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

The Biggest: I Must Exceed

By Jackal Entente

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Smashwords Edition

It was an unusually cold night in downtown Los Angeles, especially in the Historic Core district. Specifically though, our Easter day tale will take place in the Continental Building. In the present year of 2022, the thirteen-story property was an inoperable relic of the past but in 1903, it was the city's first high-rise. It retained the title of "tallest" for five decades until mankind inevitably decided to build them higher and higher. We wanted to build a tower that could touch heaven itself but with each rung we hoped to elevate to, humanity knew their foundation would have to be tougher. Nothing so tall could stand without a strong base. For the sake of an easy explanation, they would have to start over and think...bigger. And, if they desired to build that, they would need...numbers. One person alone was capable of extraordinary feats but quantity was needed to achieve that kind of quality. A certain mega pregnant lady not only understood this but also yearned to attain a certain title, and all by her huge lonesome. Her name was Mikey Madison and she aspired to be the "Biggest".

"How many in total? I believe you told me 'six thousand' over the phone. ...The record is exactly six thousand and sixty." a short woman named "Lala Moore" asked. She was standing next to equally vertically challenged Mikey, the main physical difference between them being the positively enormous belly the latter was actively groping. The former was an "adjudicator" for Guinness World Records, indicated by the standard outfit they wore, consisting of a turquoise tie, the black blazer with the appropriate emblem, and gray skirt. The celebrity chose to wear a not-so modest attire, choosing to clothe herself in a black *low* v-cut dress and matching high heels. The emphasis on low would normally be needed just for the strikingly amount of creamy white skin the style of garb revealed, shown by the meeting point of the cut coming right below her innie-turning-outie belly button. However, the choice to wear such an outfit was further put in question by the one-hundred-inch circumference of the

immaculate mound it tried to contain. Her expanded womb wasn't what ordinary expectant women would think of as the world's biggest pregnant belly. In actuality, it indeed is...but unofficially. That's for Ms. Moore to decide...but not just yet. Inside the building before them, Madison had invited her to judge the most muffins sold in one hour.

"Seven thousand...not counting this one..." Mikey replied, practically inhaling an unwrapped double chocolate chip muffin and gulping it down before the paper liner fell to the sidewalk, "...Ah, good 'sample'. I mean...never mind. Pregnant brain, sorry. Let's, uh, get to the uh, 'judging'." The verbal clumsiness and the snap ingestion of the muffin would both go unnoticed by Lala, who was used to this behavior from her best friend. They proceed into the vacant premises, evidenced by the leasing sign and the white paint used to blackout light from the outside, thus making the interior unviewable. What was in the suspicious regard of Moore was not just the state of the unoccupied structure but the usage of it as well. Nevertheless, they were here to do the official count of the scrumptious baked product and as expected, they were *all* here. From wall-to-wall, there were countless stacks of double chocolate chip muffins, each one the same as the single treat being absorbed into the glorious globe that was her imposing belly. Some were in boxes, some had fallen onto the floor, and some were larger than its other sugary siblings. But, all would be *counted* by the adjudicator, and *eaten* by the actress. The first wasn't aware of the hungry hidden agenda of the second. Madison couldn't wait, kicking it off with subtlety and a lewd rub of her bump.

"You do your thing. If you don't mind, I need to get out of this *tight* thing...urgh." the massively fertile woman said, arching her back and making the daunting belly test the tensile limits of the backless ensemble, "Ah, better...and bigger. It's hard to be poised when you're *this* big. I need to change into something more fitting...and more *arousing*." The last word did evoke a brow-scrunching head turn from Lala but was almost instantly replaced with a brow-raising head halt. Though she had seen Mikey in her utter enormity for the better part of the day already, she couldn't unfreeze her face from the back view of the "big" belly. Even the professional in her had to internally sneer at the mention of the underwhelming adjective she had used to describe said enormity. "Big" didn't have enough letters, much less capture the true visual breadth of its immensity. Moore nearly doubted the validity of it being an actual pregnancy, and funny enough, so did Madison. In truth, the starlet didn't look, walk, talk, or act the part of a woman so gravid. For starters, she appeared to be ready to drop the immeasurable litter at any time but was merely a week past two months in. Nicely put, she had been very busy for the last nine weeks and every bit of it was for this very moment, looking at vermilion red bunny ears on top of a folded costume inside her bag.

