

## My Body, My Choice

BY TROGDOR297

The small room in the maternity ward was packed. Two nurses stood by to assist with the delivery, while Dr. Archibald Franklin kneeled on the ground before the bed. Laying with her feet up in stirrups was young Anna Dawson. The 26 year old southern belle had come in a few hours before, her contractions having started. She was a tall willowy blonde, with a pointed face, almond shaped blue eyes, and a pert little mouth. Currently her face was locked in a grimace, as she followed the doctor's instructions.

"You're doing well, Anna! You're almost fully dilated! Soon we're going to need you to start pushing!"

Anna gritted her teeth against the pain, squeezing her husband Ethan's hand tightly. Sweat was beginning to form on her brow.

"Almost..." The doctor muttered "Almost..." Suddenly Anna's vaginal lips squeezed tight before him with a quiet \*shlip\*. Dr. Franklin, a balding man in his 50's sat up with a start. "Mrs. Dawson...is everything ok?"

Anna nodded her head, as she pulled her legs out of the stirrups. "Yes, doctor, I'm just fine thank you. I've just changed my mind, is all!"

The doctor raised an eyebrow. "About...giving a vaginal birth? You'd prefer a C-section? I wouldn't recommend that ma'am, the recovery is quite strenuous"

Anna swung her legs off the bed, and stood. She motioned for her husband to bring her the clothes that she'd arrived in, which had been set aside on a table. "No, no, Doctor, you misunderstand me. I've changed my mind about giving birth."

Dr. Franklin was dumbfounded "...What?"

Anna nodded as she pulled off the hospital gown. She had a gorgeous body, long elegant legs and a pair of perky D-cup breasts. Even her pregnant belly, a basketball sized dome of flesh, looked graceful on her. She turned to address the doctor as she slipped her dress back over her head, speaking with her characteristic southern drawl. "That's right, I don't want to do it anymore. I thought I did, but the whole thing seems dreadfully painful. I'd rather not be pushed into anything I don't want to do. My body, my choice, right?"

Dr. Franklin was spluttering 'But...but...your baby?!'

She gave him a serene smile "Oh, I'm keeping the baby, don't worry. He'll be safe with me"

Then she turned and extended her hand, which her husband took. She looked back at the doctor one last time "Goodbye, Doctor Franklin. You've been very helpful. Sorry things didn't work out!" And then they walked out the door.

Doctor Franklin looked around the room. The two nurses standing with him, just shrugged. "What the fuck?!" He yelled in confusion.

A month later Doctor Franklin pulled into the driveway of the address in the Dawson's file. Anna Dawson's unexpected departure in the middle of her labour had been plaguing the doctor. What the hell did she mean she'd decided to no longer give birth?! The only thing he could think of was that she actually meant to say "I no longer want to give birth in a hospital". Home births were not uncommon, perhaps she'd been reading up on it and decided to switch last minute.

But then he'd seen her almost fully dilated vagina slam itself shut...there was no explaining that.

He rapped twice on the doorway and waited. His honour as a doctor dictated that he check in on his patient. Home births often came with complications and so to be sure that she and the baby were doing well he'd decided to drop in for a visit.

Moments later the door before him opened, Anna Dawson standing before him looking confused...and still looking very pregnant. She wore a pair of comfy sweats pants and an old t shirt that only made it halfway down her stomach leaving a large sliver of skin exposed. She'd definitely grown in the past month, her belly nearly the size of a woman pregnant with triplets.

"Dr. Franklin?" She said unsuredly. "What are you doing here?"

The doctor gaped at what he saw. How was she still pregnant?!

"Doctor?" She asked again, as he hadn't responded.

Dr. Franklin regained his composure. "Mrs. Dawson's, hello! Sorry to... ah...bother you. You just left so quickly the last time we saw each other. I wanted to be sure you and the baby were still...well"

"Oh!" Her mouth opened into an O of surprise. From inside the house Dr. Franklin heard her husband shout. "Who is it honey?"

She turned to speak behind her. "Dr. Franklin. He just came to check on me and the baby"

"Aww, that's nice. He didn't have to do that!"

Anna Dawson turned back around to face him "He's right Doctor, you didn't have to do that. But I appreciate it anyway. Since you've asked, we're both doing well!" She rested a hand upon the round shelf of her stomach.

The Doctor had to know more. "May...may I come in and give you an examination? Just to be certain?"

Anna rolled her eyes with a sigh. "If you insist, Doctor. But please be quick we were just about to head out to the store" She opened the door and let him enter. Dr. Franklin walked in to a cramped foyer. Numerous stacks of boxes filled the space, boxes with pictures of brand name baby products on the side.

"What's going on?" He asked, confused.

Anna Dawson walked past him and started off down the hall. "We're returning them of course! Don't have a need for them now" Dr. Franklin watched her as she walked. Her gait was steady and unbothered, as if the weight upon her front was non-existent. She turned to face him, her large gut swinging into view. "Are you coming, Doctor?"

He nodded worriedly, hurrying down the hallway after her. She sat down at the kitchen table, her belly resting upon her lap, legs spreading slightly to accommodate its increased girth. "What would you like to check?" She asked, her tone slightly annoyed.

The Doctor had nothing with him, only his stethoscope around his neck. It would have to do. "Just the heartbeat if you don't mind"

She nodded idly, lifting the hem of her shirt up to where her belly projected from her body. She leaned an elbow against the table, propping her head up with her fist as she waited. Dr. Franklin knelt down and placed the steel receiver against her skin.

"Ah, cold!" She complained.

The Doctor moved the stethoscope around. From inside her womb he heard...the sounds of a normal pregnancy. The baby's heartbeat was calm and steady.

"I don't understand..." He said as he stood up, rubbing his chin with his free hand.

Anna lowered her shirt, and stood. "I don't know what's so confusing, Doctor. I was going to give birth, now I'm not. It's like if a patient decided against getting cosmetic surgery."

The Doctor couldn't help but voice his outrage. "That...that's entirely different!"

She shook her head as she walked over to the kitchen counter to start putting away dishes. "I disagree. Now once again, thank you for everything Doctor, but we have a busy day ahead of us, so I must politely ask you to leave"

Doctor Franklin took one last look at her, her remarkable belly resting against the counter as she lifted plates into the cupboard, then stormed out of the house, more confused than ever.

