As far as Gwendolyn Poole was concerned, enough was never enough.

It never had been! Ever since she had hit puberty she’d developed a budding fascination with the flabby female form, leading to a rather stout physique even before she decided that she wanted to become a gainer outright.

Was it a little embarrassing to be one of *those* people at the comic shop when she got her weekly pulls? A little—nobody liked being a stereotype, and boy did she fit the bill of “chubby nerd”. Even *before* she learned how good food in the hodgepodge DC/Marvel U could taste, Gwen had weighed a respectably hefty two-hundred pounds of pinky blonde cuddle fluff.

That all being said, the extra eighty pounds or so that she’d picked up *since* then hadn’t been at all unwelcome.

“If all those stories about fat girls getting fatter has taught me anything…” Gwen’s cheeks bulged out from underneath the exposed mouth of her too-tight cowl, the white pleather straining against her dimpling jowls and puffy face, “It’s that if you get enough of ‘em together and cram them into some tight outfits, they *will* start to rub off on each other…”

If anybody would know about the inner workings of how these types of things tended to work out in fetishy superhero universes, it would almost *have* to be Gwen.

She’d been reading kinky fat lit since she was probably too young to be reading that kind of thing. Everyone had a kink, and this was certainly Gwen’s. She’d spent countless hours glued to her laptop, ogling the rolls and folds of her favorite BBW models and supporting her favorite artists on Patreon.

“It’s kinda neat that there’s a Plus Spider *inside* this universe, as long as I don’t think about it too hard.” She gnoshed a Dagwood-style sandwich, cast aglow in the sharp blue light of her base of operations underneath Wonder Mall, “Either way, still subbing to their Patreon—maybe if I pal around with enough big gals in tights, *I’ll* get drawn next…”

Gwen’s chubby thumb scrolled through on her phone as she drank in the sights of what were, in this universe, more exaggerated shapes and sizes of already canon superheroes. Getting transported into the universe of one of her favorite artists—one who shared her twin passions for superhero comics *and* big ladies in spandex!—had easily been the best thing that had ever happened to her. And now that she’d done the work of “establishing” herself in the Plus-Spider lore, she knew that now more than ever was the perfect time for her to assemble a hodge-podge of pudgy crimebusters if she wanted to *really* make a splash…

“Well… these things are usually handled anonymously for dramatic effect. Getting a team together shouldn’t be *too* terribly hard, considering there’s like 20 different Avengers lineups and a half dozen Justice Leagues…”

Looking over to her second monitor, once-live footage of heavyset heroines acting as incentive to keep adding to her short list of recruitable cuties to round out her ideal plus-sized gainer gal super squad.

“And I think I know *just* the squids that can help me get everyone to rise to the occasion…”

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“My expectations were low, and yet somehow I’m still disappointed.”

Putting a hand on her hip, looking the “secret meeting place” up and down, Spinerette (known in her civilian identity as plus-sized model and aspiring actress, Mary Jane Parker-Watson!) casually exhaled out from underneath her upturned mask. Part of it was due to the fatigue of having to haul all that heft from one end of the parking lot to another, sure. (she’d landed too early, and web-slinging from the ground up at her size just wasn’t feasible) But a good old-fashioned Coney Island chili dog was just too good to pass up. How often did she make it to this part of town?

“Where I come from, it’s customary to…” the English turn of phrase that the Tamaranean Titan had learned escaped her momentarily as she tapped on the bottom of her first chin with a pudgy orange pointer finger, “…spruce up the place a little.”

“Somehow I don’t think that you’re talking about that giant consonant in the middle of the bay.” The super-sized webslinger chuckled thickly before scarfing down another bite, “I’ve been there both before and after you started expecting me to swing by—you guys don’t clean.”

“…I meant Tamaran.” Starfire harrumphed cutely, crossing her big orange arms and cutting her gaze at her girlfriend’s pattern-distortingly large right boob, “You missed some chili.”

