

## **Daddy Did It**

*This was a planned collaboration between myself and a member of the community, unfortunately they have deactivated their account. This has made me have to delete the pictures within and remove all links to that person's content out of respect for their privacy. If they were to come back, I would update the story and share the version that would include their pictures and links so that you can support them as their content inspired me.*

-GD

"Please... Please... Knock me up..." Freya's words were hot and heavy, her body bouncing on top of mine at a feverish pace.

Her words emboldened me, I lost my control and felt the surge of my orgasm rise from within.

"A...Aaahh" I grunted, my head buried into her neck, gritted teeth, the sensation of her body extracting what she wanted from me.

An eruption deep inside of her, her own orgasm taking hold, her body spasms in rhythm with mine.

"Fill me up!" She yells before collapsing on me.

We both pant weakly and stare longingly into each other's eyes.

I didn't speak a single word, nor did my fiancé. Raising my hand to her chubby middle, I started to rub it softly.

Freya's hand joins mine and guides it to her lower belly. We both cuddled like this for a few minutes before I fell asleep.

Freya and I had been talking about the future a lot recently, both of us wanting children was a clear goal when we met five years ago. Yesterday we were talking about career moves, searching for a bigger house and wider goals. Tonight, we were trying to knock her up. It was a deep fantasy of mine, but I wasn't quite aware of how much of a fantasy it was for Freya.

The next day Freya told me about her deep desire to become pregnant, to feel herself become swollen with life and go through all of the wonderful changes of pregnancy. She had always dreamed of it. I told her about my kink, and I saw the worry drain from her face.

We fucked right then and there, this time with all the brakes off, it was a dream come true. The sex was wild for a week straight, she could barely keep her hands off of me, let alone my hands off of her.

Freya would push out her stomach and cradle it to pretend to be pregnant and within minutes we were in the throws of passion. She knew what buttons to press, and I knew hers, the both of us pressing each other's relentlessly.

A few weeks passed, when we both weren't worn down by work or some other life event we were still as impassioned.

On this particular day I arrived home to find Freya wasn't waiting for me like she normally did if I was the second one home. She was upstairs. Walking up to greet her I saw lots of packets on the floor, the writing looked familiar. Before I could get a chance to read them I saw Freya, she had multiple pregnancy tests on the floor and the latest one in her hand showing two lines. Her eyes were streaming with tears.

"I'm pregnant..." She leapt towards me, and we embraced. "You did it... You knocked me up..."

The words would usually drive us to fuck like animals, but the power of the moment was too great. We cuddled all night and talked about what was to come, when the hour was getting late she looked in my eyes and placed my hand on her stomach.

"I wonder how big I'll get..."

That night was probably the best sex I had ever had until that point. Just before I fell asleep she whispered into my ear, her weary voice cooed. "Thank you Daddy..."

Daddy became the new nickname that Freya attached to me, it always had some sort of sexual connotation in my head so to have it be used now was rather exciting, especially as she was now pregnant.

Our fantasy was happening before both of our eyes, her nipples became darker, her boobs started to swell as did her hips and belly. She wasn't really flat before but quickly she was growing much bigger than most people would be during pregnancy.

She would tease me that it was because we were so fertile together.

I noticed that she was becoming much more ditzy, she was blaming it on the baby brain but there was certainly something extra going on here. Bigger and bigger she grew, the more and more she ate, it was as if she was willing herself to become bigger.

The strange thing was.

It was working.

Another strange thing?

I fucking loved it.

I arrived home from work after her one day and as soon as I walked through the door I heard her beckon me to the bedroom.

Walking in, I was taken aback. I caught her smirking seductive look, and she looked down at her own body, my eyes followed her gaze. Here Freya was, barely two months pregnant and in that time she had absolutely exploded in size. Her boobs had doubled, they strained her shirt so much that I was concerned. The shirt too was ill fitting already, it was new, I hadn't noticed her wearing anything grey like that before, then my eyes did a double take and I read what it said on her shirt.

"Daddy did it..." I felt myself become stiff.

The writing was distorted thanks to her swollen middle. She shouldn't even be showing yet, but here Freya stood, her big round stomach filling out her shirt. Her belly was a bit tubby at best before this happened and over the course of two months her weight has been rising rapidly.

