

Epilogue: South of the Border (TG RC Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Several years after the events of the story, Amarissa and Miguel are settling down and having a number of kids of their own. To Amarissa's own surprise, she is outperforming her own twin sister Josefina in her motherly role, but what's wrong with accepting life as a beautiful pregnant mamacita?

Epilogue: South of the Border

Cancun. Where it had all begun. Amarissa could scarcely believe it. Once, she had been Angus Izaak, a womaniser who slept with any hot girl he could entice into bed, provided she lived up to his high standards, and now here she was, a gorgeous and sexy latina woman who was holding her latest little *bebe*. She stood upon the balcony of their resort and took in the breathtaking sight of the coastal holiday city. The weather was beautiful, nary a cloud in sight, and the sounds of families laughing as they splashed in the resort pools below echoed up to them on the third floor. It had been a long flight. A lot of preparation and saving. Having a newborn on the plane hadn't been easy, but little Sofia surprisingly slept through almost all of it, and subsisted on her milk after. Her older brothers, on the other hand . . . they had been more of a tricky situation. Thank God that her husband Miguel had been able to wrangle them into something approaching good flight decorum. She envied Josefina, who 'only' had her pair of twins with her softspoken husband Marcos. His art was doing well, allowing them to live a good life, and her own husband Miguel's bar was finally starting to earn money so that they too could do well enough for themselves. Not bad, really, for two sets of siblings who had crossed the border into the US illegally and begun the tricky road towards citizenship. And even more not bad for two sisters who had once been white American party boys on a Spring Break trip, both of whom got cursed into being women for harassing an old *bruja*.

"The twists and turns of life," she said to herself in her 'native' Spanish tongue. "A whole other life here. You'll never know what your mami was like before, my little Sofia."

She nursed her child. She should have been weaning little Sofia by this point, but her milk supply was quite heavy after multiple pregnancies, and her only daughter was still partly feeding from her even at eighteen months. She and Miguel had decided the tap would be closed off once she was two years old. Weaning was a gradual process, and it made Amarissa more than a little nostalgic. She'd been breastfeeding for literal years now, and it felt like a chapter might be coming to a close.

"Mami never expected to be a parent, let alone a mami!" she said to her girl.

Sofia lifted her head. "Mama," she said. "No more."

"No more milk?"

She shook her head.

"No more talking?"

An enthusiastic nod.

"Oh no, Mami gets to talk. Mami likes to talk."

"Okay," she said, and then that was that, and she was feeding again, and getting sleepier by the moment. It was then that the balcony door opened, and her sister Josefina stepped up beside her, overlooking the view. Amarissa couldn't help but feel a little jealous as she saw her sister's body. While she was still in baggy pyjamas with the front open for feeding, her friend-turned-twin latina sister was absolutely rocking a lime green bikini that contrasted her near-perfect olive skin. She had just a few tiger stripes for her stretch marks, but on the whole the late twenties woman could have been a knockout model. She had thick and luscious black hair with wavy curls at the tips, and her lips were full, her eyebrows perfectly arched to emphasise her lovely dark eyes. Her body was that of a perfect hourglass figure, her breasts impressively large, back to E-cups again now that she hadn't breastfed in years. And her legs! Amarissa wanted her legs to be like that again; hers felt a little lumpy around the thighs at times, after so many pregnancies.

"What a sight!" Josefina declared, her twin daughters moving up beside her, also in swimsuits and ready for the pool.

"I'll say; stop showing off your body, sis! I miss being like that!"

"You can be like this again; we're twins, remember. You just need to slow down on making all those cute little *bebes*."

Amarissa snorted. Sofia was now asleep in her arms, but she kept her there, enjoying the warmth and love of her child curled up against her. Still, she adjusted her pyjama top to cover her large dark brown nipple.

"Blame Miguel. The bar is making too much money. If we were poorer I could tell him to stop giving me babies! And to think I used to be the one who chased after the girls."

