

WRITE NIGHT: COUPLES NIGHT

GWENPOOL AND HAWKEYE

During the evening closing hours at a local comic shop in New York City, two girthy girls were leaving the premises. The two girls also happened to be superheroes, who fought against evil every other day and conquered battles no one else could!

That being said, stairs were becoming more of a challenge every day.

"Gwen, this is the last time I'm going to a nerd store, my hips do not like these railways!" exclaimed Kate Bishop, also known as Hawkeye, a former heiress turned Avenger who had an affinity for tacos even when they had a tendency to go right to her thighs. The four-hundred-and-twenty-seven pound archer not only had to waddle down the narrow stairway, she also had to push her significantly larger friend forward as well.

Gwen Poole was quite the unique individual, hailing from a universe where everyone in the universe were fictional characters, she knew the best way to become relevant was to become her own superhero! But seeing as she fell into a world where fat women got the spotlight...well it was a good thing she was already pretty chunky to begin with. Seven-hundred and fifteen pounds of fat that could break more than just fourth walls if she wasn't careful were currently slanted sideways as she waddled down the stairs.

"This was one of my favorite shops back home! And let me tell you it was a lot more narrow there so just know it could always get worse," the pink-dip-dyed blonde rationalized.

A squeaky voice from Gwen's backpack agreed with a "Mrrr"! Jeff the Land Shark was one of the big reasons Kate and Gwen stuck together besides just generally getting along. The little guy wasn't quite a pet, he came and went as he pleased for sure, but Jeff always appreciated the first two humans that treated him with kindness. The naturally cuddly forms were also a bonus.

After the two super-sized superheroes got out of the shop, Gwen needed a moment to rest and clearly Kate did too, seeing as she fell over her friend's gargantuan body. The pear-shaped young woman sunk into the soft marshmallow form that was Gwenpool, overall not a bad place to recover. But that feeling of being the rock to Kate made Gwen feel...things.

Face red, Gwen moved out of the way and helped Kate get her bearings, it seemed so wrong that the smaller fatty had such a harder time accustoming to their size but alas.

"Okay Ms. Bishop, where to next? I chose my fun half of the night, now it's your pick!"

The ample archer thought for a moment, "There's this food club downtown but it's pretty exclusive," Kate explained, "If

I still had my parent's clout I could get in no problem, nowadays..."

Gwen got an idea, "I think I can make that happen, depending on where the next establishing scene goes..."

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At the Snack Pack, it was a bristling scene with kitchens brewing dozens of buffet tables to share(Ooh fun!)It had a few table games around the place and a music mix to last all night (I'll hold them to that), but the main attraction was(Ohh, Kate, let's drop here!) The floor meant for the girls to share food together while having a few sponsored fashion corners for on the spot fabricating in case of any indecency.

But tickets were relatively scarce, and reservations were hard to acquire, there was a walk in entrance but the chances of security letting just anybody in were slim.

"Good thing we already jumped in here!"

But for Gwenpool's reality-bending abilities, such boundaries were child's play.

"You never cease to amaze me...and terrify me but right now it's more so in the amazement category," Kate complimented.

"I'll take it!" Gwen beamed up. She looked like she was heavier than most of the clubbers here, so she might have stuck out like a sore thumb. But if worst came to worst, she could just jump back out of reality.

The pair wandered around wondering what to do first while Jeff unzipped the backpack he was staying in. The little Shark wanted to get some steps in, and he'd been brought to a whole new place tonight! So he jumped out the bag and walked in the opposite path of his carriers.

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"Ohh, they still have the macaroni bites, Gwen you have to try these. I loved them!" Kate was reliving the memories, while she didn't miss the socialite lifestyle by any means, it was nice to visit her roots. Where her parents had started her gaining journey so as to show off their prized daughter. Admittedly it was more dubious of a start than Kate would have preferred, but the past was the past. The present called for making new memories.

Said memories were being made by giving more and more food for Gwen to stuff her face with.

The bigger blonde was chowing down on a kabob when her friend offered the cheesy biscuits, to which she didn't object. It was odd though, it seemed like this place was geared towards being a hotspot for...dates... Like, romantic dates. Lots of

girls were getting fed by their partners, male, female and anything in-between. It didn't bother Gwen much, it was pretty normalized in this world. But it did make her wonder...Why did Kate want to come here specifically?

After a few more minutes of swallowing everything tossed her way, Gwen interrupted Kate's own snacking to inquire a few things, "Hey, don't take this the wrong way, but have you ever brought a boyfriend here? Seems like a pretty good date spot if you could afford it."

Kate giggled nervously, "Well, if I'm honest, I probably did, but I don't think I remember a single guy's name I took here," she sat down at a table as she answered, her bottom-heavy frame filling the chair, "I mainly came for the food as you can see".

Gwen got nervous as she grabbed an extra-extra-large chair for herself. There was a follow up question she needed an answer for, but she didn't know how to say it yet...

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Meanwhile, Jeff the Land Shark was wandering around the club, using his diminutive height to sneak around unnoticed. He picked his battles carefully, scraping leftovers and bits of food that no one would miss. His own ears picked a particular sound, the shark was intelligent enough to

understand some English phrases even if he had no capacity to speak them himself.

One such phrase was "Break" with all the "Break this" and "Break that" commands his allies would give towards whatever doomsday device was set up that week.

