

“GWEN STACEY: SPIDER-SOW”

By Zaftig Industries/Z.O.B. Industries



Somewhere, in the infinite web of the Spider-Verse...

The dimensional portal closed behind Gwen Stacey, a fluttering of colorful quarks and bosons fading into a tiny pixel of ink before disappearing. The teenage superhero straightened up from her classic Spider-Woman crouch, lowering her white hood to take in the full spread of her home.

Not just her home—her home *dimension*.

Her version of New York was brighter than the other dimensions' New Yorks—saturated with hot-pinks, drenched in neon-blue hues and full of pulsing, pounding music. The rhythm of the city reached her from down below, her specially prepared ballet-shoes sticking to the side of the Chrysler Building as she began to walk down the side of it.

Finally... It's nice to get a chance to breathe.

She had enjoyed her time in the other dimension—and she would never forget the other Spider-folks she'd met, there. Especially Miles Morales, that sweet but clumsy boy destined to be his universe's Spider-Man. He'd been kind, smart, resourceful... and cute. She wouldn't have minded staying with *him* for a while.

But she was home—finally home! And she knew exactly what she wanted.

Sprinting down the side of the Chrysler, she fired a web-line from her wrist, the familiar *thwip* sound helping her re-enter the rhythm of her world, even as her molecules adjusted to being where they belonged. Swinging through the streets of the city, Gwen just had one thing on her mind:

A burger.

Sitting in a greasy dive off 34th street, she bit into New York's finest beef patty with a small shiver of delight. Spider-heroing was hard work, and she needed a *lot* of calories to make sure she could stay up to speed.

“Mmf...” Pulling her blonde side-cut out of her eyes, a hairdo courtesy of Miles Morales and his spider-powers accidentally ripping off half her hair, she frowned at a homeless woman eyeing her from the corner. “Hey. What're you looking at?”

The woman, a narrow-faced and pale specimen with wandering eyes, blinked at her from behind a scarf that covered most of her face. “N-nothing...”

“Yeah, that's what I thought—**urpf**. Stop body-shaming me, lady.” She watched as the woman stood and hobbled out the door, feeling a little guilty. After all, Spider-Woman was supposed to be a friendly neighborhood resource—and even though her mask was half-off, she still felt that obligation to her city.

But Gwen didn't enjoy being creeped on, and there was something about the rag-covered woman she didn't like. Disregarding her concerns, she dug back into the burger, warm ketchup and mustard squirting and dripping between crisp lettuce and hot beef. "Mmm, damn that's good... **Chomp**, gllp. **Urf**. 'Scuze me."

Meanwhile, outside, the mystery woman pulled down her scarf. Doctor Olivia Octavius was not in her home dimension, but she *was* still a supervillain, and disguises were simple enough for her genius-level intellect.

"So... You like fast food, do you, sweetie?" She stared from a nearby alley, watching Gwen devour the burger and then dig into a greasy bag of fries. "That spider-metabolism of yours must burn right through them... Lucky girl."

Olivia winced as her molecules glitched again—razor shards of color spilling out of her skin, running up her spine. She would need to do her work here quickly. But it wouldn't be easy—she had no resources here, no super-collider. To break the barriers between dimensions, she would need a hyper-dense, massive object. Something that could bend the very space-time continuum.

Something like...

She watched as Gwen stood up, picking a wedgie out from between two plump, well-toned cheeks. And a sinister smile split her face.

Calculations raced through her mind. *The totemic importance of Spider-people to their home dimension is critical... enough to break through, if I distort her shape badly enough. And it won't be like the others—this time, I will succeed. I will triumph.*

Her fist clenched, and green tentacles emerged from her homeless disguise, pulling her up a nearby fire escape and into the brick-and-mortar maze of New York.

Let's see you scuttle away from me when you're too fat to move...

Spider-Woman.



A few days back in *her* version of New York, and Gwen Stacey was back on top.

Her punk band was landing gigs left and right. Her performance in ballet competitions wasn't perfect, but enough to land her a scholarship—the same one she'd been working on when Miles Morales' dimension sucked her into their strange adventure together. As the days went by, she thought about him a lot... mostly with fondness, but sometimes, with regret.

Because Gwen was successful, she was smart, and she was witty. She was popular. People liked her.

And yet... She was lonely. Very lonely. Ever since losing her own Peter Parker, her best friend, she'd decided going it alone was the best way to live. But that attitude felt hollow after befriending the interdimensional Spider-team she'd worked with. She missed the banter, the fun, the adventure. And most of all, she missed Miles.

But being Spider-Woman was her duty, a position of great power. And with great power came... well. You know the rest.

One thing she did enjoy was how much the city loved her. In Miles' dimension, she'd been a nobody, an imposter. But here, back in the neon-splattered jungle of her own New York, she was a hero. The role model to

countless young girls and the heart-throb of a million young boys. She was a badass, a beacon of hope and nobility.

Noble or not, though, she wasn't above a few bribes once in a while.

"Thanks, Mr. Linetti. I appreciate it." Taking yet another free pizza from a family-owned Brooklyn store, she waved at the criminals she'd webbed up above the shop. "Hey, dudes. Don't rob this place anymore, okay? We cool?" They thrashed and grumbled, wrapped in webs. "Yeah, we're cool."

Mr. Linetti chuckled as Gwen pulled up her mask, just enough to nibble on his artisan five-cheese pizza. "My, my. *Bambina*, it's good to have you back. I was robbed three times this week, you know?"

"Yeah, well, that's not gonna happen anymore. I'm back and *urrrp*, excuse me, on the case." She had slurped and slobbered down three slices before she realized he was still standing there, watching her. "S-sorry. You just, uh, you make really good pizza."

"It's a family recipe, it must be-a good!" He saluted her before hobbling back into his shop, hugging his wife and sweeping up the remnants of the window she'd thrown one of the robbers through. "You go have-a fun, now. Enjoy the pie. And it's on me, if you ever want some more!"

