shirt, she guessed she was nine months pregnant at the very least. She looked about to pop! Her shirt was too many sizes too small, and probably had fit her before her pregnancy, but now it didn’t fit over her bulging abdomen in the slightest. She looked like she had swollen a beach ball! Maybe she was pregnant with twins, or even triplets?

The woman was holding a maternity bra, a black lacey number, that was still see through around the cups. Along with the woman’s gravid belly, she was also sporting a matching pair of melons, larger than a single pair of hands would have been able to deal with. Natasha felt a slight twinge of jealousy looking at them. They had to be EE at least. She was only a C cup.

“Those are thirty dollars.” She told the woman. She seemed pleased by that.

“May I be able to give them a try on? I’ve been struggling with sizes lately.” Her breasts jiggled ever so slightly under her shirt.

“You may, but they have to go over your existing bra, for hygiene reasons.”

“Sure, I can do that.” The woman gave a smile, her voice sultry and a littler deeper than Natasha had expected. The pregnant woman looked over to the rack by her right. “I might try these on too.” They were a matching set of briefs, black and lacey as well, see through at the front and back.

“Take your time.” Natasha shrugged, indicating the emptiness of the store. “Changing room is in the corner. Will you need any help?”

The woman gave a little chuckle. “I’ll let you know. Hopefully not.” She rubbed her belly for emphasis, indicating what Natasha had been alluding to. “I won’t be too long!”

Off she walked, lingerie in her hand, hips swaying as she walked over to the change room. She was tall, taller than Natasha by a few inches, with wide shoulders. Her walk was more of a waddle than a strut, the huge belly of hers making her balance a little precarious. But she seemed to be doing ok. She had a skirt on down to her knees, swishing around her legs as she made it to the change room, blonde hair down to her lower back, before she pulled the curtain shut and disappeared behind it.

“What a lucky man.” Natasha thought to herself. The woman was undeniably beautiful, confident in herself, and clearly proud of her body to be showing it off like that. And the lingerie she was buying looked like it was meant for someone. Natasha was surprised the woman was so sexually active still. She could have given birth the next minute with the size she was!

For the next few minutes, Natasha carried on, humming to herself, as she folded the clothes, the thoughts of the woman in the change room at the back of her mind. When the latest batch was done,

she wandered off around the store, putting them back where they were meant to be, hanging them up and once again running out of things to keep her occupied. The woman had been in there for a good ten minutes now, and with nothing else to do, it was probably worth checking in on her.

Natasha really needed another job, thinking to herself out loud, as she walked around the clothes racks to the back corner. She was too bored for this whole thing. She was getting close to her late twenties now, and she didn't want to be this uninterested with her job for the rest of her life. She was single as well, thought of herself as fairly attractive, a nice body that occasionally worked out at the gym, long raven black hair, but she had not had a date in over six months. She was stagnating here. She was going to have to find something to mentally stimulate her. Anything else. Nothing exciting ever happened at the lingerie store.

"Hi!" Natasha called out from outside the curtain. "How are you going?"

"Good!" The woman called out, that deep voice ringing over the top of the barrier. "Just struggling a little with the bra." There seemed to be a bit of a grunt from her.

"Would you like some help? Or another size up?"

"Yes please!" She called out.

Now in hindsight it was easy to see the mistake. Natasha thought she had said yes to needing help. For our customer, struggling to fit the bra over their breasts, they had thought that Natasha was off to find a larger size of bra. They had not wanted anyone to come in and see them. But unfortunately, miscommunication resulted in an unlikely series of events...

With the woman giving her the go ahead to come in, and with no one else in the store or anyone outside who could peek in, Natasha opened the curtain to the changing room.

"Wait! Stop!" The woman wrapped her arms around her chest, covering herself, as Natasha now saw her. "Don't look!"

But it was too late.

Natasha took a minute, struggling to realize what she was looking at, but the realization suddenly came to her.

"You're... a man!" She couldn't believe it.

Standing before her, still nine months pregnant with a belly of titanic size, was undoubtedly a man. He had taken his wig off, the blonde hair hanging up on a hook within the change room, revealing shortly cropped dark curls. She saw it instantly now, looking at his features, as he stared right back at her. The masculine chin, the wide shoulders. He had taken his pants off as well, pulling on the pair of underwear, where a surprisingly plump cock was tucked within it, bulging out, hidden away under his stomach.

