

EMPOWERED: "ABSENCE MAKES THE ASS GROW FATTER"

By Zaftig Industries

(CW: Weight gain, mild burping and flatulence, slobbish behavior, weed, alcohol, fat ninja butts)

DAY ONE...

"Alright, babe... This is it."

Elissa Megan Powers--alias "Empowered," alias Emp--whimpered on the couch as Thugboy flipped the latch shut on his carry-on luggage. Her hourglass figure was wracked with tiny, suppressed sobs, and her waist-length blonde hair was matted with stray tears. Her pink bathrobe was similarly spotted with the salty results of her distress

Thugboy's heart ached, just looking at her. He didn't want to do this... but he had to. Their tiny apartment was filled with pre-dawn light as he checked his watch, worried about missing his flight.

"You *really* have to go?" Emp asked, for the umpteenth time.

He nodded. "Just for a few months. Look... this ex-minion conference is really important to me, okay? I can't miss it. I'm sorry."

Thugboy sat down beside her, putting an arm around Emp's soft, sloping shoulders. The blonde, soft-lipped superheroine was looking less and less "super" by the moment as she crumbled under the reality of having to spend months without her beloved, muscle-bound boyfriend. Her plush lips quivered as she fought off fresh jags of crying.

"But... what am I supposed to *do* without you around?" she asked, burying her face in his sizeable pectorals. "Who am I supposed to *cuddle*? You know I need cuddles to survive..."

Thugboy sighed. "I know, babe. I know you do. But this thing is going to be groundbreaking--the government is finally starting a program to rehabilitate former minions. And they need a liaison between the minions and the villains... someone who can play hardball with those assholes. Until they find someone else, that person has gotta be me. You're just going to have to... get by for a bit. Okay?"

Emp sniffled. "But..."

"Babe. It's gonna be okay. Alright?"

He squeezed her shoulder, and she leaned into his barrel-like chest, inhaling his deodorant as she tried to imagine week after week without him.

"You'll find stuff to do," he said, holding her tight. "You've got Ninjette, and Demonwolf..."

Emp snorted. "Demonwolf isn't exactly an *emotional bastion*, honey..."

As if summoned by the mention of his name, the captive monster they kept in their living room stirred to life. Nearby on their coffee table, a futuristic bondage-belt possessed by a demonic intelligence grumbled loudly.

"FORSOOTH, THOU DOST DO ME WRONG, WENCH... THE DEMONWOLF IS FULL TO THE BRIM WITH EMOTIONAL COMFORTS!!!"

"Yeah, sure you are. Moron."

Emp nudged the belt onto the floor with a *thunk*, where its protests continued, muffled by the coffee table. "Thugboy," she said, "just promise me something."

"What is it?"

"If you come back, and I'm a fat mess from eating too much ice cream, just... promise me you'll still love me. No matter what. Okay?"

He blinked. "Of course, babe. No matter what. And you're not gonna be a fat mess-- you're a big-shot Superhomey these days, a real badass. Remember? Even Captain Rivet respects you. No matter how much ice cream you eat."

Emp snorted. "Sure he does..."

"He does. Now get yourself some breakfast--I left bacon in the fridge for you. And french toast supplies. Enough to last at *least* a couple weeks." He poked her shoulder. "None of this 'crash dieting' stuff while I'm gone, okay? Watch your intrusive thoughts. Eat regular meals. Remember to treat yourself. Self-care, right?"

"Yeah, yeah."

She smiled, wiping away her tears. Thugboy might be a musclebound hunk, but he had a way of making her feel safe and secure... even when he wasn't around. She swallowed, standing up and adjusting her bathrobe.

"You're sure you don't have time for *one* more... uh, 'quick goodbye' before you go?"

She let the bathrobe slip, exposing one smooth, creamy shoulder and the faint outline of her collarbone, recently concealed by new plumpness. She'd gained weight again... not that her boyfriend was complaining.

Thugboy rubbed his forehead. "Woman... You're gonna make me miss my flight."

The Demonwolf groused at them from under the coffee table. **"VERILY, YOU VIRULENT, VEHEMENT VAGABONDS DOTH COPULATE FREQUENTLY, LIKE UNTO RUTTING RABBITS..."**

Half an hour later, Thugboy finally emerged from the bedroom, a taxi honking loudly outside their window. Steamy smells of intimacy followed him, Emp's contended groans still ringing in his ears.

Looking annoyed but also satisfied, Thugboy threw his bag over his shoulder and hurried out the door, blowing a kiss at Emp, who lay tangled in sweat-stained bedsheets in their room.

"Bye, babe. That should keep you for a while... Love you."

"Mmm... Love you too... Bye-bye..."

Her nether regions throbbing with the after-throes of orgasm, Emp purred with satisfaction and nuzzled deeper into the blankets... then, still not quite sated, reached for her Thugboy-sized vibrator on the bedside table.

"Maybe this won't be so bad... I can find ways to... Amuse myself, while he's gone. Mmmf..."

Bzzzzz...

DAY TEN...

"He's really gonna be gone for *three months*?"

"Yeah. It's really [REDACTED]ing with her... which is why I need *your* help."

Ninjetta sipped her Heineken as she spoke, watching glumly as the male strippers on stage contorted their powerful, well-oiled bodies under flashing neon and purple lights. Their city was a rather salacious place to be even during the daytime... but at night, it became even more so.

Luckily, that was just how Ninjetta liked it. She usually preferred to go to strip joints alone, or with Emp... but this was a special occasion. She needed an ally.

Across from her, nursing a low-calorie non-alcoholic beer, was Sistah Spooky. The recently traumatized super-heroine was missing most of her hair, the remnants of it dangling down the side of her brown scalp in a dreadlocked sidecut. She'd adopted the style after her and Emp had gone on a brutal mission into Hell itself... and then been pursued by demons through a supernaturally conjured high-school. Needless to say, Spooky's life had been absolutely [REDACTED]ed lately.

And as an odd side-effect of that, she'd grown very close to Emp. For years, Spooky had bullied Emp and tormented her, even magically shunting calories into her body in order to mess with her self-image... but eventually, the leather-clad sorceress had confessed it wasn't Emp she hated at all, but the cruel blondes of her past. Getting past this hangup had forged an unlikely friendship between the magic-user and the ditzy superheroine.

And it was that friendship that Ninjetta desperately needed right now.

"My help?" Spooky raised an eyebrow. "Look, 'Jette... You know I'll be there for Emp if she needs me. But this girl-time, touchy-feely stuff... I'm not very good at it. I basically agonized for hours over your text invite... I *hate* hanging out in public with people."

Ninjette smirked. "Oh, yeah, because *going to a strip club* is so hard on you."

Spooky softened a little. "Okay... that part is kinda fun. But I'm just no good at the 'shoulder to cry on' stuff. I'm not like Elissa--I don't have that ability with people."

"Hey." Ninjette waggled the beer-bottle at her, stifling a belch. "I'm not asking you... ***burrp***, to be her therapist. Just hang out with us. She's kind of falling apart, and it's only been a week. When I saw her today, Mellow Mister Monkey was practically crushed by her loneliness-hugs."

Spooky blinked. "Mellow Mister who?"

"Her toy monkey. She's, um... She's very *tactile*, ya know?" Ninjette blushed, remembering the many nights Emp had drunkenly gotten 'tactile' with her. "She needs people to cling to. To hold on to, when she's stressed. And when she doesn't have those... she clings to Mellow Mister Monkey. And he can't take it, Spooky! His threads are coming loose! You gotta save him! This is a *Mellow Monkey level emergency!!*"

The sorceress groaned, leaning back in her wire-frame chair.

"You know, I could just cast a spell for this... Make her a fake Thugboy, or something..."

"Ohh, *no you don't*." Ninjette rapped her beer on the table. "You promised you would be there for her. That means, no magical surrogates, 'kay? *Real* friendship is the only thing that can help Elissa with her depressive funks. And trust me... I'm not exactly the comforting type either. But if we don't help her through this, she's gonna lose her *mind*. She's addicted to that boy of hers."

