Scarlet made it back to her house and closed the door behind her with a loud grunt. She may have had an incredibly strong and athletic body, but there were limits even for her.

The fact that she was even able to stand up and move around without any help from another person was amazing in itself. Heck, even being able to stand with the kind of pregnant belly she had was a minor miracle.

When she was only full term pregnant with octuplets – and twenty pound octuplets on top of it – she was massive enough and no other women would have been able to get in and out of a chair, but Scarlet was different. Not only was she perfectly mobile with her giant, dark skinned pregnant belly, but she wanted to get even bigger.

She got her wish, and then some, as she lugged her huge baby bump into her house, sticking out farther in front of her than she was tall. Her pregnant stomach dragged across the floor unless she really contracted her muscles and arched her back and hips. Not only was she plenty huge and heavy, but as she hit a full forty weeks with her octuplets, her belly had dropped considerably. She was not worried about giving birth, because she gave herself enough special drugs to stave off labor for a long time, hopefully forever, but it did make waddling around more uncomfortable.

And if the kicking from her record sized octuplets wasn’t enough, there was the commotion from the other occupants inside of her womb. Or more accurately, her prisoners. There were so many kidnapped and unbirthed babies inside of her belly, all thrashing around hard, frantic to escape this strange woman’s womb.

Even if some of them were not even twenty pounds yet, the fact that they were already born and experienced life outside of a pregnant woman gave them more expressiveness and energy and they were frantic to get out.

Scarlet did not just stop at infants when she unbirthed either, with plenty of children up to nine and ten now sloshing around inside of the amniotic fluid, flailing and bouncing and throwing kicks and punches as strong as they could in the weightless womb.

The giant pregnant woman felt very blow, every hit. If they didn’t hit her in her organs or cervix, which always made her gasp and groan, she felt it against her belly skin. It was already stretched out to what always seemed like her limits, with constant pinching and cramping over this big chocolatey orb in front of her, with an outie belly button on the front the size of a soccer ball.

But Scarlet wasn’t complaining about the way it all felt. This was what she wanted badly for ages and ages, and there was a big smile across her beautiful face, her succulent lips curled up as she rubbed her big belly and admired her transformation.

The more uncomfortable and chaotic the prisoners inside of her belly made things, the more she enjoyed it. Scarlet didn’t just want to give herself a big belly. If that was all this was about, with her scientific genius, she could have swollen herself up easily, filling herself up with silicon just like a breast enhancement but for her stomach. No, Scarlet wanted to feel **pregnant**. And the more pregnant, the better.

She let out a little burp from one hard kick and laughed, giving the upper arc of her big beautiful sphere a firm pat. She wasn’t strictly pregnant with all of these kids, as she had to gulp down a few of the older children that were harder to rangle. But she had modified her body enough to make this all possible so they wouldn’t be digested. She would just feel them kicking around inside of her and make her bloat out, adding to her pregnant appearance, and that was good enough for her.

Scarlet stripped down naked now that she was home, going to her private studio with mirrors on all the walls. At her size, she needed all these mirrors to be able to properly view and admire her pregnant body. She cooed and huffed as she looked at herself, striking different poses.

“Yes, girl. Work it. Look at you. No pregnant woman could ever do it like you,” Scarlet groaned, rubbing her hands slowly over her massive baby bump and her heaving full breasts, stroking her sensitive puffy nipples. “You are a fertile goddess and no one can ever say different!”

She preened, holding her arms over her head, and giving her hips a pop. She laughed as she watched her pregnant belly shaking in the mirror’s reflection. She was so big, she could hear her amniotic fluid sloshing around inside of her, but that wasn’t her favorite part.

Scarlet kept her belly skin smooth and polished even at her impossible size, but it rarely looked taut and spherical. She could see the fingers and toes of the kicking prisoners in her belly stretching out her dark skin as they tried to fight their way free.

She could even see the outlines of their crying faces pressing against her belly skin. There was a faint sound of crying coming from the babies she unbirthed, but for the older ones, she could clearly hear their voices when they pressed hard up against her womb walls.

“Please, let me out! I want to see my mommy and daddy!” one of the little girls she forcibly unbirthed wailed.

Scarlet just laughed and rubbed the side of her pregnant stomach. “You silly kids. I **am** your mommy now, and you are going to stay inside of me…forever and ever, or at least as long as I can keep you in there~”

She flexed her muscles and tightened up her abs, forcing the children pressed up against the womb walls back into her belly, smoothing herself up so she had a perfect taut sphere again.

