



“BINGE SESSION”

Side-C

By ZOB-Industries

“Remember to watch your weight, bounty hunters! Keep in mind—you can’t chase criminals if you’re too big and porky to keep up!”

“That’s right! Remember to eat well and stay in shape... otherwise, YOU might end up on the rap sheet... charged with reckless endangerment of your own figure!”

--Punch and Judy, on “BIG SHOT: For the Bounty Hunters”



“Broke... Again...” Faye Valentine lamented as she checked her bank account from the terminal in the Bebop’s rec room. She lit a cigarette and leaned back, blowing smoke at the ceiling. “If I’d known the bounty-hunting gig would pay so badly, I would’ve told them to keep me frozen...”

Her stomach growled and she tightened her belt, pulling it taut around her yellow-latex skirt and propping her go-go boots up on the table. Ein, the Bebop’s corgi, nudged curiously at her shins. Faye thought about shoving the dog away, but leaned down, scratching the animal between the ears. “No, we don’t have any food for you either. Sorry, pal.”

Examining the ship, she saw exposed cables, peeling paint and couches so weather-worn their stuffing was falling out. On top of all that, their usual Chinese food boxes and pho bowls were missing from the table and the floor—they hadn’t been able to afford such delicacies lately. Stomachs were empty aboard the Bebop, and their fragile family was slowly splintering apart.

If money remained tight, Spike would probably fall back to his old ways, gambling and taking contracts from shady ‘friends’ in his former gang. Jet would hire out the Bebop as a taxi or God forbid, a floating motel. And Ed... their languid, dark-skinned computer whiz would probably disappear back into the ruins of Earth. They’d been lucky to get her in the first place, though Faye didn’t like to admit it, given how often the little brat hacked her personal files. But without Ed doing I.T. for the Bebop, their operation would hit the skids. And she, the illustrious ‘woman out of time’ and femme-fatale of the Sol System, would end up sucking dick for cash.

“To hell with that.” Smoke hissed out of her nostrils as her manicured fingers flew over the keyboard. “Let’s see what we can come up with, for alternatives...”

Faye had skills, unsavory skills she’d earned from running cons on lecherous people. It was time to put those skills to work. If she was going to sell her body, it would be on *her* terms.

The seedy parts of the 'net were familiar to Faye. She had exotic tastes... and so did the people she talked to. The biggest fish she'd been hunting was a strange, secretive pervert who wanted videos of her eating junk food. Lots of junk food.

Faye decided it was time to take *that* scam up a notch. Opening a private chatroom, she began dropping hints at the creep, much faster than usual.

Curvesinspace: Hey there, handsome...

Curvesinspace: How you been?

Curvesinspace: Would love to overeat for you again. Assuming you can front my takeout bill, of course...

RegalOnMars: Well hello, Curves. Good to see you.

RegalOnMars: I don't know. I may not be satisfied with just videos, anymore...

RegalOnMars: Besides, I have much more in store for you than orbital McDougal's fries.

RegalOnMars: I could allow you to live like a queen... if you just let me.

RegalOnMars: A few weeks is all I ask... Come to my estate on Mars. Let me turn you into a goddess and shower you with luxuries. All you have to do is say yes...

Faye paused, chewing on her lip. The cigarette burned down nearly to a stub, warming her lips. She stubbed it out and pondered the offer.

Going alone, to meet some creep on Mars... Seems like a bad idea. Living like a queen DOES sound nice...

Nervous and hungry, she reached out to answer the message.

Curvesinspace: How do I know you aren't going to lock me up in a basement?

RegalOnMars: Ah, a cautious woman. Your intelligence and savvy are a balm in these ignorant times... I'll send you the codes for my estate, and an e-card that will allow you access and exit whenever you choose. You'll be free to come and go as you like.

She considered this. Playing personal escort to perverts was nothing new for her, but there was something... unsettling about the offer. Free access to riches? An estate on Mars? It sounded too good to be true.

Then, she heard Jet cursing as he struggled to work on the engine. And the steady *bop, bop* of Spike throwing a baseball at the wall of his room, out of work and bored. Squeals and gasps from Ed's room suggested she was digging into weird internet porn... again. Instead of fixing the vent algorithms like she was supposed to.

Rarely an empathic woman, Faye was still forced to consider the needs of the *Bebop* over her own. The two were entwined, and if the crew didn't eat, neither did she—and nobody else seemed busy right now. She would have to take this burden herself.

Curvesinspace: As long as you keep your hands to yourself..

Curvesinspace: Yes. I'll come.

RegalOnMars: Excellent!! I'll arrange for a shuttle to pick you up at the orbital rendezvous. Don't be late... Oh, and don't worry about bringing any personal belongings.

RegalOnMars: I can give you anything your heart desires.

Faye blinked as Regal logged off, and lit a fresh cigarette. “Well,” she announced to Ein, “looks like we're going to Mars.” She snorted. “‘*Heart's desire*'... Who talks like that, anyway?”

Getting up, she shut down the terminal and prepared to depart. She had no intention of telling Jet or Spike about her plans. They'd just try and stop her—out of misguided comradery, most likely. But Faye was confident she could handle herself. Mars was full of rich assholes, after all... one way or another, she'd get some *Woolongs* out of this.

“Hope your fridge is stocked, buddy... because I'm bringing my appetite.”



Mars was just as gentrified as she remembered it. As Faye's tiny ship burst from an *Astral Gate* and soared through the planet's upper atmosphere, she regarded the green domes below with envious eyes. *Bunch of rich jerks. Hiding out in their pleasure domes while the rest of the system starves and fights over a few Woolongs.*

Her stomach rumbled, eager for something other than a breakfast of baked beans and jerky. Those supplies, the last of the *Bebop's* food, had already given her some unpleasant gas and the inside of her *Redtail* zip-craft smelled like something had recently died in there.

Of course, in orbit, she couldn't exactly vent the smell, so she had to sit with it as Regal's “rendezvous” craft approached her. It was an enormous shuttle, larger than the *Bebop*, and she punched

the airlock button as soon as it docked with her—desperate to escape the lingering stench of her poorly-considered meal.

