

Jaqueline Hart loved this town.

It just rarely loved her back.

Ever since she was taken off the force by her corrupt boss, she had been waging a one woman war on the scum of this town.

There were times when she just wanted a warm body to come home to, but it was hard finding a good woman when you were knee deep in the filth.

It seemed the only woman she had any relationship with was Valentina.

Valentina was a henchwomen for hire, and she knew just how to push all of Jacqui's buttons.

For every tumble they had in a villain's lair, it seemed they had two between the sheets.

But she hadn't seen Valentina in some time.

She had knocked the heads of three evil scientists and one low level crime boss, and all their henchmen had been big, sweaty, and male.

She was starting to worry, so she had begun to try to keep tabs on her.

She quickly found that she was still in town.

And strangely, she was ordering food.

A LOT of food.

She suspected that Valentina was moving into the big leagues, and was feeding her own henchmen now, but that didn't make sense.

Valentina owned a mansion in the old money part of town, something that she bought with her ill-gotten gains.

Their relationship was never really one where she made house calls, so she wasn't sure what her reaction would be when she started making them now.

She didn't feel like being too polite, so she broke in through a second floor window.

Inside, her well trained nose picked up the scent of a feast.

Several feasts, really.

Something was definitely strange.

Slowly she crept towards the dining room, passing by Valentina's collection of naked, buxom, statues.

She really did know how to set the mood.

Before long, she had reached the hallway outside of the dining room, close enough to hear voices.

"Mmmph, so good, more, more!"

That was her voice alright.

Slowly, Jacquie peaked around the corner and was shocked at what she saw.

Previously, Valentina had been the definition of a femme fatale.

A trim body, forged by endless exercise and dedication, the only fat on her body was her perfect D-Cup breasts, that was always tucked away in a very form fitting black catsuit.

Legs that seemed to go on forever, which Jacquie had explored extensively.

Long hair, black as midnight and twice as mysterious.

Of all those traits, only the hair remained.

The Valentina before her was extremely Obese.

She had to be at least 500 pounds, and the way she was eating she was looking to increase

that.

Her stomach pooled out in front of her, forcing her legs apart.

Her D-cups had moved up several letters of the alphabet, and were currently held back by a very tight bra.

The legs had more folds than she could count, and were the size of prized hams.

She was so shocked, she stepped out of the doorway.

Valentina looked at her and smiled.

“I was wondering when you would show up, detective.”

She stopped her feasting, and put her hands on either side of the stomach and kneaded her flab like dough..

“What happened, Valentina.”

The black haired woman laughed.

“What, can't a girl just enjoy a few too many sorbet's?”

“This looks like more than a few.”

“You're right, let me fill you in, Detective.”

She lifted a spoonful of spaghetti to her lips.

“I know you enjoyed my previous body, but to tell the truth, I've despised it.”

“I was made into a weapon by my parents, always trained to be the perfect little henchwoman. Do you know this is the first time I've been able to eat Spaghetti without guilt?”

Jaquie took a seat across from her.

“So, you've always had this waiting beneath the surface of your perfect body. Why change now?”

She sighed dreamily.

“An opportunity came up that I couldn’t pass by.”

She pulled out a file.

Inside, was a series of photos. Most of them were women who looked like supermodels, and a blond haired scientist lady.

“Dr. Caroline Evverett, was a model in her youth before a bad breakup and ice cream led her to gain 5 pounds and be dropped by her agency.”

“She got her degree, and devised a plot to get her revenge. She created cakes so addictive and fattening she would have made all of the models in the city make the Hindenburg look like a birthday balloon. “

“ Sounds like the kind of problem I should solve.”

“Flip the photos over.”

On the other side of the previous photos were the same women, plus Dr. Everett. Only each was the size of a truck.

“Turns out the doc had a bit of a sweet tooth, and her other henchmen weren’t exactly known for self restraint.”

“Yet you're half their size. Why is that?”

She smiled again.

“I took this opportunity to gain a few pounds, enough to get plausible deniability. The rest I wanted to gain naturally.”

“You really enjoy this, Valentina?”

“Of course! No more whittling my sanity away to try to make others happy, I can finally be who I was meant to be, a useless pile of flesh, indulging in as many delicacies that I want.”

Jacqui looked away.

“I.. never knew you had this side, Valentina.”

A pudgy hand reached out across the table and took her hand.

“Our previous dalliances didn’t leave much room for talking, dear.”

“Then I guess this is goodbye, Valentina.”

She got up to leave.

“Oh detective, don’t play dumb with me. I can see it in your eyes, you’ve been undressing me from the moment you saw my new shape.”

She wasn’t wrong. Jacquie’s heart had been racing since she stepped into the room.

She was attracted to her, probably even more now.

“I guess this time you helped me solve something, V.”

“Oh, this is going to be a wonderful partnership, Detective. I just have one question,”

She took out a package with brownie on it, with a large E stamped on the plastic.

“What side of the relationship do you see yourself on?”