“Dangit! That’s gonna stain…”

The two cute-but-corpulent crime fighters were none other than Spinerette and Starfire—a more sizeable and sibilant duo there had yet to be! Pooling their resources as part of the same open relationship, going from the Titans East headquarters to the Empire State Building to tag-team evil-doers, these two girthy gals had as much of a repertoire with one another as they did with extra helpings! And for as long as they’d been teaming up together, they had put on ample pounds to show for it.

“Peter will get it out.” Starfire’s green eyes closed as her pudgy softball cheeks dimpled with a smile, “You got it on the red part—no one will notice.”

“They’d better not.” MJ groused from behind her mask, pulling it back over her nose and full red lips to fully house the bottom half of her fluffy face, “The last thing I need to look like is some spider-slob.”

“You could have shown up in sweatpants.” Starfire shrugged her meaty shoulders, toddling forward with much more ease relative to her size due to the advantages of being effectively solar powered, “You know… again.”

“…we agreed never to speak of that again, Kory.”

“I never agreed to any such thing.”

With a playful swat of the cakey cushions that Mary Jane packed tightly into the back half of her Spinerette outfit, Kory continued towards Wonder Mall with a budding sense of enthusiasm not felt since her initial days on the Titans, back when she was still a skinny little thing fresh from space…

Or that first night staying over at Peter and MJ’s place, as a substantially less skinny but nowhere near as sizeable stunner all those years ago…

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If it hadn’t been for the literal arrows made of duct tape on the floor, neither of the especially supple super heroes would have known where to even *begin* hunting for the mysterious third party that had summoned them.

“A bunch of gals like us together could get together—do some good.”

“That’s what the message *said*…” Spinerette puffed as she waddled alongside her Tamaranean partner, “I just wish it had said *more*…”

The walk had been a lot longer than either of them were expecting. And it was *fine*, they were both *superheroes* for Pete’s sake. But the endless trail of duct tape arrows leading them down the path of an otherwise unoccupied mall was a lot more taxing than actually walking said trail. If it hadn’t been for the warm colors of the dead mall’s namesake, it almost would have felt more like a trap.

Well, that and the distinct smell of something cooking in the center atrium.

The balloons certainly didn’t make things look sinister, but they were doing a lot less than whoever set them up probably thought that they would.

“Oh hey! She managed to get *Starfire?!*”a soft voice cried out, the distinct sound of lightning crackling as an undercurrent to what was apparently imminent fangirling, “This is *so* cool! Wait until I tell Laney!”

The sight of someone of such considerable size zooming around, rubber soles squeaking against the tile was something to wrap your head around, even in the wide and wacky world that they lived in. A full-figured grape of a woman came barreling towards the tubby twosome with all the speed and elegance of a freight train, stopping on her heels when she came face to face with the heroines in question.

“I’m Av—er… I mean, I’m *the* *Flash*.” Came the introduction from a barrel-built Asian woman who wasn’t the slightest out of breath despite her hauling tail at mach ten, “Not that one. Or the other one.”

“…the one from China?” Mary Jane offered weakly

“That’s the one!” the full-figured Flash eeked out with a mock salute, “I read about you guys *all* the time on the news—y’all are like… my *favorite* superhero team!”

As elitist as it might have been to say, outside of a Caper feeds, neither of them had heard of her. Not really, anyway. Of course, the Flash Family was growing every day, seems like. Almost as quickly as the Bat Family. Or the Spider Family.

With all these masks out and about, how were they expected to keep up with the (admittedly cute) Flash of China? Literally *or* figuratively, given that MJ was winded just from walking down a trail of arrows.

“You said *she* earlier?” Mary Jane puffed, arching her back and widening her stance now that they had come to a standstill (finally), “Any chance you could… *phew*… helps us out with a few extra details?... or a chair?”

“I’ll do you one better—just follow me and I’ll catch you up to speed!” the belly-heavy woman said as she wooshed her way between the two women, her soft arms wrapped around both of their necks, “I promise I’ll go slow.”

“…lotta speed jokes with this one.”