"Oh, you bet I will." She scurried up the wall and sat on the edge of the building, watching the sun set behind the water-towers and tenements. "You bet... Mmm, damn that's good. Did pizza taste this good in Miles' world? Nah, no way. This is like... Pizza *prime*. *\$#**%*, yeah." A small blip in her spider-senses caused her to pause, as she went in for another bite. Those senses were going off a lot lately... maybe she was still glitching, from her inter-spatial travels. Shrugging, she sank her teeth into another slice.

Oh... Wow, that's good. That's even better than the last one. What does he PUT in these pies?

Down below, Mr. Linetti moved into the walk-in refrigerator where he kept his cheeses. He closed the door, locked it from the inside.

And suddenly, the hologram of a friendly, Brooklyn-local pizza magnate disappeared, revealing Olivia Octavius. She pushed aside blocks of mozzarella to reveal glowing blue canisters... all loaded with a stem-cell solution she'd whipped up in an impromptu lab.

As a genius, she had mastered many scientific disciplines. One of these was genetics—she had been cloning invertebrates at five years old, and manipulating proteins by ten. The natural laws of the world obeyed her, and now she was using them for a very... unusual purpose.

"Enjoy the free-a pizza, *bambina*," she giggled, speaking in her fake Italian accent. The real Mr. Linetti was tied up in the corner, unconscious, with a mind-control device implanting fake memories into his brain. "Enjoy it as much as you want... By the time I'm through turning your intestines to hyper-dense portal factories, food will be *all* you want. Ever."

The nanotechnology trackers inside the pizza reported to her that Gwen's cells were already adjusting—changing, warping into greedy, energy-hungry versions of themselves. In the weeks to come, her appetite would increase, her body becoming more and more dense... her organs and muscles and fat cells reaching critical mass. She would become a living black hole, sucking in matter and slowly but surely bending the laws of physics to Olivia's desires.

"Heh heh..." Cackling to herself, the evil scientist caressed one of the green canisters, as if it were an infant. "Fly, my pretties. Fly... and catch me a big, fat spider!"



The days moved by in a blur. **Thwip**, swing, **thwip**, punch criminals, **thwip**, punch more criminals, stop a super-villain or two... Gwen was back in motion. Back in her element, taking down the bad guys, kicking ass and taking names. Living her best life.

But yet... there were some problems.

For one thing, her father, Officer Stacey was starting to suspect something. He kept asking her why she stayed out so late, and her insistence it was just “band practice” didn't convince him. A veteran cop, Mr. Stacey could smell lies from a mile away. He knew something was up.

And for another... well. She was having a personal problem. Something of a dietary issue, really. Just a small hiccup in her normal routine.

For the first time in her life, Gwen Stacy was putting on weight.

She'd gained a few pounds after Peter died, grief stressing her out and widening her waistline, but she'd quickly burned that off fighting the Shocker and dueling Aldo Octavius, her dimension's sinister Professor Octopus. But this time... This time, the weight didn't come off.

This time, it seemed here to stay.

She consoled herself by rationalizing that it wasn't her fault. All the restaurants she'd saved from the mafia or from shake-downs by B-list supervillains, they all wanted to thank her. And in typical New York fashion, they thanked her with food. Bagels from the Jewish bakery down the block, with added containers of *schmear* to coat the bagels with succulent cream-cheese. Pizza, of course, like Mr. Linetti's—he was such a nice guy. And then there was the bratwurst from the German butchery in Queens, the linguini and meatballs from a sweet old lady in the Heights, Puerto Rican street food from vendors who had seen her battles...

Well, it was a tough job, she thought as she bit into a freshly-baked chocolate chip cookie that Peter's Aunt May kept sending her. “Mmmf, **gllp.**” (The two of them were good friends, and she never refused May's cooking.) And tough jobs required energy! Obviously.

Except... The energy wasn't getting burned up. Week after week, she kept finding new pounds on herself, showing up on her stomach and rear and even expanding her bust. Embarrassed, she tried bench-pressing cars in the junkyard at night to burn off the fat, but it just seemed to pile on faster.

Damn it... What's wrong with me?

Overfed and overworked, she considered refusing the food her citizens gave her—but she couldn't do that to them. She loved the city, and they loved Spider-Woman. So reluctantly, she ate... and ate... and ate. The long symphony of eating sounds her mouth and throat produced haunted her in her sleep, as if she couldn't seem to stop gobbling even while she slept.

Chomp...

GULP...

Slurrrp...

Grrmph-slrp-mnch...

BURRrrrrRRRP!

“Gah!” Waking up in horror from another nightmare (or had it been a wet dream?) about eating, Gwen shivered. She was disturbed to find that eating now occupied her thoughts constantly, just a few weeks after returning to her home dimension. Was she still glitching, somehow? Maybe she should get ahold of a “goober” device, call up Peter Parker or Miles through the dimensions...

No way. I can't let them see me like this. I feel like a mess... Like I'm losing control. She hopped out of bed and examined herself in the full-length mirror beside her drum set and electric guitar. It was true—she'd gotten much softer. She and Miles had giggled about middle-aged Peter Parker and his “dad bod,” but now *she* was the one with a small potbelly and love-handles.

“Yikes. That's karma for you...”

Sighing, she decided to take the next few days off. Crime-fighting was hard work, and she could always call up Ben Reilly or maybe Hellcat to take care of her neighborhood for a bit. She needed a break... she needed to get her head together. She needed...

A snack. Takeout. Egg rolls, wontons, pho gao, two-liter sodas—

“Gah! **STOP** it!” Slapping herself (which hurt quite a bit, given her spider-strength) she tugged on her pajamas. Her belly, traitorous glutton, poked out from under her hot-pink cotton pajama top. Groaning, Gwen jiggled down the stairs, resenting the way her stomach bounced up and down as she walked. *Dammit, I finished puberty years ago—my body should be done changing by now!!*

Maybe it was a “spider-person” thing, she thought as she chugged milk straight from a gallon jug. **Gllg, glugg, glg-glp-urrrph.** Maybe she was... gestating silk in her body, or something. Or maybe she was just getting older. Everyone knew teenage metabolisms didn't last forever—maybe hers had finally crashed?