The *Redtail* sealed itself shut behind her, and disengaged, its autopilot taking it back to the *Bebop*. Faye was alone in an unfamiliar ship. Mincing down the hall in designer shoes, she took in the luxuries around her.

Someone had decked this thing out in style. Elaborate paintings hung from the bulkhead, and Vivali played on the intercom. Several men in suits approached her, and Faye tensed, but they extended platters loaded down with *hors d'ouvres* and champagne-flutes.

“Madam,” said the foremost man, a goon with a thick neck and pencil mustache. “Welcome to the Den of Luxury. Please, feel free to indulge.”

Faye paused. The Den of Luxury was a widespread syndicate of black-market pleasures, a group that excelled in smuggling drugs, fine booze and other items across the planets. If she was in *their* shuttle, this could get... interesting.

She plucked a champagne flute from the platter, sipped it, and her eyes widened. This stuff was *expensive*. No cheap booze on this shuttle, that was for sure! Eager to finish it before her hosts changed their minds, Faye gulped down the whole thing. As the bubbles churned in her stomach, Faye covered her mouth to stifle a jerky-flavored belch. “Gentlemen—**HURP!**—thanks for your hospitality. Please... Take me to your leader.”

The shuttle shook around them, descending towards Mars. Pleased by her own cleverness, Faye took another flute of champagne, and downed it as quickly as the first one.

This is going to be the easiest con I've ever run...



Spike was laying on his bunk, thinking about the old days. Thinking about Vicious.

He wasn't usually a reflective kind of guy. But he'd just had the last of his blunts, a strong strain from the hemp farms of Ganymede, and he was drifting, just wandering in the pathways of his own history. Then a brown face surrounded by explosive red hair popped into his vision.

“Ed requires you to wake up.” She poked him, hard, in the forehead. “Wake up!”

“Gah... Ed, what is it?” He shrugged off his haze and rubbed his forehead.

“Faye-chan is a chicken. Chicken, buh-bock?”

Spike closed his eyes. “No games today, kid. Too tired... and too broke.” He still referred to her as “kid” even though she'd been with the *Bebop* for years, and was nearly twenty. Not that she'd gained any level of maturity, hanging around with them.

That jabbing brown finger came again, this time flicking his nose. “Chickens fly the coop. Buh-bock.”

Spike sat up, suddenly on alert. “Are you saying Faye’s gone?” *What has she gotten herself into this time?*

Ed nodded, opening her chunky laptop. “Gone, gone. To the red planet of doom! *Pew pew, ptchoo!*”

Slowly deciphering his crewmate’s babbling, Spike eased off the bed to sit next to her. “She went to Mars? What the hell for?”

Ed pointed at the screen. Spike leaned forward, pulling his abundant hair out of his eyes. On the screen was an ad for an elaborate vacation resort, “Cornucopia Gardens.” A kind of paradise, populated by hedonistic pleasure-seekers... and the ad specified that it was women-only. Spike had heard about this place—supposedly, it specialized in gourmet all-you-can-eat buffets and hookah bars. Many rich women disappeared into it every year, and some for a permanent stay. It was notorious for being run by the Den of Luxury.

“Huh... She can’t afford that. Why would she go there?”

Ed tapped a few keys, and up came Faye’s conversation with “Regal.” Spike pored over the exchange, growing more nervous by the second.

“He wants her to... *eat* for him? Yeah, this can’t be good.” But something didn’t ring true to him about the pervert’s motivations. If he lived on Mars, he could have any woman in the galaxy gobble cheeseburgers for him—he shouldn’t be catfishing on the web, much less stooping to the level of exploiting a broke girl like Faye. Something was off here.

“Come on, Ed. I’ve got a job for you.” He patted her shoulder, punching the intercom. “Jet. How quickly can you get a disguise together? We’ve got a Martian resort to break into.”



Faye blinked in the artificial sunshine of the pleasure dome, the UV globe dangling over the hills bathing her in warmth. She was still buzzed from her trip down—she’d emptied every champagne flute on that platter, and her stomach burned with liquor. She staggered down the ramp of the craft, onto a manicured lawn.

“It’s... Beautiful. *Hic.*” She straightened, reminding herself not to be sentimental. She was here to run a scam, after all, not to admire the scenery. Still, she was immediately worried by her surroundings... not because of the luxury, but because of the people in it.

Behind her, looming over the shuttle, was an enormous mansion. Below her was a series of pools and hot-tubs surrounded by women lounging on ergonomic chairs and sipping mimosas and beers. The women, every single one of them, were all fat.

And not just fat—obese. Pale rolls bulged out of two-piece swimsuits, ruddy cheeks shone under the fake sun, and colossal jiggling ass-cheeks rolled and bounced inside tight-fitting sundresses. Faye recoiled, disgusted. She had always been an “appearance first” kind of person, though Spike would have preferred to use the word “shallow.” This kind of display struck a deep chord of contempt in her.

“Ew! What are all *those* hippos doing here?” she said, waving a hand at the women. “I thought this was *my* private vacation.”

“And it is.” A clicking, whirring noise moving across the lawn caught her attention. Turning, she did another double-take as her host approached across the grass. The man who had summoned her here... Regal-on-Mars.

Well, “man” was a little misleading. The creature approaching was nothing but a human face on a screen, held aloft by tiny antigravity propulsion jets and several twisting, questing robot arms. The person projected had a rather grim-looking human face, youthful and just out of teenager territory, with a little acne speckling his cheeks. He was beaming, seemingly proud of the paradise around Faye... though she couldn’t quite understand *what* he was so proud of. Why would a man this rich and powerful surround himself with obese cows?

“Uh... Hi. You must be my chat partner.” She pushed her sunglasses up her nose. “You’re, um, not what I was expecting.”

“That’s what they all say. You were expecting some sort of suit-wearing jerk, yeah? Some kind of wealthy, affluent old geezer.” He chuckled. “Luckily my ‘accident’ prevents me from reaching such depraved heights... Though my father’s inheritance has kept me chugging along, regardless. I’m sorry I can’t be here personally, but this is how it has to be.”

