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[Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.]

The Biggest: I Must Feed

By Jackal Entente

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Smashwords Edition

It was the day before Easter, on a cold Saturday night in 2012. Our story takes place at the Saint Kenelm church in Romsley, England. It was a property that weathered the test of time, built in the 12th century. The distinguishing edifice was a tower that was added on three centuries later. The fifty-foot spire was an intuitive vision of the past. Since then, other constructions had transcended that measurement by a long shot. Humanity always had a penchant to go bigger, and in many facets of the conception. Whether it was the architecture we made or the scope of our lifestyle aspirations. We wanted to make it big...and for everyone to recognize the hard work that went into making those accomplishments. This especially applied to those who tried to beat world records. Inside this building was one of the more offbeat extremes. It was an undecorated chocolate egg that weighed over a staggering **ten** metric tons. It was laying on its side, unable to stand with its fifty-one-foot stature. It was stored in the nave, the ceiling too low to prop it up. The bakers that made it had surpassed the largest one by a thirty-three percent margin. They weren't the only ones who fancied to stun people by exceeding a size achievement. A hyper pregnant redheaded lady who went by the name Christina Hendricks had a similar goal in mind.

"What's the circumference? The one in Italy was over sixty-four feet." she inquired, looking up at the marvel of delicious Cadbury-made cacao beans. It was fitting, considering it was going to debut in nearby Birmingham, the city where the aforesaid company was founded.

"Ninety-six and a half feet. Forty pastry chefs made it. It took almost a bloody month. Then again...you know all about "baking" many things for a long time." Simon Whitehouse, her cousin,

quipped. He was referring to the senselessly huge belly she was cussing with her supple mitts. It wasn't just "big". Its eighty-inch circumference made her in the running for the world's biggest pregnant belly, with Octomom being the arguable forerunner. That wasn't acceptable to her. She craved to be certain there was no doubt about her holding that record. Presently, she was twenty weeks along, halfway through the whopping gestation. How many was she having? She couldn't tell you. The voluptuous thirty-five-year-old didn't plan on getting so gravid.

"The dough has yet to adequately rise..." she mumbled, rubbing the two-foot-wide girth. If she lived thousands of lifetimes, you couldn't tell her there was an inkling of *this* happening in any of them.

"What? ...Hold on, I got to take this." he rushed, cellphone ringing.

Mr. Whitehouse went to a corner as she admired the confectionary feat. Four and a half months ago, after wrapping up filming for season five of *Mad Men*, she was approached by a bizarre group representing a private fertility firm. They offered her a lucrative multi-million dollar deal to be a spokesperson for them. The catch was that she would get knocked up with their wonder drug and for the most part, ask no questions. Normally, she would have laughed them out of the room. However, on that night, she was on her tenth caramel-flavored single-malt scotch. They ambushed Christina at her favorite bar, the Varnish in Los Angeles.

"You're kidding! They're twats for doing this!" Simon exclaimed, talking to an unknown party. She smoothed out the fabric of her black pencil skirt. An unusual tailor modified the clothing so that it looked proportional, despite the oppressively cumbersome belly. The hem ended at the midway point of her shins. Although the garment was designed to elongate her five-foot and ten-inch anatomy, the broad midsection failed to make the facade an actuality. The color black was visually slimming, but it made the mass look like a black hole, waiting to pull everything in its path. "Bullocks. Bullocks! ...I'm coming now."

He fastly walked over to her, pocketing his mobile. "I have to go. Problem with transportation. The fools are demanding double to ship it. You can handle this, right?" he asked, gesturing to the camera on a tripod.

She smiled coyly and then feigned an offended facial expression. "How dare you, Simon. My delicate celebrity hands can't be asked to operate that contraption. That is for the common folk to do for me." Hendricks joked, making an arrogant guise.

Whitehouse smirked, patting the thickset tummy. "If everything doesn't go to shit, I'll see you tomorrow. ...I better not find any bite marks on this. Don't think I didn't notice the 'missing' leftovers from last night." he tested.

Christina stuck out her tongue at him and he laughed, leaving her with that. The door slammed shut, her exhaling as she studied the treat some more, a faint pang of hunger wisping by. She had dinner at his house yesterevening and as accused, ate the remaining portions. Her appetite had been a separate issue completely. In a nutshell, if she gave in to it, Simon wouldn't have a single edible item in his house. She huffed, moving to the electronic device and gazing at the duffel bag on the bench. It was unzipped,

revealing a virescent bunny ears headband on top of an outfit. Hendricks sarcastically uttered, "Showtime."

