

[\[Email\]](#) | [\[Subscribe!\]](#) | [\[Main\]](#) | [\[Store \(Paypal\)\]](#) | [\[Store \(Credit Card\)\]](#) | [\[Kindle\]](#) | [\[Commission\]](#)

[Copyright, Lauren Giga, and the fictional versions of Christina Hendricks/Mikey Madison belong to me.  
Please notify me before you post this somewhere else.]

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

The Biggest: All Us, All Belly

By Jackal Entente

Copyright 2023 Jackal Entente

Smashwords Edition

It's a record-breaking cold evening in St. Louis and being on the day prior to Easter, the fourteen degree temperature certainly stood out to the bustling populace. The year was 2032 and though the twenty-seventh of March usually meant the spring weather could sometimes step back into the reach of winter, this was the least unusual circumstance of the day. Besides two known celebrities choosing to be in the city at the same time, they were forgetting about a fading third. She was Lauren Giga, a star that had shined bright, and then burned away in the last decade. Her short career in film and television was something even she was failing to remember. The years of fame and money had dissipated, its superficiality incrementally replaced by laying the groundwork for her real desire—countless inches of fraught and massive...belly. Precisely, the mass slightly swiveling and bobbing about held a one-hundred-twenty-inch circumference that drew any eye into its overwhelming orbit. She was pregnant. Even so, there wasn't a single known womb that had come close to its magnetizing magnitude. Unknown to the world at large, the same aforesaid pair of celebs had respectively achieved and exceeded that unrecorded feat. Tonight, the brown-haired lady sought to set that record—while breaking *many* more—all under the...Gateway Arch.

"Get a good look, sweet things. I'm going to make *this...*" she said to a passing couple, giving her monumental mound one solid pat and then pushing it out, "...the *smallest* pregnant belly you saw an hour ago. ...Come here later and you'll know who's...**The Biggest.**"

Their optics were already searing the sultry sight of her enormous pregnancy bump into their memory and her hair-raising words increased the probability of accepting her invitation. After all, by this

time tomorrow, practically the entire city would know who she was. The confidence in that statement was in part due to the fact that Lauren was—once famous or not—a person that was *physically* hard to forget. Even those who didn't know her name remembered her boldly sexy body. To start, she was five-foot-ten and most assumed she was taller, considering her unnaturally large assets contributed to that towering impression. Being a Missouri farm girl herself, one of her rural acquaintances would describe her as "born to breed". However, her glistening gorgeous face and harsh hourglass figure would intimidate most males from trying. Regardless of what she wore, it had to be tailored beforehand. No clothing line could accommodate her O-cup sized breasts and the wider ninety-six-inch circumference of her hips. The fairly tall and flagrantly buxom Giga found that no outfit could visually slim her down. She refused to wear the tent-like dresses her conservative parents tried to force on her, but her present ensemble came as close as that apparel could. From thick-haired top to long-legged bottom, she was wearing a black jumpsuit.

"How are we looking, Lala? Your belly is enough to keep them gawking, much *more* once they get a *load* of me." she asked into an earpiece, brushing aside strands of her waist-length hair of curls. The luscious lass then looked up. "Never mind. They're...here."

As an excited tic, she hard gripped the same strands and bit her lip in anticipation of what was soon arriving. Whatever attention the big belly of Lala Moore had attracted, the scant amount of citizens walking away from the now closed Arch found their regard was split. Those closest to Lauren—exiting the museum in front of the iconic landmark—were bugged out by the much bigger belly of the incoming sex idol. And the ones coming from either side of the titular trails turned back to see what her great stomach was gurgling for. The big-bellied adjudicator for Guinness World Records was shooing them away—the three buttons on her black blazer straining from her hurried movements. Giga lustfully noted it, briefly affixed to the wideset womb on the short-statured and raven-haired female she called friend. Prior to being impregnated with a brood that could populate the entire Western Hemisphere of the planet, the former star had a seething hatred for her pole-thin waist. No matter how many times she overfed, her extraordinary physiology would direct all gains to the aforementioned assets. She might get a nice pot belly from her regular binges but it always shrunk back to the pathetic nine-inch width of her little waist. Not to say she didn't adore her chest and pelvic areas, but she had a case of never-ending belly on the brain.

