

“EMPOWERED: APPLE PIE”

By 'Zaftig Obsessions' Industries

Recap Blurb:

(For those not familiar with the kinda-obscure and kinda-great lite-BDSM webcomic Empowered, [here's a brief rundown of the characters helpfully provided by Adam Warren](#). Now, on to the non-canonical adventures... and pie!)

(Also, you should read the comic, it's fucking great. [And online now!](#))

The streets of southern California never quite got the chill of winter... but sometimes, when the breeze blew over San Francisco just right, there was a sense of the seasons changing. A coolness and dryness to the air, that made even the most invincible caped hero shiver in their Spandex outfits. Rooftop patrol was tricky this time of year, with rain slicking the rooftops and unpredictable weather. So most heroes, even the Superhomeys, preferred to use their hard-earned holiday hours to stay home... and drink seasonal drinks. Lots of seasonal drinks.

Cassandra Powers, alias “Empowered,” alias *Emp* was no different. Her drug of choice was eggnog—rich, creamy and helpfully spiked with *lots* of booze by her burly boyfriend, Thugboy. Standing by the window in an oversized, Thanksgiving-themed sweater and nothing else, the curvy blonde watched a distant superhero streak across the sky. Captain Rivet, probably. She recognized the glimmer of reflection off his chassis. That guy *never* took a day off, not even on holidays. Well, at least someone in the Superhomeys took the job seriously...

She shivered as the shower-water still clinging to her thighs and armpits began to cool, making her whole body prickle. She pulled Thugboy's obscenely festive sweater closer around her, snuggling into it. The whole apartment was filled with scented candles, dim lighting and a holiday special played on their tiny TV. It was almost perfect...

Except for the demon on the coffee table.

“ZOUNDS! DO YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF DECENCY, FEBRILE FAINTING FEMININE FILLY?” The Caged Demonwolf, an ancient being of incredible power she had captured inside an alien bondage belt, boomed his customary greetings from the middle of the room. **“VERILY CAN I ESPY THE MOST FULSOME CURVES OF YOUR RUMP FROM BELOW... THE LEGENDARY AND MUCH-HALLOWED 'UNDERBUTT'!”**

“Oh, stuff it. I'm going to get dressed in a bit—Ninjette's coming over.” She sipped her eggnog, the alcohol making her dizzy and lazy, wondering if she should finally get rid of the Demonwolf. She'd been meaning to for ages, but somehow she hadn't gotten around to it. He was nice company, when Thugboy was away and Ninjette was busy with Jersey ninja type stuff. She pursed her plump lips, imagining the holiday without him.

It would be dull... quieter, yeah. But dull. She resolved to keep him a little longer—though she would probably have to put him in the closet when Ninjette showed up.

“YOUR DENIAL OF MY OBSERVATIONS ONLY DEEPENS THE SCANDALOUS NATURE OF YOUR EXPOSURE! DOST THOU HAVE NO SHAME, O ROUND-BOTTOMED, FULSOME WENCH?”

Emp rolled her eyes. “More shame than *you*. I can feel you undressing me with your... whatever you have for eyes.”

“I HAVE NO NEED FOR VISION! NAY, FROM ACROSS THE GALAXY EVEN A BLIND GNAT COULD SENSE THE BEAMING LUSTROUSNESS OF THAT OVERSIZED CABOOSE!”

“Oversized? Now hang on a minute...”

“PROTEST IT NOT, THOU WELL-FED, WHIMPERING FISHWIFE!” Emp pouted in embarrassment, growing red as her “roommate” listed the many attributes of her ass. **“YOUR BACKSIDE IS SWOLLEN FROM THE FINEST COMESTIBLES. WHY, THIS VERY DAY I SAW YOU SCARFING YET MORE BAGEL PIZZA BITES... AND FOR BREAKFAST, NATCH!”**

“That was part of my *green initiative!* I'm trying to reduce food waste among the Superhomeys.” She stuck out her tongue at him. “Go screw. I'm going to have a snack *right now*, and you can watch. Bitch all you like.”

“HAVE YOU NO REGARD FOR YOUR WAISTLINE, YOU CALORIE-CONSUMING, FOOD-ENGULFING HEATHEN? HOW CAN YOU WAX ELOQUENT ABOUT DIETS WHEN YOU HAVE ABSORBED THE FOOD SUPPLY OF SEVERAL NATIONS—”

“Changed my mind on the watching bit. Closet time.” She plucked the heavy, Kirby-esque belt off the coffee table and hung it up next to the coats, in the hallway closet. “And you can *stay* there until you stop insulting my weight. I have enough issues as it is!”

“IGNORE MY ADVICE AT YOUR PERIL! EACH DAWN YOUR BOOTY GROWS MORE VOLUMINOUS... SOON YOU WILL BE ABLE TO 'MAKE DAT ASS CLAP,' JUST AS FORETOLD IN THE PROPHECIES!”