Spooky rolled her eyes behind her super-mask. "Another thing about her I could never relate to..."

But Ninjette refused to be distracted by Spooky's holier-than-thou lesbian attitudes. "Come on, Spooks. Are you in? It's only ninety days--we can do this."

"Okay. Okay, fine." Spooky held up her gloved hands in surrender. "But like... if it gets too mushy, I am *totally* out. Deal?"

Ninjette raised her beer in triumph. "Deal."

DAY FIFTEEN...

Over the following few days, the two of them worked "shifts" to help Emp with her crushing loneliness. Ninjette, as Emp's unofficial "roommate," did her best to stay home in the evenings, or sometimes cajole Emp out into the streets for a little raucous partying. But mostly, she just tried to be present. To be there for her friend... and ready with tissues in case of Elissa's many, *many* crying fits.

Similarly, Sistah Spooky kept her company in the daytime, accompanying her on Superhomie missions and going to lunch or brunch with her. As the days went on, the lunching grew more frequent, as Emp inevitably turned to comfort-food to stem the tide of her misery.

"Another mimosa, please!"

Sistah Spooky frowned as Emp waved down their waiter, a post-human super-guy who looked a lot like a penguin in a fancy suit. This was the fourth time Emp had asked for a refill, and it was clear she was getting a little too tipsy to go back to "work."

"Hey, Elissa... Not to rain on your parade, but... shouldn't you go easy on those? We've got like, three more rescue missions today."

Emp shrugged as the waiter brought her another bubbling champagne-and-orange-juice mixture on a silver tray.

"It's *fiine*, Spooks! It's--**urrrp**--not a big deal. I'm just relaxing, you know? I feel so... tense, since Thugboy left. I just wanna..." She swayed a little in her chair. "Relax. Ya know?"

"Yeah... I feel that." Spooky watched as Emp drained the mimosa and asked for another. "Although... Maybe you should, you know, look into other coping mechanisms. You seem a little..."

'Chunky' was the word she was looking for. Emp had always teetered on the far end of 'thicc,' her curvaceous and well-marbled body the butt of many fat-jokes among heroes and villains alike. In fact, she was so well-known for her ample body that she had lately become the champion of a 'body positivity' movement among super-heroines.

But as Emp slid deeper and deeper into 'Thugboy withdrawal,' she'd begun overeating quite often... and over-indulging in liquor, as well. Which, Spooky thought, was very unusual for her. Ninjette was usually the one to seek comfort at the bottom of a bottle. Was Emp picking up her friend's bad habits? Or was she simply in so much emotional pain she couldn't find any other way to salve her discomfort?

Either way, the results were clear. Emp was softening up. Her pleasing curves had begun to swell outwards, going from "plump" to borderline flabby. The soft, slightly protruding curve of her stomach had begun to sag and bulge, threatening to become a true pot-belly. And her upper arms, once toned under their smooth coating of baby-fat, were growing puffier and jigglier. Emp was fattening up.

And if she figured that out, Spooky realized, she would *implode* with self-loathing. She had seen Emp do that countless times: the slightest additional pound or love-handle would send her into a spiral of absolute despair. She'd gotten better lately, becoming more accepting of her body... but everyone's self-love had limits. If Emp passed beyond those limits, she would turn into a self-hating, grumbling blonde goblin.

And Spooky didn't really want to have to deal with that.

"A little what, Spooks?"

Sistah Spooky bit back her retort. Poking a hole in Emp's denial and revealing her weight gain to her would lead to tears, wailing, self-abusive verbal flagellation. And Spooky had no idea how to deal with an emotional breakdown like that. In her own relationship, with the

late psychic-heroine Mind [REDACTED], Spooky had been the one to break down... and Mind [REDACTED] had been the one to bring her back, every time. She'd never learned the skills to help someone else recover from depression... because every time, it had been her *own* self-doubt and angst in play.

"A little... Stressed, that's all."

Emp shrugged, flicking back her hair in a gesture that was so 'typical blonde' it made Spooky wince.

"Well, of course I'm stressed," she said, her cheeks red as she waved for another mimosa. "I haven't, **urrrp**, seen the love of my life for weeks... and the Hero Network keeps doing 'special features' on nutrition in the Superhomies, which just like, *happen* to focus on pictures of me as the 'least nutritionally minded' of the team... Assholes..."

Seeing her nose-diving into grumpiness again, Spooky gave up all hope of telling her about the extra flab on her waist. It would have been a *coup de grace* on the poor girl's waning self-confidence, and she couldn't bring herself to do it.

"Well, [REDACTED] those guys, anyway. You look great."

She reached for her own mimosa, sipping at it... and remembering ruefully the permanent spell on her *own* body, which funneled calories into Emp's frame. She would have to watch her own food intake in the next few months--if she wound up boosting Emp's waistline with her own food habits, which were terrible, she could lose her budding friendship and Emp's trust. And right now, so soon after Mind [REDACTED]'s death, Spooky couldn't deal with that.

"Really?" Emp smiled weakly.

"Yeah! The Hero Network is behind the times, anyway. 'Thick' bodies are popular now... if anything, I should talk to my demonic patron and get *my* body changed, to match yours..."

Emp giggled, sufficiently flattered to dispel her gloom. "Oh, *stop* it, Spooky. You're too sweet."

Spooky shrugged as their food arrived--several thick, savory *crepes* for Emp, and a modest salad for herself.

"Hey, what can I say... I call 'em like I see 'em."

DAY THIRTY-FIVE...

The charade continued for another few weeks--Ninjette taking Emp out at night, Spooky distracting her in the daytime. But the two of them couldn't be around *every* hour of the day and night. Eventually, Emp wound up alone on her couch... with nothing but the crushing loneliness of a hug-free evening to look forward to.

"Sniff... *God*, I just miss him so much..."

Another wadded tissue tumbled into the wastebasket.

On the coffee table, the Caged Demonwolf's omniscient mind turned with great concern towards his captor. Normally, he was quite happy to make fun of Emp until she kicked him under the couch, or wax poetic on the many sexual positions she and Thugboy enjoyed, until he got locked in the closet.

But today... today was different. Emp had finally begun to face up to a reality that (temporarily, at least) didn't include her muscle-bound boyfriend. And the results of that discomfort were... quite visible.

The scantily-clad heroine was lounging on the couch, transported with misery, her mask pulled up onto her forehead as she licked errant chocolate-chip smears from her plush lips. Her stomach bulged obscenely under her super-suit, and her ample hips had grown to such thickness that they were inflicting a permanent dent in the couch whenever she sat down. And despite her obvious weight gain, she hadn't stopped eating all day.

Two empty pints of ice cream sat on the coffee table beside Demonwolf, slowly-warming ice cream droplets oozing down their sides. A nature documentary purred out its steady British narration from the TV, and Emp sniffled again as she watched two seahorses cavorting across the screen.

"Oh *gawd*, look at that... They're so in love... And he's gonna have her babies for her! *He's so committed! B'helch...*"

She tore the lid off another pint of ice-cream, Ben and Jerry's "Captain Rivet Red Velvet," digging her spoon deep into the high-calorie froshen mush with its scattered chunks of red-velvet cake.

"Demonwolf, are you seeing this? I bet that seahorse, **urrrp**, would never just *run off* and abandon his boo..." Her lips quivered. "Oh god, I'm gonna ugly-cry again. I can't keep doing this... I gotta call Thugboy again."

Demonwolf harrumped at her.

"NAY, FORSOOTH, SUMMON HIM NOT ON THE PHONE-CELLULAR. FOR HAS THAT NOT BEEN YOUR CUSTOM, THE LAST THREE HOURS? AND YEA, VERILY, HE HATH EXPRESSED THAT HE CANNOT KEEP PICKING UP.."

"Good point." Emp put her cell phone down on the coffee-table, staring at it miserably. "B-but I miss him..."

"GATHER THINE STRENGTH, WENCH! HAST THOU NOT A VIBRATOR? AND THINE SOCK-MONKEY TO HUG, FOR COMFORT?"

