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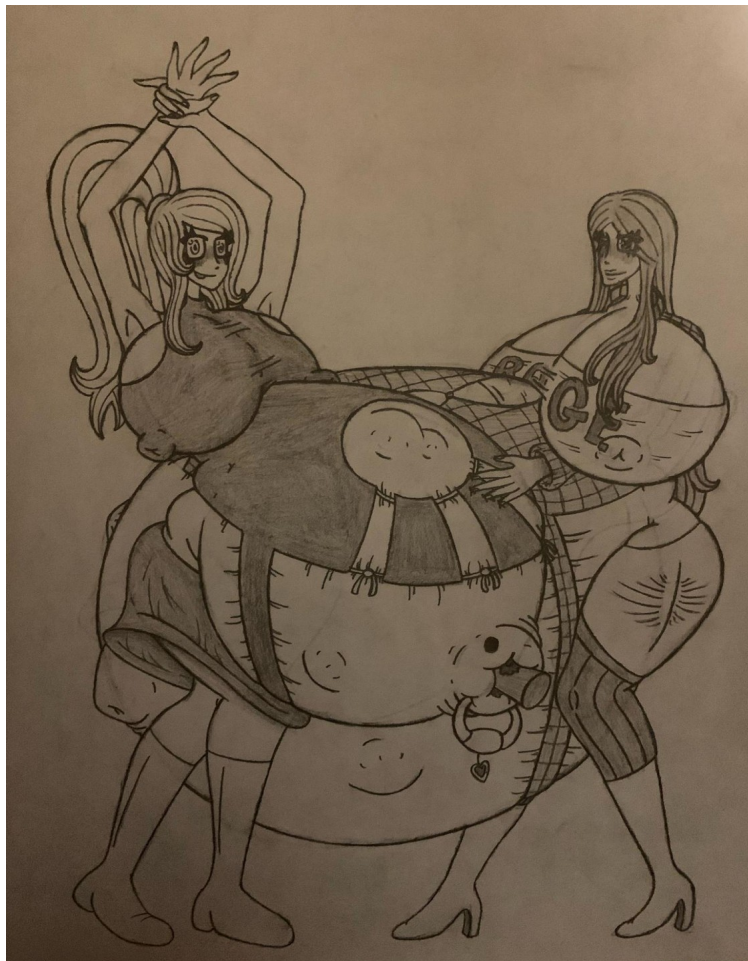
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Lilly, Lily, and the Liberty Belly

By Jackal Entente

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Smashwords Edition



[September 13, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 5:41 P.M.]

Lilly carefully maneuvered herself down the flight of stairs. She was walking to the lobby, looking at the bulging eyes of the desk clerk. A few customers were at the bottom of the steps—waiting for her immense figure to pass. Her enormous belly was touching the rails on either side of her. It was giving her a slight sexual chill, the bare skin lightly brushing the cold metal. It made her slightly rue the outfit she had chosen for today. She decided to go for the grunge, nineteen-nineties look. Her jet-black hair was curled, beautifully splayed across her ample chest. The Rage Against the Machine shirt barely accommodated her J-sized breasts. She purposefully widened the top of the shirt to show more of her grand cleavage. She wanted to wow all the webcam sites that would be present at the expo. The luscious orbs wouldn't attract as much attention as what was below them. The long-sleeved red plaid shirt looked a little weird on top of her overly large stomach. The olive skin was stretched beautifully, not a trace of banding in sight. She used an expensive lotion to make it shine, trying to highlight the very thing that would make her stand out from the conventionally attractive women.

Who was she kidding? It made her stand out from practically anything. She measured her tummy, just in case they asked for that particular number. She wanted to know, anyway. It had suddenly doubled in size just a week ago. Her abdomen had grown to a grand two hundred and fifty inches in diameter. She was just a little over three months pregnant, and no one could ever tell. A normal person would guess she was somewhere around two years along with fifty babies. She didn't know the real digits either, but it had to be much higher than that. Ordinarily, she didn't worry about what other people thought. However, she was a little nervous being around so many people. She didn't have a problem with her dimensions, but she knew she would have to be increasingly careful around others. It was the same reason why she had to book one of the conference rooms, instead of one of the nice lodgings at the Windsor Suites. Door frames became her new enemy, so she figured shoveling more money towards the only feasible option would be better than having to pay for the damages she could wreak. The staff was great in assisting her with this problem. Every need was taken care of. She noticed how flinchy she was making them act. The same look the clerk and customers had right at this moment.

The middle-aged couple had disappeared from her view—underneath the swell of her huge belly. A minute prior, they had cautiously backed up when they saw her coming. She heard them wondering out loud what was making the second floor tremble. She found herself enjoying the reactions her stomach was evoking. Her pregnancy wasn't something she had enjoyed. It was a complete surprise, brought upon a sexy encounter with a stranger. A couple of weeks ago, she would have a list of complaints about the various inconveniences that the rapidly growing belly brought her. After a blurry night at her sister's party, she woke up to being this size and feeling different about her unique condition. She couldn't remember what happened that evening, but it must have been something radical. Her sister refused to speak to her, even though she left some rather hateful messages on her phone the morning after. Alice and whatever she had to say, didn't matter. What did was how she was going to live life with this monster of a belly. She had managed to destroy a few walls in her place, so one thing led to another and now she was here. Her landlord was evicting her, and she needed to secure funds to pay for the damages.

This sudden change made her decide to go back to what she did best. The webcam model life had always been kind to her. The only reason she left was because of the pregnancy. She figured her looks would go with it, and thus the only thing that kept her in the top ten lists of the site. The passing months of gestation had a stark contrast on her body than she expected. She had somehow become *enhanced* by it. She was waiting to become bloated and miserable looking. Alternatively, it had made her much prettier. Her muscle mass didn't suffer—becoming more prominent. Her height even increased—

making her scare people more. It just added to how unnerving her appearance already was. It was why these three people were frozen in place. She slowly descended down the steps, wanting to make a little show of it. With each step, she would thrust her big belly in an exaggerated manner. She got to the ground floor and could finally see the glazed eyes of the husband and wife.

"You should have seen the girl who came out earlier. This belly is child's play compared to hers. She's having *twins*!" she exclaimed to them. Lilly didn't bother waiting for a reaction, knowing they would be just two of the *many* she would leave like this. She exited the hotel, swaying her boulder happily side to side.

[September 13, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 5:52 P.M.]

Lily skipped along the sidewalk, feeling merry to meet her new friend. She took her time, assuming Lilly would be doing the same—considering their physical states. She loved that woman. Her new mate was so glamorous. She was one of the most beautiful people she had ever seen. Her exotic beauty was what made her interested in the first place. She started blogging part-time, and was assigned to do a report on the rise of pregnant webcam girls. The past year saw it becoming a new and popular trend. She already had a leg up when it came to the subject. It was weird that people thought this was attractive. Truth be told, it was something she never thought about. She had been pregnant many times but never thought of it as something close to this realm. She assessed that large breasts, skinny bodies, and a few dance moves were enough for the average Joe. It wasn't like she was a stranger to fetishes. Her own belly made that clear. A couple of her former lovers admitted to the sexual quirk, and she thought it was endearing. The thing that she couldn't fully wrap her mind around was the whole sex appeal.