"*You aren't kidding. I never had so many people guess how many I'm expecting...*" Lala responded, holding a clipboard to her belly as the wind picked up. The drafts came from the approaching group of helicopters, the attached cargo making Moore say, "*It's...gigantic."*

The belly-gurgle amplified to a monstrous *growl*, its earth splitting strength of sound almost overpowering the noisy choppers over their pretty heads. She smirked mischievously, the walking citizens now launching into full-on running the instant her quaking pang of hunger occurred. A few were brave enough to stay, their regard shifting to a split between her scary display of belly quivering and the several transport aircraft carrying the biggest chocolate rabbit ever made. Lauren picked up her stride, absolutely thrilled to eat every last morsel of it...and the contents inside. The sheer size of the sculpture

was a feat in and of itself but this especially gravid woman in black considered it a...decent meal. As she closed the distance between herself and the huge belly of Moore, she imagined the *exceedingly* sheer scale her stomach would soar to. With some help from the previous two “Biggest”, Giga was living up to her self given last name, and going to outdistance the “hyper” and “mega” bellies of her predecessors. She was not only going to eat the world’s Tallest and Longest Chocolate Sculpture, but also obtain a third titillating record. The belly of this babe of a brunette was already bigger than where Christina Hendricks and Mikey Madison had respectively started. And to boot, she was merely...*four* weeks along. In one word:

“...*Ultra*. I’m...*ultra pregnant*. I’m going to get so goddamn *BIG*...” she lecherously let out, not caring who heard it and letting it further be known with another yet stronger growl from her three-foot-plus-wide womb, “...my big bad belly will be a new...*continent*.”

The words were as bold as her phenomenal physique and although a continent-sized belly was not too far off, she blamed her eagerness on the nickname she gave to her hunger. It spawned from the same name the mysterious fertility firm gave her. Through an elaborate setup, she cornered them into impregnating her and the manner in which she executed it earned her the name, “The Demon”. For twenty long years, she wanted a waistline that stretched across the horizon of the West lands she was facing. And with a nod to Lala, she was ready to enact her lifelong dream. The cute Moore fastly waddled into the museum. Lauren followed suit, jogging a bit as she rounded past the gallery and onto the lengthy lawn—both hands rubbing the lightly tan flesh of her heavy heap of belly. She was close to rubbing the skin raw and seeing reason, she grasped the top zipper of her jumpsuit. Slowly and seductively, she pulled it down to reveal an old remake of the Playboy Bunny suit. As with the turbulent tumefied sessions of the giant bellies that came before her, she stuck with the tradition they established. Her costume came from 2011, when a fashion label made it for the opening of a new club in London. The ensemble consisted of the typical collar, cuff, tail, and corset. This piece was all black and designed with high-end lace and beadwork. It was truly a sexy work of art and as her lower limbs stepped out of the discarded one-piece, she put the ears on and stated:

“Looks nice but it would look better with...**more** belly.” she verbally growled, slapping the broadly stretched fabric of the dark yet silky corset teddy, and licking her perfectly proportioned lips at the choco bunny being lowered, “It’s not enough. I need to be...**all belly**.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Oh, dear. That can’t be good. To be honest, honey...I’m surprised all of those helicopters even managed to get it here. I mean, it *does* weigh...*half a million*...pounds...” Moore remarked, faltering in the hind part of her comment as she took in the unfolding spectacle.

To get the binge-ball rolling, the inordinately hulking sculpture was not just factually as weighty as she had spoken, the giant bun was five-hundred feet tall and two-hundred in width as well. Fortunately, Lala had already measured it before it was precariously hauled to its present spot. The

adjudicator learned her lesson from her last muffin-filled experience with Mikey and officially confirmed that the two above mentioned records were broken. Despite it being the tallest and longest monument of confection of all time, the Guinness employee shuddered at the thought of what was to come. Moore was watching the abrupt beginning of the great gorging from her tablet—a number of cameras being placed at different points of the monument of architecture. She was waiting for the tram to arrive and was hooked to the enticing exhibition on the screen, the view being from a camera planted into the bunny ears Lauren was wearing. Thus, she had a front row seat to the astounding action. Giga was steadily stepping her way to the base of the rabbit, a hole the size of her base belly in the far right corner of the figure. It had been pierced by a piece of debris when it was being lowered and was spewing out a gushing stream of varying sized chocolate eggs. She identified her belly as a “base” because currently, it was slowly jutting outward.

