

MRS. INCREDIBLOB

Z.O.B. Industries



“Bob, do you think I’m... getting fat?”

Bob Parr froze in the middle of hand-washing his wife’s casserole dish. Also known as Mr. Incredible, the sandy-haired man had faced down giant robots, insane supervillains and had once steered an entire cruise ship’s rudder with his bare hands. But in this moment, in the kitchen of his beautiful home, even with all his strength... he was powerless.

Slowly, he turned to regard his wife. It was late, and their kids had gone to bed, leaving their new faux-future hilltop home empty and cavernous. Mrs. Incredible, alias Helen Parr, alias Elastigirl stood at the edge of the open-plan kitchen, wearing her bathrobe. She pulled it open, blushing slightly to reveal her underwear.

Well... It was true, his wife hadn’t been the *model* of skinny lately. Always a little on the “thick” side, Helen had bloomed into a wide-hipped matronly beauty after her three children and a lifetime of parenting. But now Bob saw that his precious wife was tipping the scales at a little bit more than “thick.”

Her stomach, once a little chubby but with not a single stretch-mark due to her elastic skin, was pooching out over the waistband of her sensible, no-nonsense granny panties. Her bust was sagging slightly, but the impressive mass of her rack made up for its descent in sheer, jiggly pale volume. And he had to admit, her face looked a lot rounder than usual.

But “fat” wasn’t the right word. She was just... Soft. Soft, and kind of sensual, even with the extra weight. After the incident with the Screenslaver, she’d packed on a few more pounds from stress alone, working with Mr. Deavor to keep superheroes in the good books of public consciousness. This meant lots of activity, but it also meant late nights, quick fast food meals, caviar at big events, wine at dinners with the mayor... and it seemed all that had rubbed off on her waistline.

Bob realized he was staring, still caught in the trap of that age-old question. “Uh... no, honey!” But his pause doomed him.

Helen raised an eyebrow, brushing back her bob-cut. “That took you a minute.”

“I was just admiring your... figure.” True, but now he was in a hopeless position—he sounded like he was covering up. He began scrubbing the dish faster, hoping to distract her with his excellent husband skills.

“Bob. You need to be honest with me.” She sidled up to him, pressing against him, her brown eyes boring into him. “I can’t afford to look bad for the cameras, right now. If I’m putting on weight, you need to tell me.”

He took a deep breath. Inside his heavy, craggy forehead, Mr. Incredible’s mind was racing. *If I tell her she’s gotten chubby I’ll be sleeping on the couch for weeks... But if I can also bring a solution to the table, that might stall her long enough for me to escape and watch some TV before bed. Howdy Doody reruns are on tonight, and I’ll be damned if I miss Howdy Doody for an argument about the size of Helen’s gut.* And she *did* have a bit of a gut. Not much of one, but it was there.

“Look, everyone has a hard time juggling family and super-heroing. We’re all feeling it—even Violet. She’s been getting a little... puffy lately.”

“She’s going through puberty, Bob. That doesn’t count.”

“Maybe not.” He brandished a dish-towel at her. “But *you* have an advantage she doesn’t. If you’re worried about... how you look... you could always just use your powers, to re-shape your body. Right?”

She sighed. “We’ve been over this, Bob. It requires continual concentration, and there’s no way I can hold it that long.”

“When was the last time you tried? Before we got married, right?” He winked at her, the old fire lighting in his eyes—the legendary insatiable lust of a super-strong, invulnerable lover. “You were insecure about the size of your butt. But I told you...”

“There’s just more to love.’ I remember.” She leaned against the counter, seeming pacified, and Bob grinned. *Score one for Mr. Incredible. I’ve still got it!* “I guess I could try it again... I’ve got more control over my powers these days.”

She drew in a deep breath, and her stomach shrank, the mass shifting up to her bosom and down into her hips. Bob’s jaw dropped. In an instant his wife had gone from a slightly chubby house-mom into a super-hourglass, absurdly proportioned MILF with enormous breasts and a set of killer hips nearly the width of his own shoulders.