Scarlet laughed again and went to her bath room to get a warm bath and ease her sore muscles.

She moaned as she rubbed her body with a soaped up wet towel, making her dark brown skin glisten, polishing herself up so she could maximize her pregnant beauty.

The whole time, she felt the kicking intensify inside of her, as the various children she captured kicked around inside of her, feeling the water slosh up against the size of her belly. They were in a similar big tank of fluid, only they had their umbilical cords attached so they could breathe inside of Scarlet.

She knew they were going to always fight and try to escape from her, but once she felt those umbilical cords attach, she was confident that they would stay with her forever and she had solidified their uterine imprisonment.

After bathing, Scarlet waddled to the kitchen. She had on a bath robe that didn’t even come close to covering around her. It couldn’t even wrap around her breasts, which were now as big as a woman’s belly full term with triplets, but Scarlet liked her comforts and accessories, and she felt more maternal waddling around the kitchen barefoot and pregnant with a robe on.

She bent over the stove to try and make herself a late dinner. Or looking at the clock, it was more like a big breakfast. Scarlet was out all night stealing more children to add to her big belly and expand herself out more and more. She didn’t know what her end goal size would be. All she knew was she wanted to get more pregnant than she was right now.

As she worked the stove, she grunted and huffed. Her belly was so massive that she couldn’t stand in front of her counter the usual way, and instead she had to turn to the side, only working accurately with one arm. And even then, because of how bloated her pregnant belly was, she was nearly as wide as she was long, so there was still a lot of tummy between her and her task.

The kicking in her belly was really an irritant now, as the constant bouncing and shaking and jiggling from her big round womb was making her whole body shake and she missed with her knife or spoon as she prepared her food.

“Hey, this food is for all of you,” Scarlet pouted, pushing out her plump bottom lip. “Even for those of you kicking around inside of my stomach instead of my womb, you will get this food too, so behave.”

She chuckled as she went back to preparing her dinner. If she was chastising these kids, then it really was like she was experiencing pregnancy on a big scale, though she felt like her original unborn octuplets would be better behaved and obedient to their mother.

As she bent down to sprinkle some spices into the mix she had on the chopping block, she felt a sudden tightness.

The kitchen filled with crying as one of the babies she unbirthed managed to get free from her and poke its head out from between her legs. Scarlet’s tight muscles kept the child prisoners trapped inside of her womb, but she was so huge, some were bound to slip out from time to time, especially now when she was distracted.

With a groan, she squatted down and reached down under her belly to grab the baby’s head and forcibly pushed the child back up her birth canal, past her cervix, and into her womb.

Scarlet grunted and flexed her bulging muscles, making the veins on her pregnant belly really pop, tightening herself back up so there would be no more slips, at least for the time being.

She wiped her forehead, with beads of sweat on there. Doing something as simple as making a meal for herself was much harder now, and she thought about getting some help.

Before she considered going out to some restaurant that was open early, a diner maybe, she turned on the TV. She had it hooked up to the internet and she was going to search for a personal assistant, but the TV went to the local news first.

It was a story on a rash of kidnappings, with crying parents talking about how they woke up and their babies were gone from their cribs. There was a map of the city and it shows all the spots where this was reported, all correlating with Scarlet’s late night adventures.

She did not feel any pity for the parents, because she was convinced any children would be fortunate to be in her womb instead, but Scarlet did feel some concern. There was a small child being interviewed who claimed to see “a giant black woman with a huge tummy” leaving from one house that later reported a kidnapping. The child’s parent hugged the kid close and told him it was just a bad dream, but it still worried Scarlet.

Maybe she should lay low, at least for the time being, and avoid capture. She was convinced of her own genius so she felt that after some time alone to think, she would find a way to get around detection.

She waddled to her bedroom and laid down to take a much needed rest. Her pregnant belly was bigger than the mattress by this point, and it was certainly bigger than the rest of her body, but she still managed to lay out and sleep.

The sound of the children crying and pleading to leave her womb, and the constant pounding and stretching of her big belly, only served to lull the tall muscular woman to sleep. She rested one hand on top of her belly, softly rubbing and stroking her taut dark skin. There was a little smile across her restful face as she dreamt about being even more pregnant in the near future, and people coming from all over to admire her fertile glory and bask in her beauty, instead of their misguided attempts to stop her from adding to her pregnant size.

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When Scarlet woke up, she went through her morning tasks, with those same preparations she did whenever she went on one of her nightly unbirthing quests. She went to her personal biochemistry lab, making up concoctions and special drugs that kept her body supremely fertile so she could keep her octuplets inside of her, while also making sure her body was still capable of unbirthing and holding these kids inside of her.