Sure, the kinksters couldn't handle their lust towards it, but she couldn't believe it was starting to become a bit mainstream. For the longest time, there had been nothing "sexy" about pregnancy. Most women considered it as a death sentence to their looks. She believed this is what contributed to that mindset. The woman wouldn't see a reason to care about looking pretty, so they let that be an excuse to not try as hard. Decades ago, it was rude to even say the word pregnant. Nowadays, the culture of sex had evolved. It was much more open, and beauty standards constantly changed with new spectrums to explore. Webcam models were an interesting group of people. Lily viewed them as brave women. They get on a very open platform and are vulnerable to both ends of negativity and positivity. This strength gave some of them the power to change minds. That kind of resolve would shatter even the toughest of cognitive dissonance. Interesting enough, pregnant webcam models had been around since the beginning of the business. Her research found a woman with the stage name "Candy K", who had videos as early as the mid-2000s. The past five years saw a steady advance of it, but that dipped not long after it would gain traction. Lilly's photos saw a massive resurgence, and it was no wonder.

Over a month ago, she had posted a picture of herself that almost broke the Internet. It was a simple full-length photo with the caption, "*I'm only two months pregnant.*"

Last time she checked, it had over fifteen million likes on Instagram. Mainly, it was her belly size that stunned the public. She admitted it took her by shock too, despite having huge pregnancies herself.

Her own stomach had got as big as that, but only towards the end of term. That one photo had a lot to unpack. The first thing that obviously popped out was the looming implication that she would get *much* bigger. That alone would boggle anyone's mind. The second part of the allure was her attractiveness. The typical signs of pregnancy wearing down a woman weren't present. Her skin hadn't sagged. Her body was fit—on the level of a bodybuilder. Her towering height also made it seem like the pregnancy wasn't slowing her down. This confidence even made her feel insecure. She didn't have a problem feeling great about her condition. In fact, she had always been confident about her own appeal. This brought up her doubts when it came to being compared to women who didn't have a pregnant belly. Lilly's effect was opening a new mindset in her. Is a pregnant belly sexy?

That question couldn't be easily answered with her own conjecture. She needed it straight from the horse's mouth. The visit was made possible by her contacting Lilly after she made the announcement that she would return to webcamming. This was accompanied by her also stating that she would be at the Liberty Belly expo in Philadelphia. It was supposed to be some type of "premiere" for her new debut. Lily wanted to take advantage of the opportunity for a few reasons. She needed the interaction because it would make her blog post more enriching. Additionally, she loved the friendship that was sprouting between them. Lilly was quick to respond to her emails when she attached pictures of her stomach. Every day since, they have communicated in some form. After one day, they were talking on the phone. They were equally excited about finding somebody they could relate to. That ended up revealing more things they had in common. Their backstories were similar in some respects. The part where they usually differed was the subject of their parenting. While she had a great childhood, Lilly had a pretty rough go at it. She estimated this played a factor in why she was so...

"**Huge!!!**", she said out loud, suddenly spotting her.

Lilly was across the street—realizing she was staring at her the same way others were. Her massive belly was mostly exposed, her choice of clothing looking like accessories compared to the amount of bare flesh. The stomach was taller than all of the bystanders that sparsely surrounded her. The giant-bellied woman's outfit was looking rather "hot" to her. She was turned at a slight angle, so she could see her high-top boots and black leggings—showing how thick and powerful her legs were. The jean shorts accentuated the "rock chick" vibe she exuded. It made her feel better about her choice of clothing. She designed her top, drawing inspiration from some metal music she would listen to. It was sleeveless, covering about half of her large belly. There was one strap that wrapped around her belly underside, keeping the fabric secure. She completed the look by wearing a dark red skirt and black platforms. She was a little happy that Lilly took her fashion recommendation. They were both wearing the exact same brand—glad that she could influence her like that. Lily fixed her mane, making sure her hair tie sealed the big ponytail—her luscious blonde locks shining in the afternoon sun.

She raised a hand and shouted, "Lilly, over here!"

[September 13, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 5:55 P.M.]

Lilly looked in the direction of the person calling her name and recognized that it was Lily. She caught herself staring longer than she should have. She had seen a few selfies of the enthusiastic

blogger, but she was now seeing that they didn't do her proper justice. She was much prettier in person. Her outfit was just as charming as her personality. Their almost identical clothing choices made her feel better about getting in touch with her. She wasn't normally fond of journalists, of any kind. She had a bad encounter with a fan pretending to be one just to meet her. The experience was so frightening that she was always afraid of any type of business contacts. She would have an assistant handle that kind of work, but she let her last one go when leaving the business. She didn't have the money to get a new one, so she was back to doing it all herself. Nonetheless, the reason she somewhat trusted Lily was under her lovely pair of breasts. Her stomach was about as big as she was two months in. She found satisfaction in finding someone to relate to when it came to multiple pregnancies, and all that entailed. However, even with that, there was a distinction, and it was readily apparent. Lilly was **super** pregnant.

The difference in their belly size made her feel shy about how big she was and *will* become. She crossed the street, trying to not notice the passengers of a car watch as her huge shadow draped over them. She compensated for her moment of weakness by winking at them as she passed. Lilly's eyes lit up as got within earshot of Lily.

"Hey there! Don't you look cute!" she greeted, turning sideways so she could see her better. Although Lily was just an inch shorter than her, her massive stomach blocked a good deal of her forward perspective. She wanted to get an all overlook of her.

"Speak for yourself!" Lily chimed back, moving in for a hug.

She warmly accepted the embrace but let out a small yelp when she felt something hard press into her belly.

Lily disconnected from her, blushing a bit. "Oh, sorry! That must be my cork. I forget it's there most of the time." she explained, rubbing the part of her belly it touched.

Lilly had always been fascinated by the reasoning behind such a physical quirk. She had never asked about it because she felt like she was being nosey. She could use the social opportunity she had been just given, but declined, thinking it's still rude. They had a mission, and she wanted to stick to it.

The Philadelphia Convention Center—the site of the expo—was a block away. Lilly grabbed her hand and said, "Come on, the city is ours. Let them try and stop our big pregnant asses!"

She hoped this attitude would last for the whole day. She needed to be her best, sexy self in order to impress the many cam sites that would be here. Today's tasks were pretty simple. They would go to the expo, try out the new clothes that were being modeled, shop around for a new client, and then the rest of the day would be free. Lily was essentially doing an interview with her but stated that it wouldn't be too formal. There would be no cameras, tape recorders, or long sit-downs with a thousand questions. She preferred it to be more organic. They both agreed their relationship had evolved beyond business, and into an actual friendship. She thought it sounded silly that they were already this far and in just under a week. Truth be told, she didn't have any friends. The last one she considered close to that status was Emily. She hadn't seen her in over a year. Besides her, she was a little saddened realizing she didn't have any others to consider. She supposed that's why she was so eager to meet her.