“Later, hater...” She slammed the closet door.

Emp had once been very insecure about her weight, wilting at the merest suggestion that she'd gained a pound. But after taking on monstrosities like Teknofetish, Soldier of Love and others, and saving the Superhomeys approximately *ten bajillion* times, she was officially past some of her hang-ups. Not all of them, of course: passing a mirror in the living room, she winced at the residual jiggle of her rear.

She had always been “statuesque,” ever since puberty arrived and slapped her with a massive pair of T&A, and curves to match. But as time went on, her merely shapely body had begun to grow softer... and rounder. She had passed “thicc” territory a few months ago, and now she was...

Fat? No, not at all. Well, “fat” by L.A. standards maybe, but those people thought that even *existing* qualified a woman as obese. No, she wasn't overweight by any means... but she was certainly getting there. Her enormous hips, crowned by heavy powerful thighs, swayed and wiggled when she walked, and these days she could feel soft “saddlebags” of woman-fat shake and wobble when she stopped moving. She had once detested that feeling... but after years of being bullied for her “slutty” curves, she had decided not to give a shit.

Besides, it wasn't entirely her fault. One of her best friends (well, *frenemies* at least,) Sistah Spooky had secretly been funneling calories into her for years, offloading her junk-food binges onto Emp like a sort of sinister magical pen-pal. Except instead of letters, Sistah had been mailing her pound after jiggly pound, deposited on her ass out of nowhere and in spite of constant dieting.

After finding *that* out... well, she'd ribbed Spooky for her confession, and gotten an apology. But Spooky had never stopped doing it, and Emp had never stopped liking comfort food, either. Between those two facts, she was kind of destined to look... bigger. Maybe not huge, but solid. As Thugboy said of her: “the kind of woman you can just grab onto and mash into a mattress, and she can take it, because she's got *substance*, ya dig?”

She blushed, remembering that conversation. There had been plenty of mattress-mashing afterwards... over, and over and over. If she had any doubts about whether Thugboy liked her body, *that* incident had driven it out of her.

Emp continued into the kitchen, struggling to shake off lustful memories. She wasn't even wearing her super-suit—that mysterious, elastic garment which granted her magical resilience and energy-blasts, as long as it wasn't torn in a variety of “accidentally” sexual places. It also had the side effect of turning her into a *total* nympho while wearing it, a fact she had been trying to avoid by leaving it hung over the bedpost on “off days.”

“No nympho-maniacs today. Momma's too tired.” 'Momma' was *not* too tired for food, however, and when Emp opened the fridge a childlike smile lit up her face.

Thugboy was a good boyfriend—so good, he had actually memorized all the foods she enjoyed, and stocked the fridge to bursting with them for her vacation days. And of course, they needed to eat it all before their big tropical trip next week. A friend of the Superhomeys had

offered them tickets to a vacation planet—sun, warmth and sand. But they would have to chow through apple pies, her mother's meatloaf, and about four bottles of wine before then.

“My pleasure.” Always a dessert-first kind of girl, she removed the apple pie from the fridge. Ninjette wouldn't be here for a full hour, and she might as well enjoy herself... while the watchful eyes of her peers weren't on her.

Popping a slice out of the tin with a pie-cutter, she slapped it on a plate and placed it in the microwave. While it heated, she got the ice cream from the freezer, and the ice-cream scooper. In the distance, she heard the Demonwolf grumbling.

“Forsooth, even now I suspect she doth gobble more treats... And has the temerity to exclaim over her swollen bosom! The audacity!”

“La la la, I can't hear you...” Hip-bumping the fridge closed, she sat down to her pie, scooping a fat dollop of vanilla ice cream on top of the steaming pie slice. Her belly grumbled at her, and she reflected maybe *one* slice wasn't enough. Soon, three slices and six dollops of ice cream bedecked her plate. “That's more like it.”

“Verily, I can smell the carbohydrates from here! How canst thou prate about thine waistline, when thou consumest PILES of food enough to make one the size of a...”

“STILL can't hear you, Demonwolf!” The first forkful made her eyes roll back, a mini-food-gasm passing through her body. Her thick thighs clenched and her nipples hardened under the scratchy mass of her sweater.

“Damn, girl... That suit's made you too sensitive.” It *did* tend to heighten sensations. And that gave her an idea. Setting down her fork, she hustled to the bedroom, shucking off her sweater. The suit was lying where she'd left it, dangling on the bedpost, and she tugged it on.

Stretchy as it was, it still stuck in certain places—the bulge of her hips, the gentle swell of her small stomach. A modest muffin-top, it seemed to meld with the rest of her absurdly fertile-looking frame in a compliment to her figure... but Emp still hated it. “Dammit. Why do we have to have mirrors in *every* room? I gotta talk to Thugboy about this...”