Faye blinked. Her seductive powers would be no use here—the guy didn’t even have any “equipment” for her to work with! Without access to his body, she couldn’t work her ample charms. “I’ve never seen a dome as large as yours,” she said, buying time while she struggled to find a new angle. “Was this... expensive?”

“Extremely. But worth it. See, after my accident I got tired of seeing all the suffering in the universe.” The crab-like machine extended a claw across the Elysian fields around them. “And I decided that no one should have to suffer like I have. Especially beautiful women like yourself.”

“Uh huh...” She gratefully accepted a tequila sunrise from a passing waiter, whose jacket was so crisp and pressed he looked almost 2-D. “And how much do you *charge* for them to sit around and stuff their faces?”

“A reasonable price... and sometimes, nothing at all.” The disembodied face smiled broadly. “You see, Faye, this dome is my personal heaven. Women who are down on their luck or who have cruel, unappreciative husbands can stay here as long as they like. Consider it a... charity project of mine.”

“Charity, huh?” She smirked. “And I suppose you asking me to eat on camera for you had nothing to do with *your* personal interests... or weird fetishes.”

“I’d be lying if I said it didn’t. But it was also a sort of training regimen. See, here in Cornucopia we believe in living life to the fullest... the *absolute* fullest. There are pleasures here which even a resort on Titan couldn’t dream of.” He gestured at the mansion. “Would you like to see?”

Faye bit her lip. On the one hand, this was creepy as hell. But on the other... when would she ever get the chance to do this again? This man—well, machine—was offering her the chance to finally indulge like she never had before.

As part of the con, of course. Faye had no intention of staying very long—she just wanted to be here long enough to get ahold of this youthful creep’s money. Once she had *that*, she would cheerfully blast off to the stars and begin paying off her debts.

“Sure,” she said, and actually put one booze-numbered arm around the mechanical chassis of the half-frozen man. “Lead the way, Casanova. *Hic.*”

“Casanova... I like that.” One of the mechanical hands reached around to squeeze her latex-clad rump. *Ah, so he does have a weakness after all...* “Come along. I’ve been preparing for your arrival.”



Spike’s *Swordfish II* craft swept over the Martian clouds, its thin atmosphere rattling the hull and heating the interior. He locked eyes on the dome below, and did his best to ignore the chattering of his “copilot” as the modified racing ship sped through the stratosphere.

“Frilly dress, frilly dress, frilly frilly...” They’d stuffed Ed into a set of fancy petticoats with great difficulty. Now she was crammed behind his seat, occasionally kicking it when she got bored. Which was often. “Spike-san, are we there yet? Are we, are we?”

“Just a minute, kid.” He was pinging the landing zone outside Cornucopia, but getting no response. There was probably some sort of call-sign involved. “Hey, could you tune into the frequencies coming out of that dome? We need a way in.”

“Ed likes tunes.” Frantic data-pad tapping emitted from the backseat, and in moments Spike’s craft was keyed into the secret frequencies of the Den of Luxury. Orbital chatter flew back and forth,

“Boss just got a new one. Faye something. We’ve captured her Red-Tail—can’t have the autopilot leading family or friends back to us...”

“Don’t have to worry about that. Apparently she’s a nobody. Runs around with drifters and bounty hunters. She’s got no family or friends at all.”

Spike winced. Technically, this was true... but dammit, *somebody* had to pull Faye’s succulent ass out of the fire. So today, he was her friend. “Ed. Get me their callsigns. We need to get in there, fast.”

Ed whistled a cheerful catcall in response. “Frilly, frilly! Cute frilly.”

“Come on... Please?”

Her head of fluffy red hair appeared over his shoulder. “Call Ed pretty.”

Spike rolled his eyes. “For the love of... Fine. You’re *very* pretty. Happy?”

“YES! Ed is pretty!” She kicked the back of his seat energetically and forwarded him a list of callsigns used by the Den in the last month. Spike smiled as the list scrolled down across his craft’s screen.

“Well done. Now it’s time for phase two. Hope we’re quick enough...”



Faye was drooling. The spread presented for her by “Regal”—he wouldn’t identify himself by any real name—was breathtaking. *Antipasta* for appetizers, salmon and steamed vegetables for a *releves*, duck *foie gras* for the main course and a wine and cheese selection to wash it all down... and the large art-deco style coolers in the corner promised dessert as well!

Faye was ecstatic. It was all so French, so very fancy, and she’d never been treated to a fancy meal like this in her life. Technically, you weren’t supposed to bring out all the courses at once, but she was too ravenous to care. Tucking a napkin between her ample breasts, she enjoyed the sight of Regal’s eyes running over her form.

You might not have a body... but you sure do appreciate mine. Don't you?

Of course, his “special interests” demanded she eat every bit of the food laid out before her. Just like in their online chats. As if she’d have a problem with that! Faye crackled her knuckles and pulled the first dish towards her...

Decadence. Debauchery, and delight. Every mouthful was perfectly cooked and had the refined arrangement on her plate that only professional chefs could manage. Faye was both flattered and impressed, but soon her delicate nibbling gave way to a more steady chomping, and then a full-on gobbling.

She knew for a fact Regal didn’t give a damn about table manners—several of his chat sessions with her had included commands like “eat faster” and “use your hands, instead of the fork.” Still, she tried to preserve some level of decorum, dabbing her mouth with a napkin and stifling the sizeable burps that worked their way up her throat after every enormous swallow.

“Mmf... Sho good. **HUORRP.**”

“Is there anything else you’d like?” Regal was hovering by her shoulder, an ever-present host, and a small army of waiters flanked the broad dinner table, waiting for her response.

“Hmm...” She stifled another belch. “**HUUurp.** How about some wine? A little booze doesn’t hurt the digestion...”

“As you wish.” One of the waiters scurried down a flight of stone stairs set into the wall, and returned with a dusty bottle. Regal tapped it with a claw. “This is a 2041 Chateau—”

“Yeah, sorry, don’t care. Just gimme some.” Faye waved a hand dismissively as she bit into the last of the antipasta, her stomach feeling stretched and uncomfortable by now. But she *had* to keep eating.



For one thing, she needed Regal to let his guard down... and for another, she just *wanted* to. It felt good to cut loose. It felt... *natural*.

“You... You don’t even want to let it breathe?”