They walked to the center, showing their VIP passes to the door person. Both of the pregnant women had a brief laugh when they pulled the passes out of their cleavage. They then went to where the modeling would be held. She eyed the various vendors that had come. It was a weird combination of many different businesses. The central thing bringing them together was pregnancy, but she never

thought the porn industry would merge interests. The past decades saw a hike in multiple pregnancies, and the fashion world responded by accommodating the swelling middles. Most women only got as big as Lily, but the past five years saw an increase in the number of expectant children. Lilly read about the rumors of others like her, but none that had gone public. She couldn't believe the many offers she received from sponsors when she finally got back into her business email. That one picture had really blown up, and it made the gold diggers come out of the woodwork. The flattery of it was nice, but she had to remain cautious. At the end of the day, they were just snakes who wanted to take advantage of her special status to make money. That's why she wanted to meet them in person. She could get a real feel and decide if they had the best intentions in mind for her.

It was something she certainly got from Lily. Part of her job was to judge what the person wanted. In a sexual context, it was easy to identify what revved their engines. This carried over to regular interactions with people. It was a combination of body language, setting, and verbal timing. With Lily, she sensed nothing but genuine friendliness. She was doing this for a job, but she could tell curiosity was driving her own intentions. The reasoning behind that was something she would hopefully figure out after this little day. She hated being this suspicious but old habits will die hard. Her hard-pressing family always made her like this. They are master manipulators, disguising their abrasive and intrusive behavior by stating it was "*for her own good*". It was thanks to them that she chose a life of independence, wanting to acquire her own path. At this minute, they were discussing that topic. She let Lily do most of the talking.

"Mom and Dad still live in the same house I grew up in. They weren't ones for big change. That didn't exactly help in having a weird daughter like me." Lily told, deprecating herself a little. They were in front of a lingerie display.

"I've been pregnant since I was eighteen, and they never got used to the big belly. Of course, they were always supportive, but I think I scared them sometimes. They thought my body couldn't take so many of them and often tried to dissuade me from continuing. They never directly said it, but I know it concerns them. I couldn't make them understand that it doesn't cause a toll on me at all. I always feel my best when I'm like this. I don't know why, but I just feel...alive. Along with my other 'condition', I guess I could understand their worry. I don't know. I know if I wasn't me, this bulging stomach would freak me out too." Lily unfolded, looking at a pair of panties.

Lilly was mildly tempted to ask about the other condition but suppressed the desire. She focused on what she said about the appearance she gave to people. She wanted to give her another hug. This sweet girl was actually unaware of how attractive pregnancy actually was. She represented most people when it came to this stance, and Lilly wanted to change that. She didn't think Lily had a problem with her regular appearance. Her own self-esteem about that was evident. Lilly would show her just how sexy a pregnant belly could be.

The discussion continued with Lilly talking about her own upbringing. She was being vague, trying to relate, but not liking the negative emotions it brought up. They approached the staging area for the runway. Their passes got them backstage, getting a first look at the clothes that would be modeled. The stage manager was speaking into his headset before he saw the two pregnant beauties approach him.

"Yeah...Mike, let me get back to you," he said, before formally addressing them. "Wow, they sent us some *fertile* ones. Funny, I thought they said all of them had already arrived."

Lilly gave her friend a sideways glance, laughing a little. "I'm afraid we aren't the talent. We are VIPs, big boy."

This confused him a little, then he faked a smile. "Well, thank God that's the situation. I thought I would have to be mean and tell this one she's too big for this." the guy replied, talking to Lily.

An awkward silence followed, and the man just moved aside, already back to talking into his mic. Lilly's hand made a fist—the tension building up instantly. She never felt more insulted. She had a random desire to smother the man with her belly and make him regret his harsh words. Lily squeezed her hand and she snapped out of it.

Lilly glared at the inattentive man as they passed through the curtain to the backstage. The tall women collectively felt out of place when they saw the aforementioned group of models preparing for the show. They were women with normal bellies—endowed with just one. She suspected there was one with twins, but she was their plus-size model. One by one, the women were noticing their presence, and it was compounding on what the ill-mannered stage manager had spouted a minute ago. The lot of them were openly staring before a woman shouted.

"What are you all looking at? You're not getting paid to gawk!"

The women went back to their business before Lilly revolved to see who the voice belonged to. She was stunned to see another woman just like them. The lady was gorgeous, a mane of light brunette hair highlighting her pretty, pale face. Her stomach mightily jutted before her—covered by an expensive black dress. Her gut was bigger than Lily's, but not coming close to her size. She humorously thought even if both of them combined their bellies, it would barely come to half the capacity of hers. Lilly liked how this made her feel, proudly rubbing her massive belly.

"I apologize for that. The world still isn't used to us big-bellied beauties. Let me introduce myself before this gets any ruder. I'm *Katie*. Nice to meet you!" she greeted.

"Don't worry about it. Even Lilly here made me into one of them!" Lily stated, giving her a bit of a nudge.

This made Lilly blush, her hands going to her face. Lily and Katie shook hands, while she tried to calm down her embarrassment. She pivoted her bulk to shake Katie's hand as well, feeling a bit relieved that she was with another kindred spirit.

"Peyton told me the VIPs were coming, but I didn't expect it to be like this. You girls need this as much as I do! Especially you, Ms. Enormous." she remarked, winking at Lilly.

Her blush got worse, and for some reason, she was feeling a little turned on.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop. Let's get to the reason we are here. The merchandise!" Katie happily declared, motioning for them to follow her. They went around the corner and came to a neatly put-together area of racks and mannequins. The clothes were separated by brand. Each display had two dummies with a table in front of it, showcasing either underwear or t-shirts. There was also a rack of dresses behind them—holding the lesser-priced fabrics.

"Have fun, ladies. As stated on the ticket packages you purchased, you're entitled to one free set of lingerie, and fifty percent off any dress." Katie stated, plopping into a set chair and pulling out her phone.

Lily was already at the first table, merrily inspecting the clothes. Lily stood by, back to feeling self-conscious.

"Dammit, Maria. I knew she would get lost with all these lovely women around. I don't even know where I'm-" Katie said, cutting herself off, thinking she was alone. She looked up to Lily and asked, "What's the matter, hon? I know we don't have anything from Diamond Bump, but it's mostly top-shelf. Even for a woman as..."

Lily finished the sentence with, "As big as me? I'm afraid that's where we have a problem..."

Katie gritted her teeth, feeling foolish. She put her phone away and struggled to get up, the weight of her belly catching her off guard.