At this, Josefina coughed politely, gesturing to her daughters, who were thankfully whispering to one another about all the things they wanted to do on holiday.

"Oh, *lo siento*. I don't often talk about . . . that other time. It's just . . . *hermana*, look." Amarissa held her sister's hand as she trembled a little. "I can't believe we are here again. It feels so . . . unreal."

"I know exactly what you mean, *hermana*," Josefina replied. "Hey kids, this is where your *mami* and your Auntie Amarissa came many years ago, before any of you were born."

Her two daughters bounced a little with excitement. They were both six years old now, and were a pair of adorable little girls, identical twins just like their mother and Amarissa were.

"Are there waterslides, mami?" Maria asked.

"Can we swim with sharks?" Gabriella added.

"Can we start to go to parties too!"

"You always go out to dance with papa, we want to dance too!"

Amarissa giggled as her sister struggled to rein her daughters' excitement in. "It seems your girls know a bit about their mother's reputation!"

"What can I say? I'm still a partygirl at heart," Josefina said. "And these days, I even managed to drag my handsome husband out with me."

She looked back through the glass balcony door at Marco, who was finally changed into his swimshorts but was taking a moment to work on his sketches at the table.

Amarissa's boys Luis and Javier were watching him with fascinated interest, while her eldest, Diego, was trying to imitate him. Miguel was standing by them, grinning and shaking his head. He turned to her and mouthed.

'Why do they like him more!?' he said in a joking manner.

"Because you are too boastful!" Amarissa yelled to her husband. "And they know you work too much!"

He cackled, and Marco cracked a small grin before continuing.

"I *have* to get out on a date night soon," Amarissa said. "But that would require dressing up. I'm . . . more self-conscious about that lately."

"What are you talking about, *hermana*? You're still as pretty as I am."

"Please, I've had *four* pregnancies to your *one*. I'm really starting to feel the effects of them, Josefina. Look at this mommy tummy! I can't pull off a bikini like you can, and my *culo* is far too big. And my *tetas*, I swear they are sagging to the ground."

"Ewww!" Gabriella and Maria whined, clinging to their mother Josefina.

"Sorry! I meant - oh, just go inside you two!"

"*Si*, Aunt Amarissa!" they declared as one and then took off back inside. "But we want to swim soon!" Gabriella shouted, before shutting the door again.

"I swear, they are psychic," Josefina said, giggling. "You know, it's funny, *hermana*, that six years ago the thought of you being *sad* about not wearing a bikini would just be impossible."

"I know, right? But after changing back to the female me a second time, I came to like wearing them. I mean, I did look great."

"You still do."

"But Miguel *loves* me in a bikini. He's not like Marco, who always has this quiet look of romance with you. Miguel is always big and bombastic and showers me with compliments when I dress up-

"Oh no, the sky is falling, sister!"

"-and I love that about him! I do! But when I wear something like that, or some lingerie, I just feel so self-conscious lately. It's like back when we were men, and if we were putting on weight and losing muscles. That would embarrass us back then, and now I feel embarrassed about this. And yet, he loves it when I wear a bikini or a bit of lingerie anyway."

Josefina jabbed her teasingly with her elbow. "Then wear one! Who cares about some mommy tummy - you're a mami, of course you have one! *Dios mio*, you'd think you were an old *abuela* or something, like the *bruja* who turned us. You're still beautiful. And you're not *gravida* anymore, so you can get swimming in that bikini *and* drive Miguel wild *and* keep in shape. That's what I intend to do with my Marco. He's still so proud of his art taking off, and I am too."

"Do I detect more little *bebes* on the horizon?"

At this, Josefina cackled and gestured quite definitely. "Oh, no way, *Jose!* Those surprise twin girls were enough for me, and Gabby and Maria are more than enough effort to keep up with! I think that's them tapping on the glass just now, telling me to take them swimming."

"It is."

