

In the world of professional heroes, changes happen; people have shifts in their quirks or develop new ways to use their quirks. To the more fame-driven of the heroes, such developments could be forced, done for notoriety over any utility in crime-fighting. That was where Mt. Lady found herself as she looked at her falling numbers in the popularity poll. She'd always strove to be the biggest thing in the hero world; it only made sense with her powers. How could anyone ignore a woman that was taller than a skyscraper? Especially a woman clad in a skin-tight body suit, but it was happening nonetheless. She had analytics set up, her manager feeding her all the live data in the hero polls. First was occupied by All Might; even after his retirement, he took number one, and she was content with that. The issue came with her current spot, which was 6th in the polls, falling just under Midnight, the old hag who thought she could show her up.

It was hard to separate herself from her hero identity; born Yu Takeyama, she was always striving to be loved and adored. So seeing herself fall so low filled her with an indignant anger, a frustration. Alone in her darkened apartment, the only light was the light of her tablet; she kept scrolling. She looked for any angle she could take, any way she could get a leg up, without stooping to straight-up porn like Midnight did. Yu was growing frustrated as she dove into the comments; not a single one was about her hero aptitude. In fact, most of them were just lusting over her body, drooling freaks who'd been part of her fan base since day one. It wasn't until she scrolled to a particularly unpleasant picture that an idea started to form.

The picture was one of her in an embarrassing moment, tripping over some car and coming down towards the camera ass first. The fact that someone captured that photo and lived to tell the tale was remarkable enough, but what caught her interest were the comments.

*[Anyone else kinda digging that dump truck?]*

*[Yeah, who knew she was packing that much cake?]*

*[I've seen her in person, she's got a whole factory back there. Wonder why I never noticed.]*

*[Prolly because everything else about her is so huge.]*

That comment thread was mostly people lusting after and talking about Yu's ass, but their comments gave her an idea. What if there was an untapped crowd of ass fans out there? People who would enjoy seeing her massive butt?

"Hmm, I wonder?" Yu mused to herself as she sat the tablet down and getting up from her sofa.

***Hnnnggggg***

She clenched her fists, straining her muscles like she was trying to flex, her body trembling from the effort.

***Strtttcchhh***

"Perfect" Mt. Lady grinned to herself as she felt a change on her backside.

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***Bewwooooo***

Sirens wailed across Musutafu as the police chased down a free-swinging villain, some spider-themed woman with a large tote in her hands. It was Stray Widow, a mid-level crook who focused on theft over grander schemes. The red hair that flowed behind her was her most distinguishing feature, as the rest of her was completely cloaked in costume. She sported a fairly petite frame, modest bust, narrow hips, and all of it was poured into a skin-tight brown suit. With the chitinous legs that sprang from her, she gripped along the sides of buildings, shooting webs to propel herself forward. Police were struggling to keep up with her; every swing was pulling her further and further out of range. Her compound eyes were taking in information quicker than they could react; every attempt to circumvent her with helicopters and other pro heroes was met with easy avoidance. Then they got the call, one that filled them with hope.

"EVERYONE CLEAR THE WAY! MT. LADY IS ON HER WAY." one of the cops shouted an order over the megaphone as the cars started to slow down.

"Mt. Lady? Please, I can see that giant coming from a mile away." Widow mused to herself as she rounded the next corner, swinging into a street.

Her eyes were fixed on the horizon; Mt. Lady was strong, but she was far from stealthy. You could hear her coming and feel the vibrations in the air when she walked; there was no way for her to sneak up. As Widow looked about, she missed the lone figure standing in the street, the white-clad hero ready to stop her. On her next swing, Widow came low to the ground, flying just over the street lamps to a mysteriously vacant street. Then she saw Mt. Lady standing with her back turned.

"Can you see this?" Mt. Lady snickered, flashing a smile before bending down.