Another tingle of spider-sense hit her as she finished the gallon of milk, the soft **vrrrrrm** of Spider-Sense pre-cognition tickling her brain. But Gwen ignored it. She was sleepy, she was grumpy, and she barely even cared that she'd just guzzled down *an entire gallon of milk*. With the cool liquid sloshing her gut, Gwen pulled open the freezer... and got out the ice cream.

Then, she pulled out her phone, opened a food delivery app...

And her life plunged into chaos.



“Urrrgh... **Buh-HURRLP!!** God, my *stomach*... May the gods of digestion have mercy on me... **HIIRRRUup. Hic.**”

Lying in bed, Gwen struggled to sit up. She'd called out of school hours ago. As Spider-Woman, she could toss a street-lamp into the Vulture's chest from a hundred feet, but today she couldn't seem to get out of bed... or even button her pants. Or do anything involving exertion. She just felt so... **heavy.**

And she looked it. Her stomach had expanded to a massive pale sphere, loaded with cheap junk food and

mystery meat from a dozen crab-rangoons. Her whole torso felt loaded with food, making her sleepy and stupid... extra sleepy because she'd stayed up all night eating.

She could no longer deny it—something was wrong. She needed help, and she needed it fast. Pulling a small trunk from under her bed, she opened it to reveal a secret stash of super-tech.

Her Peter Parker had been a sweet boy, a techie whiz whose efforts to change the world with genetics had turned him into the Lizard and gotten him killed. But he had also left behind a few gadgets... mementos that Gwen examined with great sadness. Each one was an artifact of the man she'd loved, after all.

And one of them was useful to her right now—a gene scanner. Pressing the odd-looking device to her stomach, she pulled the trigger and it took a microscopic sample of her rapidly ballooning stomach-flesh. Watching the results display on the screen, Gwen felt panic rising in her mind.

“DNA sequence compromised? Cell density at 400%?” She sat up, then winced as the sudden movement jostled a smelly **brrELCH** from her mouth. “What the hell? Someone's been messing with my body! *Not* cool! Not—**urrraRP**—cool!”

But what could she *do* about it? That was the real question. Struggling upright, Gwen recoiled as she saw her stomach in the mirror. “Yeesh! I look like a postergirl for Reddit's preggo board.” Wiping grease off her mouth, she groaned and leaned on the corner of her four-poster bed. “Gotta get... outside. Gotta move around. Can't keep... eating like this...”

But then she noticed a bag of Fritos on her computer desk. Half-eaten, abandoned in the orgy of greed she'd subjected herself to. And so salty... So appetizing... So crunchy and delicious and—

“No! Fight it, Gwen—*fight* the Fritos!” She found her hand extending towards the bag, bit by bit, every fiber in her super-powered body filled with desire for it...

“No no no *no*—”

Then a soft, strange humming noise began coming from the corner of her room. Pausing, Gwen watched in astonishment as a swarm of colorful quarks and gluons appeared, spewing pixellated energy out from a central portal node... which rapidly expanded as someone, or something came through.

A supervillain attack? Now? She raised her fists and hiccuped, blushing as her breasts bounced from the force of the *hic*. She was still almost too stuffed to move, much less fight. And her bulletproof Spider-costume was draped over her chair—

“*Konichiwa!*”

With a sudden **frrrp** of released energy, a robotic entity came hurtling out of the portal. Crashing into the corner of her room, it demolished her drum-set before leaping onto its feet. Gwen was halfway into a web-sling before she realized who it was.

“Peni? Peni Parker? Is that you?”

“Oof! Not exactly. This is a drone—I couldn't get my organic matter through the portal.” The robot raised itself to full height, bumping its dome-head on the ceiling. Blue and red and glowing with technology, the machine waved at her. “But it's good to see you, Gwen-chan!”

“Good to see you too... sort of.” She hugged her stomach, sitting down. “I'm sorry you had to witness this. I'm a bit... uh, compromised, right now.”

“Just as I suspected.” The robot knelt and inspected her stomach. A colorful “chibi” version of Peni Parker's petite face appeared on the dome-screen. “She's been here, too. Just like in all the other dimensions...”

“She? Who's 'she'?” Gwen bit her lip, swiping the Fritos off the floor where they'd fallen. It took all her effort not to fall to the ground and gorge on them like a rutting pig. “Ugh, I'm sorry. I've got these weird cravings lately...”

“That sounds familiar.” Peni's robot beeped, laser-light emitting as it scanned the size of Gwen's stomach. Gwen reflexively covered her belly, embarrassed. “Do not be alarmed, friend Gwen. This is not *your* appetite at work

—this is the work of a super-villain!”

Gwen sighed. “Why am I not surprised? Okay, spill the beans. Is it Mysterio? This feels like a Mysterio thing.” She squinted. “Am I dreaming? Is this like, a Freddy Krueger type of villain? Because I have only ever been *this* gassy in my nightmares...”

“Sadly, no.” The Spider-Mech circled her, its metal fingers pinching her new, soft side-rolls. Gwen swatted it away, but gently. She knew Peni was trying to help... in her own, weird way. “This is very real. Because it happened to me, too—years ago.”

“Years?” Gwen frowned at the big machine. “But... what do you mean? You were fine when I saw you, and that was just weeks ago.”

“Oh, Gwen-*chan*, it has been many years since we last spoke.” The mech hung its head, its digital chibi-face sagging with sadness. “When we met, I was but a child. Now I am... older. Wiser. And, um, other things have changed as well.” Its speakers momentarily filled with the sound of crunching potato chips. “Mmf. I’ll be right back. Snack break!”

“Peni? Peni? Hello?” Gwen knocked on the mech’s dome, but it didn’t respond. Eventually she gave up and reached for another bag of Fritos.

It felt like a two-Fritos-bags kind of situation.



As it turned out, it took *four* bags of Fritos and an entire litre of Orange Crush to get through Peni’s explanation. The short version: Olivia Octavius had shown up in her dimension after the Collider incident, falling through the same dimensional hole that Peni had used to return to her version of Japan.

After that... things had gotten, well, weird. *Very* weird.

