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Contains: Pregnancy, Breast Expansion, Stuffing, Feeding

Nine Months

I probably shouldn't have been as excited as I was to find out my roommate was pregnant. But my fascination with pregnant bodies is part of what made me realize that I'm into girls. The way the belly swells up, bigger and bigger, getting rounder... and tighter... Oof, it gets me worked up just thinking about it. I've dreamed of the day that it could happen to me, but since, as I mentioned, I'm not into dicks *at all*, my only real choice is AI. Maybe someday... if I meet the right girl.

Anyway, this isn't a story about me, it's a story about my roommate, Jessie. Jessie is a tall, curvy blonde, with a big ole butt I can't resist giving a good grab now and then. She doesn't mind— Jessie knew I was an L-word when we moved in together. Jessie's sexuality is like spaghetti: she's straight until things get steamy. I on the other hand am a stereotypical tomboy minus the athletic ability: short, boring brown hair, boyish hips, and a flat chest. Jessie of course has tits for days. They're not 'internet big,' but definitely more than a handful each. Sometimes when we stay in and binge cheesy movies I make her gin and tonics extra strong just so she'll let me give those babies a good feeling up.

I'm getting distracted again. So Jessie got pregnant. We'd gone to Florida for spring break and both of us hooked up with more than a few people in the week we were down there. The anonymity of our escapades was part of the thrill, so of course Jessie had no way of knowing who 'the father' was, or any real way to

find out. It didn't seem to bother her, and she was determined to keep it from the moment that second little line on the test stick turned pink. Maybe she's into pregnancy like me, though probably in a less perverted way.

Anyway I was thrilled. And it only got better in the weeks that followed Jessie's 'big news.'

"Do we have anything to eat, Brit? I'm starving."

Oh yeah, my name's Britney. My parents swear they didn't name me after the singer, but I can do the math. *Baby One More Time* was topping the charts nine months before I was born.

"Uh, we might have some eggs. Want me to make you some?"

"Would you? I get shells in them every time I try."

My cooking wasn't anything to write home about, but Jessie could barely boil water. I scrambled up four eggs and split them in half. Jessie wolfed hers down like she hadn't eaten in days. I knew for a fact she'd had a bowl of cereal barely an hour earlier.

"You want some more?" I asked.

"Ehh... I probably shouldn't... I don't wanna be one of those women who blow up just because they're pregnant."

I tried not to let it show on my face just how much I would like to see my roommate upgrade from *Old Navy* to *Torrid*. I went back to the stove and turned the heat back on.

"Come on, you gotta put the baby's health first. You're eating for two now."

"I guess you're right."

Under normal circumstances, Jessie ate almost twice what I did. It makes sense – she was a good seventy pounds bigger than me. Being so much taller, that just meant she had all the curves that I lack. But by the time Jessie reached her second trimester, she was eating three or four times as much as me. It’s a good thing we have separate bedrooms, or I’d probably have kept her up all night jilling off to thoughts of her outgrowing her bras and tight jeans.

I sometimes wonder when exactly Jessie figured out how much I was into the idea of her being pregnant. I always thought I was playing it cool, framing all my encouragement as normal support from a fellow woman. But some of the shit Jessie said was almost *too* perfect to have been unintentional.

“You want to hit up the mall today? I really need some bigger jeans.”

“Can we stop for milkshakes? I’m starving.”

“I can’t believe this bra is already getting tight.”

Oh yeah, I guess I buried the lead. Jessie grew pregnancy boobs *wayyy* early in the process. It was barely two months after she confirmed with the doctor that we went shopping for some ‘temporary’ upgrade bras. The damn things were 34F, and Jessie outgrew them within a month.

Jessie moved her arm, drawing my eyes away from the TV. I tried not to stare as she picked at the shoulder straps of her bra, sending her chest melons wobbling. They seemed to be growing almost as fast as her bump.

“You alright?” I asked.

“Damn thing’s pinching again...”

“We can go back to the mall tomorrow. Maybe you need something adjustable?”

