

On September 27<sup>th</sup>, at 3:45pm, a live stream appeared on the front page of a popular streaming website titled 'My Pregnancy Stream.' When entered, the stream showed a live feed of a slightly-chubby young canine man wearing a white undershirt and sitting in an old computer chair. Even after going online, he still had to adjust the tilt of his laptop to better angle the camera, revealing more of his sparse bedroom. Only a few movie posters hung on the walls and a messy, unkempt bed sat in the back corner. When the canine finished adjusting, he sat back in his chair with a loud heavy *fwump* and sighed.

"Uh...hey, everybody. All..." He leaned toward the screen. "Wow, all ten of you. O-okay. That's pretty good, right? So...Hey everybody, thanks for coming into my- *Oh!* Twelve! That's...okay! Cool!" The canine cleared his throat and rocked back in his chair a little, one hand disappearing beneath the desk.

"So...uh...I've never done a stream here before, but I've seen...well, been watching a lot of similar... 'content' for a while, so thought I'd give it a shot to..."

The canine trailed off as he squinted at the first message to appear in the chat window.

"We can't hear..." *Oh!* Okay, sorry, lemme just...hang on." He ducked away from the camera and began digging through a drawer on his computer. A moment later, he returned wearing a black and green gaming headset, the microphone hovering beside his muzzle. After a few minutes of struggling, the canine plugged it in and let the cord unravel before sitting back.

"Okay, that should be better. Obviously, you can tell this is my first time with this." He chuckled nervously to himself, his eyes constantly flitting between the camera and the screen below it.

"So...hey again, my name's... Well, you can call me Ding0. Not 'Ding-Zero,' I get that a lot. I'm 22, I'm a dingo...y'know, obviously. And...I posted a few videos on my YouClip channel that got a some pretty good views and thought I'd..." Ding0 glanced away from the screen and scratched behind his neck. "Sorry, I'm talking too much. Anyway, this is my stream. Welcome, I guess."

Ding0 sat forward in his chair and re-adjusted his headset. After staring down at his keyboard for a few moments, he swallowed before glancing back up at the camera.

"S-so...I guess from the title you can probably, figure it out but...I just...a few months ago, I found out I was pregnant. I'm...I'm not gonna get into specifics, but it...happened. I don't see a lotta videos online with, y'know, pregnant *guys*, so I figured it might be something people...wanna see. Maybe. I don't know, maybe not."

Ding0's eyes flitted to the side as a new message appeared in the chat.

*UnderGut: Show your belly already*

"Show your..." *Oh.* R-right, I was just about to...Okay."

Ding0 cleared his throat, then took off his headset and set it to the side. He pushed himself away from his desk by his feet until his stomach was visible, then worked himself up to his feet with visible strain. Ding0's paunch was revealed to be a large, shapely baby bump, easily somewhere in the third trimester. He turned to the side and pulled his undershirt tight over his belly, smoothing one hand across the teardrop-shape to better accentuate it. His shirt barely seemed to cover the entirety of his swollen middle, helped in part to the waistband of his sweatpants pulled up to just below his navel. Ding0 turned to face the camera, his popped navel staring back at the viewers like a single eye, and wrapped both arms under his plump stomach to better hold the weight.

The chat window erupted with a sudden flood of messages, pushing each other off screen like a crowd trying to force their way inside a room.

*Humberto99: Amazing belly!*

*Jerkstore: Helllllllll yeah ready to pop*

*LennyLemur: it's almost hotter on a guy*

*YeeterSkeeter: lose the shirt!!!!*

Ding0, surprised at the sudden influx of messages, quickly waddled back to his desk with a gait clearly unused to his new weight. His belly hovered over the keyboard, nearly prodding into the laptop's camera, as he leaned over and put his headset back on.

"Y-yeah, so...that's...haha, wow, you guys are really into this, huh?" Ding0 laughed again, his screen-filling belly jiggling slightly as he rested a hand on it. "So yeah, I'm about thirty...two, I think? Thirty-one or thirty-two weeks along now. The sicky parts lasted a little longer for me than most people, but now I'm feeling...pretty good, actually. Pretty big, pretty heavy, but still pretty good. No complaints."

Ding0 rubbed his sides before sliding his hands across his middle, inadvertently forming a diamond with his fingers around his bellybutton.

"I didn't used to get a lot of looks or comments, people just thought I was gaining weight but... Yeah, I pretty much just look pregnant, now. And people can tell, y'know? I still get a few *looks* I don't like, but most people are really nice about it. I...I like when people ask to touch my belly. Especially when the baby's moving."

Ding0 paused to check the chat.