"...Let the show begin."

"Two-thousand, nine-hundred, and ninety *nine*. ...Three thousand! Whew, we're *about* halfway there but close enough for a nice break. All this sugar has got me hungry for a snack...a *healthy* one." Lala expressed, exhaling a chuckle that was as white as the amount of flesh at the edge of her vision.

Although the employee for World Records was trying to be polite and not stare, the cataclysmic growl that was presently erupting gave her the excuse anyway. Her breath and libido were seized with the uncommonly sexy image from across the partitioned room. To her left was a cheap-looking room divider and thousands of fresh muffins, making the divided area seem cramped despite the hundred feet of space between them. Furthermore, the feeling of claustrophobia was amplified by the room-taking figure of her expecting friend. Her large belly was now covered by a garment that appeared to serve as its second skin, the red-orange shoulder-strapped corset teddy accentuating every contour of the jutting curve. If Moore desired to entertain the naughty notion of letting her hand explore every inch of the bulge, then she might find much difficulty with slipping even the tip of her finger betwixt the satiny material and the illustrious epidermis of Mikey. From bunny-eared top to high-heeled bottom, she was a goddess of gravidity.

“Huh...interesting. I was thinking of having a ‘snack’ myself. You counted all of these here, right?” Madison casually inquired, the great-bellied female turning to face the gallery of confectionary excess. Lala was still optically hooked to the skin-tight apparel, moving her eyes from the markless mound to the rest of her “burdened” frame. The doubt with it being a burden was reaffirmed with the phenomenal preggo stepping closer with the fluid smoothness of someone as skinny as Moore was. Which could also be applied to the limbs of Mikey, her uncovered arms as slender as the day she got knocked up. The black lace stockings on her legs, however, accented a slightly thicker picture, the two-inch heels keeping her in the “short” category by elevating her to five feet and a half-inch from six. Other than the traditional white wrist cuffs and bow tie, this version of the iconic Playboy Bunny suit was a restitched ode to the sixties. It was called the “Cabaret”, distinguishing itself with the footwear being knee-high boots and a tiny see-through skirt lining her well-rounded hips. Certainly, she had all of the bodily effects of gestation but the grace and sheer magnitude of the belly conflicted with her enamored gaze. The costumed marvel picked up a single, fat treat and put the chocolate quickbread to her full, red lips—inhaling its sweet aroma.

“I don’t know how long your ‘break’ is but let’s hope it isn’t *too* long. ...Even if it’s only fifteen minutes, I can’t say *all* of these will be here when you get back.” the cryptic carrier of an apparently starving brood told the mystified mate, subsequently showing her with a rapid one-gulp intake of the pastry in hand and her gleefully picking up another, “Mmm...and let me be clear when I mean ‘all’. I’m not talking about the ones you already counted. I’m talking about...all of them.” The clarification was followed up with a gesture, Madison spreading her arms out as she faced the wall of pastries, rotating her growling mass to take in the less than seven thousand, and then adding one more to her grand gut. Naturally, Lala had no suitable reply, dumbfounded by the surreal spectacle unfolding before her, more compounded by the light speed ingesting of the two treats. It couldn’t be described any other way than being straight *impossible*. Yet, she watched it happen again...and again...and *again*. In succession, she plucked each one and popped them into her mashing maw, alternating with both hands and working her way from the farthest side of the collection of piles. The enamoring of Moore was shifting into intimidated enthrall. When the churning belly filled out the negligible space in her taut clothing, Mikey groaned and spoke to her.

