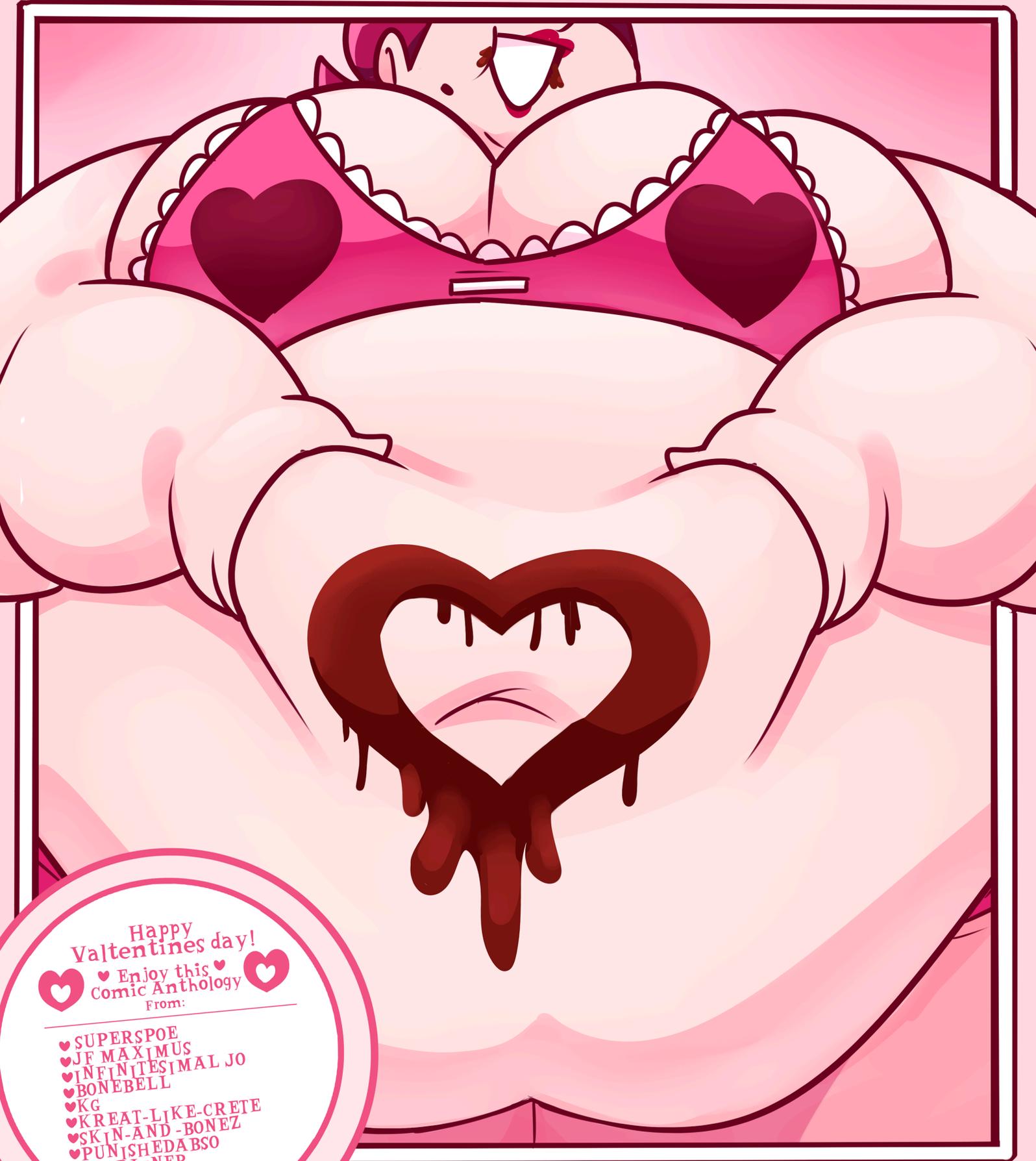


# VALENTINES



Happy  
Valentines day!

♥ Enjoy this ♥  
Comic Anthology ♥  
From:

- ♥ SUPERSPOE
- ♥ JF MAXIMUS
- ♥ INFINITESIMAL JO
- ♥ BONEBELL
- ♥ KG
- ♥ KREAT-LIKE-CRETE
- ♥ SKIN-AND-BONEZ
- ♥ PUNISHEDABSO
- ♥ STARLINER

WARNING

This Pack Contains:

WEIGHT GAIN FEEDING SQUISHING  
SMOTHERING RAPID GAIN BBW  
TENTACLES BONDAGE FEMDOM  
SIZE DIFFERENCE ALIEN GIRL ROBOT GIRL  
MUSCLE GIRL MONSTER GIRL BODY TF  
MILD SLOB BHM

BLOB

# Table of

# Contents

---

*Mindful Choices*  
By Kreat-Like-Crete

*Weight Watching*  
By J.f. Maximus & Skin-and-bonez

*Lover's Comet*  
By Starliner & J.f. Maximus

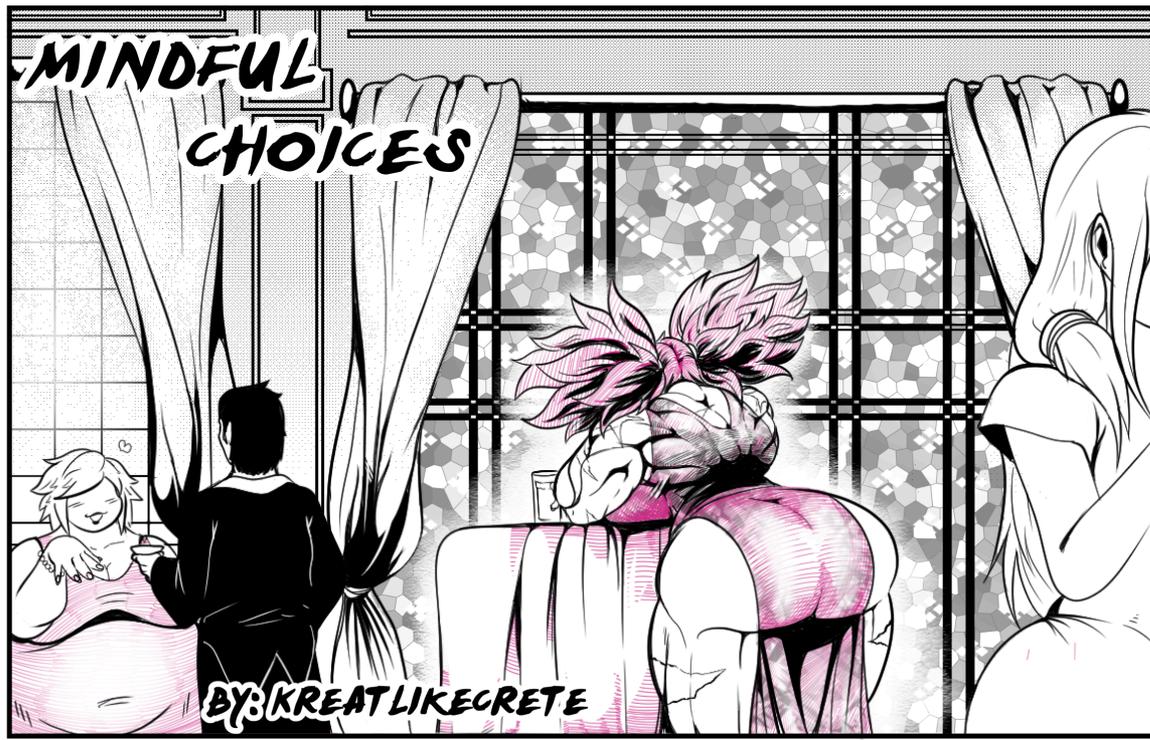
*Vanny's V-Day Vent!*  
By PunishedAbso

*Workout Buddy*  
By KG

*Ocean Waves*  
By Infinitesimal Jo

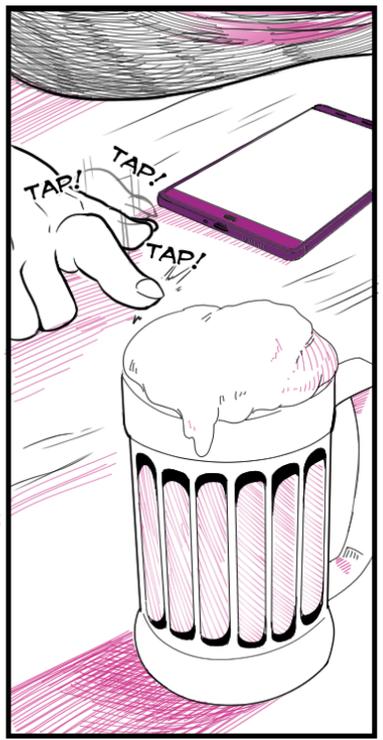
*Meet My Idol*  
By Bonebell

*Booth Babe Bash*  
By SuperSpoe

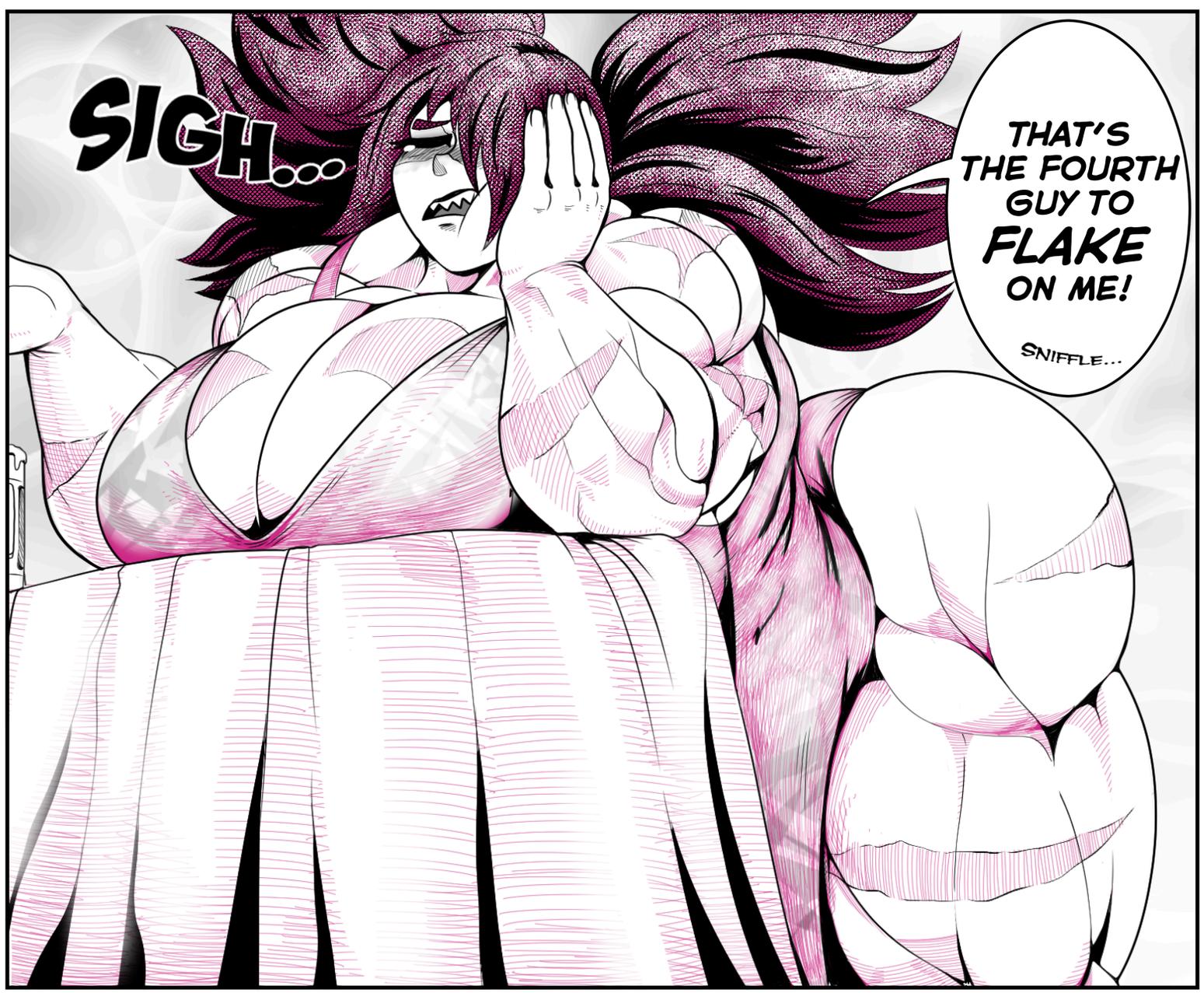


**MINDFUL CHOICES**

BY **KREAT LIKE CRETE**



TAP!  
TAP!  
TAP!



**SIGH...**

THAT'S THE FOURTH GUY TO **FLAKE** ON ME!

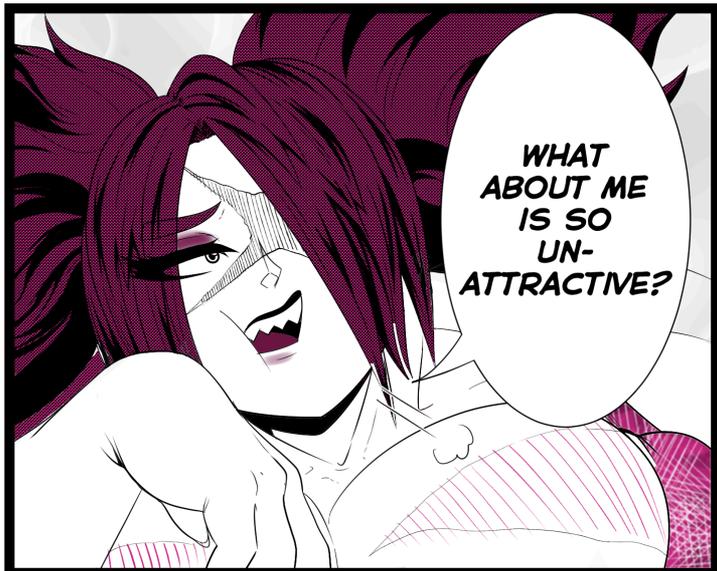
SNIFFLE...