"It's not the *same!*" Emp broke out crying. "I j-just need his arms around me... H-he always knows the right thing to say... And he's so *warm*..."

The Demonwolf sighed. Normally he would have been happy to torment Emp, but he had lately grown rather attached to the "wench" he so often pestered with his alliterative rants.

She deserved better than an empty couch and empty arms at the end of the night. Not to mention, her ice-cream binges kept leaving his coffee table all sticky.

"HEARKEN TO ME, WENCH. IF THOU NEEDEST A BALM TO SOOTHE THINE PAINS... PERHAPS CONSIDER METHODS OTHER THAN BINGE-WATCHING THE KNIGHT OF ATTENBOROUGH'S DITHERING DIATRIBES."

"But I *like* Sir Attenborough..."

The Demonwolf vibrated with fury, shaking the coffee-table.

"WENCH, THINE HEART IS ACHING. HOW DOST IT HELP THEE TO WATCH TRAGIC TALES OF MISBEGOTTEN SEAHORSES? THOU NEEDEST A *HOBBY!*"

"A... hobby?"

Emp frowned. She'd spent her entire life training to be a superhero--memorizing rescue maneuvers, even majoring in Superhero Studies, a degree that most considered useless without a superpower. Sure, that had come in handy when her super-suit arrived in her life... but before that, she had never really *had* a hobby other than her single-minded superhero obsession.

"What... what kind of hobby?"

"DOST THOU EXPECT ME TO DO ALL THINE WORK, O SIMPERING STRUMPET?" The Demonwolf's tone was that of an exhausted father. **"LOOK AROUND THINE HOUSE AND SEE WHAT AROUSES THINE INTEREST! ALTHOUGH, UPON REFLECTION, TANTRIC YOGA WOULD BE A WORTHY USE OF THINE SKILLS..."**

"Ohhh no you don't." Emp wagged a finger at him. "I'm not doing yoga in front of you again. Not after last time!"

She sighed, getting up from her ice-cream hibernation position. As she did, she felt her belly and rear wobble with her movements... even more than they usually did. Blushing, she refused to look down, subconsciously aware that acknowledging how much she'd eaten would just send her into fresh spirals of misery.

Demonwolf was right. She needed a hobby... something to occupy her time. Or at least some intoxicant, to deaden the pain of separation enough to get her to relax. She'd already boozed her way through the house's alcohol supplies with Ninjette, so drinking was temporarily off the table.

Except... there was *one* last resource in the house she could use to calm herself down. Thugboy had a stash of weed stored away in a coffee-tin, in the cupboard. She had never indulged in it, because it was his...

Screw it, she thought, sticking out her lower lip in childish defiance. *If he's going to run off and leave me all cold and lonely for months, I can at least dip into his stash... Jerk.*

Minutes later, she was strung out on the couch, a smoldering joint in her hand.

"Seahorses are like... so *cool*, you know? Like... their little curly, **urrrp** tails, and stuff..."

A fresh pint of ice cream sat on the coffee table. Emp barely got through half of it before passing out into a blissful slumber, the heavy Indica strain weed that Thugboy used to unwind giving her pleasantly erotic dreams.

As her hand drooped towards the floor, the joint still in it, a shadow reached down to catch her wrist. It was a strip of the suit's fabric, moving on its own. Gently it lifted her arm up and deposited the joint onto a waiting ashtray on the coffee table, where it fizzled out harmlessly.

The Caged Demonwolf looked on with interest as the Suit slithered off Emp's body, leaving her nude except for the Mr. Monkey clutched over her chest and a tuft of fuzzy blonde hair at her loins. She did indeed look much plumper than usual... yet the suit had shown no sign of getting tight, and indeed, his powers sensed it had actually grown *stronger*.

"FORSOOTH," rumbled the Demonwolf, speaking as quietly as it could so as not to wake Emp. **"THOU ART A CLEVER CARETAKER, CUNNING AND COVETOUS SUIT."**

The Suit made no reply, simply fluttering up into the air to take a "seated" position on the couch. Its proportions filled out until it seemed as if Emp herself occupied it, albeit an invisible Emp who didn't speak. The Demonwolf *harrumphed* as he noticed how much wider the suit's hips had grown, how ample its "belly" was, and how soft and rounded its shoulders had grown.

"VERILY, YOUR MASTICATING MISTRESS MUNCHES ON MORIBUND MORSELS," said the Demonwolf, curious, **"YET YOU DO NOT SEEM RIPPED OR TORN. ARE YOU PERHAPS... GROWING WITH HER, THOU GARRULOUS GARMENT?"**

The Suit made no reply... but it did reach for Emp's phone. Unlocking the phone by duplicating Emp's fingerprint with its nano-scale fabrics, the Suit proceeded to use an app to order several pizzas, before locking the phone and placing it back in the same position as before.

The Demonwolf snorted. **"PERILOUSLY PLUMP PANTALOOON! THOU DOST INDEED SEEK TO WIDEN THE WENCH'S WOBBLING WOMANLY SHAPE, DOST THOU NOT?"**

The Suit shrugged... but the Demonwolf saw the corners of its "cheeks" crease in a smile.

"HRM." The caged monstrosity considered the ramifications of this. **"IF THOU DOST GROW THY MISTRESS TO CUMBERSOMELY COMELY PROPORTIONS, THOU DOTH RISK HER PANICKED PRATTLING SHAKING THE VERY HEAVENS."**

Another shrug. It seemed if the Suit was concerned about making Emp fatter, it certainly wasn't showing it. Meanwhile, Emp belched in her sleep, ice cream dribbling down her cheek.

The Demonwolf sighed... and relented. He couldn't control the Suit's strange whims any more than he could control Emp herself. If she was going to melt down over her rapidly expanding waistline, she would likely do it no matter what he said, or did to try and contain her freak-out.

"VERY WELL... I SHALL SAY NOTHING OF THIS TO THINE MISTRESS. BUT BEWARE, SUIT... THOU DOST PLAY WITH FIRE. THE WENCH LIVES IN TERROR OF HER TUMULTOUS TUMMY AND ITS TENDENCY TOWARDS TURGID TOP-HEAVINESS."

It was also no coincidence, he thought, that the Suit had waited for Thugboy to leave before beginning its little scheme. Certainly it must have known the savvy, cunning ex-minion would have caught it in the act... was the suit, perhaps, acting out Emp's unconscious desires? Deluging her in calories simply because Emp herself desired to be deluged?

Well, that was a moral dilemma for another day. As the suit flowed back over a nude Emp, the Demonwolf watched its fabric settle onto her skin, Emp squirming in almost erotic delight as it flowed down to cover her nether parts.

Truly, Emp had no idea the power she wielded. Because already the suit had shown amazing combat ability... and the power to enhance her libido ten-fold. If it grew *along* with Emp's body, proportionally, and its power grew as well... what might it accomplish when Emp went up another pants size? Or ten, or twenty? It was a prospect that boggled the mind.

Content that his captor remained asleep, the Demonwolf slumbered as well, wondering how the hell Thugboy would react to coming home and finding his girlfriend's body distorted by an all-pizza-and-ice-cream diet.

The fireworks were going to be legendary.

DAY SIXTY...

Not all supervillains could use villainy as their "day job" in West Coast City. For instance, Mike Johnson--alias "Blunt Trauma," weed-themed 'supervill' extraordinaire--couldn't make ends meet with simple bank heists and armored-truck robberies. He was forced to find income in a variety of other ways.

Including, unfortunately, takeout delivery.

"Mike! Another order for ya!"

The pimple-faced, long-haired ex-hippie groaned as he stepped out of his beat-up Crown Vic delivery car, only to step back *into* it with a weary sigh as his boss loaded a fresh pile of pizza boxes into his backseat. His job at Mammoth Pizza (a subsidiary of Value Mammoth) kept the lights on, but it was... pretty unsatisfying. He needed some *thrills* in his life, goddamn it. He needed a little Machiavellian villainy in his day. Without it, he simply felt unfulfilled.