*“Hm, peanut butter..pecan..even..pure hershey!! So good!! I want them..all!! All, all, and all!!”* the animated glutton cried, her narration interspersed with her inhuman ingestion. Blur after blur of brown mounds shoved into her as she garbled out another, *“ALL!!”*

Lala loosened her turquoise tie as her own belly fetish was warmly invigorated by the extreme scene of stuffing, particularly fixed on the emerging curve of her lacey-black sphere. In a minute maybe two, the enormous belly of Lauren had encroached into massive territory, and the following orders of magnitude were within short scant minutes of being outpaced. Due to her close involvement with the pregnant project, she knew much about what could have broken the record of Largest Chocolate Rabbit. Even with it plainly capable of achieving that title, the fact it was stuffed with an assortment of approximately five million candy eggs and muffins disqualified it. Furthermore, she was aware of the most bizarre reality of both the big treat and her belly. Moore was one of the handful of humans who understood the fertility firm was using their highly advanced alien technology to both compress the lofty number of smaller treats and babies inside their respective containers. There was enough in the sculpture to break plenty of other feats and though not certain of the exact number of babies, she was positive the brood would make her belly sufficiently massive to break the very Arch they were under. Considering the decreasing space between the burgeoning belly and the dwindling dessert, she was absolutely sure Giga would achieve:

*“The..Biggest..Pregnant..Belly..will be..mine!! ...And, who knows? Maybe...the Biggest...”* she narrated, leaning forward and interlocking her longer arms around the bank of belly to let the first batch finish spewing onto. *“...pregnant belly in the galaxy!!”*

At the same time, the fecund friends moaned at the notion of such an astrally large abdomen. They doubted the quirky aliens would oblige in confirming that, seeing as they—including Hendricks and Madison—had stolen and used said technology. Lala didn’t pretend to understand how it worked but it did explain why their little human uteruses were able to hold so many. Moreover, she comprehended why she was eating such a gargantuan sweet. Above the breaking world records, the ambitious brunette was seeking the title Christina had christened, and Mikey had surmounted. What started as an impulse of the former had inadvertently inspired the successor to outclass. And, Giga was the usurper that

aspired to carry and exceed that giant-bellied torch of success. As her belly grew closer and closer to the bunny, her homage to their unrecorded stunts required her to outbelly the tum that broke the Continental Building in Los Angeles. First bellies first, though. The potential third had set an end goal that would have her eating *ten* times as much as the previous Biggest. But, as a suitable midsection mile marker, the uterus of the fecund forerunner had to be outgrown. Moore looked down again to see a smaller milestone had been crossed, observing as the *fully* massive belly of Lauren plugged up the hole.

“Oh, wow. That's...*quite* a belly, Laur. I think you're as big as that first photo of Christina's binge. Maybe...oh, darn!” Lala spoke, cutting herself off as she realized the tram had longed arrived and was about to lift off. She quickly got in and finished with, “...bigger?”

The question immediately became rhetorical as a flurry of chomping noises followed. The doors to the tram closed and began the slow four-minute trip to the top of the landmark. Moore opened a second application and switched back, her pupils dilating with the meteoric consumption happening on screen. Her latest comment referred to the leaked photos of Hendrick's church-bursting belly. As reluctantly admitted by Madison, she had swiped the camera Christina used to capture the progressive stages of her *eggscapade*. The first photo she referred to was snapped once the redhead had eaten ten percent of the seven-thousand-pound chocolate. In less than five, Giga had guzzled her first thousand and now was making that smaller milestone happen every ten *seconds*. Like something out of a carnal cartoon, sections of the sculpture's left foot were being torn and gulped down like soft crackers. As the tiny units of time elapsed, tens of feet were added to her height and halves of that were widening her swiftly swelling stomach. She looked at a clock in the corner, counting off the time once the rickety elevator ride had started. It was closing in on its first minute and fastly swiping to a fourth program, she activated another piece of tech they “borrowed” from the aliens. The smart tape measure recorded the dimensions as:

“*Sixty...feet tall.*” she read off. A 3-D animation of the Arch showed a line marking the number that was level with her heightening head. A second line appeared across the billowing pregnancy bump of the ages. “*Thirty feet of belly width...all in five minutes.*”

As it was pre-programmed to do, the tram halted at this point. She set it up this way so she could observe and document the entire affair. In contrast to the insane intake, this was still an official and probably last assignment of hers. The higher-ups in Guinness were impressed with her personal dedication and agreed with her opinion that such a record should have been done a long time ago. Although every pregnant woman on the planet would argue their contention for the biggest belly, this undertaking would shut them all down. What few people remained were getting that idea already. Even though they were many feet away, the many black-clad feet of belly and height made her hard to miss. It seemed Lauren was also pausing to take in her spectacularly gained proportions, and the side-to-side panning of the bunny-eared eye had Lala feeling insecure about her insignificantly lesser tummy. From either side of the towering expectant, the tremendous diameter of her distention could cover and overfill her tiny San Francisco apartment. Less than one percent of the overall heaving hare had been engrossed and like the orb-like elevator she was ascending in, Moore shuddered thinking of how much it

would salaciously surge. For the moment, she realized that Giga's current size had surpassed the final belly bulk of:

*"...Christina Hendricks...eat your voluptuous heart out."* the tumefied transcender confidently proclaimed, sexily and playfully bobbing her hips. The motion brought her mammoth mound back slightly then snapped powerfully forward. *"Mikey. ...You're next."*

\*\*\*\*\*

"Mmm...this certainly is *a lot* of belly," she purred, alternating between groping the extent of her belly with her fingers and kneading with her palms. Like the cat that ate the canary, she was devilishly satisfied with her progress, but wanted to be: *"...All belly."*

Further assessing the "damage", she took a single step back and swayed with silly suspense for what was peeking out of the small hole she had carved out. The nippy wind caused her many hairs to stand on end but the heat of her passion kept her warm enough to dismiss the human consideration. In a manner of speaking, she was part extraterrestrial herself, considering that she was carrying more aliens than there were humans in both North and South America. The only reason the masked people of the fertility firm chose Earth was because their species could no longer procreate. They're advanced enough to build machine incubators that could *finish* the pregnancy but they needed the biological incubator of a human to *begin*. Back in early 2012, the fresh-faced Lauren had stumbled upon them through one of their fronts. They had a fashion store in London for plus-sized women and one thing leading to another, she discovered their pregnancy plan. According to the conversation she eavesdropped on, their gestations were "thousands" of years long. Fearing the end of their kind, they empowered the eggs of their future offspring with time-increasing capability and the energy that powered it could be fueled by sugary sustenance. Since their broods were profuse, the scheme called for the brooder to ingest enormous quantities.

In other words: "The more I eat, the shorter this pregnancy gets...so...let's not keep them waiting." she deviously declared.

The former starlet had no intentions of starting a family and with the majority of her finances pooled into this operation, she found it amusingly ironic. Being a belly fiend for as long as she could remember, the eighteen year old Giga readily volunteered to be their first incubator. They talked and though she was convincing, the firm decided against it, saying she didn't have enough "charisma". The unearthly beings operated in secret but the size of their scheme required a "big influence" to make the public accept the absurdity of an overgrown abdomen. Those rich in status were needed and during that meeting, they got the idea to petition celebrities. In effect, this made her the original The Biggest. The only one who actually aspired to be it before her pale-skinned forebellies accidentally stumbled into it, very much as she had. For that reason, she harbored no ill will...nevertheless...their giant milky white orbs were the competition. And visualizing those mounds they had greedily built, she was happy to honor them by literally eating the same oversized treats—albeit condensed into the "sacs" she was

hungrily viewing now. From the opening she had lighting-fast chomped, the strange method of the alien's compression came in the form of a translucent film that was wrapped around the contents. Inside the lots upon lots of spherical containers were different flavors of either eggs or muffins. She had an eaten an equivalent of Christina's egg and to her, it was just an:

"Appetizer...or still is? I'm still much too... 'small' for this to be the first course. My appetite—and my snatch—are barely...wet."

From there, she removed the sac hanging and begging to be out and then in her ungodly bulky belly. She was treating them like a bag of chips—grasping their bouncy bursting bodies and then using her teeth to tear a hole into them. This simultaneously explained how she ate so much so fast and why the half-million-pound bun weighed more than it should. Her lips formed a seal over the puncture and then she inhaled in an exponential flood of multi-flavored fudge. She had gone through the trouble of gathering every single sweet type of chocolate and while they were packaged, she would snack on them. Lauren demonstrated great restraint in not devouring it all then and there, especially in the last four weeks. She had all intentions to belly-stuff in the first place. And knowing there were *millions*, maybe *billions* of souls needing their unusual nourishment, the overwhelming urge resulted in the "modest" mound she had at the outset. So, it was no surprise that she was getting so *big* so fast. At the moment, she made a revolving habit of sucking in the bag of bounty and scanning the pumping, broadening range of her extremely enormous belly. The initial batch all came from one bag and doing her gluttony calculations beforehand, she knew one and a half more needed to be assimilated to grow to Mikey's final size.

"My, my...we might have one of them 'good problems'. I mean, *look* at me. I'm..." she paused, boastfully flexing out her big bad belly and causing brown cracks to appear on either side of where her one-hundred-twenty-foot-wide orb bashed the egg. "... 'pretty' big."