So when Jeff heard the DJ announce a "break" he got curious...

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"Screw it."

"Hm? What are you talking about Gwen?"

The pair had eaten in silence until the other had to speak her mind.

"Kate, this is a date spot, this is a place for couples to engage in feeding together...and you brought ME...Do you...do you have feelings for me?" Gwen asked.

Kate went wide-eyed, "Oh my-I didn't even realize, oh geez I'm sorry I made you think that!"

Gwen continued anyway, "Because I...I care for you a lot just not in all those ways but...I kind of do?"

Her friend tilted her head in confusion, "I thought you didn't want any of that romance jazz or anything beyond that? I didn't think coming here would be that awkward, it's just a place to eat?"

Gwen was frustrated, all her points were getting lost again, "Yes, but I...still want connection, I still want a shoulder to lean on, have fun together, someone to snuggle with, someone I can share a life with without needing anything more just living."

Kate tried to understand, "So, a friend?"

Gwen, "More than just that, I-I dunno."

The stuffed archer put her food aside to focus on her friend, "Listen, I'm kinda new to all this too, and you've been a joy to have in my life for as long as I've known you."

"Yeah, yeah, you were just the first hero to accept me for me all the way back in L.A," Gwen said with some swelling eyes, "I mean I read-er-know your romantic history. If you need something I can't give you--"

Kate put a hand on Gwen's wide shoulder, "Hey, I know I'm a mess you don't remind me. If I'm honest, I could use something simple..."

Putting on a show of faux offense, Poole let out a gasp, "Me? Simple?! You wound me!"

That finally broke the tension, causing the two large ladies to laugh before Kate spoke up, "Ok, fair point, but I'm serious when I say I'm completely fine with not having any sort of physical relationship just to be WITH you. Would anything really need to change in that regard?"

Gwen pondered before figuring out, "No, probably not..."

Kate leaned in once again on Gwen's wider frame, "See? Nothing to worry about! There's gotta be some term for whatever this is."

The blonde nerd put a finger up as she explained, "Well my counselor told me what I'm looking for is a queerplatonic relationship, but seeing as I just had broken up with Julie Power(amicably if I may add) I wasn't in the mindset to really look for that immediately at the time."

"Woah, Julie Power? Seriously?"

"Yeah, it was awesome, I don't think we'll ever see her since Plus might want to avoid Power Pack stuff".

"Since when do Plus-Stars beef with the Power Pack?"

"I wasn't talking about the team."

"Y'know what, whatever, this whole thing is ultimately platonic right?"

Gwen shrugged, "It's like that little sweet spot between friendship and romance if I remember correctly."

With a snort, Kate said "Then maybe that 'Straight Ally' flag the Young Avengers gave me won't age like dirt then."

Gwen snicked until her ears felt like they were getting stabbed. Everyone was covering their ears, wondering what was going on. Until someone shouted...

"IT'S A SHARK!!!"

The pair looked at each other before checking Gwen's bag to see a stack of comic books but no four-legged fish in sight, "Oh no..." they said in unison.

Jeff had attempted working the DJ set but with his little nubby digits and a tendency to use his teeth to pick things up...He made a bit of a mess. He was scampering away from the crowd by jumping on a lot of heads before reaching the crowd. A handful of fearful yelps led Gwen and Kate to his location, as much as their bodies were a bit of a detriment to rush through especially with many other bigger ladies in the vicinity.

A security guard tried to tackle Jeff but was distracted by a spare earring Kate had thrown at his eye. The shark-lad then ran to the archer's soft arms, cuddling in her arms and nuzzling her chubby cheeks softly.

Another security officer approached Kate and Gwen, "Hey! There are no pets allowed in here, and I'm not even gonna ASK if that's a service animal!"

Kate scrambled for an excuse, "Uh, he can't read!"

"Wait, I don't remember checking you or that blonde in!"

"Gwen!"

"On it! Writer-Woman! Please let the exposition be kind-!"

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Back in their Brooklyn apartment, (OK Kate I think it worked!) The rooms were empty as a tiny fabric in reality was pulled over just in time for Gwen to pull herself, her partner, and her best aquatic friend to safety. Jeff was so relieved to be safe and back home he went to sleep in nearly seconds once he was resting on over a thousand pounds of bed-like fat.

After carrying Jeff to his shed while making sure his slumber wasn't disturbed, Gwen returned to the couch where Kate was resting herself.

"What a night, huh?" she said, patting the rest of the sofa for Gwen, who promptly sat down causing a much bigger shake on impact than Kate.

"For sure, this will be a doozy to explain to some of my variants," she lamented.

Kate held her dear friend's cheek in her palm, "Hey, this is for us, not some multiversal plot or storyline as you would put it," she comforted, "Just one question, though?"

"Shoot."

"Does this mean I gotta feed you now? Or does that fall into your no-go territory?"

Gwen laughed with all her gut, sending it jiggling which just served to show how much girther she was than Kate, "Technically getting fat in of itself isn't really romantic or sexual, which is why I'm fine with it. But right now...I'm way too full for that."

"Oh thank gosh, you got a big mouth," Kate teased, leaning in close, getting an okay from Gwen before giving her a goodnight peck on the cheek then falling asleep on the couch, when Gwen followed suit quietly whispering, "You finally gave in, huh Plus?"

I mean she didn't have to call me out like that but still.  
Uh. THE END!