

The Nurse

A Pregnancy Themed Commission

The world swam into focus, a blurry kaleidoscope of sterile white and muted blues. A rhythmic beep pulsed in my ears, a relentless metronome keeping time with the erratic thud of my heart. I blinked, trying to make sense of the tangled IV lines and the plastic tube snaking under my nose. A hospital room. The realisation hit me like a physical blow.

My body felt leaden, every movement a monumental effort. I managed to turn my head, taking in the sterile environment with a growing sense of dread.

What happened? The last thing I remember... a screech of tires, a blinding flash of headlights, and then... There were these moments, brief flashes of consciousness, sirens, lights.

Fear gnawed at my gut as a nurse bustled in. My eyes darted to the opening of the door, and I was greeted by a large blue orb, the taxed fabric of scrubs hovered towards me.

A pregnant nurse...

I looked up and saw her cheerful smile, a jarring contrast to the sterile room.

She is so big...

"Good morning," she chirped, her cumbersome body waddled to my bed, and she started adjusting my IV. "How are we feeling today?"

I tried to speak, but my throat felt raw and scratchy. I managed a croaking, "What... what happened?"

Her smile softened, a hint of pity in her eyes. "You were in an accident, dear. A car accident."

A wave of nausea washed over me as fragments of memories began to surface. The sharp sting of shattered glass, the sickening crunch of metal, the cold floor fading into nothingness.

The nurse patted my shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry, dear. You're going to be just fine. You got off rather lucky."

She looked down at me, the impressive swell of her stomach would've been imposing for most but to me, it was arousing. I felt my cheeks blush. The nurse had to look over her large tits to get a good look at my eyes.

Anna...

The name hit me about as hard as the car probably did.

"Anna?" I stammered.

Anna was an old friend, we hung out in school for several years but when she went to med school I thought I had seen the last of her. I hadn't kept up with her... Developments, of which she had at least three substantial ones.

"Yes, that is a good sign that your long-term memory is intact." She giggled, sending her breasts into a frenzy.

"You... Look different..."

"Well, being eight months pregnant certainly would do that to a girl" She laughed even harder.

"I mean..." I tried to say but my embarrassment was too great.

"You are just as cute now as you were all those years ago." I noticed Anna's hand hadn't left my shoulder.

Did she say cute?

Her eyes were warm and inviting but there was some other emotion dwelling deep in those baby blues.

Without any warning she turned abruptly and placed the chart at the end of my bed before waddling towards the door.

"You're all fine... I will check on you in the night, you should get some rest..." Her voice became husky towards the end, and I noticed her gaze was no longer on my face.

"Oh... Okay..." I felt a strange numbness in my arm, and I saw Anna's smile one last time before my eyes became too heavy to bear.

A shiver jolted me awake, the frigid air cutting through the thin hospital gown like a knife. My teeth chattered as I blinked against the harsh glare of the fluorescent lights that had suddenly entered my room.

The door was open.

The room was cast in an eerie, sterile glow.

I croaked, my voice barely a whisper. "Can someone please turn down the air conditioning?"

I thought nobody would hear me but to my shock I heard a soft reply.

"I can warm you up..." A softly spoken feminine voice spoke.

The light that was pouring in through the door suddenly was stamped out and I saw a large figure at the end of my bed. From my side, I tried to sit up, but I was still in too much discomfort to move that quickly.

"Don't move... Let me take care of you..." The voice said once again. I recognised the voice, but my grogginess left me dazed.

Sitting and staring, I saw the large figure walk towards my sprawled body. My eyes were adjusting to the light, and I started to take in the shape of the woman before me.

Anna.

It could only be one woman; I had never seen a woman so big and round before and the shadow was certainly of the same dimensions.

"Anna?" I asked cautiously.

"Sshhh... You just lay back..." Her voice was a low growl.

I felt her finger on my lips, silencing me.

"Don't think I didn't see you earlier..." She cooed, her belly pressing against my torso as she leaned in towards my face. "We can see when you aren't looking at our faces you know..." She pecked my cheek. "I mean... It must be hard... *Not* to stare at *these*."

I found her boobs thrust into my face, the mind fog quickly dispersed, and I felt myself becoming hard. It was the only reaction I could take; I felt her impressive milk filled chest squishing against my face. Her huge stomach was pressing on my body,

pinning me to the bed, it took a mere few seconds before I could feel my rock-solid cock pressing into her taut pregnant belly.

“You know... Holly told me something about you...”

Holly... My ex from school?

“She said that you liked women who were...” She paused, not to choose her words but to let me linger in tension for that little bit longer. “Expectant...”

I remained silent, even if I could bring myself to speak, Anna’s breasts stopped me from doing so.

“I thought nothing really of it until I saw you earlier... You couldn’t keep your eyes off me...”