"Yes... Daddy did such a good job... Don't you think so?" Her words were airy, like she was in a trance. Her fingers rubbed over her big stomach, and she accentuated it, really showing off how big she already was. "I mean look at this big belly, Daddy." Her hands lovingly rubbed it, Freya's legs started to tremble.

I couldn't reply, I was lost in what I was seeing.

"I think you like what you see... right? These big boobies... They've grown so much ever since you knocked me up..." She pouted her lips. "They aren't too big, are they?" moving her elbows together, she squeezed them.

"N.." I murmured.

"Oh Daddy, please don't tell me I'm too big... I have so much more to grow..."

Thoughts flooded my head of her somehow getting even bigger.

"N.." I couldn't even finish the syllable.

"Look at me Daddy, look at what a good job you did to me? Your big pregnant slut, you can't tell me that I am too big already, I've got seven months left." With that she pressed her stomach against my body.

I gawked and looked down at her expanded form pressing against my body and I moaned softly. "Never." I said, my hands reaching up to her swollen tits.

The weeks flew by, thanks to her grand size she had to stop work because it was deemed too much of a risk to the baby.

Her belly was a massive boulder hanging off her body, she was essentially on bed rest and that just made her swell even more. She would eat, sleep and fuck every day. That was all she wanted to do and all she could do.

Her baby brain was dissolving her mind, Freya would just rub and play with her body and ask me to fuck her every few hours.

“Daddy, you’ve done such a good, I just need to make sure you are rewarded for making me so fucking pregnant.” Her voice was thick and desperate.

I looked at her and a hand pawing at her belly and the other was pinching her nipple. Her milk had come in a few weeks ago and ever since she would just milk herself almost constantly. She told me it felt good.

Somehow she had made it this far, her belly could rest on her shins because of its size, her tits were huge, and milk filled, resting heavily on the top of her stomach. Her eyes were pleading, and I couldn’t resist, she was a dream come true, a real fantasy, especially now at this size. Freya deserved every single inch of my throbbing cock if she so wanted it, and she wanted it often.

A few days later she gave birth. Freya attributed everything going smoothly to how her body was made to be bred. The words sent shivers down my overly horny body. The chubby woman I had proposed to over a year ago had undergone such a rapid change in the last nine months. She looked so much better for it.

Little did I know she wasn’t done.

It had been a few weeks; my parents took the baby for the afternoon, and I walked into the house expecting to be greeted by Freya, but she wasn’t there.

“Freya? Babe?” I called out.

“In here Daddy...” Her voice called back to me; the name was even more prominent now that I was actually a father.

Since the baby had been born it was a whirlwind of sleepless nights and exhaustion. This was the first time we had been alone; we hadn’t had sex, nor had I even seen her naked since. Sitting at the table was Freya, she had two full milk bottles and was sitting there topless facing me. Her belly was bigger than before she was pregnant but since giving birth it had grown bigger. That wasn’t really my focus.

Her boobs are huge.

They sagged over her chubby round belly and completely covered the distance, resting heavily on her thick thighs. They were titanic.

Freya must've seen the bulge in my pants, her eyes lit up and she called me over.

I stood now looking down at my seated fiancé and quickly found her pulling me down to my knees. Kneeling now before my much larger love, I leaned forward and started to kiss her belly. Freya took this opportunity to squeeze her tits around my skull.

"I think you should knock me up again... Think how much bigger I will get next time..." Her eyes were filled with delight. "Please... I want to get pregnant again... And again... I never want to not be pregnant." Freya started to massage her giant tits against my head. "Please Daddy... Fill me again..."

I kissed and kneaded her body and felt myself losing myself to the call to breed her. My mind racing with the thought of her swelling, reaching full term again, us just fucking like animals every chance we would get.

I gave in and we fucked there on the dining table, her soft body jiggled and wobbled with each thrust.

"I'm just going to grow for you Daddy... Fill me with your cum... I need it..." Her words were broken up by moans and pants as I pounded her.

My parents agreed to have our baby once a week for the day which allowed me and Freya to have some time to ourselves, we used it every time to have sex, Freya would beg me to breed her, and I would oblige her wishes.

It wasn't a shock to either of us when she missed her period, the positive test just made us both hornier.

Sitting in the hospital for the twelve weeks scan we were shocked when the screen filled with the light blue abstract shapes that the doctor explained to us.

"Well congratulations, it looks like you are carrying twins."

Freya gripped my thigh and whispered to me.

"You've filled me up so fucking good... I'm going to be fucking huge..."