The time-lapse feature of the digital camera was in effect, flashing as the timer had completed its count down. She was in a rather sensual pose, hands placed on her bodacious hips, purposely pushing out the hefty round belly. The sexy display was further epitomized by her wearing the infamous "bunny suit" popularized by Playboy. It consisted of a chromatic green-colored strapless corset teddy, black pantyhose, the white-black collar/cuffs, and a fuzzy cottontail. The grin on her gorgeous face wasn't forced. It was her mockery of the media's incessant focus on women's bodies. This photoshoot was meant to be the modern-day "More Demi Moore" photograph. It was a bold move, taking into consideration that celebrity pregnancies used to be notably hidden, ashamed from the stigma of it being unattractive. Christina had been vocal about this in a broader sense, saying they didn't put equal attention on their talents. -*They'll probably misconstrue this as me trying to 'break the Internet.'*- she thought, predicting the array of analysis. Her blue eyes then took in the luscious spherule dominating her thin waist. She never had an inclination to lose weight, disliking the chatter about excess poundage. "They're lucky I hold back the Beast..." she stated, perceiving the tiniest of growls.

The "Beast" was what she called the endless hunger. It wasn't the exaggeration that was usually pertained to ladies in her condition. This was an emptiness that couldn't be appeased, regardless of how much she consumed. Some time ago, she tested the limits of it by eating twenty New York-style pizzas. After the cheese and dough binge was over, she was exactly as hungry as before. Truthfully, it took every ounce of self-control she had to keep it at bay. She yawned, sensing that it was getting late. Wondering what time it was, she scanned the surroundings for her handbag. It wasn't anywhere to be seen. "Ah, shit." she cursed, remembering it was left in the car. She had two more photos to snap, but a break was called for. Hendricks went to the door, turning sideways so her big belly wouldn't hit the metal prior to reaching it. She pushed the crash bar on the entrance and it didn't budge. "Are you serious?" she muttered. It was attempted a few more times, a modest tension flaring. The buxom person then checked every part of the place, finding no other exit. Arriving back to where she began, Christina kicked the entryway in frustration. "Is this real..." She knew the church was kept locked at all times, except for summer afternoons. There weren't any closeby homes, so she couldn't scream.

"Looks like it's just you and me, giant belly of mine," she spoke to her abdomen. She sat on the one pew that was left. The rest were cleared out to make room for the overgrown sweet, the heap of candy taking up most of the available space. Much the same as the swell that made her legs spread to accommodate it. Comparable to the suppressed gluttony, a minor flush went over her as she regarded the immensity of her bulge. It was a sensation she tried to not ponder often, but it was there. "It" being this indescribable, overpowering lust to attain a cosmically vast belly. It was a fetish and the dirty notion made her guilty for thinking about it. Sexuality had been a weird journey for her. Coming up, she never identified as being "pretty". In high school, she was a goth theatre kid. Bullied for the flamboyant hairstyles and makeup, the looks she used to get made her feel awkward. Be that is it may, she pressed on. No matter what anyone presumed, Christina wouldn't conform and only did what she would set her

heart on. Scooting her ample ass to the edge of the pew, she spontaneously arched her back as much as she could. As she did, her intensely fixed pupils stared at the solid sphere rising, adoring how almighty it appeared. "So...fucking...big. It...needs to be...**bigger**." she lewdly emitted, her palm obsessively stroking it.

Following the confirmation that she was with children, the overwhelming impulse to expand her midriff snowballed. Eventually, a part of her desired to have the biggest belly possible. The absurd part of it all was that it could be made into a reality. Planting the four-inch heels on the floor, she slowly stood to her six-foot and two-inch height, still sticking the expansive shelf out. She used to be six inches shorter, so where did the extra two inches come from? As with the number of babies, it was a mystery that escaped her. The apparent cause was the pills she ingested. *-I don't mind this one bit. ...I like it.-* she internally reflected. A more pertinent question was, with all of this accounted for, what was stopping her from fulfilling the odd wish? Rolling with the primal mindset, she stepped onto the platform. Her long fingers traced the deep brown shell of the well-crafted sweet, pausing as her nostrils took in the rich scent of it. She needed her own More Demi Moore moment. *"More Christina. ...Let's make that happen."* she sexually declared. Her digits extracted a sizeable chunk of the chocolate, as large as her head. Without delay, she gnawed on it, gulping generous bites in brisk milliseconds. Her belly swelled slightly. As soon as that was discerned, her other hand broke off another portion, Hendricks whispering, *"More belly."*