He was completely shaven. Not a hair on his arms, legs, pubic area, belly. All to help with the illusion of what he was trying to pull off. But it was his chest that really made Natasha's eyes bulge. The tits were real! They were massive, the size of a full cantaloupe each, with gloriously thick nipples on each one poking right out. He had tried to hide them from Natasha, but it was pointless. The bra was wrapped around his breasts, but the catch at the back obviously couldn't be reached because of his condition, so

it swung free behind him. The pair of bountiful mammaries were just to big, even as he crossed both his arms around them, to keep them a secret. His areola's were dark and chocolate brown, and she saw lines of blue veins crossing along the pair of them. His milk had come in.

"I told you not to come in!" He said, still shocked and trying to hide himself.

"I'm sorry! I thought you said come in!" Natasha still had not turned away, but continued to stare at him.

"I said get another larger size!"

Natasha was just speechless. "You're dressed as a woman..."

"Get out!" He grabbed the curtain, and forcibly slammed it shut between them, and Natasha lost all sight of him.

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Natasha waited by her counter, the shock of what happened wearing off, leaving her now more curious and inquisitive. She'd never seen a pregnant man before, though it certainly wasn't a strange thing as it had been decades ago. Medical science and procedures had come along way since before she was born, with the advancement of gene therapy trials and DNA alteration research. Human bodies were now able to be transformed and molded to whatever they wished at these new GT clinics. It was a new age.

So a pregnant man by themselves wasn't so much a shock. But it was the drag! Natasha had not even clocked the fact that he was actually a man, he had looked so convincing. Sure his voice was slightly deeper, and his shoulders were a tad wider than hers, but otherwise his body was so feminine. Especially with that huge pregnant belly and pair of great tits!

She wondered why he had chosen to dress himself up like that? Was it easier in public to appear as a woman, especially if he got away with it? Was it a kink for him?

As all these thoughts went through her head, she finally heard the curtain being pulled back. Natasha turned around, not knowing what to expect.

He was back in full drag, blonde wig back on, long curls down to his shoulders. He was dressed exactly as Natasha had first seen him, and once again she was almost stunned by how convincing it all was. Without knowing what she knew, he would have continued to fool her.

Ignoring what had just happened, not addressing the elephant in the room, he placed the pair of lingerie on the counter, not looking her in the eyes. As he stood there, Natasha swore she saw his belly move. The child, or children, within him, kicking and moving about. His popped navel seemed to shudder and twitch.

"I won't be buying these." He said, giving her a quick glance, before he turned to waddle off back out of the store, slinging his handbag over his shoulder.

He took two steps before Natasha stopped him.

“Wait!” She said. He stopped. He gave her glance.

“What?”

Natasha thought quickly. “When you wore these,” She held up the lacey underwear. “You didn’t put them over your own underwear. Or the bra.”

He gave her a frown. “So?”

“So... you can’t do that. It’s not hygenic.”

His eyes blinked. “Well... they don’t fit me anyway...”

“I know. Buy me dinner.”

“What?” He look surprised.

“Buy me dinner. As an apology.”

He shook his head. “Hey listen, you walked in on me...”

“So we both fucked up.” Natasha shrugged. “Alright, we pay our own way. But I want dinner. You owe me that. I’m... curious.”

“Curious?”

“Nothing exciting has ever happened here before. You’re the first thing in living memory that’s actually ever been exciting.” She smiled. “I’m curious.”

He took a moment, before he smiled. “Ok. We can do dinner.” He nodded. “There’s a place on Pico, called Cest La Vie. You know it?”

Natasha nodded. “Yeah, I’ve been there before.”

“Meet me there tonight. At seven.” He gave her one last curious look, all anger and tension now gone from his body, and once again he went and walked out of the store and out into the mall, the most convincing nine-month pregnant woman Natasha had ever seen.

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Later that night, Natasha found herself sitting in the restaurant, sipping on a glass of wine, as her dinner guest slowly slid herself in the chair opposite her. Or himself rather. Natasha was still a little confused by the whole thing.

“Thankyou.” He said to the waiter, tucking the chair in for him, flashing him a smile as he walked off. He was wearing a bright red wig this time, large silver hoop earrings, and matching lipstick. His dress was beautiful, a strapless deep red number that wrapped around his body, hugging his huge curves. His

breasts were barely contained by it, threatening to forever spill out at a moment's notice, though it never seemed to quite happen.

