

# Scrubs

## *A Pregnancy Themed Commission*

“Have a good day babe.” I said through the window of my car, I watched as my heavily expectant wife waddled into the hospital in her green scrubs.

Laura and I have been together for a number of years, we had our first awkward date back over ten years ago and sitting here in the car, I really took stock of the journey we’ve been on. There have been ups and downs over those ten years. All of them came rushing back at once but a few really stuck out to me.

*Three years ago...*

Three years ago, there was a conversation, innocent enough at first, we had been married for just over a year, we had our own place, and we were comfortably settling into the crazy rollercoaster of life. I worked from home as a HR representative for a big corporation. I brought in the lion’s share of the income thanks to my technical knowhow from years of being glued to a computer screen. Laura, however, was very motivated to become a surgeon. She knew that is what she wanted to do all those years ago when her mother was saved by an emergency surgery. Three years ago, she had just come to the end of med school and was progressing into her surgical training program. We started talking about the future, other than our careers, a very daunting concept but with Laura I knew it was something that I wanted to talk about, plan and live.

The topic of kids came up, it was obvious, not only from the fact that I knew she wanted kids but also our parents were very pushy asking for grandkids. I too had always wanted kids but there was another bit of information that changed our relationship three years ago.

I had a pregnancy fetish, I had known this for a number of years, I was rather embarrassed to admit it but if there was anyone who I should tell, it certainly would be Laura. The conversation was awkward on my part, it was hard to describe and articulate what I was feeling and what I wanted to say. Laura was amazing. She eased me and talked it out. That night we got to bed rather late thanks to our ramblings on the topic.

Things changed after that day, it was slow, but Laura was a people pleaser and that extended into the bedroom. She would tease me with some choice lines that equally made me cringe but also drove me over the edge. One particular night I can recall how she pushed her stomach out after eating a large takeaway and teased that she was in her second trimester.

We fucked like animals that night.

After some time, the talk became action, we decided that it was time for us to stop using birth control. Laura's libido went into a frenzy, as did mine. It was as if we were made to breed as a species. It took longer than we anticipated for Laura to become pregnant but that was about seven months ago. After the first scan it was obvious that we were having twins. The shock was quite alarming but together we knew we could do it.

She started to show early, rapidly she grew week by week and by twenty weeks she was looking like she was due with one. I couldn't resist indulging in my fantasy and Laura was the perfect woman, she knew exactly how to push my buttons and that was before she had the biggest button to press.

When I stepped out of my office and wandered downstairs I would often find her wearing rather little and showing off her growing bump, the seductive glint in her eye would always get me. Sometimes she would say things that I couldn't even tell were true or if she was trying to tease me.

Each day she would wake up before me, it was hardwired into her to wake up early. I would often find her standing in front of the mirror admiring her swelling bump.

She would always know how to set me off, on those days where she wasn't due into work until mid-morning she would just say a few words to get me to stand to attention.

I remember one particular time, about four months in, she was really starting to show much farther ahead than a normal pregnancy by this point and her belly was starting to strain all her clothes. We of course bought her maternity clothes quickly to make sure she was comfortable but that didn't stop her from wearing her old clothes when we were at home. The effect was such a turn on to me but there was an intimacy to it that drove me wild.

"Oh no... My favourite shirt..." She said pouting once. When I had turned to her, I could see her button up shirt had popped open, and the fabric was spread either side of her swelling middle. She looked at me with a faux sadness but quickly turned into lust as she could see the shifting in my pants.

*Two months left...*

Our fun seemed to have a timer on it and it was drawing to a close but I didn't linger on the thought, right now I was just happy to see her waddling into work and knowing when she finished her shift that I would pamper and look after her when she got home.

I pulled off and drove home, it was a day off for me, so I did all the chores and prepared a delicious meal for us to have when she got home. It was going to be a proper little date night.

My phone pinged.

-New Message from Laura-

Laura: I hope you are doing okay honey x

Me: Yeah, absolutely fine, I have been just getting the place ready for when you get home.

Laura: Oh, what a fine and upstanding house husband I have.

Me: Of course, what else should my three girls expect?

Laura: You are so convinced they are girls but what if they're boys?

Me: I just know it deep down.

Laura: Whatever Mr clairvoyance.

Laura: I just wanted you to know that I have received a letter from the specialist, I am to be off work from next week.