"Yeah, just one baby. Sorry to disappoint, Humberto." Ding0 paused to stroke his stomach with a gentle hand. "I mean, I totally wouldn't have been able to handle it but...I kinda wish it was more than one, too. Maybe twins in there together, something like that. Weird, I know." He turned to the side again and patted his stomach. "But y'know, probably better that it's just one. Especially for a guy."

Ding0 fell quiet for a few minutes, nearly forgetting he was streaming and just enjoying the feeling of his belly filling his hands. He stroked his thumb over the lump of his navel, flicking it lightly like worry stone. Suddenly, he jumped back to awareness.

"Sorry everybody, kinda...kinda drifted off for a second. Let's...wow, chat's moving fast now. You guys are talkative. Let's see how we're doing." Ding0 scrolled down the stream, not noticing as his belly pushed into the keyboard.

[Admin]Ding0: *ujhjvjbkjhhuujjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjkghjjhhghjhgjkl;*

LennyLemur: *belly sent us a message*

ITKody: *Technically baby's first words?*

Maxx45: *Weirdest boner of the day*

"Oh! That's...okay, we're up to...almost seventy watchers right now...Uh, hey new people!" Ding0 took his hand off his belly to wave at the camera. "So to catch you up, I'm pregnant and I'm a guy. There you go."

Ding0 grunted before waddling back to his chair and pulling it to the computer, close enough that his face was visible, but far enough away that his belly was still onscreen as it hung heavy between his knees.

"So uh...I kinda thought about doing a sort of Q and A with you guys, if you're interested. I won't answer personal stuff but other than that I...I guess it's all free game. Go ahead and send me a DM. And you guys can probably tell this pup is coming...*really* soon, so I've got a tip jar set up you can donate a couple bucks to if you feel like it. It would totally mean a lot and might make it easier to make more content in the future."

Ding0 sat back and drummed his hands on his belly while kicking his paws, waiting for questions to roll in. As the stream reached 150 watchers, a single, private message appeared in his chat window.

"Okay! So Maxx45 asks... 'Can you show us your co-Oh.'" Ding0 cleared his throat and blushed before looking back into the camera. "So...no dirty requests, okay? There's not a lot I can show on this site and I don't wanna get banned right out the gate."

A few minutes later, a second private message appeared.

"That's better. LewisBlackthorne is asking 'How often does the baby move and what does it feel like?' Well, he's actually moving around a little right now. Maybe you can...uh, hang on."

Ding0 stood from his chair with a grunt and approached the camera, pulling his shirt tight around himself. Once again, his rounded stomach filled the screen as he poked a finger into it.

“Well, he was moving a second ago. Sometimes he’s really energetic, but sometimes he just gets lazy and-” Ding0 gasped as a tiny lump rose up from the smooth surface of his stomach, just for a moment, before disappearing back inside. “That was a good one! You guys see that?”

He flopped back in his chair, a new smile on his face as he cradled the now-active pup in his belly.

“It feels pretty nice, actually. I kinda thought it would hurt once he was big enough, but he’s been pretty easy on me. For now at least.” Ding0’s belly continued to shift and warp over the movement inside of it, something he didn’t notice but the stream viewers could clearly see.

*JJJessie: Active little guy!*

*WTFox: Love to rest my head on his belly*

*Youngblood: Almost looks like an alien lol*

“Okay! Next question!” Ding0 rolled forward to read off the next private message, then swallowed and glanced away. “Okay, that’s more of a request than a question but...uh...Razorback has asked if I could take my shirt off.” He chewed on his tongue for a moment, then began slowly nodding to himself as a nervous smile broadened on his face. “O-Okay. Okay, I can do that. Sure thing.”

Ding0 removed his headset and stood, his belly scraping against the corner of the desk.

“Ow.”

After rubbing the spot with a hand, he took a deep breath before gradually peeling back the tight undershirt, revealing the furry expanse of his pregnant belly. With dark fur on the sides flanking a pure white underbelly, it seemed to spill out of the pathetically tiny shirt, a perfect sphere protruding from the canine’s torso. Freed from the tether of his headset, Ding0 stepped away from the camera and turned in place, showing off not just his baby bump, but the furiously wagging tail behind it.

*Jerkstore: god he’s fucking cute*

*YeeterSkeeter: finally!!!!*

*LennyLemur: Look at that tail! He’s loving this*

*Maxx45: he’s proud of his bump*

*Kingfisher87: he looks ready to drop already*

*WTFox: Donated \$15*

*DaddyDino: Love to put the next pup in that belly for you*

*GetLucky: Pants next!!!*

Ding0 had momentarily forgotten the stream, the chat, and even that he was on camera. He simply rocked in place, his hands roaming the furry globe that housed his baby, and sank into a heady bliss of enjoying his pregnancy laden body. As one hand cradled the underside of his stomach, the other stroked the side the pup was currently kicking against, poking back in an attempt to rouse the baby further. The thought that he wasn’t even finished, that the next weeks would find him growing bigger and heavier as the pup matured inside, made his heart race and his tail wag even harder.