She bent down to her feet, wrapping her arms around her hips and squeezing so hard it made her muscles tremble. Her plush ass began to vibrate, shaking for a moment as she strained her muscles; her whole body looked like it was flexing. Widow was ready for any sudden height changes; she knew it took a few moments for Mt. Lady to get to full height, and those moments would be enough for her to escape. Her focus on Mt. Lady's size blinded her to

what was happening down below. Mt. Lady's muscles were coiling like a spring, condensing tighter and tighter. Her fat turned rock hard before suddenly surging out.

### ***Sproing***

Like a set of airbags, Mt. Lady's ass shot out, ballooning in size until they became two massive walls of flesh. Widow collided with them head on, crashing into the pillowy mounds with enough force to knock her from the air. The springy flesh was soft as pudding, but tight like rubber, Widow sank into its folds with relative ease before being launched back at lightning speed. Her body tumbled over itself, skidding across the road and grinding across the asphalt as she came to a stop in front of an office building.

***Thud***

***Thud***

Widow was still woozy from the impact, her blurry eyes looking up to see two towering cheeks wobbling towards her.

"I think it's time we made you stay put." Mt. Lady taunted the criminal as she flaunted her deflated curves.

Mt. Lady's ass was enormous, but it was evident that the sudden surge in size was temporary; now she sat somewhere close to the size of a small car. Each cheek wrapped lovingly by her suit, outlined perfectly like the towering globes they were. Jiggling like pudding given flesh, rippling with each breath she took as she turned around. With great effort, Mt. Lady lifted her enormous cheeks, increasing her height so she could lift them above Widow. Then with a terrible drop, she brought her ass down on Widow, trapping the struggling arachnid under her pillowy mounds. Those creamy mounds jiggled as she struggled; every punch or kick was like hitting a wall of gelatin. Mt. Lady's ass curled like silk around Widow's struggles, wrinkling and curling as the hefty mounds enveloped her. Mt. Lady stayed there for a moment, grinding her ass back and forth, smushing the lithe hero into the pavement before relenting. Gradually her booty began to shrink, turning back into the plush cake that everybody knew and loved. Widow was still dazed on the ground, the weight of a mountain having been brought down on her.

"Prolly should still cuff you, to be safe. But I don't think you'll be moving any time soon." Mt. Lady snickered, twirling a set of handcuffs around her finger before securing them.

Mt. Lady put her hands on her hips as the cops showed up to take Widow away. As she talked with the police to explain what happened, she made sure to look around. She hoped that there were reporters around the scene, people that would have caught her good side and showcased her new powers. From the corner of her eyes, she could see a woman in a suit gussying herself up, getting ready for an interview. She looked to be from FATV, a trashy little

station, but one that seemed to follow her everywhere. They barely waited for the police to leave before rushing towards Mt. Lady, camera on shoulder and mic in hand.

"Wow! It's Mt. Lady! We saw the whole thing. Would you mind taking a few minutes to do an interview with us?" The woman practically shoved the microphone in Mt. Lady's face as she begged for her interview.

"I can spare a few minutes. A pro hero like me is pretty busy, you know?" Mt. Lady gave a wink to the camera as she nodded.

"It's not on yet. But thanks!" The woman adjusted her tie as she motioned for the camera to start rolling. "This is Kitty Hawk, here live on the scene with everyone's favorite hero Mt. Lady, who just unveiled a new power! Would you mind telling us a little bit about it?"

"Of course, anything for the adoring public." Mt. Lady winked to the camera, flipping her blonde hair out of her face as she gave a flirty pose.

"Perfect. First things first, how did you get that new power? I don't think body manipulation has ever been one of your quirks." Kitty was all ears as she held the microphone up to Mt. Lady.

"Well, I was thinking about it the other night. My hero work is a bit restrictive; I need two lanes to get anything done, but crime doesn't just happen on the open road. So I thought really hard, started concentrating, and then, voila!" Mt. Lady sprang her hands out like she was mimicking an explosion.

***Strrrtcchh***

As if on cue, her ass was starting to grow, the bountiful buns bobbing up and down as they flowed out from her backside. Curving out like round balloons, inflating with piling flesh that seeped over her thighs. Heavy buns that were enough to be an armful for anyone, large and jiggling mounds that looked ready to burst from her suit.