“I started to have... desires. I had always liked snacks—gumballs, *nodi*, Pocky. I ate them constantly in my suit, but as a child it never bothered me.” Peni sighed. The two of them were sitting on the roof of a donut shop, on top of the comically oversized donut-statue. “Then Liv arrived, and snuck a stem-cell cocktail into my Pocari Sweat soda. Overnight, I became ravenous. I ate and ate, for years...” Little pixelated tears streaked the mech’s face. “I was a mess, Gwen-*chan*. I was no longer *kawaii!* I was...” A dramatic pause. **“Fat!”**

To Gwen’s concern, as she scarfed down donut after donut, the statue’s frame and bolts were beginning to creak underneath her. “So what? You could have lost the weight. Every supervillain has a flaw—you just needed to find Liv’s and stop her.”

“I tried. But the food... The food was my only desire.” She clutched a metal fist. “I existed only to consume. And soon I found out why. Doc Ock is using our sheer mass—the density of our spider-cells—to break the barrier between dimensions!”

Gwen’s jaw dropped. Donut crumbs spilled out. “She... What?”

“As Spider-Women, we are uniquely important to our dimensions.” The mech projected a hologram: a simple neon grid. “We usually dent the space-time continuum like this.” A small dip appeared in the data-sheet. “But if we are altered... if something fundamentally changes who we are? We impact the quantum field more heavily. And eventually...”

The small bend in the hologram got deeper and deeper, until the whole grid flew apart.

Gwen sipped an extra-large coffee with ten creams and six sugars, struggling to hold in a bubble of flatulence her overeating was building inside her body. “Ugh. So what you're saying is, I'm going to get so fat that I can make a hole in space-time.” She belched. “This is ridiculous, Peni. I mean, I've seen some weird stuff... super-colliders, Spider-Hams. But this is insane.”

“Doc Ock *is* mad, yes.” Peni's mech once again emitted the sounds of frantic eating. “Mmm! That's good *yakisoba*. But... **slurrrp**, she is also a genius. She knows exactly how to damage our dimensions, how to punch through. She came here, after my mass grew so dense it opened a portal to your world... And now she seeks to do the same to you. To make you so large she can use you as a trampoline, back to the world of Miles Morales.”

Gwen grunted as the lactose-heavy drink increased the bubbles of gas in her guts. “Ugggh. **URP**. Is there anything we can do to stop it?”

Peni's robot nodded. “Yes... But it will be risky.”

“How risky?”

An array of calculations hovered in front of the mech. “We can still save your world... but your waistline may not recover.”

Gwen shook her head, astonished. In a few short months her life had gone from ideal, to chaotic, and now... to flabby. She missed Miles more than ever—he might not be a very smooth customer, but he always would've had a joke ready, something to help distract her from this hell.

“I don't care. Let's do it. I need to get Liv out of this dimension before she hurts anyone else—people *rely* on me, here. I can't build robots like you do. If I get too fat to fight crime...” She gestured at the city, and noticed with anxiety that her arm had grown thicker, softening under the skintight black-and-white spider-suit she wore. “Crime will kick my flabby butt.” She stood up. “Now let's go—*augh!*”

Her increasingly wide rear had proven too much for the donut statue—it popped off its moorings and hurled them into the air. Peni and Gwen barely managed to web it up before it smashed to the street below.

“Uh...” Peni waved at the passersby below, many of whom were taking pictures. “Do not be alarmed! It is just normal spider-business! *Konichiwa!*”

“Stop making the 'peace' sign and let's go. I'm embarrassed enough already.” Gwen picked at her suits' tights, already overstrained by her thicker thighs and softer buttocks. “Man, I hope Miles is into 'thick' girls...”

“What did you say, Gwen-*chan*?”

“N-nothing!”



The first step of Peni's plan was simple: they needed to trick Olivia. Convince her that her plan was succeeding. And to do that, Gwen needed to eat.

A lot.

“To become big enough to dent space-time, you'll need to exponentially increase in mass.” Peni and Gwen

were in a board room in a condemned chocolate factory on the edge of Brooklyn, piles of takeout food massed in one corner. On the chalkboard, Peni's mech was drawing elaborate pictures of Gwen's body expanding... something Gwen did not exactly enjoy thinking about. "Like this."

"Do we have to?" Gwen winced as a small **toot** emerged from her rear, fluttering the fabric of her spider-suit. "All this food is giving me gas..."

"If you want to stop Olivia, it has to be done." She bowed to Gwen in respect. "I'm sorry."

"Okay." Gwen cracked her knuckles. "Time to eat." Truth be told, she was a little excited—ever since Doc Ock had first tainted her pizza, she'd been consumed with the desire to eat, and it felt nice to finally indulge that a little.

"Wait! First—We need to prepare a structure for your, um, increased mass." Peni's mech webbed a large hammock onto the supporting pillars of the classroom's walls. "Sit here."

"Okay..." She sat, nervously rubbing her overlarge gut. "Well, at least I'll be comfortable while I do my Rebel Wilson impression."

Peni's mech shifted into a different shape, its hovering limbs rearranging into pizza-cutter and fork attachments. A tiny chef's hat appeared over the chibi image of Peni. "Ready?"

Gwen swallowed. Her whole life had been restraint... fighting to control her reputation, while being Spider-Woman. Fighting to stop her city from falling to evil. And now she was fighting her own waistline. *Well, maybe it's time to stop fighting.*

Maybe I can finally... let it all hang out.

She sighed, breathing out, and an amost liquid **blorrrp** sounded as her belly oozed out nearly half a foot. She'd been sucking it in with her super-powered abs for days—now, it was finally free. A glutinous mass of pale pink flesh contained in her ever-so-tight spider-suit.

"Okay, Peni," she said, opening her mouth. "Time to play Hungry Hungry Hippos. Fill me up, like you do with your French girls—*mmf!*"

Peni did so instantly, using the incredible speed of her robot to transfer Doritos into Gwen's mouth. Gwen chewed and swallowed as fast as she could, periodically checking her phone to alleviate the boredom. Peni alternated the chips with soda, milk and even heavy cream to keep Gwen's mouth from getting too dry. Finally, once the chips were gone, they moved on to Korean food and Sapporo beer, non-alcoholic... but still quite fattening.