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A year later Doctor Franklin approached the nurse's station of the obstetrics department. He'd long ago put the Dawsons out of his mind. He didn't know how or what was going on there, but if they didn't want his help, then there was nothing he could do.

He asked the nurse to give him the list of today's patients. He scanned the list, his eyes lighting up as they spotted one "Dawson, A". He checked her room number, and then set off down the hall.

"Finally, she's come to her senses" He said with a smile. Medically he knew it shouldn't be possible for her to be 22 months pregnant, but that didn't matter now. He would provide her with the care she needed to have her baby.

As he entered her room, he found himself dumbfounded at her size. He knew she'd be big, but not this big.

Anna Dawson sat upon the edge of the hospital bed wearing a long blue and white floral dress, or at least it should've been long. It reached her ankles at her back, but in the front it rode up considerably. Her belly was massive, a globe of flesh the size of a beach ball. He'd done studies about high order multiple pregnancies, and even the largest recorded cases weren't this big. Anna sat with her legs spread wide, making space for her pregnant form.

She didn't look up when he entered, her hands resting atop the shelf of her belly as she held her phone in both hands and texted away. Anna appeared none too concerned with her current condition, as she hummed a quiet aimless tune to herself.

"Ahem. Mrs. Dawson?" The doctor said as he closed the door behind him.

Anna looked up, recognition lighting up her face. "Dr. Franklin! Oh my god, hello! I didn't know you were still here!" As she put her phone away into her purse, her free hand rested upon the side of her gut, absentmindedly rubbing it.

"Ah, yes, I am indeed still here. Wait...did you not come here to see me?" The Doctor asked suddenly perplexed.

Anna shook her head with an innocent smile. "Oh no, Doctor, I just came in for a general consultation, but I'm glad it's you who can help me! You really were so helpful during the first nine months of my pregnancy!"

Doctor Franklin gulped "So...I can see that you're still...pregnant" He looked toward the unmistakable shape of her pregnant belly beneath her dress.

"Well, of course! Why wouldn't I be? I thought I'd made it quite clear that I wasn't ready to give birth?" She said confused.

Dr. Franklin nodded "Yes...of course. It's just...most women...no, not most, *all women*...their pregnancies only last nine months, then they give birth! That's just simple biology!"

Anna rolled her eyes "Well *sorry* for being different than most women! I wasn't ready at 9 months, and I'm not ready now!" She leaned back on the bed, her hands outstretched behind her to support her. The manoeuvre made her prominent belly stick out even further.

“You’re not?! Then what are you here for!” Dr. Franklin asked bemused.

Anna sat back upright and undid the buttons on the front of her dress, exposing her chest. The Doctor vaguely remembered that Anna had breasts in the range of D-cups when she’d checked into the hospital to give birth over a year ago. They were now considerably larger. Her breasts had swollen into large fat teats, each one the size of a cantaloupe. Her areola’s covered the entire front of them, and were a pinky-brown colour, their texture highly stubbled. In the centre of each were her nipples, thick and spongy, each the size of a thimble. He’d been so focused on her immense pregnant belly that he hadn’t even noticed her bust and how much it had grown.

“What...seems to be the problem?” He asked.

“They’re getting a little big, ain’t they?” She said leaning back on the bed.

Dr. Franklin nodded. “Ah...well yes, I suppose? It’s a fairly common phenomenon that expecting mothers find their pregnancy hormones have an impact on the size of their breasts.”

Anna nodded, “Yeah, I know that, but...I’ve never seen any pregnant woman with gazongas as big as these!”

Dr. Franklin shrugged. “Well, most women aren’t as pregnant for as long as you’ve been” As soon as the words left his mouth, he couldn’t believe he’d said them. None of this made any scientific sense!

Anna pursed her lips as she mulled over what the Doctor had told her. “I guess that makes sense. Should I do something to them? To make them smaller?”

“You’re referring to a breast reduction? That’s cosmetic surgery, not my forte...but as an obstetrician I will say that typically we don’t recommend expecting mothers undergo any unnecessary surgeries due to the risk to the baby”

“Oh, I definitely wouldn’t want to do that!” She said concerned. “So...there’s nothing wrong with them?”

Dr. Franklin shook his head. “Not as far as I can tell? They seem to be perfectly healthy, they’re just...big?”

Anna let out a sigh of relief before using both hands she scooped each large round melon back into her dress and redid up the buttons on her dress.

“Well, thank you Doctor! I was getting a little worried that they were growing so big, not that Ethan minds...between you and me, he loves ‘em! But still, I was worried that maybe I had a tumor or something wrong with my glands...but if you say this kind of growth is normal for someone like me, then I’ll stop worrying!” With a content smile on her face she pushed herself off the hospital bed and onto the floor, before she began to waddle towards the door.

Dr. Franklin shook his head “Well, that’s not quite what I said...we don’t know what’s normal for someone like you! There’s never been anyone like you!”

“Excuse me, Doc!” She said as she pushed past him, her immense belly projecting two feet out from underneath her breasts, and easily as wide. “Thanks again!” She called to him as she waddled her way down the hallway, completely unconcerned with her condition.

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Another year had passed before Dr. Franklin heard the name Anna Dawson again, and this time it was from a rather unexpected source.

The doctor was sitting in his office having a consultation with Hanna Nguyen. Hanna, frustrated with a string of bad relationships, had decided to have a baby by herself using a sperm donor. Dr. Franklin had been with her from the beginning, and now at 35 weeks they were closing in on the home stretch.

“So now that we’ve discussed your labour plan, do you have any further questions?” The doctor asked with a warm smile.

Hanna said nothing for a moment, looking away. She looked back at the Doctor and after taking a moment to build up some courage, asked, “Dr. Franklin, I was wondering if I could take the Perma-Preg route?”

“The...The what?” The doctor asked, completely nonplussed.

“Perma-Preg..?” Hanna asked with a frown. “Weren’t you Anna Dawson’s Doctor?”

