

It was getting pretty hard to not notice.

Mary Jane tried to keep herself busy. She got in touch with some of her old friends in the industry here, and while they couldn't set her up with more glamorous or well paying work, the ads she was doing kept her in the public eye and allowed her to insist to Peter that she help with rent.

But still there was no denying two things.

She still had feelings for Peter, and Felicia was getting very fat.

The first one she knew was going to be an issue going in. Ever since the first time she called him Tiger, she had been head over heels for the scrawny nerd.

There had been ups and downs, like when she found out he was Spider-Man, and it had broken her heart when she had to move away and he couldn't go with her.

The second one was more of a surprise.

Felicia always seemed the type to be perfect forever. Not that she was any uglier now that she was obese, but the curvaceous bombshell she had been more than a little envious of back when she was Pete's on and off fling was buried under more and more flab with each passing day.

At first MJ had been worried that she had been depressed. That the transition to a more docile lifestyle was wreaking havoc on the former cat burglar's waistline.

But she seemed so... alive. MJ knew that depression could take many forms, and that just because someone seemed okay didn't always mean they were.

But she was seeing more and more(literally) of Felicia every day. They laughed at movies, went on shopping trips, Felicia even helped her design a new website for her portfolio.

And the rate that Felicia was gaining didn't match how much she was eating.

Sure, Felicia was by no means eating like a bird.

But in the few months she had been staying at their apartment, she had to have gained at least 50 pounds.

She had to do something.

“Hey can we talk for a sec?”

MJ asked Felicia this as they were sitting together one afternoon.

Felicia closed her laptop. It was laying on her stomach, and the only reason she had been able to see the screen over her tits was the fact that her belly pushed it up far enough.

“Sure thing Red, what did you want to talk about.”

Mj sighed. She was never any good at this.

“Listen, I know you have Peter but I want you to know I am also here for you.”

Felicia raised a white eyebrow curiously.

“Having a healthy relationship with food can be a hard thing. I know plenty of girls who have also struggled.”

Felicia had to bite her tongue to keep from laughing.

As MJ began going over a speech that she had surely prepared beforehand, Felicia decided that it was time to let the cat out of the bag.

“Mary Jane, darling, I love the concern you have for me but that is not what’s been going on.”

Mary Jane stopped mid-sentence.

“It’s... not?”

Felicia sighed, as it was her turn to be awkward.

“Me and Pete agreed to eventually tell you, together, but the weight I’ve gained?”

She slapped her stomach and jiggled her left tit, sending them both into a mesmerizing motion.

“We’ve done it all on purpose.”

The gears in MJ’s head stopped turning.

“W-what?”

Felicia sat up, which was harder than it sounded.

"I found out that web-head had a certain kink, and it intrigued me, so I decided to gain weight."

MJ blinked a few more times.

"Wait... Peter is-"

"A fat fetishist? Oh yeah. Big time. And it turns out I am too."

"But he never mentioned it, or hinted at it, in all the years we were dating. He's helped me diet more times than I can count."

Felicia let out a big belly shaking laugh.

"You expect someone with that much of a hero complex to admit to his aspiring actress girlfriend that he wanted her to gain weight."

"Well, it makes sense when you say it like that."

An awkward silence, the kind when someone has just revealed their kinks, fell over the pair.

"Soooo," MJ said, determined to break the silence.

"How... big you plan on being."

Felicia blushed. This was her first time really talking to someone about this outside of Peter.

"Me and Pete have set our sights on me becoming immobile."

MJ was shocked yet again.

"That's... wow."

"Yeah, it's a lot, but it was my idea. The idea of being fed and pampered to the point i've lost all my movement is just" She let out a content sigh.

"I think... I see the appeal."

Mj placed a hand on Felicia's stomach, but not before getting a nonverbal ok from the retired burglar.

"You were so thin, and fit, and willfully choosing a lifestyle that will take that away sounds... hot."

Her stomach felt light and oh so soft, like the comfiest pillow she could imagine. She imagined what it must feel like, lugging around so much soft, luscious fat, all day every day, and knowing

it was only going to get softer.

“You still like Peter, don’t you.”

MJ froze again.

“Is it that obvious?”

“Big time. Not that I’m complaining, he is a catch.”

Felicia got onto all fours on the couch, her belly and breasts rubbing against the cushion beneath her.

“And I’m a big girl, I can share.”

MJ realized how close Felicia was. She could feel her heat, her weight.

“Face it Red, you hit the jackpot.”

Without a word, MJ kissed Felicia.

Then she looked Felicia in the eyes.

“If I said I wanted to gain weight too, would you help me?”

“For Peter?”

“For me.”

“Are you sure? Plus sized women don’t usually find much success on the silver screen.”

“If I can’t find a career when I’m bigger, then I wouldn’t find a career anyway.”

Felicia smiled. “Sure thing Red.”

She picked up a brownie from the table, and held it up to MJ.

MJ took the first bite, and took the plunge that would send her down the road to obesity.

And that was delicious.