The next half an hour burned by, Christina lost in an all-devouring delirium. Her shiny-white teeth were chewing through each mouthful as though it was soft fruit, a freight of thick fudge sliding down her gullet and added to the ballooning bulk steadily inflating outwards. She didn't notice, but it wasn't simply her belly that was expanding. Her entire body was shifting and adapting to it, getting a little taller about every ten minutes. The globes that are her breasts and buttocks dilated less so but were more daunting than previously acclaimed. The shapely limbs elongated, marginally blowing up as well. Even stranger, the attire was lengthening with her, including the accessories. The previously mentioned dressmaker had also created the costume. The masked male, when presenting it to her, specifically said, *"You'll never need my services again. These will never wear or tear. ...Let that beautiful belly grow, grow, grow!"* At the time, she dismissed it as a quirky, perverted comment. Hendricks knew he was from the fertility organization. Every one of the employees exhibited this eccentric belly-obsessed behavior and she mainly ignored it. The glutton was brought to consciousness when she detected something pressing against her distention, which felt very far away for some reason.

Her eyelids lifted to see a verdant satiny orb pervading her peripherals. "I'm...huge!!" she blurted out. The actress immediately knew that adjective wasn't a proper estimate. Her belly was absolutely **massive**. She hadn't moved from her original spot, having carved through about ten percent of the oval dessert. The voluminous gut had been growing into the hole she had made, telling her it was much larger than it seemed. Christina backed up, her libido burning hotter with each step, exposing the full extent of it, fourteen feet around. In thirty minutes, she had more than doubled the magnitude of it. The unyielding hump was about as wide as her queen mattress at home and could take up a majority of

the capacity that occupied. She inspected her immense frame, noting her eleven and a half feet loftiness. Hendricks was now a powerful exaggeration of the expectant female form. If she had any thoughts about it, they were lost in the sea of her lechery-saturated brain. The monstrous bump was rocked back and forth, gyrated in hypnotic rotations as she soaked in the enormity of it. The fantasy had become a physical existence. As she continued to thrust her lustrous tum in several directions, her optics registered the partially eaten treat.

"Oh!" she let out. Moderate reverberations were bubbling inside her, becoming increasingly acute as she placed chocolate-stained hooks on it. An audible snarl kicked off, lasting for five seconds flat. Salivating, she desperately proclaimed, "I'm *still* hungry." In fact, it was stronger. Her memory was evoked, recalling the first ultrasound. The bandage-faced doctor asked her if she cared to know the number of embryos. Christina stubbornly refused, furious at them for taking advantage of her in a weakened state. The physician didn't tell her but vaguely hinted by stating, "*If I were you, I would buy food in bulk. I have a long list of wholesalers I could give you...and I would recommend that you order from all of them...daily.*" The pieces were coming together. There had to be a countless amount of fetuses in her uterus, so she needed to satisfy the insatiable starvation that had been staved off. Touching the enormous belly intimately, she bit her lip, realizing there were a lot of missed meals to make up for. Hendricks had every excuse to go hog wild. She gaped at the holiday delectable, knowing a good place to start. Dying for more, she tore off a substantial section, taking heed of how easy it was. It was taking some strength beforehand, but this was like ripping wrapping paper apart.

If she had this much brawn, then the garage door could be opened manually. "One complication at a time..." she affirmed, eyeing the two-foot-long piece. A savage idea then came to Christina, yearning to see what other parts of her physique was tensile. She shoved the corner of it into her mouth and didn't cease until the whole thing was in. Her cheeks and eyeballs were visibly crazy-looking, contorted in a cartoon-like fashion. Naturally, she swallowed, the hunk sinking downward and her belly surging somewhat. "That's convenient. ...Time for my wrecking ball act." she remarked and promptly bashed the right side of the oversized product with her booming paunch. A bisection of it collapsed into smaller fragments. The greedy preggo went to town, gobbling them up with eager enthusiasm. This was insane, hardly believing she was letting it transpire. Hendricks did have a history of embracing her ever-changing figure. After graduating from high school, she entered a contest to get on the cover of Seventeen magazine. Whilst she didn't win, it exhibited that she could be alluring when the effort was put in. This belly-enlarging venture was no different. For once, she agreed with the title Esquire bestowed to her. With this unstoppable womb, she was altering it to "The Sexiest Pregnant Woman in the World".