"It's okay. Don't get up on my account. It's not like they extended sizes to include 'jumbo'." Lily lamented, her hands clutching her stomach.

Katie mimicked, her skinny hands rubbing the black mound. "Believe or not, I thought I had the biggest belly. I came to this on the off-chance there would be others like me. I would offer to buy you lunch, if I had the time. I have to leave tonight."

Lily smirked, feeling a bit better. She hated going back and forth about this. Every time she felt self-assured about her belly, there would be another thing that would question that security. Even though she was amid others like her, the rarity of her pregnancy still made her feel isolated. She was starting to feel the anxiety clash, and in the middle of it, she heard a voice say, **-Get up there. Show off that big, beautiful belly.-**

This startled her greatly, her hairs standing on end. She looked at Katie, who was leering at her blankly. She was about to ask if it was her, but instinct told her no. That...had to be something else. She quickly dismissed the abnormality and focused on what the voice said. She thought of the past ten minutes, and thus the entirety of why she was feeling this way.

-Enough. If everyone is going to eyeball me, then I might as well put it right in their faces.- Lily thought, tired of the fight. She would show them all, especially "Peyton".

"Katie, how does this sound? Forget my entitlements. Put me and this enormous belly on stage, and all is forgiven." she proposed.

Katie mulled it over for a few seconds, before displaying her pearly white smile. "Let's do it! I don't care. I don't work for the company. I just did this as a favor for a friend. Plus, I would love to see that belly in action!" she encouraged, getting up from her chair.

Lily looked at her stomach and added, "Me too."

Lily was drawn into the conversation, putting down the blouse she was looking at. "Hey now! Don't leave me out of the fun. You can't ignore a fellow big belly girl." she interjected, giggling.

Katie looked Lily over, and her smile widened. "You too, honey. You're getting up there with her. Come on, it'll be a blast!" she forcefully said.

The blonde mused over it as long as Katie needed and nodded, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

Then, the plan was set in motion. Katie helped the women get dressed into ensembles of their

own choosing. Lilly, for some reason, was drawn to a black cocktail dress. It brought up a fuzzy memory of her putting one on, and in someone's garage. Katie helped her modify it by splitting the dress into two, creating a cute look for her. It also solved the problem of making it work with her giant midriff, exposing even more of it. Lily decided to wear a red dress, similar to the one Jessica Rabbit wore in Who Framed Roger Rabbit. She was actually more enthusiastic about it than her.

"Let's show them a new kind of sexy!" Lilly rallied, comically strutting an exaggerated pose.

She admired herself in the mirror, loving how it made her look. She felt like one of the women in the other room. A mamma to be posed and revealed...just how beautiful she was. She was drawn to the conversation between Katie and Lily. They were talking like they were old friends. She hadn't overlooked this part of Lily's personality. She seemed to have the ability to connect with any person she interacted with. Her bubbly demeanor made anyone comfortable. She had that kind of charisma. Something that she felt jealous of.

After making a few adjustments, the Lillian's were primed to go. The performance began, and the actual models did their job, showing the crowd various garbs. Katie made them go last, wanting to build tension by promising the audience a "rare treat". The time came for them to shine, and Lilly took a deep breath.

Lily bumped her with her stomach and declared, "Slay them, beautiful."

It was the exact push she needed, and she walked onto the runway. This was supposed to be the part where there would be a flutter of camera clicks, but the heads behind them were too stupefied to do their job. She could hear the hushed whispers, and some easily heard exclamations. She let that be her fuel, and walked forward, the stage creaking painfully under her weight. She looked for her prey—Peyton—and found him at the end of the stage, the look on his face making her want to gobble him up. That wasn't enough for her, though. He needed to be *punished*.

Lily then came out as planned, drawing further awe from the crowd. She gracefully walked over next to Lilly, putting an arm around her waist and pushing her belly out. The photographers saw their chance for a good shot. The lights of many devices almost blinded Lilly, but she concentrated on her little revenge.

Peyton was distracted by someone talking into his headset. Lilly pounced, moving with the speed of a cheetah. She reached the end of the platform, knelt down somewhat, and swung her looming belly at him. The wall of belly clocked him straight on the head, his belongings and equipment going with him. The force of the blow was enough to knock him into the seated audience, a shared gasp coming from the onlookers.

Lilly pretended to be upset over it and innocently vocalized, "Oops. I guess I'm 'too big' for this."

[September 13, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 7:02 P.M.]

Lily felt a tingling sensation travel throughout her body. She didn't know what it was. Lilly's

courage was revitalizing. She liked the reactions more than the actual show Lilly had put on. This was starting to answer her original question. She wasn't fully convinced of the sexiness of a pregnant belly, but she was becoming a believer. It was more than the surprising size of Lilly's stomach. It was the way she carried it. Although she knew the attention sometimes overwhelmed her, the power to project that confidence wasn't something easy to cultivate. She presumed getting naked in front of strangers had given her the necessary resolve to even try it. She couldn't believe it had been pulled off, here and now. She heard the various praises as they exited the stage. It was mostly positive, with the remaining comments related to how huge Lilly and she were. It made her feel beautiful. As they got back into their normal attire, she decided to bring up her ulterior motive for being here. She came with her friend Maria, who happened to be a representative of one of the webcam sites they were going to next. She was a recruiter of sorts, always scouting events like this to get new models. It was harmless. Lilly didn't have to choose her. She just wanted to give her friend some business, and what better than the woman who was on top of this newly discovered world of sexual content.

She broached this to Lilly as they finished changing back. "I don't want you to feel pressured. I should have brought it up earlier. She got the job a few weeks ago and really needed this. If it helps, she's a big fan. She thinks you're doing great things for women like us."

Lilly was fixing her hair and smiled. "Sure, let's meet her. I can't promise anything, but I can definitely check it out. I'm sure she's sweet, just like you. You can't trust many people in this profession, and I think that's going to change. To be honest, it was partially thanks to you that I got up there. Girls like us need to support each other. It's that little push I needed to do that. Oh, and that Peyton guy. ...He had it coming to him." she stated, a laugh erupting between both of them.

Lily absolutely loved that part. She didn't feel bad for him, yet she was amazed at how powerful Lilly was. Her great belly didn't seem to slow her down. She did mention getting taller since the pregnancy began, but she dismissed that as banter. There *must* be something special about her pregnancy.

They went to see her friend, trying to suppress a giggle as they watched the paramedics attending to the fallen stage manager. Lily continued to chat with her but found she was still thinking about that particular splinter in her mind. If she was genuinely getting taller, then it lined up with the other ways her pregnancy had enhanced her. She had also said that she was getting physically stronger and more attractive. Lily thought she meant it in an aesthetic sense, not literally. Her childlike curiosity couldn't let this pass so she opened the subject.

"So, you told me you used to be six foot tall before the pregnancy, and now you're six-three. Is that actually happening? I'm not calling you a liar. I just thought you were alluding to it in a different way." she asked.

