

Keeping two hungry women fed was a hard job.

Especially when you're poor Peter Parker.

"We can cut back Pete, it's no big deal."

"Yeah, losing a bit of weight isn't the end of the world."

For the past few months, or weeks in MJ's case, the scale had only gone up.

But their budget had gotten tight.

Felicia's website business had hit a slump, and there were fewer commercials coming MJ's way.

As a result, to keep their pant strings tight, the pursestrings also had to be tight.

No more lavish takeout feasts, no more expensive gainer shake.

To keep the gains going, the two of them started eating a lot of peanut butter.

Pete did his best, rubbing the small belly formed on MJ's stomach and the growing blob on Felicia's, but it was clearly taking a toll on him, not being able to keep his feedee's fed.

He tried selling more and more photos to the Bugle, but even Jameson wasn't as interested in more photos of the Wall-Crawler, after people online started accusing him of secretly being his publicist.

The two ballooning babes decided they had to step it up and earn more money, for both theirs and Peter's sake.

Felicia tried to set up a site and sell photos of her growing body, but there were so many people claiming to be her online it was hard to attract a following. And MJ had strict clauses in her contract preventing her from doing the same if she wanted to see any of the small residuals she got from her show in Texas.

Felicia even considered going back to cat burglary, but her promise to Peter and lack of athleticism made that a moot point.

And that's what brought them here.

To the Baxter building.

"I'm sorry, you want us to fund, what?"

Sue Storm, the Invisible Woman, rubbed the bridge of her nose.

When the two of them walked, or in Felicia's case waddled in, she had wondered what happened to them.

Felicia was a lumbering 400 pound barrel of woman, stuffed into pants and a tank top way too small for a woman of her stature. It was a miracle a tit didn't knock itself free from her bra.

Mary Jane was less changed, but still heavier. A pot belly pressed into her fashionable top. It looked like she had gained 20 pounds or so.

She thought seeing them so overfed would be the most outlandish thing that happened today.

Then she heard their proposal.

"We want you to fund our weight gain."

MJ was blushing almost as red as her hair, but Felicia had clear conviction in her eyes.

Sue sighed.

"Girls, we have a variety of weight loss drugs in development, and we would be happy to--"

"No, we aren't interested in that."

Sue shook her head.

"We aren't a charity. The money we give out has to be for specific research purposes. I understand the nature of your relationship with Peter, but that doesn't mean we can fund your... kink."

Sue said that last word like it left a bad taste in her mouth.

Felicia then smirked and opened a binder in the bag she was carrying.

"What's that?"

"A formal proposal. Think of the benefit of learning how the body reacts to extensive weight gain, materials to assist the immobile, ETC."

Sue looked through the binder, and she was honestly impressed.

Especially the part where they would research the brain's pleasure centers. Something about that intrigued her.

“Ok, this proposal looks... solid, so I am willing to fund a probationary period. And no word to anyone about who is funding this, okay?”

Sue signed a check and Felicia and MJ looked at each other and smiled.

Peter came home that night, beaten and exhausted.

The photo's didn't sell like he had hoped, and he was not looking forward to telling the two loves of his life that the food budget would have to be tightened again.

Instead, he saw a table full of expensive meals. Brisket's, meat pies, you name it.

And devouring all of it were his girlfriends.

MJ was wearing one of Felicia's old suits, unzipped to make room for her gut, while Felicia was wearing black lingerie with a white fur trim.

“Oh, hey Spider,” she said, a glint in her eye. “Didn't hear you come in.”

Mj burped. “Why don't you come over here and make sure we never go hungry again.”

“Girls, this is great, but how are we affording all this?”

Felicia slid over her binder.

“Let's just say Reed Richards is out new sugar daddy.”

Peter beamed.

“This is... great! I'm sorry I couldn't earn enough money for all three of us “

MJ smirked at felicia.

“Told you he would apologize before feeding us.”

The three of them laughed.

Peter got to work.

Elsewhere, in the Baxter building, Sue Storm was thinking.

The changes Felicia and MJ had gone through were substantial, but they seemed ecstatic about changing even further.

They had been some of the most attractive people on the planet, and maybe even off of it, but they had willingly gone through such drastic weight gain on purpose.

And they didn't look at all any less attractive.

She did some research, and found the whole online sub-culture to be fascinating.

She even found people who dressed as a fatter version of her.

Was she... Considering this? Actually?

Reed was always saying they should spice up their marriage.

And she wasn't getting any younger.

Sue placed an order from her favorite pizza place.

As a scientist herself, she wanted to make sure she studied this from every angle.