"That's amazing! So you can make your butt grow to your full size without getting large?" Kitty looked both amazed and a bit confused, her professionalism not breaking during the interview.

"Well, not just my butt. I can make other parts grow too, but you viewers will have to keep watching to see that. Can't give away too many of my crimefighting secrets." Mt. Lady put a finger to her mouth, giving a shush to the camera before looking back to Kitty.

"You heard it here folks; expect some big things from Mt. Lady here in the future." Kitty winked at the camera as it shut off.

## ***Grrlr!***

As the interview ended and FATV left the scene, Mt. Lady was pleased as punch, ready to rush home and look at her popularity. Her excitement was undercut by light gurgling, something different than a simple upset stomach. It felt more substantial, but Mt. Lady paid it no heed, content that she'd managed to boost her numbers a little.

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Yu was back at home, draped in her most comfortable casual wear, drab sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. She'd been spending all of her time after her long day just scrolling; she wanted to see how her new powers were going over. She feverishly searched for the interview, looking for the video so she could gauge the comments below it. Her obsession with the comments and numbers had left her blind to the changes that had been happening throughout the day. She had done a little bit of ass cushioning, a few more butt shots for the cameras, but her ass hadn't been fully deflating when she did. Each time she did her little airbag trick, her ass stayed a little bigger than it was when she first did it. Which led to her current situation, where her ass had become a cushioned chair for her to sit on, raising her a few inches off the seat as she scrolled through her tablet. The growth had extended to her thighs as well, making her spindly legs into luscious trunks. Each one was so round that you'd struggle to get both hands around it.

Despite the obvious changes, Yu remained oblivious to them, too wrapped up in the comments under her videos. She's finally found some pictures of herself today, each of them catching her enormous ass at the perfect, flattering angle. Her enormous cheeks were always dead center or creeping out of the frame, pants always generously hugging her curves. The comments below the pictures were going wild for it as well.

[Did you see that interview? That was nuts girl is adding layers to the cake.]

[Screw the interview, did you see the handcam footage of her bagging Widow. Never thought I'd wish I was a villain.]

[Hell yeah, caked up to the max.]

Yu smiled as she read the comments; seeing so much praise being heaped upon her backside was heartening. She flicked over to her management page, seeing her climb up in spots. Overcoming Midnight and shooting up to the third-place spot overnight, a miraculous feat when you think about it. If her ass could get her that high, then what could the rest of her body do? She smiled as she thought about some other things to test, getting up from the couch to brace for her next experiment.

"Okay, just think about something else. Maybe breasts? Yeah, people like breasts." Yu muttered to herself as she walked to the mirror.

***Hnnnggggggg***

She flexed her muscles, tensing her body again, hoping to recreate the circumstances that expanded her ass. It took a moment, but she could feel something stretching, feel something getting tighter. She kept it up, kept expanding whatever it was, focusing so hard that her eyes were scrunched shut. Her tension continued for a while longer, her muscles starting to ache from the strain and her body burned from being so focused for so long.

***Whooooo***

"That's enough testing; let's see the results." Yu sighed to herself, walking towards the mirror.

She shouldn't have needed the mirror to tell her that her ass had inflated into oversized basketballs of wobbling fat, but she did nonetheless. Walking over towards the mirror, oblivious of the heavy orbs smacking into her legs, she inspected the growth and nearly fell on her backside. On impulse, she grabbed her meaty cheeks, feeling the handfuls of flesh; they rocked up and down as she inspected, bits of spongy flesh bulging through the gaps in her fingertips. Somehow, she still didn't believe they were real; she bounced on her heels, swayed her hips back and forth to verify. Her ass bobbed up and down, sloshing like heavy weights, clapped into itself with a meaty impact.

"Damnit, what did I do wrong?" Mt. Lady cursed at herself, as she stared at her immense ass. "Okay, let's start again."

***Tchhhhhhtcch***

She tried to flex again, working to tense every muscle except the ones in her ass, gritting her teeth in strain. Her stomach was so hard that she thought she'd be sick; sweat was starting to pull on her brow as she worked to train her quirk.

Okay, let's look at what we...are you serious?!" Mt. Lady shouted as she saw her massive backside.