His belly as well stretched the whole fabric around his abdomen right out, keeping it tight around his mid-section, and a very obvious lump could be seen where his belly button protruded out. He'd complimented that with a pair of nude heels, risky for a man in his current condition, but he seemed unfazed by it. He seemed well adapted to walking in them.

"I'm glad you came." Natasha said.

"I wasn't sure if you were going to turn up either." He rested his hands on his belly, taking a big sigh. "I thought this might be some type of horrible game."

"Not at all! I'm Natasha by the way." She put down her glass, and extended her hand out to him. He reached out across the table, wincing a little at stretching himself, as he took it.

"Brad." He said, shaking. "But to everyone else, I'm Bridgette."

"Would you like me to call you Bridgette?"

He shrugged. "Cat's out of the bag now. Brad is fine."

The waiter returned, pouring water into Brad's glass, the pregnant man smiling and thanking him. Both of them said nothing while he was there, waiting for him to leave, before they continued.

"So." Natasha started.

"So."

"Why the outfit?"

Brad gave a tired smile. "You know, I've gotten away with it for so many years, it's been so long since I've had to explain any of this." He went back to rubbing that huge stomach of his, caressing his belly, seeming to soothe himself.

"I had to admit, it was shocking to see you as you were. You had me fully convinced!"

He gave a bigger smile. "Thank you. I'll take that as a compliment."

"You should! How many months along are you, by the way?"

"Seven months."

"Seven!? You're huge."

He gave a little shrug. "It's twins. Not my first set either. These ones tend to be fairly quiet most of the time. The first time I had twins, they were like a pair of bouncy balls in my stomach!" He laughed.

Natasha was surprised by this revelation. "So this isn't your first pregnancy?"

Brad shook his head. "It's actually my sixth."

Natasha sat quiet, her surprise once again stopping her from being able to talk. Brad gave her a second. "You go quiet quite often there Natasha."

"I'm sorry... I just... you really have to start explaining these things to me."

He giggled. "Ok. Well, I'm a professional surrogate. I have been for nearly a decade, since my early twenties. This is my job." He pointed at his belly, and the babies inside gave a little kick as if on cue.

"Really? I never heard of men being surrogates..." Natasha thought for a moment. "But I guess, if men can get pregnant now, I can't see why not."

"Exactly. Actually, men are suited just as well for pregnancy as women, in some cases better off. We've got even more room in here, plus our pregnancies are not as volatile sometimes. I myself have always had a pleasant experience. Women tend to be all over the shot when it comes to how they go."

"So people pay you to get pregnant?"

"I work for a company. Even in today's world, not everything is a feasible possibility for some couples. So I carry their children, birth them, and then when my body is ready, I go again."

"Birth them... so you..."

"Babies come out of me one way or another." He laughed.

"Then what about... this?" Natasha pointed to his dress, the wig, the makeup.

Brad blushed a little. "Well, this is a little different than just being a surrogate, I guess. It happened around my second pregnancy. Obviously, meeting a partner who is OK with what I do is a little difficult. But I was dating a woman at the time. She was really into me, loving my belly, and all the things that came along with it. If you can believe it, I was only a B cup back then." He laughed again, his tits bouncing up and down, the fat melons wobbling, always threatening to fall out. "She was quite dominate though. Suggested I perhaps put on some women's clothes while we fucked. She had a bigger pregnancy kink than I did, end of the day. We didn't last. But..."

"But you kept dressing up?"

Brad nodded. "Yes. It was strange. Before then, I was just Brad the pregnant guy. I loved everything about it. I had always wanted to do it. But people would smile and walk off. And I could tell they didn't understand. When I wore drag, and I went out in public the first time, showing off my bump, suddenly I felt everyone's eyes on me. Everyone wanted to feel my belly, talk to me, everyone became so kind and nurturing. I couldn't help but love it. So I just kept doing it."

"I get it." It made a lot of sense to Natasha. "Suddenly it was like, you found who you truly were."

Brad nodded. "Exactly! And I mean, who doesn't love wearing a g-string?" He gave a wink.

Natasha smiled. "You know, I'm glad you came in my store. I had no idea there were cool people like yourself out there. I feel so sheltered."

