

Symbiote invasions, old enemies returning to haunt them, lots of weight gained, Koriand'r of Earth 21981, and Mary Jane Watson-Parker of Earth 122012 both had eventful and exhausting years. But the light at the end of the tunnel was well worth it for both of them. MJ giving birth to a baby girl named Mayday (in the middle of an alien apocalypse) and Kory having Mar'i were among the most rewarding moments of their lives.

But for two women in the nine-hundred-pound range? Being a mother was exhausting sometimes. And so, with a little multiversal travel and a down payment for a babysitter, Kory and MJ had hit the town of New York City!

"Wait up, Kory!" exclaimed the slightly heavier redhead, with no powers to speak of. Mary Jane had to rely on near-constant exercise to stay mobile at 906 pounds. Given her insatiable appetite, sometimes all that exercise was folly, however. Regardless, MJ wouldn't change it for the world; she had worked hard for this body, and nothing was gonna change that!

Kory had far fewer drawbacks given her Tamarean physiology, not only increasing her strength with her size, so sitting pretty at eight-hundred-and-eighty-nine pounds hadn't slowed her down yet! But it certainly made her stand out, not to mention her golden skin, her mane of curly red hair, and her big, blank green eyes, making an impressive albeit conspicuous figure.

Not being native to this Earth (or really any Earth) also made people curious about where this bombshell, the size of Mary Jane, had possibly come from, but this was New York. No thought of a strange pedestrian lasted longer in their brains before remembering how you might be to get somewhere. But once MJ had caught up and the two massive women waddled side by side? It was hard not to stare.

"I can help make traversal easier, Mary Jane, if you would like?" Kory offered.

"Huff-Depends, did you want to fly me to our next stop?"

"I had thought about holding you up with my strength, but if you like--"

"Easy girl, just joking, we're attracting enough attention as it is," MJ explained, "The next shop isn't too far away anyway-Ooh hot dogs!!"

Even after their day was doubled by stopping at almost every vendor for refreshments, the thought of more food excited the two gluttons. As they walked, Kory and MJ each balanced three dogs in their arms, managing their energetic pets as they headed toward the next shopping center. With all the energy they spent, they needed these necessary replenishments.

"Such rich calories!" the Titan-Sized Tamarean said after practically inhaling one of her blanketed pigs. "I wonder if we will make it through the door at this rate. We have visited five stores tonight, and we've only managed to fit inside one of them!"

With a laugh, MJ commented, "We didn't really fit Kory, your hips smashed through the glass." Feeling a tinge of embarrassment again, Kory asked MJ if Tony wouldn't mind the bill, to which she replied, "Nah, he's good for it. And we shouldn't need to worry about doors being a problem at Van Dyne's Design Studio...Though I haven't been there since maternity leave, so I'm not one hundred percent sure."

"But they have a food court in the lobby?" Kory wondered out loud, remembering Janet trying to sell her on getting back into modelling (and given her more reclusive jobs of late as a gym trainer and gardener, the safety of another universe was certainly tempting for the ample alien).

"Every type of food you can think of!" Mary Jane replied happily.

"Then let us pick up the pace!"

"I'm already going as fast as I can..."

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Back at the Avengers Mansion, one would expect it to be quiet, seeing as the team was on a mission out of the country at the time, but right now it was anything but. And it was all thanks to two individuals in particular. The infant Mayday and Mar'i, under the care of the Wasp. Not Janet Van Dyne but rather her step-daughter, Nadia. The teenager had agreed to take babysitting assignments for the elder heroes when they were away; it never impeded on her schoolwork anyhow, given she had already skipped a few grades to college at the age of seventeen, truly Hank Pym's daughter. Such jobs were usually a cinch for the Unstoppable Wasp, but tonight was a different story.

Not a moment of rest was offered to the poor girl, who had been sworn by the mothers that their kids hadn't shown any signs of superpowers this early in their lives. But given the floating baby and the other one sticking to the wall... these children were scary-good secret keepers.

"Get...down...here...now!... Please?" Nadia asked, shrinking as small as she could to fly up, not wanting to risk being mistaken for a toy or, worse, food for the infants. But trying to keep the Tamarean-human hybrid and wall-crawler down on the ground was one of the most impossible tasks she had been dealt. Her only saving grace was the one surefire way to get them down was-

"Hey Nadia, guessing everyone else is gone? This costume isn't exactly winter-friendly, which I really should see Ronnie about after my new paycheck-omg the babies!!!"