She'd somehow gotten bigger, her ass now flopping over her thighs like heavy weight, wobbling orbs of pure fat. The massive orbs barely fit in her pants anymore, growing large enough to poke out from the elastic waistband. The anyone of flesh that was her crack was deep enough that she could lose her hand in. They looked like novelty toys, the thing you'd see someone wear to be a parody of a big ass. Buried deep in her crack was her panties, the white silk vanishing in the great caves. She dug deep into her crack, trying to fish her underwear out from the overwhelming globes. Her heaving balloons sloshed up and down, shaking out of her sweats as she fought to get her panties out. Thumbing the cloth as she adjusted it, sighing to herself in frustration.

"Okay. So it's only butts for now. That's fine. I'll just get it back to normal." Yu muttered to herself as she tried to think skinny thoughts.

She hadn't gotten the shrinking part down yet, not the mechanics of it at least, but she had figured out the feeling. The desire to be smaller was usually strong enough to slow down her system and bring her back to normal, but things were different. After her interview, the attention she got was going to her head; she subconsciously wanted to get bigger. So, even though she strained to shrink herself down, her body obeyed her true desires.

"Oh, come on. Are you serious? I'm still stuck with these fucking blobs?" Mt. Lady was ready to shout in frustration before her eyes wandered to a new comment on her interview. "I guess it can't be all bad."

*[Dude, she's way better than that Midnight chick. New girl for the new generation, with a new ass to match.]*

That little devil of pride filled her, infecting her system with the desire for more growth; the bigger she got, the higher she'd climb in the polls. She smiled to herself, giving her generous ass a smack before she went back to the couch.

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Mount Lady reveled in the spotlight, enjoying all the fame and adoration that came with her expanding backside. She'd tried to show off her other talents, but all her new moves just circled back to butt related things. Sightings of her in her giant form were rare, some people thought it was due to her focus on her brand, those who saw her in action knew the truth. Mt. Lady's ass grew with her when she went to her full height, staying proportionately the same as when she was on the road. When at her full height, her car-sized booty became bounding zeppelins of flesh, something rarely caught on camera.

As to why she let it become such a rarity, it was down to fear; she feared that if she stayed at full height for too long, her ass wouldn't go back to normal. Especially not with the buzz and hype that surrounded her first unveiling of it. So she went weeks, nearly a month without becoming her namesake, but that didn't stop her ass from growing. With her size being pulled from the menu, she needed to rely more on her expanded ass and each time she did, it stayed a little larger. Now, when she walked the streets, you could see her hills wobbling behind her like massive lumps.

Each step she took brought a wobble with it, her cheeks undulating back and forth of their own accord. Their curvy expanse was swollen enough to fill a truck bed, engorged to the maximum and beyond. Not even the largest of heroes could lift those heaving blobs; the fact that she could lift them was a miracle. She was practically dragging those orbs behind her, their blubbery surface scraping across the cement, sending shockwaves through her body. She was

too large, too identifiable; she was now stuck in the spotlight. With an ass the size of hers, she could be spotted in an instant.

Despite all the hassles, despite all the jeers and collateral damage, she absolutely loved this extra attention. She would put on shows for the people, expanding her ass on request, smothering fans in her soft globes. They were things she once deemed beneath her, but the first hit of easy popularity just stuck too hard. Now she was doing things in public that someone like Midnight did in private, and all for a few extra numbers on the charts. In particular, she was giving one of her female fans a booty dive at this very moment.

"Yeah! Yeah, swing those big bumps!" The fan's shouts were muffled under a couple hundred pounds of ass flesh.

"You like that? Like you being buried under this big ass?" Mt. Lady sneered, grinding her ass back and forth as photos flickered around her.

This kind of thing was becoming more commonplace for her, where she'd make an aftershow out of taking in criminals. Sometimes only thwarting a small theft so her fans could get a glimpse at her marvelous ass. The photos, the videos, they made her so excited that she couldn't think straight. While she toyed around with her fans, she had missed an important announcement on the police scanner: Stray Widow had broken out of prison, and she was on a warpath. After being so thoroughly humiliated, she demanded payback and was currently swinging her way across the city. It wasn't hard to find Mt. Lady, her ass had gotten big enough that she was like a landmark. As the brown-suited beauty flipped through the city, webs taking her around skyscrapers as the white blimps came into sight.