“Booze. Now.” Faye tapped the table and returned to her eating. Regal nodded, extended a corkscrew attachment from his bevy of assorted limbs, and uncorked the wine.

As he did so, a coded message was transmitted from his receivers deep into the bowels of the mansion.

She's ready. Bring out the screens.



The clouds of Mars parted as Spike brought the Swordfish down towards the landing strip. A bumpy arrival was followed by a rumble as a conveyer belt brought them through an airlock, and inside the Cornucopia dome... the domain of the Den.

Spike was on edge. He could handle a few people in a fistfight, and his cybernetic eye could replay every detail of every fight he'd ever been in, to help him predict attacks. But this was a whole new level of danger. The dome would be packed with Den thugs and devotees following their mysterious mission. They would have to be careful—

“Ed! Ed, get back in the Swordfish!” His techie friend had escaped out a side door and was mincing towards the guards standing before the entrance to the dome proper. Following her, he braced for a fight...

None came. Ed was bouncing on her heels, barefoot, her dress flouncing. “Let me in! I want to play, too!”

“Is this person... yours?” asked one of the thugs, gesturing at Spike. The bounty hunter straightened, pulling out a crumpled cigarette and lighting it as if it wasn't a big deal.

“Yes, this is my... Cousin. I understand your boss is always looking for new recruits at his ‘resort,’ is that right?”

The two men glanced at each other. “Yeah,” said one. “But she's a bit skinny, for his taste.”

Spike smiled, spreading his arms. “Don't worry—she's got a great appetite.” This much was true; Ed could eat her way through an entire restaurant without the rest of the gang restraining her. Even now, she was nibbling on her own finger, watching the two men.

“Huh.” The second thug nodded. “Fine. Is this... a permanent arrangement?”

Spike thought fast. From what he'd read of the Den, their scam victims—women plucked from all walks of life, and relieved of their Woolongs the moment they stepped through these doors—were well-cared for. But they were also basically prisoners, trapped by the promised pleasures of the Den and prevented from leaving. Rarely, a hostage negotiation would occur and someone would receive a much larger version of their lost family member or spouse. But for the most part, women and girls who walked through these doors were never seen again... at least not without several hundred pounds added to their frames.

“Yeah. It's permanent.” He nodded at Ed. “As you can see she's a little... Touched in the head.” Ed was currently licking the barrel of one of the guns, an impressive *Jericho-941* pistol that mirrored one in his own armory back on the Bebop. “We'd appreciate if you took her off our hands. My people will be in touch with a complimentary ‘donation’ to the Cornucopia resort.”

For a moment, silence hung in the air between all of them, as thick as the smoke from Spike's cigarette. Then one of the men nodded, and opened the door.

"Alright, kid. Go nuts. Try not to rupture your stomach before the main course."

The other thug chuckled as Ed sprinted through the door to frolic in the green fields beyond. "Man, Mr. Spanngen is going to love this one. She's almost as crazy as he is."

Wait... Spanngen. Where have I heard that name before?

No matter. Gotta get back to the ship—if I stick around, these two will figure me out, and then Ed's all alone in there. And Faye.

He nodded at the men. "Pleasure doing business with you." And with their suspicious eyes on him, he stalked back to the Swordfish.

Climbing into the cockpit, he radioed the Bebop on an encrypted frequency. "Hey, Jet. The sheep has entered the wolfpack. Now all we have to do is wait."

The radio crackled as Jet sighed. "Are you sure Ed can do this and not get... distracted?"

Spike chewed on his cigarette as the inside of the cockpit slowly filled with smoke. Reluctantly he stubbed it out on the dashboard. "We'll see. Frankly, I'm not worried about her—the girl grew up on Earth, she can handle herself."

"You're worried about Faye." A chuckle. "You're going soft, Spike."

The disheveled manhunter rubbed his forehead. "I'd feel bad if she died of overeating in there, that's all."

"Is that a thing that happens?"

"According to the rumors? Yeah."

"Shit." He could practically hear Jet scowling. "Well, tell Ed to hurry up. I'd hate to waste bullets if we have to go in shooting."

"Same." He hung up the radio. *Spanngen. Who is Spanngen?* "Damn it. I hate when a job gets fishy..."



"More wine! More—**BRALLP**—more *escargot*!" Faye Valentine was in heaven. Until a few minutes ago she'd never known luxury like this could even exist. Now, she was plowing through entrees like a pig let loose in a confection shop, cramming fish eggs and watercress sandwiches into her mouth like she was the first-place contender at an eating contest. She'd never known such joy in her life: the joy of being unleashed on endless luxuries, with finally enough food and wine to match her debauched set of appetites. She was an eating machine, a relentless gourmand, a glutton without limits...

Except that she was already *reaching* her first limit. The size of her own stomach.

Gluttoned to the gills on food and fine wines, the red-faced Faye leaned back in her seat, gasping and groaning. Her stomach jutted out onto her lap, a stretched, pale sphere of painful overindulgence. She struggled to reach for another chunk of butter-slathered lobster shell, desperate for the succulent meat inside... but her hand crashed onto the table, fingers twitching as she fought against her body's unwillingness to eat any further.

"Oh, dear... Seems like you could use a break." Regal floated up alongside her, his disembodied face smiling. "Have you had enough?"

"Never..." Faye's fingers grazed the edge of the lobster platter as she belched, spittle oozing from the corner of her mouth to stain her slender chin. "Need... More..."

"Then more you shall have. But first, a little entertainment to go with your meal." Regal backed off as his men unloaded a set of TVs from a rolling cart, enormous cathode-ray boxes hooked up to bundles of coaxial cable and ethernet lines. As soon as they were set up in a pyramid beside Faye, the screens began to flicker... and Faye had a sudden moment of fear as a distant memory rose in her.

Spanngen...

But it was soon washed away by a soothing, glowing pulse of images. Stuttering, static white flashes that burned into her mind, subliminal pulses that reminded her she needed to *eat*, she was a *queen*, she could not stop now. And so, with her stomach so strained and stretched it throbbed with overstuffed agony, she pulled the lobster platter towards her and cracked the shell open with a folding metal tool. Drizzling butter all over the exposed meat, she shoved the warm rubbery flesh of the arthropod into her face, the whole time staring at those screens.