Lilly looked like she had forgotten about it herself and poised to answer the inquiry. "It's okay to ask. I know it seems like bullshit. As crazy as it sounds, it's true. You can check my old Hot Domain profile. It lists my height. I saw the difference a week ago. It's weird to say, but it's as though my whole body is adjusting so I can...grow a *bigger* belly."

Lily didn't know how to respond. It was mystifying to think about. Did she have sex with a Martian? Did the Goddess of Fertility bless her with ultra pregnant powers? There wasn't a logical explanation, so she started thinking about it fictionally. She would have to put a pin in that as she saw Maria at her stand.

"There she is! She's in the PPC booth," she made known, pointing. She became jubilant just seeing the wonderful woman. They had been best friends for a year now, and it had been nothing but good times. It didn't hurt that she was also a real belle. She was of average height, about eight inches shorter than her. She wore a white, button-down shirt, complemented by black slacks. She left her long black hair hanging down, covering her assets. Lily always admired how modest she was. She wasn't like her or Lilly—leaving almost everything out for the world to see. Not long ago, Maria had been pregnant too and gave birth a couple of months ago. She took the job to support her new family, and Lily hoped this would be successful. She needed the money, and her bonus would be contingent on how much traffic their new recruits brought. It was safe to say that Lilly would be a gold mine.

Maria saw her coming and beamed immediately. She hadn't seen her since the baby was born and loved how radiant she looked. She got out of her chair and met her with a warm hug. "It's been a while! You look great. And you must be Lilly!" she said, breaking their embrace, and firmly shaking Lilly's hand.

"I don't know about you girls, but I'm feeling peckish. How about we go to that corn dog stand?" Maria suggested. The ladies agreed and advanced towards there. Maria was the only one to get food.

The pregnant giants didn't get anything, not feeling hungry. They sat at a table and continued their small talk. It did eventually shift into the pitch Maria had planned out. Lily was impressed by how much she did her research. She could tell it was doing the same to Lilly as she cited facts she gathered about her. She spoke of her education and her incredible numbers on the former site. She went as far as watching her previously recorded shows, and brought up points of what made those the best. After some intelligent discussion about that, Maria showed the offer from her company. It appeared to be rather generous. Lily didn't quite understand the job. She knew nothing about it and was ignorant of the jargon being passed between them. She said something about an open contract, much advertising, and half the fees they normally charged the others.

"My employer wanted to stress the advertising part of this. You're...big now. No pun intended. All of these sites want you. You represent the next thing, and they want to get on the ground floor of it. They told me all of these terms were negotiable. I know what you're thinking: 'If this is true, couldn't I get the same offer anywhere else?' So, why us? ...I won't lie to you. We are a young company and can't offer anything different. I ask you this: Why not? We are newbies to the game, but isn't that a good thing for you? We all know these businesses start off with the best intentions, but greed has a way of eroding the human aspect. This is what I can offer or, rather, ask of you: Guide us. Don't let us become like them. We want to create an actual community, and make this about the models. We want to take care of you all, and if we falter along the way, we can have you there, calling us on our shit. What do you say?"

Lilly had been rubbing her belly the entire time and stopped when Maria finished. She quietly lifted her head and replied, "I've had every eyeball on me today, and this is the second time I felt like I was treated as a person. I see why you and Lily are friends. The hormones are making me want to cry from how genuine you are. It's good to know that people like you two still exist. ...Yes, I'll take your offer." Lilly stated, using one hand to rub the forming tears, and the other extended to her.

Maria eagerly got up, dodged her hand, and hugged her belly. It made Lilly laugh as she put an arm around her. Maria was obviously choking up but still remained professional. "G-Great! I'll draw up the papers!" she said, quivering from a high number of emotions. She departed from the table, trying to remain rigid.

Lily didn't know what to say, stunned by how successful this had been.

Lilly grabbed a napkin and wiped her eyes. "Oh, look at me. I haven't cried since I moved out of my parent's house. Enough of this. We should be celebrating, not blubbing like a bunch of high school students. Let's eat!"

"Oh, thank God. It took everything in me to not eat this table. Let's see what they got!" Lily joyously retorted.

Elsewhere, Maria was at her booth, going through her binder for the paperwork. She had sent a quick email to her boss, letting her know what she had done and was waiting on further instruction. She didn't want to make a mistake with her first recruit, and she was too emotional to think straight. She had to be sure of the process. As she refreshed her email client, she was a bit startled by a woman trying to get her attention. She looked up to see her with a tissue in her nose, a small trace of blood on the wadded up material.

"Sorry to bug you. Would you please point me in the direction of the washroom? Also, where is the runway? I'm so lost." the woman nervously stated, and with a thick British accent, akin to her own.

She was breaking eye contact constantly and hopping around like a rabbit. Maria pointed in the direction of the bathroom and answered, "Behind those doors and to the left. The runway should be behind the vendors, all the way to the back. Although, I think they are done for the day. There was quite a ruckus earlier."

The short woman's head whipped in both directions and responded with, "Thank you! You're a lifesaver."

She sprinted away, and it left Maria amused. As she went back to her computer, it didn't hit her until then, but that girl looked *much* like her. As the woman got to the door, she looked at her the same time she did. They broke their stares and went back to what they were doing, trying not to think about the freaky encounter.

[September 13, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 7:35 P.M.]

Lilly was so hungry that she felt like she could consume every piece of food in this convention center. Something deep in her mind told her that was realistically possible. Honestly, she thought it was the reason for the sudden growth spurt she had a week ago. She found residual food stains across her body the morning after. It wasn't like she needed to do much detective work. Her appetite had been scary since this began. It was bottomless. She couldn't get full no matter how much she ate. Often, her binges would end because she simply ate the entire supply of whatever was available to her. She had been watching how she ate for the past week. It was something she wanted to get under control. She had managed to keep it down to two meals a day, and she would be lying if she said it wasn't difficult. Her hunger pangs were so strong it could actually cause her physical pain. It seemed like it added up over time. Every day, it got stronger, like it was taking a tally of how much she was denying it. During the meeting with Maria, it took everything in her to not cry from the hurt it was causing, so she distracted

herself by constantly rubbing her belly. Now, she wanted to let loose. Screw her little diet. She wanted to be free.

She didn't care if it took every edible item in Philly, she was going to get full. It was her cheat day anyway. She looked at Lily and realized she had the same ravenous look. It was the quietest the two had been all day. She decided to make things interesting. "Hey, how about a little contest? Let's see how many stands we can clear out. The winner has to give the other a massage!" she proposed.

Lily reacted quicker than she thought she would. She was half-expecting the pretty blonde to take it as a joke. "You're on. I could eat a field of cows!" she replied, looking at the nearest vendor with glee.

This amused Lilly. "Are you sure? I have a lot of room that needs to be filled." she said, patting her vast tum.