"Say your prayers, bubblebutt, I'm taking you down!" Widow shouted from the sky as she leapt down onto the ground, her limbs still stunted from ass-based injuries.

"Who are you again?" Mt. Lady lifted her ass up, freeing her trapped fan as the rest of them fled.

"You don't remember? You smothered me under your ass, hit me so hard my bones cracked! It was humiliating! The villains in prison made a mockery of me, and now I'm here to get payback." Widow looked at Mt. Lady with a ferocious glare as she denounced Mt. Lady's prior treatment of her.

"I think I remember now. You're that b-lister who helped me get famous. I've gotta thank you for that, it was reall... **woah!**" Mt. Lady barely dodged the spiny leg shooting out towards her, Widow was already on the attack.

"I am not your stepping stool, I am a woman trying to make a name for herself. Now, stand still, I'll pop that booty like a balloon." Widow shouted indignantly as she leapt again.

All four of her sharp spines came down upon Mt. Lady's massive ass like needles, pointed straight into the bloated flesh. They struck true, and for a moment, Widow thought she had won. Her claws dug deeply into Mt. Lady's luscious mounds, sinking deeper as the hero squealed.

***Crkkkk***

There was a sound of stretching rubber, like a stress ball was being pressed; it grew louder as Mt. Lady's ass began to shake. Her little squeal petered out as she looked at Widow with a smirk on her face.

"Gonna take more than needles to pop these balloons." Mt. Lady smirked as she shook her hip, launching the lithe spider into the air.

Widow felt herself tumbling as the massive blobs sprang back into shape; all of the energy she had put into her attack came back at her in full force. It was like she had attacked an enormous mound of rubber or fat; Widow barely avoided another knockout as she caught herself on the building face. Her legs aching as she braced for another attack, launching herself towards Mt. Lady with the same speed and ferocity.

"How boring. I guess you want another taste of it. Make sure to get a photo, everyone, because this is gonna be a doozy." Mt. Lady gave a confident boast as she posed for the crowd, leaning down.

Widow's eyes opened wide, shining through the red lenses of her mask.

*She's already huge; there's no way she can get much bigger than she did before, I'll just catch...*

Widow's thoughts were interrupted by the feeling of a metric ton of ass meat colliding into her face. It was a surprise attack; Mt. Lady had somehow managed to double her ass's previous limit. The ballooning cheeks shot out larger than hot air balloons, ass cheeks as tall as the buildings around her and wider than a swimming pool. While their surface was soft like pudding, such a sudden impact would leave anyone gobsmacked. Widow was flattened against the massive wall of flab, trapped by the force as they expanded, growing until they pressed her into the adjacent building.

***Crash***

***Bwomg***

***Bwomg***

Mt. Lady's sudden expansion was reckless; her ass was too big for the common streets of Musutafu and her avalanche of flesh flowed into the buildings. Their surfaces cracked and collapsed under her massive globes as she snickered to herself.

"Looks like the spider went for the wrong fly." Mt. Lady couldn't help but crack a joke as photos flashed at all angles.

The flickering shutters, the sound of phones capturing images, and all of the recordings being made, they all fueled her ego. She gave her ass a little wiggle for the camera, dragging Widow across the building as her blubbery mounds cracked the stone. Back and forth, grinding that woman like the bug she was.

***Rmbblblbblb***

As Mt. Lady played with her victim, she felt a rumble deep within her form, a little bit of instability in her core. It was the same feeling she got when she pulled a muscle, but it was localized entirely in her ass. Her muscles were twitching, like she'd sprained or stretched something inside of her.

"Guess that was a bit too big. Maybe I'll reel it back." Mt. Lady muttered to herself as she clenched in pain.