“Has this jarred your memory yet? Think hard. You’ve seen a pregnant belly much...MUCH more *massive* than mine. I’ll give you a hint. ...I’ve awakened...**‘The Monster’**.” she implored, thrusting her filled mound out boastfully. The foreboding statement and lusty motion was tied off with a playful wink from the black-haired beauty, who resumed her sultry binge. As the dark crumbs gathered on the two-and-a-half foot wide shelf, the sensuous scene did “arouse” her remembrance of days gone by. She was recalling a decade-old memory, when they were both thirteen-old youngins hiding in the parking lot of a hospital in Birmingham, England. In 2012, they were there to attend to the ailing grandma of Moore, who had brought her for emotional support. That night, they witnessed a salacious sight that would forever impact their lives up to this poignant moment. Lala was so overwhelmed by the pervading past and the overly pregnant present that she just froze, metal clipboard dropping from her hand and clanking to the commercial carpet. She felt like she wasn’t here, caught betwixt the *deja vu* and the mesmerizing consumption of Mikey, whose belly was steadily expanding at an unreal rate. Soon, her glued gazing was interrupted at the exact second she remembered what they had seen that late evening, her mind’s eye displaying the green, mountainous middle. The image of the gigantically gravid redheaded woman on a flatbed truck faded away, replaced by the *broad* vermilion red midsection of her lifelong gal pal, skeptically staring at the top part of it.

Fifteen minutes had passed and as forewarned, the muffins were “all” gone...yet Madison hungrily said, “...**All** of them.”

“...W-W-What?” was all Moore could stammer back. Even the all-consuming Mikey was mentally stammered by the all-rounding result of her blazing spree, looking upon a belly that had become a third bigger than it was a quarter of an hour ago. Though more than a foot had been added to the tantalizing width of her waistline, she was somewhat disappointed, expecting to have more belly than this. Then, the reason became clear, the delirium of eating and growing making her oblivious of the obvious. An ear-to-ear grin appeared, the pearly whites of her smile shining as Madison realized she was taller. In her words, much...MUCH taller. She was imposingly standing at a little over eight feet tall—understanding where most of the growth had gone. Everything about her had changed, mostly gone to her new height and bulge. The limbs were a tad thicker but predominantly stronger and longer. She understood even littler of how this bizarre pregnancy was supposed to work but the bulky outcome was plain to see. Her whole anatomy was stretching and elongating so she could grow her belly without any physical hindrance. One wouldn’t expect maternity or eating over a thousand pounds of sweets to operate like this but here she was, a foot from the ceiling, and half that from smothering her petrified friend. And, it was only a *snack*.

“Darn, it looks like I messed up your count. Lucky for the *both* of us, I have...*more*.” she declared, stepping back and wiggling her belly a bit for a tease. She rotated her magnificent mass to the divider, taking a few boxes with it. Then, she pulled her massive belly back slowly, followed by a quick but hard thrusting. The cheap partition was helpless, falling down to reveal a hidden stock of the pastries. And, not simply the same amount as before. There were *nine*-thousand more of the fat buggers, and her

salivating chops couldn't wait to add them to her amazing abdomen—the tummy gurgling through its packed contents to growl in agreeance. For all intents and purposes, Lala wholly heeded that Mikey had awakened “The Monster”. It was the collective nickname they gave to the sexual awakening that occurred to them on that Easter morning. A fetish that had developed over the ten preceding years since they had witnessed Christina Hendricks and her sixty-foot-tall bod of belly. Understandably, Moore's suspension of belief was blatantly challenged, never believing either of them would actually achieve this type of bodily supremacy. Madison made her “believe”, taking a small step to her, the embankment of pure belly inches from contact. “Believe or not, there's even more on the second floor. Why don't you count those? As you saw, once I get going...there's nothing stopping this ‘monster’ of a belly from getting what it wants.”

“...S-Sure.” Lala replied, looking for any reason to confirm this weirdening reality, picking up her clipboard and surveying the tum once more, “...More like *burgeoning* reality.” At which point, she realized she was thinking out loud—shrinking away in embarrassment...and partial terror. Mikey much enjoyed how she had to carefully sidestep from her wide-ranging belly, it extensively sticking out several feet to either side of her lofty self. She turned to her sugary bounty, eyeing Moore entering the elevator situated in the middle of the stock and in teasing, bounded toward the closing doors. On further impulse, she scooped up an entire armload of the pastries and before the doorway closed, made sure the mate saw her stuff every single one of them into her overpacked jaws. The sliver of viewing space through the doors was able to capture her swallowing the twenty or so in one monstrous gulp. Madison saw the dilation of her pupils prior to it closing and with a self-satisfied smirk, she patted her slightly swelling stomach—emitting a small belch. She wasn't certain what had come over her but as her belly stopped undulating in growth, she had one surefire guess. The mother-to-be wasn't giving her uncountable offspring enough and she was happy to oblige, licking and moaning at the sight of the treats. There was only one solution.