“Wait, you could do this the *entire time* we’ve been married? And you never told me?”

“It takes a lot of effort, Bob!” She was speaking out of the corner of her mouth, as if to retain concentration. “But... hey, it’s not that hard. You think this’ll fool the press?”

“It could fool ME into having three more kids,” he said, licking his lips. “At *least* three. Maybe six.”

“Easy there, tiger.” She darted away from his groping, lecherous palms, her newly expanded chest bouncing and quivering. Her ample assets looked ready to *explode* out of her modest brassiere. “Okay. If I do this every morning before I go into work... I can probably keep it up long enough to fool everyone. But sooner or later, I do need to go on a real diet. And do more exercise than just punching a robber in the face, once a week.”

“Sure, sure.” He rubbed her shoulders as she sighed, her body reverting into its normal, slightly frumpy frame. “In the meantime, I’ve got some ice cream leftover from the kids’ school social. If you want to polish it off, no one will know... Not with your huge elasticized Howitzers in their face, at least.”

She snickered. “Fine. But no more ice cream after this. I mean it, Bob... You have no idea how crazy my weight can get, if I don’t watch it. Hyper-elastic skin, remember?”

Bob, for his part, was filled with mental visions of hourglass Helen getting more and more exaggerated with every spoonful of Chocolate Fudge Dip. He pulled the ice cream from the freezer, in his excitement almost pulverizing the spoon he grabbed for it. “Yeah, yeah. Here—make sure you don’t miss a single drop. Waste not, want not, right?”

And so began the most dangerous dance of them all: Mr. Incredible vs. the Widening Waistline of Helen Parr.

In the days that followed, fixated on Helen’s faux-hourglass physique, Bob did whatever he could to slip calories into her diet. Sure, she might be a totally exhausted, plump mess when she let go of her concentration—but the crazy proportions of her “false” figure drove him wild. As a man, it was his duty to get that figure even more pronounced. How could he simply pass up such an opportunity.

And so... Eggs and bacon for breakfast. Plus pancakes and the occasional mimosa, just to loosen her up. By the time she climbed aboard her Elastibike, she was practically groaning with food—and every ounce of that food turned into more Helen, which she could shift into her chest and rear to provide a show the likes of which Bob had never seen. Her arrival home every evening, tired but happy, was like a dream. She would enter the garage slightly more curvy than when she’d left, the effects of the day’s digestion packed onto her hips and chest. And by the time they were done making love and she finally let the illusion go, he was too satisfied and sleepy to notice that the *real* Helen was getting... big. Really big.

After weeks of this treatment, the “daytime” Helen had become the talk of the town, while the “nighttime” Helen had shot from simply fluffy to out-and-out *fat*. By day, newspapers wondered about this late-career “blooming” of her body—was it a mutation caused by her powers, or had Elastigirl passed the mantle to a bustier, more booty-licious successor? Either way, no one was complaining.

Least of all Bob. He’d also been making quiet phone calls to Mr. Deavor to ensure her “office” at work was packed with treats—champagne from “admirers,” boxes of chocolates, the works. Really, it felt a little dishonorable, but *that booty* was worth it!

At least, until the results came home to roost.

One night Helen arrived tired and a little tipsy from a post-office party, staggering off her Elastibike and into the kitchen with all the grace and poise of someone who’d been hit by a truck. Bob was waiting with a late, late dinner for her: grilled salmon, steak tips and—of course—more wine. But Helen waved it all away.

“Bob... I can’t. I’m stuffed. Work was a real bear today—I almost lost my body’s control during the toast! And these... Huge *things* keep getting in the way of my crime-fighting.” She tried to adjust her breast size with her powers, breathing heavily, but the colossal udders simply bulged out even further. Helen was red-faced and sweating, clearly struggling to control her oversized hips-and-cannons frame. She wasn’t used to it, and nearly knocked over the table with her colossal rear as she jiggled into the dining room.