The casual understatement made her swear she heard an unmuted moan from Lala, but she had already grabbed, torn, and sucking on another sac. She avoided ogling her distracting distention and managed to slow her intake. If it wasn't for the progressively ascending Moore, she would have already blazed past the shiny red belly of Madison. Unlike Hendricks, the young exceeeder actually gained a small cult following on the Internet. Her mountainous belly did burst out of a building in downtown Los Angeles so a number of folks snapped some photos of her street-filling orb. However, the firm came in shortly afterward to teleport her away, so not many were captured and the quality wasn't the best. The more observant of the followers connected this to the same photos Mikey had posted but with nothing official to back up the preposterous paunches, they were largely dismissed as skeptical. The giant-bellied women in Playboy Bunny suits became an urban myth. Christina desired to use her belly to jump start the open discussion of fetishes she envisioned, but the NDA she signed fizzled out the little buzz her successor generated. Regardless of the envy they had for one another, the kindred belly-fiends worked together—the red-haired lady holding a movie premiere nearby and the black-haired filming for a new tv show.

“Thanks, girls. Keep those eyes away...for *now*. Once I’m done, however...I want them *all* on me. ...My belly will make us proud.”

She put her lips back on the container and carefully consumed the rest of the first half, a mostly garbled moan escaping her ruby red mouth as she recalled the respective mountains of the ladies. In corresponding corpulent fashion, Giga had beautifully blown up into a belly-dominated figure. She was over ten stories tall and her already massive pair of breasts were each on par with the size of her base belly. As she neared the halfway mark, she basked in how much rounder and firmer they were becoming. She didn’t look thirty-eight years old yet the sagginess associated with age did begin to affect the marvelous melons. The beautification that came with the celestial-like pregnancies restored the elasticity of her bulging body. Them and the greater orb below were solidly spherical and incredibly monstrous. The cracks she made on its base weren’t as easy as the soft chocolate might suggest. The alien weirdos grudgingly reinforced the baked liquid with a substance that made it hard as steel and her arousal only amplified from the notion of being that strong. She enjoyed her invasively big anatomy and how it made everyone hesitate before thinking of giving her hostility. As her consumption slowed to a complete stop, she glanced across the Mississippi River, the magically stretched undergarment underneath her extensive corset was dampened. She could see a group of citizens on the opposing shore and the fact that her colossal belly alone was twenty times larger than them *soaked* the lingerie. With a hand on the bag and the other on her mountain, Lala stated her next marker:

*“O-One hundred and fifty feet tall. ...Sixty feet of belly. Two and a half times bigger than your last mark and...i-in...o-one minute.”*

-----  
-Urrrgh! ...Come..on. ...Just..a..little bit..more!- she internally gritted through.

At present, the impatient gorger had felt “challenged” by her previous sixty-second spree, and decided to kick it up a gear. The strength was there but the improved elasticity was put to the test by her forcibly cramming the entire unbitten sac into her overstretched maw. Its maniacal method was a bit faster than breathing in the contents but her mouth hadn’t been widened as much as her belly, which was wider than two London buses put together. Since America refused to adopt the metric system, the ridiculous unit of measure had to be used. Lauren agreed with the laughable stubbornness of it, yet it allowed her ego to be tickled by the sexy picture it painted. She had backpacked her way to London on a mid senior-year trip and ended up staying put—loving being as far away from her Midwest upbringing as possible. Giga abhorred the superficial concerns of her parents, who regularly berated her for her eating habits and overall lifestyle choice. She got a dark pleasure from imagining them seeing her final dimensions on the news—their disappointment fueling her current effort. The tied-off half-sac was forced in with one emotionally-ignited push. Her lips finally closed shut and grinning even more darkly, she chewed just once. If it wasn’t hard before, the thousands of eggs bursting into the confines of her overinflating mouth was.



-Woooah, woah, woah! Holy shit, this is intense!! I almost can't keep up...- she partially panicked, putting every ounce of focus into keeping her lips closed. If she let up for even the smallest of seconds, it would be over. -...No. This is nothing. Still...an appetizer.-

With fast fingers, she clawed either side of her massively swollen cheeks and digging deeper, she remembered a dominatrix character she played in a porno film. Giga naturally fit into the role and the performance launched her into the mainstream. That weird track of success and the short men she would physically submit gave her the mental boost needed to summon the necessary brawn. Having always been an overeater, she had come close to choking a couple of times and even then, she refused to waste the sustenance that had expanded her stimulating proportions. In glorious form, Lauren implemented a swallow so substantial that it not only vibrated her entire tremendous-tummied person, but also shook the one-eighth eaten rabbit. There were some concerned protests from Moore but it faded to her mental background as her visual foreground became overtaken with her belly briskly expanding in all directions. She had to back up two steps to make sure she didn't bump and maybe potentially tip over the chocolate bust. With the addition of one and a half more compressed containers, she was a third larger than she was prior to the herculean exertion. She was half as tall as the Big Ben clock tower she adored one day outgrowing and about as half-wide as the 747 plane flying overhead. And with a new trick, she craved:

**"More.** ...Altogether, it's a satisfying *taste*...but there is still more of this confection than there is of *me*. I need it **all**...and more."