***Hnnnnnnn***

She tensed her muscles, hoping that this time she'd really deflate, but the opposite happened. As she wished for shrinkage, she was granted expansion instead; her cheeks kept burgeoning out, flaring out into her hips. The fatty mounds were starting to spread their girth to her hips and thighs. Turning her shapely legs into even more engorged curves, ones that started to crowd around her body like massive pillows.

"Shit. Shit. This is bad. Get down. Stop!" Mt. Lady was yelling at her own ass as it grew.

The encroaching walls of flesh were billowing over her, trapping her in a prison of her own silky flesh. Growing larger and larger, thighs bloating into immense trunks of fat that forced her legs apart, each one larger than her waist. Her hips were jutting out past her shoulders, turning into couch-filling curves that melded into the billowing mountains behind her. She could feel the crushing force around her, the feeling of being smothered. If she didn't do something about this, she'd be suffocated by her own ass.

"Everybody out of the way! I need to grow!" Mt. Lady shouted her warning to the crowd before muttering a grievance to herself. "This repair bill is gonna cost me a lot."

***Grrnnnnnn***

### **Ssttrttccchhh**

Mt. Lady began to grow, rising in height like she always had, but things felt off this time, more strained. Reaching her full height felt like she was stretching her skin, fighting against a suit that was three sizes too small. As she rose up in the air, she could feel her ass climbing with her; her pillowy mounds still enveloped her as she rose above the buildings, the tensing flesh still gripping her arms as tightly as it had before. Only there was a bigger problem at hand now; she was wrecking the city. Her mountainous rump surged across the landscape like a blob plowing over buildings and cracking the pavement. As she grew, there was a groaning deep within her core, the straining sound of stretched rubber. Each foot she grew was another ten on her ass, blooming and growing like fatty mounds, their jiggling surface growing tight as she reached her full height.

"I...**ooooh**...I don't feel that good. I think something's wrong." Mt. Lady looked around her as the crowd's videos kept rolling.

Mt. lady was in a panic, holding her twitching ass as it continued growing, the flesh wrapping around her like a binding constrictor. Layer upon layer of pillowy flesh smothered her body, pressed into her flanks. Her ass was becoming a great hillside, a landmark of the city that could be seen from the borders. Her gelatinous mounds wobbled with the breeze, as soft and supple as silk. Every second that went by was another layer on her form, a form that she wasn't sure could hold together.

### **Grnnnn**

Her muscles ached, groaning like strained steel as she tried to hold together; every inch of her body had become so dramatically sensitive. She shuddered at the breeze as it blew over her hills, her nerves fired with the odd sensation of pleasure and pressure. Her instincts were telling her to grow, telling her to rise and try to outpace her ass, but she knew that was folly. Her adoring fans were all around her; she was plastered on TVs across the city: she couldn't put them at risk. Instead, she tried to calm herself down, breathing in and out to soothe her nerves.

*It's just a little mishap. We've had these before. Just think back to when you were a teenager, how did you handle it back then?*

She closed her eyes, letting her thoughts stray back towards a small pep talk she received from a school counselor after an embarrassing incident. She couldn't remember what she said, the words were a blur, but her comforting tone was what she craved. A warm and assuring voice that whispered in her ear brought her back to earth. Her heart rate began to steady, and her panic faded. She had stopped growing, her nerves finally reaching a more stable point, but she was still trapped as a giant blob of a woman. She could feel the rubble falling down her gelatinous backside, the pillowy mounds wobbling with her breath. They had relaxed but were still an ocean of flesh, grand collections of ass flesh that could level a city.

"Is she gonna be okay?"

"I don't know, I don't think I've ever seen her like this."

"It can't be real, right? She's putting on an act?"

"Yeah, someone like Mt. Lady would never lose control of her powers. She's too cool."

Mt. Lady's hearing had enhanced itself with her eyes closed, picking up the slack for her other senses; with them closed, she could hear the whispers of people. She opened her eyes to see her fans, all of them staring up at her with a worried look; it was in that moment that she felt something new for her fans. For all of her career, the relationship had been one-sided; everything she did was transactional. She bathed in their adoration and did nothing to give back to them, aside from her appearance alone. Despite that callousness, they still held concern for her, held worry. That feeling of concern warmed her heart and broke the dense fog of her ego, permeating down into her subconscious.