“...Oh.” Ding0’s eyes blinked open as he remembered the laptop a few feet away, broadcasting his moment of zen to an audience of 200 and counting. It first made him nervous, but the more he thought about it, the idea of so many eyes on him and his belly from that little square started to seem exciting, almost electrifying.

On his way back to the desk, Ding0 made a show of walking as slowly and ponderously as he could, bracing a hand on his back and resting the other atop his belly. He smirked off camera, enjoying the idea of making a show out of lugging his heavy body around. An audience – apparently – existed for it.

“Sorry guys, got kinda...lost in the moment for a sec.” Ding0 scratched his belly, then leaned forward toward the camera until its view was filled entirely with his middle. “Baby brain can do that to you.”

Glancing past his middle, Ding0 looked at the count of active viewers watching his stream and found it ticking higher and higher by the second. The rush of so many eyes on him made his head light and his heart pound even harder. As if on cue, the baby kicked out toward the camera, starting a new flood of excited comments in the chat.

“Y’know I wasn’t sure about this at first,” Ding0 said as he put the headset back on. Instead of sitting back in his chair, he lingered above his desk and let his belly take center-stage. “But...I don’t know, this is more fun than I thought it’d be. Glad you guys are having a fun time with my big belly.”

Ding0 tucked his hands under himself and bounced his middle, then beamed as the chat reacted appropriately. New messages were flying past faster than he could read them, nearly a quarter of them direct messages.

“Maybe I should get a better microphone...” Ding0 mumbled to himself as the baby kicked again and the crowd went wild.

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Years later, on January 29<sup>th</sup> at exactly 7:00pm, the notification of an ongoing stream appeared in thousands of inboxes across the internet. Those that arrived first were greeted with a graphic of a positive pregnancy test with the words ‘Gestating Stream...’ displayed on it. Even with nothing but a still image to watch, dozens of viewers were already filling the chat window with anticipation.

*Marmadude: Fuuuuuuuuck yeah, Ding0 stream!*

*TyingTheKnot: Been waiting all month for this*

*MenitoBussilini: Yeah, so has he*

*Mercutio: Hope he announces the raffle winners tonight*

*ObviouslyOblivious: Where do you think he puts all the kids he has?*

*FredthePred: He eats them, obviously*

*Marmadude: That’s racist*

*[Admin]Ding0: Hey guys! Getting things set up, we’ll just be a moment.*

*MenitoBussilini: Just try not to go into labor before the stream is up*

*Ding0: No promises!*

After a few more minutes of waiting, and after enough people were watching, the stream blinked to life with an extreme close-up shot of short, white fur. Slowly, the shot widened, revealing it to be the underside of a pregnant belly, large enough to eclipse the light shining behind it.

Somewhere off camera, music began fading in. It started soft, but it grew louder by the second. As the camera continued to track backwards, revealing more and more of the mountain of belly, the opening horns of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* – the theme of *2001: a space odyssey* – blared out. Shortly, a voice began singing alongside them.

“Baaaahhhh...Baaaaaaaahhhhhhhh...BAH-BAAAAHH! Bum-bum, bum-bum, bum-bum!”

The camera began to rise, craning up and over the swell of the belly in front of it.

“Baaaaahhhh...BAAAHHHH...Bah-BAAAHHHH!”

As the music reached its zenith, the shot finally crested the hill of Ding0’s stomach, revealing his face and the flashlight in his hand he was using for added effect.

“Ba-Ba-BAAAHHH! BAAAHHHH! BAH-bah-BAH! Bum-bum-bum...BAH BAH BAAAAHH! BAAHHH...BAAAAAAH! BAAAAAAAHHHHH!”

The camera pulled fully back to show Ding0 lounging on a bed in nothing but a pair of new boxer-briefs, his belly swollen out with an almost excessively large pregnancy. He stroked his stomach with one hand before flashing a peace-sign and a bright smile to the camera.

“Hey, what’s up everybody! Ding0 here again with the monthly bump-update! Or, y’know, the bumpdate!” He propped himself up on the collection of pillows behind his head and re-adjusted himself with a slight grunt as the camera made sure to keep his swollen middle in frame. Unlike his first

pregnancy, his skin was pulled taut and drum-tight across his belly, with little pink patches of it visible where the fur was the thinnest. Ding0 reached down and patted his stomach like a farmer would pat a prized watermelon.

“In here are the latest Dingtlets! Three special guests that are starting to get *way* too big for their cramped studio apartment. Don’t know why they wouldn’t stick around for awhile: free rent, no utilities, and their dad buys all their food. Sounds like a good deal to me, y’know?”