"Ugh... This is starting to hurt..." Gwen had been gobbling for thirty minutes, fighting to get through the endless masses of food, when she finally gave up. "I can't—**BLLLCH!** I can't do this. I'm sorry. I'm just not... *big* enough to fit all this." Moaning, she rubbed her distended gut, bleary and food-coma-stricken. Her face was speckled with sauces, her delicate lips dripping with sugary residue.

She felt huge, she felt massive... she felt *full*. This couldn't possibly continue. Her body wouldn't allow it—she would burst, first. Or pass out. Or, even worse, she might *pass gas*.

"I thought you'd say that," said Peni cheerfully, opening three fresh boxes of pizza. Gwen nearly retched on seeing them, so stuffed was she on needless amounts of grease and calories already. "That's why I brought a friend..." A portal opened on the far side of the room, and Gwen's eyes widened as she heard goofy accordion music and tubas wafting out of it.

"Hey, kiddo! Remember me?"

The tiny cartoon shape that emerged was intimately familiar to Gwen—it was their old friend, the noble Peter Porker...

...SPIDER-HAM!

He looked the same as always... namely, incredibly out-of-place, and ridiculous. Two feet tall and porcine, wearing a comedically on-brand Spider-suit, Spider-Ham leapt up onto her web hammock and brandished a hot-dog overflowing with extra toppings.

“Peni said you had a problem that my *unique skills* could help with. So I made a few calls and bribed a few scientists, and here I am!” He saluted her, bringing the hot-dog closer to her mouth. “Lucky all the scientists are rats in my world. And rats don’t really do moral integrity.”

“Woah, woah! Cool it.” Gwen held up a hand, stopping the hot-dog just as it was about to enter her sweaty, greasy face. “Look, Porker... I'm glad you're here. I missed you. But there's *no way* I can keep eating. I'll explode!”

“See, that's just what reality *wants* you to think.” The sardonic cartoon-character spun the hot-dog around and swallowed it whole, his mouth appearing through the suit and slurping it down in an instant. “But we're *superheroes*. Reality is our plaything. Come on, Spider-Woman... haven't you ever wondered what it's like to be a Spider-Hog?”

“Not really...” But she already felt herself growing hungry again. If she didn't keep eating, she might lose control of herself entirely. “But... If you two think it will help...”

They nodded in unison.

“I guess... I could...” Her eyes fell on an oversized soda-cup. “Oh my god, is that a Slurpee? Gimme that—I love those things!”

“We've found a weakness, Captain,” said the cartoon pig to Peni's mech, webbing the frozen-sugar drink over to Gwen. “Engage slushie drive!”

“Aye-aye, Porker-*san!*” The mech began brewing up fresh Slushier from a compartment in its back as Gwen snacked on deep-fried Oreos and gobbled down bon-bons in between gulps of sugar-water. She was starting to drift off, so absorbed in her eating that she was forgetting all about her terror over never appealing to Miles ever again. Not that she liked him in *that way*—okay, she kind of did, a lot—but her ballerina's body was her finest asset and *wait a minute*, were those cinnamon rolls? Oh, she had to have those... And those crullers. And maybe some of those chocolate-coated raisins. And some curly fries, and those suspiciously melty-looking Spider-Man ice cream pops, and...

Oh god, this is it, she thought with distress as she dug into the feast, borders of her vision beginning to blur into a candy-coated wonderland. *I'm really doing it.*

I'm going full Spider-hog.



Hours later—or it could have been days, her mind was utterly transported by the ecstasies of eating—Gwen had finished the massive feast her friends had brought her.

With some... rather obvious consequences.

“**BRRuuuuuIIILGCH.**” Wheezing and gasping, she opened wide once again as Spider-Ham brought a long Subway sandwich to her lips. Via his cartoon-based powers, it was seemingly endless, stretching back into a pile of food.

“Eat up, missy! Your mother and I are so worried about you, you're practically starving to death!” Spider-Ham refused to let up on his gags even as he crammed Gwen's face full of fattening carbs, meat, pickles, lettuce and mayonnaise, barely giving her time to chew as he rammed the sandwich home. “Okay, that was a lie, I don't actually know your mother, but if I did... well, I'm recently single, is all I'm saying. Put in a good word for me, would you?”

Peni, meanwhile, was documenting Gwen's body. “Approximate weight... amazing. She's packed on over *two hundred pounds* and still climbing! Unable to confirm how much of it is half-digested food... but the space-time fabric is beginning to bend!”

Gwen, more bloated than she had ever been in her life, gave Peni a sluggish thumbs-up. In the reflection of the mech's dome, she saw herself... and was disgusted.

She had utterly *ruined* her body, in the space of a single afternoon.

Her former lithe, slightly bottom-heavy figure had been drenched with calories and fat, becoming a distorted duplicate of her original self. She looked like someone had magically Photoshopped her into a larger size, her belly grown broad and pendulous, resting on her lap and overflowing the edges of her knees. Her entire frame was layered with a soft, nubile mass of plush fat, her body overheated and overfilled, her intestines straining under the intensity of the feeding...

Oh, and then there was the gas.

Gwen had always had a little trouble with indigestion, part of the abstinent lifestyle that led her to become a ballerina in the first place. She'd never had a problem keeping weight off, because most of the time, overeating just gave her gas anyway. But now... now, she could no longer avoid the sensitive nature of her own insides.

Now, she became a *gas factory*.

BLRRT! PRRRrrrrPTF. Her hammock-filling ass rippled as she let loose twin bursts of flatulence, unable to contain the gas any longer. It had been building up for days, and she was finally incapable of stopping its escape. Her super-strong sphincter was simply giving up under the onslaught of calories, surrendering to the sheer pressure inside her.

And hoo boy, it *smelled*. Not even Lizard's lair had smelled this bad. With everything from meatloaf to cotton-candy inside her, Gwen was a balloon filled with lard, food and gaseous byproducts. And those byproducts were very determined to get out and see the world.