“Let's take this binge to the next level.” she proclaimed, prompting her to look up at the ceiling and rolling with the impulsive inspiration, “...Literally.” Like a woman possessed, she tackled the nearest pile and bolstering her newly acquired technique, rapidly utilized her two hands to pack in heap after heap of devilishly good chocolate dough. In seconds, approximately a hundred had accumulated inside her magnified mouth, having become so stuffed that it was cartoonishly inflated. She upturned her overly strained lovely face, her brown eyes crazed with determination and pale skin glistening with health from the “nutrition” she was giving her big body. Mikey had to summon an ounce of concentration to swallow the larger clump but like every morsel before it, the wad went down her gullet and lustfully stretched her even greater belly. There was no hesitation in what she did next, working counterclockwise again, and from there, exploiting the tempting technique. Her height had slowed to a crawl, an inch added for every clump ingested but her belly...oh her belly mightily *swelled*. It churned and pulsed as hundreds-turning-thousands of confection pumped and expanded it like never before. Every once in a while, she would peek at its enlarging size, the inches upscaling into feet until she felt a pressure on the top of her head. She was gulping the last of them when she perceived it, opening her lids in time to watch her viewpoint suddenly elevate.

“...Hey, Lala.” Madison greeted, her massively increased upper torso and the iceberg of her belly poking through the hole.

“Better make it the *fifth* floor. From the first to there...that’s my *first* batch. Let’s see what’s faster. *Your* counting? Or, *my* eating?”

Five thrilling minutes later, Mikey couldn’t remember whether Lala had given a response to her nonchalant but peculiar entrance to the second floor. The persistent preggo was lost in an empowered frenzy, grabbing and stuffing as much as she could into her mouth. Her newfound strength was awesomely terrifying, the uprising glacier of her absolutely mammoth stomach displacing the flooring with little effort from the broadening babe. In addition to there being no pain, her outfit hadn’t torn, despite the surging amount of solid flesh spreading its red fabric. Seemingly, there wasn’t anything that was capable of stopping her fantastic overindulgence. The sole drawback was the fact she couldn’t wholly see the outspreading mound of perfection, its mass rounding and taking up more square footage in the story below. The floor was cracking and splitting with her around-the-clock eating of the second-story haul. As she mass-guzzled them, she mentally observed her mouthwork, a process that had already become automatic. Particularly, Madison noticed that she was intaking a numbered set each time, her highly energized mind counting to precisely five-hundred and then pushed downward to join the incessant increasing of her humongous belly. The entire process seemed innate, like she had always known how to do it. Now that she was aware of it, she didn’t question the biological mechanics, opting to “level up” her eating stride instead. Before long, she was saying:

“Hello, *third* floor! Meet...my...**massive...mound...**” she breathlessly uttered, her oxygen taken from the enthralling portion of her paunch that could be viewed. The tip of the belly-berg was rounding out the hole as her bustier trunk revealed more of its smooth and firm surface. The view encouraged Madison to further raise her tremendous-bellied self by quickening her progress. Accordingly, she revolved her terrific tummy around the third floor, intaking them a thousand at a time. Every time she sucked in each of the sixteen stacks, her sexual appetite hungered for more and more. Anything to keep this wonderful sensation going—to feel the unbridled sensation of her belly extending and widening to fresh daunting limits each passing millisecond. Before she knew it, the massive mound of Mikey had shot up through the next level and without pause, she continued her exponential binge. She considered the lobby as a warm-up round and desiring the get through this aforesaid *first* batch, she put her mouth and belly into gear. The fourth-floor supply was depleted in eight enormous gulps and in the instance before she greeted the fifth story, she got a fleeting but nearly full look at the real magnitude of her massiveness, a bright yet smug smile on her perky visage as she loomed higher over the “smaller” Lala.