"What are you doing? Step on it!"

His boss, a portly Italian man with an uncanny resemblance to certain Nintendo videogame characters, tapped his watch.

"Those pizzas better not be cold when you deliver 'em this time! *And no smoke breaks, you hear-a me?*"

"Yes, Mr. Guiseppe..."

Grumbling under his breath, Mike stepped on the accelerator. His lackadaisical driving skills propelled him--eventually--into uptown, where red-brick tenements and fancy new condos dominated the skyline.

"Ugh... Another delivery to these bitches... This is the third time today..."

Hauling himself out, he made sure to tug on his backpack, which contained his villain costume and equipment. You never knew when a hero might be leaping from rooftop to rooftop, after all... and it gave him something to think about other than his idiotic minimum-wage job.

Carefully balancing three pizzas in his arms, trying to ignore the appetizing scents, Mike noticed something odd. Not only was this the third delivery today to this neighborhood, it was the third delivery to the *same apartment*. That was odd... unless someone was throwing a rager in the middle of the day. Which, for this neighborhood, didn't seem likely.

But it was his job to deliver pizza, not to ask questions. Mike rang the doorbell of the simple red-brick building, waited, and rang it again. He didn't have all day.

When nobody answered, he got annoyed and wandered around the back, wondering if maybe there was a rear door he could enter through.

No such luck... but he did find out the reason for the lack of response time, from his customers. Sitting on the fire escape were two superheroines--one of whom he recognized.

One was some kind of ninja girl--the headband, booty shorts and fingerless leather gloves singled her out as a New Jersey ninja. The other was curvaceous... well, more than curvaceous, really, quite chubby... and clad in a skintight suit of some kind of spandex-like, sparkling black material. She was blonde, doe-eyed and had plush, sensual lips.

He knew that suit--it was Empowered, from the Superhomeys. A sense of excitement ran through his body--he was standing right below one of supervillainy's greatest enemies! She hadn't been much to begin with, but lately "Emp" had been making serious headlines. She'd beaten off some kind of attack at the Capey Awards, and had recently fought Deathmonger, a little-known necromancer supervill.

But Emp wasn't a smoker... not that he knew of. Sniffing the air, he caught the distinctive funky, skunky scent of Master Kush, a hybrid weed strain he was *intimately* familiar with.

His jaw dropped. *Are they... Getting stoned?*

"Hey! It's the pizza guy!"

The ninja-girl waved down at him, her sudden motion causing several empty beer bottles to tumble off the fire escape and smash on the street. Mike jumped, nearly dropping the pizza.

"We'll be right down, pizza guy! Stay right there!..."

Absolutely, Mike thought, grinning stupidly. He smelled opportunity here. Not only was he a villain undercover serving pizza to a couple of sexy young heroines, they were also *incredibly* stoned. The blonde in particular looked totally zoned out, only waving at him with a stupid grin on her face before taking another hit off the smoldering joint in her hand.

The ninja arrived at the door moments later, looking a little winded. Raising an eyebrow, Mike re-evaluated his opinion of their hotness.

The ninja-girl certainly had solid hips and a sizeable butt you could almost see from the front, just like the Tyga song... but she was also red-faced, clearly drunk and had an ample beer-belly oozing over the top of her black leather booty-shorts, which were stuffed to bursting.

She blinked, licking her lips.

"Ooh, pizza! Gimme!"

"You, uh, you kinda have to pay first..."

"Oh right. Here you go."

She drunkenly forked over some cash, stumbling a little as she did so. Mike felt himself getting a little riled up at the sight of her: at one point, she dropped a fiver and bent to pick it up. The wobbling dangle of her potbelly was unsightly... but the enormous curve of her rump was *more* than enough to make up for it.

"Thanks..." He took the cash, clearing his throat. "You guys uh... having a party?"

"Nah," the girl said, belching softly as she took the pizzas. "My **urrrp**, gal pal Elissa--whoops, I mean 'Emp'--her boyfriend's outta town for a few months. So we're just trying to keep her busy. Weed and pizza is good for that, ya know?"

Mike grinned. There was opportunity here, alright.

"It sure is. Uh... I don't mean to pry, but what are you guys smoking? Master Kush? I can get you something *much* better than that... maybe some Ghost Train, or even a dab rig if you're into that kinda thing... I know a guy who knows a guy."

"Oh shiiit, the pizza guy's a weed dealer!"

The potbellied girl snickered, sticking out a hand.

"Deal, Mister Weed Guy. I'm Ninjette, by the way. What's your number? We're almost out of Thugboy's stash, we're gonna need a refill soon for sure..."

She leaned forward in a conspiratorial, drunken whisper. The stench of her beer-breath curled the hairs in Mike's nostrils. Underneath he smelled a hint of rosewater and cherry blossoms... but it was entirely buried by her ample body's B.O. and the stink of booze.

"If you ask me, our girl Emp needs all the weed she can get. She's been gettin' kinda **urrrp fat** lately, see? So she needs like... a distraction. To keep her from freakin' out over it. Least that's what Sishter Shpooky says."

Deciphering her slurred drunk-babble, Mike nodded. He was forming the seed of an Evil Plan... maybe the best he'd ever come up with.

"Sure, I get ya. That can be tough. I'll see what I can come up with... and I'll give you a special discount, on account of being a sexy ninja and all."

Ninjette snorted with laughter.

"Ooh, look at YOU, Mister Charming! 'Sexy' my fat ass... Emp's bad habits are rubbing off on me, y'know. Look at this gut! I'm gonna need to throw, like, a million *shuriken* to work this off."

She jiggled her own plump belly at him for emphasis. Something in her plump navel glimmered, and Mike realized with amusement that it was a belly-button piercing, nearly buried by her newfound flab. Around the navel, soft pinkish stretch-marks showed, indicating she'd packed on the weight quickly.

"Hey, you still look good to me." He winked at her, lying through his teeth. "I'd give you a workout any day. Just saying..."

Ninjette whistled, swaying where she stood.

"Damn, cool your jets, Weed Guy... But like, I might take you up on that offer... Especially since we don't have a lot of weed money... We might be able to **URRRP**, come to some sort of arrangement..."

She looked him up and down, her beer-goggles turning his scrawny frame into a hunk inside her mind. "*Call me*," she mouthed at him, grinning, and shut the door.

Mike couldn't help it: he started to do his villain cackle. Softly at first, but once he got inside his car, he shut the door and let out a full-throated "BWA-HA-HA-HA!"

This was too good! Two ditzy, weed-and-booze-addled superheroines... and they were entirely at his mercy. Little did they know they weren't dealing with Mike the Weed Guy... they were, in fact, dealing with **BLUNT TRAUMA**, whose smoke-control abilities could be used to intoxicate superheroes into submission!!

And with two willing subjects to use his powers on in secret, he would quickly turn Emp and Ninjette from chubby but appealing cuties... into monstrously fat wash-outs! The Superhomies would lose a valuable team member, and the Jersey Ninja Clan would have one of their own taken out of the mercenary villain game, perhaps for good. It was a two-for-one deal!

For the rest of the afternoon, Mike wore a sinister smile on his face... for despite his flour-stained clothes and rag-tag appearance, he was secretly preparing to unleash *caloric doom* upon his unwitting victims! It was a brilliant scheme.

It was just a matter of time before they fell to his powers... and then, *finally*, he would get the recognition he deserved.

DAY... SEVENTY-EIGHT, MAYBE?

"Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Bubbly, amber-colored Cheapo-Beer drained out of the bottle and into Emp's eager lips as Ninjette, always the encourager, cheered her on. The two of them, mired in a haze of weed and booze, were sitting on the couch watching rom-coms... and trying, as usual, to get as fucked-up as possible.

At first, their "parties" had been simple hangout sessions, just another attempt to make sure Emp wasn't lonely. But as they grew more and more frequent, Ninjette had begun hanging around more and more, until she'd basically made the couch a permanent throne for her impressively rounded-out booty.