Me: Oh wow! That is cool right?

Laura: What is even cooler is that I have some holiday time to take so I actually can finish today.

Me: That is pretty cool!

Laura: Yup, I mean I suppose not being able to fit into my scrubs is a good reason to call it quits til I pop.

Laura sends a picture attachment with the last message. I open it and I am immediately taken back by the image on my screen.

My beautiful wife was standing there in the mirror holding her phone and taking a photo of herself. I was the target audience. Her red hair was tied up into a bun and she had a single strain of fringe that curled down the side of her face. Her cheeks were a beautiful rosy red and thanks to her pregnancy her lips had plumped up, the look in the photo was like she was about to pucker up for a kiss. The look in her eyes is all I needed to know about her intentions, she had a flirty look in her eyes. Her boobs were always a respectable D cup but thanks to her breasts getting ready for the expectant life within, she was quickly busting out of those bras and was more towards a G cup. The first thing I noticed upon opening the image was the size of her stomach, huge wasn't a good enough descriptor. The green scrubs couldn't contain the swell of her gargantuan belly.

*She is so big... She knows exactly what she is doing to me...*

The scrubs were strained so much that there was an entire section of her body, a disc if you will, on show. The underside of her large protruding stomach was obviously on show, but the fabric was so lacking that it showed off about an inch or two of her back and her love handles, just above her hips.

*Pregnancy looks great on her.*

Since those two pink lines on that stick, she has changed drastically, in the best way. She has gained some weight over her body, not just localised to her belly and tits but also an extra bit of fat here or there, it added so much extra femininity to her form, a softness of her fertility.

*Divine...*

Her hips obviously have started to shift too, carrying that immense stomach meant that her body had to adjust to reasonably carry such a weight and her pelvis has been spreading her hips wider and wider. Those morning viewings in the mirror are getting even more fun from behind as her butt fills out and her hips spread wider. My hands wrapping around those beautiful curves, the thought alone drives me wild and seeing her in this picture, although she is standing side on, it is clear to me to see the stark contrast between her old body and the massively swollen form she now has.

Staring at the glow from my phone, my cock twitched at the image that was displayed.

Laura: Don't you dare touch yourself without me there... I will take care of it for you when I get home...

Me: Are you sure? You've been on your feet all day?

Laura: I *want* to take care of you like that... I know what this body does to you... Unless?

Me: It does! I am so hard thinking about you coming home, I need to take a cold shower if I am going to last until you get home.

Laura: Exactly what I wanted to hear... You better be ready when you come and pick me up.

Me: I might have to have you as soon as you get in the car.

Laura: That is naughty... Sounds fun though...

Me: We need to stop... Or I might not be able to follow your instruction about not touching myself...

Laura: Oh... Sorry... Just... It is hard being so big and pregnant... I thought I could confide in my husband...

Me: Laura...

Laura: I just need some strong hands to rub some lotion into it... Growing this big takes so much effort... I'd love some hands on it right about now...

Me: I'm putting my phone down.

Laura: Spoil sport.

Me: Self-preservation.

I put my phone down and stared at my throbbing cock in my pants.

*Honestly... She has such a power over me.*

I thankfully was able to distract myself for a few hours before the end of her shift. Driving to pick her up I was very excited at the prospect of the night. I had set the table for a romantic meal, the house was spotless, and I had assembled some of the bedroom furniture for the impending delivery.

I pulled up outside of the hospital and watched Laura waddle toward me, her stomach swaying back and forth, she had a bouquet of flowers in her hand and some chocolates. She looked like she had been crying.

*A teary goodbye for many months... And after her whole life will have changed...*

Laura lowered herself into the car, her belly almost touching the dashboard despite the seat being all the way back, her large coat covering most of her body, in the evening it had grown too chilly.

Looking at me she smiled proudly.

“Now it is just two months of you and me...” Slowly she unzipped her coat and pulled it off.

I stared openly at her stomach.

*Woah.*

I was expecting her to have her green scrubs on, however they seem to have been tucked up under her large chest. As a result, I got a front row seat to her bump, in its full taut glory. I could see how each vein sprawled over the surface, each shiny inch begging to be touched, my cock was rock solid.

She grabbed my hand and placed it on her stomach. My fingers spread wide over the round surface of her stomach. From her guidance I traced a large circle over the vast expanse of her skin.

“What fun we are going to have...”