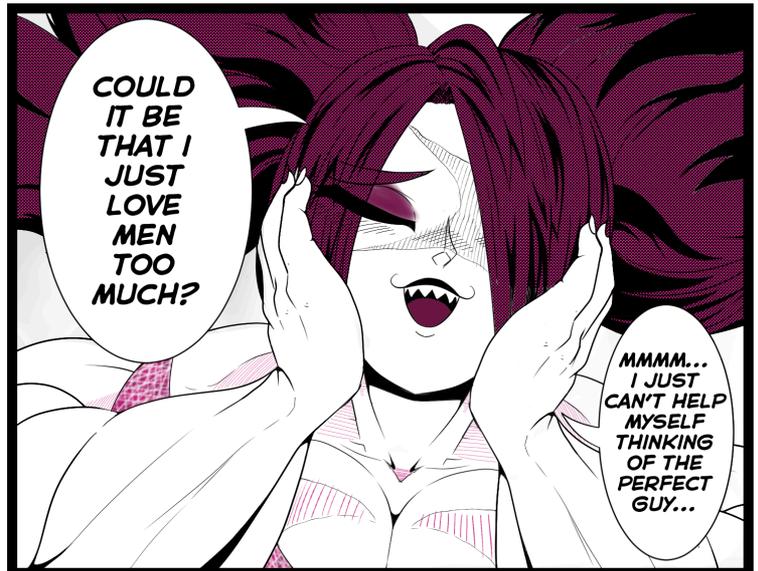
**WHAT THE HECK AM I DOING WRONG?!**

**I DON'T GET IT AT ALL---!!!**

**GRR-RR!!!**



**WHAT ABOUT ME IS SO UN-ATTRACTIVE?**



**COULD IT BE THAT I JUST LOVE MEN TOO MUCH?**

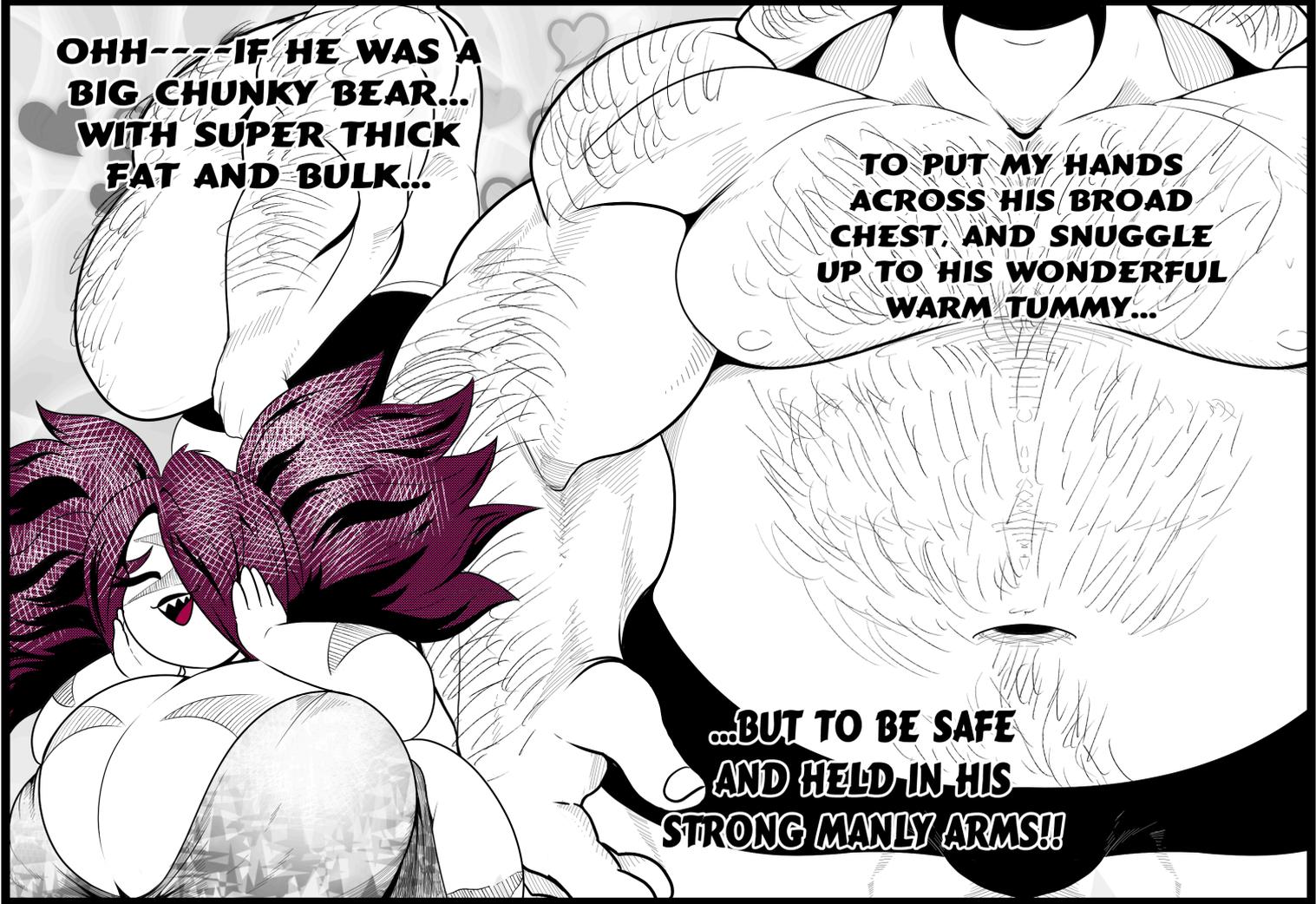
**MMMM... I JUST CAN'T HELP MYSELF THINKING OF THE PERFECT GUY...**



**I JUST THINK ABOUT THEM ALL THE TIME!!**

**IF HE WAS THIN I'D BE ABLE TO CARESS HIS SLENDER BODY LIKE A PIECE OF ART!!**

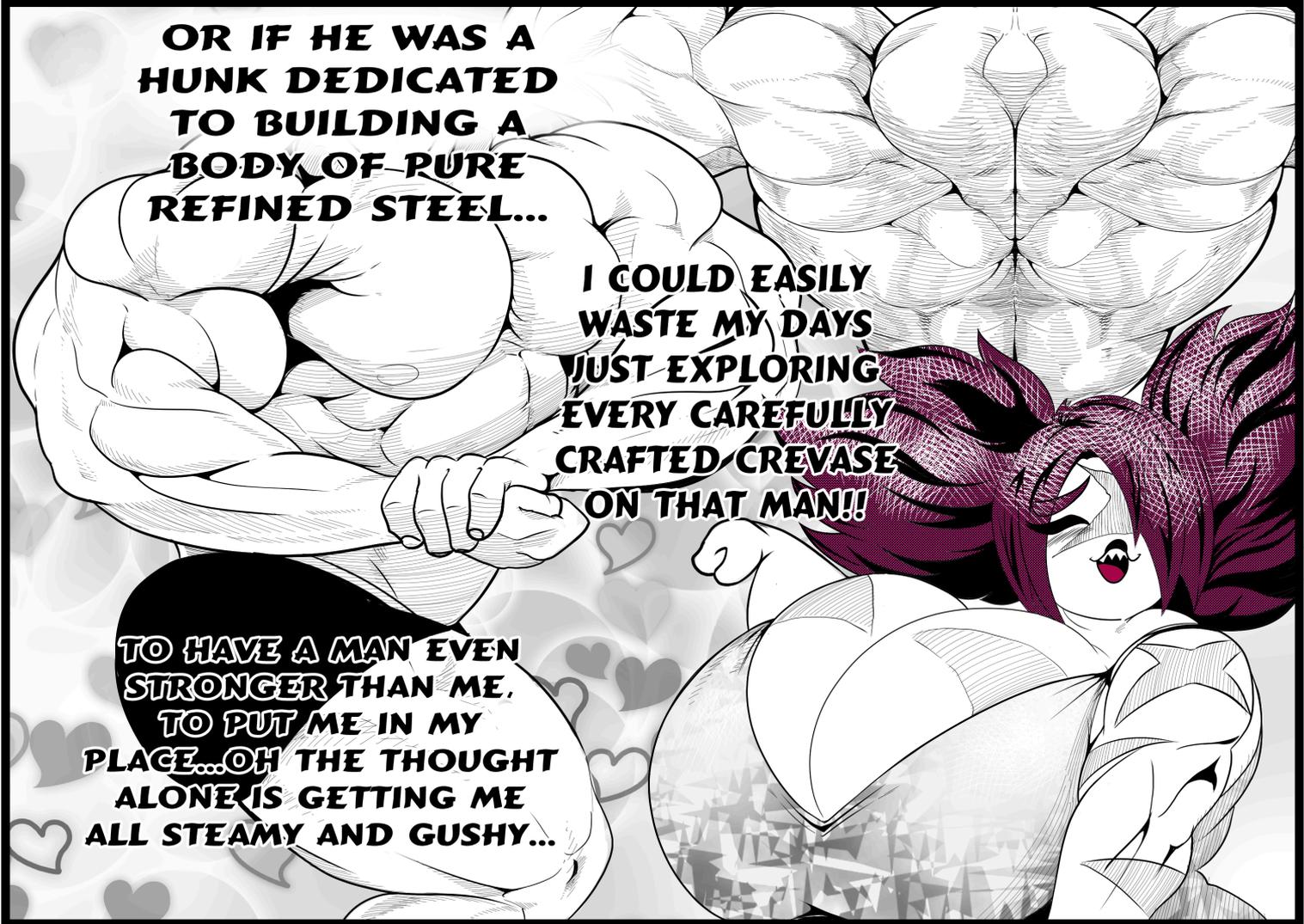
**HIS BODY WOULD BE SO MARVELOUS TO LOOK AT, AND ADMIRE. SUCH DISCIPLINE!!**



**OHH---IF HE WAS A  
BIG CHUNKY BEAR...  
WITH SUPER THICK  
FAT AND BULK...**

**TO PUT MY HANDS  
ACROSS HIS BROAD  
CHEST, AND SNUGGLE  
UP TO HIS WONDERFUL  
WARM TUMMY...**

**...BUT TO BE SAFE  
AND HELD IN HIS  
STRONG MANLY ARMS!!**



**OR IF HE WAS A  
HUNK DEDICATED  
TO BUILDING A  
BODY OF PURE  
REFINED STEEL...**

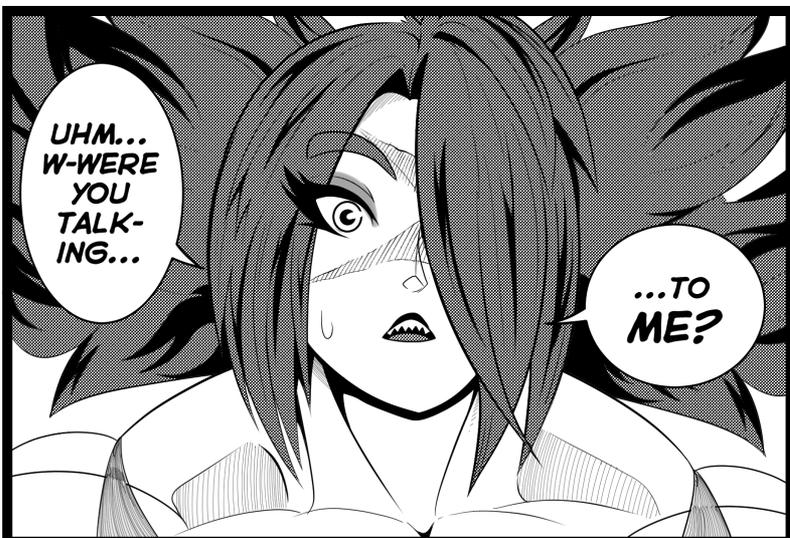
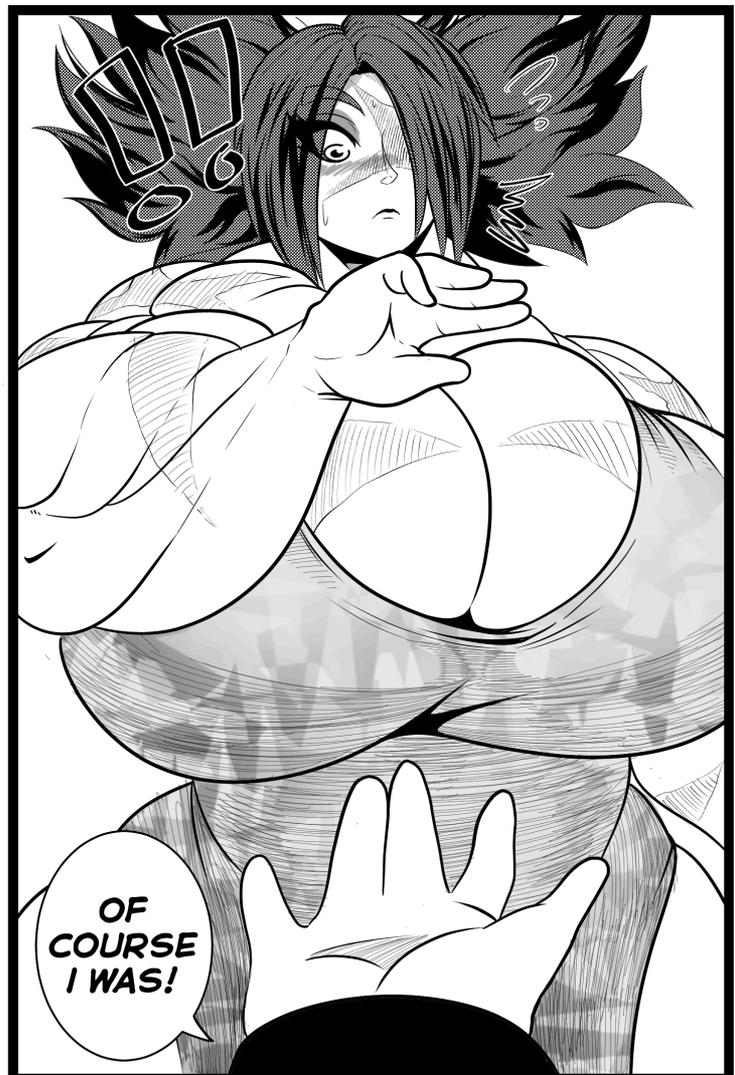
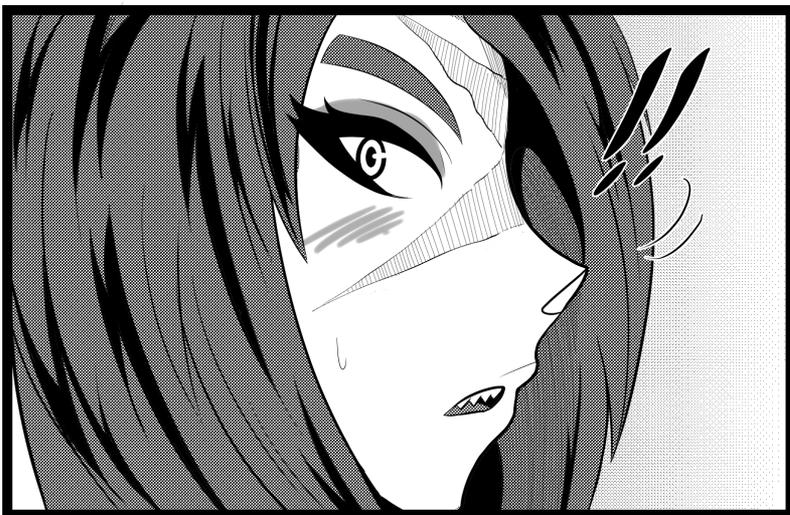
**I COULD EASILY  
WASTE MY DAYS  
JUST EXPLORING  
EVERY CAREFULLY  
CRAFTED CREVASSE  
ON THAT MAN!!**

**TO HAVE A MAN EVEN  
STRONGER THAN ME,  
TO PUT ME IN MY  
PLACE...OH THE THOUGHT  
ALONE IS GETTING ME  
ALL STEAMY AND GUSHY...**



AH...  
TO HAVE  
THE MAN  
OF MY  
DREAMS  
WALK  
RIGHT UP  
TO ME  
AND  
JUST-

EXCUSE ME,  
MISS?



UHM...  
W-WERE  
YOU  
TALK-  
ING...

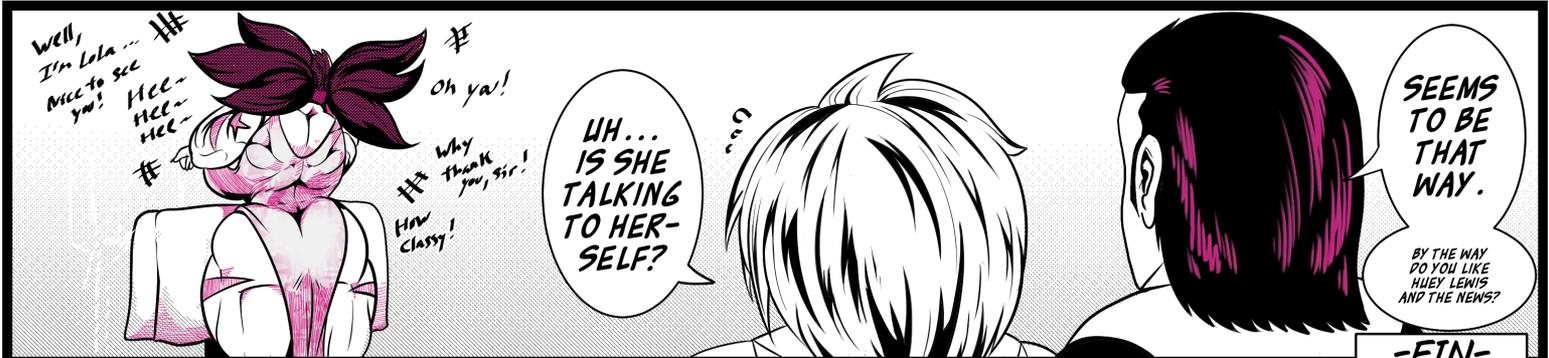
...TO  
ME?

OF  
COURSE  
I WAS!



**YOU REALLY MEAN IT?**

**ARE YOU THE MAN OF MY DREAMS?**



Well, I'm Lola...  
Nice to see you!  
Hee-hee-hee!  
Oh ya!  
Why thank you, sir!  
How classy!

**UH... IS SHE TALKING TO HERSELF?**

**SEEMS TO BE THAT WAY.**  
BY THE WAY DO YOU LIKE HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS?

**-FIN-**

# LOVER'S COMET

AN INTERGALACTIC DATING SHOW!



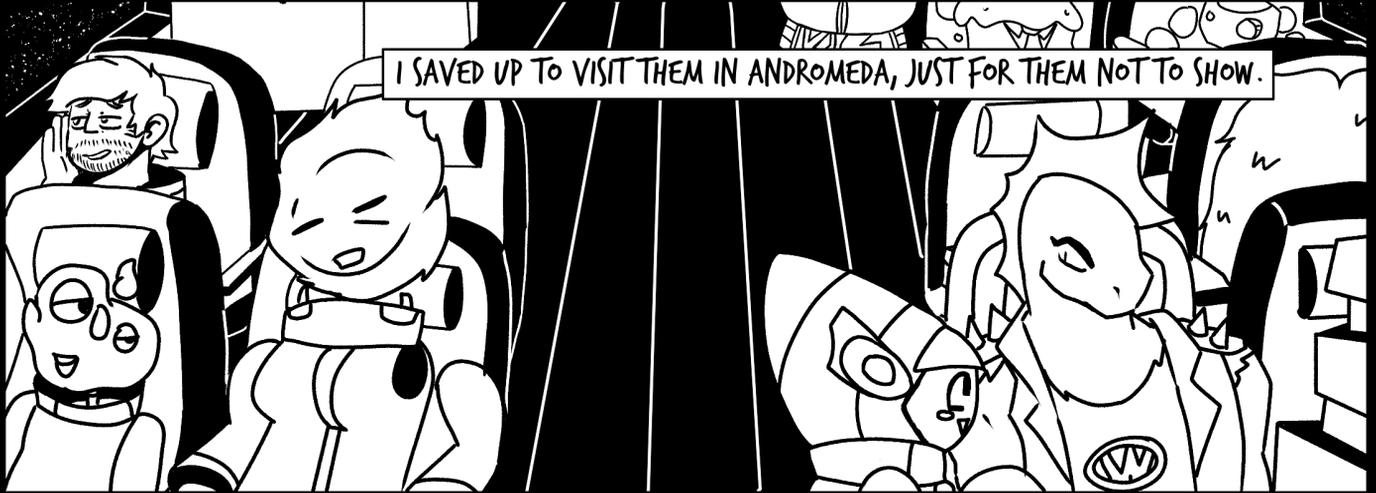
WRITTEN BY: J.F. MAXWELL  
ILLUSTRATED BY: STARLINDER

# LOVER'S COMET

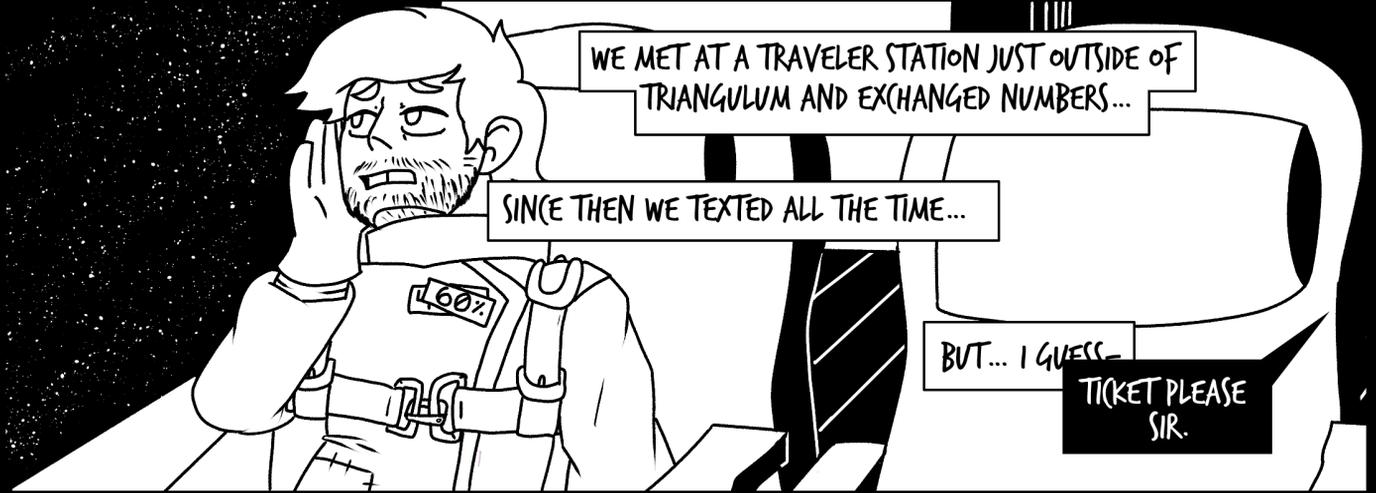
AN INTERGALACTIC DATING SHOW!

WRITTEN BY: J. F. MAXWELL

DRAWN BY: STARLINER



I SAVED UP TO VISIT THEM IN ANDROMEDA, JUST FOR THEM NOT TO SHOW.



WE MET AT A TRAVELER STATION JUST OUTSIDE OF TRIANGULUM AND EXCHANGED NUMBERS...

SINCE THEN WE TEXTED ALL THE TIME...

BUT... I GUESS...

TICKET PLEASE SIR.