“...Just hightail it to the roof, my *little* bestie. That’s where the *real* record is. I got a 'surprise' one too.” she deviously directed, pointing upward when speaking the order and then pointing downward to the icecap of her great glacier, “...Hurry. Mama’s...**hungry.**”

In a reversal, the frightened Moore had entered and left in the elevator ahead of her daring final word. From her own tinier perspective, it was safe to say that she fully got the voracious picture. Notwithstanding the unseen glacial mass underneath, they both knew where the “below-mentioned” stockpile of sixty-four thousand pastries had gone. At this level, the hoard was a little different, in that a minority was still the double chocolate she fancied but the majority was appropriately made of *triple* chocolate muffins. She had spent the week prior gathering the greater number of the floor-to-floor inventory. But, she had bought the initial seven thousand this late afternoon, going around to various failing bakeries in LA to equally boost their business, and accomplish the original record. That was the bait to get Lala to come, however, her video-recorded and printed documentation wasn’t sufficient in judging this as a record breaker. Madison rather liked the looks she got from the bakers and cashiers alike—her scantily clad belly the center of attention. As she crammed four thousand of the sweets and felt the quickly developed reflex surge her belly bigger, she couldn’t wait to see more dilated pupils. She transitioned into the tripling desserts with maniacal gusto, ascending and bursting to the sixth in three jumbo devours.

“...**More.**” she darkly declared, correspondingly stuffing and swallowing half, and moving to the other half with a loud, “...**Faster!**”

She missed the scary swift surge of belly but a vivid primal fire had been lit inside her tummy-obsessed soul, thus shown with her spending even less time in the seventh. The window panes and frames were billowing and breaking with her three-sixty sweep of the halfway mark of her aggressive gorging. Her visual field was a blur of the influx of dark dessert and the efflux of room-filling flesh. She barely came to the present when the entirety of the floor’s contents was jam-packed into her sheeny cheeks, their elasticity put to the test again with her monumental effort. Additionally, some concentration was needed and instead of closing her eyes, she forcibly opened them in giddy anticipation. Gloriously, she absorbed the spectacle of the hollowed-out floor spreading in defeat of her bodacious belly, it immaculately rising through the halved square area. Mikey couldn’t hold back the orgasm shuddering her hulking being, knowing this was the stage of her splurge where she would surpass the stature of her predecessor. Her pretty head reaching the eighth indicated she was at least seventy-two feet tall, nonetheless, she still had plenty of belly catch-up to do. She also knew that would occur on the tenth. Looking at the current level and the one above, she smirked, calculating the “express way” to achieve her belly dominance. In fearsome fashion, she ran around and piled them in—the inflation of her noggin alone climbing to the ceiling.

-...I...will...become...- she rallied, jumping upward and entering the ninth, using the running spin to steer her maw toward the muffins.

-...The...- she boasted, her lips closing over two floors worth, and when she began to descend, swallowing yelled, “...**Biggest!**”

-...*Ten*.- Madison tallied, tracking her progress while repeating the spin-jump maneuver, and packing in the next faster than ever with a punctual -...*Eleven!*- She wasn't finished, noticing that she didn't have to jump any more, and had sufficient wingspan to grab every doughy delight encompassing her ginormous girth. Presently, the unmarried enormity had taken up about three-fourths of the briskly dwindling floorspace and realizing she had outgrown the forerunner belly of Christina, the glutton put her whole hungry heart into finishing. Although she had a belly taller than the Hollywood Sign that inspired her to be a star, she refused to slow down. Her stardom had allowed her to facilitate this crazy gourmandizing venture. Mikey viewed it as a stepping stone to realize her *real* dream. At one point, she was on track to become an adjudicator, her and Moore wanting to get as close to a woman like Hendricks as possible. Of course, life and luck had other plans. Natheless, everything must return to its original shape and though her stomach was a fraction of the width of the aforementioned landmark, her ultimate purpose would lead her to become one herself. Currently, she would verbatim transcend to that expansive end goal, her brawn exhibited with a dividing tear of the floor above—the baked goods falling and landing in her quick mitts. In little time, she had loaded the current and uppermost floors into her trap, her madly saying, -*Twelve!! ...Thirteen!!!*-