Brad gave a little snort and smile. "Well, looks like things turned out for the best I guess." Letting go of rubbing his belly for the moment, he reached over to the menu before him, and picked it up. "Now let's see what the specials are. I'm starving!"

“I couldn’t agree more. I’m famished.” She took another sip of her wine, as her and Brad began to idly chit chat, the ice breaker over and done with, and both of them found themselves starting to warm up to the other.

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Brad flicked on the lights, stepping over the threshold. “Sorry about the mess.” He said. The apartment was small but cozy, nicely furnished. It was actually pretty neat, everything in it’s spot, except for a pile of clothes on the couch, yet to be put away. “I hadn’t planned on having visitors.”

Natasha came in behind him. “Well, good thing my whole job entails me putting away clothes. I can help you out there.” She giggled. She was just ever so slightly tipsy. But she was having fun and in a great mood. And it seemed Brad was also.

He was still fully dressed in his drag, wig on, makeup, and he turned around to Natasha as she closed the front door behind her. “Sorry to put you to work then. Do I need to pay you for your time?”

Natasha giggled again, wrapping her arms around Brad’s shoulders. She couldn’t even get that close to him, the belly completely blocking any chance of that. Instead she just leaned over it, putting her face right up to his. He smelled sweet of perfume, his lips cherry red. She found her heart fluttering when she looked into his blue eyes. “I can think of one way you could pay me...”

She kissed him, moaning into him, as Brad kissed her back. It had been months for her since she had even kissed anybody else. For Brad it had been years. Both of them were hot, filled with passion, their lips forming a tight seal as they sunk into another. Brad grasped Natasha by the waist, the best he could, bringing her right into his belly, as they kissed.

She could feel the life within him, through both of their dresses, as they made out in his living room of his apartment. The babies in his belly moved about, pressing up against his womb, like they wanted to feel Natasha themselves. Natasha had never felt a pregnant belly before, let alone a man’s, and was unsure what to expect. It was softer than what she thought somehow. Like she had imagined a pregnant belly being tight with how big it was, firm and unmoving, but it surprisingly wasn’t. It was softer, more pliable, at the same time offering a safe place for Brad’s young to grow within him.

“We should move this to the couch.” Natasha whispered, breaking their kiss for a moment, their hot breath blasting onto each other’s necks.

Brad took her hand, leading her over to the couch. But Natasha stopped him, turning him around, and made him sit down first.

“Do you want me to take this off?” Brad asked. He was motioning to his outfit.

Natasha thought for a moment. He still looked exactly like a woman. A perfectly fecund, fertile woman. She was looking down at him, growling, finding herself getting so hot. She could feel her juices between her legs dripping out, soaked through her panties.

“No. Stay as you are for now.” She said, getting down onto her knees. She spread Brad’s legs, moving them wide apart, so she had full access to him. He was looking down at her over his big belly, moaning and quivering, as he watched Natasha.

She took the hem of his dress and began to roll it up, up his smooth thighs, pulling it higher, all the way to the underside of his belly. And she found what she was looking for.

“I remember seeing you before...” She bit her lip, eyes widening, as his cock now was right before her. It was trapped behind a lace pair of panties, red in color like Brad’s current wig, but his cock was too big to barely be contained. It had started to grow, becoming erect, and it was trapped underneath the fabric, wanting to be set free. The tip of his cock was poking into his belly, just underneath it, where a slimy patch of pre cum was now coating that particular patch of stomach. “You’re leaking cum.” She smiled, looking up to him.

Brad groaned, shifting a little where he sat. “Have you seen how hot you are?” He whispered. “And I haven’t been toughed down there in forever. Usually I just take care of myself, but it’s gotten so hard now that I’m so big... ungh.” He whimpered a little and shifted in his seat. “My babies are... sitting in a little bit of a precarious spot.” He murmured.

“What’s wrong?” Natasha was having a hard time trying to tear her eyes away from his cock. It was straining against the fabric, eager and throbbing for her. She craved it so bad.

“They’re... um... sitting... on something...”

Natasha frowned and stood up a little on her knees, looking at him over the top of his belly. “Sitting on something?”

Brad nodded. “Yeah.”

“Your bladder? You need to pee?”

He shook his head. “No, something else. My... my prostate. Oh God...” He groaned again. His cock now almost lurched out of his panties. His belly moved too, the babies inside adjusting position inside him. Brad was sweating.

“The babies are on your prostate?”