“Are you sure? I had Dash run this salmon all the way from the coast... Harvested and cleaned just a few hours ago. Poor little guy is exhausted.” This was partially true—he *had* made Dash do it, but these days it took more than a coastal run to get the kid wiped out. With growing bodies, he’d discovered,

came growing powers. *And growing super-speed masturbation sessions. That reminds me, I need to get him more tissues.*

“I... I guess I could try a little of it...” Helen, giving in to guilt and her own natural sense of decadence, reclined in a chair at the dining room table. Bob realized later he should have sensed the danger, when one of the chair legs creaked and bent. Even at her sized, with breasts roughly the size of watermelons (*my God, she’s beautiful*) and an ass so comically vast that it brushed the edges of doorframes, she shouldn’t have been heavy enough to bend metal. He’d missed crucial signals... and he’d been underestimating how much Helen was eating during the day.

The truth was, Helen could compress her mass as well as shift it—it was how she could “flatten” herself, or turn herself into a boat or parachute. But this time she was using it for a different purpose: to conceal from him just how “robust” she’d become under his pampering and the office’s ample salary.

“Mmf... Sho **urrrrp** good. Whoopsh, pardon me.” Flushed with wine and stuffed with steak, Helen nevertheless kept eating as Bob watched, entranced. “Bob... I really should slow down... You can’t keep **URRAPP** cooking for me... I mean, look at this!” She gestured at her massively distorted body, with its wobbling turbo-breasts and the ass that overflowed from her seat and dangled down on both sides. “What must the kids think? This body is going to give Violet a complex!”

“She knows you’re just keeping up appearances. It’s all a part of show business, right?”

Helen grunted, wiping her mouth with a napkin. “Yes, but this show is getting a little out of hand...” She lowered her voice. “All this food has made me *really* gassy, and I’m not sure how long my elastic powers can hold it in—”

“You’ll be fine. Here, have some mashed potatoes.” Bob dished out treat after treat as Helen, stuffed to the gills but unwilling to turn down her hard-working husband’s hospitality, continued eating. Eventually even her considerable elasticity powers couldn’t contain the sheer mass of her meal—her stomach bulged outwards, surging against the table, the fibers of her super-suit containing her but now spattered with tiny crumbs, blotches of steak sauce and the occasional drop of wine.

“Bob... I don’t think I can... I’m starting to **URRRppph** lose the form...” Helen bit her lip and wiggled in her seat, groaning with the sheer effort of staying “hourglass” in the face of the onslaught of calories. Her stomach, already sensitive at the best of times, was now churning with the bulk of food shifting inside her guts. She was openly sweating, her pursed lips clenched between red, shining cheeks. “I... I’m gonna blow...”

“Ah, crap.” Bob paused as he realized something—in his relentless pursuit of a bigger, sexier Helen, he’d forgotten she didn’t *really* look like this all the time. Underneath this mega-curvy goddess was a Helen who was overfed, overweight, and probably (given how many carbs he’d been feeding her) *loaded* with gas. “Maybe you’re right... Let’s get you to bed. I’m sorry, hun.”

“No, it’s fine...” She struggled to her feet, and Bob winced. In addition to her fertility-goddess hips and her jaw-dropping breasts, Helen was now sporting a sizeable gut, loaded with the efforts of his cooking... plus, Lord only knew how many pounds of suppressed fat under her suit, compressed by her powers and begging for release. “**Hooorpf**. Bob, I can’t let the kids see me like this. C-can you... use the emergency codes? Just this once. Until I get to the bedroom, and... let it hang out a bit. **BURRRAP!**” Her eyes crossed with the force of this belch, and she covered her mouth, looking queasy.

“You got it.” He tapped a keypad on the wall, and with a single button, locked Violet and Dash in their rooms. It was a drastic measure, one they’d added after the Screenslaver attacks, but it worked. Besides, hopefully they were asleep... not likely, giving the raging fires of puberty that burned in this house lately. But it was possible.

Whatever, they have wi-fi, they’ll be fine. Damn, she’s getting big! Maybe a little too big... He lost himself in the swaying of her voluminous hips for a moment. Nah. No such thing. Not for Helen.

... Probably.