“Oh God—brace yourselves, guys—” **BLAARPT. P'FWOrrRPT.** “Oh God I'm so sorry, this is worse than when I was twelve and tried a burrito for the first time—oh God—*nngh!*”

BWRMMMppptf. Truth be told, it felt nice to let it out... but the humiliation was almost too much to bear. Her flatulence reeked of lunch-meats and processed sugars, and there was pepperoni stuck in the gap between her two front teeth. *Yuck...*

To his credit, Spider-Ham refused to “break character,” continuing to feed her and drop one-liners no matter how bad the smell got. With a pair of cartoon laundry-pins holding his snout shut, Peter Porker picked up a can of Easy Cheez and squirted it into Gwen's mouth, stopping her constant apologies. “Easy, kid, just let it flow. Sometimes ya just gotta let Nature do her thing, you know? I mean, I don't think Nature ever intended Easy Cheez to exist, but you get my drift...”

“Three hundred pounds. Three hundred and two... three hundred and six...” Peni was frantically tracking Gwen's progress. “We're doing it! We're really doing it! She's going to be big enough to open a portal, any minute—and then we can sneak her into Olivia's base and banish that she-demon, once and for all! *Yatta!*”

“My, my... Isn't *this* a terrible display of gluttony.”

All of them froze at the lilting, amused tone from the doorway. A woman stood there, hook-nosed and narrow-faced, her frizzy hair held up in a crude fluffy ponytail. The high-tech green bodysuit under her white lab

coat gurgled and clicked as Olivia Octavius entered the board room.

“I must admit, when my nano-tracker led me here, I was surprised to detect additional Spider-signatures...” She picked up a Hostess wrapper and tossed it away with disdain. “But it makes sense. Who else would try and save a pig, but fellow pigs?”

Peni's mech immediately sprouted a dozen weapon attachments. “Back off, Olivia-*sensei!*”

“Yeah, hold your horses, Ms. Frizzle.” Peter Porker pulled an enormous hammer from his pocket, brandishing it. “We've got enough tricks for a David Copperfield show, and like the kids say, you simply can't *hang* wit' dis!”

Gwen, for her part, was helpless. Heaving herself out of the hammock, she immediately had to lean on her chunky knees, huffing and puffing. She wasn't used to her new size, and was furious to discover just the act of standing had exhausted her. “It's too... late... Olivia. We're going to send you... back... to your home dimension.” She grunted, as another fart blasted out of her. **FWRAAPPTff**. “No matter... what it takes.”

Doctor Octopus threw back her head and laughed, tentacles emerging from the lab-coat. Undulating with nano-gel, the arms rose above her like a Hydra's heads. “You little *morons*. Was that the plan? Try and trick me? I never wanted to go home, darlings—that's not what I was fattening Peni for.”

Gwen's face fell. “It... wasn't?”

“No, you Jem-and-the-Holograms knockoff, it was because I ENJOYED it.” She spread her arms, black rubber gloves creaking. “Your asses growing fatter and fatter will destabilize all your home dimensions—making it easy for supervillains to *annihilate* of your worlds. The grandest science experiment of all time: how much can each individual spider eat, before your web falls apart? Your cities, you dimensions, your very *lives*—”

BLLRRT.

Gwen winced as everyone looked at her. “Uh... Sorry. You were monologuing?”

Olivia pushed her goggles up the crest of her nose, scowling. “Ahem... Your gluttony will destroy your identity, humiliating and ruining *every* Spider-woman, in *every* dimension, from here all the way to Dimension 616 ___”

BWFFFffFFRRRT.

This time even Peter Porker held his nose. “*Ay caramba*, Gwen honey. Those chalupas aren't sitting well, are they?”

“No, no, it's fine.” Gwen raised her hand in front of her soft, round face, wiping sweat off her brow. “Keep going, Liv. It was just getting good.”

Doc Ock bit her lip in frustration. “Destroying every spider, in every dimension—” **BWWRT! P'toot!** “Oh, come now, that one was *deliberate!*”

“Maybe.” Gwen grinned, crossing her fat-laden arms, as Olivia trembled with impotent nerd-rage. “Turns out my 'digestive problems' make a pretty good diversion...”

“What did you...” Ock whirled around just in time for Spider-Ham to clock her over the head with his Looney-Tunes-style hammer. **WHAMMO**. She smashed into the wall, but instantly her many arms pulled her up again.

“You fools. You think you can stop me? Your molecular density will *crush* your world, just like Peni's is crushing Tokyo!”

“Crushing...” Gwen turned to Peni's mech. “What is she talking about?”

Olivia chuckled. “Show her, Peni. Do it... or I'll increase your cell density again. I hear your fat is reaching Osaka, these days...”

The robot's chibi-face whimpered... and then Peni sighed. Instead of speaking, she merely projected a

hologram.

It was the city of Tokyo... or at least, it *had* been. A massive blob of pink meat occupied the heart of it, slowly expanding. The hologram screen zoomed in to show Peni's face, older and stress-lined, her hubcap eyes rimmed with heavy bags of sleepless misery. Tubes of Spider-tech, filled with food, continually funneled calories into her colossal body. Flickering sparks of interdimensional energy surrounded her... her cell density was destroying her universe. Just as Olivia had said.

"I'm sorry, Gwen-*chan*," said the robot, "but I had to help her feed you. She won't give me the cure for my *condition*, otherwise... And I'm so ugly now. So fat, in my world. So—" The robot's speakers rattled as a city-shaking fart resounded, from its home dimension. On the screen, a green cloud filled half of Tokyo as choppers circled and spotlights flashed. "So *smelly!* I cannot be smelly, Gwen! I am Peni Parker, I must... be... **CUTE!**"

And the mech leapt into action, grabbing Peter Porker and smashing him to the floor. The two of them faced off, Spider-Ham webslinging out of the way as Peni's pizza-cutter blade swiped at him. "Woah, *nelly!* Run, Gwen! Get outta here—we can't take two of them!"

"I don't think I can **urrrrrrp**, run anywhere..." Gwen raised her fists, but Olivia simply raised a tentacle and began tickling her enormous belly. Shrieking with unwilling laughter, Gwen staggered... and fell on her massive ass, crashing through the floor and into the chocolate factory.