Ding0 took a breath, then grunted as he rolled upright on the bed. He sat cross-legged, his belly filling his lap, but was forced to lean back to keep his lungs from being squished.

“So by now the triplets are starting to really *look* like triplets. Though, I gotta be honest here, it’s still easier than those St. Bernard twins at full term. You guys remember that one? Thought I was gonna need a wheelchair by the end of it. Instead, I just bossed Kody around from the couch.” Ding0 grinned and nodded past the camera. “One day, he’ll have his revenge.”

Ding0 smoothed his hand down his belly, drumming his fingers playfully around his navel. One of the triplets began to squirm, just barely visible under his fur. Smiling to himself, Ding0 imagined the kind of reaction the stream was having. The babies he carried were always born showmen. Or, more accurately, *unborn* showmen.

“So! This is gonna be a fun night. First thing’s first, I wanna thank all my Patreon supporters for keeping us going, it really means so much to us. I know the streams can be a little far apart, so if you’re looking for more content, I’ve got my GoTube channel all set up with videos from some of my past pregnancies as well as links to my new Let’s Play channel, GravidGaming, the only channel with a dedicated Belly Cam. We’ve got it strapped up under the desk, it’s awesome. Special thanks to Kody for getting that together.”

“I try,” said a far-away voice behind the camera.

“And, last but not least, I wanna thank our sponsor, CoyOtt Pharmaceuticals! Seriously guys, if any of you are planning to end up pregnant, CoyOtt has everything you need. Fertility enhancers, prenatal supplements, heat inducers, even home birthing kits! You wanna be a straight-up *baby factory* like me? Do it with CoyOtt’s help. Use the code ‘*Ding0*’ at checkout to save fifteen percent. That’s D-I-N-G-Zero.”

A still image faded onscreen, advertising the logo for CoyOtt Pharmaceuticals above the offer code. The picture was used to mask Ding0 awkwardly rolling off the bed and hefting himself upright in a quick waddle to his chair in the center of the room. Kody, the cameraman, editor, and IT assistant, set the camera on its expensive tripod before sitting behind it in a chair of his own. He had a laptop open to manage the stream and monitor the chat so Ding0 could focus exclusively on ‘performing.’

Kody hovered one hand over the keyboard and held up the other with all fingers extended. After counting down from five, he turned off the stream overlay and switched feeds to the main camera.

“O-kay, let’s start with the update,” Ding0 said as he leaned back, letting his triplet-heavy belly fill his lap. “I’m about seven months along now with a set of one-two-*three* boxer pups! They aren’t too big, but *wow* are they dense! Like carrying around bowling balls. With very kicky legs. So, those of you who guessed the number back at the beginning are entered into the contest. If you also correctly guessed the *genders* of these little guys, you get entered into a raffle for a PS4! And you also get kidnapped by the government because, holy shit, you’re officially *psychic* if you get both questions right.”

Ding0 shifted in his chair and tucked one leg under himself, letting a hand wander across his belly. He checked his cell phone with the other, which was open to a live feed of the always active chat window.

*Gruntilda: God he gets hotter every time*

*Neofight: I wanna live Ding0’s life*

*Kingfisher87: I guessed it was triplets but I have no clue about the genders*

*MoistBoi: Go for quads next!!!!*

“You guys are the best,” Ding0 smiled as he tucked his phone back into the pocket of his new, expensive computer chair with adjustable back support and extra-strong legs. Even with that added strength, the metal still groaned under the weight of Ding0 and the triplets as he leaned back.

“But before that announcement, we’ve got a fun stream for you guys. Last month, I put out a post on my Patreon asking you guys to send me any clothes or outfits you’d like to see me try to squeeze myself into, and *damn* did you guys deliver! The mailman was so confused why I was getting so many packages every day. Although he was probably more confused about *other stuff*.” Ding0 smirked and poked his belly.

“I’m sure half the block already knows about the constantly-pregnant guy down the street by now,” Kody said off-camera.

“Only because I keep going outside in stuff that doesn’t fit.”

“And who’s fault is that?”

Ding0 shrugged at the camera with a sly grin before shifting in his chair and sliding forward until his belly protruded past the armrests.

“So while I’m trying these on, we’re also gonna have our third trimester Q and A! Kody’s gonna read off some questions submitted by top patron’s first, then we’re gonna open the floor to the chat! How’s that sound?”

Ding0 took a deep breath before hefting himself out of the chair, his belly noticeably dropping a few inches below his hips. Regular fans noted that he looked nearly as big with the triplets as he did at full-term with some of his single-pup pregnancies. Ding0 was well-aware of this observation, as well as very proud of it. He waddled out of frame, making sure to sell the weight and heft of his gravid body on the way, then returned with a black cart piled high with packages. When standing, Ding0’s head and shoulders stood out of frame, centering the shot on his belly. This was intentional.