Brad nodded, whimpering. “Yeah... they can do it sometimes when I sit in this position. My prostate is currently the size of an apple.” He gave a slight smile, despite being uncomfortable. “One of the drawbacks of male pregnancy.”

“Is it painful?”

“Quite the opposite.” His own hands were on his breasts now, those huge man melons, and he was kneading his flesh through the dress. They were finally starting to spill out, and Natasha saw those huge chocolate nipples, the matching areola’s of the same color, now between his fingers. She was divided now on what she wanted most.

“When my babies... when they put pressure on my prostate, like they are doing now... it feels too good.”

Natasha understood now. “It’s going to make you cum.”



Brad nodded. "I've cum a few times without even touching my cock because of it. Just blown my load." He shuffled again on the couch, trying to get his babies to change where they were laying, but it didn't seem to help at all. "I've got to move, otherwise I'll cum to quickly." He took his hands off his breasts, leaving those huge melons to flop now onto his stomach, so delightfully fat and enormous, and went to place his hands on the couch to haul himself up.

Natasha stopped him. She placed one hand on his belly, keeping him where he was. Her palm was flat on his popped navel, and she felt her own pussy quiver as she felt it properly. It was fat and engorged, far firmer than his belly.

"Stay right where you are. I think I know what to do with you." She grinned.

Brad felt a little uneasy but slid back on the couch with Natasha's orders. "Are you sure?"

Natasha gave him a wicked smile. "I think I know what to do here." And with that she bobbed her head closer, pulling down his cock, finally releasing it from its shackled prison. His sack fell free as well, and she saw now how swollen they appeared to be, teeming with cum. He clearly had not gotten his rocks off in a while.

With her prize now free, Natasha didn't hesitate. She placed her mouth over the tip of his cock, and slid herself over him.

"Oh fuck!" Brad groaned. His breath was ragged, coming out in burst rather than actual rhythm, as Natasha enveloped his manhood. He went back to fondling his tits, pulling on his nipples, teasing and playing with them.

Natasha meanwhile had her head bobbing up and down on his cock, moaning, a little lipstick trail being left on the shaft near the head, as she never left her own cock head out of her mouth. Strands of saliva hung across the cock here and there as she got sloppy with it, enjoying herself. She let her tongue come out, covering his shaft underneath before snaking around the sides, as she increased her pace. She wanted him to cum. She wanted him to blow her load down her own throat. She was moaning into the own cock, breathing heavily, desiring his seed!

"Oh fuck, that feels amazing!" Brad let out another groan. He had swelled up even harder inside Natasha's mouth, and she found her own hand now wanting to snake between her own legs, and dive into the honey pot that was pouring its own juices out of her.

Her head broke off of his cock, leaving sticky tendrils of saliva between it and her lips. Brad watched intently as she left her mouth open, saliva dripping down her chin, finding himself groaning even louder as he looked at her. With a smile, her tongue now snaked out and with a quick flick it ran right across his cock slit. She was moaning to herself as she did it, her tongue lashing his cock head up and down, left to right, as she lathered it in her own juices. The head was shiny from all her ministrations, the bulb blossoming and throbbing with every beat of his racing heart.

"Are you close?" She whispered up to him, all doe eyed, as her tongue kept licking his tip.

"Yes... yes I'm so close!" He cried out to her.

Natasha took her right index finger, bringing it up to his cock head, and began to slather it in all the saliva and juices that were still coated on his tip. She made sure her whole finger was coated in the sticky juices. Nice and lubed up.

“I want to see you explode.” Her juice covered finger now left his cock, travelling further down, the tip of it sliding down his fat and engorged shaft. It reached his cock root, and kept going, down between his sack, between his two swollen orbs, until she got even lower. She found it, that soft little ring, right where it was meant to be. She felt Brad tense up, as she began to roam her finger right over his sphincter.

“I guess this hole has been used quite often by you. Especially with all the birth’s you’ve gone through?” Natasha asked him. He said nothing, eyes now shut, mouth slightly agape, as Natasha teased him. Her sticky finger was coating his little hole as it puckered up, then relaxed. “Just as I suspected. It does get a good workout. It’s opening up for me.”

“Please... I’m so close...”

Natasha shushed him. “Hush now. You just told me before your prostate is the size of an apple, and right now you’ve got your babies sitting on it. It must be so very sensitive...” She pushed her finger inside him, the hole swallowing her up, and now Brad’s eyes opened up, bulging, as she entered him.