The Doctor attempted to hide his shock at the mention of his most befuddling patient. “What I mean, yes, I was? How do you know about her, are you a friend?”

Hanna laughed “Oh my god, I wish! Could you imagine, me, friends with *the* Anna Dawson! Influencer and founder of the Perma-Preg movement!”

Franklin shook his head “I...don’t understand”

Hanna looked at him funny “Wait, you’re serious?!” Leaning forward, reaching over her almost full-term belly, she fished her phone out of her purse. Unlocking it she opened up Instagram, and went to search by tags typing in #PermaPreg. She turned the phone around and handed it to the doctor.

He took it and looked at the screen, which showed a sepia toned picture of a woman he didn't recognize. The picture was taken from her side showing her resting on a couch, her t-shirt pulled up to expose her stomach which she gazed down at lovingly. She was quite large, though not quite as large as Anna’s had been when he’d last seen her. Dark veins were visible upon the surface of her skin which shone with the reflection of a light from out of frame.

The caption read "I love knowing that you're always with me, where I can keep you safe. I love you Baby. #PermaPreg #18MonthsPregnant"

"Holy Shit!" Franklin couldn't help but swear. "There's another one like her?!"

Hanna chuckled "Uh, a lot more than one, Doctor...It's pretty popular these days. Keep scrolling!"

Unable to look away Doctor Franklin did as he was told, using his finger to slide past picture after picture. Image after image of women impossibly pregnant passed by. There was a woman of African descent, her massive torpedo belly sticking out two feet as she wore a bikini and danced on a beach. There was a candid photo of a redhead taking a nap in a park on a blanket, her belly sticking up a foot into the air. There was a woman laying on her side in bed, smiling happily at the camera while her exposed belly nearly reached across to the other side of the mattress, the caption #20MonthsTwins printed below. The pictures continued as he scrolled, he must've seen at least a hundred different woman, maybe more.

Franklin set down the phone, in shock. "...Why?" Was all he could say.

"Why, what?" Hanna asked, reaching across to retrieve her phone.

"Why do this? Why not give birth to your child, bring them into the world?"

Hanna held up her hands and shook them back and forth. "Oh! No, no no! Sorry Doctor, you misunderstand! Perma-Preg isn't about *never* giving birth! That's just a catchy title that caught on. It's just about giving women the choice to give birth when they're ready! See..."

She clicked on the profile of one of the #PermaPreg photos, that depicted a smiling brunette standing in the snow, a large loose knit cardigan wrapped around her body, except where it was pushed aside to make room for her great ball of a belly, easily as large as Anna's had been at their appointment.

"This is my friend Becky" Hanna explained "She's the one that introduced the movement to me. This was taken a few months back, she was at 20 months in this photo." She clicked on her profile, the first picture showing that same brunette in a hospital bed cradling what appeared to be a 1 year old baby. "This was taken last month when she gave birth."

Dr. Franklin gawked at the photo. The woman was smiling as she held the baby in her lap as it suckled at her breasts, which, similar to Anna's had developed to quite a large size, like a pair of small watermelons on her chest. "She gave birth to that child?! Naturally?!"

Hanna shook her head "C-Section."

Dr. Franklin rubbed his temples in frustration "I still don't understand...why do you want to prolong your pregnancy?!"

Hanna shrugged “Oh, lots of reasons. I guess everyone does it for a different one? Me, I’ve just really enjoyed being pregnant, so why stop now? So, Doctor Franklin...what do I need to do to switch to the Perma-Preg method?”

The Doctor held up his hands in exasperation “I don’t know!?! None of this should be medically possible!”

“But...you helped Anna do it?” Hanna asked.

Franklin sighed “I didn’t do anything. In the middle of labour she just...closed her vagina, told me she no longer wanted to give birth and then left. I had zero impact on whatever she did...”

Hanna smiled as her body visibly relaxed. “Thank you, Doctor. I was so confused when Becky told me that when the time comes my body will know what to do, I thought there must be something else I was missing. But if you’re telling me that I don’t need to do anything extra, then I guess I’ll be going?” With another smile and nod she stood, moving to leave.

“Wait!” Franklin cried. “That’s it?! You’re just leaving?! We had your labour all planned for 3 weeks from today!”

Hanna nodded “And I appreciate the effort you put into it, but I’m going the Perma-Preg route now, so I won’t be needing that anymore. I’ll contact you when I’ve decided I’m ready to give birth”

“When will that be?” The Doctor asked.

Hanna shrugged. “I don’t know, maybe a year, maybe two? Becky’s happy with her baby now, but she told me that part of her wanted to keep going. I won’t make the same mistake!”

The baffled Doctor Franklin leaned against the front of his desk, shaking his head in total mystification. Hanna walked through the door, when he thought of one last question.

“Hanna!” He called.

She turned in the threshold. “Yes?”

“Anna...you said she was the founder of the movement...has she given birth yet?”

Hanna smiled, shaking her head. “Nope. 34 Months pregnant and going strong. The way she talks about it in her Instagram posts, I don’t think she’ll ever do it!” Then with a little wave she walked away.

Closing the door to his office Doctor Franklin pulled out his phone, and after opening the app store, downloaded Instagram. It didn’t take long to find Anna’s profile, she was as popular as Hanna had ascribed, nearly a million followers. He clicked on the first video reel, posted yesterday afternoon. The video filled his screen showing just Anna’s head in the frame. She was in a white room, that the Doctor vaguely recognized, their kitchen he quickly surmised.

“Hey, Y’all! Hello to all my pregnant momma’s out there who, like me, have rejected the patriarchal concept of *having* to give birth after 9 months! I see so many of you on my feed, and it fills my heart with such joy! So many round bellies filled with love!”

Dr. Franklin shook his head with exasperation at her assessment of normal human biology. Or at least normal biology up until this point in human history...now he didn’t know what to accept as fact.