“I really hope you guys didn’t spend too much money on these,” Ding0 said as he picked up a handful of the smaller packages on top and piled them on the chair behind him. “We might end up doing another try-on stream next time just to get through all these.”

Ding0 pulled the tape from the top of the envelope and took a sheet of paper from inside the first package.

“Al-right! First up is something from MangoMist, who writes ‘Found this in a thrift shop and couldn’t wait to see it on you. Love you, Ding0!’ Love you too, Mango!” He reached into the package, then let it fall to the floor and kicked it away while unfolding a green t-shirt inside of it. “*Ha!* This is a good one. Kody, read off the first question while I get this on.”

As Kody scrolled down the list of questions, Ding0 struggled to pull the green t-shirt over his head. After pulling his arms through the sleeves, he slowly rolled it over the dome of his belly like a descending curtain. The shirt depicted a drawing of a chubby dinosaur captioned with the phrase ‘Pregasaurus Rex,’ though the letters curved so dramatically across Ding0’s stomach that they were difficult to read from one angle. Despite ostensibly being a maternity shirt, it barely reached past Ding0’s navel and left the white fur of his underbelly exposed.

“I kinda thought this one would fit,” he said, smoothing the shirt down over his bump. “I would’ve actually worn it out if it did.”

“We both know you’re going to wear it anyway,” Kody said.

“Yeah well...” Ding0 put his hands on his hips. “...Just read the question.”

“So Cornholio asks, ‘What has been your best experience? Your most enjoyable time?’”

“Ooooh, that’s a hard one,” Ding0 said. He slid his hands across his belly and interlinked his fingers while turning in place. “It’s always fun once I start to get big. Not just big, like *big big*. Around the time when I start to feel really, like, *pregnant*. But maybe my favorite was back when I carried my first set of twins back in pregnancy number...Hell, I can’t even remember at this point.”

Ding0 stopped and turned his belly to face the camera and began idly rolling the shirt up to his navel, part of the internal routine he had for try-on streams.

“Once the twins got big enough and started moving around together, it was like a *whole* other level. And, y’know, guys don’t really get a lot of attention paid to their bodies so it usually takes carrying multiples for people to look at me and think ‘Whoa, that guy’s pregnant as hell.’ I got a lot of attention during that time, it was nice.”

“And it turned you on like nothing else,” Kody added.

“Hey-hey-hey, we’re keeping this PG today.” Ding0 paused to drum his fingers on his bump. “Well, PG-13.”

After pulling off the shirt and tossing it on the bed, Ding0 reached for a second package, slightly bigger than the first. He cut the tape with a knife before pulling out a blue garment wrapped in plastic with a paper note attached.

“This one’s from CanadaDoggo. ‘Hey Ding0, love everything you do. Try not to pop!’ No promises, buddy.” Ding0 set the note aside and began to open the package. “Oh *no!* A *button-down?* Doggo, why are you torturing me like this?”

Ding0 took out the dress shirt and unfastened all the buttons before slipping it on. His belly protruded far beyond the fabric and even pulling on it could barely bring the two halves together.

“Oh my God, I’m gonna *destroy* this thing. And it’s a nice shirt, too!” With a resigned sigh, Ding0 started buttoning the shirt from the top down, easily fastening them from his neck down to his chest. However, he had to strain and pull to bring the two halves together over his rounded stomach. Ding0 looked past the camera and over Kody’s shoulder, too far away to read the chat but watching with amusement as messages flew past.

*WeightForMe: That shirt is TOAST*

*Marmadude: One of those buttons is gonna break the camera*

*WTFox: Or put Kody’s eye out*

*CanadaDoggo: Best 18 bucks I ever spent*

*TyingTheKnot: POP THE BUTTON! POP THE BUTTON! POP THE BUTTON!*

*Kyleote: Like trying to fit a pumpkin in a sock*

*MenitoBussilini: I think I have that shirt*

“Here we go...” Ding0 sucked in a deep breath, but it hardly made a difference. The fourth button was just barely holding it together, but he had to pull and struggle just to get the fifth to reach its hole. By nothing but a miracle, it managed to slip through the loop, but was clearly straining against its thread.

“*Hoooh*, okay. That’s as far as it’ll go,” Ding0 sighed, his belly shifting forward an inch as he let out the breath. The shirt had managed to button just a few inches over the upper dome of his middle, but still left much of it uncovered. He tugged on the edges carefully before putting his hands on his hips and turning in place. “Think I could wear this to a job interview? Kody, read the next question before I explode out of this thing.”