She was getting a bit ahead of herself, nevertheless, the statement was a guarantee. Even after putting this in her gut, it might shorten her pregnancy by a month or two. When the fertility firm confronted them, the first thing they did was scan her womb and the only thing better than every one of their eyes bulging in utter shock was what their leader said. He went on a long-winded yet strangely erotic rant that fundamentally told her that half of the American continent would have to work around the clock to keep her properly fed. This compounded her conceit, the image of every country for miles around funneling their whole supply lines to her factual mountain of a belly. In all salacious seriousness, she knew this was a belly-realistic goal but...one landmark at a time. Wasting no time, she had to kneel somewhat to reach down, gently tear the hind leg husk, and remove four sizable sacs from it. Two were placed on the soft shelf of her robust belly and with the other tucked in her arms, she cheerily interlocked them. The technique had been quickly mastered so she "simply" just needed to swallow four at once in this intoxicating instance. With her cheeks snapping back to their original shape, she invoked another image of domination to cram in both simultaneously. There was some resistance but she rallied with:

-Let your mouth and hands do the work. Your belly commands them now. Just think of the giant guts of the girls. How big they were...- she inwardly concentrated, remembering the ultimate utter massiveness of Hendricks and Madison's middles.

At this jumbo-jubilant juncture, she was three times as immense as Christina, but she was presently attempting to swallow a total mass that was significantly greater than every muffin Mikey had eaten. That included the humongous muffin she ate last. The ludicrous impression of consuming over sixty-thousand pounds of them—or over half a million individual muffins—in one gulp was reigniting her abdominal ambition. And she would soon find it as a necessity. As she force-pushed the other pair in, she failed to realize that she was filling her chomps with a bulk that was a fourth greater than she was. In her hastiness, the thought of gulping down something bigger than her behemoth self *might* be “pushing” it a little too far. That notwithstanding, this wasn’t the time for doubt. She had a record to set and a belly to fill it with, so she dug into her mental undertow of motivation. She went back to the very start, recalling how she devoted herself to becoming a thriving actress. After her porn debut, she went on to have acclaimed roles in television and one movie. She worked hard and had genuine talent, but in order to grease the wheels, she extorted certain shady Hollywood executives who were being investigated for sexual abuse. She was relentless and it paid off, earning enough capital to take care of herself. Yet, a comfortable living wasn’t sufficient for her dreams of breadbasket distention. Everything was second to her belly. ...Even her physical limits.

*-For those of us who want to make it big, there is no limit! And none can exist for...m-my...w-waistline...-* she self-encouraged, the grit greater than ever. Her eyelids opened to see nothing but her hyper puffy cheeks—head bigger than her belly. *-...Don’t even chew.-*

The sudden flash of direction came from the exceptionally faraway feeling of her lips barely keeping closed, the pressure of about sixty-four-thousand pounds of eggs making her desperate. Her esophagus began to dilate and do its own biological compression but her acid reflux problem ended up helping for once. The enhanced biology she got from carrying the alien babes alone made her stomach acid as strong as her steel-like strength. With one splash of the stuff, the double-packed bags were penetrated. And utilizing the energy she had consumptively converted, the digestive process broke down the overflowing stream of chocolate faster than it bursting forth. It was happening so expeditiously that the pair on top were sliding down and repeating the amplified technique. As her head shrunk and belly ballooned, she found herself crazed and electrified with the ferocity of the coordinated result. The whole thing had taken merely thirty seconds and knowing Moore was close to the top of the Arch, she decided to get...*crazier*. In hair-raising gumption, she gripped the hollowed-out leg with one hand and intentionally bashed the other, effectively crumbling the lower half of the hare. Time was always against her and now was the pummeled base. Giga inhabited her surname and lifted the bun up—tilting it forward and at a forty-five degree angle. With a repositioning of her hands, she *demonically* ate the rest of the eight egg-filled sacs one at a time. Troves of french mint, crisped rice, and dark cocoa ingested with a push, a splash, and the same with another behind it. Eventually, Lala was saying:

*“Five hun—...no, six hundred! It can’t keep up! ..I can’t keep up! You’re growing too fast! The whole Arch is shaking! You’re...!”* she frantically reported. The adjudicator had done well to keep up. After exiting the tram and waddling her way into the very top of the Gateway, she had paused. At the six hundred and thirty feet summit, she was looking out the window—eye to eye with Lauren. *“...here.”*

-----

"H-Hey, Lala. Ohhh, I-look at that, d-down I go..." the tower of belly nonchalantly spoke, her entire monolithic middle rumbling and surging with a sudden redirection of growth. Partly, her height lowered to six-hundred and her belly, "...*Out* it goes. *Out...*and out!!"

As fervently described, her overwhelming physiology was going through a moderate change—one that was specifically requested from the scary gormandizer herself. She had been inserting the word "all" for a reason. Besides the plain lustful expression, it was just as straightforward. The observation deck Moore was nervously standing in was thirty feet above her current height. But in order to complete the ritual set forth by The Biggest, her continuously expanding belly would have to break the four-hundred-fifty-foot width of the landmark. Also in tradition, her obsession with the gargantuan tummies of her precursors made her observe that their height usually was *double* that of their belly's breadth. She had well-honored their previous binges but as with every successor, she had to put her own spin on it. Standing a little taller than the Seattle Space Needle was quite a thrill for her, however, the concurrent desire to be *all belly* and have it safely recorded by Lala was more sexy to her. As mentioned, she recruited Hendricks and Madison, and at first, it was to use their experiences to expose the aliens. The firm caught on to this quickly and as expected by Giga, it scared them into leaving the planet for good. She was one step ahead of them and stole their tech before they started packing up to leave. The big-bellied starlets had them cornered and in exchange for Lauren agreeing to be impregnated with *all* of their remaining embryos, they would "recalibrate" the way her body would enlarge. Still burgeoning from her monster consumption of of the twelve bags, her tum was edging past the measure of:

*"Four hundred feet of belly width...and counting. Uh, Lauren, any time you can get me out of here would be great! Considering that in...less than fifty feet...there will be more belly than there is the uh...Arch width."* she worriedly stated.

As her belly broadened and broadened to that concerning measurement, Giga looked up from her downward belly-regard to the tiny-bellied female now in her forward rational-regard. She had a smug look on her flawless face from eating and growing so much, and despite the widening danger, it remained. Her waistline pressed on either leg of the monument and the shaking only increased, her height resuming in conjunction. With the half-eaten rabbit in hand and the metal creaking louder from all of her flesh filling in the gap of the inner Arch, she would have to play this carefully. Her boobs were enormous and though they were shrinking, the mastodonic melons had sufficient weight for her next trick. She hesitatingly bit the edge of the halved hare and resisting the overpowering temptation to polish it off, she held it there. Peering through a bitten crack, she isolated where Moore was and estimated where she would boob-smash the imaginary box she was drawing. Whilst she had stuffed herself to these proportions, she couldn't have done it without Lala, or the rest of them. Hollywood would love for them to catfight in the streets for profit, but these belly-loving ladies wouldn't sink to that level. We see others making it big and their relatability makes the little ones think they can do it too. We need to "uplift" each other instead.

"I got you, La. Tell me, though. Since we're *here* and all..." she again casually discussed, following it up just as much by lifting and slamming each of her titanic tits on the lines she mentally drew. The steel and concrete was flattened like dough, the fright-filled yet also horny Moore looking on both sides to see the sheeny enormity of her breasts. Teasingly, Lauren asked, "...How big am I now?"

Of course, the question was rhetorical, seeing as the dimensions of the eye-catching and rumbling structure was known to them both. Giga knew that Lala had a secondary domination fetish and it was inadvertently awakened from the floor-to-floor belly expansion of her best friend, Mikey. The six-hundred-foot-plus tall female wanted to throw her a bone but..."safety first". In that she kept her in betwixt the chasm of cleavage as she completed her first step in officially attaining that coveted title. From the sides of her great bosom to all the way down the leg-to-leg envelope of her belly-bottom, the world's tallest arch and Missouri's tallest accessible building bursted outward. It had stood for over seventy years, but it took less than seven minutes for the belly-behemoth to completely destroy it. The chunks flew primarily in a lateral direction but some were ejected upward and landing with a resonant splash in the river. Now free from its pressure, her belly bloated and surged in short bursts. Her head rose minorly and before the enlargement stopped altogether, she removed the only section that stayed, and plucked Moore from it. She enjoyed how itty-bitty she was in her hand, toy-like and shaking with horned-fearful sensations. Lauren smiled sweetly, comforting her by placing her on the cusp of the corset's bust portion.