I know this... This is a trick...

But the natural greed in her took over with very little urging from the stack of subliminal TV's, and she groped for another pitcher of melted butter, dumping it over every inch of her meal until the lobster was swimming in hot yellow greasiness. And then, her conscious mind sinking ever lower into an electronically induced stupor, Faye Valentine began to eat with a steady persistence. Not the wild gluttony of a hedon this time, but a cold, mechanical regularity—crack shell, pry flesh loose, consume. Rinse and repeat.

Gas bubbled from both ends of her as she grew so bloated her body struggled to vent spare air from her booty-short-clad behind, and her lipstick-smearred mouth. Her skin was pallid and moist with sweat, and her eyes unfocused, but she kept eating. And eating...

"Mmff. **BRUH-LLLLP**. Grmf..."

"Very good. The stimulus is working." The floating screen gestured at the assembled waiters, who rolled up their sleeves and moved forward. One of them removed a vial of baby oil from his pocket and began to grease Faye's stomach with it, smoothing her belly over with oil so her skin could expand further. Another produced a syringe of some strange substance from a silver case, flicking the glass tube to make sure errant air-bubbles wouldn't reach the needle.

"Sir. Is it time?"

“Yes. We finally have her.” Heavy breathing emanated from the speakers as the lights dimmed, leaving Faye lit only by the pulse of screens. “Give her the serum. I can’t wait to see what happens to my old *friend* once she’s pumped full of stem-cells to stimulate rapid cell growth...”



Ed was having such a good time in Cornucopia, she *never* wanted to leave. A nice man had offered her a corn-dog down by the pool, and seeing opportunity, she’d taken the whole damn box of them. Now she sucked on corn-dog after corn-dog, stripping the warm fluffy bread and juicy processed meat off the plastic sticks one by one. Wandering through the facility at will, she saw large women waddling from food-truck to food-truck and crowding food courts with their enormous bodies.

“Fatty, fatties, fat-fat...” She wished Ein were here. The little dog would have loved the scraps these women were accidentally dropping from their flabby, bloated mouths. She watched as a woman who looked like a former model lifted a tureen of soup to her face and gulped until it spilled out the corners of her mouth and stained the enormous *muu-muu* she was wearing.

“Heh! Big, *mucho* big.” Ed made her way towards the mansion, still eating. An orphan left on a destroyed planet years ago, she had a tendency to instinctively suck down any calories that came her way, and here there were calories everywhere. Her small brown belly bulged under her sun-dress, fluffy red hair blowing in the artificial wind. But, as always, she was getting bored. “Bored, bored, *bored!*”

Eating was fun. But playing with Faye and Spike was *funner*. She needed to find... one of them. Which one was it? “Hm. It was a Faye! I’m here for a Faye. **Urrrp.**”

Sucking the scraps off her last corn-dog stick, she tossed them aside and snuck around the back of the mansion, easily avoiding security by crouching behind a hedge.

Seeing a vent, she pried it open and began to wriggle inside. Ed rarely had any “plan” at all, preferring to just play things by ear. Now, she found one disadvantage with that: she hadn’t considered the size of her recent meals. The tiny vent was snug around her swollen midsection, and a few minutes of frantic wiggling were required to get inside. “Gah! **Urrrp. BRULLLCH!**” Tiny farts squirted out of her as she struggled to pass through.

Once inside the maze of metal ducts, it was easy for her to follow the smell of over-heated computer servers. “Mmm, someone isn’t cooling their motherboards...” She kicked the cover off a vent overlooking a huge, red-lit room, and dropped inside.

The smell of overused machinery was strong in here. Ed straightened, belching softly, and padded over to a huge bank of servers. They were all very busy, modems blinking in tandem as they broadcasted wireless signals all across the mansion. But they were strung together haphazardly, as if someone had built this place in a great hurry... or without much experience.

Waddling around the towers of metal, she saw the cables all running up onto a hospital bed. In the bed was a young man, barely in his twenties, with an IV in his arm and his wrists hooked up to the data cables. Tiny twitches of his fingers sent pulses of information down the cables and into the server system.



“Mmm, Ed knows you...” She crawled up to the table and climbed atop it, straddling the man. Still he didn’t react. Ed snickered as she poked his face, her bulging stomach pressing down on his crotch. “You’re the smart, *sleepy* boy. Put Faye in a fairytale-story. Sleepy, sleep sleep.”

He didn't react. And of course he wouldn't, because he was in a coma. Rosny Spanngen had been injured in the spine years ago, preventing him from moving... but leaving his mind intact. With access to the web, he'd built an enormous cult of machine-worshipping lunatics who thought they could ascend to the "sea of electrons." And here he was again, running a compound full of fat women. How odd.

"Hmmm... Ed says your work is sloppy. No good, no good at all." Crouching next to one of the server banks, the gangly techie began pulling out connections and re-wiring the system. On the bed, Spanngen's finger twitched... annoyed. Inside the virtual otherworld he controlled, entire sections of data were disappearing, re-connected elsewhere.

And yet... Ed was *damn* good at it. The heat of the servers began to cool as the Bebop's miniature genius re-worked the entire facility's setup.

"WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME REFRESHMENTS?"

Ed squawked and glanced behind her. A mechanical rig on two rolling tracks was standing there, offering her a glass of wine from a platter. The blinking letters on its screen read WARNING: OFFLINE. Apparently she'd cut its connection while fussing around with the servers.

Ed cautiously reached for the glass of cabernet. Not usually a drinker, she was nevertheless curious—all these women were having *so* much fun. Why shouldn't she join in? Sipping at the beverage, she found it tangy and bitter... but she liked it. Ed had a tendency to just eat or drink whatever was laying around, regardless of nutritious content, so she followed her instincts and began to chug.

Gllk... Glrrk... Gllp...

Having finished one, she burped, smacked her lips at the acrid taste and immediately snagged another. Moving away from the robot, she sat down next to Spanngen,

"Let's see what you've been up to..." Dozens of VR goggle sets and jacks dangled by his side. Picking one up, she jacked into his system and immediately her eyes widened.