Anna’s video continued “I’ve been reading all of y’all’s questions and so I thought I’d make this little video to answer some of them! First question, and one that I get a lot from other mothers who are doing the Perma-Preg route: “Is it normal for my breasts to be growing this big?”. The answer is yes! As my Doctor, Dr. Franklin, explained to me, during the later stages of pregnancy your hormones will often make your breasts grow, so the longer you’re pregnant, the bigger they get! And as you can see-” She turned her phone to point down at her chest, showing a foot of cleavage bulging up out of an overstretched tank top “-they can get pretty big! Don’t know if they’ll ever stop growing, but I’m not complaining! Just part of the process...and of course the hubby loves ‘em”

“Next question I get is ‘Just how big am I?!’ Well, normally I’d say it’s rude to ask a woman her weight, but I suppose this is a unique situation. One sec let me just...set...up...my phone” After propping her phone up on their kitchen table, Anna stepped back into view, slowly moving backwards until finally all of her was in view.

Dr. Franklin nearly dropped his phone out of shock. He knew he shouldn’t have been surprised but how could he not be. Anna was absolutely immense, as she stood before the camera smiling broadly. Each of her breasts had swollen fatter and fuller since she’d met him a year ago. The 12” of cleavage visible over the hem of her tank top was only a fraction of their mass, as they rested upon her belly and pooled out over them in every direction. The dark colour of her areolae was visible through the stretched fabric of the top, her engorged nipples threatening to push through altogether.

Her colossal bust rested atop the majestic round form of her abdomen, itself having grown to the size of a large yoga ball in the past year, curving away from her body in every direction, the bottom of the great orb nearly reaching her knees. It was exposed today, her stretched skin shiny like wax on display. Looking at her from the front all you could see was her stupendous breasts and then her gigantic belly, and then far below her tiny legs sticking out behind. It was only when she turned to the side to show off the dramatic projection of her massive baby bump, that stuck out three feet in front of her, that it became clear that she was wearing spandex shorts.

“So, to answer your question, I’m pretty freaking big!” She said with a grin still standing in profile to the camera. Leaning backwards out of frame she grabbed something off a nearby shelf, a tape measure. Holding on to both ends she tossed the middle out over her, giving it slack until it was near the outer edge of her belly. Then she pulled it tight against her skin.

“125 inches all the way around! Like I said, pretty big!” She turned back to face the camera head on, the great globe of her belly swinging around her. “Question number three is...”

She squinted as she leaned forward slightly to read something out of frame. “How am...I still standing! Ha ha ha! Very funny y’all. To seriously answer though, I’ll be honest my belly is quite heavy, but nothing I can’t handle! Though sometimes Ethan has to help me out of bed in the morning...”

“Next question is ‘How do I avoid stretch marks?’ Oh, that’s a great question! The truth is I don’t, not entirely.” She stepped toward the camera, her gargantuan tummy filling more and more of the frame, even though she still stood several feet away. “As you can see, I’ve got my share of stretchmarks. They’re just sort of inevitable when you get this big!” Her hand appeared from out of frame and pointed at a series of small red blemishes on her skin. “But what I found helps is rubbing rosehip oil in once a day. Of course I can’t reach all of my belly anymore, so like me you may need to get your significant other to help when you get to my size! And I do hope to see some of you ladies reach my size!”

“Alright last question for today. Ah...yes, I get this one a lot, far too much if you ask me. ‘When do I plan to give birth?’ The truth is y’all that I currently have no plan to give birth! When I started this journey, I figured I’d do it until I was ready to stop, and I’m simply not ready to end this yet! I just love being pregnant so much! So, yeah, never say never, but at this point I have no goal in mind. I’m just going to keep living my life, and keep taking care of my baby where he’s safest, with his mamma!”

A large bulge appeared on the upper surface of her belly; the baby kicking from within. “Ooo, that’s right, baby, Momma’s talking ‘bout you!” Anna cooed as she reached forward to tickle the protuberance. As the bulge receded, she looked back to the camera, face glowing with pride and happiness.

“Thanks for tuning in Y’all! Lots of love! And to all you mothers out there thinking about going Perma-Preg; just do it! You won’t regret it! I know I haven’t!”

Dr. Franklin sat down hard, as he tossed his phone on to his desk with disgust. What was the world coming to! He needed to talk to someone about this, someone with sense. Picking up his phone he flipped through the contacts until he found the name he was looking for.

“Archie!” The voice on the other end of the line said.

“Hello, Morgan” Dr. Franklin said.

“Well, if it isn’t the man of the hour!”

Dr. Archibald Franklin furrowed his brow. “What do you mean, Morgan?”

“What do I mean? What the hell do you think I mean! It feels like every other appointment that comes in to see me these days is asking if I can do for them what you did for Anna Dawson!”

Dr. Franklin slumped in his seat “You’re fucking with me...”

“Honest to god, Archie!”

“But I didn’t do anything! Whatever Anna did to herself was entirely of her own volition!”

“Is that right? Well, now I feel a little less bad. I told all these women that I couldn’t help them, that I didn’t know what you did and suggested they do their own research! I guess they figured it out as none of them ever came back!”

Dr. Franklin choked with outrage. “What?! You encouraged them to do this?!”

“If that’s what they want to do, then who am I to stand in their way?”

“You’re their Doctor!!! This isn’t normal Morgan! None of this is normal!”

“100 years ago, women voting wasn’t normal, Archie. Times change!”

Franklin was stunned into silence. “Surely you’re not comparing woman’s suffrage to human biology that hasn’t changed in over a million years?!” He finally said, spit flying from his mouth as he yelled at the phone.

“It’s called Evolution, Archie. I never thought you were a Darwin denier?” Morgan answered coolly.

Dr. Franklin didn’t deign to dignify that with a response, instead choosing to hang up before he threw his phone across the room in anger.

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From that day on Dr. Franklin’s encounters with the Perma-Preg movement became more and more frequent. An increasing number of his appointments with expecting mothers began to ask about the possibility of extending their pregnancy. Some simply wanted a little more time to enjoy their life without children, some wanted some extra time to earn money to support their bundles of joy when they came. Some didn’t even have a reason, and only wanted to do it because it was becoming the trendy thing to do.

The majority however when pressed about it were similar to Anna; they simply loved being pregnant and weren’t ready to give it up.

Despite his misgivings about the entire movement, he was still a doctor and was beholden to assist these women as much as he could. He answered their questions to the best of his limited knowledge, and when some began to return for repeat appointments, several months past their original due date he performed check-ups on them, to be sure their pregnancy was still progressing healthily, even though it long should’ve been completed.