All of the children she captured inside of her womb kept kicking and thrashing around as she worked, but Scarlet just laughed it off, enjoying their struggling and pounding on her womb walls.

“Help me! Let me out! Please, I won’t tell anyone!” a little boy said, pressing his face against her dark skinned belly, making Scarlet fully see the outline of his small body. “I want to get out!”

“No, you are going to stay right where you are,” Scarlet said, getting the drug ready. She groaned as she repositioned her body and gave herself the dose. The drug was administered with a long tube, which she pushed into her belly button by mounting it on the wall and thrusting her big round maternal middle forward. Her outie navel was pushed back in as the tube went deep into her belly, then the drug was dispensed, spreading through her reproductive organs, then traveling through her blood stream to the rest of her body.

Scarlet giggled from having this big tube stuck in her belly button, jutting out of her massive pregnant stomach. She rubbed her pregnant belly all over and felt her body tingle as the drug took hold, then she stepped back, with her belly button popping back out with a loud, wet smack, shaking her round belly in the process and making the unbirthed children kick around.

Next, she got herself dressed as best she could with her current size, only able to put on a bra that was now several sizes too small for her massive bosom, and a skirt with no underwear that she was able to clip around her wide hips.

Scarlet called up a nearby neighbor, purring as she invited him over. “Roger, it’s Scarlet, your neighbor. I’m *very* pregnant, as you know, and I was hoping you could…give me a hand~”

“S-sure!” Roger said eagerly on the other end. He was a young man in the neighborhood and when she was “only” pregnant with octuplets, she saw him gawking at her big belly constantly. She could tell he would be very easy to work with.

“Good,” she said, before groaning and feeling her legs get forced apart. A child’s head popped out from her vagina, wrestling free from her womb.

“Help me! Help!” the little girl yelled, before Scarlet groaned and pushed her back inside of her womb.

“What was that?” Roger asked.

“Just the TV,” Scarlet said. “Now, will you come over soon? Even though I’m pregnant with so many babies inside of my tummy, I get very lonely~”

Roger was over at the house in a flash, and when he saw how big Scarlet’s pregnant belly was now, he nearly fainted. The only thing that shook him to stay conscious was the confusion of seeing all the movement inside of her, as little hands and feet and faces pressed against her taut brown skin.

“Scarlet…are you okay?” he asked, moving toward her, as if that massive pregnant belly had a gravitational pull dragging him closer. And the closer he got, the more he could hear those muffles cries and moans inside of her womb.

“I’m better than okay. I feel like I have always wanted to be. You think I look good this way, don’t you?” Scarlet cooed. “It’s so hard to find someone who will…appreciate a pregnant woman’s beauty.”

Roger nodded emphatically. “You look incredible! But, how did you-”

“I intend to get bigger as well. Much bigger. And you can have the privilege of watching it all happen and staying here to worship my growing belly, massaging it, listening to me coo and groan with pregnant strain,” Scarlet said, cutting him off whenever he tried to express concern.

She knew she could easily bewitch him with her pregnant beauty and size. She didn’t even have to offer him any sexual favors, which was good because she did not want anyone to fuck her in this current state. In her mind, no one was worthy anyway.

“The only thing I ask is that you be my helpful servant. Cooking for me, cleaning my home, rubbing the places on my belly I can’t reach,” Scarlet said, groaning as she leaned in close, using her giant ass to pivot. “And most importantly: you keep all this a secret. No one needs to know about my pregnant belly but the two of us…”

Roger started to connect the dots now. With all those missing children, and now Scarlet’s belly swelling up so much, and her wanting secrecy…

But, he couldn’t help but be deeply attracted to Scarlet and want to stay close to her and serve her. Just like she said to herself in the mirror, she looked like a pregnant goddess, and Roger wanted to be her number one worshipper.

“I’ll get started on cleaning right away!” Roger said.

“Mmm, that’s sweet, but I really want you to do some cleaning first,” Scarlet said, kicking her feet up and laying out, rubbing her belly with a big smile on her face. She wanted to watch him pamper her while she laid there like a beached whale, savoring the full pregnancy experience.

Roger hopped to it, getting out the vacuum, the mop, anything he could find. He was going to make her house spotless, as long as it meant he got to rub her pregnant belly just once.

As he worked, Scarlet stroked her big round middle, listening to the gurgling inside of her as the amniotic fluid sloshed around in waves. The kicking children trapped in her stomach instead of her womb also made a lot of gurgling sounds as a result, but that just amused her and made her chuckle.