So... much... Data!

Spanngen's control didn't just extend to the functions of the facility—he had hyper-specific, complete control over every line of code and system command in the whole dome. Giddy with wine and with the rush of power provided to her by the system, Ed immediately set about stealing all of Spanngen's control for herself.

It wasn't easy. He blocked her at every turn, silently cutting off her access. But then she had an idea. Using the robot's camera to take a looping video of her shaking her tipsy rear at him, she spammed it all over his network, DDOS'ing his servers until he was overwhelmed. As Ed's slender bottom filled every square inch of local cyber-space, she giggled... and reached for another glass of wine.

"Ed likes this game..."

But it wasn't going to be so easy. A series of flickering, hypnotic screens on wheels rolled into the room, and Spanngen shut down Ed's VR goggles remotely. Pulling them off, Ed was immediately drawn into the pulsing light.

And yet... She couldn't help but think the screens were a *little* poorly programmed. The subliminal flashes were all out of order! They said silly things like "submit" and "surrender" instead of *fun* things. Frowning, Ed grabbed one of them and pulled out the keyboard attached to it.

“Ed doesn’t want to surrender. Ed wants to have fun!”

Again, Spanngen blocked her. Again Ed spammed his networks, this time with a photo of her tiny, brown breasts. “Nyehhh!” But he persisted, and so she climbed atop his supine frame, planting her butt right on his crotch.

“Ed will show *you*, sleepy boy.” She continued drinking and reprogramming, rerouting security alerts and sending his goons running into distant corners of the mansion. In the meantime, she felt something growing underneath her... something stiff and hard.

The feral Earth-girl grinned. “Mmm, sleepy boy *does* want to have fun after all!” Seeing the advantage over him she possessed, she started grinding on his crotch. Nineteen and lonely, this was the most action Ed had gotten in a long time—and due to her “questionable” social skills, she actually preferred that her partner be helpless and immobile. It kept her from getting nervous.

Not that she needed much help with that. The wine was going to her head, and every swallow made her more excited, more greedy. She fought Spanngen out of his own networks, his focus distracted by her gyrating rump—its plump, biker-short-clad cheeks slapping and rubbing against his crotch—and soon she had complete control.

But the excitement was too much for Spanngen. His vitals, displayed on a nearby machine, began to spike—and then flatline, one by one. His comatose body, strained to the breaking point by using countless VR interfaces and spreading his mind across dozens of computers, was beginning to shut down. Oblivious, Ed continued humping him, until she drunkenly fell off—and was surprised by a sudden lack of resistance.

“Sleepy boy?” She groped up onto the table for him, felt his stiff and unresponsive body. For a moment, sadness flooded Ed’s mind—she rarely lost friends, because she rarely *made* them in the first place. And even an enemy was closer to a friend than nothing.

But the sadness didn’t last. Her unfocused, unsocialized mind refused to stick to one topic, and she quickly returned to the datasphere, where she began making changes to the grid directly under Spanngen’s username. Sleepy boy might be gone... but his mission would continue. A place where everyone, all women, could eat and mess around and have a good time.

The kingdom of Queen Ed.



Faye’s brain was nearly completely wiped of free will. Her hands were stained with sauces, crumbs sticking between her fingers. Her body was growing thicker, rounder with the results of the stem-cells she’d been pumped full of... and uglier.

A swollen potbelly was growing over her packed stomach, stretch-marks forming and expanding in the space of minutes. It bulged and sagged between her toned legs, which by the moment were growing less toned and more flabby. Her breasts, normally so perky and alluring, were overflowing her yellow top and spilling out. Under-boob and side-boob were reaching critical levels.

Whether the scientific attack on her figure might have continued was anyone's guess. Left to her own devices, Faye probably would have eaten her way across the entire table, urged on by the brainwashing screens. She might have gobbled down every bit... or simply exploded, as her overburdened body collapsed under the weight of all the rich, heavy food. Intestines and fat spilling out onto the floor, ending her life in a burst of the same wild debauchery she'd lived with.

But as it was, Faye got spared the consequences of her gluttony and stupidity. By sheer luck, the moment a waiter approached with another vial of stem-cells was the moment Ed accidentally killed the ruler of Cornucopia Dome. And his electronic orders to the compound were immediately scrambled.

Because his obsessive control of the electronics was thrown off, the brainwashing screens were ruined as well. The screens pulsed one by one, and then went out.

Faye blinked, her sanity slowly returning. She was stuffed... covered with smears of sauce and splashes of wine... and her stomach *hurt*. Oh, how it hurt! She was so gorged she could barely think, let alone move.

And then she looked down at her body, and screamed.

“AAAUGH! *Hurrrpph!*” The normally svelte and toned woman was a disgusting mess. She hadn't reached the sheer obesity of the women outside, but her rapid growth had left her body covered in cellulite. Her ass had grown dumpy and saggy, her thighs soft and plump and her tits were... well, more like udders, the sore nipples leaking with overproduced mammary gland cell output. She was a complete cow.

As the men around her scrambled to get to the server room, Faye wobbled to her feet, unsteady. She paused... and then grabbed a bottle of wine off the table, chugging it down. If she was going to be a hot mess, she might as well be *wasted*.

Her suspenders snapped as the gulps of wine stretched the elastic beyond breaking point, and the button finally blasted off her booty-shorts to skitter away under the table. She had trouble walking, not just because of the chub-rub but because her body was so obscenely heavy that her muscles could barely carry it. And on top of that, she had a *bad* case of indigestion.

FRrrrrrRRrt. BRRppptf. FrrrAPPT!

“Fucking... little asshole. Gotta... get out of here!” She belched, wheezed and farted her way back onto the front lawn... where Spike's ship was already waiting. Its engines idling, the sharp-nosed craft was ready for takeoff. Ready to get her the hell out of this waistline-destroying hell. *Thank God...*

“Faye?” He blinked at her, rubbing the back of his head in the bemused way he always did when he had nothing to say. “You look... Different.”

“I don't want to—**HIC!**—talk about it.” She stormed up the lawn and into the cockpit, her new fat overflowing the seat and pressing up against the window. “Just... *hic-urrrp*, just get me out of here.”

