

“BINGE SESSION”

Side-A

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 call signs 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 *relevés*, 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 like this.

“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... Daughter. 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.

Glutted 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**. Grrmf...”

“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.**"

Once within 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 thinks you are too busy. Need to relax.” She poked his cheek, but the fingers kept tapping away. It was quite warm in the server room, so Ed shucked off the sun-dress, its mass fluttering away on the vent-breeze. Now she sat on his crotch in her bra and panties, her stuffed stomach rubbing against his flimsy hospital gown.

“Oooh, what’s this?” Something was stiffening underneath her. Ed lifted the gown and blushed, giggling; despite his massive network of machinery, Rosny was still human after all. Her soft, nubile body had given him an erection.

Looking around her, Ed got an idea. “Need to relax... Relax the sleepy boy. He’s having bad dreams, building big bad things. Making everybody fatty-fat.” She reached under the gown, her grin widening as she gripped his shaft. “Ed can help you relax. No more hurting people—just fun times.” And she began to pump away at it, her own frantic libido rising in tandem with his.

Ed had been on the Bebop a long time. Spike and Jet were both far too old for her, and the nineteen-year-old hacker was bored and lonely. And here was a helpless, aroused young man... ripe for the taking. Despite her own misgivings about how poorly he’d assembled his computers, she thought he deserved a good time. And so did she—for once, a good time with someone else, instead of just herself and her own Macgyvered virators.

“Mmm... Feels like a big warm sausage. Ed *likes* sausage.” She slipped her head under the hospital gown. “Want Ed to eat your sausage?” She jerked the young man’s chin, parroting a man’s voice. ““Yes I do, Ms. Ed! Please eat my sausage!’ Mmm, mff...”

And for a while, there was only the sound of wet slurping and suckling. Ed was inexperienced, but her sheer enthusiasm made up for it.

Meanwhile, the rest of the facility was in chaos.



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 began giving a sloppy, lazy, Earth-style blowjob to the mastermind behind Cornucopia. And his electronic orders to the compound were immediately scrambled.

"Oh... Oh my... Oh, *wow*." 'Regal' flickered on his screen as his hold on the dome's systems began to wane, completely distracted by the attack on his prone comatose body several rooms away. "Security to the... to the alpha wing! Oh, *goddamn!*" He didn't sound upset, that was for sure. More... surprised.

But 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 pale stretch-marks that would be impossible to remove. It looked like she'd been pregnant a dozen times, and each time with triplets. 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.

“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 fine meals. Leaning out of the cockpit, Faye barfed onto the lawn, thousand-dollar champagne and caviar splattering over the grass.

“Uggh... 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. On the screen, the words **ALL GOOD SEE YOU LATER TIME FOR DINNER** flashed in bright colors.

“Looks like she’s... fine?” He started the engines. “We’ll come back for her. Right now we need to get you to safety.”

“I always knew you... cared.”

He shrugged. “Not really. I just don’t have enough fuel for both of you... especially since you’re the size of *three* Fayes, now. *Ow!* Stop hitting me!”

The *Swordfish*’s vertical takeoff stage activated and it swept through the dome’s air, heading for an airlock near the top of the structure. It moved a little more... clumsily, with Faye’s fat ass aboard, but at least it flew. Spike wrinkled his nose as a foul smell began to fill the cabin.

“Is that... your... Oh God, what did you eat down there?”

“*I said—hurrrp—I don’t wanna talk about it!*”

...FrrrrAPPPT.



Binge Session: Side-B

Several weeks after the Great Faye Rescue, Jet tuned back in to the Den's frequencies, accepting a hail message from Ed. Things had been proceeding smoothly since the chaos at the compound... well, as smoothly as *anything* could proceed, now that Ed was in charge.

"Hey, kid. How's it going?"

On the tiny screen before him, a very different Ed was displayed than the one they'd sent down. This Ed was chubbier, and wearing an absurd plastic tiara and what looked like a toga. The zany teen was lounging on a huge comfortable-looking armchair, with the comatose Rosny Spanngen on her lap. He was immobile still, but there was the hint of a smile on his face. Ed kissed him passionately, pinching his cheek.

"Hi, Jet! Ed is doing good. Ed has a nice boy to play with, now—and LOTS of food!"

"Yeah, I... I can see that." Jet's eyes widened as he watched Ed chugging a liter of soda, slowly draining it down like it was nothing. Life on Mars had been kind to the little hacker: she was now hugely overweight, her once-skinny arms sagging with folds of flesh and her stomach rolling out of the toga to nearly cover Spanngen. But... Well, at least she was happy.

And Jet couldn't really criticize. After seizing control of the facility, and Rosny, Ed had begun slowly returning the pervert's victims to their families and dismissing mob members with hefty severance packages. Their organization was dissolving, and Ed was even sending the occasional few thousand Woolongs to the Bebop. Everything had turned out pretty okay for everyone.

Well... except for Faye.

The sound of whiskey glugging down someone's throat made Jet glance over his shoulder. Faye was in the doorway, her colossal stretch-marked gut sagging over her thighs and her broad hips nearly filling the entire hallway. There was a bottle of Jack Daniels in her hand, half empty. Which was a little much, since it was ten in the morning. But he expected this from Faye, these days.

She had only gotten worse since coming back, since now she didn't even have fine dining to occupy her—just the junk Jet and Spike ordered from takeout restaurants. Faye looked greasy, unkempt, and *not at all* seductive. But the old femme-fatale fire was still in her eyes... especially after a few drinks, and a couple of joints.

"Jet. Is that the... **urrrrp**, the kid?"

"Yeah. She's doing good."

"Huh." Faye frowned, her double-chin bulging as she looked at the floor. "Tell her... good job. And tell her, **hurrrrp**, tell her to send us some damn caviar."

Jet smiled, relishing the wiggle of Faye's bloated ass as she turned and jiggled back to her quarters. That ass was like two small beanbags fighting for dominance inside Faye's new XXL shorts... and neither bean-bag was very energetic. "I will. We wouldn't want you to go hungry, after all, would we?"

The sound of Faye's flatulence echoed through the Bebop along with her angry shout.

Frrrumpfffff...

"Up yours, Jet!"



SEE YOU, SPACE COWBOY...