Anna’s hand moved down her belly and she met my desperate erection. “I haven’t felt wanted in months...” She let out a soft moan, as did I, as she started to jerk my aching cock.

“Just lay there... Let me take care of you...”

I felt the weight on my body increase as she laid in the bed next to me, her huge belly covering my entire midsection and pinning me to the bed like a boulder. My free hand reached up and started to rub and caress its vastness, my dick throbbing in her palm as she stroked.

“I can *feel* how much you desire me...” Her breath was hot and heavy. “Let me help you...”

Letting go of my cock, I felt my body crave her touch immediately again. She sat up and pulled her blue scrubs over her head, her huge stomach coming into full view like a giant moon in the night sky. Her boobs were next, flopping onto her massive stomach with a heavy slap.

Anna pressed herself against my body once more and she brought a hard nipple to my mouth before she reached back down and started to stroke me once more.

I suckled from her teat with glee as her fingers wrapped around my girth and I could feel the immediate effect it was having on her. She moaned loudly as my tongue swirled around her stiff nubs. My hand started to knead her huge boob. It took only a few seconds of this before I felt a thick sweet nectar fill my mouth.

Milk...

I doubled my efforts to taste more, her body was becoming more tense as I applied more pressure to her lactating nipples. My hips started to thrust against her grip, made all the more difficult by her gigantic stomach. I angled my hips up and Anna took my cock and pressed it against the underside of her belly, her palm stroking my dick against her bump.

I let out a moan of desperation, my mouth was too preoccupied to reply verbally. Anna's body tensed and started to shake, her breathing becoming erratic, her grip loosening as she writhed against my body. After a brief interlude her grip returned, full force.

"Yes... That feels so good..." Her voice was heavy, lust fuelled and craving more. "Fuck my belly... It's so fucking big... I know you love it..." She moaned as she increased her pace. "I'm so fucking fertile... I'm not done yet... I've got another month left... How many more times will you enjoy this big, beautiful body before then..."

Her words pushed me over the edge.

I grunted and my body became stiff, my nerves all firing at once. She milked me for a few seconds after my orgasm had subsided and I let out a groan as I felt myself becoming weary once more. I looked up to Anna's face and stared at her beautiful eyes, glistening from the dull illumination from the machinery next to my bed.

"Get some rest... I'll see you tomorrow night..."

I felt myself drift off into a blissful sleep.

I can't wait...

Sunlight streamed through the window, painting the sterile hospital room in a deceptively cheerful glow. After the events of last night, I was certainly feeling a lot more positive about hospital visits. I blinked awake, disoriented, my gaze snagging on the IV drip snaking its way into my arm. A dull ache throbbed in my head, a hazy reminder of last night's events becoming clearer by the second. My morning wood being fuelled by memories of the late-night antics that me and Anna got up to.

The muffled sounds of laughter and conversation drifted in from the hallway, a stark contrast to the quiet isolation of my room. Memories flickered through my mind, fragmented and fleeting, sensations more than anything, the feel of Anna's body against mine. How I yearned for it.

I gingerly pushed myself up, wincing at the protest of my bruised muscles. Taking a deep breath, I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, my bare feet sinking into the cold linoleum. With a shaky hand, I reached for the pitcher of water on the bedside table, my throat parched and raspy.

As I took a hesitant sip, I heard a noise of someone entering my room, my gaze drifted to the door, and I was disappointed.

It wasn't Anna.

Instead, it was some older woman who either was too busy, didn't care or both.

"Good morning." I tried to greet her.

"Oh, you're up, let me check you over."

With a robotic compassion she checked over my body, taking extra attention to detail with my injuries, she filled in my chart. "You can get discharged tomorrow morning." She said bluntly before leaving.

That's fine... I get to see Anna again.

The day was long, the food was rubbish, and I was bored senseless. A typical hospital stay, although I knew it would be worth it for what was in store for the evening.

Hours droned on, the occasional visit from the mature nurse was a break in the tedium but not a welcome one with her cold demeanour.

The door to my room opened, I was just about to fall asleep for another nap to pass the time.

*Of course she would choose **now** to check up on me.*

"Can't you see that I am-"

I freeze in my tracks.

Anna...

Standing in the doorway is the massively pregnant beauty that I had been yearning for. I instantly became hard, and I flipped over on the bed to face her. Despite wearing something as unflattering as scrubs her curves and size was undeniable. Her boobs were so huge and hypnotic as they wobbled with each breath she took. The gigantic

dome of a belly was a good place for her to rest her hands, but her gaze was scanning me over quickly.

“Hey...” Her voice was sweet and dismissive of my outburst. Her eyes locked onto my throbbing cock.

I felt a lump in my throat, I was almost drooling but barely above a whisper I let out a soft

“Hey...”