

Felicia breathed.

She heard her father's voice in her head.

"Look at you, I thought I raised a winner, not a slob."

She felt her heart race a little, shame filled her face.

"You took up my name to try to make me proud, and you're throwing that all away for some limp dick do gooder?"

She felt light headed, the room slightly spinning.

Then she centered herself.

"No. I don't owe you anything. You left me and mom, and now I'm finally happy. Fuck off."

Felicia felt her stomach, the extra 30 pounds having given her a rather substantial pot belly.

She didn't do Yoga, or cardio, or crunches anymore. She got up in a warm bed and a man she loved. That was enough.

Still, these little mini panic attacks kept coming up, and she worried about her new feederism fueled lifestyle.

Would Pete be happier with someone who didn't have these doubts?

She shook her head. She had sabotaged every relationship she had been in with her god damn issues, she wasn't going to ruin this one.

She walked out of the bathroom and fell back onto the couch, bowl of cheetos at hand.

She rested her laptop on her plump mound of belly and got to work on some web design contracts she was working on.

Hours flew by, while Felicia absentmindedly gnoshed her way through bowl after bowl of snacks. She made a mental note to walk to the bodega tomorrow to re-stock, and insist that she did it and not the web head, who would try his best to be chivalrous and noble.

With her work done, she got back to doing some... research.

Peter had told her about some web sites he frequented that talked about this stuff.

Forums, databases, etc.

She was surprised at not only the size of the community, but of the girls themselves.

A lot of them even had been like her once, fit and toned, and had eaten themselves into piles of blubber.

She had to admit to herself that it was all really, really hot.

But her favorite was a website dedicated to costumed individuals like herself.

They all sold the fantasy of everyone's favorite masked heroine plumping up.

She saw cosplays of Elektra, Sue Storm, She Hulk, even Squirrel girl (Which for the longest time she wasn't even sure was real, and she had met her)

But there were also some dressed as her.

Okay, a lot of people dressed as her.

It was a major source of pride for her that a lot of people wanted to see her get fat.

She toyed with the idea of making an online site for all these people to perv on her gains, but decided it wasn't worth the extra attention.

Still, it was invigorating to see people dress up as her, and gave her some idea of what she might look like as she got larger.

"Someone's been busy." Came a familiar voice from the window sill.

Felicia smiled at the wall crawler.

"Not as busy as you I hear."

Peter pulled off his mask, and Felicia winced as she saw cuts and bruises on his temple.

"Yeah, Rhino tried to level 5th avenue, he was pissed at something."

"You know, all you have to do is say the word and I can-"

Peter held up a hand.

"I'm better out there knowing you're safe and happy in here. Besides, it looks like retirement is agreeing with you." He said, looking at her belly poking out of her shirt.

She smiled, always amazed at how he deflected worry about himself.

“Hey, my boobs are up here, and they really agree with retirement.”

He blinked and blushed, still getting used to having a partner that was so forward.

“Why don’t I order some food, wash up, and we get to enjoy ourselves tonight.”

“I wouldn’t want anything less.”

A freshly washed Peter walked into the bedroom, boxes of takeout in his arms.

One look at Felicia in bed was enough to send all his radioactive spider-blood southward.

“Oh Spider, I’ve been so naughty lately. I can’t help myself with all of these tasty treats, and look how fat I’m getting.”

Felicia had donned her domino mask, but the rest of her body was draped in black lingerie with white fur trimmings.

Peter’s mouth went bone dry and he gulped.

“Oh, is that for me?” She said, either looking at the food or something else that was waist level.

“Can’t let a girl go hungry now.”

He climbed onto the bed and pulled out a burrito, loaded with cheese, meat, and rice.

He held it to her black painted lips, and she licked it before taking a heavy bite.

“Keep spoiling me like this and I’m bound to get even... fatter.” She said that last word a full octave lower than the rest of the sentence, and Peter crumbled.

What followed was a mad dash of stuffing, kissing, and exploring Felicia’s ever expanding body.

As she laid there, Spider passed out under her, she thought back to earlier in the day, and the doubts she had kept at bay.

They were no longer there. She was going to be free from any commitment, free to do whatever she wanted.

The next morning, she woke up before Peter left for his day job.

“Hey can I ask you something?” She said to him, looking a little nervous.

“Sure, anything.”

“Is there a limit to how big you want me to be?”

Peter thought for a good long while.

“As long as you're happy, I'm ok with any weight.”

“That's good because I think I have a goal.”

“And what would that be?”

Felicia breathed. She was going to commit to this.

“I think I potentially want to strive for, but it's okay if you think this is a bad idea, but I think I want to be... immobile.”

He was stunned.

“Felicia, I'm thrilled, but don't think that you need to prove yourself or anything.”

She sighed.

“No, this is about me. I want to explore this new side of me we unleashed, Pete.”

She grabbed her belly and jiggled it.

“I've been thinking about this for a long time, and it sounds so appealing to me. Just becoming more and more useless, having to rely on you when previously I only relied on myself, it's what I truly want. And I want you to be the one responsible.”

Peter kissed her.

“Felicia, right now your happiness is my greatest responsibility.”

She kissed him now, and couldn't help but stick her left leg up a bit.

She was truly happy now.