“What about Ed?”

Faye sighed as she glanced at the mansion. “Dammit. I had a feeling she was involved... what with all the explosions.” She had a sudden lurching in her stomach. “Shit! Shit, shit—”

Her body had never been designed to take on so much food at once. Without further stem-cells to expand her guts for her, it was rejecting some of her finer meals. Leaning out of the cockpit, Faye barfed onto the lawn, thousand-dollar champagne and caviar splattering over the grass.

“Ugggh... Spike, I hope you have some barf bags...”

“Way ahead of you.” He handed her an empty takeout bag. As he did, a message appeared on his racing craft’s screen—a dancing icon of Ed, along with a chibi version of Ein.

And then, without warning, white static filled the screen. Faye’s mind, already trained to recognize Spanngen’s subliminal messages, went blank and she stared straight ahead. Spike fought the hypnotic pulse of hacked visuals for several moments but eventually he, too, glazed over with his mouth hanging open.

A distorted version of Ed’s voice crackled from the speakers. **“Hello, Faye-Faye! We’re not done playing yet. Come back, so Ed can have more fun!”**

“Come... back...” As Spike watched helplessly, Faye heaved her expanded bulky body out of the cockpit, her mouth still smeared with vomit. And then she began waddling back towards the mansion. Farts trailed behind her in short, sharp spurts of noise and stench.

Brrrrt. FRRRaaappt. FRUMPTF!

No... Faye... Ed, what are you doing? We were so close!!

They’d never been true friends, but they’d never been enemies either, and Spike wouldn’t wish what this place was doing on her to his worst enemy. He sat slack-faced, the screen’s light flickering over his eyes until he finally fought free of the pulsing light. But when he did, the cockpit slid shut all on its own and Ed’s face appeared on the screen again.

“It’s okay, Spike-san! Ed and Faye will be very happy here. Lots of good food, pretty boys... and money.” That last part caught him just as he was about to turn the Swordfish II’s gun battery on the mansion before Faye reached it. **“Come back when Ed tells you and everyone will be VERY happy. Promise!”**

“Jesus, kid...” He watched Faye jiggle back inside, armed goons watching her warily, aiming their guns at him. Unwilling to stay any longer lest they open fire on his delicate craft, Spike took off. The Swordfish’s V/STOL engines pushed it off the green lawns and into the air, blasting off towards the dome airlocks.

Kid, he thought, watching electrical fires break out across the mansion, this is some scary shit.

I really hope you know what you’re doing.



Several months after the failed rescue, Jet tuned back in to the Den's frequencies. He did this every morning, just trying to get some kind of contact going—but all he ever heard was obnoxious J-pop and synth tunes, blasted from every frequency corner of Ed's new kingdom. If she was using radio frequencies to run the place, *he* sure couldn't find them. Or perhaps there were codes inside the annoying music—he wouldn't put it past her.

But today, instead of the usual drivel, he heard an odd humming. "Wait a minute... that's a dead frequency. Her system's down! *Spike, get in here!*"

"Bwuh?" Spike rolled down the hall in a wheeled office-chair, missed his mark and rolled back. "What is it?"

"Get the goggles ready! Something took down Ed's systems—might be a solar flare!"

"Cool." Spike rose and hurried to the supply closet. The two of them had a plan for this, had been waiting months for it. Odd jobs and bounties had been enough to buy them a pair of VR goggles, which Spike now hurried to connect remotely to Cornucopia's network.

On the *Bebop's* hull, antennae wiggled and swiveled, jacking them in. Just as he'd suspected, they got in without a hitch. Ed's defenses were all down—the impenetrable mass of security and jamming signals she'd set up was useless in the face of a solar flare.

Gradually, they began getting security feeds from the dome. Video feeds coming back online... images of Cornucopia in ruins. Food platters everywhere, and amidst them, the pale domes of bloated customers, barely able to get up from where they lay. Robots moved amongst the mess, rolling over it, serving food to the prone women.

"It's chaos. We have to get down there, now." Jet began setting up for a descent.

"Ed said to wait for her signal..."

"She's lost it, Spike. Look at that place. That's no hacker's den—that's the nest of a dictator, and you know it."

Spike sighed, lighting a cigarette. He didn't want to assume the worst of Ed... but she was feral at best, deranged at most, and a complete genius. There was no guarantee she hadn't hurt Faye in all the time they'd been waiting to try and rescue her again. "What if she hits us with the screens again?"

Jet shook his head. "The grid is still down—this feed is automatic, from Spanngen's old system. She should be down for a few more hours. If we're quick, we can get inside without her putting the whammy on us."

"Okay. Let's do it." Dread grew in Spike's chest as the *Bebop* made its descent.

Their ship wasn't meant for atmosphere travel—it had been built and completed in space. But once in a while they made an exception for particularly daring heists. The *Bebop* rattled through the thin Martian air until it approached the dome.

“Jet, you’re not going for the airlock—”

“We’re not using the airlock!”

They crashed through the top of Cornucopia, smashing through reinforced glass and plastic. Roaring down through the artificial air, they landed in an enormous swimming pool outside the mansion. Steam and smoke rose in huge gusts.

Emerging from the Bebop, Spike peered at the building. It was heavily barricaded, with ED’S HOUSE STAY OUT written on it. Robots patrolled the grounds, occasionally stuffing cocktail shrimp into the prone women lying around in sunchairs. Spike winced as one of them let out an enormous fart, her body overflowing from the pool chair she’d crushed under her bulk. She was heavily suntanned and snoring, asleep, but swallowed the shrimp the robot fed her anyway.

FRRRAPPTTTT. “Thank you, dear... Another, please...”

“Okay. We’re in the den of sin,” he said, glancing at the hole in the dome where atmosphere was slowly leaking out. Hovering drones were already moving to repair the hole. “Now how do we get her to let us in?”

“Leave that to me.” Jet whistled and Ein came scampering down the Bebop’s exit ramp. The little corgi was sniffing the air, curious, and whined as Jet leaned down to place the VR goggles over his eyes. “Easy there, buddy.” Fastening a leash around his neck, he activated the goggles. “Okay. Go get her!”