“You like that don’t you baby?” Her tongue was still licking the tip of his cock in between talking to him, still slathering her saliva over his slit. “You like this finger inside you?”

She kept worming her way up inside him, the finger getting closer to the prized area within him. His ass was wet, almost lubed itself, and she wondered if that had anything to do with his womb and being pregnant? She wasn’t even sure where the insides of his body connected.

But she felt herself getting close. She could feel a slight bulge inside him, where her finger now was, something pressing outwards from inside him. It had to be his enlarged prostate; the pleasure center hidden inside his pregnant ass. Even just lightly grazing it caused his cock to quiver.

“That feels amazing...” He said, his breath coming now even more deep. His fingers kept pulling on his nipples, and Natasha swore she saw a bead of milk drip out of his right breast.

“Do you want to cum for me Daddy?” She asked him. Her mouth hovered over his cock, her own hot breath tantalizing his glans, making him swell up even greater. The whole tip of it had become a deep shade of purple and red. “Do you want to cum in my mouth?”

“Oh yes, oh God yes!”

“Are you a sissy?” She kept toying with him, just stroking the edge of that enlarged gland in his rear, never going all the way. “Are you a pregnant little sissy?”

He nodded, imploringly looking at her. “Yes!”

“You like everyone thinking you’re a woman don’t you? Dressing up and showing off your big pregnant belly?”

He grunted, his hips rolling around on the couch. He was so close to cumming. Natasha wondered how long she could make him edge for.

“You like that I thought you were a woman don’t you? You like being one?”

“Yes! Yes I do!”

She could feel him now. His ass was starting to tighten up. His balls churned and moved. She could smell the cum ready to burst forth from his cock head. It was time.

“Then cum for me!”

She took hold of his cock with her free hand and began to pump him, working his shaft quickly, tightly, feeling the blood pump so strongly through it all. And with the other hand, the finger inside his ass, she went deeper, stroking his prostate, the male g-spot.

“Oh fuck! I’m gonna cum!”

“Cum for me you sissy slut! Cum all over your belly!”

Natasha aimed his cock not at her face, not at her mouth, but up, right into the underside of that huge gravid dome. The cum roared out of him, causing a high-pitched wail out of his mouth, white liquid spraying out like a geyser. It was the most cum Natasha had ever seen a man shoot out, let alone ever seen a pregnant man cum before. Ropes of hot, sticky goo splattered all over his smooth belly, cumming over and over all of it.

Brad leaned back, as far back into the couch as he could get, back arched, firing off these heavy loads onto himself. In the end, everything from his navel down was covered in his own seed, dripping in thick droplets to between his legs. Finally, after a near minute, his cock gave one final lurch and fell quiet, falling down rapidly between his legs.

Natasha pulled her finger out of his ass, a slight pop sound being made as it sprung free of his ass. She licked it clean, tasting his rear end, as Brad just sat there, sighing, his dress now all clinging to himself, covered in spunk.

“Geez, you really were backed up!” Natasha grinned. She finished cleaning her finger, to now scoop up a thick globule of cum off his belly. She placed it in her mouth and smiled. “Mmmm, that’s tasty!”

Brad returned back to Earth, smiling, adjusting his wig ever so slightly as he looked down at Natasha. “I told you it had been awhile.”

“No lie there... hey!” She saw his cock, deflating only a second ago, now starting to rise again. “Gee whiz, you are a machine!”

Brad gave a coy smile. “Want to go round two?”

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There was a near full moon out, enough that the whole sky seemed lit up by the dazzling radiance of the stellar body. They were far enough out of the city that you could have seen some stars on a typical night, but with the moon so high, that was unfortunately an impossibility right now.

Natasha was under the sheet only up to her waist, her upper torso exposed to the midnight air. She was lying on her side, staring out the window, looking out at the stars that should have been there. She swore she saw them sometimes, if she squinted hard enough, but it was just her mind playing tricks on her. All she really saw was the just the vast canvas of dark blue and black above her.

Behind her, stirring, was Brad. They'd fucked for a few hours in bed, over and over again, until Brad finally dozed off. His pregnancy was obviously limiting his stamina to a degree, and after one final orgasm, it had been lights out for him. Natasha herself felt energized more than anything, but understood that he probably needed a rest for his babies. So she had curled up next to him, staring out at the sky.