“I fear our natural immunity built up from living with Peter and his quips will only make this slightly bearable.”

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“Woah hey, I never expected to see some of the OGs here!”

The clipped city girl accent was a dead giveaway that the fat strawberry blonde in the catsuit was from Gotham. Starfire had some experience with the city from back in the day—working with Dick and Babs occasionally before settling down with the Titans East to be closer to her partners. Gotham was just across the Hudson in New Jersey, so sometimes they’d see some of the bleed over from their cape and cowl crowd.

That being said, she hadn’t heard of a new Catwoman since Selina retired—married life was treating her so well that the plush kitty squeezed into that purple spandex was about a third of the size the original Catwoman was, if memory served. And Kory wasn’t thinking about height.

“Spinerette! It’s so very good of you to join us!”

On the flip side, the sight of an acre of Weather Witch instilled the two of them with much more confidence. Storm was one of the most iconic superheroes out there—proving that not only was fighting crime at any size possible, but that you could look good doing it.

That being said, she seemed to have sprouted an extra chin since the last time MJ had laid eyes on her at one of the X-Men’s potlucks. Not that she was in any particular room to judge, just that if Ororo couldn’t fly, she certainly wouldn’t have made the trip all the way out here.

The latter part of this little recruitment drive told Spinerette and Starfire everything that they needed to know—not *every* heroine was on the heavy side these days, but someone was clearly gathering up girthy gals like them for one reason or another. Either this was a plot by another one of those weird villains who wanted to like… squeeze her stomach or something (again) or there was an equally heavy hero pulling the strings behind all of this.

“I’m Catwoman.” The plump blonde toddled forward with an arm extended, every step reverberating in her approaching tum, “The uh… the second Catwoman. My real name’s Holly.”

“Spinerette.” Mary Jane answered coolly, taking Holly by the hand, “*Love* the suit, hun.”

“I am Koriand’r—you may call me Starfire.” The big orange balloon bod had always been more approachable in situations like these (Spiders and their weird hangups about a secret identity, she’d never understand), “But you may also call me Kory.”

Both Starfire and Spinerette were two heroes whose careers as members of certain super groups far outweighed their careers as singular crime fighters. Their patrols usually consisted of some combination of the two of them and or Peter, depending on who was where and what was open. Part of their mutual expansion outwards over the years was directly rooted in their “team up” habit—getting the two of them together meant footing increasingly astronomical bills. Crime fighting was hard work! And it was always a pleasure to do so with people who were already aligned to doing things the way you enjoyed doing them…

That being said, it did seem *odd—*to Spinerette, at least, if to no one else—that all of the group members revealed thus far were on the heavier side.

In Storm’s case, she was one of the few active heroes that had been able to maintain a career at such a size. That wasn’t to say that she was too fat to contribute, even without her powers; just that Starfire’s huge height and mammoth build were kept in check with her super strength and Tamaranean physiology, while Mary Jane’s was augmented by spider strength.

Ororo was just *big*.

“Oof… rising to greet aspirant team members used to be much easier.” Ororo’s round brown face dimpled across full cheeks and rolled into an insular double chin, “It appears we are getting old, Spinerette.”

“Speak for yourself—that’s why I wear the mask.” Mary Jane joked, wrapping her arms around the broad black queen and pressing herself against Storm for a friendly hug, “And we’re a little more than just “aspirant team mates”—how’s life at the mansion?”

“As if you couldn’t tell already.” Storm said in jest as she embraced her colleague, “I may as well ask you two if the pizza is still good in New York.”

“Or if Spider-Man is still broke.”

She and the two late arrivals shared a good-natured belly-laugh—emphasis on the belly. Between Starfire’s powerful paunch sagging low onto her thighs and into the personal space of two women that were only small by comparison, there was hardly enough room for Mary Jane to pass off their friend for a hug from the only other royal in their group. Even just that little amount of motion, combined with hauling herself from the twin chairs that had been laid out beneath her, seemed to leave the wide and weighty weather witch a little winded.