But it wasn’t just work where he was constantly confronted with this new world order. Out in the world more and more frequently he began to see women with bellies on display, far larger than a normal pregnancy.

Two months after his appointment with Hanna he walked through the grocery store, studying the bananas in the produce section, when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

“Excuse me?” A woman’s voice said.

“Yes?” He said turning around. Before him stood a woman in her late 30’s with brown wavy hair down to her shoulders. It was immediately apparent that she was a member of the Perma-Preg movement, as she stood with her back arched, her belly jutting out from her the size of an overgrown pumpkin. She wore a pair of stretchy waisted jeans and an oversized t-shirt with a fashionable blazer over top. Filling out her shirt was a pair of round firm breasts, each the same size as the honeydew melons that sat across the produce aisle from him. Her clothing wasn’t quite large enough to contain her, her belly button and a fair amount of skin on display where the hem of her shirt didn’t make it to the waist line of her jeans. If she was embarrassed by this fact, she didn’t show it as she smiled warmly at him.

“Are you Dr. Franklin?” She asked, sincerely.

He nodded “Yes, I am”

“I thought you were; I’ve seen your picture online before! My names’ Lisa and I just really wanted to thank you! You’ve changed my life so much!”

Dr. Franklin shook his head. “I’m sorry?”

“For starting Perma-Preg! It’s been the greatest experience of my life!” Her hand reached forward and rested atop the shelf of her enormous belly, giving it a loving pat. “I never knew how much I’d enjoy being pregnant, and now thanks to you I get to hold on to that feeling!”

Archibald Franklin sighed “Please, don’t thank me. I’m not responsible for...any of this nonsense”

The woman frowned. “Really? But you were Anna’s doctor? She always says how thankful she is for how caring and helpful you were?”

Dr. Franklin blinked. He hadn’t known that she’d said that. “Oh! Well, like I said, I didn’t really do anything, but I’m glad she appreciated what help I was able to provide”

This seemed to satisfy the woman as her frown turned back to a smile. Then her face shifted slightly, becoming embarrassed. “Doctor...would I be able to ask you something?”

He nodded “Of course?”

Her mouth squirmed slightly before she spoke. “It’s just, my baby, she doesn’t move too much? Not like I’ve seen some ladies, where it looks like there’s an alien trying to break out! I was just wondering maybe you could check to see if something’s wrong? I’m sorry, after asking you, I realize this is highly inappropriate, to accost you like this in the grocery store! I’ll just call your office and make an appointment...”

Dr. Franklin shook his head “No, no, it’s fine. I’ve got a stethoscope on me”

With an embarrassed smile, the woman lifted the hem of her shirt up, exposing her massive round stomach, projecting over a foot from her torso. Her skin was bright pink except for a dark line down the center of her stomach that spread from her belly button. Her growth thus far had mostly been out away from her body like a torpedo, but she was beginning to show signs of her girth getting wider.

“How far along are you?” He asked as he placed the stethoscope against her skin.

“Ooo, that’s cold!” She squealed. “Sorry, I’m 14 months”

He nodded silently, as he moved the hearing metal around her abdomen.

“I don’t hear anything out of the ordinary, though I’ll admit a lot of this is new ground for the medical community. But she has a strong heartbeat, so I wouldn’t stress about it”

Lowering the hem of her shirt she sighed “Oh, that’s a relief. Thank you so much, Doctor. What luck running in to you! I can’t wait to tell my mother’s group!”

Dr. Franklin pocketed the stethoscope. “It’s no problem at all. Your friends, are they all...”

“Perma-Preg? Of course! A few are still in the early stages, but most of us are past 10 months. It’s so nice to have women to talk to who are going through the same thing as you. Well, thanks again!”

Dr. Franklin watched as she happily walked away, her gait only slightly impacted by the weight on her front. He returned to selecting fruit, still shaking his head with disbelief.

The next day he sat at home watching the news alongside his wife, Mary, who was doing a crossword puzzle. He hadn’t confided in her at all the madness that had become his life, as it was just all too strange to explain. Unfortunately for him, he soon wouldn’t have a choice.

“Coming up!” Blared the news anchor “A special report on the new movement sweeping the nation, Perma-Preg!”

“Oh God...” Archibald muttered under his breath.

“Oh!” Mary said, setting down her puzzle. “I was reading about this recently! Have you heard about it? Are any of your patients doing it?!”

“You have no idea...” He groaned.

“There’s a change happening across the nation” The news anchor spoke beginning their segment “As women have begun to take a stand for themselves, taking control of their lives! It’s called ‘Perma-Preg’ and revolves around women choosing to prolong their pregnancies until they decide that they are ready to give birth!”

On screen the news anchor was replaced by a series of video footages featuring various women, all extremely pregnant. There was a pair walking in the park, side by side, backs arched as they waddled along, their bellies each the size of full-term quadruplets. Next was footage of a woman sitting at a bus-stop, her bulging belly reaching her knees.

“Good for them!” Mary said. “It’s about time women had some more control in their lives” Franklin said nothing as he rubbed his temple while he watched the TV.

The anchor continued to speak, narrating over the footage of pregnant women “For all of human history, women were forced to give birth after 9 months of pregnancy, their bodies making the choice for them when they would give birth. But in the past few years, more and more woman are saying ‘No. My Body, My Choice’.”

The image cut to a young woman standing outside a pharmacy, a microphone held up to her face. “I wasn’t ready after 9 months, so when I found out I could keep going, I was so thankful!”

“This is Denise Kristofferson” The reporter narrated. “She was a 24 year old graduate student when she and her boyfriend found out she was pregnant. They wanted to keep the baby, but also wanted to wait until she was done with her schooling, which she was only 4 months away from completing. That was over a year ago” The screen showed that same woman, but now cut back to show her entire body. She wore a pair of yoga pants, that she’d pulled up as far as she could to cover the lower half of her belly. A pretty white maternity top covered her torso, but failed to cover her entire form. Her belly, like a flesh coloured beach ball stuck far out from her, dark veins tracing her creamy skin. Her breasts bulged up through the neckline of her top, each one nearly as big as her head.