"Gluk... gulp..." Emp finished the bottle, beer drooling out the corners of her lips. "I... I did it... **BELLCH**." She wiped her lips, her eyes distant and glassy. "Am I... urrrp, did I win the drinkin' contest?"

"Heh. Not exactly, I'm still way ahead of you."

Ninjette chuckled as Emp slumped back onto the couch, clearly too drunk to continue doing... well, much of anything.

Well, Ninjette thought, at least her 'crying' phase is over. Now we're getting into her 'alcohol as coping mechanism' phase... Which is exactly my jam.

The increasingly plump ninja had camped out in Emp's apartment for weeks, a constant haze of weed-smoke filling the air around her as she allowed her ninja training to slacken. She wasn't being *lazy*, she was just... taking a break. And indulging her friend, who seemed increasingly happy to lie around and eat pizza instead of clubbing or training in her super-suit.

And honestly... Ninjette was fine with that. Except for one little problem...

POP.

"Ah, fuck."

Ninjette's booty-shorts had become unbuttoned again. Her stomach, deluged by enormous amounts of beer lately, had grown so swollen and plump that she was bursting out of her clothes. Blushing, she struggled to fasten the button again, her hands digging under the soft fold of new fat hanging over her waistband.

Emp giggled at her, and Ninjette scowled. "What's so funny?"

"Your tummy," Emp snickered. "It's just so... *cute!*"

Ninjette rolled her eyes. As their "parties" had grown into a daily occurrence, Emp had drifted further and further into the "cuddle zone," as Ninjette called it. With a steady stream of lite-pop and female rappers purring from her portable speaker, Emp had grown from an addiction to hugging, to an out-and-out cuddle monster. Even now she reached out towards Ninjette's puffed-up stomach, her fingers wiggling.

"Let me touch it... Just a little?"

"Ew, no." Ninjette jerked away, feeling her bottom wobbling with no small amount of embarrassment. "You know how I feel about touchy-feely stuff. Besides, the faster I **urrrp**, work this off, the better."

"But it's *adorable!*" Emp pouted, sitting half-upright on the sofa, giving her friend the best puppy-dog eyes she could manage. "Just let me squeeze it... Just a little. It'll make me *feel better*..."

Ninjette groaned. Ever since she'd taken her leave of absence from the Superhomeys, Emp had begun to abuse her boyfriend-less misery and wield it as a weapon, not-so-subtly reminding her friends how *lonely* and *sad* she was and how a two-girl spooning session might "perk her up" a little.

It was a little creepy, to be honest. She was like some sort of chubby, blonde spider, sitting in a web of pizza and beer and spooling in her friends for intimate snuggles until the sexual tension reached dangerous new heights. Ninjette couldn't prove anything, but she suspected in Thugboy's absence, Emp's rather obvious bisexual tendencies had swung firmly in the female direction. It was an awkward, if not entirely unpleasant, situation to be in.

Because Ninjette was lonely, too. The only action she'd gotten this month was screwing the pizza guy--Mike--under the stairwell. He was their weed dealer as well, and obviously it was a better option than actually *paying* him for pizza and weed, but it still felt weird. She always felt more high and drunk than usual when she was around him--almost like something about him fogged her mind, made her stupider and hornier...

Well, no matter. Awkward sex with her weed dealer aside, Ninjette was happy to receive Emp's attentions... if a little nervous. A long time ago, the Demonwolf had warned her that Emp's super-suit made her sexually insatiable. And from the sheer body heat and pheromones her "platonic friend" was putting out lately, Ninjette could practically *smell* Emp's desire to explore her lesbian side.

To be fair, she could smell a lot of other things too. Emp had stopped showering in the midst of her mopey Thugboy-free lifestyle, and her natural musk was beginning to take over from the floral shampoo and modest organic deodorants she normally used. It was a heady scent, primal and feminine, and it muddled Ninjette's ability to deflect Emp's horny advances. The smell of a fertile, almost painfully un-caressed woman yearning constantly for sexual attention... it was deeply confusing to be in close proximity with that level of raw, animal need.

Also confusing was Emp's apparent lack of interest in her own skyrocketing weight. The girl had put on nearly a dozen pounds in the last few weeks alone, but she seemed utterly oblivious to it. Maybe it was all the weed Mike was giving them, or maybe it was the beer Ninjette continued to supply her with, but Emp had finally stopped complaining about her weight. Ninjette suspected she was simply too horny to care about how plump she'd gotten.

And Emp was getting *extremely* plump. Ninjette didn't want to say anything, but her best friend had ballooned, and not in "all the right places" as Thugboy liked to say.

Where before she had been an exaggerated hourglass, Emp was finally tipping the scales into "true fatty" territory. Her stomach, once modest and soft with an appreciable layer of baby-fat, had started to develop into heavy thick rolls of pale blubber, which hung off her frame in a dangling shelf of fat. Her ass, once a site of constant scrutiny, had taken advantage

of Emp's lack of focus and exploded into a pair of twin hillocks that rivaled the size of small beach-balls, and came equipped with under-butt and over-butt rolls of cellulite-pocked lard.

Her arms, while they had always been a little soft, were now next to useless--plump, overstuffed appendages with dangling flesh on the upper halves, and tipped by chubby thick hands that were constantly wrist-deep in a bag of chips or a fresh pizza box. Her face, always round and moon-like, had bulged into a rosy parody of itself: her once alabaster cheeks were now puffy and chipmunk-like, her delicate chin surmounted by not one but *two* chubby extra versions of itself. Even her back was getting fat: Ninjette had noticed recently that the dreaded-among-women "back fat roll" was beginning to show up under her softened, buried shoulder-blades.

And her breasts... dear God, her breasts. Wearing nothing around the house but her super-suit, having grown too big and buxom for her normal T-shirts and panties, Emp was constantly displaying a rack that could have rivaled a Paleolithic Venus in size and fertility.

There was more sag to her bosom now, that was for sure... but Ninjette thought it was an acceptable trade-off for the sheer jiggle and wobble that now suffused her every motion. Watching Emp reach for a bong, or another slice of pizza, or the remote to her Nintendo Switch console was now a spectacle all on its own. Whenever she extended an arm, her overstuffed flabby breasts would dangle and wobble, *barely* held in check by the moderating influence of her flexible super-suit. It was like having a private peep-show that ran twenty-four hours a day. Ninjette couldn't get enough of watching those pendulous, swollen globes dangle and wiggle whenever Emp made the slightest movement.

Did she feel guilty about ogling her friend? Absolutely. But it was a fair trade, she thought, for Emp's constant attempts to fondle her plump ninja backside. And this war of dueling sexual impulses was slowly tipping in Emp's favor.

Despite her friend's newly blubbery body, or perhaps *because* of it, Ninjette found Emp powerfully attractive even in the depths of her newfound flabbiness. She was like a blowup-doll that someone had pumped way past its normal limits. Aggressively, powerfully sensual and dangerously jiggly, Emp's body practically hypnotized Ninjette.

Not that she was ready to *admit* that to anyone... even herself.

DAY ???

(FORSOOTH, THE WENCH'S WALL CALENDAR IS NOW TOO COVERED IN SECOND-HAND BARBECUE SAUCE SPLATTERS TO CONFIRM...)

Sistah Spooky levitated down onto Emp's roof, carrying another order of Burgermeister Meisterburger and Zap-It instant cuisine meals. She was in maximum pout mode.... not just because she'd been up all night with indigestion, although that was part of it.

Her best friends, Ninjette and Emp, were turning into total blobs. And while the newly "woke" Sistah Spooky was less body-judgmental than she had once been, to watch such a disaster unfold still gave her... concerns. It was pathetic to watch two fit, powerful superheroines in their prime go to pot like this.

It also made Spooky herself feel quite depressed. She had sold her soul for immortal hotness, after all--for the ability to walk into any room, anywhere, and feel happy. Secure. Powerful.

Yet... Emp and Ninjette had done nothing but gorge for weeks upon weeks. And they seemed happy and content with it. They weren't panicking over their waistlines, or running to Jenny Craig with their wide bottoms jiggling. They seemed *happy*. And even though they were a complete disgrace to heroes everywhere... Spooky still felt a little jealous of them.

