The thing about this whole “multiple love interests” thing is that sometimes it becomes easier and easier to tell when you have a type.

“*Tell me* you’re not still getting dressed.”

“Excuse you—what superpowers do you have this week that make it easy hauling all that around?” Mary Jane’s round face scowled over a bloated buccula that buried her neck, “Because I can *assure you* that I definitely don’t have them.”

Mary Jane had barely been able to stand up from the couch without getting out of breath, let alone dress herself without getting exhausted. Rosy red cheeks rounded out beneath layered scarlet locks as she huffed and puffed her way towards some semblance of decency. A pink and yellow striped tank top that would have been more circus tent than fashion ensemble on anyone else nestled nicely on *almost* the outermost swell of her stomach. Billowing out quite literally further than she could possibly reach (at least, reach all of it) Mary Jane Watson had finally achieved half-nakedness.

“Besides, I was doing my makeup.”

“More like you were putting off getting that absolute dump truck off the couch.” Black Cat cocked a silver eyebrow as she shifted her weight on one hip, “Those craft service tables must be treating you well, Red.”

“A little too well if you ask me.” MJ huffed, running a slow stripe down the lily-white tier of tummy that drooped down onto her lap even now that she was standing, “…and I do not have a dump truck.”

“It’s definitely where all those calories get dumped.” Felicia snorted to herself as she sauntered about the midtown apartment like an overfed housecat, floorboards creaking underneath the silver-haired sow as her leather-clad largeness threatened to slosh and bounce beneath that skin-tight outfit, “But while you’re still getting your act together… lemme get off my feet…”

There weren’t many chairs around that could house a woman of Felicia Hardy’s stature. The recent expansion that had gripped no small amount of New York women hadn’t left the Black Cat as no small amount of New York woman. Not quite as rotund as the redheaded civilian that had taken her sweet time getting ready, but still a far cry from the svelte rooftop runner that had once upon a time made a name for herself as the Queenpin of Crime.

And luckily, two chairs would suit her just fine.

“It’s not exactly like you’ve slimmed down since the last time I’ve seen you.” MJ furrowed her autumn red brow, scowling at the top heavy purse snatcher that had plod heavy-footed into her apartment, “You’ve got to be carrying… what… an extra forty pounds?”

“Which one of my girls are you talking about?” Felicia grunted as she seated herself across both cushions, “Ahhh…”

The zipper worked itself cleavage down, threatening to pop apart in some high-stress areas of her furry black cat suit. With all of the heft that she had crammed into it, it was hardly surprising that the thing already looked like it was ready to give out.

“Much better.”

“You’re not going to help me get dressed?” MJ almost whined, her arms hanging out in a big fat T as she stared at the seated sneakthief, “I can’t pull up my shorts all by myself, Felicia!”

“Hey, I got dressed all by myself this morning.” The Black Cat shrugged, her stomach cutting into the bar counter of MJ’s stylish (and well-used) kitchen suite, “From one big girl to another, you’ll feel better if you manage to pull those ugly denim shorts up one hamhock at a time.”

“My shorts are *not* ugly.” MJ harrumphed as she made a half of an attempt at bending over all by herself, “And… a-and… hrk… *ugh*… can you give a girl a hand here?”

“Oh *fine* you big baby.” Felicia rolled her eyes as she eased herself off of the comfortable cushions that she had literally just plopped down on, “I’ll help you make yourself decent.”

Felicia low-level healing factor and very minor amounts of super strength weren’t things that often came in handy before the weight gain. But now that she was teetering four-hundred pounds (with it becoming less “teetering” and more “over” by the day) it really made it obvious just how much those small skills had helped her throughout her life as New York City’s most prestigious thief. Even now that she was far too tubby to get the drop on anybody, they provided her with the opportunity to stay far more mobile than, say, a certain redheaded actress who had gone and gotten too fat for her own good.

“What exactly has Pete been *feeding* you, honey?” Felicia snarked as she struggled to squeeze one of Mary Jane’s pillary legs into the denim cut-off leg, “These things have to be at least a size too small.”

“He hasn’t been feeding me *anything* lately, and I think you know that!” MJ huffed, struggling to spread her legs apart as her super-powered counterpart hiked the biggest pair of denim cutoffs this side of Staten Island up along her cellulite-riddled thigh, “I didn’t ask for sass, I asked for help covering my—”

“Unfortunately, sass is just part of the deal Red.” MJ yelped as Felicia forced a wayward fold into the leg of her jeans, “There we go—all better on this side, now onto the next one…”

“Remind me next time to just wear a dress…”

The two of them together weighed more than half a ton. That much was becoming clearer and clearer with every pound that they gained. But rather than the sort of even spread between them, it was becoming clear that the redheaded side of their dichotomy had long gained some headway in size. Whereas to a certain point they had maintained a sort of balance between them, *something* had clearly tipped the scales in Mary Jane’s favor.