Brad rolled over, nuzzling into her back, and she felt that oh so familiar bump now press into her. He was positively ginormous, and Natasha couldn't get enough of it. It was the strangest situation to find herself in, so completely different to the regular day to day of her boring job. But she felt so happy now.

"Did I fall asleep?"

Natasha smiled. "Yes dear."

"Sorry." Brad mumbled.

"Don't be." Natasha rolled over to face him. He was barely under the covers himself, sheets barely up to his hips. He had discarded all of his female attire ages ago, now looking like the slight, slightly effeminate but very pregnant man Natasha was getting to know quite well. He was rubbing his belly as she rolled over, just on his side. She also couldn't help but notice the very large pair of full breasts currently being squeezed together between his arms as he lay there. She licked her lips at the sight of them.

"Can't sleep?" She asked. She moved her hand up alongside his, rubbing his belly together.

"Babies are up and about." He smiled. Natasha felt them now, moving about within him. They were slightly kicking mostly, and then there would be a slower, but larger movement. "Things are starting to get a bit cramped in there for them."

"You've still got a few months left."

Brad nodded. He didn't seem upset by that. "I'll be ok. I've been this big before and did fine. Besides, this is what I love. Carrying them. Nurturing them. This is the best part of the job, being their mother."

Natasha said nothing. They just laid there, caressing his womb, both of them silent and happy.

"How long will you keep doing this?" She asked him.

He shrugged. "For as long as I can. I've only just turned thirty. Got a few more surrogacies to go. I have no plans to stop until I can't do it anymore."

"Do you ever get lonely?"

Brad took a second longer to reply to that. "Sometimes. It would be nice to have someone in my life, someone to share all this with. I have my babies. But once their gone, that's it. Until I carry my new ones." He giggled.

Natasha looked at his slight frame, his belly so impossibly large on it. The two did not seem to match up at all, being at odds with one another. It dominated everything about him, even his bloated tits. But Natasha couldn't help but find him attractive.

His skin was gorgeous, so pure and smooth, a delicious cream color. Even rubbing her hands up and down on his mound, she almost felt like she could feel him growing, the belly seeming to get larger with each passing second.

"How big will you get?"

Brad smiled. "Quite a lot larger. My pregnancies have always been on the larger side. Part of the hormones in my body I guess, extra testosterone maybe."

"I can't wait to see."

He looked up to her, registering what she had just said. "You would like to find out?"

Natasha nodded. Her hand dropped lower on his belly, grazing his navel. She felt the huge swell of it, the diameter of it as large as a coin and maybe two inches tall. She stroked it, only lightly, but she felt Brad quiver as she did. It seemed to be very sensitive.

"You want to see me again?" He asked her.

Natasha moved closer, right into him. "Forever."

She rolled him onto his back, right then and there, and mounted him. Sheets were pulled aside, strewn over the bed, as Natasha got on top. She was already wet, she had been ever since they had gotten into Brad's apartment, and she sat herself back down on his cock.

He slid in easily, back where it had been a few times this night already, and she welcomed his girth inside her. He was hot, thick, and filled her up just right, as she now sat atop his hips, looking down at her pregnant lover in the moonlight.

"God you're so sexy." She murmured. He was a pregnant Goddess, so plump and full around his abdomen, but still so slight everywhere else. Even without the wig on, his hair cut short, he could pass for a woman in this low light. But the cock was all male. It was really the only masculine part about him, but it was just so hard and thick inside her.

She began to ride him, moving her hips up and down on his shaft, pumping him on her cunt. She looked down at him, her hands falling down onto his belly, cradling that huge orb which was so large for his figure.

Brad grabbed her hands, fingers interlinking around hers, both of them joining together as Natasha became obsessed with his pregnant body. The two were connected now, both wanting to explore this new love, to take it to levels that had yet to be discovered. This was what she wanted, where she wanted to be. Riding Brad's fat cock, feeling his bulging pregnant belly.

He seemed to grow thicker with every pump of her hips on top of him, every inch of his cock swelling the longer they fucked. Natasha could feel his cock pressing into her cervix, brushing up against it, he was that deep inside her. Hell, with the amount of cum he had shot in her tonight, she was probably going to end up as pregnant as he was soon enough.