WHAM.

Bouncing off a huge vat of chocolate and rolling to the floor, she found herself immediately pursued by Olivia. The deranged scientist swung down through the hole and landed next to Gwen, plucking a huge pipe off the ground and hurling it at her.

"You'll all be fat. Worthless. Humiliated and miserable—just the way I want you!"

"*Augh! URP.*" Gwen tried to dive out of the way as her spider-sense told her the blow was coming, but she was too slow now—too heavy, too fat. And too groggy from gorging like a prize hog. The pipe smacked into her gut, sending ripples through her flesh and knocking her into the wall.

She was slow, but she could still climb walls... or so she thought. She went to scurry up the metal wall, but when she did, her flabby body merely snapped panels off the metal sheeting, and Gwen crashed to the ground with a liquidy **florpp**. Even more farts squeaked out of her, adding insult to injury.

She fought to get up again as Olivia approached, the tentacles whipping and slicing in her peripheral vision.

A spider-woman... Always... Gets up...

But she was so tired. Her heart was going a mile a minute, thudding and pounding, barely functional inside the massive cholesterol-laden body she'd created for herself. Staggering to her feet, she felt every inch of her suit grow slick with sweat as her overheated frame pumped out perspiration. *Ew, ew, ew!*

"Such a plump little spider. I'll be overjoyed, to add you to my collection..." Two of Olivia's arms lashed out, and Gwen met them with her own. "You're nothing, my dear. Just a bored afternoon, for me. Tricking you and your friends was so *easy*... Because deep down, you're a little softie. Too addicted to the dopamine rush of *friendship*, to be a true paragon." The mad scientist's face was impassionate as she twisted the arms and hurled Gwen into a vat of molten chocolate. "I left such things behind, long ago."

"You... crazy... bitch..." Gwen struggled to get out of the vat, but Olivia forced her down, water-boarding her in chocolate. She gagged and gurgled as she was forced deep into the hot sugary goodness...

"Mmf! Gllg!" **FRWTTFPpt...**

"Drink up, dear." Olivia leaned on the ladder at the top of the tank, a wistful smile on her face. "My, my. This reminds me of my teenage years. I was a butterball, back then... but my tormentors changed their tune when I turned them into house-sized blobs and left them on the track field, for all to see. That taught them a lesson, heh-heh..."

Not like this... Gwen's body was shutting down. Too much exertion, too much fighting. A big girl like her couldn't handle this much effort. She was bound to pass out sooner or later... or simply go into a diabetic coma.

No... I can't just drown in chocolate. Miles would never let me live it down.

Miles Morales. Her crush, maybe. A friend, absolutely. And the only guy who had made her feel *anything*, after losing Peter. She couldn't just give up and end her life with her lungs full of sugar.

She was Spider-Woman, after all. And spiders were hunters. They were cunning... they adapted.

They used their environments, to their advantage.

Flinging out her arm, Gwen shot a web right into Olivia's face, hauling her into the chocolate. In the muddy, sticky depths of the vat, as a pumping-tube gushed more liquid down on them both, Olivia's skinnier frame and agility were useless. She was forced to defend herself with primitive swipes as Gwen heaved her flabby body upright and swung at her, each blow far heavier than any she'd ever thrown.

Wham! Pow! SMAKK.

Olivia was knocked backwards into the wall of the tank, stunned. Gwen grabbed the pumping-tube and shoved it into Olivia's mouth, relishing the older woman's look of shock as the calories churned down the tube and into her belly.

"Careful, Liv," she said, wheezing as she swatted away the scientist's useless chocolate-covered tentacles. "You're looking a little chubby, lately."

But then a mechanical whining sound announced Peni's arrival. The mech jumped into the vat and wrapped an arm around Gwen's flabby neck, compressing her many chins and squeezing fresh gas out of her.

Brapppt!

"Peni, no—"

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" The girl was weeping on the other end of her interdimensional connection, massive farts and wet smacking noises rumbling in the background. The rippling of a flabby, city-sized body. "I need to be cute, Gwen. I need to be *'kawaii'* again. If I'm not cute, I'm *nobody!* The city will *hate* me!"

"Oh, Peni dear... They already do." Olivia had pulled the pump from her mouth and was wrapping her arms around Gwen's massive body, imprisoning her. "And they'll hate Blondie here, too. I will not rest until *all* of you are flabby failures. Miserable, brainless, *monstrously* obese pigs."

She shoved the pump-tube into Gwen's lips, and the girl groaned as her overstuffed guts began to bubble with the influx of new sugar. "But you... you, I will make the fattest of all. By the time I'm through with you, your world will find you as disgusting and frightening as mine once found me..." A single tear trickled from the corner of Olivia's goggles. "Except unlike *me*, you'll never get to grow out of it. You'll be trapped in your hideous bodies forever! *Bwa-ha-ha-ha!*"

She moved closer, caressing Gwen's gut as the girl kicked and struggled. "So sad. And to think you were so graceful once..." She smirked. "Lucky for you, there's plenty of room for 'gas giants' in deep space. Maybe I'll swap you out with Jupiter... I doubt anyone will notice."

Something strange began to happen, as Gwen's body swelled and swelled. Flickers of interdimensional particles floated up around her... and they seemed to grow stronger every time she "let loose" from behind. Shocked and very grossed out, Gwen realized her body was now so dense it was literally farting out interdimensional instability.

"Mmf..." She had just enough range of motion left to shoot a web. The dial on top of the tank's pump read **SLOW**... with horror, Gwen realized what she had to do.

Oh, man.

This is gonna suck.

Thwip! Up went the web-line, onto the dial... and Gwen twisted it to max. Chocolate had always been her weakness, her Achilles heel. And now it was going to be Olivia's.

Grrrrmbl...

The tank-pump sluiced more and more chocolate down into her mouth—torrents of it, rivers and waterfalls of over-sweet goodness tumbling into her body. Gwen swelled and swelled, holding in her gas as best she could.

