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## Chapter 8

For Yaroslav, it looked like a nobleman's clothes from the 1900s, the same for Amina but it wasn't quite the extravagant big dresses like they used to wear, it was a bit more restrained in that aspect. Yaroslav found himself quickly in the costume and he looked very smart, very rich and attractive too. He relished in the lustful looks from a few women in the crowd.

Amina on the other hand struggled, she couldn't get the top over her bump, it was bunched up around her tits. She grunted as she tried to stretch the fabric over her gravid form but to no avail. She hadn't even gotten to the trousers by this point, but she doubted that would cover her bump and probably would have a tough time getting over her wide and fat hips. She felt her face burning as she struggled with the garment, knowing that there were fifteen or so people watching her.

Veronica watched on as she struggled for a few more minutes. "What's up Amina? Too big to fit in it?"

There was a sense of malice in her voice that didn't escape Amina's ear. Veronica lowered the camera and walked to Amina.

"Oh... Yeah, there is no way this is getting over your fat ass... And that huge belly..." She shook her head disappointed. "And even though you've stuffed your fat tits in that... They look awful, you can see all the stretch marks and you can tell how saggy they are. Those ghastly veins would ruin the photos too..."

Amina was struggling to hold back tears. Being humiliated like this would be one thing if it

were just the three of them, but she could see the shocked reactions from some people in the crowd but there were some people nodding in agreement. She felt sick.

“I mean look. These are tits.” Veronica shook her chest from side to side. “I bet I could fit in there... and I’d look fucking great...” She looked at Yaroslav and asked pointedly. “What do you think? Should I do the shoot with you? I don’t think your heavily pregnant wife would make this shoot work...”

Yaroslav didn’t respond. Inside his head he was begging for her to swap. He had seen what a photoshoot with Veronica was like before.

“Do you all mind?” Veronica addressed the crowd.

There was a resounding sound of agreement.

Amina pulled off the top and let her tits flop onto her belly with a smack. Tears rolled down her face.

“Don’t cry, we all can’t keep our perfect tight bodies after pregnancy. It changes us women. It’s a shame that it’s done such a number on your body but it’s fine, we’ll get this shoot sorted no worries.” Veronica said. “Hey why don’t you take the photos for me. We need a photographer.”

Amina begrudgingly took the camera from Veronica.

Without warning, Veronica pulled her crop top over her head. Despite her massive breasts, she didn’t require support from being so perky. She was now standing before the couple topless, her large round breasts barely dropped after being released from her tight-fitting top. She proudly stuck out her chest, knowing that she had the attention of everyone. Veronica picked up the discarded costume and put herself in it with ease. It was more covering than her tube top, but it was just as sexy. The lacy dress had a small boob window that was overstuffed with her large breasts. Her tits bulged between the gap in the top. She straightened herself up and smirked at Yaroslav.

“What do you think?”

She didn’t wait for an answer, she jumped on the bed and started to pose with Yaroslav.

“Take a few photos in each pose, just to be safe.”

Amina did as she was told, she was defeated and upset. She didn’t want to cause a scene.

The poses were tame at first, Veronica had her arms around his neck, her elbows pressed against the side of her boobs, making her already bursting bust pop more. Yaroslav struggled to hide his growing erection, during this one in particular. Suddenly Veronica planted her lips on Yaroslav's. It wasn't quite a kiss, more that it was their lips touching. Amina whimpered which caused Veronica to break it off.

“We aren't kissing... Our lips are just touching... The contract I have is to have a photo shoot with a couple. Couples kiss.”

Amina didn't have any words to say, she just carried on taking photos. The crowd was starting to get into the photo shoot, they were enjoying the poses. This infuriated Amina more.

Veronica took Yaro's hands and placed them on her hips, and they continued to kiss, the illusion of just pressing their lips had now been lost, they were now practically making out. Amina remained silent; the crowd filled the vacuum of noise with gasps as the two on the bed started to heat up.

“Make sure you get a good look at his hands, focusing on them would make for a good shot.” Veronica added, highlighting the fact that his hands had now moved to her plump rear.

She started to rub his chest, press her tits against his arm and they would occasionally kiss for a photo. Yaroslav was too turned on, he was almost lost at this point, he wanted her so badly.

Amina was a shell of herself, watching this beautiful woman touch up her husband in front of all these people, all the while she was taking photos.

Veronica moved his hands to her tits, and he gave a firm squeeze. Veronica let out a huge moan. A woman from the crowd gasped loudly. The photoshoot was fading from Veronica's mind as she reached down and started to rub Yaroslav's hard cock through his trousers. Yaroslav returned the favour and started to rub at her excited clit. They had lost all pretences that this was for a photoshoot, and they were enjoying third base together. Their moans filled the room, and they were edging themselves closer to release. The crowd was sitting there taking it all in. To Amina, it seemed that was the main reason they were here.

*I guess her photo shoots go this way often.* Amina thought to herself.

Through heavy pants Veronica turned to Amina. “I need you to press record on that camera on the tripod...”

Amina did as she was told, she pressed it and returned to taking photos.

Jumping off the bed, Veronica stood at the end of the mattress and watched the hungry eyes of Yaroslav as they undressed her, he couldn't even resist touching himself at this point.

*Why make him wait any longer...*

Taking a deep breath and giving a quick tug, Veronica burst out of her top and stood before him, topless in all her glory. The crowd gasped with the showmanship on display, she lifted the dress and revealed her slick pussy. Yaroslav pulled his cock out and within seconds, Veronica was riding him, plunging his rigid member deep inside her.

Amina watched in horror. There were now people in the crowd touching themselves, making out with one another.

*Is this some sort of orgy. What the fuck is going on.*

“This. Is. How. You. Fuck. Your. Man.” Veronica screamed between pants.

Their passion from the build-up was rapidly bringing them to a climax. Yaroslav found his head buried deep in her massive tits just as she was hitting the point of no return, she rapidly bounced on his member and from her convulsing, Yaroslav came too. Deep inside his busty goddess of an Ex-girlfriend.

She fell off of him and laid next to him panting. Yaroslav was on his back, his chest rising and falling rapidly as cum trickled down his rapidly softening member.

Amina stared at the two in shock, horror and betrayal.

Little did she know, this was only the beginning.

Veronica shot up after a few seconds to catch her breath, her naked sweaty body bouncing towards Amina who still had the camera in her hand. Veronica reached out and took it from Amina, the woman was still frozen still. Flicking through the camera roll, she was disappointed that the photos ended at the point that she started touching Yaroslav.

“You stopped taking photos...” She then remembered the other camera filming it. “Oh at

least we have it on there.” She lifted Amina’s face with a soft finger on her chin. “You need to do better next time.”

Amina was crying, but she nodded.

“I’ll send you all the video once it is edited.” She addressed the crowd. “Help yourselves to the bed, we’re done here.” Veronica led Yaroslav and Amina back to the car. Sitting down together, Yaroslav in the driver’s seat, Veronica sat in the passenger seat, relegating Amina to stuff her huge belly into the back seats.

Veronica put her hand on Yaroslav’s muscly thigh and gave a squeeze, deliberately in front of Amina.

“Well. *That* was fun.”

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