Even as big and huge as he was, that slight frame carrying such a huge weight, Brad was determined not to let that stop him from pleasuring Natasha as best as he could. He tried, bucking his hips in time with hers, meeting her thrusts to sink his cock as deep as he could inside her.

Natasha found herself groaning even louder, like a slut on heat, as his dick became too much. "God, you're tearing me in two!" She cried out. She couldn't believe it, his cock was definitely getting larger inside her.

"Preg... nancy... hormones..." Brad grunted. "I can't... stop it..."

"Don't stop it baby!" Natasha cried out. "Don't you dare fucking stop. Keep feeding me that fat cock until you can't get it up anymore! I need it in me!"

She looked down at him again, her love now on fire for him, and found herself leaning over his belly, diving her mouth right into his tits. She found one of his nipples, his left one, and immediately latched on. Suckling him, even as they both bucked together, brought an immediate spurt of his milk into her mouth.

He tasted so delicious, she couldn't help but moan into his nipple as she drank as much as she could. She wanted to drain him dry, drain those fat tits of his till there was nothing left. She wanted to be his milk maid, pump for all he was worth until the tap ran dry, and then do it all again the next day. She couldn't get enough of the stuff!

But her orgasm betrayed her. She was just too horny, just too wet, and his cock was just too big. She could only imagine what it looked like, that huge thing was probably the size of one of his skinny legs! She was forced to let go of his nipple, her head still besides his chest, as she came.

"FFFUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!"

She bent over him, unable to move, but Brad did all the work. Over and over again he fucked her pussy, making her squirt all over him, her pussy gushing everywhere. She clung to his belly, feeling it wobbly, the huge mound that was the size of a beachball squirming as his children tossed about under all the pleasure their daddy was receiving.

Natasha groaned, collapsing onto her side beside Brad, exhausted. She lay there, sighing, breathing deeply into the pillows on her stomach, as her legs twitched. It had been the most powerful orgasm she had ever had.

She was so out of it, she didn't even register Brad moving. He'd gotten up, going slow, hauling his huge bulk out of bed. Natasha was too busy basking in the afterglow of her orgasm, thinking of how great her life was going to be fucking Brad for the rest of it, when she felt herself get hauled over to the side of the bed.

She was too weak to do anything, her knees hitting the floor, leaving her butt perched in the air, her hands still on the bed. She was in a doggy style position, half conscious. That was when she felt it. Right up against her ass.

She turned around, groggy, looking over her shoulder. She was in a cum haze, but she saw him there. So massively pregnant. His tits were leaking milk, dribbling down his melon sized breasts. His beachball

stomach bulged out of him, the tip of it his belly button, making him look like a life sized blimp. And Underneath that, holding it, pressing it into her ass, was that huge manly cock.

“Stick it in me baby.” She moaned.

And in Brad went, thrusting into her ass, bringing her to another massive orgasm. The belly towered over the small of her back, this huge ball, resting on top of her, as Brad unleashed another full torrent of his pregnant cum right up her rear end.

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The next morning, Natasha sat in the kitchen. She was wearing an old t-shirt of Brad’s, thankfully a woman’s cut as well. He didn’t seem to have any male clothes at all, being the cross dresser that he was. She sat cross legged on her chair, smiling, still in that sweet morning afterglow of having wonderful sex.

“Scrambled or fried?”

“Scrambled please!”

She clutched the mug to her hands, the warm coffee within giving off that wonderful aroma of dark bitterness. She breathed it in deeply, savoring it, before she took a sip. It was still just a tad too hot.

“How’s the coffee?”

Natasha looked up. “Great!”

In the kitchen, her lover, Brad was making breakfast. Or as she was now known, Bridgette. She was dressed in a simple towel around her waist, having just come out of the shower. Today’s wig of choice was brunette, a shoulder length one with curls. Bridgette’s towel was struggling to stay wrapped around her, and Bridgette was forced to hold it in place with her arm tucked into her body, lest it fall down.

“Just let it go babe.” Natasha said, indicating the towel. “Nothing I ain’t seen before!”

Bridgette smiled, turning around from the stove, unfurling the towel and tossing it right at Natasha, giggling.

There she stood, that slight frame, with those huge pair of tits and the belly that was too impossibly pregnant. With a cock the size of a forearm dangling between her legs.

Yes, Natasha couldn’t wait to see how the rest of her day ended up.