Someone else entering the room provided relief, making Nadia look even more frazzled than Gwenpool's usual reputation ('Hey, I resent that notion'). As soon as the newcomer arrived, the two babies dropped to the ground and crawled around as if nothing happened. The four hundred and forty pound mercenary, Gwenpool, approached, sat down, and cheerfully picked up Mayday, nuzzling her nose.

Nadia spread across the same couch Gwen was sitting on, clearly exhausted, which the fellow sort-of-Avenger noticed, "The job finally getting to ya?"

"I will have to ask Mrs. Parker for a raise, I do not know if I am getting paid enough for this," the thin heroine said, "Only the Parkers barely have any money after trying to quench that woman's appetite..."

Gwen sympathized with her fellow Ace. This was a tough job caring for some of her friends' most sacred members of their family, which gave the pink-tipped blonde an idea, "Well, Nads, they might not have a buck to spare, but I do! Tell you what, take the rest of the night off, and I can see what all the hype is about with these two!"

Nadia quickly shook her head, "No, I cannot allow you to take that burden, Gwen, these two are just as fiery as their mothers and-"

"Ah, c'mon, you've babysat Gerry and Dani plenty of times, and this is what breaks you?"

"They are tiny monsters..."

Gwen pleaded with her friend, "Trust me, I deal with much weirder crap than most of the actual Avengers on a day-to-day basis, I got this! You deserve a rest!"

After much consideration, Nadia yielded, with her final words being, "It's your funeral." Shrinking down and zipping out of the room, Gwenpool was left alone to her new responsibilities. New responsibilities began floating up and crawling over her soft, chunky body.

"Oh, crud, she wasn't lying," Gwen said, quietly accepting her fate.

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After arriving at the illustrious Van Dyne Designs (and three pit stops for MJ to refuel), Kory finally met a door she didn't need to turn sideways and suck in to enter. A very refreshing experience, and once MJ had squeezed in, it was open season.

A bouncer greeted Mary Jane, welcoming her back to the company, even as the model explained she was here for pleasure, not business. Given that Watson had been given an executive position after ten years at the company, she wasn't one to be disagreed with. So none of her fellow employees figured to point out the equally as exceptionally large lady as their top model and their CEO.

Kory was elated to see so much fashion available in sizes like hers at affordable prices. She had to get all her clothes custom-fitted, but here she could just pick up a coat, try it on, and her enormous belly wouldn't interfere at all!

The super-sized women were picking their favorite outfits from the displays until they reached the "snack center". Years ago, it was a small corner shop for shoppers to refresh themselves with coffee and a muffin, but as time went by and larger appetites were indulged by Janet as well as catering towards the plus-sizes, it had equally grown into a small restaurant where the catering was among the top reviewed in the city. And while Kory was a newcomer, Mary Jane definitely was not, given that she spent almost as much time getting free food as she spent doing her modelling job.

Still, it was no small task when MJ asked for double her usual order, so the two decided to shop a little longer while they waited for their food to be ready.

The fitting rooms were the size of a small room, allowing Kory and MJ to easily change into outfit after outfit to test if it would fit or ride up their stomachs. Although they weren't inclined to turn away a vestment that showed off their beautifully round and sagging stomachs.

At one point, Mary Jane was getting tired again and needed Kory to join her in her room to help her with her clothes. They laughed together, thinking about what their husbands would think, seeing them together in the middle of changing, two gargantuan bodies squishing against each other, skin to skin, as they dressed down to exchange outfits. Between the pair weighing nearly a full ton together, it was probably best that Spider-Man and Nightwing didn't see this, seeing as it likely would have fried their brains for good.

Still, they both got some of the more... "scandalous" outfits not yet on the public market, thanks to Mary Jane's position, in case they wanted a midnight surprise for their guys.

Once a text was sent, the two weighty women exited their fitting room to make their way to being professionally catered to.

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Gwen Poole has made many regrettable decisions in her life, but none were as painful as the decision to take care of Mar'i and Mayday together. The babies of chaos were like entirely different people when alone with any sucker who dared to command them that wasn't one of their beloved parents.

If she didn't already figure out she had no interest in sex anyway, Gwen would have figured this event might have convinced her that children weren't for her lifestyle. Given that, back home, her younger brother was only a few years younger, she had little experience caring for infants. Currently, the best that the tubby merc had gotten the super-babies to do was to stick on her head as she travelled around the mansion.

"At least you two are too cute for me to get too mad," Gwen remarked, "I looked like a half-sucked mango at your age."

