

The inevitable and a troublesome habit of arriving.

Felicia had no way of knowing what day would be her last as a mobile woman, but she knew it would be coming soon.

She already was so fat that she could barely leave the apartment, so losing her mobility was surely just a formality at this point.

She didn't want to leave the apartment, anyway. Not while she had Peter to whisper sweet things in her ear while watching her girlfriends eat themselves to sizes comparable to her.

She would often lay in bed at night, fantasizing about crossing that threshold. She would bite her bottom lip and feel the heft of her stomach, the weight of her tits extending forward from her.

This was all her, and there was only going to be more.

She paradoxically started trying to walk more.

She explained to her feeders that she didn't want the onset of immobility to be because of her muscles atrophying.

No, she was going to lose her mobility through her stomach.

Felicia began eating from the moment she woke up to when she finally passed out at night in a food coma. Her feasts were legendary, never ending cascades of fat and calories.

She could see in all their faces how impressed they all were at her, and it made her heart feel as full as her stomach.

She could feel it in her bones when the time was nigh.

Her weight seemed to be a little too much, her gait too tiresome.

“This is it. After today I go down.”

Felicia asked for what any self respecting glutton would ask for.

One last grand food tour around town.

With help from the other gals and the Fantasti-Car, Felicia Hardy was set loose on New York City once more.

There was an ample amount of shock from the citizens of the big apple at seeing someone so massive, but she did not care.

Over the course of a day, she went from eatery to eatery, whole feasts that would have left any of the other girls in a food drunken stupor merely appetizers for the Black Cat turned Fat Cat.

Towards the end, at a Chinese restaurant, she started hitting the wall.

Her determination flared in that heart of hers, and she pushed through.

Returning to the apartment, Felicia sinking into her bed was treated almost like a holy ritual.

These were her last steps. And she gave them up gladly.

When morning broke, it was confirmed that Felicia could no longer rise out of bed, even with assistance.

Her weight was measured at 926 pounds, and another feast was held that day to celebrate the occasion.

The feasts became almost never ending at that point.

With nothing else to do, Felicia was consuming constantly. Sue gave her a new bed that could hover from room to room, so she could at least not have to look at the same scenery every day.

She also acted as a motivation to the other girls.

Rogue and Janet both confessed to her that they were going to try to take the plunge alongside her, as they sailed to higher and higher weights.

Mary Jane said that at least for now she would attempt to stay mobile, for her acting and modeling career, after seeing so many fan messages from plus sized women about how she was an inspiration for them.

And she never openly talked about it, but Felicia swore she saw Sue eating more and more lately, and she took extra time to get up from sitting.

And so with time years and years passed, and they all kept growing.

Rogue went down next, awaking in a cuddle pile with Janet and MJ finding no way out.

This turn of events spurred Janet to start eating more and more.

When asked, she described the reason this way.

“Most of my life I've amazed people by being small. Now I want to amaze them by being BIG.”

When she reached immobility, she almost didn't notice, as she was so focused on eating and growing that most things fell to the wayside.

Even outside of their little bubble, things were expanding.

Felicia's foray into feederism was like a cork being popped off of a champagne bottle, or more accurately a button flying off a pair of pants, letting a tide of flab expand outwards.

With a steady decline in global villainy, a lot of heroines it seemed were eager to try this new lifestyle being studied by the Reed foundation.

Word would reach the apartment of Black Widow being seen having a cake binge in France, or of Captain Marvel lifting a car out of harm's way, a pot belly stretching her uniform.

Even those no one in a million years would imagine gaining weight like Elektra were stopping by to ask for food recommendations, with hips that had long since forced their thighs together.

Felicia felt herself smile every time she was reminded what an inspiration she was, and that others could be even half as happy as she was.

And she grew.

And grew.

And grew.

Peter and the medical research of the Baxter building kept Felicia and all of the others healthy as they far exceeded what would be normal for a human, metahuman, or mutant would weigh.

But it did have limits. Soon Felicia would have to stop growing.

Or so it seemed.

"Happy one ton day babe!"

Peter kissed his wife, having married not long after Immobility day in a nice quiet ceremony (except for all the chewing and slurping)

Felicia was a gelatinous mass of soft white flesh. Her hands and legs were covered in so much adipose she could wiggle her fingers or toes.

She let out a deep moan seeing the readout confirm she was over 2000 pounds.

She took a rare break from her feeding tube, her belly roaring in hunger and protest.

“Issss... it... ready?”

She asked, voice unused in so long it surprised her.

Peter held out a vial and syringe.

“Sue told me it was completely safe. Are you sure though? After all this time...”

“Yessss.” she said slowly.

Pete found a vein and injected the serum into her.

A warm feeling of pleasantness spread through her.

She moaned again.

And then Felicia did something she hadn't done in a long time.

She receded.

The serum burned the fat enveloping her.

Her chins vanished, her tits shrank to a size finally on the alphabet and kept going.

Her thighs lost their plushness.

And her crown jewel of a belly receded until she had abs again.

After a few minutes, Felicia Hardy was the same size she had been when she found Peter's magazine all those years ago.

“Wow, am I really glad she managed to find a way to get rid of all the loose skin.”

Felicia hopped to her feet, smiling at the sensation of walking again.

The serum also built up her muscles after they had atrophied.

She was still unused to walking, so she stumbled a bit into Peter.

“Oh good.... It worked...” came a voice from the doorway in between huffs and puffs.

Despite not ever saying she was actively gaining, Sue still looked like a few good meals would

render her helpless.

She sat on a chair, letting her belly spill forwards towards the ground.

“Like a charm doc.”

“Maybe... I'll use it...”

Sue patted her belly, a blush enveloping her face.”

“Maybe...”

Felicia pulled in Peter for a kiss, then hung off of his neck with her arms.

“Well, Tiger, there are a few things I want to do now that I can move again. But after that, ready for round two of turning this body into a pile of lard?”

Peter smiled.

“That sounds wonderful. And who knows, with medical breakthroughs, who knows how big you can get this time around?”

Felicia licked her lips.

“This is going to be so much fun.”