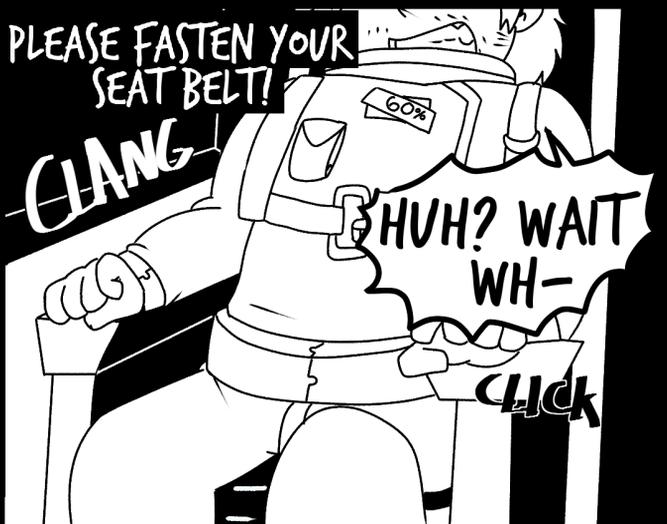
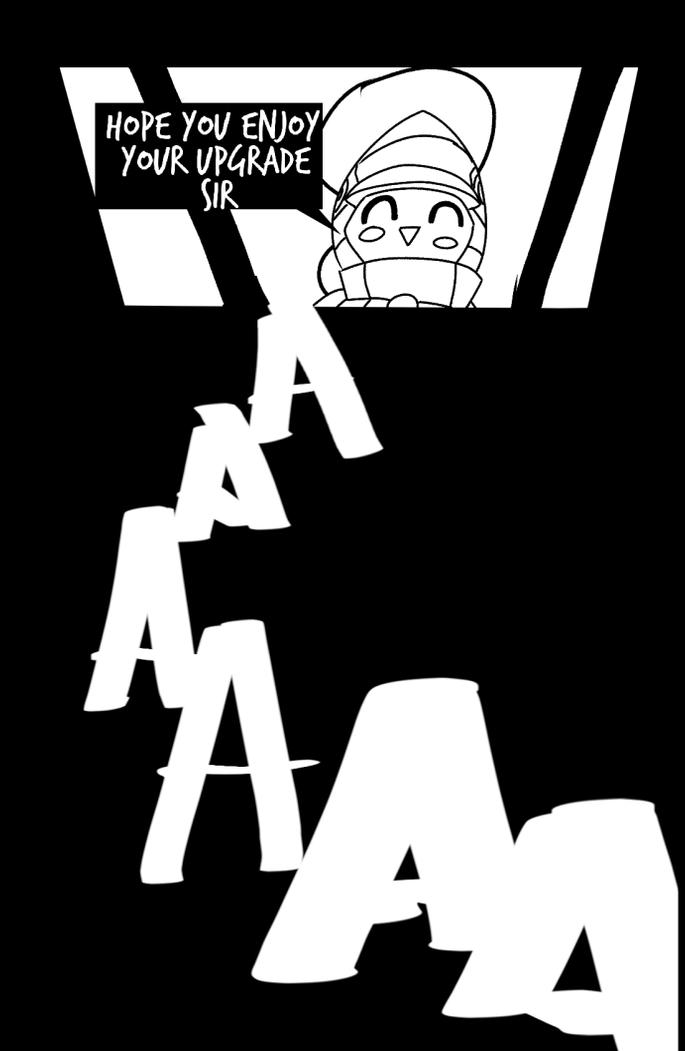
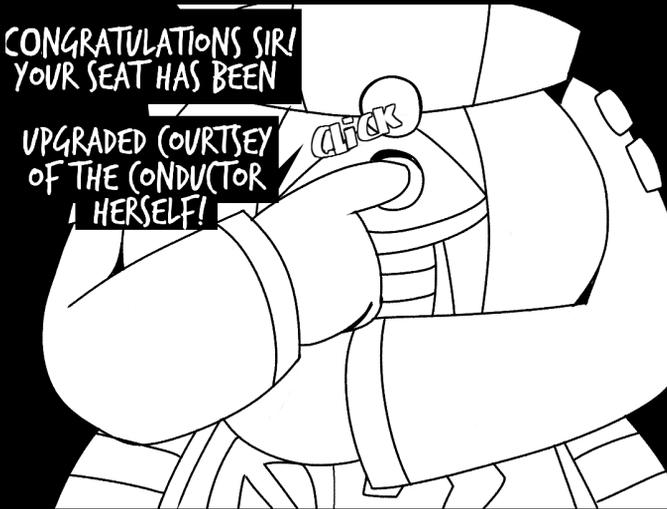
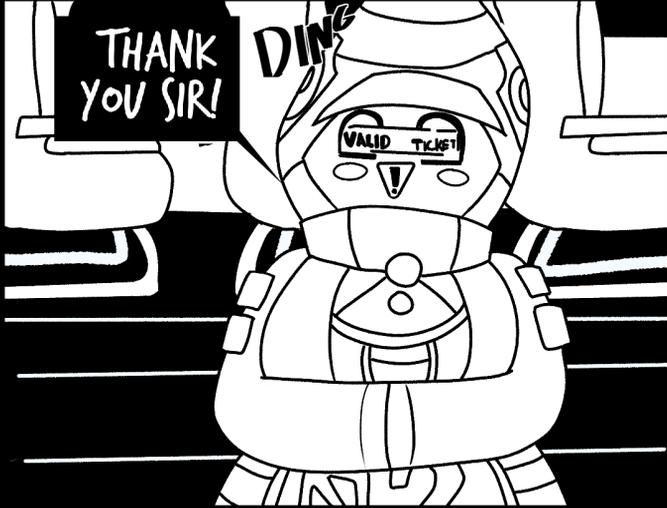
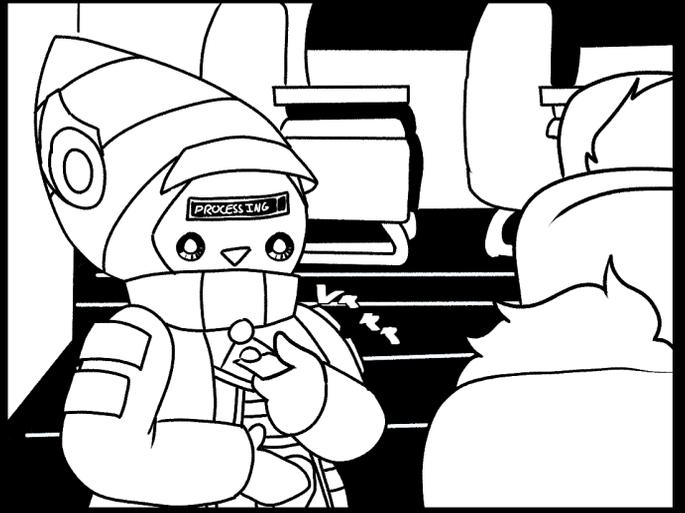
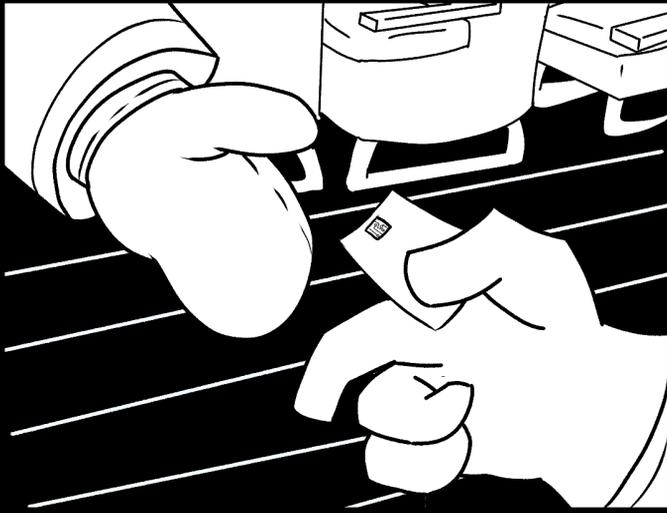


HM? WHAT?



OH UH...  
HERE YOU GO.

TICKET PLEASE SIR.

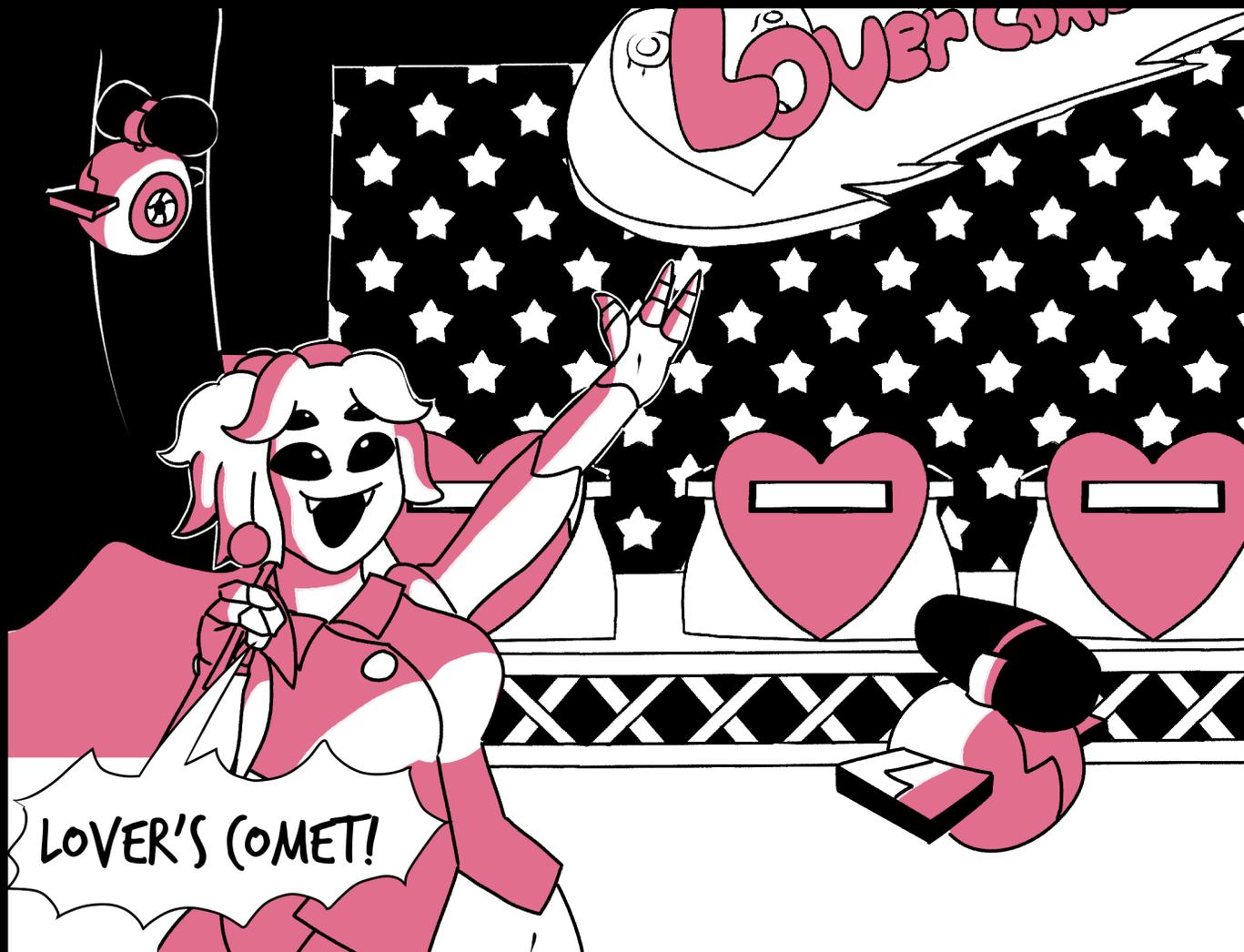


**SLAM!!!**

**AAAAA!!!**

**WH!!!**  
... ..





CONTESTANT No. 1 (COMES FROM ALPHA DRACONIS)

HEY HOWS IT GOIN?

(CAN BENCH-PRESS AN ASTRO RIDER IN HALF AND LOVES INTIMACY!..)

LIZZIE!!

CONTESTANT No. 2 HAILS FROM THE ASTROCYTE NEBULA (CAN BALANCE A CHECKBOOK, IMPROVE YOUR 401K)

UM.. H-HELLO

BUT (CAN SHE BALANCE THE CHECKBOOK OF HER HEART?)

GIVE IT UP FOR AMPHY!!

CONTESTANT No. 3... SADLY WE COULDN'T FIND ANOTHER CONTESTANT

IM' HAPPY TO HELP

S-BOTS? SO WE HAVE STEWARTESS No. 3!

ONE LUCKY BACHELOR, THREE POSSIBLE DATES...

LIZZIE

AMPHY

S-BOTS

WHO WILL TAKE OUR MYSTERY DATE OUT TONIGHT

WITHOUT FURTHER

ADO

LETS..GET..LUCKY!!

VHH..

60%



UH ALRIGHT BUT..

FANTASTIC, NOW TO KICK US OFF

HERE'S YOUR FIRST QUESTION



UH..IF WE WERE TO GO UH ON A FIRST DATE, WHERE..

I'M SORRY BUT NO



HEY! WHERE'RE YOU GOING?



LOOK, THANS FOR TRYING TO SET ME UP

BUT THIS ISNT HOW I WANNA FIND LOVE



IM SORRY... I'M JUST GETTING OVER A BREAK UP

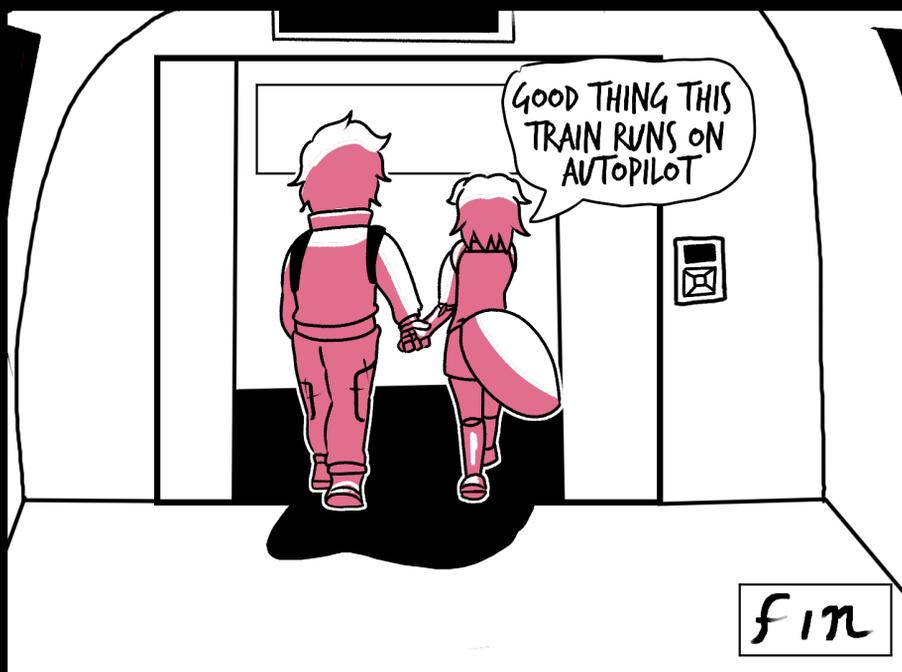


SO A LOT OF THIS IS JUST A LOT ALL AT ONCE



SIGH THANKS FOR TRYING ANYWAYS

IM GONNA GO FIND ANOTHER SEAT



# Workout

# Buddy

by KG





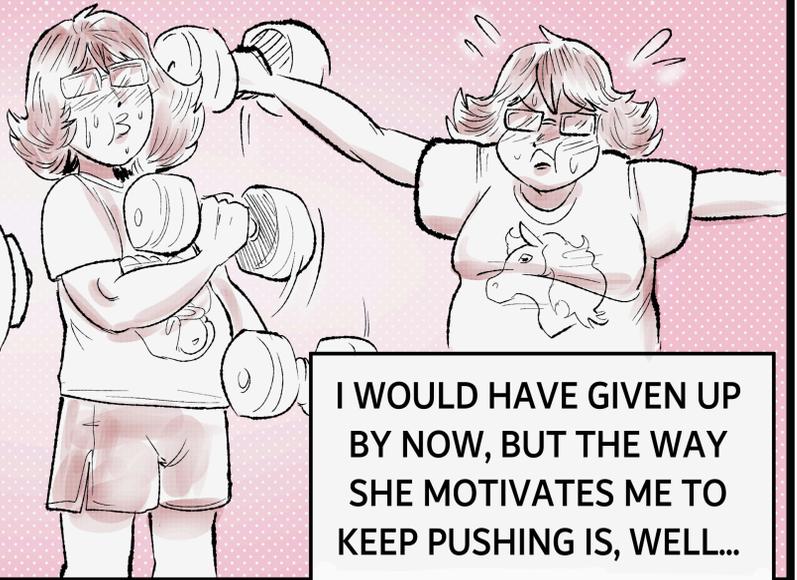
YOU GOT THIS, BABE!  
THIS IS THE MOST  
IMPORTANT PART! YOU  
JUST GOTTA PUSH THROUGH  
IT! ONE MORE AND WE'RE  
DONE!

SEE? YOU DID IT!  
I'M SO PROUD OF  
YOU, BABE!



I'VE BEEN DATING MY GIRLFRIEND FOR ALMOST HALF A YEAR NOW. AND SHE HAD SUDDENLY WANTED ME TO SPEND TIME WITH HER LIFTING WEIGHTS. SHE'S SUCH A HUGE GYM RAT, AND I AM NOT REALLY ATHLETIC AT ALL, BUT I STILL LOVE HER TO DEATH. I THOUGHT SHE JUST WANTED ME TO GET MORE FIT LIKE HER.

SHE'S ONLY BEEN TRAINING ME FOR A WEEK NOW, AND IT'S BEEN ABSOLUTE TORTURE.



I WOULD HAVE GIVEN UP BY NOW, BUT THE WAY SHE MOTIVATES ME TO KEEP PUSHING IS, WELL...

SHE LIKES TO TREAT ME TO DELICIOUS FOOD. LIKE, A LOT OF DELICIOUS FOOD. WE DO THIS EVERY DAY.



WAOW ...



HERE ARE YOUR BURGERS, CUTIE~!

SHE SAYS IT'S FOR BULKING, BUT IT USUALLY FEELS LIKE SHE TAKES IT A LITTLE FAR.

BUT IT DOES WORK. I'VE NEVER TOLD HER YET, BUT I DO HAVE A KINK FOR THIS KIND OF THING. I LOVE BEING OVERFED AND STUFFED. IT FEELS LIKE BEING PAMPERED!



WAOW ...

IT SEEMS COUNTER PRODUCTIVE TO THE TRAINING, BUT I DON'T OBJECT TO IT. BEING FED AND SPOILED BY SUCH A SEXY WOMAN IS HEAVEN TO ME.



BWOM

SO WE  
CONTINUE  
TRAINING, FOUR  
OR FIVE DAYS  
A WEEK



AND THEN  
SHE FEEDS ME.  
UNTIL I AM  
STUFFED FULL!  
IT'S SO HOT!



AND WE TRAIN  
AGAIN THE  
NEXT DAY.  
IT GOES ON  
LIKE THIS...