Beyond tired, the blubbery blonde opened the pantry that seemed to be the size of her entire apartment. Given this

place had to be ready to feed not only MJ, but Jan, who was almost as big as a foodie with even more of a competitive spirit, both Jessicas, even as one tried desperately to eat less for her diet, and her best friend Kate who constantly made Gwen feel thin in comparison every day, keeping them full at all times was no small feat. But if anyone had the money for it, Tony Stark was the guy.

Usually, Gwen had some reservations about taking food from the mansion's spoils. She didn't want to get on the Avengers' bad side while not quite an official member (not yet, anyway), and she wasn't committed to gaining weight like the others were (Heck, J-Drew ate more, and she was the one always trying to refuse meals). So the pudgy Poole figured she would grab the baby food for bribes and leave. But as she walked deeper in ('Hold on who's writing this again?'), and seeing more and more delicious snacks, unmarked by any teammates ('Oh it's a Plus-Spider story??'), given her troubles that were crawling all over her hungry body ('Well, I guess there's no use fighting it, let's do this'.) the temptation was too great for Gwen.

As she loaded bags and bags into her arms, she exited the pantry ready to get her dues.

“Wahhhhhh!!!”

..As soon as she fed the babies first.

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Individually, Mary Jane and Koriand'r had earned their weights well with bountiful appetites developed over years of piling on pounds and various stuffing schemes usually related to the Tamarean's older sister.

But together? Oh, there was nary a force of any Earth that could contain their sheer hunger. Despite all the stops for food on the way here, they proved to be small appetizers compared to the full meals being served to them. The only things slowing them down were small talk and socializing, along with, of course, asking for the next course. MJ's stomach was so taut and tight that it had gone closer to the

ground than ever before while sitting back. Kory had to use her flight just to stay at the table and not break her chairs as she stuffed herself beyond any notion of a limit.

Multiple waiters had to help Mary Jane to her feet while Kory adjusted herself steadily once again. She had been a black hole of food throughout months of her pregnancy, and she still didn't think she had eaten that much food in one sitting in a long time. The pair of women looked absolutely huge next to each other, with orbicular bellies nearly twice as big as usual, inching towards the floor even standing up. Their coats had lost their ability to fit around their circumference, never mind being zipped up. So with their stuffed stomachs riding up their shirts, when they went back to the cold, MJ had to hold Kory close to keep as warm as she could.

"You know...I think I would be fine *hic* with flying right now..." Mary Jane muttered.

"All riiight!" Said Kory, fully aware she would fall into a food coma if she wasn't quick enough. The pair ducked into an alleyway, ready to take flight, until they discovered a slight problem.

They were too big and wide to really get a good grip on each other. The tight alley didn't help. Eventually, Kory floated up and asked MJ to raise her hands. Claspng them as tight as she could muster, the rotund redhead started being lifted up, until Kory could put her hands under her shoulders and the sheer amount of fat she had in her "angel wings" for a more reliable lift off. Still, the inhumanly fat human's head was sinking into the area of chub that buried the Tamarean's collar bone, never to be seen again.

The pair of friends made it to the Avengers' mansion, finally ready to slumber. But not before checking in on their babies. Tonight was a fun day, not to have to worry about motherhood, but they missed the little stinkers.

They waddled to the guest rooms and saw their children sound asleep next to each other with a playset, and, far more surprisingly, a very stuffed Gwen Poole. Her stomach wasn't nearly as big as the other two large ladies in the mansion, but it certainly felt like it as she consumed all the snacks out of pure stress.

"I finally understand...editorial..." Gwen mustered, "Those two are too powerful to exist in canon..."

Ignoring that strange comment, MJ asked about Nadia, to which Gwen explained that something in the Microverse caught her attention, and she agreed to cover her. When the pair offered to pay Poole back, she refused.

"No thanks, this was up *urp* out of the goodness of my *hic* heart...how do you all do this..." Gwen muttered.

After a light belly laugh from Kory and MJ, the Tamarean explained, "Lots of patience and practice, but we are very appreciative of you, Gwen."

"Yeah, yeah, we're author favorites, never give Plus-spider brainrot again... still, it's nice to help each other out...now...sleep..."

"Oh, and Gwenpool?" MJ addressed the much smaller young woman, "You did great, keep up the good work. I'm sure you'll catch up in no time."

"Greattttt I'm sure Stories-Wags-whover will be sooo happy with that," was the last thing Gwen said before completely passing out.

Now the only issue was bending over to grab their kids, so Kory just floated down very carefully and picked the two and handed May to MJ's arms as they headed to their respective guest beds. And with that, they wished each other good night with the hope of being able to do it all over again one day.