

As Felicia sat her hefty ass down on the couch, she turned towards the two applicants to her “research” project.

Janet Van Dyne, better known as the miniscule heroine Wasp, was sitting at her normal size.

She was not wearing her suit, instead in a professional blouse and skirt. She looked excited, but still a little nervous, hands fidgeting on her lap.

Seated next to her was a member of the X-Men, Rogue.

The brunette southern belle wore a duster over her green and yellow uniform, a red and black X on the left side of her chest.

She looked at home, a wry grin on her face as she sipped from her mug of coffee.

“I’d like to welcome both of you to this program. I have two questions; one, you are aware that partaking in this will result in a significant decrease in your activities as a vigilante, and that certain romantic relationships are required?”

Felicia loved talking about all of this in a scientific manner.

It gave her such a thrill to take her sinful desires and pass them off as some noble experiment.

“Yeah, I’m aware,” Janet said, placing a hand on her flat stomach.

“Hank’s Giant Man particles never had any affect on me, and a part of me has always wondered what it would be like to be.... Big.”

The way she said that last word, Felicia could tell they had a grade A feedee on their hands.

“Yeah, the town I grew up in, a lot of the girls were pretty corn fed. Guess I always saw them and wondered how delicious it must have been getting that big.”

Felicia grinned, loving how many people online would go wild if they found out how many in the super community shared their fetish.

“Excellent, girls, but about the second question?”

Janet’s eyes turned downwards.

“Hank and I... agreed we aren’t good for eachother anymore. And this opportunity seems exciting.”

Rogue leaned back, her hands resting behind her head.

“The X-Mansion is a wild place for hookups, let me tell ya. I have no problems with keeping my barn doors open.”

With a grunt, Felicia got up.

“Then without further ado, let me welcome you to the research committee.”

Wasp enthusiastically shook Felicia's hand, and Rogue id as well.

Rogues mutant ability in the past was notoriously uncontrollable.

She would drain the life force of any person who made skin to skin contact, which made her early years a living hell.

Thankfully, with the help of Xavier himself, she had been able to completely control her powers, and instead of just draining powers and life force, she could also drain experiences.

Touching Felicia, she felt the full brunt of what it meant to be a feedee.

The taboo of abandoning your physical prime for unrelenting hedonism, the endless pleasure of feeling your warm, heavy fat, that you dedicated yourself to building bite by bite, chew by chew.

And the food. God the food. Every meal that made Felicia the elephantine woman shaking her hand ran through Rogues brain like a freight train. Her stomach rumbled loud enough for everyone to hear.

“Oh good,” Felicia said with a smile.

“You're hungry.”

Felicia led them to the main dining area of their new apartment.

A large round table dominated the room.

Seated at the table was mild mannered Peter Parker, who waved at the new women in his life.

Seated next to him, breathing heavily, was Mary Jane Watson, the actress model clearly stuffed to the brim from Peter's feeding.

An empty plate sat next to them on the table , briefly, before a slot opened up beneath it and it vanished.

A few seconds later it reappeared, full of sponge cake.

Despite being full, Mary Jane licked her lips.

“Fancy trick,” Wasp said, looking at the plate of cake.

“One of the perks of the Richards designing your apartment for you.”

Janet and Rogue sat down, and a contactless display appeared in front of them.

Janet requested some tiramisu, while Rogue asked for some chili.

Within seconds, both appeared in front of them.

Felicia was reminded she hadn't eaten in minutes, and rubbed her massive stomach.

She plopped down at her own chair, and a predetermined order was placed, giving her a smorgasbord of fattening foods in front of her.

Mj ate some cakes then had to stop, so Rogue took her chance to make a move on someone she had always kind of had a crush on.

“Since you're free, sugar, why don't you come over and give me some, and maybe later I'll return the favor.”

Peter, still mentally the scrawny nerd from highschool, blushed at the outward display of affection from the beautiful X-Woman.

Nervously he sat down next to her, and picked up a spoonful of chili.

She moaned as the spoon went past her lips. Oh yeah, this was going to be fun.

Eventually she stopped, with half a bowl left.

“Sorry, Sugar. Guess my eyes were bigger than my stomach.”

For now, she thought.

“Uh, I can help with your, digestion, if you, uh, want?”

Rogue cocked an eyebrow and nodded.

Peter put a tentative hand on her stuffed stomach, eliciting a breathy moan of approval from her.

With a go ahead, he placed his second hand and began rubbing.

“Usually you take a girl to dinner, not lunch, before you make her feel this good.”

“Hey, I want some attention too!” Janet proclaimed.

Felicia laughed and leaned over to Mary Jane.

“Why don’t we spend some time by ourselves and let Peter have some fun.”

MJ smiled at that.

‘Yeah, I can have my fun with one or both of them tomorrow.’

The two fatter women heaved themselves out of their chairs and blew kisses to Peter, who was now sitting in between the new recruits.

They both kissed his cheek at the same time, and Peter once again thanked the Parker luck.