He helped Helen to the staircase and assisted her as she heaved her huge, exaggerated form up the stairs. Each step caused her inflated jello-booty to jump, quake and slap the wall, and Bob struggled to keep his self-control as she stripped off her suit’s gloves and top, tossing them over the rail onto the couch.

“Bob, I’ve been thinking... *huff*, **urrrphh**... we really should get some... probiotics sometime... I’m getting so **brrrrelch**, accustomed to this food, it’s wrecking my... digestive system...”

“Mm hmm,” he said, mesmerized by her bouncing rear.

“No, I mean, it’s really... It’s really bad... *Oh god!* Get down!”

He didn’t realize what she meant until it happened. A blast of foul wind emerged from her titanic rump, washing over him in a gust of vaguely onion-scented flatulence.

FWARRRPTF!! Coughing, he was robbed of his boner... and he was suddenly glad he’d locked the kids in their rooms.

“Wow, Helen, what have you been eating at work?”

“It’s not just work. Maybe if SOMEONE hadn’t been stuffing me with goodies every time I get home—*ugggh*, here comes another!”

This time he was ready. Somersaulting over his wife, he was in the clear when an obscene **FRWUMPTFF** roared out of her monster booty, and he landed face-to-face with an angry—but clearly embarrassed and shameful—Helen.

“B-Bob. My body’s about to let loose...”

“Smells like you already let loose, to me.”

“I mean my *elastic* powers, Bob!”

“Right, right!”

With her helpful coaching, he assisted her to their room. But when she reached the doorway, a look of absolute terror crossed her face.

“Aw, no, not here—no, no, NO!”

But it happened anyway. A deep rumble from within her body, a quiver of flesh all over her frame, and Helen’s idealized 8-shaped silhouette *exploded* outward, her ass surging towards Bob and her belly oozing and sagging outward, dangling between her legs.

Her arms grew like dough in an oven, each of them dangling with flab inside the red fibers of her suit. Her neck thickened, her thighs ballooned and each calf became its own chubby football of fat, descending down into ample cankles inside her black leather boots. The force of her rear, which continued to grow as her elastic powers failed, smashed him across the hallway... and pinned him against the wall as the flabby mass of her thighs, ass and the anterior angle of her gut mashed him there.

“Mmf... Helen...” He struggled out from the ass-avalanche and held his nose as another raunchy *p'toot* trumpeted out of her. “Whew. You’ve been, uh, holding back a *lot* lately, haven’t you?”

“This is YOUR fault, Bob!” His wife grumbled and whimpered inside the doorway, wedged inside it, kicking her legs helplessly. “You and your damn pampering... and your desserts... Hey, what are you doing back there? Are you feeling me up?”

“I’m getting the bottom of your super-suit off. We might be able to slide you through the doorway, without it.” She was even fatter under the suit—her ass was a dual mountain of gleaming, slightly sweaty fat. But Bob had to admit, as grotesque as she was, that *booty*... It was majestic. It was a marvel of nature. A monument to fertility and indulgence.

And while he was here... he might as well honor it.

“Bob... Is that your *tongue*? Bob, what are you doing? Cut that out and behave yourself right... right...” Inside the bedroom, Helen’s eyes widened and she shivered, as her husband gently pried her legs apart and began doing his patrician, duties right there in the hall. “I thought the gas would slow you down, you horndog... That’s why I let it out... *Mmf*...”

“Hey, relaxing helps your body stretch, right? I’m just helping you... relax.”

Helen rolled her eyes... then smiled and gasped as Bob found his rhythm, his wedge-like face jamming firmly in her crotch. “Oh, MY. You haven’t changed a bit... Even in this mess, you’re still... *Mmf*. Still a dirty super-perv.” She sighed, her mouth hanging open as her husband pleased her. “B-but if you think it will help... Why not? Go ahead... *Oooh* goodness. **URRRAP!**”

Meanwhile, across the hall, from through the keyhole, a curious eye watched all this unfold. Their rooms were soundproofed and locked down, but Violet Parr knew what she was seeing.

And to her concern, disgust and total panic... Violet kind of *liked* it.