If she had known that *she* could be truly happy without supernatural hotness, she might have never sold her soul at all. And her ex-girlfriend, Mind ██████, might not be trapped in Hell forever as collateral for her demonic deal.

"Whatever... They'll come out of the food-high eventually," she muttered, hovering over the side of the building onto the fire-escape. "And when they do... they're going to be miserable. Just watch."

An old, nagging voice tugged at the back of her mind: the voice of Mind ██████, still acting as her conscience after all these years.

But if they're truly happy living like pigs... really, genuinely happy... then what will YOU do? How will you react, when your own hotness turns out to be worthless--when you realize real joy was always possible as a chubby, schlubby nerd?

"Oh, shut up," she grouched, smoothing back her Buntu-knot side-cut and preparing to hover down to Emp's window for another "delivery." At this point, her reluctant involvement in Emp's gorging was mostly just to keep Emp from collapsing in tears. She simply would rather wait and let Thugboy deal with the fallout of his girlfriend's piggery--Spooky had never been good at friendship, much less comforting a morbidly obese blonde whose corruption was, frankly, the most disgusting thing she'd ever seen.

And yet, strangely alluring...

Spooky sighed. If Emp had gotten this fat just a year or two ago, it would've been a time for celebration. Her annoying upbeat, blonde rival in the Superhomies, transformed into a gluttonous hog? She would have thrown a ██████ing party over that. But now... she worried about Emp. She worried about both of them. There was something unnatural about the way they were eating, something almost... metahuman. As if they'd been infected with some sort of gluttonous-fat-girl zombie virus.

She paused as she saw another cloud of weed smoke billow out of the apartment window, wrinkling her nose. Spooky enjoyed weed--it was one of the few things that could quiet her social anxiety, being one of the only black women in an all-white superhero team--but the *sheer amount* of weed being consumed by her two friends was nothing short of absurd. They'd been either baked, or drunk, or both, for several weeks. It wasn't healthy.

And worse, they'd drawn *her* into their circle of depravity. She'd been binge-eating again--alone, not with Ninjette and Emp, but still. She blamed the two of them for her own relapse into old, gluttonous habits. Her Superhomeys bunk room was covered in the filthy remnants of junk-food feasts... and her body, while immune to weight gain, wasn't immune to the effects of multiple tons of carbs and grease destroying her digestive system.

Frrrrapppt.

Spooky winced and flapped her dark cape a little, struggling to hold her breath until the scent of her own flatulence dissipated on the wind. She checked to make sure there were no paparazzi around--she'd had to Force-mind-trick several photographers away from Emp's place, to avoid embarrassment all around--and then hovered down to the window.

But she noticed something odd: the weed-smoke was oozing back *into* the apartment. Against the current of the wind.

Raising an eyebrow, Spooky scanned the area once again, this time using her magic... and discovered a nearby metahuman hiding behind a dumpster.

And not just any metahuman. By the weed-themed hood and cloak he wore, emblazoned with a green pot-leaf, she knew it was Blunt Trauma--a two-bit criminal and bank robber whose powers could befuddle the minds of enemies as long as there was weed or THC around for him to manipulate. What the hell was *he* doing here?

Casting a simple invisibility spell, she hovered down behind him, and then reappeared in a billow of dramatic magical vapor. Her thigh-high boots and garters flashed as she walked towards him, platform heels clicking on the asphalt.

"Blunt, you asshole. What are you doing outside my friend's apartment?"

"Gah!"

Mike, alias Blunt Trauma, jumped as Spooky appeared from nowhere. Lowering his gloved hands, he quailed away from her. He'd never actually been in a real super-fight before, and he didn't have the health insurance for it--so he wasn't eager to start now.

"S-Sistah Spooky?" He swallowed, pulling off his mask and stuffing it into his pocket. "Uh, I was just practicing my um, my alley-lurking skills. Us villains need to keep our villainy skills sharp..."

"Don't bull[REDACTED] me, Blunt. I saw you messing with that smoke."

Spooky snapped her fingers, and supernatural chains emerged from thin air to wrap around Mike's body. He struggled, but the magical bindings simply squeezed him tighter. Against his better judgment, he couldn't stop staring at Spooky's thighs--was she getting chubbier, lately? There was just a bit of chub puffing out over the top of those thigh-high boots...

"Look," he said, stammering, "I didn't know she was your friend. I thought you guys were like, nemeses or something! Everyone knows you hate blondes--if anything I was doing you a *favor* by making her fat!"

"Fat?" Spooky's jaw dropped. "Oh, Blunt, you *didn't*..."

"Hey, it's not like I tried to kill her or anything..."

"God *damn* it, Blunt! Emp considers being fat a fate worse than *death itself!*"

Spooky face-palmed, groaning. "Once your powers wear off and she sobers up, she's going to freak the ████████ out!! I knew there had to be a catch to all this... No way that *super-chica* would pack on a hundred pounds on her own..."

Mike shrugged. "I mean... it's just fat, right? She can always go to the gym later..."

"You idiot! She'll never show her face in public again, once she figures out she's turned into a huge lard-ass! You have *no idea* how much damage you've done to her! This will crush her. And I *really* don't have the energy to deal with that right now."

The chains glowed with furious magical flame, and Mike trembled, falling silent.

Spooky felt the urge to pummel the D-lister villain into submission... but it wouldn't help. If anything, the minute she took his concentration off his powers, Elissa might stop being high. And if she stopped being high, she might look in the mirror. And if she looked in the mirror... it was all over.

"We have to keep her from freaking out," Spooky said, mind racing. "And her boyfriend's gonna be back any day now." She rubbed her chin, deep in thought. "We have to reinforce her self-image somehow--"

Frrrrumptfff...

Spooky winced as her plump rear let loose another blast of indigestion, the force of it lifting her cloak slightly. *Oh God*, she thought, *I just farted in front of a supervillain. There goes my menacing reputation...*

Mike squirmed, uncomfortable. "Uh, are you feeling okay? I've got some Pepto-Bismol in my car, if you need something to settle your..."

"Quiet, dumb-██████. I'm thinking."

Spooky tightened the chains, ignoring another thick *brappptf* from her behind. She cast a "silence" spell on her own buttocks--there was nothing she could do about the smell, but at least she could quiet her own obnoxious emissions. God damn that stupid blonde, making her stuff herself in lonely misery. If she didn't love Emp so much for saving her from Hell, she would have strangled the chubby bimbo long ago.

If only there was some way to convince said chubby bimbo that she was still beautiful... still gorgeous, despite her newly massive size. Emp needed to feel attractive, or she collapsed into whimpering uselessness. A confident Elissa Powers could move mountains, but an insecure one? An insecure Emp was just extra baggage. Virtually useless.

And Spooky needed her happy and confident... because without Emp, she didn't really have many friends left.

"Okay. Here's what we're going to do," she said. "Listen very carefully..."

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MOST VERILY...

Her apartment looked like the aftermath of some kind of junk-food carpet-bombing campaign, but Emp didn't care. She didn't care about much of anything anymore--except eating. Eating, and getting wasted. More wasted, anyway. Wasted-er? Whatever.

She was lying on the floor, the room spinning above her as Childish Gambino warbled from her phone, which had been abandoned in the kitchen. Her stomach churned, struggling to process the pile of double-stacked Taco Slut tacos she'd just ingested. She was going to have to hit the can again, soon--tacos always ran through her like wildfire. But for now, she simply enjoyed the heavy weight of the processed meat inside her, filling her with a greasy warmth that felt almost... divine.

She was high, she knew that. Very, very high. But it was like, a good kind of high. She'd been hitting Thugboy's bong since she woke up, and like... it felt good. It felt *great*, actually. Why hadn't she always lived her life like this? Just eating, and getting blazed? It was great. Everything was just so great. Well, except for the belching. That was kind of gross.

"BHELLLLCH."