"Don't worry everyone, Widow may have messed with my quirk, but I'm still your Mt. Lady." Mt. Lady bellowed so loudly that her boast carried across the city.

It was like a weight had been lifted, both from herself and from the public; as she beamed a radiant smile towards the crowd, the smothering flesh around her began to shrink. Returning to a less dangerous size, her ass was still enormous, still larger than a city block, but it was no longer trying to crush her. It also helped that she shirked some of that responsibility over to Widow.

A few more minutes passed, and her shrinkage had stopped; her booty was no longer a bomb and returned to being the bomb. Now, Mt. Lady needed rest; it would take quite a bit of it to reset herself after the abuse of her quirk.

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"Make sure you get my good side, because the wave's gonna be pretty big." Mt. Lady posed for the drone cameras that surrounded her.

With a wink and sway of her hips, she smacked her hill-sized booty together in a terrible thunderclap. The shockwave carried across the ocean and out to the beach, where her adoring fans watched her marvelous mounds jiggle. Waves surged out from the impact as her clap shook the whole of the ocean, sending a vast wave to the shore. Surfers were at the ready, waiting to catch the towering wave as it rose high into the air. Normally it would be a hazard, but people felt assured with Mt. Lady there.

It had been months since the incident with Widow, and Mt. Lady hadn't really shrunken that much, she was still an oversized blimp of a woman. For the safety of everyone, she had been reassigned to Osaka for Coast Guard duty and to deal with the occasional Kaiju. She missed being in the city but realized it was a better deal than having to pay for all her damages. So she settled into the peaceful coastguard life, bathing in the beach rays and helping be a beacon for incoming ships. She'd gotten quite a following as well; it turns out that the only thing better than a body suit-clad ass was a bikini-clad one. So she put on shows for the people on the beach, took photoshoots for her fans, and still raked in the adulation. For her powers, she still hadn't gotten down how to shrink her ass, but she was becoming more comfortable with the idea of being a big bootied fiend.

After the surfers got their fill of her waves, she spent the rest of the day relaxing on her fat mounds, using them as oversized cushions while she relaxed in the water. When the sun started to set was when she went back to shore, shrinking with each step until she was her usual height. Her blobby backside dragging behind her like a trow, dredging up the sand as she made way for her warehouse-sized home.

"Now to get a good rinse and bath in moisturizer; saltwater is killer on my skin." Mt. Lady muttered to herself as she walked across the beach.

"Umm, could I talk to you for a minute?" A familiar voice tickled Mt. Lady's ears.

Mt. Lady looked to her side to see a rather pudgy redhead staring back at her, her brown one-piece clinging tightly to her skin. For a second, Mt. Lady didn't catch the spindly spider legs cropping out of her back; they were curled under her long hair.

"I think I know you; you're Stray Widow." Mt. Lady tried to keep her realization a little hushed, just to avoid any eavesdropping.

"Yeah. I am. I was just coming here to apologize for everything. And because I have community service." Stray Widow looked surprisingly bashful.

"What kind?" Mt. Lady cocked her eyebrow at the remark.

After a little exchange, Widow revealed her story after the attack. She'd managed to wriggle free of Mt. Lady's ass and escape into her safehouse, but it was a lonely life. The loneliness got to her, and she'd started binge-eating, leading to her current pudgy form. In

desperation she turned herself in, and the city had assigned her to Mt. Lady for rehabilitation. Mt. Lady wasn't sure how to take the whole thing, but she ultimately accepted, leading Widow back to her shack on the beach. As they walked, Mt. Lady noticed Widow blushing behind her.

"Something wrong?" she looked back with a confused look.

"I...umm. I just wanted to know if you could smother me in it again. It felt kind of nice." Widow looked away as she spoke, her voice trembling and quiet.

"You're gonna do more than that; these babies are in some serious need of moisturizing. So get ready for some deep diving." Mt. Lady gestured back to her oversized cheeks with glee.

The both of them were about to enter a very strange and very invasive kind of friendship