The segment returned to a close up of her “I was planning to give birth after graduation but, I was just so happy being pregnant! Why not keep going? I definitely don’t regret it”

“Oh my, she is just beautiful!” Mary said. “She’s absolutely glowing. Doesn’t she look just amazing, Archie?”

Dr. Franklin grunted a non-committal response.

“Denise is just one of many expecting mothers who’ve gone this path. Estimates are that nearly 15% of current pregnancies in the country are beyond their 9th month. But where did this all come from?”

Dr. Franklin tensed, he had a feeling that he wouldn’t like what the news anchor was about to say.

“The very first woman to take the Perma-Preg journey was Anna Dawson. This 28 year old is just now entering her third year of being pregnant. She, with the help of her obstetrician, Dr. Archibald Franklin-”

“God Dammit” Dr. Franklin said. His wife sat up and looked at him, face wide in shock.

“Archie! You started this!?”

“I didn’t fucking start shit!” He yelled, enraged.

“-was the first recorded case of a woman pushing her pregnancy beyond the previously known natural limits. Now Anna acts as an influencer and mentor to other woman who want to follow in her footsteps. We caught up with Anna to have a chat with this pre-eminent expectant mother”

Mary was about to berate Dr. Franklin further when she was distracted by the screen flipping to a wide shot of Anna Dawson. She was only slightly bigger than Dr. Franklin remembered seeing her in her vlog two months ago, but she was still humungous.

She sat upon a couch in what looked like a studio. She wore a black dress that must’ve been custom-made as there was no way anything off the rack would ever fit her proportions. She sat with her hands interlaced where her breasts met her belly. Each of her breasts was fat and massive, the size of a bowling ball. Her neckline failed to hide her large areola which peeked over the edge a large amount. Each breast bulged up and out of the dress, fighting against the garment, heaving and jiggling with each breath. Her belly arced out nearly horizontal from beneath her bust, the massive globe spreading in all directions. Though it was difficult to judge its full size, covered in the expansive black dress she wore, Dr. Franklin guessed that her belly projected well past her knees sitting down, and perhaps almost reached the floor.

“Oh my lord...” Mary said quietly. “She is...amazing”

“Hello, Anna” The reporter sitting across from her said.

“Hello!” She said with a happy smile.

“How does it feel to be a pioneer? A trailblazer? A record holder!”

Anna blushed. “Little old me! I’m not that special, honest! I’m just a small-town girl who decided to take a stand!”

The reporter nodded “So, you’re 36 months pregnant now?”

She nodded “That is correct”

“And you have no intention of giving birth?”

Anna shrugged “Well, as I always tell my fans, never say never!”

“So, you recommend prolonging pregnancy indefinitely?”

Anna shook her head “Oh no, it’s not for everyone! I know plenty of ladies who waited only a year or even just a few extra months and then decided they were ready. Everyone’s different!”

“I see. So, the purpose of Perma-Preg isn’t to avoid motherhood?”

Anna frowned “I find that question offensive, sir! I am a mother! All of us who are pregnant are mothers! I’m not avoiding anything!”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you. So, if you intend to continue indefinitely, are you not worried about the dangers?”

Anna shook her head. “Dangers? The only danger is that I get too big to move around on my own! And I’m still quite far away from that!”

“Fair enough! Well thank you for coming in, Anna, we know it’s not easy for you to get around these days”

She waved him off “Oh, I get around just fine”

“Before we go” The reporter said leaning forward “Could...could I see it?”

“My Belly?!” Anna said “Well sure! Do you want to touch it? Come on over!”

The camera panned out to show the reporter standing and walking across, as Anna grabbed on to her dress and pulled the hem up exposing her swollen gut. Her legs were spread wide to nearly splits to make space for the great mass of her belly, which was just as round and taut as Dr. Franklin remembered. Hanging over the edge of the couch, it didn’t quite reach the floor stopping a few inches short.

“Come on, don’t be shy!” She said, waving him forward. The reporter stepped up and gingerly pressed his hand against the outer surface of her massive tummy.

“Wow, you are...big” He said, marvelling at how tiny his hand looked up against the surface of her belly.

Anna chuckled “Guilty as charged!”

“But do all women want to follow in Anna’s footsteps?” The anchor’s narration started once again, speaking over the scene of the onsite reporter who continued to rub her belly while Anna happily watched.

“Oh, I don’t know... she’s pretty huge...” Spoke Denise, whose face appeared once again on screen. “But...then again, I’ve gone this far and loved it. Who knows!”

“Oh definitely!” A new face appeared on screen, one Dr. Frankling recognized as his patient Hanna. She’d be in her 11th month now, and her belly was definitely starting to grow into the realms of huge, currently looking full term with twins. “Anna’s like my idol. I would love to be like her!”

“Of course, the movement isn’t all smiles and happiness. There have been some vocal naysayers in online communities who’ve expressed disapproval at the choices these women have made. Many are baseless and come from a well of pure sexism, but there are some that express concerns how the Perma-Preg movement will affect the future of our species, seeing as how it essentially cuts the birthrate”

“Thank you!” Dr. Franklin said. “Someone speaking reason!”

“Hush, Archie!” Mary said, lightly slapping his knee.

Another face appeared on screen that Dr. Franklin recognized: Dr. Morgan Cole.

“Oh, that fucking sell out” Franklin muttered under his breath.

Dr. Cole sat in his office, fingers interlaced as they rested upon his desk “These concerns about women prolonging their pregnancies impacting the birthrate aren’t thinking about the situation logically. 85% of women are still letting their pregnancies conclude naturally, and of these women who are prolonging, the majority of them all still plan to give birth, just at a later date. We’re still in the infancy, pardon the pun, of this medical phenomenon, but what we’ve seen of these delayed births, the children develop faster, as if making up for lost time. Furthermore, we’ve seen an uptick in the number of pregnancies in young women, those choosing to become pregnant to participate in this trend, so if anything, Perma-Preg is increasing the birth rate!”

The anchor’s narration droned on “So is Perma-Preg just a fad, or will this become just another regular decision women will have to make regarding their pregnancies?”