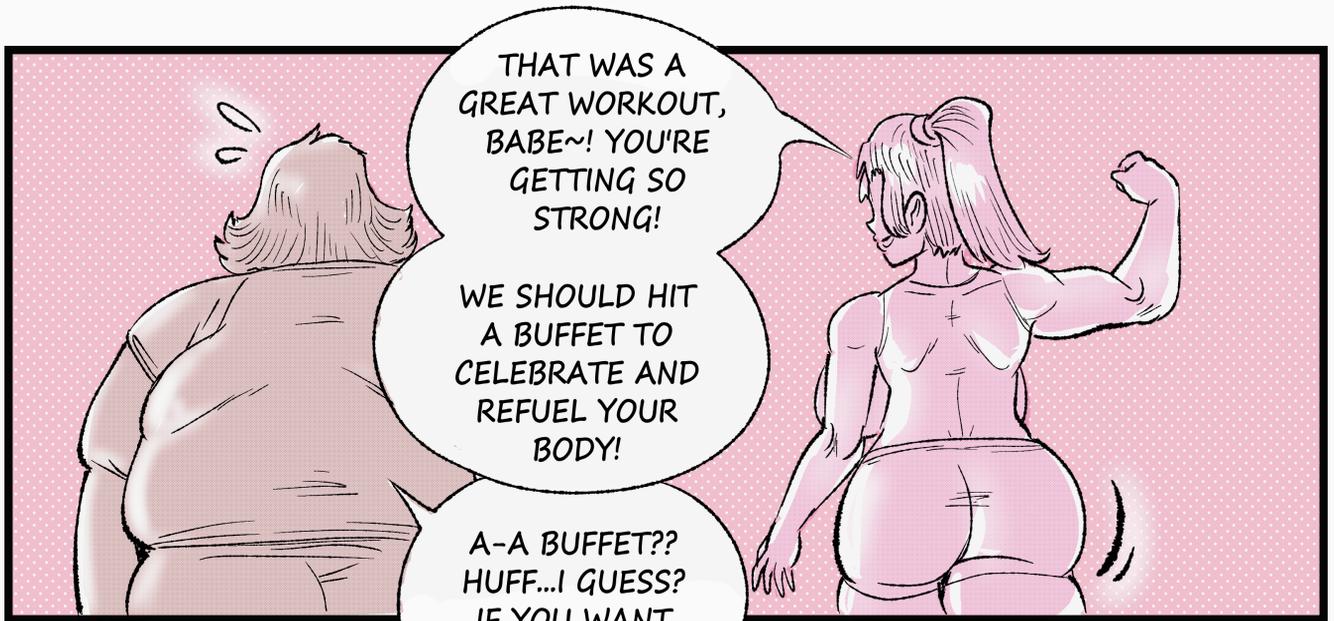
IT WASN'T VERY LONG  
BEFORE I STARTED  
SEEING WEIGHT PILE  
ONTO MY BODY...



WAS THIS REALLY HOW  
A BULK WORKED? DID  
SHE ENJOY DOING THIS  
TO ME? I KNOW I ENJOYED  
IT BUT...



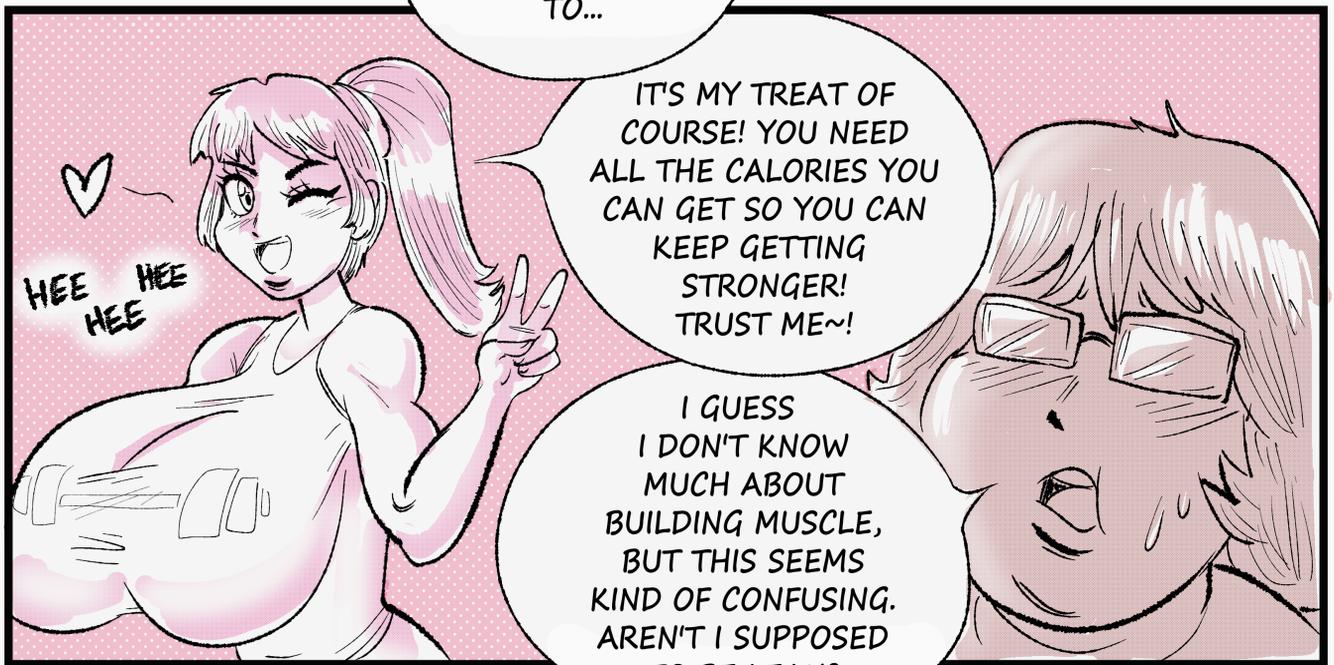
I WAS GAINING  
WEIGHT SO QUICKLY  
THAT IT BECAME  
CONCERNING,  
AND CONFUSING.



THAT WAS A GREAT WORKOUT, BABE~! YOU'RE GETTING SO STRONG!

WE SHOULD HIT A BUFFET TO CELEBRATE AND REFUEL YOUR BODY!

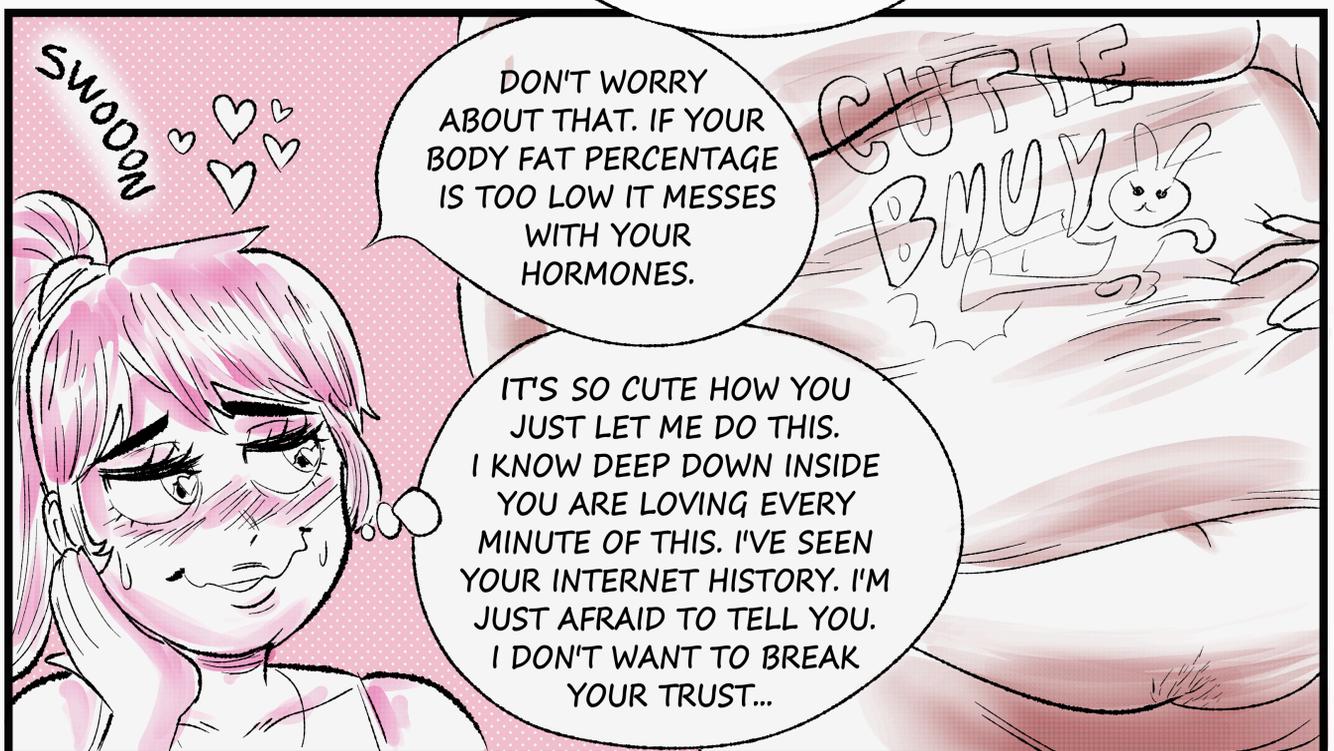
A-A BUFFET?? HUFF...I GUESS? IF YOU WANT TO...



HEE HEE HEE HEE

IT'S MY TREAT OF COURSE! YOU NEED ALL THE CALORIES YOU CAN GET SO YOU CAN KEEP GETTING STRONGER! TRUST ME~!

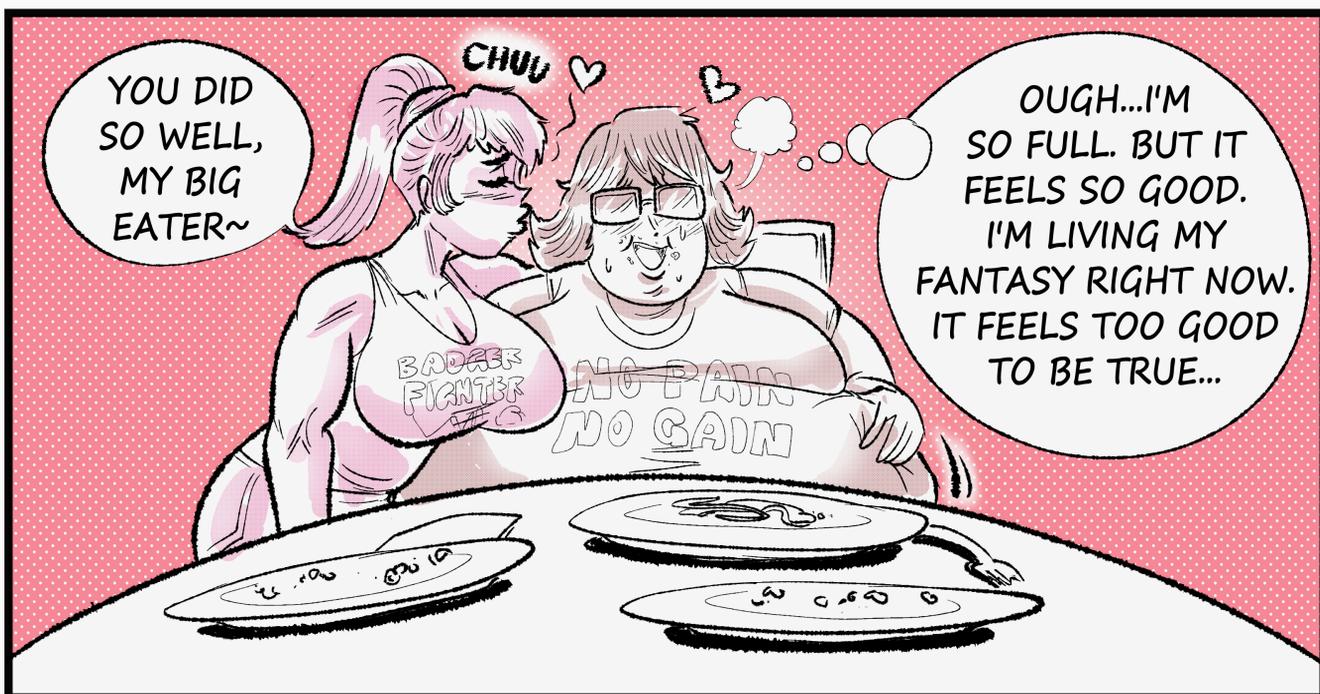
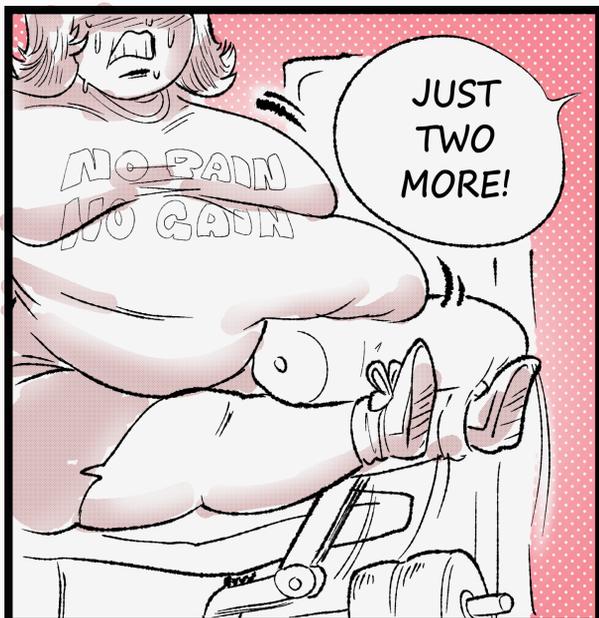
I GUESS I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BUILDING MUSCLE, BUT THIS SEEMS KIND OF CONFUSING. AREN'T I SUPPOSED TO BE LEAN?

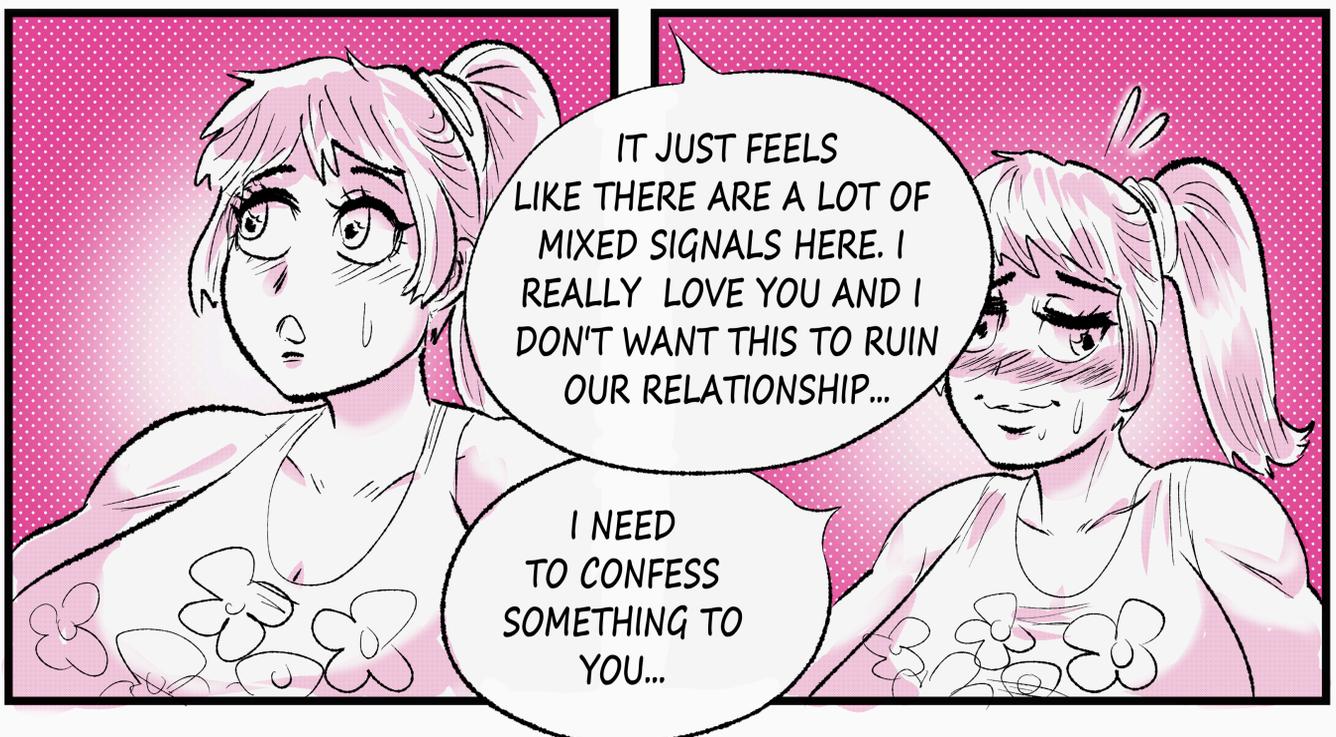
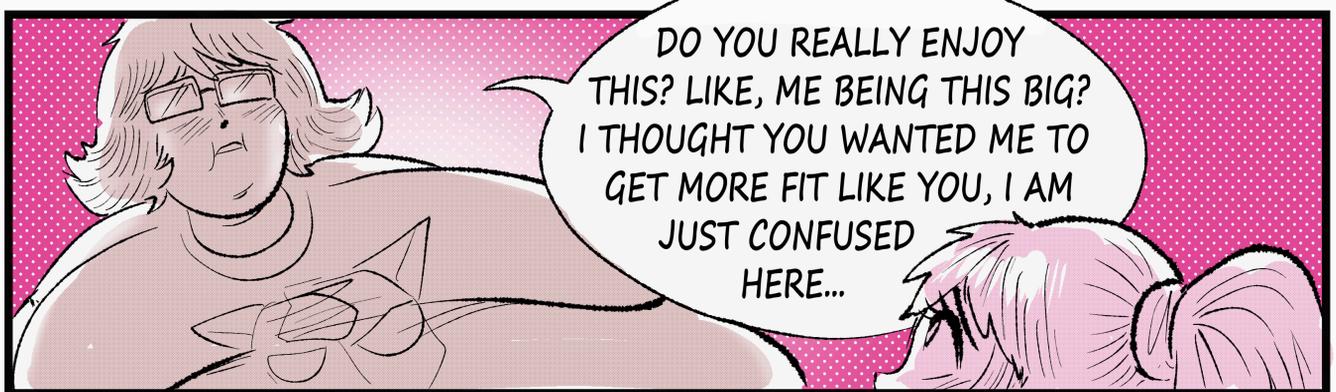
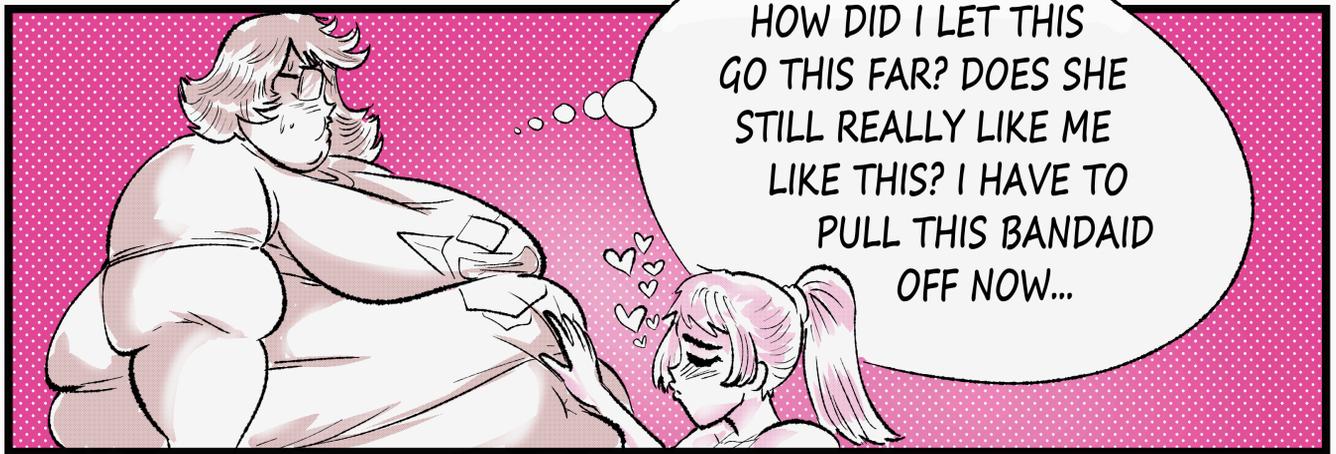