“Hi. Big fan.” The legacy Catwoman said sheepishly once Mary Jane as Storm’s attention drifted to Starfire, “You, uh… you’re one of those Spider people from New York, right? The old Catwoman used to make me watch you guys do flips and stuff to study your moves. See if I could pull them off back when I was training.”

“That’s kind of funny, considering I don’t think that *she* could pull them off—she used to need to catch her breath drinking milk from the dish too fast.” Spinerette offered a Spider Family Quip™ in hopes of endearing herself to the younger hero, “I’m kidding—it’s nice to know that the mantle got taken up though! I’d heard she got married a while back and retired.”

“Yeahhh she’s not exactly in the shape to be leading by example these days.” The younger heroine chuckled, a little uncomfortable with the idea of talking smack about her namesake, “But she’s good! U-Uh…”

Touching her ear beneath the kitty cowl that pinched her cheeks, Spinerette made a face behind her mask. If she had thought that Holly had been mic’d up, she wouldn’t have made that joke. She and the old Catwoman had always gotten along just fine, but there’d always been a little tension there due to her association with Black Cat—the last thing that she needed to do was dredge up old drama and dust off a decade-old Cat Fight.

“Y-Yeah! She’s good!” the younger heroine smiled, “I’ll tell her you said hi!”

The new Catwoman was easily a third of the size of the previous one—at least, by the time she retired. Comfortably plus-sized, probably a little more than two hundred and thirty if MJ had to put a number on it, the newest cat on the block was hardly skinny. But then, fewer and fewer of the heroes were these days. Besides, who was she to judge? For every pound that this new girl had in her cute little tummy, Spinerette had easily crammed twice that into a spider suit that was almost in need of a resizing as it was…

“Do you seriously know the OG Catwoman? And Storm too?” The Flash of China said with a little stardust, nudging Spinerette in her supple, web-patterned flank with a plush elbow, “Were you guys on, like, some secret OG team of plus-sized superheroines?”

“We weren’t all plus-sized back then.” Mary Jane lied, downplaying the extra fluff that all of them had been carrying even back then, “Just because we’re all fat old ladies now doesn’t mean we weren’t *ever* skinny, y’know.”

“Awww c’mon. You’re not *that* old.” The Flash chuckled (mostly to herself while MJ cut her eyes behind the lenses of her mask) in such a way that her laughter bounced throughout her cushioned speedster shape, “I’m just saying—it’s kind of cool to know that we’ll be working with some of the *original* super heroes. I mostly work with… well, other Flashes.”

“And it may be just as hard to get a bite in edgewise as it is with Wally around.” Starfire interjected, waddling forward to place a big orange hand across the purple-clad putterer’s soft back, “I may not be as quick as him, but I can guarantee that we have similar appetites.”

“That’s…” the young Chinese woman looked down at Starfire’s stomach as it swelled forward, cut deep by a mostly decorative white belt, to the point where its green center jewel was almost obscured by purple-clothed belly rolls, “…believable, honestly.”

Among the three women already present, this new Flash family member was somewhere in the middle as far as size went. Whereas Holly was fairly plump with a noticeable lean towards being bottom-heavy, and Storm was just big all over, the lightning bolts stretched across this new Flash’s round physique left her at a comfortable middle ground between the two of them—although, she was nowhere near the size of someone like Spinerette. Starfire had this tendency to dwarf everybody around her, but the especially porky Chinese girl could certainly hold her own among this crowd.

In fact, seeing them all together like this made Mary Jane wonder if maybe there was something in the water.

“Well now that you’re all acquainted with one another, I would literally love nothing more than to tell you all why I gathered you here today.”

The sound of a young woman’s voice came over the revived PA system of the Wonder City Mall—its speakers squeaking and staticky with age and disuse. Or perhaps user error. The amount of fragmenting in her announcement suggested that whomever was behind this gathering of girthy gals, she wasn’t all that used to this sort of thing. Certainly not dramatic entrances, that much was for sure.