The screen cut back to Anna, who still sat comfortably on the couch, her dress still pulled up as the reporter crouched before her, rubbing her belly now with both hands, mesmerized.

Anna spoke addressing the camera “I didn’t mean to make this a whole big thing when I did it. I just wanted to do what was right for me, and I think every woman should have that choice. Ooo careful, that tickles!”

The reporter, whose hand had just rubbed across her golf ball sized outie belly button, looked up and chuckled. “Oops, sorry!”

The screen cut to black as Dr. Franklin turned off the TV.

“Unbelievable! I can’t believe they’re peddling that bullshit on the news!”

“Calm down, Archie!” Mary tutted. “You’ll get your blood pressure up!”

“It’s not right, Mary! It’s unnatural! These women are breaking the laws of nature, and it’s not right!”

Mary frowned sternly at her husband “You’re just saying that because it’s not what you want them to do. They’re adults, Archie, they’re allowed to do with their bodies what they want!”

“But why would they want to do that! What kind of right-minded young women would choose to do that to her body!”

“Well, your daughter, for one!”

Archie froze, as he turned to look at his wife who was still staring daggers at him.

“Eden’s pregnant?” He said quietly.

Mary nodded. “She hadn’t wanted to tell you yet, because it’s still early; only three months along. Yesterday when she called to talk to me, she told me she was considering doing this Perma-Preg thing. I’d never heard of it before then, so I just told her do what you think is right. If only I knew I was sitting next to one of the founders all this time!”

Dr. Franklin sighed “I’m not...I didn’t...it doesn’t matter. Eden really wants to do this?”

Mary nodded “She sounded pretty excited. But don’t tell her I told you! She’ll want to tell you herself when she’s ready. And when she does, you damn well better be on board with this, Archibald Franklin.”

He nodded, sinking back in to the couch “Of course, of course.”

That night he fell asleep deep in turmoil. He still didn’t understand or agree with what these women were doing. But for his daughter? He could be a little more open-minded...

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Two years later, Dr. Franklin walked into Exam Room 1 of his recently opened clinic, a broad smile on his face.

“How’s my daughter doing?” He said as he approached the reclined chair in the center of the room.

“I’m good, thanks dad” Eden Franklin said with a smile.

“And how’s my grandson?”

“Kicking up a storm today!” She said grimacing. She sat with her shirt pulled up exposing her bulbous midsection, which projected almost two feet off of her, looking like she swallowed a fully inflated beach ball whole. As if summoned, a small bulge appeared underneath her belly button where a foot pressed up against her skin. “Ouch! Stop kicking mommy!” She protested, poking at the little bump until it receded. Her skin was bright pink, but perfectly smooth, completely stretch mark free.

In the years since, the Perma-Preg movement had not died down or faded away, but instead had become stronger and more prominent. Not long after the news feature, a number of high-profile celebrities announced they too were going the Perma-Preg route with their ongoing pregnancies. After that the market took notice and within months a whole swath of new products hit the shelves, specifically designed to support women with pregnancies lasting longer than a year.

One such product was a powerful moisturizing cream, packed with collagens and other chemicals, specifically designed to loosen and maintain skin elasticity. The packaging promised to prevent 99% of pregnancy induced stretch marks, and judging by Eden's massive yet clear skinned belly, the product worked.

With an understanding smile, Archie Franklin, took a bottle of petroleum jelly and emptied it on to the crown of Eden's mountainous gut. She shivered from the contact of the cool gel, goose bumps appearing in waves on her globular midsection.

Pressing the ultrasound to her skin, Dr. Franklin moved it about, watching the image displayed on the screen.

"Everything looks healthy; he's developing as he should" Dr. Franklin said as he studied the flashing image of the ultrasound. "Strong heartbeat. All in all, I'd say everything's perfect!"

Eden nodded "I thought as much, Dad. I told you everything's fine, I didn't need a check-up!"

Dr. Franklin shrugged "The ninth trimester can be tricky for some. Can never be too safe! Had any issues with your hormone suppressants?"

Eden shook her head "No, Dad. No side effects. Although I'm thinking of going off them..."

Dr. Franklin gave her a skeptical look, staring down his nose at her.

"Just for a little bit!" She said. "All the other girls in my friend group, they held off on the suppressants, and...well, I'm a bit jealous!"

After that news feature, Dr. Franklin had unwittingly become one of the key members of the Perma-Preg movement nationwide. But after learning that his daughter would soon be a member herself, he decided to stop fighting and instead to lean into it.

One of his proudest accomplishments since then was fostering a team of students from the local university who he tasked to develop something to help combat the side-effect of growing breasts, for those women who didn't want to grow their bust alongside their bellies. After fast-tracking the hormone suppressant through human testing, it was released and was greeted with much fanfare. Of the women who came to him these days to assist with their prolonged pregnancies, a little over half of them were on the hormone suppressant.

"It's your body, my dear, you can do what you wish. Just...be careful" He said, wishing to quickly move off the topic.

Wiping the gel off her towering belly, he helped her out of the seat. As she stood, she leaned over and retrieved an object off the floor made of a series of straps and buckles.

“New harness?” Archie asked.

Eden nodded “Yeah, I got too big for the old one” She said as she looped the straps under the lower outer edge of her belly and then pulled, hefting the whole mass of flesh up, as she looped the other end of the apparatus around her shoulders.

Belly harnesses were another new product brought to market to support the heavily pregnant. As women's bellies grew larger and larger, causing greater stress on their backs and bodies, a company came forward with a new product line. These harnesses, typically worn underclothes as another form of shapewear, helped distribute the weight of these women's massive hanging tummy's up onto their shoulders and upper back, making it easier to move around.

After securing her harness and getting re-dressed, Eden made her way for the exit, stopping to kiss her dad on the cheek on the way out. “Thanks again, Dad. Love you”

“Love you too” He said with a smile.

Dr. Franklin followed her back out to his waiting room, decked out with custom chairs, built to support women with exaggerated bellies.

“Alright, who is...next” He said, pulling up his clipboard.

He scanned the list of names, recognizing most of them. He looked up across the room with a smile as he matched faces to those on the list. All the women there were enormous; his clinic specialized in extreme long-term pregnancies. No one there would be less than 24 months along.