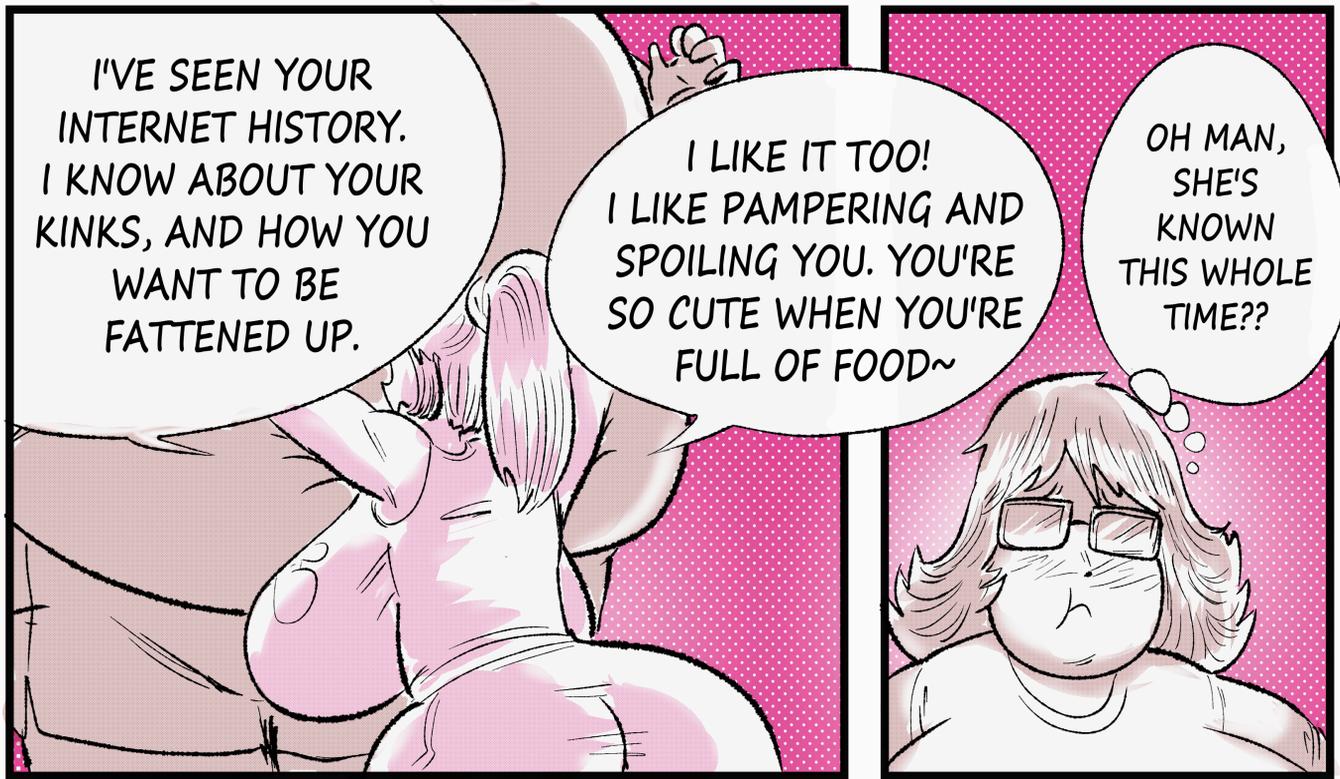
SWOON

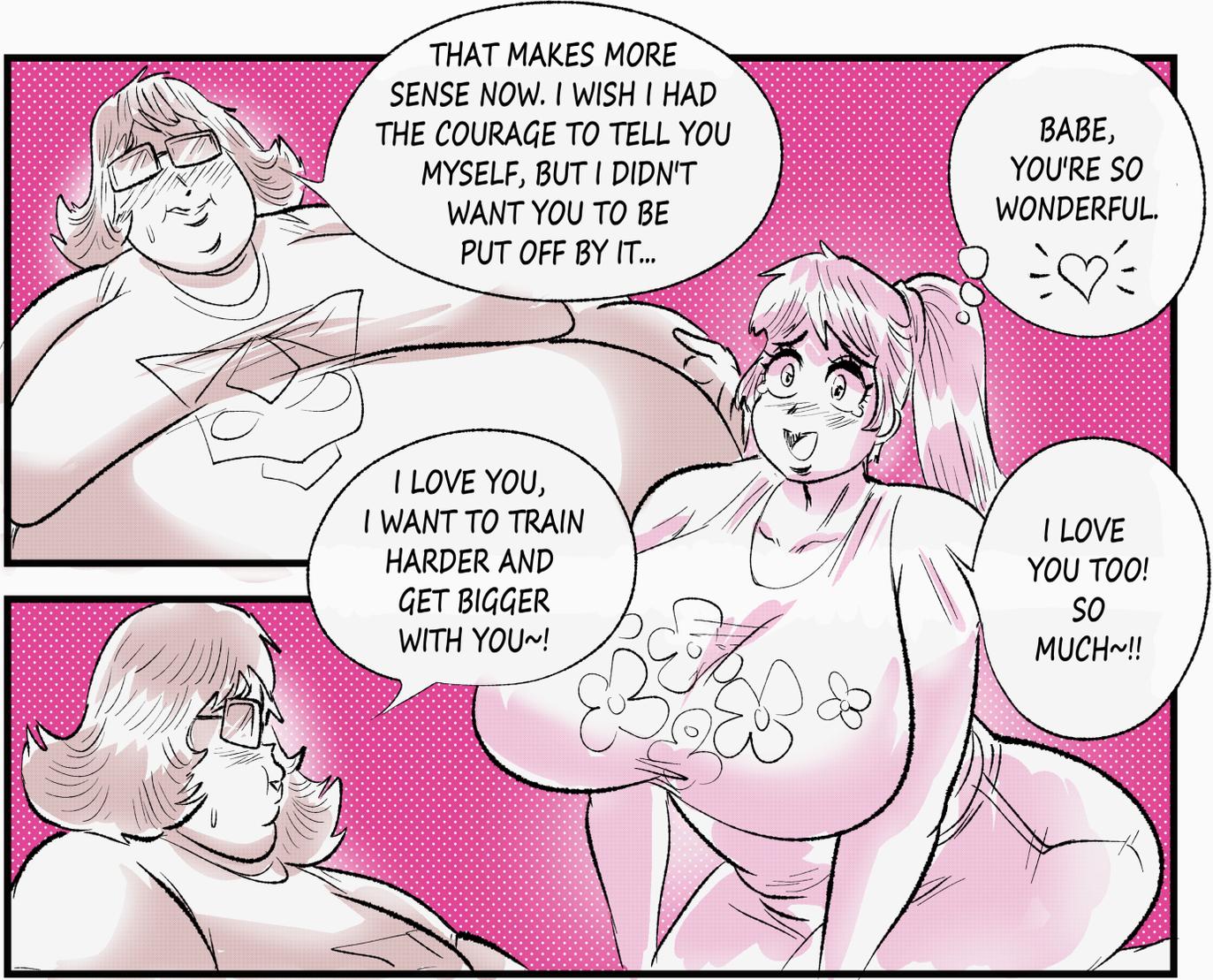
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. IF YOUR BODY FAT PERCENTAGE IS TOO LOW IT MESSES WITH YOUR HORMONES.

IT'S SO CUTE HOW YOU JUST LET ME DO THIS. I KNOW DEEP DOWN INSIDE YOU ARE LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF THIS. I'VE SEEN YOUR INTERNET HISTORY. I'M JUST AFRAID TO TELL YOU. I DON'T WANT TO BREAK YOUR TRUST...









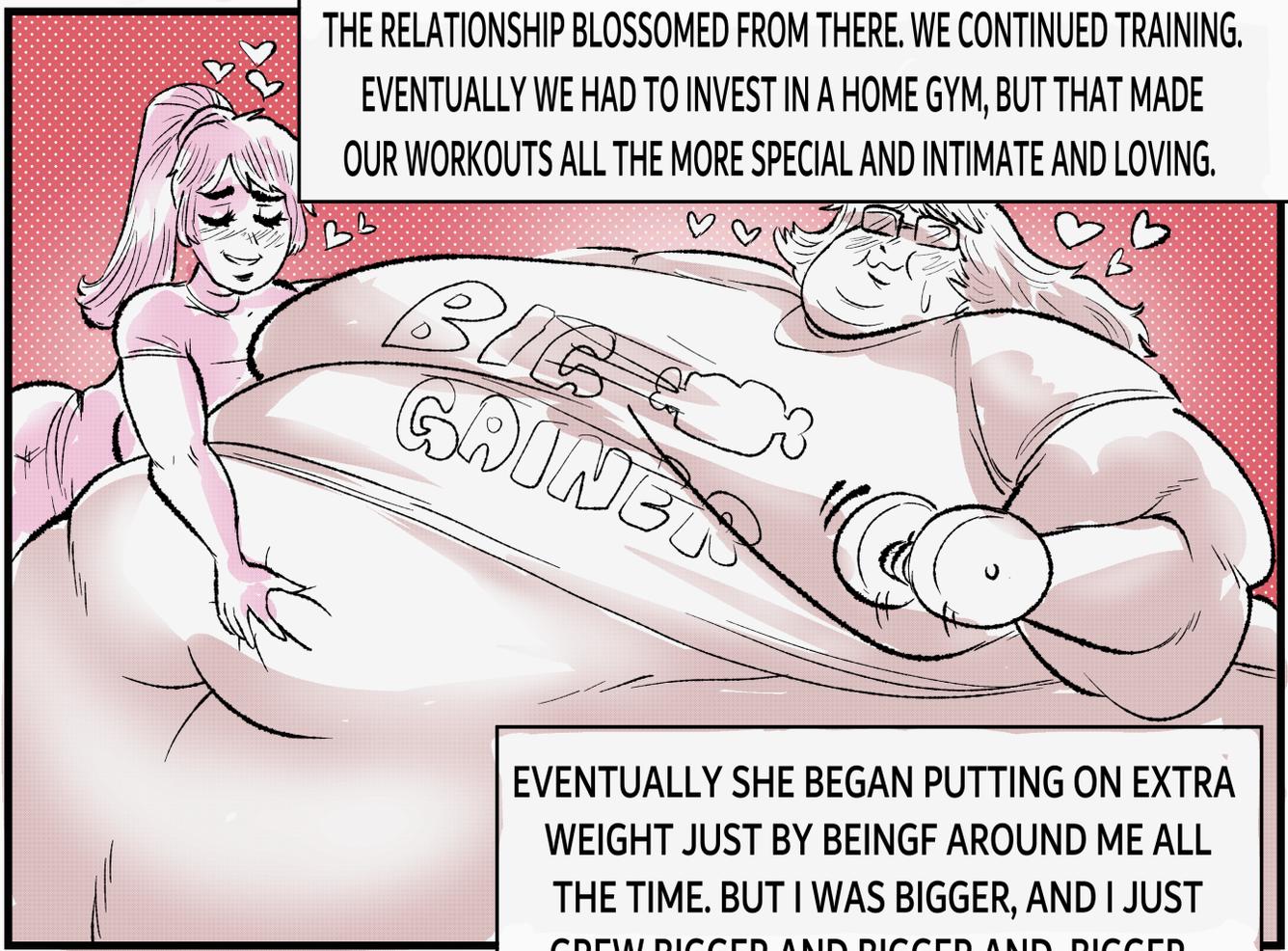
THAT MAKES MORE SENSE NOW. I WISH I HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU MYSELF, BUT I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE PUT OFF BY IT...

BABE, YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL. 

I LOVE YOU, I WANT TO TRAIN HARDER AND GET BIGGER WITH YOU~!

I LOVE YOU TOO! SO MUCH~!!

THE RELATIONSHIP BLOSSOMED FROM THERE. WE CONTINUED TRAINING. EVENTUALLY WE HAD TO INVEST IN A HOME GYM, BUT THAT MADE OUR WORKOUTS ALL THE MORE SPECIAL AND INTIMATE AND LOVING.



EVENTUALLY SHE BEGAN PUTTING ON EXTRA WEIGHT JUST BY BEING AROUND ME ALL THE TIME. BUT I WAS BIGGER, AND I JUST GREW BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER...

# MEET MY IDOL

BY:  
BONE  
BELL



ONE ON ONE  
WITH  
CANDY TWO-TONS

You couldn't get her voice out of your head. A sweet, yet bassy voice that booms even when the volume is at a minimum. Commanding all those within range to listen up and party out! Try as you might to focus on your important tasks at work, her music fills the silence while you desperately need to concentrate. That said, silence is changed to the unrelenting beats of "Big Booty Can Crusher!" The latest track from the newest hip hop sensation, Candy Two-Tons. Despite only showing up on the scene around two years ago, she was already filling up stadiums of fans who dreamed of getting up close and personal to witness the biggest name in rap. In more ways than one! She truly does put the "hip" in hip-hop.

How could she not be? Standing at an astonishing 550 pounds, the mostly belly-centric artist really knows how to throw her weight around. While she can't quite match the swift moves of her contemporaries, she makes up for it with unrivaled energy that keeps her going for hours. Despite allegations that her impressive bulk caused property damage at whichever venue got lucky enough to host her, she still performs to sold-out shows. Whatever repairs were needed after the concerts were almost worth it, given how much the venues would rake in from concession sales alone. To watch Candy perform in person is an experience like no other. It is believed that after watching her jiggle and belting out beats, you start feeling new emotions that you never thought you would.

As you find yourself wasting away in the confined trap of your cubicle, the question does come to mind every once in a while: what would it be like to spend even just one night with Candy? You realize, naturally, that you're but one of millions of fans who all shared the same dream. Realistically speaking, what odds do you even have of meeting her that some other stranger several states over didn't even have an equal chance of achieving? The announcement of the winner of the *Meet My Idol* contest fades into the white noise of the office around you. Right around the same time that your boss sneaks in behind you, clearly looking for those reports that were supposed to be given to them an hour ago.

Frantically shifting into overdrive, you get back to work. To make up for the lost time that you spent daydreaming about the impossible fantasy of meeting a mega star in person, you block out all outside noise, concealing yourself in a soundproof bubble of determination, mainly to avoid getting fired. Typing faster than usual, the sound of keys clicking fills your mind; you're going to get these assignments done, come hell or high water. Within the first four minutes, you're already starting to feel the pressure, and your fingers twitch as you try to regain your composure. Thankfully, your barrier has managed to be nearly

impenetrable, except when you hear your name being called, though it's not from your boss...

"Hey! You good back there?!" A brutish, yet somewhat friendly voice mixed with a thick New York accent cuts the brakes on your recollection of a few days past. "If you're feeling peckish, there's some Dom Pérignon back there. Courtesy of RTV, of course!" Wait drink? What drink? What on Earth did you need a drink for? Though now that he mentioned it, you were feeling pretty thirsty all of a sudden. Looking to your immediate right, you spot a bottle of Dom Pérignon, a costly champagne brand, if memory serves correctly. That's when it clicks back in, the Meet My Idol contest, you were the winner!

But it's not the champagne that catches your eye. How could it? Within the limo's darkened windows, you're surrounded by an endless stream of lights that meshed into a near-nascent flurry of colors. No doubt the lights of Times Square, the center of the most fantastic city on Earth, Manhattan. You're well on your way to meet Candy Two-Tons herself, and you still couldn't believe how you managed to win the Meet My Idol contest.

"You're pretty lucky, ya know?" The raspy voice of the limo driver interrupts your observations. "Tons of Candy's fans have been wanting to meet her." You shift a bit towards the small window through which the driver was speaking to you. "Candy might seem like she's all about that high life in her videos, but she's really down to Earth once you get to know her. Get off the road, dumbass!" The driver's friendly demeanor quickly turns into an aggressive bark when he nearly collides with a random bike rider. "Just remember that she's just as eager to meet you as you are to meet her." You're not quite sure how true that last line of his is. Perhaps that's just his way of making you feel less tense about meeting Candy face to face and reminding you that, at the end of the day, she's just as human as you are.

Though you know this to be certain, you can't help but ponder that something about Candy makes her stand out. Most people couldn't carry around such an impressive bulk of blubber, yet still manage to possess a voice that drew a stadium's worth of people, enamored by her remarkable vocal range. You personally weren't really into larger women; it's not that you found them gross or anything — just not your cup of tea—it was a simple matter of preference. Yet there's something about Candy's larger-than-life curves that just drew you to her. Was it the belly? The way that she knew how to carry it? Maybe the back folds? Nah, that couldn't be it. Oh, it was surely her rear, famously large enough to require three chairs to hold. Hmm, potentially, but you still weren't sure.

Before you know it, the limo turns into a tight alleyway; part of you wonders how such a car could squeeze through without scraping against the brick walls it would soon be sandwiched between. "Well, we're almost there. Make sure you

take all your stuff before heading out. I gotta take this thing over to Hell's Kitchen in five." With a nervous gulp, you open the door out into the alleyway, and a small staircase leads up into the studio entrance. "Break a leg, kid!" The driver laughs, the limo zips out of the alley just as quickly as it arrived. Taking a deep breath, you head up the stairs and into the office, eager to get out of the frigid February chill.

After being greeted by the overworked secretary, you're told to take a seat while Candy wraps up another track for her upcoming single, *Fupa Nation*. As you take a look at the worn couch, it seems as though Candy broke it in, given the Candy-shaped imprint that took up the entire piece of furniture. You take a seat and try your best to settle the flurry of butterflies that are currently filling the pit of your stomach, opting instead to focus on the damp smell in the air that you hope isn't mold. You take a few deep breaths, though not too deep as to draw unwanted attention from the secretary, who was presumably managing a mixture of event deals and interview opportunities for Candy.

Looking around the office a bit more, you see a few more photos. Mostly Candy with various celebrities. Aside from the fact that most images are unable to capture all of the jumbo-sized pop star within a single frame. By necessity of being so wide, she tends to make anyone who takes a photo with her look much smaller in comparison. This is most evident in the photo of Candy with world-renowned bodybuilder Franz Chez, once considered the largest man on Earth. If Candy could make someone like him look puny in comparison, what chance did someone like you have? But also, what if that didn't even matter? What if, in fact, you desired someone much larger than you? Before you have a chance to linger on this, the secretary calls out for you.

"She's ready to see you now." The secretary quickly flags you before returning to her contact typing. With a gulp, you make your way into the recording studio. Slowly heading towards the narrow hallway, you practice in your mind the very first thing that you're going to say to Candy, making sure that you don't say anything embarrassing or awkward. Making sure you don't say anything stupid like, "Nice dogs we have?" or, "What color panties do you generally wear on Wednesdays?" Simultaneously, your mental projector plays images of worst-case scenarios, preparing you for anything. It was around the time you were imagining a gang of masked thugs breaking in and creating a hostage situation when you bounced off a large, marshmallow-ish wall of sorts. The force easily knocks you onto your butt.