The eruption of gas from her own mouth surprised her, although it was far from the first gassy belch she'd emitted that day. She did more belching than talking, lately. Which was... fine, honestly. Talking was so stressful. She'd rather just have a mouthful of food, instead. Speaking of which...

"Jette, honey," she slurred, waving a chubby hand in the air. "Where'sh... where'sh our next pizza? **HORRRP.**"

A groan answered her from across the room. The sound of dozens of beer bottles clinking together was followed by a wet, drunken fart from Ninjette, who had been lying in a puddle of spilled beer for about an hour or so.

FRARRRPT...

"██████ if I know, sweet cheeks," slurred the ninja, struggling to sit upright.

Ninjette's blurred vision told her that Emp--or at least, the blubbery butterball that *used* to be Emp--was lying in front of the couch, in between the disheveled cushions and the coffee table. Several of the cushions were missing--Emp had gotten blasted on a sativa strain last night, and tried to construct a pillow-fort in the kitchen.

The chaos didn't end there, either. The Caged Demonwolf was on the ceiling, duct-taped there by a blackout-drunk Ninjette after he had "talked too much smack about Emp's beautiful fat ass" in Ninjette's own words.

The apartment was a complete disaster zone. Value Mammoth drive-through meals, Zap-It mac-and-cheese containers, and empty booze bottles littered the entire place. Everything reeked of old, stale weed. An ashtray on the coffee table held the remains of dozens of blunts. And to top it all off, Ninjette was hung over. Again.

Well, there was only one cure for *that*. Using the foolproof logic of the alcoholic, Ninjette popped the cap off a nearby (warm) beer with her teeth and slugged it back, grimacing at the cheap taste. But it was alcohol, and alcohol was good.

"GULP... *glug, glug...* **HUORP Hic.**"

Ninjette needed a constant flow of booze into her system... because if she got functional enough to initiate anything, she felt she would jump Emp's bones *immediately*.

Using that same alcoholic logic, this had led her to conclude that she needed to stay in blackout mode constantly. If she couldn't walk or think straight, she would remain too drunk to have sex with her best friend. And if she didn't have sex with her best friend, she wouldn't piss off Thugbuy.

Mmm... Thugboy, she thought, draining the beer and belching again, hornier than a dockside sailor on shore leave. *Now there's a mountain I would LOVE to climb...* She glanced down at herself. *Not that he would probably want me climbing him, like this...*

In her desperate attempts to stay drunk enough to avoid romantic entanglement, Ninjette had finally tipped over the edge, her midsection going from "beer belly" to "beer gut-shelf." Her booze-fattened gut was so big it now rested on her lap, reaching almost to her knees, and it was currently splattered with smears of orange sauce from the Chinese takeout they'd been gobbling down for the last few days.

"████████ me, I got fat," she said, giggling to herself. She didn't know why this was so funny, but in her advanced state of intoxication, it seemed hilarious.

"Wuzzat?" Emp slurred from behind the coffee table.

"I said... I got ██████████ in' FAT!" blurted Ninjette, and burst out laughing.

For a while they just giggled to themselves, amazed by the strangeness of the statement. A *fat* ninja--who would've thunk it?

"I bet... **URRrrRP**, I bet I got fatter than you," slurred Emp, shifting behind the coffee table.

"Psh... Yer not *fat*." Ninjette, by now, was so used to telling this lie that it came instantly. "Yer like... gorgeous, you slut. So shut yer beautiful mouth."

This last part was true. Emp's additional weight had not made her less beautiful--if anything, the opposite. But when her friend staggered to a half-standing position, leaning against the couch, Ninjette had to admit she had a point.

Girlfriend had gotten *thick*.

Her hourglass proportions had gone from soft, to flabby, to incredibly, absurdly bloated. She was like a Venus of Willendorf figurine, so rotund and fertile-looking that her proportions were almost inhuman. A swollen, booze-fed stomach wobbled and dangled under her enormous, fecund breasts, which were barely contained by her now-shredded supersuit.

Her hips were gigantic, colossal and hypnotic, jiggling as she moved like some kind of plus-size stripper's. Her thighs were enormous, quivering pillars of pale flesh, the strips of super-suit material barely clinging to them and allowing puffy bulges of fat to show through.

And her ass... good Lord, *dat* ass. When she turned around to pull a bag of chips from between the couch cushions, Ninjette had to bite her lip and physically restrain herself from

pulling up her *own* gut and going to town on herself, a bisexual voyeur driven nearly mad with lust. Emp's ass was a thing of legend: a monstrous, titantic, wobbling meat-pile of quaking bootyflesh. In the words of Sir-Mix-A-Lot, baby had *back*. Miles and miles of it.

Emp wandered in a semi-circle around the couch before staggering over to Ninjette, nearly tripping on the countless beer bottles discarded around the bloated ninja. Ninjette watched her every move with complete fascination, as if lulled into some kind of trance by her friend's meaty, swaying body.

She's like someone took a blowup doll and filled it with Jell-O, thought Ninjette, wiping drool off her lips. *So... thicc... So juicy. God help me, I want her so bad...*

Then Emp stumbled and tumbled onto Ninjette, the impact softened by the nearly hundred pounds of soft flesh she'd accumulated. The two women were then face-to-face, Ninjette's beer breath mixing with Emp's weed breath to create a heavy, intoxicating cloud between them.

Ninjette's heartbeat quickened, her body growing warmer as Emp squirmed on top of her, eventually straddling her best friend. Emp's flabby FUPA now rested on Ninjette's swollen belly... and the heat emanating from under that fat-upper-pubic-area was like a furnace. A white-hot, smoldering cauldron of sexual greed. A horny Ferrari of fat muffin-flesh, revved up to hundreds of RPM's, ready to cut loose.

Ninjette, despite herself, whimpered a little bit as Emp belched softly in her face. The blonde's eyes were glazed with delirious delight, her expression distant and blissful, as she pressed herself against her friend with much more than "accidental" pressure. Her mammoth teats mashed against Ninjette's comparatively flatter, plump chest.

"**BraLLLch...** Hey," said Emp, giggling.

"Hey, yourself," slurred the ninja.

She found herself panting heavily as Emp wiggled a little bit, that white-hot energy in her loins leaving warm patches on Ninjette's bloated gut. Sure, this wasn't how 'Jette had imagined they would get it on... but she didn't care. Skinny or fat, drunk or sober, she *wanted* this woman. And as her sweaty palm reached for one of Emp's dangling, fat tits, Ninjette knew this was the right thing to do. If she wanted a piece of Emp--and she did, more than life itself--it was now or never.

And then the doorbell rang.

"Pizza!" Emp's eyes lit up.

In an instant, she was gone. Ninjette's palm was left hovering in the air where those glorious, swollen titties had been, grasping at nothing. The sexually frustrated ninja let out an *audible* whine of disappointment, the Niagara Falls inside her booty-shorts momentarily stymied by a lack of fulsome Emp to grab.

"Pizza, pizza, pizza... Gonna eat some pizza, *mm-hmm!*"

Emp did a little shimmy-dance towards the door, stumbling, and fumbled to open it. Ninjette watched her move with reverence: despite her size, Emp still moved with perfect grace, though her occasional klutziness would still reassert itself from time to time. Ninjette

suspected it was the super-suit keeping her so dexterous. If *Ninjette* ever got so fat--perish the thought, but it wasn't far away, with a gut like hers--she never could have been so nimble.

Finally, Emp got the door open.

"Hey **URRrrRRP** Mike, how's it going? Gimme!"

The blonde food-slut greedily grabbed the pizza boxes out of Mike's hands... except it wasn't Mike. Dark skin and full, plush lips lurked below the red ball-cap and its **PIZZA** insignia. The delivery-boy khaki slacks were filled to bursting with hips n' ass, and the red polo shirt was bulging with twin mounds of female fecundity. This person was far too sexy to be your average pizza-envoy.

Ninjette squinted. Her vision was blurry... but wasn't that... Sistah Spooky?

"You're getting *very sleepy*," said the delivery-girl, her sonorous tones entrancing them instantly.