Lily didn't seem to be fazed by it, grinning mischievously. "You're not the only one who has special abilities. Let's go!" she retorted, giving her large belly a happy pat. Her navel piercing rang in response, and the girl went for the hotdog stand. Lilly hadn't forgotten about that cork, briefly wondering its purpose before her own hunger took over her mind. She went the other way, not wanting to clash with her. Her first victim of the day would be a pie vendor. The sweet smells made her seem like a huge rock charging over to pummel the perplexed employee.

"W-What can I get you, ma-" the man asked before she interrupted him.

She simply slapped down her debit card and instructed, "Close up shop, sweetheart. I'll take them all."

Lilly was already eating the samples before he had a chance to say anything more. She always became a different person when she ate. It usually took a while for this crazy part of herself to emerge. It wasn't something that had started with her unusual pregnancy. She occasionally would eat like this at stressful times in her life. It was a secret of hers that she mostly ignored. Its origins went as far back as her early teenage years. Her mother had always criticized the way she ate, and she started stuffing as a way to defy her. As time passed, she did it more and came to the realization that she exceedingly liked the way it felt. She viewed it as powering herself up. All that food—making her bigger. This carried over to her present state and made it so much worse. When she got like this now, it had the added consequence of her having affection towards her belly. She regularly suppressed these kinds of thoughts during the binges, but it was becoming harder. This stream of consciousness must have well-distracted her, because the moment she came back to reality, she saw her hand throwing down an empty tin onto a huge pile of them.

The employee looked a little winded and somewhat mortified, the evidence of her little feast all over the place. She saw a few stains on her plaid shirt, and without another thought, took it off. "Ah, much better. A belly needs to be free. Wouldn't you agree...Charlie?" she asked, reading his nametag.

"You...you ate all of the pies in five minutes." Charlie managed to squeak out.

"Oh, did I? That sets the bar pretty high. I'll have to beat that record with the next guy...but that doesn't answer my question. Does a belly need to be free?" she repeated, getting closer to him. The front part of her belly slowly crept its way past the counter, pushing the items off.

"Yes, it does! Just please don't hurt me with that thing!" the man pleaded.

Lilly couldn't help herself and resumed pushing her belly. The register was teetering on the edge, unable to stop the advance of her huge belly. "Answer this bonus question, and I'll spare you. What else does a belly need to be?"

The man didn't have room to move, her belly encompassing most of his vision. "I don't know! Please don't!"

She backed up and rapidly swung her belly to the side, the pile of pie tins scattering about her feet. She whipped her hair, looking at him dead in the eyes and sexually uttered, "It needs to be bigger."

Lilly felt a minor amount of shame, but the thought got erased when her stomach growled for more. She knew she had passed the point of no return. There wasn't a single rationale that could calm the beast she had unleashed. It wouldn't stop until her belly was satisfied. The part of her that would wrestle control was giving in. The sum of today's events put her in a good mood, and she wanted to indulge this intense mindset. All of the attention made her hyper-aware of the effect she was having on people. The runway episode, the cam sites desperately wanting her business, and Lily made her start feeling positive. She didn't want to project the image that a pregnant belly was sexy. She wanted to feel it. And this was a good start. She needed to keep this going. She *needed* more belly. The tall lass looked for her next meal. That came in the form of tacos. She repeated what she did with Charlie and forced the little woman to feed her the whole arsenal. After a mountain of beef, vegetables and cheese were added to her mass, she felt her clothes becoming snug. This made her ego inflate, loving the feeling of her belly expanding. This never happened so swiftly. Then again, she had never eaten this much.

-Lies.- the voice corrected.

She worked herself down the line of stands. Pizza, hamburgers, fries, and various sweets vanished from sight as she ate them in a whirlwind of bliss. She still teased the employees—enjoying their frightened behavior. She was getting the opposite of what happened on stage. There weren't people crowding around. They were fleeing from the sight of her eating...and growing. On her way between vendors, she assessed how much her belly was swelling. She could hear the threads of her clothes splitting and it made her want to eat more. The stands seemed...smaller. That meant she was getting taller again. It made her feel like Godzilla—these little humans feeding the monster just to not be not harmed from the destruction she could deliver. Lilly was at the last vendor, working on a foot-long sub when she felt a cold sensation on the side of her gargantuan gut.

She didn't pause her gorging, only shifting her eyes to see the triumphant face of Lily. "Looks like I won! I wiped out ten vendors, and this is your eighth. There's no more after you're done here. And before you ask, yes, I counted. Someone had to. You were possessed! Nobody could get your attention." she asserted.

Lilly felt puzzled but couldn't deny it. She surveyed her bigger belly, knowing she had to have eaten more. She tried to speak, but only managed to mumble a few words through a mouthful of lettuce, bread, and meat.

Lily giggled and said, "Don't bother. Finish your food. I know what you're going to say. You didn't say anything about eating more, just the number of stands. I went for the healthy food. It isn't as filling, nor high in stock. Work smarter, not harder!"

Lilly felt like her regular self again, swallowing the rest of the sandwich. She didn't want Lily to see this part of her. As she relaxed a little, she heard a loud tear—her shirt ripping down the middle.

"Oh! Looks like we need to get you a new top. Come on, let's go back to your hotel. I'll cover you." Lily suggested, standing next to her.

The pregnant wonders left the sector, leaving a trail of scraps and terror behind.

[September 13, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 9:08 P.M.]

Lily and her food happy friend made their way to the hotel. It was a couple of blocks away, and she was doing her best to properly block Lilly's exposed bust. It wasn't a hard task considering she had the right height and body for the job. It was striking how much bigger she had become. If she thought her belly was big before, it was nothing compared to how monstrously huge it was now. The shape of it still remained the same—round and impressively wide. It was taking up so much room that it was forcing her to walk in the street. She guessed it was about a third bigger in size, noticing the considerable distance between her and Lilly's beaming face. She had to be a full head taller too—her eyes level with the top of her chest. She was thankful for her big, thick hair shielding the naked bosom. Besides admiring her unforeseen growth, she was worried about something else that had occurred during their respective rampages. She burped a little, tasting cheap hair gel. She felt a little remorseful eating the nice man from the banana stand. She knew it was inevitable. It was why she made sure to get out of Lilly's field of vision.

It happened to the last merchant she cleaned out. She made it to him much faster due to a little bit of ingenuity. The golden-haired girl cheated a little by giving away a portion of what she bought. She felt a little delinquent eating the rest of the accessible food. She repented by making them seem like free donations. She used the time she had bought to engage the man she had absorbed. He admired her charity and flattered her to no end. He was curious about her belly button, and that became his demise. It started when he saw a chicken wing lodged in it. She must have lost her plug in the frenzy of the competition. As he inspected it, she got distracted by eating many hands of the yellow fruit. By the time she came to, her belly button had done the deed. This was where she was grateful for Lilly's frightful behavior. No one had seen it happen and that lessened the anxiety it was producing. This wasn't her first rodeo. However, it was the first time it transpired in a very public setting. Often, it didn't come about easily. It was a subconscious act that activated when she was getting emotionally close to a person. The circumstances of the day made this different.