“Chadtavius asks, ‘Now that this has more or less become your job, do you still enjoy it as much?’”

“You think I would get enormously pregnant twice a year if I didn’t love it?” Ding0 said, laughing. “But seriously, this is my favorite thing to do. I’d probably still be getting myself knocked up just as often, but I’d be having way less fun with it. I’m just happy you guys are belly-thirsty enough for all the content I put out. I just don’t feel right unless I got at least one pup kicking around in my-”

Ding0 gasped as the fifth button suddenly snapped off the shirt, rolled off the hill of his belly, and fell with a clatter to the floor. He raised his arms in surprised, which snapped off the button above it and sent it sailing toward the camera.

“*No!* Damn it! I really wanted to wear this one after the birth!”

“But it would probably be only a couple months before you’d be too big for it again,” Kody said.

“I still like it! Ugh, sorry CanadaDoggo! It’s still a really nice shirt.”

As he tossed aside the ruined button-down and picked up the next package, Ding0 stole a glance at the chat on his phone.

*Marmadude: @CanadaDoggo I love you*

*WeightForMe: This is literally the best day of my life*

*Kyleote: Can you save recordings on this site?*

*WTFox: One for the Ding0 highlight reel*

*CanadaDoggo: All according to plan...*

"I thought Canadians were supposed to be *nice*." Ding0 rolled his eyes as he turned back to the stream. "Hey Kody, watch your eyes." He took a deep breath, balled his fists at his sides, then pushed his belly out in one quick motion hard enough to snap the fourth button off and send it sailing off camera.

"I think I break out of more shirts than I actually wear," Ding0 said, stroking the dome of his stomach before undoing the rest of the buttons the normal way. After tossing it off camera, he looked past his belly down at the pile of packages. "Geeze. Kody, I think we're gonna have to split this try-on stream into two."

"You know people love to watch you struggle yourself into the tiniest outfits imaginable," Kody said. "This isn't a surprise."

"Oh no, I'm going to have to spend extra time putting on clothes," Ding0 said with heavy sarcasm as he wrapped his arms around his belly, stroking it slightly to calm the kicking triplets inside. "How *terrible*."

"Get to the next package already."

"You're just eager to see what I can squeeze into next," Ding0 said. Kody didn't answer. "You guys should see how hard he's wagging."

"No I'm *not*!"

"O-kay! Package number three!" Ding0 picked up a medium-sized box from the wagon and made a show of balancing it atop his belly while cutting the tape. After folding open the lip, he burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh my God, there's always *one* of these. Every time."

Ding0 tossed the box inside and unfolded the contents: a thin, light-blue maternity top lined with frilly lace and see-through fabric draped over the front. As he held it up to the camera, turning it front-to-back, the thin material fluttered, as light and airy as butterfly wings.

"This one comes from SandraJennings. Very brave of you to use your real name, by the way. Props for that. She writes, 'Hey Ding0! Hope the triplets are treating you well. I wore this while pregnant with my first and couldn't stop thinking about how cute you'd look in it. It's fun to watch a guy go through it for a change.' Thanks, Sandra! I'll try to keep this in good shape."

Ding0 flipped the top over and began fiddling with the strap behind it, picking at it as the fabric draped itself over his middle. Even with his face off camera, he was growing visibly frustrated every time his finger slipped and his nail caught the plastic hook with a light *click*.

"Every time," Kody remarked.

"It's harder than it looks, alright?"

"And this is how we *know* you're gay."

"I think it's a little more obvious than that," Ding0 said, pausing to thump his finger against his belly.

At last, he managed to work the strap free with a relieved sigh and slipped his arms through the top with an easy motion. This wasn't the first time he'd been asked to cross-dress on stream and certainly wouldn't be the last. Ding0 turned away from the camera as he hooked the latch together behind his back, clicking it on much faster than he'd been able to open it. Then after a moment of adjustment, he turned with a dramatic and awkward twirl to face the camera, the see-through fabric billowing through the air before falling gently over his protruding belly.

“So I fill out this part pretty nicely,” Ding0 said as he smoothed the fabric over his middle. “But this part...” He then hooked a finger into the loose, empty bra that would’ve supported his non-existent breasts.

“I don’t think that thing’s exactly made for guys in mind,” Kody said.

“Not really made for triplets, either,” Ding0 added as he tried and failed to bring the fabric together over his bellybutton. He gave up and simply stroked his middle with a gentle carress, turning in place to show off all of his body. “I think I look pretty good in maternity lingerie! For a dude, anyway.”

“The gym shorts don’t exactly help.”

“Just thank God that Sandra didn’t send the panties. I promise, nobody wants to see that.”

Kody glanced over his shoulder at the laptop as the chat exploded with activity.