“Probably... Any day now I’m gonna start leaking.”

I felt the room spin as my roommate (supposedly) unknowingly pressed one of my proverbial buttons *hard*.

“Is there any pizza left?”

I very nearly let out a whimper. This girl was killing me. I sat up on the couch and lifted a few of the boxes, even though I knew damn well they were empty. We’d ordered two pizzas and I’d only had two slices.

“I think we’re out. We might have some ice cream?”

“*Oooh*, would you check for me? I’m too pregnant to get up...”

Jessie was nowhere near big enough to have trouble moving, but I sprang up anyway. We did indeed have a carton of mint chocolate chip, so I grabbed a spoon and brought it back to the living room without a bowl.

“I can’t eat the whole thing, Brit... why didn’t you just put some in a bowl?”

“All our bowls are dirty.” I lied. “Plus you’re eating for two. Just have as much as you want and I’ll put it away when you’re done.”

The empty carton was in the trash when we went to bed.

As the weeks wore on, Jessie grew bigger and bigger. Her belly swelled the most of course— it seemed to get larger by the day. But my roommate’s massive breasts were determined to keep up. Between Jessie’s baby bump and her planetary tits, there were no calories left for her hips or her rump. And of course her appetite grew along with her body. Between her own pregnancy cravings and my endless ‘encouragement,’ by the time Jessie reached her third trimester we were both making sure she ballooned as much as possible.

One night I made four boxes of mac and cheese. I ate my usual third of a box’s worth and brought Jessie bowl after bowl. She ate until the elastic on her maternity pants was stretched tight over her massive belly.

“*Ugh*” Jessie groaned, both hands dropping to her sides on the couch. Her half-eaten bowl was resting on her taut baby bump. The fat orbs of her overgrown tits threatened to push the melamine dish right off the slope of her growing dome.

“That sounds like quitter talk to me.” I said.

“You have no idea how tiring it is making a human.” She whined.

I’m still not sure what came over me. Seven months of torture from my roommate’s little comments and remarks must have taken their toll on my good sense. I knelt on the couch and picked up Jessie’s bowl, scooping a bunch of cheesy noodles onto her spoon.

I held it up near Jessie’s mouth.

“Open.” I ordered.

Jessie’s face was a mixture of shock and disbelief as her eyes met mine.

“What...?”

“Growing babies need plenty of nutrients. Now open up.”

Jessie opened her mouth, and I spoon fed her the rest of the bowl. I risked a touch of her bloated middle, and I could feel the two distinct shapes of her pasta—stuffed stomach and the growing life just below. Unable to stop myself, I pressed my fingers into the upper section. Jessie let out the most beautiful sound I’d ever heard—a low husky moan of painful pleasure.

“That feels *really* good...”

I massaged my roommate’s belly for several minutes, resisting the urge to put my hands on her massive tits. They were bigger than my head, and I could see Jessie’s nipples growing erect even through her industrial strength bra. After a while she let loose a massive belch, and I could feel the tightness in her tummy recede.

I grabbed my roommate’s bowl to fetch the last of the mac and cheese.

With less than eight weeks to go, it seemed like Jessie was growing by the hour. Her whole body took on that ‘pregnancy glow’ that really just means an extra bit of softness on every inch of her skin. Aside from her belly and breasts, my roommate never got truly fat, but her arms, legs, cheeks, feet, even her fingers all got a little softer. With less than a month until her due date, we spent Thanksgiving together in our shared apartment.

“I feel bad you’re missing Thanksgiving with your family.” Jessie said.

“*Pfft*, and sit through another one of my uncle’s lectures about the government? Hard pass.”

I unpacked another of the many bags of food I’d ordered from *Cracker Barrel*. Turns out you can get almost a whole Thanksgiving dinner as carry-out.

“This is an awful lot of food, Brit...” Jessie said as she waddled toward a kitchen chair.

I helped my massive roommate into her seat, unable to stop myself from copping a feel of her ginormous belly.