Olivia was cackling, watching the flow increase. “Oooh, it looks like you missed... Rolled a critical fail, as it were. Heh-heh. Blonde bimbos like you never were very good at—” Then she saw the particles floating up from Gwen's ass. “No. NO!”

She struggled to escape, but Gwen fired a web-line right into her hair, tugging her back down into the morass. *Not this time*, she thought, vision growing dim as the greatest fart of her lifetime built up in her guts. *You're not getting away this time.*

This time, you get a little of your own medicine.

Olivia thrashed and flailed, tentacles lashing. One of them smacked into Peni, who knocked into the side of the tank, tipping it over. The whole vat spilled out, gushing them onto the floor of the factory. And when Olivia wiped off her goggles, clearing her vision, a Spandex-clad ass the size of a small couch hovered over her face.

“Goodbye, Liv,” said Gwen, her face beet-red as she bent over, body trembling with sheer compressed gas. “Don't forget to write... *Nnnngh!*”

Her intestines, hyper-dense and generating exotic matter particles like crazy, let loose with everything they had.

BwwwrrrrrtppPPPTFFFtt!

A titanic cloud of flatulence, speckled through with glitching molecules, smashed directly into Liv's face—engulfing her in a portal, and wiping her out of Gwen's reality into another. Only her screams remained.

“You reeking, fat BIIIIITCH—”

And then they were gone. Gwen and Peni were left alone, the massively obese Spider-Woman facing down her friend.

“Gwen-chan,” said the techie, her mech sparking as chocolate worked its way into joints and motherboards. “I promise I didn't mean it... I just wanted to be pretty, again. I wanted people to love me...”

“I understand.” The drone was falling apart—Peni's connection to Gwen's world wouldn't last much longer. Gwen crouched beside her, the seat of her Spider-suit ripping wide open. It was, she thought with distaste, kind of nice to get a breeze back there... at least, one that didn't smell like rancid beans.

“Can you... forgive me?” The mech stretched out its hand, and a video feed of Peni's face appeared—not the cutesy false chibi-face, but her *real* face, hideously flabby and smeared with food, dozens of chins and jowls hanging down out of the screen's frame. The mop of greasy black hair on her head was dwarfed by the rolls and folds around it. “I didn't want you to see me like this... **Hurrrrrp...**”

“It's okay. We'll fix you—I promise.” Gwen squeezed the robot's hand as Spider-Ham swung down from the ceiling. “It's just a little extra weight. Trust me, I know how you feel.”

“*Arigato...*” The mech's video feed flickered, fading away. “I'll wait for you. Maybe have a little more... *yakisoba* while I wait... *hai.*” The feed changed to Peni's hand, a wad of meaty fat with stubby fingers sticking out of smelly roll-clefts.

The flesh-distorted hand gave Gwen the peace sign... and then the robot collapsed, falling to pieces.

“Wow.” Spider-Ham walked up beside Gwen, looking humbled. “Is it just me, or was this all *really* weird?”

Like, internet-fetish level weird. Did you banish Ock with a *fart*? Was that really a thing?"

"Don't think about it too much." Gwen winced as she realized her suit was giving her fat upper pubic area severe cameltoe. "That's what I'm going to do. Ugh, I look like a dump truck made of ground beef. What a great reboot, for me..."

"Eh, I wouldn't stress about it. The Gwens who sent me here are *way* fatter than you."

"The what?" She blinked as portals began to open around her, and the sound of distant flatulence rumbled.

Pfoort.

Blllrrt.

BRAPPppttt.

Three different Gwens emerged from flatulence portals around her—one of them massively belly-heavy, her gut grazing the ground, mask pulled up as she gobbled a burrito. Another was amazingly endowed in the chest, her breasts dangling down nearly to her knees. A third got stuck halfway through her fart-portal, hips and ass so colossal her saddlebags actually got wedged in the gap. Finally she squeezed through and flopped to the ground, pulling out a candy bar from her rolls to console herself with.

Gwen's jaw dropped. "What the *hell*?"

Spider-Ham nodded. "You think you're the first Gwen that Ock tried this on? She's been beaten by a dozen other Gwens... but you're the first to actually get rid of her. And once I heard that Peni had been horn-swoggled by Ock, I had to come help!"

The belly-heavy Gwen stepped forward. "We're free," she said, deep voice speaking of a diet of grease and cream. "Free to help our sisters, now. And Peni."

Chest-heavy Gwen nodded. "She's still out there... still city-sized. We have to do something."

Bottom-heavy Gwen groaned as Spider-Ham helped her up, sweat-drops on his forehead as he fought to tug her massive body vertical. "Do we *have* to, Gwen #2? I haven't had my fifteenth lunch, yet. **UrrRRRrrp.**"

Gwen Prime rubbed her forehead, feeling the extra flesh there as an alien part of her, something she wasn't used to yet. "This is going to take some getting used to."

The busty Gwen rolled her eyes. "You have *no* idea. People keep calling *me* 'Power Girl.' I have no idea what that means!"

Spider-Ham banged a gavel on the chocolate-covered floor. "ATTENTION, attention! I call this first meeting of the Spider-Pigs to order! Time to get ourselves over to Peni's dimension, and finish this thing. Ock doesn't rest easy, and she'll be back at it in no time..."

"But how can we fight her?" Gwen Prime was exhausted... and full. So very full. All she wanted was a nap, and maybe ten minutes with her vibrator first. "We're huge. All of us. There's no way we can—**URRrrrpp**—stop her."

"You might think that from looking at us," rumbled belly-heavy Gwen, "but we've got a secret weapon."

"Our density is our power. Ock's turned us all into weapons." Bottom-heavy Gween groaned as her stomach rumbled. "Gassy, smelly weapons... Oof." **Blrrrrrt.**

"That's right! Girls, prepare for dimensional travel!" Spider-Ham tossed a can opener to each of them... and to Gwen Prime. Confused, the original Gwen stared at it.

"What am I supposed to do with... *this*?"

And then the other Gwens all fished out a can of baked beans from their fat-rolls, busty Gwen retrieving hers from her cleavage. And the newest Spider-Pig sighed, taking the can Peter Porker handed her.