"Ha! Well, *hermana*, I better go. But listen to me, you should be proud of your body. You have *four* wonderful kids. Four, that's twice as many as me, and *you* made them! We are the luckiest sisters on earth, and our husbands are the luckiest brothers on Earth, *si?*"

Amarissa sighed. "*Si, hermana.*"

Her sister kissed her on the cheek and then jokingly slapped her on the ass. "Now you go dress up already! I'm going to enjoy my life as a MILFy latina, and it's one hell of a party! And since I used to be the party boy, why not be the party girl mom?"

"Well, I can't exactly be the female equivalent of a womaniser or whatever."

"Oh, but you can seduce your *marido*. Put on a show for him, Amarissa. Be a conqueror again. We may have changed a lot, but we haven't changed all that much. Just a bit of sisterly advice!"

She strode off, looking perfect in her bikini, and soon she was dragging Marco away from his sketches, much to the disappointment of Amarissa's boys, Luis especially. But soon they were distracted, because their father was promising to *also* take them swimming at the resort, and then they were bouncing about as he tried to wrangle them. Amarissa giggled as she took in the sight, and her sister's words echoed in her mind.

“She’s right,” she told herself, placing a hand on her slight pooch of a stomach and wincing a little at the weight of her daughter in her arms. “Okay, little Sofia. I’m going to wear a bikini, just like when I was in my prime. Er, my female prime, I mean. *Dios mio*, I hope you never get changed into some male *gringo!*”

The day passed very pleasantly for their first of two weeks in paradise. Their children splashed in the pools, and while it was a lot to keep on top of six children swarming about, the four adults managed it. Amarissa continued to surprise herself with how naturally motherhood came to her, which was a funny thing, since she’d initially rejected being Amarissa again during that period years ago when she’d become her Angus self again. She was so very grateful she’d changed back however, because her Miguel was so goddamn handsome as he played with their kids. It really got her female body going, seeing him be such an involved and goofy parent, going down the slides with them and playing on the wet equipment, and then letting all their boys and even Sofia squirt water on him, though she had to be retrieved occasionally when it became too overwhelming.

But best of all, in a way, had been taking her sister’s advice. Amarissa dared to wear a bikini again, a nice burgundy piece that cupped her large F-cup breasts and got some very lovely curvy cleavage out of them. Her *culo* still felt massive, but Miguel sneakily gave it a pat a few times and even a few squeezes, and the fact that he clearly felt it was damn attractive boosted her confidence. Still, she definitely needed the strong cups of the bikini, because she could feel how much more her breasts sagged compared to her twin sister, and there was no denying that she had a thicker waist, thicker thighs, and a total mommy tummy when it came to her figure, because when she ran alongside her children or dove into the water, she could feel the flab there shake a little, the softness of her belly obvious.

“You look wonderful!” Josefina shouted to her more than once. “Stop looking at yourself and start throwing your nieces in the water with me!”

Indeed, six-year old Maria and Gabriella cackled with glee as they were tossed in, with Marco right there to catch them. But soon Amarissa was distracted by Luis crying because Diego and Javier weren’t letting him down the waterslide, and she had to take Sofia aside to comfort her because she wasn’t so comfortable in the water. It was all the stuff that a mami just had to do on a trip like this, and she consoled herself with the knowledge that though her pregnancies had taken a toll on her body, she wouldn’t give up these amazing, chaotic, endlessly squabbling and yet kind-hearted children for the world, and certainly not just to make her boobs a bit more pert. It helped that there were other moms around, some

with much chunkier bodies than her own, and a few men were even looking her way . . . though more were looking at Josefina's fine form.

"We're meant to be twins!" she muttered in Spanish under her breath. "We even dressed up the same to trick our husbands that one night! And now there's no mistaking us."

But then Miguel was there, holding her from behind, his fingers tracing over her body in a display of public intimacy that quickly turned into a humorous lifting of her up in his arms.

"No! No! Don't you dare!" she cried.

And then he jumped in the deep end of the pool with her, a sight that made all their children laugh as they gathered around Josefina and Marco. When she got up she made sure to dunk his head back down, but then he pinned her against the side of the pool and kissed her so passionately that her body responded with a level of arousal that clearly warranted the cold shower that came afterwards.