There was Hanna Nguyen, now 35 months along herself. She sat in an extra wide chair as she texted away on her phone, hands resting atop her bust, each breast the size of her head, and nearly pushed up to her chin from her colossal belly below, itself a 3' diameter orb of tense spherical flesh that stuck straight off of her body.

A few chairs over was Denise Kristofferson, the young student he'd seen on the news. She'd sought him out a month or so after the news feature aired, as she wanted help to ensure her pregnancy could continue on as long as she wanted. She was now 45 months along, and quite massive. She sat waiting patiently, legs spread wide to make room for her belly that arched up and away from her body, her abdomen a more elongated shape that drooped over the edge of the seat to where it rested on the floor, sticking out underneath the hem of her dress.

Then a name at the bottom of the list caught his attention. A. Dawson. He scanned the room, but quickly realized he was wasting his time. If Anna Dawson was here there would be madness. The woman had become a celebrity in her own right in the past two years.

You couldn't enter a maternity store in the country without seeing her face on a product or advertisement.

Walking over to his administrator, a woman in her 18th month of pregnancy herself, he leaned over the counter. "Charlene?"

"Yes, Doctor Franklin!" She said looking up, blushing. She'd had her shirt up, her stomach exposed, and had been lovingly caressing her torpedo-shaped swollen belly, head tilted back, eyes shut. Dr. Franklin's voice had interrupted her, and she quickly pulled down her shirt, as her face went pink.

"Mrs...Dawson" He said, whispering. "Is she here?"

Charlene's eyes lit up. "Oh! Yes Doctor, She's-"

Archie shushed her, a finger to his lips.

"Sorry" Charlene continued voice now lowered. "Yes, she's here, she's in the backroom"

Dr. Franklin nodded. "I'll be taking her now, thank you"

With a spring in his step, Dr. Franklin made his way through the hallways into the larger back examination room. Thinking ahead, he'd had the architect design this room with access to the street through a large overhead door. In case he needed to ever examine someone who couldn't fit through doors...

Dr. Franklin hadn't seen Anna in person since that consultation he'd given her over three years ago. She would be 60 months pregnant now, an absolutely absurd number. She was rarely seen in public these days, and there had been rumours that she'd gone into hiding as she'd finally decided to give birth. Archie knew this was a lie; there was no way that she'd give birth at this point.

He walked into the room, and as expected Anna Dawson was still pregnant, and of course gigantic. She stood in the middle of the room chatting with her husband who stood nearby. She was naked, though whether it was because she'd undressed for her examination, or she simply never wore clothes at all at this point, was unclear.

Her breasts flowed off of her chest, growing wider and thicker like a pair of overindulgent teardrops. They spread across the top of her belly, half of their fronts covered by the dark pink of her areola. Dr. Franklin reckoned that on a normal woman, breasts of that size would easily reach her hips, sloping away well off her body. But Anna was no normal woman, and comparatively her breasts were small compared to her other defining feature.

Standing upright her colossal belly rested on the floor. It was a globe over four feet in diameter, projecting at least that much off of her before sloping away and around. At this point she was more belly than woman. Her skin looked better than it had, the new lotion helping relieve some of her stretch marks, but there were still a few areas where the skin looked tight and irritated. Her belly button poked out, an impressive little bump the size of an

orange cut in half. As he approached her, Dr. Franklin wondered how the hell she'd got in here? There was no way she could walk in this state!

"Dr. Franklin! How long has it been!" She said with a dazzling smile, as she noticed him approach.

"Over three years Mrs. Dawson. I hope you're well?"

"Very well! I'm full of life, love, and happiness!" She gave a little giggle as she smiled again.

"So, what can I do for you today, Anna? Just a check-up? Something troubling you? Pray tell, are you finally ready to give birth?!"

"Oh no! Don't be silly Doctor! I'm nowhere near ready!" Anna said waving him off with both hands.

"Is that so? You aren't worried about growing bigger?"

"Why would I be worried?" Anna asked, voice serious.

"Well for one...I figured you'd be concerned about how it affects your mobility?"

"I'm plenty mobile, thank you very much! Watch!" Bracing her hands on her hips, Anna arched her back and tensed her muscles. Almost magically the massive mass of her stomach lifted off the ground. She let go of her hips and began to walk around, her back staying arched to counterbalance the immense weight. When she reached the other side of the room she turned, her huge sphere of a gut swinging around. Unfortunately, as it swung about it hit a rolling instrument tray, sending it and its contents flying. "Oh, crap! Sorry! Didn't see that there!"

With an amused shake of his head, her husband walked over and up righted the tray before he began to collect the spilled items.

"Happens a lot in our house" Anna said with a giggle as she walked back over, her enormous stomach wobbling with each step. With a relieved sigh she leaned forward, resting its bulk on the floor once more.

"Ok...so you're not worried about mobility...but what about your body? Aren't you afraid you're pushing the limits of what the human body can do? Your skin is looking pretty tight..."

Once again Anna shook her head dismissively. "Don't you worry about my skin, Doc. I've still got lots of give in me!"

Dr. Franklin shrugged "Alright then, I'm stumped. Why are you here?"

Blushing slightly, Anna looked Dr. Franklin in the eye. "We want your help getting pregnant!"

Dr. Franklin looked at her still confused “What? Mrs. Dawson...you’re already pregnant... probably more pregnant than anyone else on the planet”

Anna smiled and nodded “I know that, Doc, but Ethan and me, we always wanted more than one kid, and we don’t want to wait!”

“Ok, so give birth to this child and then have another?”

Anna shook her head “No, I don’t want to do that! We thought maybe, with your help, you could implant an embryo, do that IVF thing or whatever it’s called!”

“You want me to make you pregnant...with a second child, while you’re still pregnant with your first one?!”

“That’s right, Doctor!” Anna said nodding and smiling. “So, will you help us!”

Dr. Franklin shook his head. “I’m sorry Anna, but...that’s not how it works. You can’t do that”

Anna stared back at him defiantly. “Well of course I can, Doc! After all; My Body, My Choice!!”

**THE END**