All the same she returned clad in the super-suit, its open-mouthed mask showing only her chin and lips. A thin tongue danced over those lips, already thick with saliva, as Emp sat down to her feast. The gentle *creak* of the chair straining under her made her flinch, but it held. Her ass wasn't THAT huge, thank goodness.

At least, not yet.

She inhaled the pie like she was trying to win a contest. She couldn't help it—with her suit on, every single taste bud seemed magnified, the rush of the sugar seemed like a balm to her stressed-out brain. She was hopelessly in love with the pie, licking it, crunching the warm apple chunks between her teeth with almost sexual relish.

“Mmm... All gone?” Somehow her plate was clean. Burping softly, she giggled and stood up. “Well... A little more wouldn't hurt...”

Another slice. Then two, then three—fuck it, the rest of the whole pie went on her plate and when it came out of the microwave, most of a whole pint of ice-cream went on top. Leaning back in her chair, Emp squealed as a dollop of ice-cream fell on her stomach, cool and creamy as it stained her suit.

“Sloppy...” She reached for it, but the melted patch rolled down her modest gut and into her crotch. Nervous, she grabbed for it... and her fingers lingered as she dabbed at the stain.

Not in the kitchen. I promised Ninjette, no more messing around outside the bedroom... and no jilling off in the kitchen, either. But it had been a hasty promise, easily made to her best friend without thinking. Now that she thought about it, the rule seemed illogical.

Ninjette didn't want to touch surfaces that she and Thugboy had fucked on, and this was *her* chair, which 'Jette would not be sitting in. Therefore, it was perfectly okay to masturbate in it! Totally okay.

That's how logic works, right?

And for a moment, she actually wasn't sure. Emp sighed—every time she put the suit on, it felt like her I.Q. dropped by double-digits. She was still quick and cunning and good with an energy blast, but she felt like the highly educated woman she'd become sometimes disappeared into her... slut-self.

And what's so bad about that?

“I'm not a slut,” she muttered, stroking her mound through the whisper-thin fabric of the suit. “Okay, maybe I am a little bit. But I don't get off while *eating*. That'd be just weird.”

Is it? Mom always said I was a messy eater... Such a sloppy, greedy little girl. She bit her lip, struggling to reign in her fantasies. In the hallway closet, the Demonwolf continued to holler at her.

“I sense the silence of MAIDENLY AVARICE! What are you up to, wench?”

“Heh... Wouldn't you like to know.” And with a sudden, animalistic delight, she pinched the groin portion of her suit and ripped it open. The lips beneath it were puffy, plump with extra calories and her own arousal, and lightly furred with blonde hair. She slid two fingers between the folds and tweaked her clit, grunting softly.

“Wouldn't... you... like... to know... *Ahh!*”

With her other hand, she reached for the food, forking big piles of hot apple pie into her cheeks, chewing and swallowing with wild abandon. Her diets in the past, and only sweet

indulgence in her future, Emp gobbled like a woman possessed, perhaps by one of those Japanese “hungry ghosts” that had plagued San Andreas after the volcano. She was a one-girl eating machine, an engine of decadence bent on nothing but stimulating herself to a sticky, full-bellied climax.

“Mmm... That's right, I'm a sloppy, greedy *urrrp* slut... Just a little more... Mmf!” The sensations cascading from her loins were enough to make her nearly seize up, and she pulled up her mask with her fork-hand to make it easier to eat.

“Mmf. Glomf! Glrrp...slrp. *URRRP*. Fuck, yes...”

Several minutes (and a few climaxes) later, she pulled her fingers from the depths of her crotch, gasping and shivering. Outside, the chilly evening was filled with the sounds of the city, her windows now fogged with the heat of the pie and her own frantic breath.

But she wasn't done yet. Delighted with her own deviousness and high on endorphins, Emp hiccuped and dumped her plate in the sink. It was time to take things up a notch.

She was full, but somehow she felt like she could hold more. It was the suit, she decided. The suit was capable of making her super-resilient—it only made sense this extended to her stomach. “You, missy, are dangerous,” she told her stomach, now obscenely swollen with her meal. “If I'm not careful, I could end up a *whale*.”

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a vivid fantasy hit her. Thugboy pile-driving her from behind, bending her over the countertop, her face shoved in a pint of ice cream. In the fantasy, he was spanking her, telling her what a *stupid, naughty* little whore she was, pounding her over and over with his colossal cock as he mocked her for being so gluttonous...

“F-fuck... Oh, come on. I promised...”

His voice was suddenly added to the mental monologue. “*That's right, eat, you little piggy. Eat till you pop... Or until I pop, inside a' you... Either's fine with me...*”

I'm not a slut, she told herself, biting her lip.

I'm not.

I'm...

Oh, screw it.