It was a good reminder that she was, in many ways, still the much more sexual of the two sisters. After all, how else had she ended up getting pregnant *four* entire times?

It was night. The kids were finally in bed, and after a few card games and reminiscing on old border-hopping, interstate-travelling times, Josefina and Marco had retreated back to their own hotel suite across from Amarissa's own.

"Time to take advantage of a break from the kids!" Josefina giggled. "Are you sure you're right to look after them tomorrow night while we hit the clubs?"

"We are," Amarissa said. "So long as you can give us a night later. It's been too long, even if I can't fit into the right size anymore."

"Oh, *hermana*, you'll look gorgeous in anything. Goodnight, both of you. Don't go making any more babies!"

Amarissa rolled her eyes, but in truth, she *was* feeling rather horny. She couldn't stop thinking about how Miguel had held her and kissed her, his fingers sinking into the softest part of her flesh earlier in the pool.

"I'm going to take a shower, *mi amor*," he said. "Care to join me?"

"*Gracias*, but no," she said. "I'm just going to read on the bed."

"Suit yourself!"

But when he closed the door, Amarissa acted quickly. She was still nervous; her body was still aching from all the activity of the day, and she'd needed to pee like five times in the afternoon because her damn postpartum body had such a seriously lame bladder these days. She'd almost considered *not* doing this, but Josefina's encouragement echoed in her ears.

"You're still beautiful," she told herself. "You became a woman again, and you embraced it, Amarissa. You embraced it and you have four wonderful children. You should be proud of your body, your stretchmarks, even your milk-filled *tetas*. All of it. And he'll find you beautiful still, too."

She undressed, and got out her *special outfit*. It was a gorgeous black lingerie ensemble with garters and straps and the most wonderful frilly cups that made her boobs look far fuller than they actually were. Unfortunately, it also exposed her thick thighs and soft stomach. She patted it with some uncertainty, still not loving how it had yet to become trim and sexy again, like her old midriff had been. God, the things she had to put up with as a woman! Even now, six years on from her final transformation back into her luscious latina form, Amarissa still got tripped up on how heavy the expectations were on women's appearance. It got under her skin sometimes. Goodness knows, she was still in her twenties, and yet the spectre of aging hit her from time to time.

"Hair," she told herself. "Hair and makeup."

She had a little portable mirror, and she worked quickly to make her hair as lush and full as possible, and then to apply her makeup. Her cheeks were still bigger than she would have liked them to be, but she actually smiled at her appearance.

"There you are, you feisty latina," she purred.

The shower stopped, and her husband never put on his clothes inside the bathroom. After patting himself down, he'd exit naked. Amarissa quickly got onto the bed and posed as sexily as she could, one leg crossed over the other which was bent up at the knee, and her head resting on one hand while the other stroked her full breast. Her heart beat nervously.

Yet when Miguel exited, naked as the day he was born and looking fit as hell and well hung to boot, his reaction was simply one of purest adoration.

"*Dios mio*," he said, and already his cock began to harden, growing in length and causing her to bite her lip and smile. "You are perfection, *mi amor*. This is the best surprise I could imagine. Holy shit."

Amarissa felt the heat rise in her cheeks, among other places. She slid her left leg along her right, shifting herself sensually so that her husband could get a more tantalising view of her generous bosom.

"I'm not . . . too much?"

"What could you possibly mean by that?" he said, striding forth and touching his dick, stroking it a little just as the sight of her.

Amarissa touched her stomach. "I feel like I'll never get my body back to the way it was. I was so jealous watching Josefina today. I love my *hermana*, but she has such a perfect bikini body, and her stomach is so trim, and her breasts do not sag."