“O-Ohhh...y-yes! YES! ...Elongate...widen...grow, my belly...GROW!” she lewdly belted. She was thoroughly unashamed of the great expanse of belly that was to come. She had swallowed four floors at once and even her giant body was having trouble keeping up with her monstrous eating pace. At last, she finally got a total view of her colossal tum, the lake of red satin pulsing with spurts of growth. The surges of additional abdomen contracted for a moment and then burst forth in fast-frame form, tens of feet of belly first destroying the flooring. She was *electrified* with ecstasy, bathing in the sights and sounds of her great gut filling out the hundreds of square footage. The building had been outsized by the higher edifices of the passing decades but Mikey had soared through its solid structure in mere minutes. Not *one* hour had elapsed. Not to mention the two-hundred and ten-thousand muffins she had consumed to attain this lofty accomplishment. As might be expected, her gestation wasn't a miraculous conception. She had tracked down the same fertility firm the former “Biggest” had been duped by. In a twist of karma, got them drunk on spiked milkshakes and convinced them to make her the next idol of hyper pregnancy. Except, she didn't want to simply be another hyper, no, she had begged them to give “MUCH” more than her predecessor. Madison wanted to be *mega* impregnated—with enough children to eclipse the population of this megacity. They obliged, the masked mysteries telling her she would be carrying a...*continent*.

“It's not *enough*, though! They all must *know*. They must...*recognize*...my...**mountainous... mound**. Let's say hi to...” she stated, easily carving out a hole in the roof and popping her titanic-titted torso out from it, “...Lala! ...There you are!”

“I-I...give up. Someone...pinch me, please.” the exasperated Moore remarked, sitting a few feet from her bursting bust.

“Aw, you’re not dreaming, silly. How about you pinch...” Mikey responded, hugging her into the glossy great bosom and flexing her belly just once to flare the roof into nonexistence, “...*this* instead? Lay down and be a Miniscule Moore amongst the sea of belly...”

“...Sure.” Lala answered, complying with both instructions and blushing from feeling the warm actuality of her bulged waist.

“There we go, La. *Feel* the power of my prolific pregnancy...but while you’re here, why don’t you judge...*two* records? I blew ‘Most Muffins Sold’ by eating the evidence. Now you know why I overpaid your fee. Hehe. ...Like I told you, the *real* records are above and below us. So...get that clipboard ready. Tonight, I’m going to break the record for ‘Largest Muffin’...” she announced, gesturing to the utterly giant confection seemingly levitating overhead and patting its vast destination under them, “...and ‘Biggest Pregnancy.’” With the formal declaration, she was done with speeches and teases. Her arms extended to reach for the humongous hunk of sugar, its outstanding bulk verily larger than her own. She wasn’t satisfied with already beating Christina Hendricks both in belly and stature. Mikey Madison would make her name known by meticulously transcending every one of the former feats. She had personally helped in baking the thirty-five-thousand-pound muffin—depleting her bank accounts in hiring the legion of bakers and transporters to make and airlift the gigantic pastry. The latter made sure to construct the plexiglass stage holding it up strongly, and she was horrifically horny at how easy it was to hoist it and the treat above her. “Here’s my finale! The ‘Biggest’ muffin to feed the ‘Biggest’ pregnancy!”

“...I...” she opened with, gripping the edges of the stage. Mikey lowered it as low as possible and applied a harder grip, then she abruptly lifted the platform up. The sudden motion was weightless to her so in turn, the force behind her heave was ample in launching the gargantuan product upwards. It didn’t rise too high up in the air above but was ample in providing her the window to toss aside the stage. And having become The Monster incarnate, she compulsorily caused the speedy dilation of her mouth, her mitts holding Moore in place.

“...will...” she proudly spoke, her lips broadening enough to wrap around its base. The stump teetered forward but Madison took it in with the greatest inhale she could muster. Now that the oversized muffin was entering her widening throat, this was where she had to put in concerted effort. The “leaked” images of Christina eating the chocolate Easter egg and the astronomic abdominal it begot gave her the assist she needed to suck it in whole, and then in one *behemoth* gulp. The Continental rumbled in *resounding* result.

“...**EXCEED!!**” she boomed, her belly filling every crack and crevice of the old building. The “new” had arrived and it came in the sultry shape of this record-breaking, swelling sweetheart. One flex from her growing gravidness sent concrete and steel flying, her gargantuan belly burgeoning in all directions as it swelled to more than double than Hendricks had. Immensely, her mountain rounded out to be sixty-feet-wide, bumping into the structures next and across the street from where she stood—one hundred and fifty feet tall. Though half as high as a modern skyscraper, the fantasy had become a ravishing reality. She came, she ate, and exceeded, “...**The Biggest.**”