

Mary Jane sighed as her cab pulled up to Peter's apartment.

She hated having to rely on him like this, but that was the way the cookie crumbled.

Busting her ass in Texas had only gotten her 3 failed Pilots and five episodes of a sitcom approximately 4 people watched. Her agent told her to "take a break," but she was sure she couldn't expect to have an agent at all for much longer.

And to top it all off, she was going to be living with not only her ex, but her ex's ex, who had gotten back together with him.

Peter and Felicia were waiting in the lobby. He still had the same boyish good looks that made her heart flutter a little, and she looked... pretty different.

MJ had always thought of Felicia as a maneater, with how voluptuous she was and how she dressed. It was no small source of anxiety for her that the much better looking cat would steal her web head away from her.

Well in a way, she supposed she ended up giving him to her, when it looked like their lives would be incompatible. It hadn't taken very long for her to swoop in, and pluck Peter's heart like it was a rare diamond.

But seeing Felicia now, bulging out of a tank top and sweatpants, long white hair done in a ponytail showing off her chubby cheeks, it didn't look like she was going to be doing much plucking anytime soon, except for a cookie from the jar.

She had seen on her socials Felicia looking a little plump ever since getting together with Peter, but it took seeing her in her overfed flesh for it to really sink in.

Still, she looked happy to see her. Arms ready for a hug after she finished hugging Peter.

MJ had brought luggage with her, of course, and even after downsizing she had a pretty large amount of stuff to bring up. And one quick look at the lobby told her the elevator was, still, out of order.

Peter could easily lift all of this himself, but that would open a few too many questions about how a scrawny nerd like him could be so strong. So they all grabbed what they could and began to make the trip up the stairs.

Mj noticed that Felicia grabbed whatever looked lightest to carry up, telling her that the recent physique changes weren't unnoticed by the Princess of Thieves.

Still, even with a relatively light load, Felicia huffed and puffed as they made their way up the

stairwell, having to take a few breaks in between floors.

When they finally reached Peter's apartment, she was red faced and huffing, clearly out of shape.

Peter had told her when they started dating that Felicia had agreed to retire from crime, but she didn't expect for her to let herself go so much.

When everything was inside she shuffled over to the fridge and opened a two liter of coke, gulping down the carbonated sugar water greedily.

"Well, for your first night back in New York we have two choices, Pizza or Chinese." Peter said, holding up his phone.

She smiled. "Chinese sounds good."

As Peter placed the order, she watched out of the corner of her eye as Felicia slumped into a chair sighing from having such a heavy load off of her feet.

The three of them passed the time by chatting, Peter about some of his recent antics as a vigilante, Felicia about how her website designing business was going, and MJ spilling the tea on what the acting scene in Texas was like.

It was.. Nice. She didn't feel awkward, or unwanted, or looked at with jealousy by Felicia.

The food came and MJ saw Peter had ordered a feast. To be honest, she had missed New York's cuisine almost as much as its people, and her mouth watered and her flat stomach rumbled.

As they dug into the food, MJ saw firsthand how Felicia had put on so much weight, and why Peter felt the need to order so much food.

The girl was simply ravenous, eating food quickly and efficiently, from the dumplings to the lo mein, to the pepper steak, It was like watching a machine operate.

And all the while Peter was recommending stuff for her to try, as if she needed more food somehow.

MJ ate her fill, and was partly mesmerized by the performance Felicia was putting on.

Finally, when she seemed to have eaten, Peter showed her where the spare bedroom was.

It had previously been used as a workshop for the web head, and while it had been cleaned up rather thoroughly, there were still remnants of its past, like scorch marks from where past

experiments had failed to some equipment shoved in the corner.

“Thanks again, Pete. For everything.”

He laughed and scratched the back of his head.

“Anything for you, MJ.”

She yawned.

“Well I think i’m gonna call it a night. See you in the morning?”

“Sure thing. Sleep tight, don’t let the spider-bots bite.”

It was her turn to laugh as Pete shut the door.

Peter sighed, and walked over to Felicia, who was biting her lip.

“Think she suspects anything?” she asked, eyes glancing at MJ’s door.

“Only that you’ve gotten greedy for something other than money.”

He helped her up, her 230 pound body still felt weightless to him. He wondered when that would change.

“Come on, let’s have my real dinner. I’m starving.”

They moved to their bedroom, and on the fire escape outside was a few boxes of pizza.

“Drone delivery, gotta love it.”

She opened a box and let the gooey cheese and greasy sauce hit her taste buds.

“Oh fuck, this is the stuff.”

Peter took the box and hand fed her slice after slice.

She finished the last slice, and was at her absolute limit. Laying down, her stuffed belly was visible over her astronomical tits, which was no easy feat.

Peter climbed on top of her, careful to not put any weight on her stomach except for his hands, which were rubbing her sides.

“Oh fuck, this is so turning me on right now.” She said in a hushed, sultry voice.

“Careful, we can’t be as loud with a guest in the house.”

Felicia bit her lip. “If only we could get her to join in...”

Peter laughed at that.

“What, so greedy you aren’t happy with just a little spider?”

“More like eventually I’m going to be too big of a cat for my little spider.”

“God, I love you.”

He kissed her, deeply and passionately.”

“And besides,” she said after tearing herself away from him, “I won’t be the only bulging bombshell in this house before long.”

He raised his eyebrow at her.

“What do you mean by that?”

Felicia smiled. She figured he was too busy looing at her tits to notice.

“The way MJ was eating her food, and looking at me? She may not know it, but that girl wants to be just. Like. Me.”