Miguel got up on the bed with her and placed his hand at the nape of her neck. His eyes roamed over her form, and she shivered a little from the way he looked at her. So aroused, so primal, so *loving*. She'd gotten used to being seen that way, despite her own self-image issues. Once she'd accepted becoming a woman, being seen as the object of desire to pursue had become a grand experience that left her deeply aroused, just as it did now.

"You couldn't be more beautiful, *mi amor*," Miguel whispered. His hand traced down over her breast, and he cupped it. "And these look very pert to me."

"Only because I am wearing sexy lingerie," she pouted. "They make them look not saggy. Take off the bra, and you'll see how they *really* look. Not full and pert like Josefina's."

Miguel took her up on her offer and removed her bra. Sure enough, her breasts parted, no longer pushed together. They lowered several inches, gravity taking them, and as a result their more pendulous appearance was revealed, as were her large, slightly cracked nipples, a result of years of breastfeeding her babies.

"See what I mean?" she said, her accent always thicker when she was frustrated. "My *tetas* are like the udders of an old cow."

"Funny," Miguel said, chuckling a little.

"What? What is funny?"

He kissed her passionately, his hands roaming across her breasts and squeezing them in such a way that made her gasp. "I never knew my wife was so blind to her own beauty. You don't look like an old cow to me. You look like a beautiful woman who has born me four children, and whose body grows more beautiful each day, *because* it has birthed and nourished our children. You have no idea what a *goddess* you are, Amarissa. A beautiful goddess, like some ancient Greek sculpture come to life."

Amarissa breathed deeply, the pleasure of his words coursing through her, nourishing *her* soul in return.

"You always know the right things to say, *mi amor*," she murmured, and once more their lips met. She moaned into his mouth, and with his touch, she let go of her frustrations over her body, allowing him instead to prove how attracted he was to it, and how beautiful she truly was. A different form of beauty, after four children, but beautiful nonetheless.

"I want you," she said.

"The lingerie tipped me off," Miguel noted. "You look amazing in it."

"It's crotchless," she said, spreading her legs a little."

"*Dios mio*. Now I *really* want you. You are a *goddess*."

He kissed her breasts and caressed her form, squeezing her large *culo* and making her moan once more. He was always so good at foreplay, and this went on for some minutes

until her body was utterly desperate. She writhed against him, feeling his hard on, letting it get closer to her moist pussy.

"Please, take me," she said.

He began to insert himself, which elicited a groan of pleasure from her, but then she halted him by placing her hands upon his chest. "Wait. Ohhh, wait! Wait! I haven't taken the pill. I forgot to bring them, *idiot*! Do you have a condom?"

"I do," he said, but there was a glimmer in his eye. "But don't you want to risk it?"

"Mhmm," she moaned, her husband toying with her body as he remained inside of her. "What - what do you mean?"

"I mean that I want to see you all *gravida* once more, my love. Big and swollen and perfect with our next child."

"We - we already have four! So many."

"And you are such a perfect mother to them. Don't you want another baby? Don't you want me to fill you up, like the goddess you are? *Mi amor*, you look so perfect when you are pregnant, your belly round and beautiful, your breasts large and full of milk enough for me to drink."

He did just that, which caused her to whimper sweetly as he drank from her, sucking on her nipples and gulping down her warm produce. It got her so fucking horny that she started to want it. The thought of being impregnated all over again, it was so overwhelming, but she wanted it. God help her, the gorgeous latina mother wanted her belly tight and round and full of life again. She could always party years down the line, but Miguel wanted so many children, and when they got like this it always sounded like the best idea.

"*Si!*" she finally exclaimed. "*Si!* Get me pregnant! Make me big with your child! Put a f-fucking baby in me, Miguel!"

The man grinned, kissing her deeply so that she moaned once more, and then he began to slide ever further into her. Amarissa's worries disappeared, and so did any concerns she had about her body, her past, and any lingering male pride from years ago. She laid her head back and began to gasp in bliss as her husband fucked her wet pussy, and what happened next would be up to nature.

But she really hoped she would get pregnant again. And where better to make a new life than south of the border, where her own new and wondrous life had started?

The End