Lexi’s Pregnancy Warp

--- A Strange Painting ---

Lexi Sato stood staring at the strange painting. It was a beautifully done composition, but something seemed off about it. It was a swirl of colors, each one more brilliant and vibrant than the last. It was exactly the kind of thing that she expected Dr.Tanu to have in her house. That would be Dr. Isha Tanu, the world famous and brilliant fertility specialist. Despite only being 30, Isha had revolutionized fertility treatments and pregnancy for women. It was said that her treatments were so accurate and ahead of their time that they could pinpoint the number of children a woman was going to have. Lexi still marveled that she was lucky enough to have the woman as a professor and mentor. The young Japanese woman would have never guessed that asking a simple question after class would lead her here, Isha’s own stately mansion. Moreover, Lexi would not have guessed that it would lead to her calling Dr.Tanu by her first name. . or admiring her art collection long after dark.

“What do you think of it, Lexi?” Isha Tanu said, seeming to appear out of thin air behind Lexi. Isha was a very fetching Indian woman, 12 years older than Lexi, but hardly looking it. If anything, the doctor looked 25. She was thin and graceful, despite a very apparent pregnancy. Lexi blushed when she saw how Isha's stomach poked out from between her silk pajama shorts. It was a large tanned orb. When she had arrived, Lexi hadn't expected Isha to be dressed so informally. Her top was skin tight, the curve of her breasts and point nipples were poking into the metallic blue of her top. She seemed so much different than the serious academic that Lexi saw in class. “It’s one of those paintings that are different for every person. The usual blah-blah-blah mysticism.” Isha rolled her eyes and threw her long, silky hair back as if in playful defiance of the mystical forces of the world. She stood close to Lexi, her tanned baby bump resting just on Lexi’s forearm. “I like it just as a centerpiece. Something interesting for my guests to look at.”

“I. . .well. . .” Lexi stared at the painting. She tried her best to divine something out of the vortex of colors. She ran her hand through her short, blonde-dyed hair while she thought. She played with her septum ring quickly there after, fingering the punkish ring with her index finger. Trying to come up with anything to report to Isha, Lexi crossed her arms over the ripped, black t-shirt she was wearing and kicked her shapely legs against her jean skirt. It was such a strange, almost pointless painting. Sure, the swirls did seem to be taking on some sort of shape. A tan coalencese in the center of the canvas. Lexi followed the tan blotch with her eyes. It turned out that there were blacks and blues in the piece, seemingly traveling to other parts of the canvas. To Lexi’s shock, she started to divine more and more of the painting. “This is going to sound mega-odd.” Lexi huffed, hoping she wasn’t going to sound super bizarre. “But it's a pregnant woman, middle aged, with like. . .pillows around her.” Lexi finished turning to Isha, hoping that she hadn’t just scared away her professor.

“Well, I guess that makes two pregnant women in the room.” Isha smiled, rubbing her large belly. Her tan hands lifted her top up, just a smidge, revealing more of her belly. Triplets at least.

“Ah-ah!” Lexi said, stepping forward. “That makes three!” She said, sticking her stomach out. She immediately shook her head. Why the fuck had she said that? She wasn’t. . .Lexi looked down. Below her breasts was a clearly large and defined baby bump, big enough to touch Isha’s own soft bump. It burst from between her ripped shirt and jean short skirt, clearly huge and obviously pregnant. Lexi’s eyes almost rolled back into her head in amazement. “Wait, when did I get pregnant?” She asked, her hand traveling to her miraculous stomach. She rubbed her hands up and down the length of it in amazement. She stepped backwards, trying to think, her steps a comical waddle. Thankfully, Isha was there to catch and guide her over to the couch. The doctor put her arm around Lexi’s and patted her hand.

“Uh-oh! I think someone is having a bit of a “mommy-brain” moment.” She laughed as she guided Lexi to the couch. The pair sat, Lexi still goggling at her belly in amazement. “Don’t worry, this is totally normal.” She sat with her legs primly together, her thighs hugging her underbelly. Isha slowly and sensually rubbed Lexi’s belly, her own close enough to bump into it from time to time. “You’ve been on your feet a lot lately, it can really discombobulate a woman who's so far into her pregnancy. Just relax.” She pushed Lexi back lightly, stroking Lexi’s hair. Again, Lexi was overcome by a strange feeling. With each stroke, her hair felt longer and fuller. Lexi, in a fit of collegiate rebellion had shorn her hair down to tomboyish length and thoroughly bleached it. Yet, as Isha ran her soft fingers through it, it seemed to melt and lengthen to her command. Five strokes and Lexi’s hair was shoulder length and returned to its normal dark coloring. Lexi wanted to say something, but stopped herself. It felt comforting to have her old hair back. It was mature, the kind of thing someone who had been through a pregnancy or two would have. Another stroke or two saw it reaching her back and the memories of the now-old style fading into oblivion.

“Oh, Isha, is there anything you can’t do?” Lexi asked, now putting her hand onto her Professor’s stomach. A glittering ring now shone and sparkled on Lexi’s ring finger. It was a marvelous stone, the kind of thing a trophy wife in a movie might be bequeathed. Hardly the kind of thing for a punky college woman. Lexi again tilted her head, long hair slipping over her shoulder.

“No, but I believe that’s why you married me.” Isha said, using her finger to tip Lexi’s chin up so that she stared deeply into Isha’s almond eyes. She was mesmerizingly beautiful. “You needed someone to coach you through pregnancy, take you shopping at the best maternity stores, teach you romance, and feed you.” Isha listed the items off one at a time, each time her bump brushed against Lexi’s. Married? Married to Dr.Isha Tanu? Lexi? It all seemed so unbelievable. Yet, Lexi couldn’t exactly argue. Here she was in Isha’s mansion with an enormous rock on her finger with the Doctor cosying up to her amorously. Lexi smiled, thinking about the fantastic life that she was apparently leading. “Of course, I might have gotten a bit *too* good at feeding you. Someone is looking a bit chubby.”