*Marmadude: Says fucking who, Ding0?*

*Gruntilda: I’ve literally never wanted anything more in my life*

*MenitoBussilini: You clearly underestimate us*

*WTFox: Make my dreams come true*

“Alright, what’s the next question?” Ding0 asked. He was enjoying the feel of the smooth material against the sensitive skin of his belly and stroked it idly with one hand.

“This is the last of the patron questions. MoistBoi asks, ‘What has been your most challenging carry?’”

“Y’know, the easy answer would probably be the first one,” Ding0 said. “It was weird as hell being both scared as hell and...kind of turned on at the same time. I didn’t know what to expect, I didn’t know any other guys that had gone through it, and I was basically on my own. Starting these streams really helped me through it. I wish I’d started doing them earlier, honestly. You guys are *so* horny sometimes, but you really are the best.

“But I think the answer you *really* wanna hear is those damn St. Bernard twins. I was already pretty on the fence about carrying a pup that big, so when I found out there were *two* of ‘em in there, I didn’t know what I was in for. They came out cute as hell and healthy as can be, but that meant they were *hell* on me while I had them packed away. Once they were running out of room by the end, every kick felt like I was being punched. It really tested my ability to put on a show for you guys because, off camera, it was almost torture.”

“*Almost,*” Kody added.

Ding0 drummed his hands on his belly.

“Okay, *almost*. It wasn’t *all* bad. But it was tough as nails.”

Ding0 paused, falling silent as his slid his hands against his belly, pushing it forward until it filled his palms, and felt the faintest shift from one of the triplets. Kody twiddled his thumbs behind the camera, watching Ding0 gaze down at his middle with a deeply satisfied grin broadening on his face as his tail wagged with a slow rhythm. After a few minutes, Kody put his fist in front of his mouth and cleared his throat loud enough to draw Ding0 back to reality.

“Oh. Uh, sorry. Sorry guys, faded for a second. So...okay! I think that’s all for these so...”

Ding0 fiddled with the fastener for a moment before giving up and slipping the top over his head and gently setting it aside. He cradled an arm beneath his belly and carefully leaned back into his chair, letting his face fall into frame. He reached out of frame, towards his desk, and grabbed one of the flat-billed hats from his online store. It read ‘Ding0’ in white letters, but the zero was stylized to look like a simplified version of his pregnant silhouette.

“Let’s start the open Q and A! Most of you know the drill, just PM me some questions on stream and I’ll just pick ‘em at random. Oh, and they’re anonymous. If you wanna guarantee your questions get read on stream, and that you get credited by name, join the ten-dollar tier of my Patreon.”

Ding0 fished his cell phone out of the chair pocket and opened it to the stream, scrolling through the chat while idly walking his fingers over his belly. The one paw not tucked underneath him

bobbed idly in the air. A pup's kick pushed out a lump below where he could see, but he could still feel it.

"Okay, everybody ready? On the count of three." Ding0 stopped, his ears standing high on his head as a loud *bling* sound chimed from his phone. "Guys, I didn't even say *go* yet! Geeze." After a moment's hesitation, Ding0 rolled his eyes and gestured to the camera. "Okay, okay. Go for it."

A long, unbroken chain of notifications turned the light chime of Ding0's phone into an annoying cacophony of noise. He winced, pinning his ears back and turning the volume down. Kody, who was logged into Ding0's account, watched the PMs come flooding in. At Ding0's insistence, he let the host pick the questions and simply sat back to watch.

"Sooooo...*tch*, these are coming kinda fast." Ding0 frowned as his eyes scrolled up and down the screen as a dozen questions pushed another dozen off-screen, then was followed by a dozen more. "Okay, *eenie, meenie, miney, moe*. First question, 'How does it feel when the pups move?'"

Ding0 set down his phone on the armrest and pressed his fingers into his belly. With this tongue half poking out of his mouth, he shifted and wiggled in the chair, prodding his stomach to agitate the triplets inside. After a moment, the even dome in his middle distorted into an oval shape as one of the pups turned over.

"*There* we go. At this far along, especially with three of them in there, they don't really have much room to move. But when they do, I feel *all* of it. When they wiggle, when they hiccup, when they try to turn over. I can even tell which of them are awake and which are asleep, but that's probably because I'm ah...pretty *experienced*, you could say."

Another lump pushed out from inside his belly and Ding0 tapped it with his closed hand in a fist-bump.

"Question two, 'I wanna see you naked.' Not a question, buddy, but twenty-dollar patrons get access to my adult streams on ClipYourself.com. See how I turned that around into an ad, Kody?"

"You're a powerful social media influencer," said Kody, dryly.