While trying to collect your bearings, several stars fill your vision. You hear an all-too-familiar voice calling down to you from above, through that wall. "Oh dang, you ok down there?!" Was that, Candy? Not that you can tell, what with the stars in your eyes. Once things become a bit clearer, it's easy to see that the pale, marshmallow wall of flesh that you bumped into indeed belonged to one

Candy Two-Tons! "Shoot! You good down there, homie?" You spend a few seconds on the floor, trying piece together what just happened.

Of course, your current vantage point doesn't capture all of Candy. She's just that immense after all. Surpassing the width of the doorframe she just stepped through, Candy Two-Tons certainly lives up to her namesake. Her immense middle dangles in front of her like a sack full of jello. With love handles that brush up against anything nearby. Her signature pink jacket is held tightly by the deep folds stuck atop her love handles.

"I mean, you'll get a fine enough view of me on the floor, I guess. But wouldn't ya rather meet me face to face?" Candy chuckles before offering a chubby hand to help you back up on your feet. You shake your head before taking her hand and getting back up. Well, you didn't have this scenario in mind when you were preparing earlier, though that didn't make it any less unexpected. "Sorry 'bout that, you know it happens more often than ya think. Guess it comes with the baggage." Candy laughs as she gives her boulder-of-a-belly a shake. "So you must be the lucky winner of the contest. Is this your first time in New York?" As you quickly process a response, you can't help but notice how pretty Candy's face is. Sure, you've seen it dozens of times before. But it's something else entirely to see her in person. Such as her large, sapphire eyes, which have a gem-like sparkle to them. Complimented nicely by her fiery red braided hair, though most of that was concealed within her bright pink cap.

"Looks like you caught me at just the right time. I've been working on my new single. Though I wish things were going smoother, I seem to be struggling with some of the lyrics. They're just not coming out right, ya know? Who knows, maybe you'll provide just the inspiration I need." Candy gives you a playful wink, which feels like an arrow shooting right through your chest.

"Yo, you feeling alright?" A chubby hand waves in your face while you hear Candy giggling behind it. "Within a few blinks, and you're back to your senses. Before anything else, you apologize at least four times for bumping into Candy, despite her assuring you an equal number of times that it's really no big deal. "Aww, you're too sweet, hun. But if anyone should be apologizing, it's me. Oh right, uh, the name's Candy, but I assume you already knew that." Candy laughs once again, her immense middle wobbling the whole while. "So you're the lucky winner, huh? Can't even begin to imagine how many of my fans managed to enter that contest. Truth be told, I wish there were a way I could do this more often. But I am a busy girl after all, and it's just not feasible. But enough about that, why don't ya tell me a bit about yourself?"

Shoot, she hit you with the old background question: you—your mind races for something quick to come. Before you have a chance to open your mouth to explain that you're an ordinary salary worker, you're cut off by a low, inhuman

grumble. Looking at Candy's bare belly, it's not hard to figure out the source. "Dang, guess I've been rehearsing longer than I thought!" Candy gives you a wink. Why don't we head on down to one of my favorite eats? It's not even that long of a walk from here." Now that she mentioned it, you haven't eaten since before you boarded the plane. And that was at least five hours ago. "Come on, my treat. Though I may get a pie or two for myself." She laughs again, and you can't help but focus on other parts of her form that are jiggling aside from her belly. Particularly her double chin, which at certain moments reminded you of a frog's neck swelling. Yet despite the comparison, there was still something quite cute about it. "Yo, Jamie, you want anything?" Candy calls out to the secretary, who was in the middle of an important call by the look of it. To which Candy gets no response.

"Well, her loss! Let's get going. I really need some fuel after that last recording. A big ol' swig of soda should help get my vocal cords back in order." Wait a sec, you start to ponder, is she just gonna walk in the middle of the busiest city on Earth and not worry about a bunch of fans swarming at her every move? It was a bold choice to say the least.

To your surprise, you follow Candy through a hallway into the studio. The whole while, you can't help but notice just how much her couch-crushing butt bounces every time she takes a step. A feature of hers that she's well known for. Again, it dawns upon you that you're not really into larger girls, let alone ones as massive as Candy. Yet you can't seem to shake it off. Every time Candy would make a turn in the hall, your eyes immediately dart to her giant cabooses, which threaten to knock into anyone or anything unfortunate enough to be within their reach.

Eventually, the two of you come across a small door, well, small, for Candy anyway. With a large red neon sign on top that reads, "Pizza". You let her in first, which may not have been such a good call, since she immediately gets stuck! Her thick fat gets wedged deep within the narrow doorframe. "Shoot! I hate when this happens! Yo, think you could help out? I just need a little push to get through, don't worry, it happens more times than you'd think."

Well, this is certainly ridiculous: you're now faced with Candy's backside in a compromised position. Of course, being a fan of her work and her guest, you're determined to do everything in your power to get her unwedged. The only problem, of course, is how to accomplish this while remaining, shall we say, within the pretty tight doorframe. You begin hearing some murmuring from the other side of Candy, no doubt patrons of the pizzeria.

You feel your hands tremble as you reach around Candy's very bloated sides. Much like a bomb expert defusing a powerful explosive, you were going to need to handle this with precision so as not to grope Candy in any sort of

inappropriate manner accidentally. Of course, this is much easier said than done; given Candy's impressive bulk, it was tricky to tell where her hips started or where her thighs ended. Taking a leap of faith, you press into where your hands are positioned currently and press in as hard as you can. "Eeep! Sorry, that's on me. You're doin' just fine! I think one more squeeze'll do it!" The yelp definitely made you think you were gripping somewhere you shouldn't have for a second; you felt your heart nearly skip a beat. Though once you were assured that she was fine, you pressed in again, and sure enough, Candy clumsily stumbles into the restaurant. Most of the staff weren't reactive, signaling that this was a semi-regular occurrence for her.

You follow her inside, though not before being smacked by the distinct aroma of freshly baked pizzas. The shop's owner, a small man with a large mustache, ushers Candy to her reserved spot over in the corner of the shop. An extra-large booth, seemingly made explicitly to contain all of Candy's girth. "Why hello, Ms. Two Tons! How's the recording session coming along?" The small man smiles.

"Pretty alright, Fabrizio. Still a lil stuck, but it won't take long, ya heard?" Candy makes minor peace signs with both chubby hands before shuffling her fat ass into the booth. The table in front of her, which is bolted to the floor, is forcefully pressed against her giant belly. You swear you can hear the metal strains of loose bolts being ripped out of the floor before Candy finally takes a seat. "You're gonna love this place! If it's a slice of the Big Apple you're after, Fabrizio's is the place to get it!" The small man laughs, humbled by Candy's praise. "I already had the back prep some pizza to get you started, Ms. Two-Tons." Following the small owner, several servers carrying full boxes of pizza come forth, carefully placing the boxes on the table in front of Candy. Her chubby face grinning in delight at the sight of the growing stack of pies. One of the servers brings you over a single slice on a paper plate.

"Pretty sweet, huh? No need to worry about mobs of fans getting too close." Candy smiles while downing her first slice. A thick trickle of grease drips from the pizza as she chews a piece. A satisfying smile spreads across her chubby cheeks. "Whenever I'm feeling peckish, I can just slip in here and eat to my heart's content. The owner's a huge fan and lets me eat as much as I want." You sit back and watch as Candy finishes an entire pie like no one's business.

In contrast, you sit with your humble single slice resting neatly on a paper plate. Funnily enough, the several stacks of pizza boxes surrounding Candy form a sort of fortress around the pop star as she gorges herself on whole pizzas meant for multiple people. Watching such a profound example of concentrated gluttony flicks a switch within your mind that perhaps you might be more into this than you first thought.

"So," you hear Candy say between mouthfuls of pizza. "I never did get to ask ya, what did ya say it was you do for a living again?" You're about to tell Candy that you're a simple number cruncher, but before you do that, a low, churning gurgle can be heard from somewhere close. At first, you assume it's the restaurant's pipes, but then it comes back in rather quickly. Ignoring it, you open your mouth to respond before getting cut off by the most impactful burp you've ever heard. Directly in your face, no doubt. "Uuuuurrrrrppppp! Christ, I haven't made a burp that loud since the after-party at last year's Grammys. Shit." Candy starts rubbing her massive belly to soothe the raging storm within. "Fuck, I'm so full, and my arms are starting to get tired." Candy groans, her face wincing as she tries dealing with her indigestion.

Was she inviting you to rub her belly for her? You weren't quite sure. It did seem like that's what she was insinuating... Wait, no, she's just tired. Nothing more, nothing less. Though you still felt your chest flutter a bit from the anticipation. The sheer thought of the opportunity to place your hand on her big belly was turning you on? As soon as those thoughts start to linger, you quickly shake your head, to which Candy conveniently starts to speak once more.

"So now that we're properly stuffed," Candy emphasizes this by patting her huge pale belly, letting out yet another glass-shattering belch. "Why don't we head back to the recording booth and see if we can pan out this new track of mine?" Having lunch with Candy was one thing, but now she was asking you to personally help her with crafting her new hit single. Not even in the studio yet, and you can already feel the pressure mounting. You had only been together with Candy for over an hour and a half, and yet you were starting to feel strangely close to her. What started as a day to hang out with your favorite pop icon quickly escalated into something more.

Soon enough, you hear the table and booth groan to the sound of Candy slowly shuffling out. "Dang, hope I'm not outgrowing this one too." Candy laughs before getting onto her feet once more. "Aight, let's get to the studio!" After making your way through the narrow hallway once more, you wind up back in the lobby, making your way past an empty receptionist's desk. A small note titled "On break" is placed where the secretary once was.

"Come on, it's right over here!" Candy leads you into her extra-large recording studio. Like most studios, it's split between the control console and the recording booth. Seated in the middle of the control console room is a couch suitable for five people, which groans as soon as Candy places her giant ass onto it. You take a seat in whatever little space remains. Candy's door-breaking hips are only a few inches away from you. "Guess everyone went out on break. Looks like it's just you and me, homie." Oh god, now you were alone with her, this was starting to get too much to bear. Within your head, you start thinking of Candy placing her impressive bulk directly on top of you on the very couch that you

two currently share. The thought of which makes your heart race, you need to keep yourself together!

"Ok, so here's where I'm stuck, the line goes like this."

*So I'm sure as you can see, there's a whole lot more to me than a blimpin' bimbo bitch who likes to make a scene. When I'm bumpin' in the club, everybody turns their heads. Cuz when they see this great big B, they...*

"And that's where I'm stumped. I need something that makes sense, ya know?" You thought about it for a moment. You're a salary worker, not a songwriter. How could you possibly contribute to such a creation? Yet something in the pit of your gut tells you to try anyway. For a few moments, you ponder, your memory tracing back to the back of the limo of all places. Still not sure if it would work for the lyrics of a hip-hop track, you nevertheless still like your idea.

*"So I'm sure as you can see, there's a whole lot more to me than a blimpin' bimbo bitch who likes to make a scene.*

*When I'm bumpin' in the club, everybody turns their heads. Cuz when they see this great big B, they poppin the Pérignon? Hmm, it might need some slight tweaking, but I think it could totally work, yo! Thanks, you're a lifesaver!"* You blush as Candy slowly reaches in for a hug.

It came at you so fast, one minute you were sitting next to Candy, that fluttering excitement that you felt in the pizzeria just a bit ago returning. And the next thing you know, you're quickly enveloped by most of Candy's heavy mass within a matter of moments. The tight embrace should feel like a deathgrip, but to you in that moment, you feel pure bliss. Like being wrapped tightly in several very comfortable blankets. Within the tight grip, you try to return the favor with a hug of your own, but with your arms pinned, that's not currently possible. While being hugged by Candy, you also pick up on the striking scent of cotton candy. An all too fitting fragrance. You're at your limit! This is way too much to handle

"Oh dang, you ok?" As if Candy is able to pick up on something wrong, she stops the embrace. Giving you some much-needed air. You apologize, telling her that it's nothing to worry about. "You sure? I could feel ya getting all shaky. Sorry, it's my fault, I should have asked first if the hug was ok or not. I know a lot of fans wanna hug me, don't get me wrong. But people also have their boundaries." She's so considerate, you think back to what the limo driver said beforehand. At the end of the day, no matter how big a star Candy is, she's still just another person, just like you.

You feel a great pressure lifting off your chest. Both you and Candy lock eyes, though it's less of a romantic spark and more of just another day with two very good friends. "Heh, you know, we still got a lot of day left to hang. Why don't ya

stick around? You'll be one of the first peeps to hear Fupa Nation in its entirety." Candy smiles, giving you a friendly wink.

And so you spend the rest of the evening chilling out with Candy's crew as they put the finishing touches together on her newest hit single. While it didn't bud into anything romantic, on your end, it didn't really need to. Just being able to hang out with someone as cool as Candy was more than enough for you.

"Yo, before ya go, wanna get a selfie?" You feel Candy grab onto you with a less intense grip than before. She pulls out her phone and takes a pic. Upon looking back at it, Candy absolutely dwarfs you in size, though you already knew that, of course, now you had photographic evidence of it.

"I still can't believe you met her." Your cubical neighbor says. Looks clearly jealous. It's a nice reflection, but a reflection nonetheless. Though you didn't walk away with a massive girlfriend, you did notice that a new girl began working in the office about a week ago. Sure, she doesn't have quite the proportions Candy does. Her belly's nowhere near as big and commanding, and sure, her lovehands don't cause her to get stuck in every door she walks through. But maybe it'd be worth talking to her. Heck, you did spot her wearing a Candy jacket into work one morning, there's definitely a connection there...