There was something in her hand... some kind of pendulum, swaying back and forth. Instantly the two gluttonous super-girls fell into an obedient, slack-mouthed trance as Spooky's pendulum swung back and forth.

"Sleepy," echoed Emp, giggling as she stared at the swinging plum-bob on its string.

Spooky, for her part, felt terrible about this. Hypnosis magic was easily misused, and by far her least-favorite spell--it was prohibited in the Superhomie Code for a reason, after all. Technically, she was breaking the law just by *casting* a spell like this.

But it wasn't for personal gain or to coerce someone--in fact, quite the opposite. This hypnosis was meant to *help* Emp and Ninjette, not control them. A fact that didn't make Spooky feel any better... but at least she had good reasons behind her actions.

"Your boyfriend is on his way home from the airport," Spooky said, reciting the information she'd learned from a divination spell. Her low sonorous tones caused the girls' eyes to follow the pendant. "Soon he'll be here. You'll be *very* happy to see him... and when he asks about your weight, you won't have the *slightest* idea what he's talking about."

"Not the slightest... **BLLCH**, idea," echoed Emp, her voice distant and dreamy.

Spooky shivered a little--she had the extremely overweight blonde under her thumb. It was like one of her power-tripping fantasies come true: not only was Emp's body ruined, she was *totally* under Spooky's control.

But she had to resist the urge to make the girl strip, or twerk, or do anything humiliating that could be recorded for later. That would be immoral. She was here on a mission of mercy, after all. And who knew--Emp might not even obey. Hypnosis subjects wouldn't do anything they wouldn't normally do willingly... most of the time.

"And when you sober up and look in the mirror... your new size? It won't worry you at all. Same with you, Ninjette. So what if you've gained a few pounds? Thick is trendy, after all. You've just got more to love. It's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about," slurred Emp. "Thick is... **URRPF**, trendy."

Now she was grinning. Spooky rolled her eyes a little--of *course* Emp would happily concur with a hypnotic suggestion implying it was okay for her to be fat. She'd been looking for an excuse to stuff her face for her entire life... an impulse that Spooky, of all people, completely understood.

"You'll be proud of your size. Pleased with it. You'll feel sexy... Powerful."

"Powerful," whispered Emp, and her hands ran down her own body, squeezing her curves. "Mmm... Proud and sexy... Large, and in charge... [REDACTED] yes, I'm so effin' sexy... **Urrp...**"

Spooky raised an eyebrow--that hadn't been part of the suggestions! She was *ad-libbing*? Seriously?

It was a danger she probably should have considered before starting the hypnosis session. Emp was, perhaps, maybe a little *too* easily suggestible on these matters. As the fat blonde's fingers crept under her dangling belly towards her snatch, Spooky winced and decided to wrap things up... before Emp took things too literally and began exploring just *how* sexy she felt.

"And you won't feel uncomfortable during sex... quite the opposite. You also won't be bothered by people commenting on your weight... They're just haters, after all. You look good as hell, right?"

"Good as hell," purred Emp, and hiccuped, nodding.

"That's it. Now when I snap my fingers three times, you'll forget I was ever here. You'll clean up the apartment before Thugboy gets back... and you'll put some *clothes* on, for God's sake." Spooky directed this mostly at Ninjette, whose booty shorts and crop top had nearly vanished in her folds of fat. "And... Emp?"

"Yes?" cooed the drunken fertility goddess, still fondling herself. "**Urp...**"

Spooky sighed. "You really *are* beautiful. Inside and out. Sometimes I might hate you for it, but... you really are. Now, let's wrap this up before the Superhomies send someone to investigate what the hell happened to you--your leave of absence ended weeks ago, and I can only keep their questions at bay for so long."

One snap. Emp's eyes cleared, for a moment. She was trying to come out of the trance. Spooky began to sweat--it was too soon. If Emp "surfaced" from her trance before she left, and remembered what would happen, there would be questions. Too many questions.

Two snaps. Now Emp was looking at her quizzically--her conscious mind fighting free. Spooky held in a nervous fart. *Oh [REDACTED] oh God*, she thought, *please don't wake up... Please don't*. She raised her hand again...

"You're beautiful too," said Emp, and smiled with distant pleasure.

"Wh-what?"

"All of you. Your old self, and your **urrrp**, your new self." Emp giggled. "Though you could stand to put on a few pounds... Just saying, homegirl. Thick is trendy right now, you know?"

Spooky rolled her eyes. "God, shut up, you beautiful gassy fat *moron*. If I didn't hate you so much, I'd kiss you..." She sighed. "Maybe... maybe someday. Goodbye, Elissa."

And she snapped her fingers for a third and final time, teleporting away in a puff of demonic smoke and sparkling motes of energy.

Emp came to her senses quickly, blinking and peering out into the empty hallway. Someone had been there... a friend, someone she knew. But she couldn't think of who.

"Jette? Did... did someone just give us pizza?"

"Hmm?" Ninjette was already opening another beer. "What'shup?"

"Never... never mind, **urrrp**."

Covering her mouth as she burped--the first time in weeks she'd shown such decorum--Emp closed the door, gazing curiously at the pizza boxes on the floor. Well, at least they'd finally gotten their pizza. She was *starving*.

"Hey, you think we should clean up a bit?" she said, through a mouthful of now-cooled pepperoni pizza. "Thugboy's gonna be home soon... We should probably put some clothes on, too..."

"If you **HURRP**, say so."

Ninjette watched Emp carefully as the flabby blonde jiggled around the apartment, tidying up and humming her favorite Lizzo tunes as she did so. There was something... different about her. More confidence, more shimmy to her oversized rump. And Ninjette knew why.

Ninjas were conditioned to resist mental compulsions... including hypnosis. Ninjette had been able to use the anti-hypnosis *kanji* effectively since she was five years old. She remembered everything that had just happened... including how Sistah Spooky had accidentally cock-blocked her.

She and the witch were going to have a very interesting conversation, after Thugboy got back.

MEANWHILE, BEHIND YE OLDE DUMPSTER...

Outside in the alley, Spooky reappeared beside Mike, pulling off the pizza-boy outfit and handing it back to him.

"Thanks, Blunt. That should keep her from melting down for a few weeks, at least..." She sighed. "I hate to hypnotize her like that, but it's for her own good. Desperate measures, and all."

Mike raised an eyebrow. He was just happy to escape this fracas without an ass-kicking... but Spooky's methods were pretty strange.

"Won't her boyfriend *notice* that she got... uh, super ██████ing fat?"

"With her new, hypnotized confidence? He'll be too busy fending off blowjobs from her." Spooky snorted. "Besides, he likes 'em big. He's been trying to fatten her up for years-- she's usually just too obsessed with dieting to fall for it. Trust me, he's not going to complain."

"Huh." Mike nodded. "Well, I'll get going then. Thanks for uh, not killing me or anything..."

He made to hustle out of the alley, eager to get away from this crazy lesbian and her creepy obsession with Emp. Spooky snapped her fingers, and the magical chains reappeared, dragging him back towards her.

"Oh, no you don't. You corrupted my friend's brain with your weed-powers and turned her into a fat, gassy mess--you've gotta pay for that, buddy."

Mike swallowed. "Uh... How?"

Spooky grinned fiendishly, pulling her cowl and cape back on. She licked her lips, recalling the den of filth and depravity Emp's apartment had become. It had looked... well, like a lot of fun. Something she might enjoy doing herself, sometime. She was, after all, the expert in wallowing in her own misery.

"How does 'being my pizza slave for a year' sound?"

Mike groaned. "But my job--"

"Fuck your job, pervert. Mama's hungry... and she needs someone to stuff her face with pizza. Doing it on my *own* is just depressing, ya know?"

Spooky winked at him and *bamf*ed them both back to the Superhomey's Supercrib... along with all the pizza still sitting in Mike's car.

All this magic-casting and blonde blubber had made her very hungry... and very, very eager to explore her dildo collection.

"FORSOOTH, THE END!"