"...I'll tell you how 'big' you are. The minimum height requirement for a building to be considered a 'skyscraper' is four hundred and ninety two feet. ...You know what *that* means, right?" Lala informed, looking negatively unaffected and positively *ecstatic* instead.

"Hm? What do you... No. ...Hah! I did *it*, didn't I? I...fulfilled Christina's wish! I'm *bigger* than a skyscraper! ...No, wait. Not..." she thought aloud, rocking her gigantic gut in a jerky side-to-side motion. She gazed out to the other skyscrapers across the water and even though she was literally the highest thing in St. Louis, it didn't exactly fulfill the abdominal aspiration of Christina. "...so much."

She was a "TB" enthusiast so in actuality, she knew the direct quote wasn't simply *being* bigger than a high-rise. After overfilling and bursting the Saint Kenelm church with her bulk, she verbalized that she wanted the skyscrapers of the world to "pale in comparison" to her belly. ...And that's exactly what Giga was going to achieve. Maybe not immediately, but whatever amount of months she had left, her wannabe mountain wish would be satisfied. In the meantime, she would give the whole world a preview of how prolifically pregnant she was going to become. With a slow sultry wink to Moore, she lowered the minorly wet edge of the super stuffed candy—the *sixteen* remaining bags compactly jostling as she worked up her greatest swallow yet. If her gestation progressed in the way the former ladies had, then she would have topped out at fifty-hundred-foot high. As mentioned and deviously demonstrated, she had a carnal craving for her belly to be the sun-blocker it was meant to be. Once this was over, she wouldn't move from this spot until that morning light had passed. This would be where the entire Earth would peek at...to see the seemingly endless expanse of her belly panning from cameras all over the big

city. She couldn't bear it anymore and used the greater wingspan of her arms to grab both ends of the circular husk.

"...I want them clamoring to the rooftops just to 'look up' to me. Because once I get hungry next...the *buildings*...the *people*...will be *under* my mountainous mound of a belly!!" she bellowed, the very vibrations from her voice almost making Lala tip over.

The miniature mother-to-be nestled herself in the clasp of the cusp and readying her tablet, Moore stared up at the feat of a lifetime. A **heave** and a **pinch** later, the ravenous ravisher had **contracted** the diameter of the rabbit and **protracted** her mouth. The concurrent motions allowed Lauren to wholly take in the container made of chocolate. Even at half of its original mass, the column of compressed confection was about half of her obscenely massive abdomen. It was teeming with millions of pure muffins and she would savor every dense mouthful, starting off with the lower quarter sluggishly sliding down the slower dilation of her throat. Utilizing what she had learned, she heaved and pinched once more but harder, her unbridled determination to simultaneously complete the second and last steps of her salacious success. She hadn't slowed her greedy roll and it was because her patience had long since expired. For decades, this short but rapidly escalating moment had been inch-by-inch crafted in her mind's eye. Her belly was her everything, and to her, this was merely a mental transplant of the reality she knew would come true. This crazy sort of confidence was exemplified with her latest heaving and pinching sucking it in until only a quarter was protruding from her outstretched lips. Despite the demonic intake, the pressure in turn intensified, the first quart now decompressing inside her voracious belly. The inner gallery of the guts and faces that had encouraged her gave one last push, their mounds inflaming her tenacity—the final section descending into her too fast for human eyes.

Except for the also extraterrestrially expectant Lala, who lewdly kept up with every firm foot added to the promptly proliferating belly. She went from occupying the space between the Arch to leaving no chance for vacancy, the moonlight glistening off the sea of skin and fabric expanding in every direction around them. Moore looked down and on the screen, enshrouded by the belly below, she read:

"...Final marks. Height...*precisely one thousand* feet. Belly width...a *whopping* waistline measuring seven hundred and fifty feet. ...Congratulations, Lauren Giga. You officially have the...**Biggest Pregnant Belly** in the world!!"

The lofty, giga-bellied female donned an ear-to-ear grin—big but seemingly small hands patting the sweeping magnitude of her superior belly. She looked around, as much as she could past the distance of her mastered mound, waiting for every eye—real or digital—to take in a new "Gateway". For years to come, this would mark the beginning of fetishes being brought into normal discussion.

Therefore, that meant she, Christina Hendricks, and Mikey Madison are, "...**The Biggest. All of Us...All Belly.**"