“Hey, hey!” Lexi this time didn’t even bother debating the veracity of Isha’s claim. “You said it was natural for a pregnant woman to gain some weight.” Lexi felt her chins jiggle as she spoke. Her stomach inflated, the baby bump encircled by doughy fat. Not so much so that her stomach stopped looking pregnant but, rather, that her stomach looked even more pregnant. Likewise, Lexi’s ass scooched across the couch, greedily devouring any open space. 10, 20, 30 pounds flooded onto Lexi with more still coming. Her arms thickened, becoming doughy bingo wings. Her breasts, already flooded with milk, strained at her top. Lexi Sato-Tanu grew fatter and fatter as she stared at her thin, pregnant wife. The two were quite a pair, twins in pregnancy but comically mismatched in weight. Isha was a slight 120 pounds while Lexi was a hefty 250. It was obvious that Lexi had taken quite a shine to the calorically dense and nutritious pregnancy meals that Isha prepared. By the way that her buttons popped off of her skirt and her bra snapping, it was even more obvious that Lexi had taken a shine to midnight ice cream runs and constant craving indulgence.

“I suppose. . .for a woman your age.” Isha laughed and kissed Lexi. “330 pounds, 7 months pregnant, and 40 years old aren’t terrible numbers. In fact, I quite like all of them.” When she drew back she was staring at a different, yet completed Lexi.

“Dear, you know it's Alexandra. I don’t see why you need to tease me with such a childish name. I’m quite a ways past 19.” Lexi-Turned-Alexandra said, her voice rich with love and just a pinch of age. She was quite the cougar. Age had only enhanced her womanly curves. The laugh lines around her eyes, the plump lips, the childbearing hips had only made the milf-y woman more perfect. Isha didn’t mind dating and marrying an older woman, Alexandra had made a point of marrying a younger woman. Years into their marriage, her body good and fattened up, Alexandra had not regretted the decision one bit.

“You are quite right. . .I believe I owe you an apology.” Isha said, giggling and leaning forward. She was soon kissing her wife. Their bodies interlocking as best they could with their obvious pregnancy impediments. Passion burst forth from both women. Isha was soft and tender, while Alexandra was raw and experienced sexuality. They hurried each other out of their clothes, Isha delicately removing the sheer nightie that Alexandra had been wearing. Alexandra, devilish cougar she was, gleefully shredded the light sleepwear that Isha wore. Then it was all bodies thumping in darkness and heat. Alexandra kissed and suckled Isha’s breasts, pressing her lips deeply into them. It was easy to overpower Isha with her weight. Alexandra was 300 pounds of pregnant fat on a mission to love her wife, nothing would stop her from that goal. Her kisses dropped lower and lower, trailing down her tanned stomach. Bright pink lipstick smears were left as a reminder of Alexandra’s lips’ softness. Isha practically screamed as she felt pleasure overwhelm her. Isha’s fingers gripped the back of the couch and her hips moved of their own accord as Alexandra parted her thighs. Isha moaned as she felt Alexandra’s expert tongue enter her.

The women were ravenous, each trying to devour as much pleasure as possible. Alexandra took the lead, moving from position to position. Her body flopping and jiggling wildly as she worked her magic. 300 pounds of milf was a hard thing to contain, especially since Alexandra was in her element. She might have never been pregnant before, but she was well versed in Isha’s own body. Their twin bumps met many times that night, Isha’s thinner and smaller bump matched cutely against Alexandra’s own hefty yet beautiful one. The night continued in marital bliss, each woman thinking of their partner. It wasn’t until they both screamed that they collapsed in each other’s arms. Isha hugged Alexandra tightly, thinking of how lucky she was. Alexandra did much the same, though she took precious seconds to look at the painting hanging on the wall. It was such a beautiful painting of herself.

--- Epilogue: Many Happy Months Later ---

"Ahhh, how is it possible these breasts keep getting bigger?” Isha asked, fondling one of Alexandra’s immense tits. Alexandra had been undergoing another growth spurt. 8 months had brought another hundred pounds to the cougar’s body. Alexandra now exuded fat just as much as she exuded pregnancy and sexuality. She wore nothing but sheer nighties and see-through shawls around the house, parading her nakedness about the place. Her waddling, thumping footsteps were like the ticking of a sex themed time bomb for Isha. When they stopped, that meant Alexandra was behind her and about to pounce. It was only in moments of repose on the couch that Isha could get her own sort of revenge.

“How is it. . .UUURRRPPP. . .possible that your food keeps getting better?” Alexandra spoke through cheeks filled with pickles and ice cream. She ate even as Isha grasped and fondled her body. Food had become just as important as sex to the older woman. She would suck down food just to ramp up her sex drive, giving her fuel to tackle another long session with her wife. “I. . .bblluuurrruuupp. . .swear that you just do this to pork me up more.” Alexandra jiggled her stomach, which now reached the end of her knees. Babies and fat and milk were what made up Alexandra these days. Her body was a soft playground, one she happily shared with Isha.

“I think you are just getting less choosy.” Isha leaned to give Alexandra a kiss on top of her head. However, she felt lips press against her own stomach instead. Warm lips with cold ice cream smeared across her 9 month stomach. Isha moaned loudly. She reached back and grasped her own supple buttocks, wanting to feel herself just as much as she wanted to feel Alexandra.

“Impossible. . .” Alexandra said before going in for another deep belly kiss.