She had what she always wanted, finally…but it was still not enough. This gnawing need to get even more pregnant was stronger than her cravings, but she could not go out during the day.

Part of her considered unbirthing Roger and having him inside of her womb, but she preferred having him on the outside as a servant. She only wanted children in her belly anyway, so she could get that full pregnancy experience.

And she knew Roger would probably like it if he ended up inside of her pregnant belly, and that was just not as much fun to her.

As Roger worked, she heard a knock at the door. It was very faint and soft, as if it came from a child. She would normally have hidden away after that news report, but if it was a kid…her pregnancy desires were too strong to turn it down.

“I’ll get it,” Scarlet said with a grunt, pushing herself up and waddling over to the door.

It was a struggle to get it open with her big belly in the way, and when she finally did get it, whoever was at the door was just looking up at a massive dark brown wall, with her thick belly button sticking out of the front.

“H-hello?” a small boy’s voice said.

Scarlet repositioned herself and smiled down at the kid. She tried to act sweet but to the little boy, it came off more like the big bad wolf. “Hello there, little one. Can I help you?”

He nodded, trembling. “I ran away from home but now I am lost and scared and I just want to go back to my parents. Can I use your phone to call them?”

“We can do that. Come on inside,” Scarlet said, waddling back into her house.

The little boy followed her in and gawked at her gigantic pregnant belly. He saw all the stretching and pounding on her stomach walls. She tried to tighten up so he didn’t see the impression of the bodies inside of her womb, but a few still snuck through.

“What’s the matter? Haven’t you ever seen a pregnant lady before?” Scarlet asked.

He gave a shy nod. “My mom is having a baby right now. She said it is two babies.”

“Aww, that’s so sweet. Congratulations,” Scarlet said, making a mental note to track her down later on so she could unbirth her twins when they’re born.

“But they are my new dad’s babies and I think she won’t want me around anymore,” the little boy said.

Scarlet purred. It was a common fear for a child to feel like a step parent would try and replace them. “That’s not very nice of her. Don’t you wish you had a better mommy?”

The little boy sniffled and nodded. “Yes…I do.”

“Would you like to have me as a mommy?” Scarlet said, patting and rubbing as much of her pregnant belly as she could reach. “I have lots of babies and I would happily take one more.”

The little boy touched the base of her big pregnant belly, touching her thick linea negra. He considered staying with her since she seemed so kindly, but then he felt the intense kicking and pounding inside of her and sensed that something was wrong.

“I just want to call my mom,” he whimpered.

Scarlet smiled and nodded. “Okay, right here, in the kitchen.”

Roger was in the kitchen, cleaning the floors. Scarlet gave him a wink and nod and he got the hint, leaving the room to go downstairs.

Scarlet stood behind the little boy, thinking about whether she would unbirth him as well. She had no underwear on beneath her skirt so it would be an easy shot, but would someone come looking for him at her house?

As he dialed the number, he looked up at Scarlet. “Mom? It’s me…I’m sorry, I just got scared and afraid so I ran away but I want to come home now…where am I? Miss, what is the address here?”

Scarlet now knew she had to do something about this kid or her secret would be blown. But right as she tried to squat down and unbirth him, a baby’s head escaped down her birth canal and started crowning. It began to cry and she had to reach down, struggling to reach around her huge belly, to push it back in.

“She’s having a baby! And her belly is so huge already!” the little boy said.

Without any other option, Scarlet grabbed the kid up and opened her mouth wide. She swallowed him down whole, feeling him kicking and thrashing as he slid down and fell into her stomach.

She hung up the phone and unplugged it from the wall, worrying the call could be traced.

Scarlet grunted and patted her big bulging belly all over, rubbing it up and down as she felt the little boy settled inside of her, while her stomach got slightly larger and heavier.

Roger came back into the room, hearing the crying and gasped when he saw the phone hanging there and Scarlet rubbing her belly while licking her lips.

“What did you do?” Roger gasped.

“Oh, sweet Roger, you knew what this was,” Scarlet laughed, giving her pregnant stomach a loud, firm pat and pushing it into his face. “But you know my tummy getting bigger and rounder is much more important. You won’t stop because of a little something like this, will you?”

Roger trembled, all his fears now confirmed. But she was right. He cared more about seeing Scarlet growing bigger and more pregnant than these kids going back to their parents.

He kissed her belly. “I promise to serve you and keep your secret.”

“Good,” Scarlet said. “Now, that made me hungry. Make me some lunch.”