Spike followed, hunched over and with a hand on his gun. “Uh... Jet... What’s this about?”

“Ed doesn’t care about the world. She’s all about cyberspace. And I’ve programmed those goggles with a *very* specific avatar.” Jet grinned. “Let’s see that greedy little horndog ignore Cyber-Ein!”

“Jet... this is stupid.”

“Do you have a better plan?”

“... Noted.”



Ed was in heaven. The grid was down, which was boring, but she still had plenty of food. And she was surrounded by her friends! Well, “friends” wasn’t the correct word. More like “drooling, obese mind-slaves.”

After luring Faye back into her clutches, Ed had gone downhill very quickly. All of her life she’d been a powerless upstart, an annoyance. Now she was a digital queen, the ruler of a tiny fiefdom full of pliant subjects and loyal thugs. Controlling Spanngen’s finances, she’d flooded the compound with all manner of decadent treats—junk food from Ganymede, escargot, fine wines and more Pocky than the storage rooms could hold.

It had been... unkind, to her figure.

“**UrrrrRRRrrrrppp**... More... games...” Ed was reclined on Spanngen’s old hospital bed in the middle of a colossal pile of leftovers, food containers and fellow Cornocupia girls, all of whom were scantily clad or dressed in video-game cosplay. Their eyes were blank and staring, and occasionally they reached in to grab a leftover slice of pizza or a half-eaten oyster from the mess of delicacies around Ed.

The smell of slowly turning food was supplemented by the stench from Ed’s ass. Her body was distorted by the addition of several hundred pounds of supple, brown flesh, her Spandex bike-shorts shredded into tiny strings by the sheer weight she’d packed on. An IV of stem-cells was hooked into her arm, the bag strapped to the rack on the wall along with dozens of others, waiting to be pumped into her body. Ed refused to let her “party” stop anytime soon, and if she just kept injecting herself, she could simply eat and booze forever. Or so the logic went inside her drunken, debauched brain.

FRAAAPRRRRRTF. “Faye-Slave. Bring me more **HIC** wines and things. Ed is thirsty!” She jerked on a chain beside her, and her slave crawled from the shadows, eyes blank with the hypnotic effect of months of subliminal screens.

“Yessssh... Queen...” Faye looked bizarre. Barely mobile, she hauled herself along on all fours, oinking like a pig from the subliminal suggestions Ed had planted in her. Her belly dragged on the floor, scuffed and reddish from being scraped across tiles and carpet. Her arms and legs were colossal with fat, incredibly pale from being cooped up with Ed all the time, and her normal bob-cut hair was long and lanky. She farted freely as she rooted through the pile of imported delights to find a half-empty bottle of rum.

“Here... **URRRRP** Mistress...”

Ed took it and guzzled from it, her multiple chins wagging. The gangly Earth girl was easily six hundred pounds, Spanngen’s stem-cells and a little self-hypnosis helping her to exceed the mass of anyone else on Mars. Brown rolls bulged and poked out of her destroyed white T-shirt, with one flabby mocha-colored teat dangling from a hole in the stained garment.

“Faye-Slave... Suck on Ed.” The huge hacker burped and slapped her breast. “Make Ed feel *good*, and maybe Faye-Slave can have some pleasure videos later...”

“Yes... Mistress.” **FWURRRRPT**. Faye went to town on Ed’s hanging, flapjack-shaped teat, suckling and licking at it as Ed put on her oversized pair of VR goggles.

“Now, Mr. Ken Watanabe... Ed was just asking you to take off your **URRRPH** pants...” But instead of a comely virtual man from Earth-gone-by, Ed saw a tiny corgi in adorable metal armor standing before her. In the real world, Spike and Jet had reached the door of Spanngen’s server-room, where Ed kept her harem. Spike grimaced, disgusted—but Jet simply smiled.

“Ein... Speak!”

Ein began to bark and run in circles. Deep inside Ed’s depraved mind, a spark of delight grew, and she began to forget about her plans to hack the entire solar system and turn every dome into her “playhouse.” She reached out to touch Virtual Ein, but realized she could hardly move—a spider at the center of a huge digital web, her muscles had atrophied completely. Her thugs didn’t move to help her—their paycheck money had run out after Ed depleted the Den of Luxury’s coffers, and they were merely sticking around on the promise of new money. Which didn’t seem to be coming.

“Ein! **URRRRP** Ed missed you so much—Oof!” With a squawk, Ed fell off her throne of trash and rolled towards Ein, landing with a jiggle and a fart right next to him. Her massive, greasy body was completely helpless, chest heaving as she struggled to breathe.

“Spike-chan... and **brarrrrrrp** Jet-kun... Ed was going to give you the signal to come back, but...” She grunted as she reached between her legs, withdrew a vibrator that had been hidden in her fat-folds, and tossed it aside. “Ed was having too much fun.”

“We can see that.” Jet eyed the men at the door, who looked at each other and then departed. The Den was clearly finished, and their mad dictator was about to be deposed. They had no further reason to stay, and the robots were all immobile, knocked out by the solar storm. “You did a number on Faye, huh?”

Ed nodded, giggling. “Faye-Slave is so happy now! Doesn’t get sad, only gets food and happy videos! **URRRPH.**”

“Yeah, I’ll bet. Spike... Can you find us a medical stretcher?” Jet straightened, holstering his gun.

“We’ve got to get these two back to the Bebop... and maybe hose them down, after. Eugh, that smell!”

“Smells like she’s been eating nothing but seafood and beans. Yikes.” However, as Spike plugged his nose he glanced around the room. “You know, these servers will go for a pretty good price. We may come out of this ahead after all.”

Jet grunted. “Assuming we can lift these fat-asses into orbit, that is.”

The bizarre adventure was over at last. Their hacker had regained most of her sanity... if not her waistline. And Faye, dead-eyed and drooling, had certainly learned her lesson. There was just one thing left to do.

Ed smirked, licked her lips to collect day-old crumbs... and farted, filling the entire mansion with the scent of her overloaded, food-stuffed insides, leaving her mark on Cornucopia forever in the form of a musky, gassy funk.

BRRRRFFRAApppppttttRRRRPppppt.



[SEE YOU, SPACE COWBOY...](#)