"Question number three, 'Would you be permanently pregnant if you could?' Nah, probably not. As fun and satisfying it is getting this big, getting there is most of the fun. Plus, I like the surprise of finding out who I've got inside me by the end of it. Wouldn't be much fun if it didn't end.

"Question four, 'Do people ever think you're a woman?' Y'know, I don't think people know *what* to think, sometimes. There's a time when people just think I'm fat, but eventually I get past that to the point where I can't be anything *but* pregnant. It's funny seeing people struggle between 'ma'am' and 'sir.'"

*SubWoofers: I'd be happy to call Ding0 'sir'*

*WTFox: Ding0 seems to have a pretty loose idea of gender*

*[Mod]ITKody: @SubWoofers I think you're barking up the wrong bottom*

"I saw that!" Ding0 said, pointing past the camera at a snickering Kody. He shook his head before looking back at his phone. "Can I put my pups in you next?" He winked at the camera. "My last Patreon slot's already taken. Maybe next time.

"Next one. 'Has Kody ever gotten pregnant?' Yeah, but he doesn't know it yet."

"Wait, what?"

"Next question! 'Do you ever get stuck on things?' I used to, but I'm pretty familiar to my size by now and know how to-"

"He's lying! He gets stuck all the time!"

"*Hey!* Who's stream is this again? How about *you* try getting around with fifteen pounds of baby filling you out!"

"Maybe I *will!*"

Ding0 shrugged and shook his head at the camera.

"Okay, let's do one more. 'When do you think you'll retire from streaming?'" Ding0 paused and drummed his fingers on his belly. "That's a good question. I guess until either I get sick of being

pregnant all the time or I don't really have an audience anymore. To be honest, though, I see the second one being a lot more likely than the first." He winked and patted his stomach before sitting up in his chair.

"I think that just about does it for this- Huh?" Ding0 frowned and looked past the camera at Kody, who was trying to get his attention. "Oh! The raffle! I almost forgot!"

Ding0 rolled toward the camera close enough that Kody could hand him the envelope before walking his chair back on camera.

"So at the last doctor's appointment, I got the doctor to write down the triplets' genders and give the note to Kody. I haven't seen it, he hasn't told me, so I don't know *what* I'm carrying in there. So we'll find out together." Ding0 began tearing open the envelope, his tail wagging hard enough to make 'whapping' sounds against the chair. "I love this part. I love finally knowing a little about what I've been carrying this whole time."

He whipped out a single piece of card stock from the envelope, a stream of gold glitter flying out after it. After clearing his throat, Ding0 read it out loud.

"And the genders are...One boy, one girl, and...another boy! Two brothers and a sister!" Ding0 threw the card in the air and dumped the rest of the glitter over his belly, spreading it around until the furry sphere sparkled like a disco ball. Kody hit the space bar, starting the celebratory music as Ding0 spun in his chair.

*Gruntilda: He's having way too much fun with this*

*CanadaDoggo: DAMN IT. I was SO close*

*MenitoBussilini: Shit, I got them backwards*

*Maxx45: I got it right!!!! That's the first time!!!*

*SandraJennings: I feel bad for that little girl stuffed in there with her two brothers lol*

"And of everybody that guessed correctly, Kody plugged them all into a randomizer 'cause he's smart like that. Who gets the prize?"

"The winner is..." Kody clicked the mouse and watched as the program took only a second to rifle through the thirty names on the list. "...Marmadude!"

"*Heeey!* Marmadude! You win a PS4! Congratulations! PM us your info and we'll get the details worked out. Thanks to everybody else for playing and hanging out with us! I'm Ding0, that's Kody, and these are our three special guests." Ding0 drummed his hands on his belly, kicking particles of glitter into the air. "Like, favorite, subscribe to my Patreon, and don't forget to tell your friends! The ones who might be into this, anyway. Next stream *might* be the special labor edition! Depends on the Dinglets, though. Gold-star patrons, only. Either way, see you guys next time!"

Ding0 waved at the camera long enough for Kody to officially end the stream, replacing the video with a graphic of a calendar counting up to nine months, but with the words 'Thanks for Watching' circled on the last date. Even with the stream over, the chat was as lively as ever.

*[Admin]Ding0: Thanks for watching everybody! Hope to see you guys next time!*

*Marmadude: THANK YOU! Oh my god I never win stuff like this! Thanks Ding0!*

*WorthTheWeight: Always lovely to see you so close to term*

*WTFox: Fun stream, Ding0!*

*Kingfisher87: Try not to pop without the cameras rolling hahaha*

*Mercutio: Love you Ding0!*

*Jerkstore: Any day with a new Ding0 stream is a good day*

*GetLucky: I'm gonna watch that part with the button a thousand times*

*MoistBoi: Ding0 lives the life I wish I had*