She had formed a bond with Lilly. The successive chain of moments had sped up the attachment she felt towards her. She didn't know how this would go, and it subverted her best expectations. She gained a wealth of data for her report, and she couldn't begin to peel the layers of it. The main thing that was changing was her beauty standards, and Lilly had given her a lot to think about. She couldn't get over what had recently come about. After she had a mini panic attack about eating the worker, she decided to watch Lilly work. It was like watching a natural disaster. It happened so fast, and things were turned upside down after she had passed. Lily was known to eat like a wood chipper, but it couldn't collate to her speed. The food was vacuuming into her. The pleas of those around her fell on deaf ears, her determination above all else. To achieve what exactly? She didn't know Lilly's goal, but it was amazing to witness. It didn't matter that her manners went out the door, she commended her tenacity. She did the same thing with the fashion show. Lilly had a point to prove, and it was on the tip of her

tongue.

They entered the hotel lobby, and the front desk man froze in place—phone receiver in hand. As they ascended the staircase, Lilly stopped and made sure the man could see as much of her belly as possible. "What? Never seen a woman pregnant with twins before?" she matter-of-factly asked, before proceeding to the next floor.

Lilly couldn't see the man's face past her giant mound, but she knew it was to die for. The giddy women laughed about it as they went to her room. She didn't need her to explain why she was bunking in the conference room. The hotel hadn't done a bad job of making it comfy for her. The table and chairs had been removed and replaced with makeshift living quarters. They put two kings sized beds together. She was able to put her clothes in a rollaway hanging rack. It had everything a regular hotel room had, just with more space.

"Help yourself. The mini-fridge still has a few snacks in it. I would get to those quickly if I were you." Lilly suggested, winking at her.

Lilly wasn't hungry, but she did feel parched. She went to it and grabbed a ginger ale, wanting to alleviate the lumpy feeling in her stomach. As she sipped on the beverage, her attention wandered to the papers on the table. The Windsor was a pretty nice hotel, but lower than what she thought Lilly could afford. She must have gambled much on this visit. She knew webcam women could make a killing, but she had been out of the game for a while.

"A little help please." Lilly quietly beseeched.

Lilly turned to her, and it was like lightning had struck her. Lilly was standing in front of her bed, her body directly in front of her. She looked at the mountain of belly before her. The different perspective took her by surprise. It made her see how much bigger she had become. At that second, she had an epiphany. It all came together. The answer to the big question couldn't be told in words—it had to be shown.

"Pregnant bellies are sexy!" she blurted, thinking out loud. She already felt embarrassed, her hands going to her mouth.

Lilly cocked her head to the side, her face barely appearing past her open breasts. The smile she had was anything but judgmental. She looked sultry and confident. Her hand slowly rubbed the massive orb—her mouth open from the pleasure it gave her. She raised her other mitt, palm facing up. She then curled her index finger towards her and sexually growled, "Let's put your mouth where your words are. This big sexy belly likes when it's shown."

Lilly abruptly felt horny. She couldn't deny the sexual tension that had been building. From the instant she had met her on the sidewalk to this moment. She silently walked over to her, seeing why she had called her over in the first place. Her replacement t-shirt had fallen to the ground. That would have to wait as she answered the call of this glowing goddess.

Lilly lowered herself onto the bed, the moderately priced wood of the bed groaning. Lilly stood in front of her belly, kneeling down to make her mouth level with her belly button. It reminded of her own, thinking it represented what they were as a person. Lilly's was blunt, beautifully smooth, and imposing. She had to steady herself on her tummy, positioning her own large belly at a downward angle to bring her mouth close to it. She only gave it one kiss before hearing a deep moan eject from Lilly's lungs. It

jarred her own gratification, soft sounds coming from her as stroked her belly. This stirred the digesting human in her, making all sorts of bumps appear on her abdomen.

"Ohhh!" she let out as the activity increased.

Lilly tilted her head again, watching the movement. Lily couldn't stand anymore and sat down next to her. A muffled cry could be heard from within her, then nothing. Lily looked up to her, a clumsy smile on her oiled face.

"Was that...?" Lilly quietly implored.

"It looks like we are learning a great deal about each other today. That wasn't my babies...it was the banana stand guy," she confessed and continued with, "I can explain it better later, but in short, my belly button has a direct link to my stomach and this man got sucked in. It happens when I strongly connect with a person..."

Lilly looked a little addled by the explanation but regained her composure with a little snicker. "Does that mean I should be worried? I am...quite a lot to take in," she joked, pointing at her huge paunch.

Lily felt the temporary stress go away, scooting closer to Lilly and rubbing her womb on hers. "That's for sure. Now, where were we?" Lily retorted, aggressively tearing off Lilly's shorts with one hard pull.

[September 14, 2019. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 8:36 A.M.]

She was in a strange dream, surrounded by the personification of her vivid lust. Lilly was sitting down, eating the offerings the island villagers brought for their deity. A chain of them formed a circle around her, performing a ceremonial dance of praise. The men and women of the tribe were on various points of her mountainous belly, kissing and rubbing her tanned skin. Her glorious stomach was bigger than a city block, pulsating with a rich yellow glow. The dance of her worshippers conjured a dark storm, a vortex opening in the sky above her head. She opened her mouth, knowing what would happen next. Hundreds of corn dogs fell from the sky, forming a single file line that spiraled perfectly to her open jaws. Her stomach started to swell exponentially, blowing up her form until there was no space left on the islet, pushing the people into the sea. The line of food stopped, and she opened her eyes to see a great figure had appeared from the other side of the vortex. It was her, except with a dark purple aura, her pregnant belly absent.

"I'll take this. You don't want it." the Dark Lilly declared. In a snap, she fell down to the island, back to her pre-pregnancy form.

She shrieked, her hand reaching towards the giant belly floating above. "Nooo! I want it! Give it back!"

"Then...GET MORE BELLY! MORE BELLY! MORE BELLY!" it bellowed to her, her stomach coming

down on her like a comet. Prior to it smashing her into oblivion, she woke up saying the words rather loudly.

"More belly!! More belly! More belly. More...belly. More..." she repeated, Lily's amused face the first thing she saw. Lilly went red, covering her eyes. "...How many times did I say it?"

She could smell bacon, removing her hand to see Lily holding a loaded plate. "Enough for me to grab this. You've been saying it for a good hour. I didn't want to take a chance and be your first meal. You said it so much, I thought you might eat the nearest thing when you woke up." she cutely explained, putting the plate on the nightstand next to her.