She heard the Demonwolf bitching again, [and pulled up a song on her phone](#), to drown him out. She wasn't about to let her little “experiment” be ruined by his long-winded rambling.

“Okay... Here goes. You better make this good, Super-Suit. I've never been more humiliated...” *or aroused*, she thought, “in my life.” And with that, she pulled a second pint of ice-cream from the fridge.

This one was chocolate. And not just any chocolate—Triple-Fudge-Cake-Gut-Buster-Delight. A sinful, decadent, bottom-expanding treat she had begged Thugboy to put back in the grocery store freezer. “I'll eat it all in one sitting, just watch,” she'd warned him.

And what did he say back? Oh, right.

With a wink, he'd squeezed her enormous rear through her apple-bottom jeans and whispered, “Just more cushion for the pushin', darlin. Live a little.”

That jerk. He knew she always loved it, when he called her by her superhero name. They had so many “role-playing” scenarios wrapped around that truth, consensual but racily dangerous encounters revolving around Emp as the helpless tied-up slut... Or the aggressive, dominating supervillainess.

But right now, she didn't feel dominating. Right now, she just wanted to get fucked from behind like an animal. Pulling the mask back entirely and letting it dangle among her strands of long blonde hair, she tugged the lid off the ice-cream.

“Oh god... I'm such a pervert.” She couldn't help it—she *wanted* this. Or the suit was making her want it. Or maybe the suit and Emp both wanted it. Either way, she didn't care.

Dipping her face to the surface of the ice-cream tin, she licked the surface, her tongue leaving an arc of missing ice-cream. She tasted the rich sugary confection, swallowed it... and then dug into it, hands-free, like a pig at a trough. With one hand she held the ice-cream still, and with the other, she *pounded* her own clit like a D.J. on meth. Flicking and twisting and mashing it, again and again as she gulped and gobbled and drove her entire lower face into the ice cream.

“Mmmf! Yesh, fuck me! I'm—**UORP**—I'm a stupid, brainless blonde pig! Fuck your little piggy, Thugboy! Yes, yes *yes—AUHN!*”

Her first orgasm was powerful enough to make her knees quake. The next few were even better. Exploring her darkest fantasies, Emp swallowed nearly the entire pint of ice cream... and then, still unsatisfied, she tipped it to her lips and guzzled the half-melted remainder.

“Gllk... *gllkk!*” Still masturbating, her knees shaking like tree-trunks in a gale, her enormous thighs flexing and hamstrings pulsing under the soft layer of fat coating her entire nubile body, Emp came one last time—and then collapsed to the floor.

When her vision cleared, she looked up from her enormously swollen stomach (any bystander would put *that* food baby as being nearly seven months along) and was horrified to see two silhouettes standing in the kitchen door. She hadn't heard them coming in, over the music.

There was Thugboy, his jaw hanging open, holding a case of beer. And Ninjette, holding more of the same. 'Jette was blushing so deeply she could have passed for a harvest turnip.

Emp squeaked and covered her crotch, ice-cream dribbling down into her cleavage.

“Guys! I, uh, I can explain—*urrrp*—”

“Nah, it's cool.” Ninjette was staring openly at Emp's tits, which had (of course) ripped their way out of her costume in all the excitement. *Stupid costume*. “You're, uh, you're up another cup size this week, huh?”

“I'll... help... clean this up.” Thugboy moved mechanically to the fridge and deposited his beer before helping Emp off the floor. “Here, babe... uh... my coat. There you go.”

As their full-bottomed ninja friend disappeared into the living room, Emp struggled to come up with some explanation. There were so many questions to answer. Why had she been face-first in a pint of ice cream? Why had she also been masturbating and listening to dance music? And why did she look like she'd eaten her way through several Thanksgiving dinners, her stomach bulging bulbously and aching every time she moved?

“FORSOOTH! I SENSE SEXUAL TENSION!” roared an angry voice from the hall.

Emp clutched at Thugboy, and her shame melted away as she felt his massive muscles beneath the goofy I'M WITH BIMBO sweatshirt he wore. *Boy loves his novelty clothes*. Even now, she felt the suit propelling her into his arms, sticky-faced or not—and she wasn't *nearly* satisfied yet. She could go for another orgasm, or two, or three... and Ninjette looked *so* pretty tonight...

Whispering in his ear, she hissed, “Help me wash up. And then we're gonna *party*.” She smiled as his hand went to her stomach, seeming to caress it, like it carried precious offspring and not two pints of ice cream and a whole pie. “*All of us. Together.*”

The next morning, when all three of them lay in an awkward pile in bed, she would insist the suit was responsible. That she wasn't to blame for the awkwardness, the weird looks... or the inevitable second round of *menage a trois*. But deep down, Emp knew better than that.

As a superhero, she might be a professional. But personally? Deep down?

Deep down, underneath her mewling veneer... 'Empowered' was just a greedy little slut.

And she loved it.