

As she brought the laundry basket up the stairs, Felicia had to pause to catch her breath.

That was... new.

Sure she had gotten tired before in her life was a big time petty thief, but that usually sunk in after the heist, when she was soaking in all of her ill gotten gains.

But all she had done today was walk to the laundromat, and even before she saw that the elevator was out of order (again) she had been feeling sleepy.

At last, she was at the apartment door. She retrieved her key from her preferred storage compartment, her cleavage, and unlocked it.

She dropped the basket in front of the dresser and flopped down onto the bed. The momentum caused a surge of jiggling around the fattened feline's body.

She smirked and held her stomach. Ever since reaching 200 pounds, the gains had been non stop for Miss Hardy.

Her gut had seen the most growth, beginning to form into a double tiered gut.

Her tits had gone up 2 letters in the alphabet, and without her new reinforced bra would cause a heap of trouble for her back.

Her creamy white thighs were very thick, easily capable of smothering a man.

But the biggest physical change had to be her endurance, as she was still breathing heavily even minutes after laying down.

Wait, was that because she was tired, or because she was turned on?

Felicia's eyes widened when she realized she was turned on because she was tired.

She bit her lip as she writhed on the bed.

"Peter will be so happy when he sees what a piggy he made me." she said aloud in a dream-like voice.

Still, she had to take care of the laundry before she could take care of her needs. But she could still have some fun with it.

She got some candy from a drawer on her nightstand and gnoshed as she put away hers and Peter's clothes.

At first he had been very reluctant about Felicia doing chores, because of both his chauvinistic ideals and reluctance for Felicia to be burning any unnecessary calories, but she insisted.

She wasn't going to be a leech off of him.

Plus, it gave her a chance to spruce up Pete's wardrobe a bit. Any shirt she didn't like would wind up in his "pajama" drawer.

As she was putting away a set of his Spider suit in a secret alcove in the closet, she found something of hers.

Her old suit.

The black leather suit with white fur trimmings had not been worn in some time, since Felicia was a much different, and much lighter, woman.

In the time since she had teased her Spider Boy with it, she had gained nearly a hundred pounds.

She had to try it.

The thighs were a challenge, but not impossible.

The suit always showed off her ass, and that was no different with the dumptruck she was now packing.

Her arms were much flabbier, but the suit was still flexible.

But the true challenge was before her.

Her belly.

She took some quick breaths and sucked in as much as she could .

She was able to pull the zipper up the front almost halfway to the top of her fut, but it refused to go further, being stretched too thin.

But when she breathed out, the surge of abdominal flab forced the zipper to almost its starting point at the bottom.

She took a few photos to send to Peter, and hoped that she wouldn't be interrupting him at an inopportune time.

Then, she flopped on the bed again to take care of her needs, opening the other drawer on her

nightstand.

As the vibrator rested on her sex, she talked dirty to herself.

“Look at you, you were the best, and now all your good for is fucking and getting fatter.”

She moaned deeply, pouring some candy in her mouth.

“Can’t even get up a flight of stairs without getting winded, that’s how much you let yourself go. It’s embarrassing.”

“And the worst part is you want more. More and more and more. More fat, more food, more pete.”

“Just wait until you can’t even fit through the door!”

With that she climaxed, releasing the energy she built up inside her.

How had she ever lived before this?

Later that night, she and her Spider-Man were cuddling on the couch, one of Peter’s hands lovingly brushing the chub they had packed on her.

Then he got a call.

“Mj, what is it? Oh, I’m so sorry. I’ll talk to her, and call you back.”

Peter sighed.

“Mj’s show got canceled, and she can’t find any work over there. She can’t pay her rent anymore, and she needs to stay somewhere for a bit. Is it ok if she crashed here?”

Felicia crossed her arms.

“You want to know if i’m ok with your Ex, who broke up with you to go shoot some show in Texas, and who has no idea about what kind of relationship we really have, to come stay here and for a few days, maybe weeks?”

Peter awkwardly rubbed the back of his head.

“Well, we both agreed to break up since at the time we thought it would be for the best, but everything else is true.”

“Okay.”

Peter was puzzled.

“You're okay with it, really?”

“Well I can think of one reason why you won't dump me for her.” She said, rubbing her gut. Then she moved her hands to her breasts. “Maybe three if I'm feeling frisky.”

He kissed her.

“I don't deserve you.”

She smiled.

“And besides, it might be entertaining to introduce her to some... bad habits.”