“I didn’t want to run out, since you’re eating for two...”

“Yeah but it looks like you got enough food for ten...”

I stood behind Jessie’s chair, running my fingers down the sides of her bump, now grown to be more of a mound.

“Well, we’ll have leftovers then.”

Jessie dug into our ‘Friendsgiving’ feast with abandon. I refilled her plate again and again whenever she ran low on anything. When she started to slow, I crawled under the table and massaged her belly. Above my head Jessie kept eating, and as my hands prodded and traced her bloated form, I could feel her stomach swelling bigger and bigger as she filled it with bite after bite after bite.

After dinner Jessie, needed my help to stand. I held both of her hands and the addition of my tiny weight was enough to lever her upright. She put an arm over my shoulder and I squeezed myself against her side, reveling in the sensation of so much soft flesh pressed into me, even through our clothes. Jessie reclined on the sofa and I lifted her legs up onto the ottoman. She looked like a normal girl with three beach balls resting on top of her.

“Ready for pie?”

“*Urgh...* If I eat anymore I might pop...”

“Just a little piece?”

Jessie must have seen the disappointment in my eyes, because she nodded. The first slice I brought in was an entire quarter of the pumpkin pie.

“If I didn’t know better *-hic-* I’d think you were trying to fatten me up.” Jessie said as I fed her another bite of pie.

“You’re not fat, you’re pregnant.” I corrected, using my free hand to rub long stripes down Jessie’s taut tum.

“Except for these...” she said, reaching up to take my hand and move it onto one of her massive breasts, “I swear they’re soaking up every calorie the baby doesn’t take.”

I shoved another forkful of pie into my roommate’s mouth and squeezed a breast larger than a prize-winning watermelon.

“At least the baby will have plenty of milk.” I said, trying not to sound *too* horny.

There were no leftovers.

The weeks leading up to Jessie’s due date felt like a non-stop feeding frenzy. Under the excuse of the impending holidays I baked cookies every night. Despite the mountains of takeout I poured into her, none of the cookies lasted

until the next day. Jessie's breasts grew until they were each nearly the size of her full term baby bump.

"I'm so full Brit..."

Jessie lay supine on her bed, propped up by a few pillows as I hand-fed her chocolate peanut butter bars.

"Come on mama, just a few more..."

"I'm gonna *-urp-* explode..."

I held a bar near Jessie's lips, doing my best to massage the stomach rising up from the bed with one hand.

"Don't be silly. There's a growing baby in here, and they need to eat."

Jessie's lips opened to take a panting breath, and I shoved the sugary bar between them.

"You're *-mmpf-* full of shit, you know that?"

I felt my world spin as Jessie met my eyes.

"W-what?"

"I can tell you're into this."

Jessie opened her mouth for another bite, and I obliged reflexively.

"Sho-*ulp-* would you mind helping me out?"

She must have recognized the puzzled look on my face, because my roommate pointed to a space she hadn't been able to see for nearly six months.

"I've let you fatten *-hic-* me up like a prize cow. Now would you kindly return the favor? I haven't been able to reach down there for *weeks.*"

I hadn't touched my roommate *that way* since before she got pregnant. Suspecting a trap, I slowly started to crawl toward the foot of the bed.

"Leave those up here." Jessie ordered, pointing to the plate of treats.

I somehow managed to eat my massive roommate out while massaging her mountainous stomach with one hand and fingering myself with the other. When she came the bed shook like a magnitude 9 earthquake. I cautiously climbed Jessie's lower slope to meet her eyes between the twin peaks of her breasts—they seemed to have grown another inch since before dinner. I put a hand on each massive orb and tried to press them together, my twig-like arms trembling from the effort.

"There's more cookies in the kitchen..." I said, in my best 'bedroom voice.'

"Oh, I don't think I should." Jessie replied mockingly.

I rubbed my hands along the slopes of Jessie's immense tits, and pecked a kiss on each one.

"I'll go fetch them. You're eating for two, after all..."