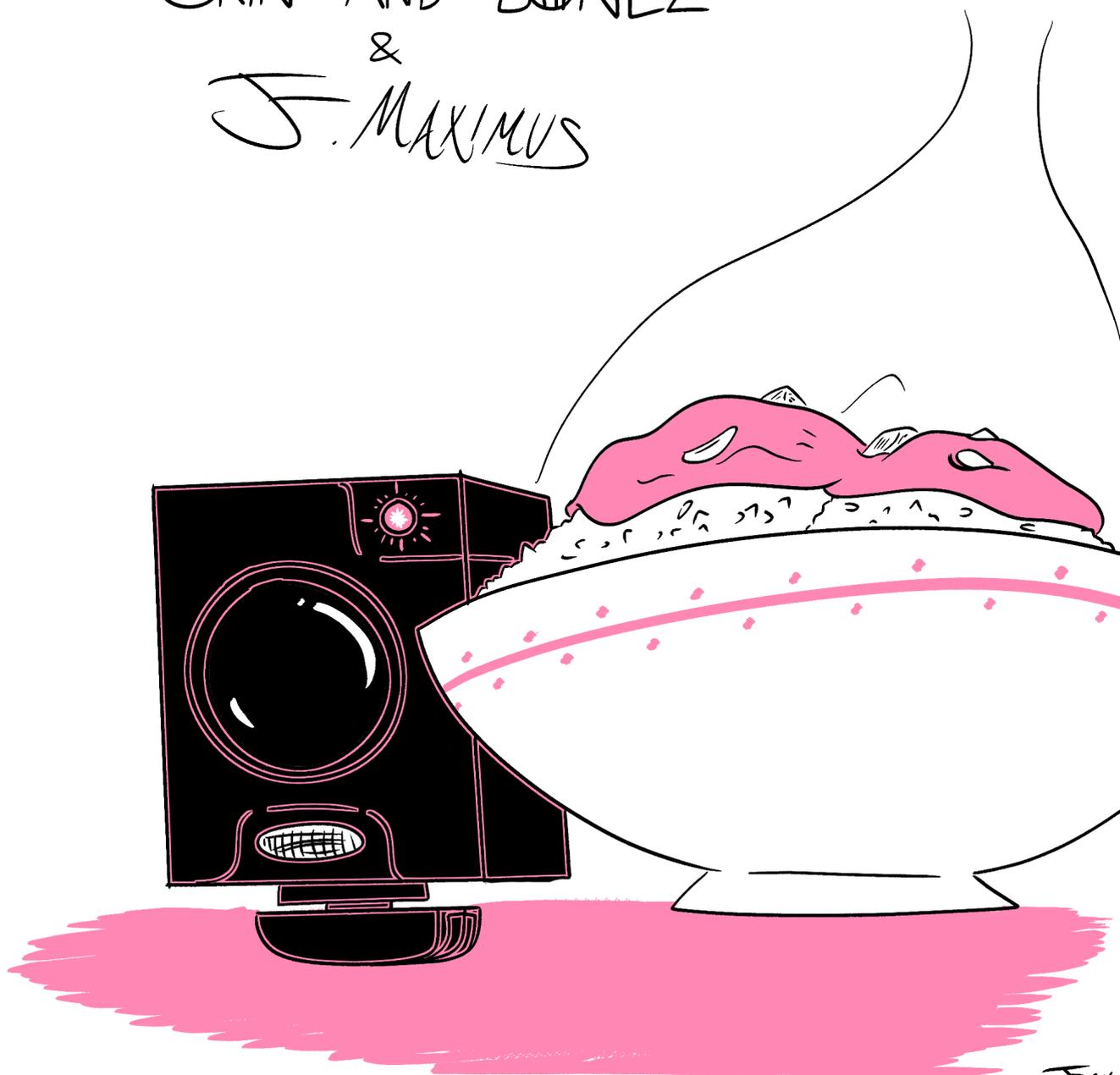
# WEIGHT WATCHING

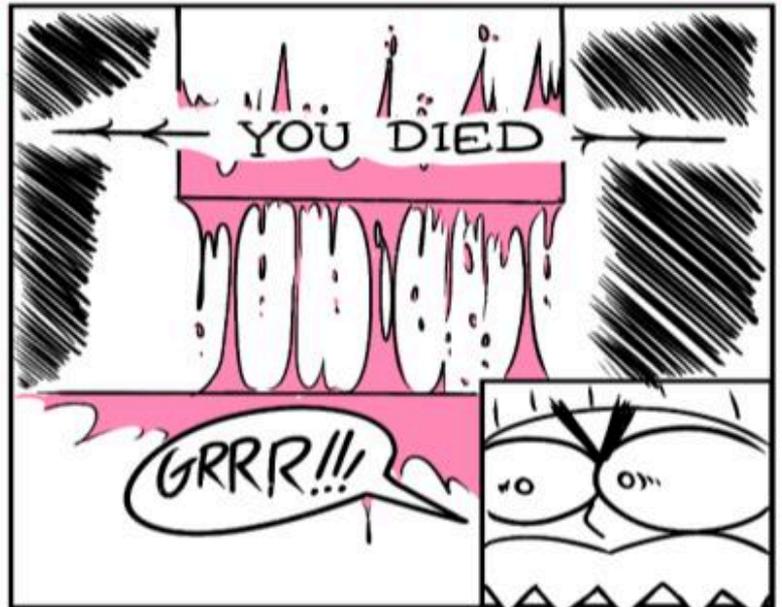
BY

SKIN • AND • BONEZ

&

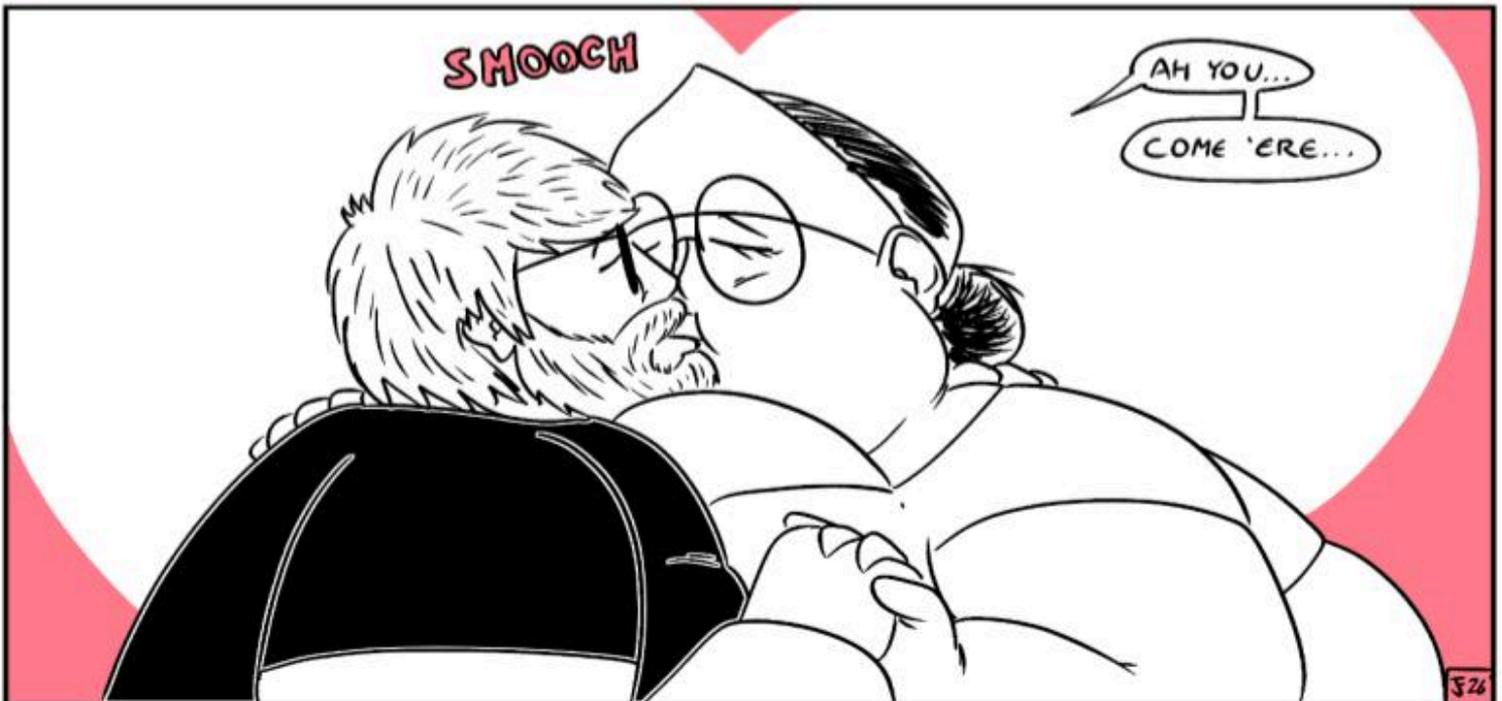
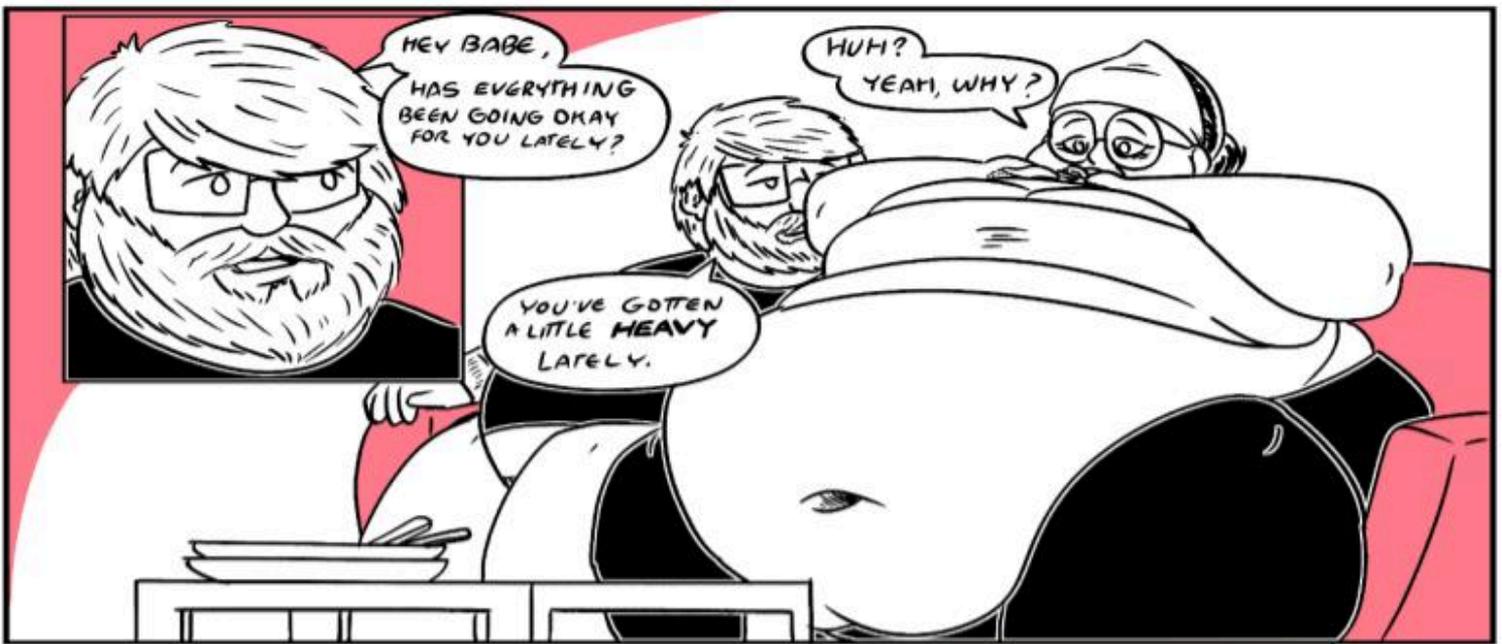
J. MAXIMUS













VALENTINE'S DAY ARRIVES...  
AND SO DOES AGATHA CUCANOS  
WITH HER LATEST IN A LONG LINE  
OF HOOKUPS...

# AGATHA'S V-DAY VENT!

BY  
PUNISHED ABSO

WE'LL  
TAKE ONE  
ROOM.

IF POSSIBLE,  
I'D RATHER IT BE  
ON THE GROUND  
FLOOR.



SO...

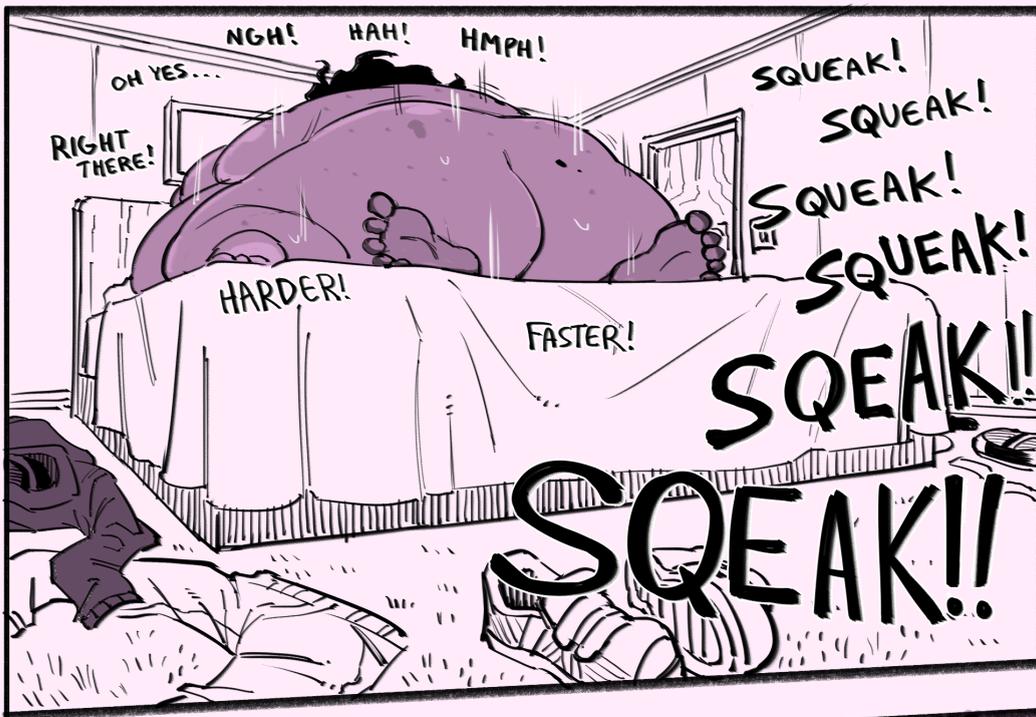
ANY REASON  
WHY YOU...  
CHOSE ME?

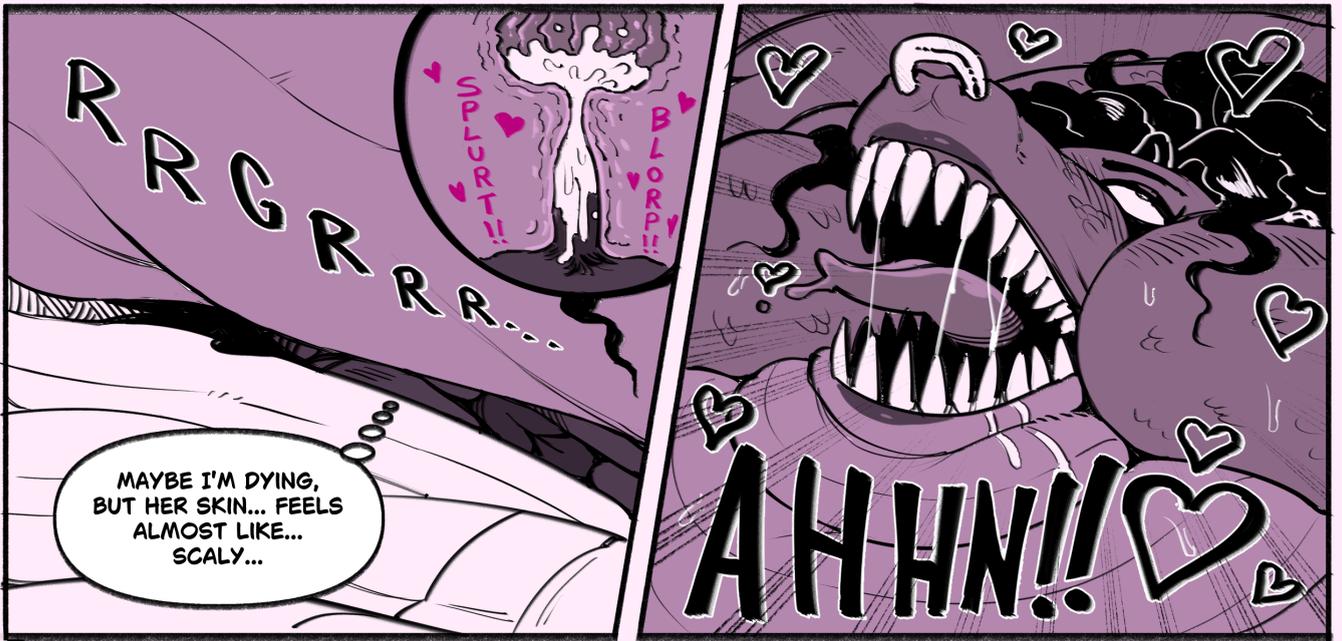
YOU...  
WERE CUTE  
ENOUGH.

IT'S  
BEEN A  
ROUGH  
YEAR.



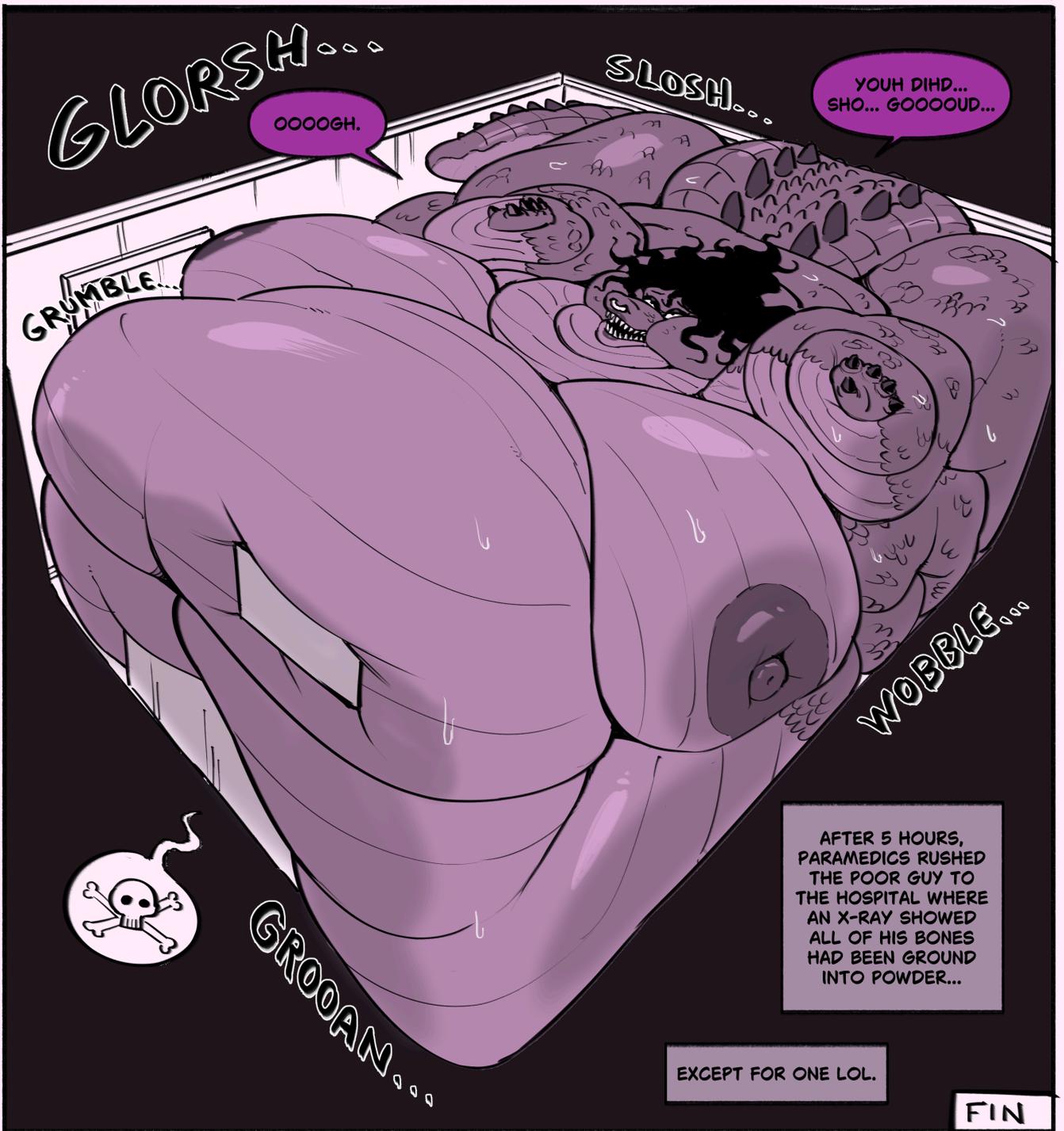






MAYBE I'M DYING,  
BUT HER SKIN... FEELS  
ALMOST LIKE...  
SCALY...

AHHN!!



OOOOGH.

YOUH DIHD...  
SHO... GOOOOUD...

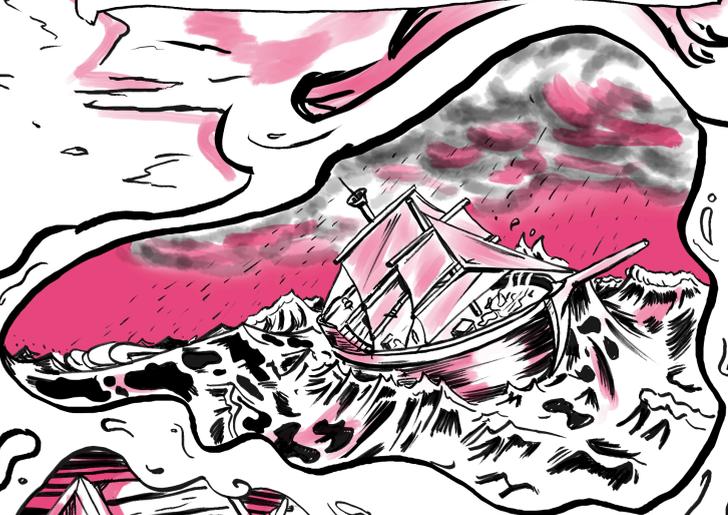
AFTER 5 HOURS,  
PARAMEDICS RUSHED  
THE POOR GUY TO  
THE HOSPITAL WHERE  
AN X-RAY SHOWED  
ALL OF HIS BONES  
HAD BEEN GROUND  
INTO POWDER...

EXCEPT FOR ONE LOL.

FIN



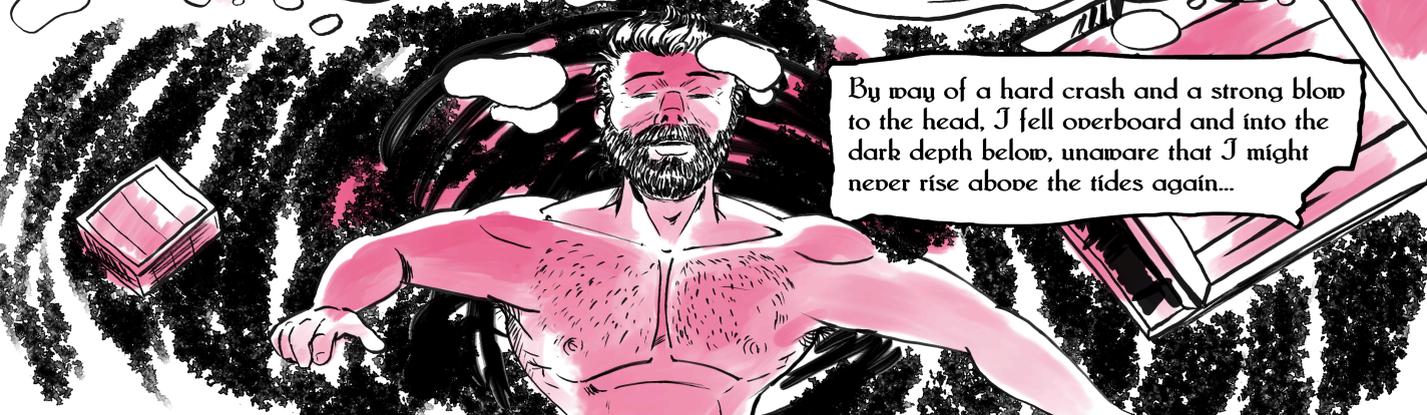
The years come and go, like the crash of waves along the shoreline. I have lived a long life few could enjoy, from lowly cabin boy, to deckhand, to first mate, to eventually captain. No matter how the years progress, I always return to the call of the sea, where my dearest love awaits.