Lilly let out a sigh, groaning at her hysterical sleep talk. She slowly rose up, her vast middle reminding her of the previous day. This time, she remembered everything. It played like a highlight reel in her head. The scene that stood out the most was the last—the steamy session with Lily. She couldn't believe the way she was acting from the start of her binge and all the way into its provocative culmination. Lily didn't seem to be worried about it, light-heartedly eating her breakfast. She caught sight of many saran-wrapped paper plates of edibles on the surface next to her. She really was a sweetheart.

Lilly got up and moved to the clothing rack. She had to kneel to reach the hangers, forgetting she had grown in height again. She prayed her sweats would fit her as she slipped her strong legs into the comfy black-colored pants. As she pulled them up, she also noticed her ass and hips were much wider, the fabric barely able to snug around her ballooning waistline. She zipped up her fluffy pink hoodie, her twin globes ready to break free. She should have obtained sponsorship from one of the fashion companies yesterday. The days of going to a real store were over. The maximum sizes they carried wouldn't fit her anymore. She then felt something stab her in the depths between her tits. She reached in and pulled out a hardened tortilla chip. She grunted, throwing it to the side.

"Thanks for the food, but you can take it with you. I need to get back on my diet. I'm sorry for lapsing in front of you like that..." she told her, feeling humiliated.

Lily downed a glass of orange juice and responded, "Ahhh. That hits the spot. Do you mean that?"

Lilly went on the defense, saying, "Of course I mean the apology. That was not an attractive thing to do."

Lily let out a sweet giggle and said, "I don't care about that, sweetie. I'm asking if you're sure of going on a diet. That's a silly thing to say."

Lilly rotated her very big form to her, replying with, "What are you talking about?"

Lily stood, coming back into her view, her behemoth belly blocking her when she moved. She went to her side, tracing her finger across the huge expanse of smooth skin. "I'm talking about this, or as you say it, 'this big sexy belly'. It was all you could talk about last night, in between kisses. If I was one of your viewers, I would be disappointed if I heard you say that. Don't you want it bigger?" she asked, her finger drawing an invisible circle on her belly.

This put Lilly in a box. No matter what excuse she provided, she would be contradicting her conduct from the prior day. She thought to blame it on hormones, but she couldn't trick Lily. The recently established intimacy between them made her feel obligated about being honest. It was that

very thought that strung all of this together. Lilly thought of everything the cute preggo had done for her. The encouragement making her get on the stage, setting up the contract with Maria, and the subsequent gluttony she had after feeling accomplished from that. It was thanks to her that this all had taken place. She was the one who initiated contact and influenced her to show up to this.

Was this what they called a "real friend"? Lily didn't have to do any of this, and she did it without asking for gratitude. It evoked memories of old live shows where members would tip her huge sums of money. They would attach a message that usually said something about how she inspired them, and to use the cash to be a better Lilly. It was exactly what she was doing with her belly. She could feel the empowerment she was making others feel. It was that same attitude that made her do what she did at the expo.

-Pregnant bellies are sexy!- Lily's words ringing in her mind.

Her hunger-induced mania brought out that discovery. Even if she didn't feel that way, she had to keep that persona going. She owed it to them, and principally to Lily. She squeezed her hand and moved to the still-warm food. She would take a page out of her own book, and "show" the answer to Lily's hanging question. She assumed the mentality she had with the vendors and viciously tore through the buffet of protein. When it was done, she looked at her for affirmation, licking the grease off her fingers.

Lily's eyes sparkled. "...I'll take that as a yes."

[October 5, 2019. Buffalo, New York. 7:25 P.M.]

Lily was moving her hips, bouncing along with the upbeat music she had on. She was waiting for her microwaveable meal to finish heating up.

"Hurry up, fatty!" Maria's voice yelled from her room.

She chortled to herself, knowing she was going to chastise her as soon as she got back. They were on a video call, and she had been drinking. The woman deserved it. She had been working hard for three weeks, setting up the highly anticipated stream. The timer on the microwave ran out and dinged loudly. She removed the meal and put it on top of her eight-month pregnant belly. She ignored the stinging heat—the excitement making her rush back to the computer. Maria was on the webcam, furrowing her brow, with her usual rum and Coke in hand.

"You're that much of a pig now, huh? I heard the microwave ding twice. You ate the first thing while you waited on that one, didn't you?" she accused.

Lily ate the chicken patty in two big bites, giving her a snarky smile and slurping a bite of mashed potatoes.

Maria took a sip and smiled briefly. It was all in good, playful jest. "What's the point of still eating like that? You'll never catch up to her." she brazenly asked.

She wasn't wrong, but Lily was pleased with what she had achieved anyways. Her belly had grown to her biggest yet—about fifty percent bigger than she was at the end of the expo. It was nowhere near where Lilly was, but it was enough to make her the second-biggest pregnant woman known. At least for now. Shortly after the exhibition, a video surfaced of her and Lilly's runway incident. It went viral and had an unprecedented ripple effect. Women from all over the world tried the "Sexy Belly" challenge. It became a popular meme, women displaying their bellies in the most tempting way possible. Her blog post also blew up as a result. It opened up the discussion she wanted to see. Many threads across the Internet debated the aesthetic value of pregnancy. This ramped up the launch of Lilly's homecoming on Perfect Pregnant Cams. They wanted to take advantage of the sensation while it was still hot. This made her feel something beyond triumph. She felt like a new woman and totally accepted the new outlook. Her clothing options became sparse as she grew. She got her blog sponsored by Diamond Bump—thanks to a recommendation from Katie.

She was more than content to showcase the skimpy outfits they made her review. One of the comments on one of the fashion posts stuck out to her. It was a selfie of a woman with the caption, "*I'm only two weeks pregnant.*"

It showed a petite girl with dark curly hair that had a belly that rivaled the size of Lilly's two-month photo. It didn't get much attention, the commenters calling it fake. There was no way to know if it was true because she couldn't dig up anything about the poster. The only other thing she knew was that her username was "Gabby".

"Oh my gosh, it's about to start!" Maria joyfully announced into her microphone.

Lily minimized the software and brought up her browser, the timer on the screen counting down from one minute. She wolfed down the rest of her dinner and made the video go fullscreen. This was it. After this, she had a feeling that everything was going to change for the good. Lily had five months left in her pregnancy, and her developing stomach would keep this train running. She was over the moon to be a part of it, and more importantly, feel the power it had catalyzed. She quieted her mind, the screen blinking with the flashing zeros.

It went black for a few seconds, then showed a blurry screen of something taking up the screen. The camera zoomed out at a leisurely pace, the pixels smoothing out to show more of what she knows as Lilly's complexion. The camera stopped when it showed a pair of massive breasts on top of a globe of belly that couldn't be wholly seen. It panned up a little, showing her lips contorting into a sensual, closed smile. For its final move, the view directly moved back and showed her sitting on top of a throne, her hulking girth making Lily's eyes bug out.

Lilly extended her arms out in a welcoming manner and serenely uttered, "Hello, boys and girls. Big Momma is here and she needs...*more belly.*"