That something having clear evidence in the form of various takeout wrappers from around New York. Whether it was just Peter being a good boyfriend, MJ’s own rampant appetite, or the lingering reaction towards whatever had fattened the two of them (plus a few more members of their select cast), or yet some further combination of the three, Mary Jane had absolute ballooned in size. She had to have outweighed Felicia by…

“A *hundred* pounds?” she asked out loud, squeezing the palmful of thigh flab that rolled out from underneath her shorts leg, “A hundred and *twenty*?”

“Hey, stop that!” MJ reached down futiley in an attempt to swipe at Black Cat’s nails, “That—i-it tickles!”

“Woah there, don’t—*ugh*—don’t lose balance now…”

Standing up to her full height was getting exhausting, even for a low-level superhuman like Felicia. The very small amount of super strength that her powers (come and go as they may) granted to her made bending over to help squeeze this house-sized redhead into her jorts was hardly enough to keep her muscles from straining and her back from aching. Who knew that having such assets would have been so *painful* at this size? She could hardly imagine how the comparatively less strong but far larger redhead was faring…

It was enough to put it all into a certain amount of perspective, anyway.

“Woof… I think you might have had the right idea, Red.” Felicia frowned, placing a hand on her stomach as her feet ached beneath her, “I might need to sit down.”

“We just got me standing up!” Mary Jane put her hands on her wide (wide, *wide*) hips, “Weren’t you just grilling me about taking too long to get changed?”

“Yeah, but…” The big fat Black Cat plopped down on the opposite end of the sofa, the leather on her costume squeaking and groaning as it struggled with the girth of its wearer and the grip of the couch beneath her, “Ugh… *I* still have to *unchange.* The last thing that I need is to be spotted in an elevator now that I’m too *well endowed* to make any quick getaways through the shaft…”

“Unbelievable.” MJ scoffed as she lowered herself down, “And don’t plop down like that; if you break this thing—”

“If this thing can hold *you* then I think it can handle *me* just fine.” Felicia leaned back as she struggled with the zipper, caught along the tight pulls of her costume’s fabric as it stretched to fit the swell of stomach fat that her ample chest sat on like a shelf, “Wanna do a girl a favor and unzip me?”

“I will never in my life understand what Peter ever saw in you…” Mary Jane rolled her eyes, paused for a brief moment, and then waved Felicia over with an arm-rolling gesture, “Alright then, bring that thing over here… God it looks like it’s stuck. How tight *is* this thing?”

“A whole lot tighter after lunch, I can tell you that much for sure.” Felicia’s green eyes darted around the apartment, “Got any hand-me-downs from your skinnier days, Red? I could use a little something to change into.”

“…unbelievable.”

“What? You seem pretty stylish. I wouldn’t mind borrowing a few things.”

The Black Cat’s chunky marshmallow cheeks dimpled deviously with her shit-eating grin.

“It’s not like you’re going to be needing anything that’ll fit *me* any time soon anyw—”

“*YOU CAN ALWAYS DRESS YOURSELF YOU KNOW.”*

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The two of them together weighed just a hair over half of a ton. And all of that squeezed into one room in the middle of a crowded hospital in Midtown meant that every one of those thousand pounds between them made one Peter Parker’s tiny suite that much more cramped.

“Ugh, these places always… *mmph*…” Mary Jane took a big bite of her hospital cafeteria sandwich, “…they make me sho uncomfortable.”

“You’re telling me.” Felicia fought against her natural instinct to lean back in her chair, knowing the calamity that such an action would surely bring, “Does he… you know… get put into the hospital a lot? These super hero types usually have some kind of healing factor, right?”

“Er… yes and no…” MJ stuffed the rest of her sandwich into her mouth, laying her now idle hands on top of her shelf of a stomach as it surged forward between her legs, “Iff…kinda comflifated.”

“Riiight. I’ll make sure to ask later, when you’re not comfort eating.”

“I am *not* comfort eating.” The ravenous redhead frowned tightly at the silver-haired sow, “How can you be so flippant about this?”

“He’s… you know.” Felicia pantomimed a quick thwip-thwip, “He’ll be fine.”

“Easy for you to say…” MJ pouted, reaching into her purse for a candy bar that her sausage fingers began to deftly unwrap, “This is… what, your *first* bedside visit?”

“I wasn’t aware that it was a numbers game.”

“*Listen, you—*”

As the two wide, overweight women began to bicker amongst themselves, voices raised as blubber rolled with their dramatic movements, the sleeping figure of one Peter Parker slowly began to shake off the morphine. Whether it was the voices of two of his most prominent love interests helping him back to the waking world or the distinct tones in their voice, he simply wasn’t able to stay asleep.

“Oh… hey…” He said in a slow, sleepy tone with a big smile on his face, “I’ve… had this dream before.”

Had his eyes been up on their faces, it might have meant a little something different. But as his brown eyes were locked on the two massive stomachs that pooled into their laps, spreading their legs wide as they drooped down over the edge of the chairs, MJ and Felicia couldn’t help but catch the significance.

“D’you wan’ me to order the pizza, or should I?”

“I *told* you he was fine.” Felicia shrugged her shoulders.

“Unbelievable.” MJ chuckled, tossing away her candy bar wrapper, “Well, you’re obviously not *that* beat up, Pete.”

“Shh. If you say that too loudly they might take away my morphine drip.”