Varying sounds were concurrently popping off. From her lungs, passionate moans were spilling out, swamped with reverberations for the unimaginable endeavor. The shattered stage was crunching underneath her backside. Christina's blooming framework had destroyed it a short spell ago, her thirty-foot tall self congesting the structure with the abundance of belly swaying side to side. Its forty-foot perimeter could inhabit the area her SUV outside did. Lastly, the beep of the digicam was heard, capturing evidence of this monument of perfection. She had to lay on the flooring in order to operate it,

incapable of getting ahold of it with the imposing protuberance in the way. Hendricks was overly infatuated with the impression of the bulk. A stomach so tremendous, she could barely see anything over it. She let her widened pelvis rock the fat obelisk, her belly-filled vision searching every inch. The corselette was impossibly conformed to the rigid oblong-shaped protruding twelve feet in front of her. To her right, she spotted the base of the steeple from medieval times. You could say the column had catalyzed this unconstrained, gourmandizing performance. She had long accepted her curvy build, occurring when she was a professional model. There was a hassle to get thinner and her stand out attitude rejected the expectation.

"Wait'll they get a load of me now." she trumpeted, quoting Jack Nicholson. All things evaluated, it was a perfect storm in the making. She had spun this into an opportunity to communicate her opinions about the objectification of women. That was coming across, but this had become greater than that. It had facilitated her eroticism but was still in the same vein of sexual freedom. She had set her heart on acknowledging what she was born with, but this belly expansion kink had been suffocated. Fetishes deserved to have an open discussion and with her transforming into the living embodiment of one, she was sure to have everyone's ears and eyes. Having established that, if she pined for that message to be widely broadcasted, it would need an epic delivery. On her left, the husk of confection remained, equivalently as colossal as her belly. Her brow tightened with competitive envy. This erupted because of the compulsion to become the grandest. Granted, that was undoubtedly achieved. Nonetheless, Christina lusted for raising the bar as high as it could go. "When I'm done...I want the skyscrapers of the world to pale in comparison to my belly." The slanted roof was quite a distance from the apex of her audacious prominence. She viewed it as motivation, slapping it with naughty glee.

Midnight was rapidly looming and the new day would be ushered in with the tumefied being she was evolving into. The forty-six-degree temperature hadn't changed and in two hours, Christina had grown a belly that could flatten vehicles. She sat up, the mass displacing the scarce objects in the house of prayer. A loose parallel could be seen with her and the saint this sanctuary was named after. Kenelm was a young man who was killed, even though a prescient dream warned him of it coming. Hendricks had been disregarding the nature of the pregnancy and the obsession that was exacerbated by the present conditions. It wouldn't kill her but it had left a bottomless void that begged to be gratified. The mammoth-bellied babe rose to a standing position, enjoying how small everything was to her. She assessed the overhead door again. At this juncture, it could easily be unbarred but she had to finish what she started. Budding vibrations shook the chapel, the stained glass windows cracking with the thunderous spasms of hunger. "You're all mine..." she pronounced in a low voracious tone. The baked combination of milk and sugar was grabbed and crammed into her swiftly stretching maw. This will be her greatest challenge yet. Could the willful individual do it?

-I'll show them. I'll get so big those cynics won't even think of taunting me in the face of so much belly.- she mentally voiced. The mostly-demolished egg passed between her obscenely stretched lips, descending like a glacier into her ocean of skin. Impatience caused her to apply a suction action, trying it for the first time since this was set in motion. The red-lipsticked mouth closed and she made fists, ready to absorb the remnant of concerted pastry success. The hulking quantity of cocoa compacted as it traveled down her inconceivably extended body. Simultaneously, the towering woman's limbs, height,

and most prominently, the elephantine middle, expanded to spine-chilling dimensions. The building that had prevailed for nine hundred years shuddered with the irresistible ball of flesh tearing apart the wood and concrete. Hendricks didn't adjust herself, letting the mountain obliterate her temporary prison. A sudden eruption of lumber and other materials were sent flying, her gigantic belly bursting forth. The sixty-foot giantess surveyed her extensive girth, seemingly petite hands caressing the protrusion that was wider than the buses in London. The ginger-haired Christina was a pure symbol of perseverance, beauty, and manifested carnality. She said it out loud, the determination to become, "**The Biggest.**"