The sound of sneakers squeaking against the smooth tile of the dead mall was compounded only by the heaviness of the footsteps with which they fell. The gentle sound of heavy breathing could be heard as another rather plump member of (presumably… *hopefully*) the superhero community made her way down into the atrium where the rest of the summoned supers had been corralled.

In walked a respectably vast woman, a belly-heavy fridge bod draped in pink and white. Thick tree trunk legs were on full display, sloshing with every step as she waddled tummy-first towards the rest of the heavyset heroines. Pouches and leather straps separated the lowermost part of her stomach from a particularly chunky spare tire—this woman’s top half was completely covered with the exception of a hole cut out for her mouth, so why was so much *leg* on display here?

At least, Mary Jane remarked to herself, *at least* she had cute boots to sort of tie the outfit together.

Her heavy stride came to a stop once she was within a reasonable distance of the group—far enough away that she could presumably make her plea about doing an “official” team-up, but close enough that Spinerette could get a good look at just who it was that had brought them together. Judging by the sound of her (and the relative smoothness of her skin, despite her size) MJ figured that she was on the younger side, like Holly or the Flash of China. Though what a woman of that size, regardless of whether or not she was younger than the other women in the room,was going to be able to do with those swords behind her back, Spinerette wasn’t quite sure.

“Ugh… have I gotten my introductory paragraphs in yet?” the woman groused, cheeks rosy as they fought for space beneath her white cowl and pink eyepieces, “This feels like it always takes so much *longer* in text form…”

No one was quite sure what to do with that non sequitur, so they just let the woman keep talking.

“Hey! Hi! I’m… wow, okay first off, I’m a *big* fan.” She said with a little deprecative pat of her belly as it barreled out in front of her, “But also, seriously, big fan. Hi, my name is Gwenpool, and—”

“I’m sorry, did you say Gwen Pool?” the new Catwoman said, raising her hand as if to address the pink and white elephant in the room, “I just… is that like… are you Deadpool’s *sidekick* or—”

“No no, none of that thank you.” The fat woman chuckled, awkwardly waving away the comment as she tried to gather herself, “My name *is* Gwenpool, I am *not* related to Deadpool in any way, shape or form; I have been told *very* clearly that I am to make that as clear as possible, and… I’m already off-topic.”

Spinerette had not been part of many established teams. At least, not in the way that Peter and Starfire were. She was an Avenger, sure, but who wasn’t? But even the bottom-heavy spider woman knew that this wasn’t exactly off to a great start.

“Um… yes, hello, I don’t know who Deadpool is?” Starfire also raised her hand as if this were a classroom, and she was not at least ten years older than Holly, “Can someone please catch me up on—”

“Nope! No time for that! Running out of room here!” Gwenpool said a little more sternly, taking a step towards the gathered gaggle, “Listen, we’re all *of a certain size*, I thought that it’d be neat to get you all together, maybe talk, do lunch—”

The sound of the ground rumbling beneath them preceded some definite shaking—the dead mall around them coming to life as the various accoutrements wobbled on unsure ground. Small explosions sounded in the distance, making every trained crime fighter in the room perk up there ears and step into position.

“—And I happen to have it on *very* good authority that some *very* angry Teuthidians are going to be making touchdown around this general area very, *very* soon.” She flashed an uneasy smile towards her aspirant teammates, “So y’know… Avengers fought Loki, Justice League fought Starro… I kinda figured that we could do a thing!”

More explosions outside, getting closer. The ground began to quake once more, prompting all those that could to rise off the ground.

“Well, if you’re serious about wanting to team-up...” Spinerette said as she grabbed Starfire’s hand, “Now’s as good a time as any. Let’s see what’s going on outside, and then we can talk.”

“Over lunch?”

“…sure, whatever.” Spinerette shrugged, “Let’s just—”

“Plus Stars!” Gwen raised a hand high in the air before pointing it squarely to the skylight, “Assemble! …Action? …y’know what, just do an A-word.”