When I was a younger man, I worked aboard a spice ship named the Carmelita. By then I was a seasoned deckhand, having sailed 4 ships under my belt. The troubles of the sea were nothing new to me then.



On our voyage home, we were beseeched by storm, both great and terrible. Skilled as I may have been with the ropes, the ocean's strength makes a mockery of mortal men.



By way of a hard crash and a strong blow to the head, I fell overboard and into the dark depth below, unaware that I might never rise above the tides again...

A black and white comic book page with a red-tinted background. At the top, a man with a beard lies in a bed, looking up. Below him, a man sits on a bed in a cave. In the center, a large, ornate rug lies on the floor. To the right, a wooden chest sits on the floor next to a shelf with various items. In the foreground, a large, dark, textured pot sits on the floor. At the bottom, a man's face is shown in profile, looking towards the left. A skull and bones are visible on the floor near the pot.

For how long I was out, I could not tell. My wounds healed, and my strength returned slowly, but I hardly noticed that as I looked upon my surroundings. Where I awoke were quite peculiar, as it seemed to be a cave of some sort, inhabited by some bein'.

I had heard tales around the tavern, of serpents and sea hags that preyed upon sailors for their next meal, and now I fear'd I've met such a fate as well.

Before I could think of a plan of escape, I could hear the water churning as something made its approach...



When I laid my eyes upon her, I was shocked by her great girth, larger than any woman I had ever seen. This only strengthened my fear as to what my fate would be...



That is, until she spoke. While I could not understand her words, her voice was so soothing and musical though as mesmerizing as a siren's call...

WTF??

I was so transfixed, I hadn't realized I was already in her grasp.

I admit...I panicked and struggled as her tentacles encased me, but it was all in vain, as she proved to be so much more powerful. I feared this might truly be the end of me.



Only to learn, she had a hunger for a different type of seamen...

Stupefied as I was, I still tried to resist. But like the ocean, there was no fighting her.



Truly, she is the sea itself, so vast and beautiful. I could lose myself in her... She washed over me, crashing upon me like the wake of a wave onto the shore itself.

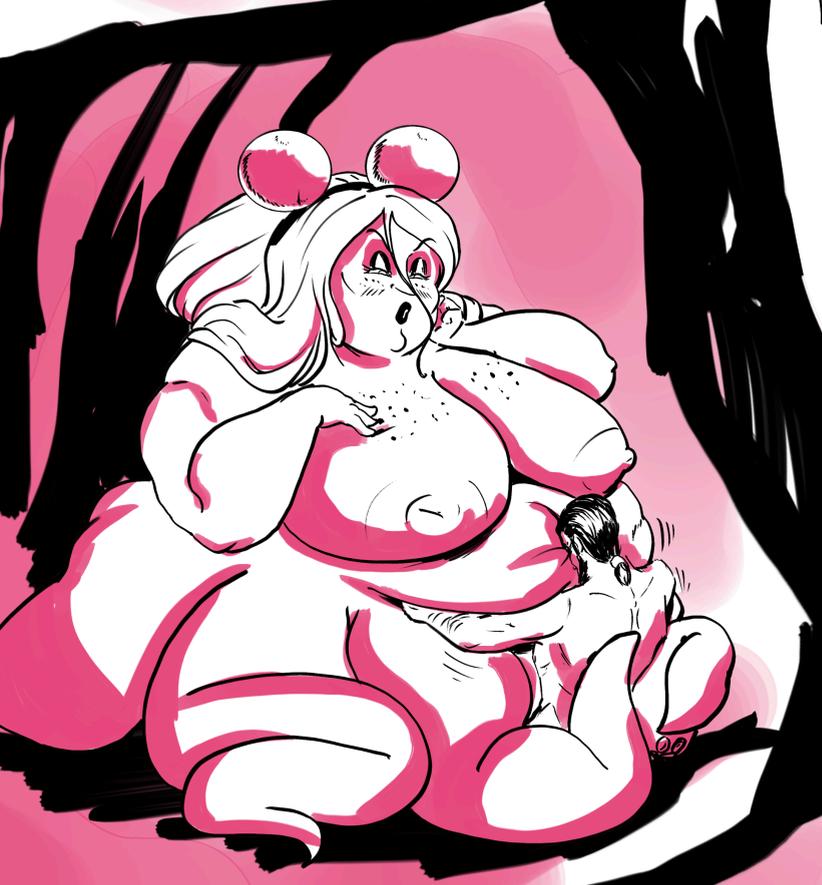


Were I a weaker lad, I would surely drown.

I could not fight the sea, but I know when to show it respect and to move with it as one.



If I was to survive this night, I would have to draw on years of experience as a sailor...



I rode her like any wave of the ocean...

My only thought was to please her, as the hungry goddess of the sea that she truly is.





She was pleased with my prowess for lovemaking,  
and her desire grew far more unyielding...

I held fast for as long  
as I could manage, my  
body burning with a fire  
I had not known I held  
yet within.

But eventually, even  
my youthful strength  
gave out, and I fell  
once more into the  
darkness of the  
depths. What Fate  
yet awaited me was  
one that I now  
could accept...

When I next awoke, I was back on the sandy beaches of my homeshore, somehow richer than when I left. Now no longer a young lad, but a hardened man of the sea... For weeks I feared it had all been a dream, that her touch had been the hallucinations of a half drowned mind...



And though I had riches that set me up for a good life, I felt a hollowness, as I still longed for her. No other woman could ever compare to her...



Much like the ocean, I could not command it, but learned to watch the tides and listen out for her song.

So whenever I hear it, I can return to her once more...







ALRIGHT TAY-TAY,

WE GOTTA BRAINSTORM SOME WAYS TO HELP SET US APART FROM THE COMPETITION

YOU'RE A VETERAN OF THAT SCENE SO WHAT'DA THINK WE SHOULD DO?

NOT SURE HOW I FEEL ABOUT THE **VETERAN** TITLE...

...OR BEING CALLED **TAY-TAY**

BUT I GUESS I KNOW THE CON SCENE PRETTY WELL!



BACK THEN IF YOU WANTED TO SELL SOMETHING YOU'D NEED A BOOTH BABE

BASICALLY JUST HOT PIECES OF TAIL TO DRESS UP AND ATTRACT THE USUAL GEEKY CONGOERS

THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF THE MATERIAL WAS SECONDARY AT BEST!

I NEVER REALLY CARED FOR THEM, KINDA MADE THE SCENE FEEL A BIT SLEAZY



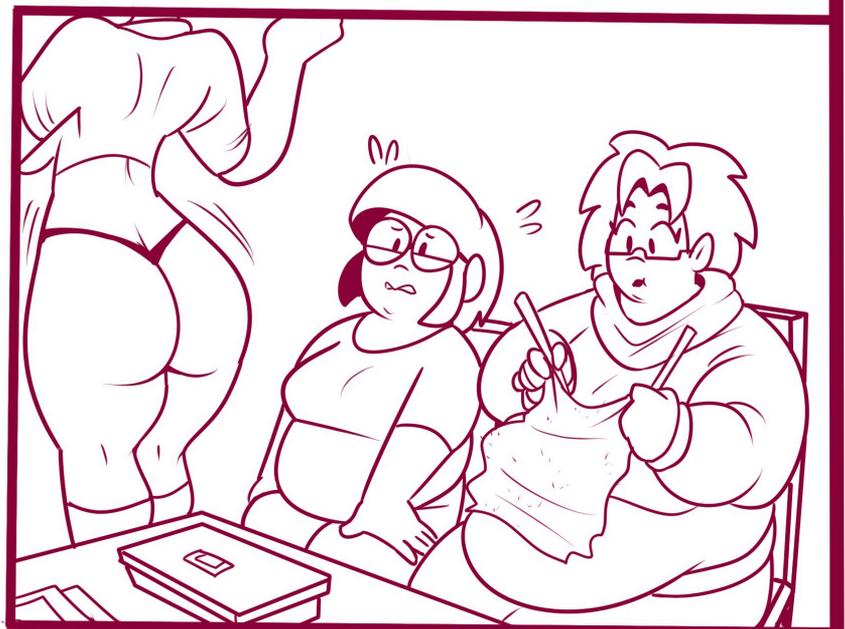
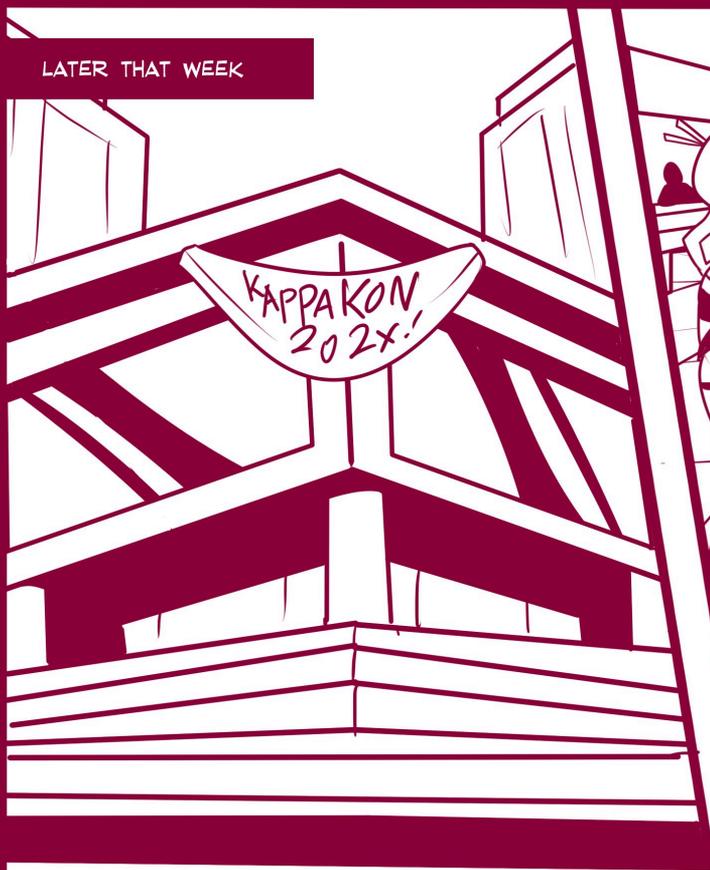
I GUESS THAT KINDA MADE ME LOSE INTEREST AFTER A WHILE.



I-I'M SURE ...

THINGS HAVE CHANGED! THOUGH

LATER THAT WEEK



I-I GOTTA GO TO THE BATHROOM!

YAWN!



SLOW DAY.

UHM, EXCUSE ME M-MISS...



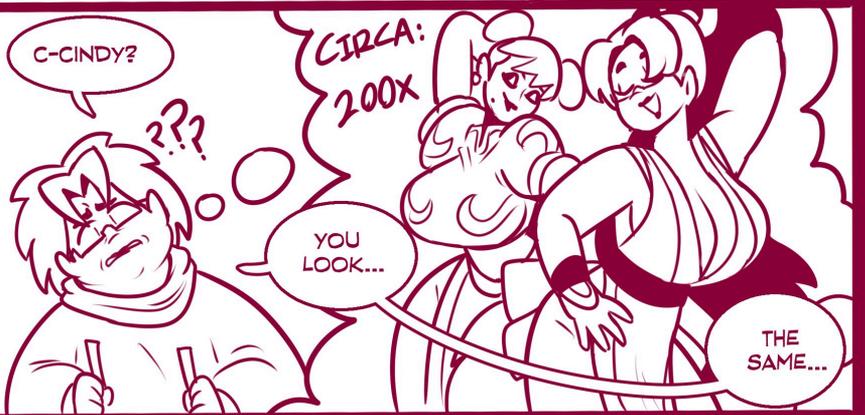
THAT'S NOT A SEAT!



OH MY GAUD TAY-TAY?

IT'S BEEN FOREVEA SINCE I'VE SEEN YA

HOW YA BEEN?



C-CINDY??

CIRLA: 200X

YOU LOOK...

THE SAME...



YA LOOK GREAT TOO HUN!

NOT WHAT I MEAN BUT... THANKS.

WHADAYA SAY WE CATCH UP? IM ON LUNCH BREAK

ON BREAK

OH...SURE I DONT THINK WE'RE GETTING MUCH TRAFFIC ANYWAYS





WELL CINDY, IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN BUT...

I'M JUST GONNA ADDRESS THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

IT'S BEEN FIFTEEN YEARS AND YOU HAVEN'T AGED A DAY!



I KNOW RIGHT?

MY LINE OF WORK KEEPS ME LOOKING GOOD

I COULDN'T GAIN WEIGHT IF I TRIED!

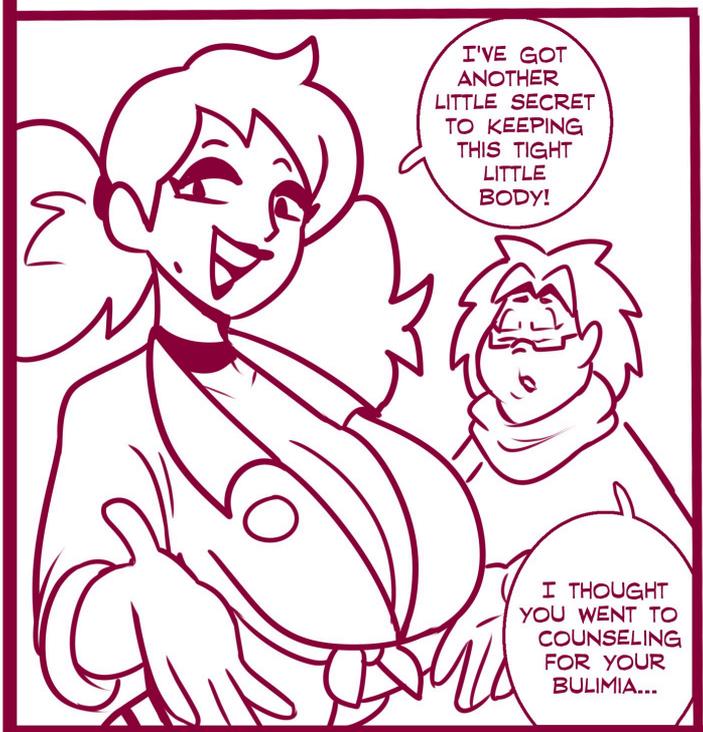


WOW THAT'S SOME GREAT COMMITMENT!

I'VE TRIED TO SHED THESE EXTRA POUNDS SO OFTEN

BUT MY SEDENTARY JOB REALLY KEEPS ME FROM DOING IT ALL THE TIME, I GUESS...

OH I DON'T WORK OUT!



I'VE GOT ANOTHER LITTLE SECRET TO KEEPING THIS TIGHT LITTLE BODY!

I THOUGHT YOU WENT TO COUNSELING FOR YOUR BULIMIA...



OH I DIDN'T WORRY

HERE LOOK.



STANDARD  
ISSUE BOOTH  
BABE BODY  
PIN! EVERY  
PROFESSIONAL  
HAS ONE

GALS LIKE US  
CAN'T KEEP A  
TRIM FIGURE  
WITHOUT IT!

WHA-  
HUH?!

WOW  
IT'S  
WEIRD  
BEING  
THE THIN  
ONE  
FOR A  
CHANGE...



WH-WHERE  
THE HELL  
DO YOU EVEN  
GET THAT?

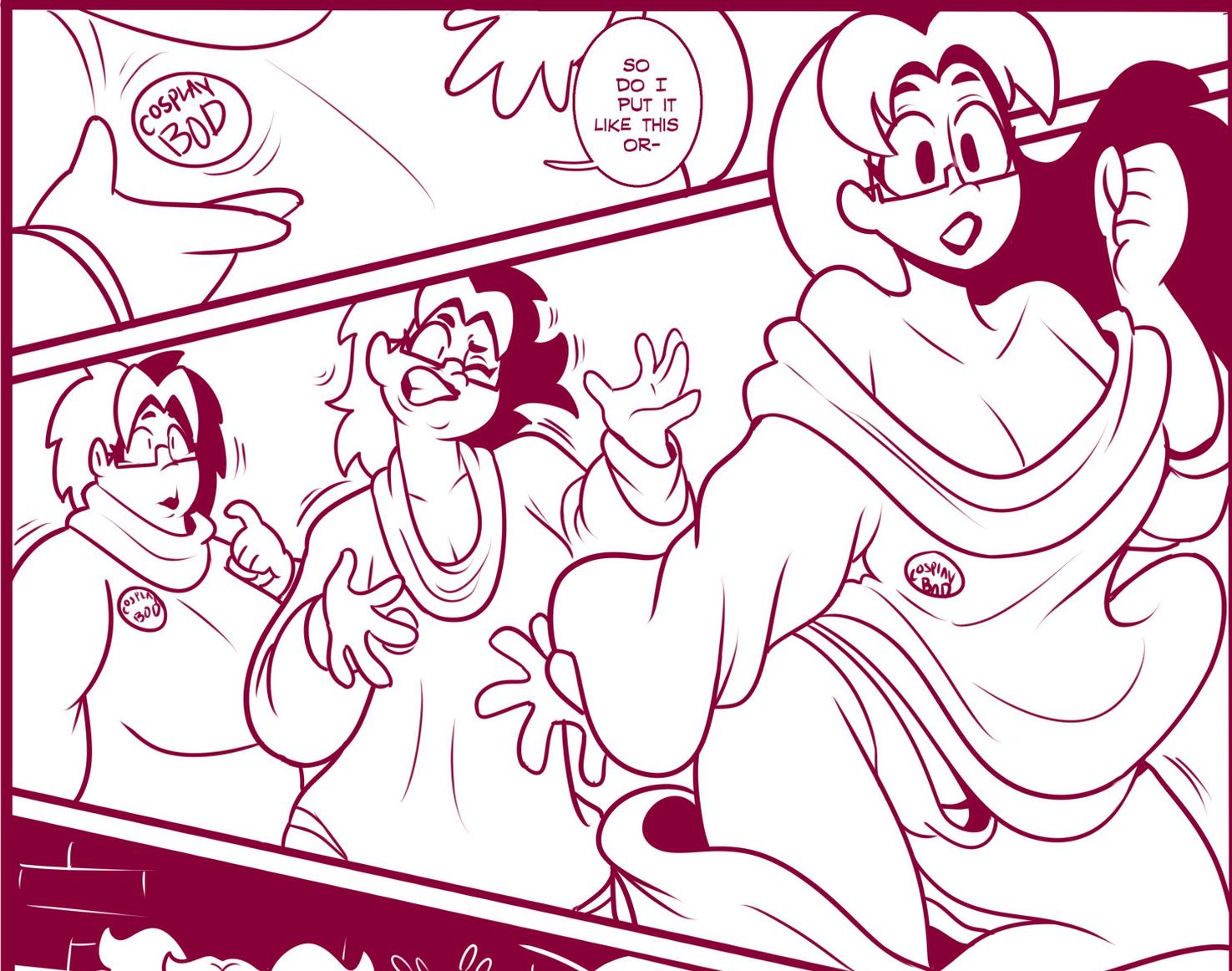


A WARLOCK.

A WARLOCK?

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
IT, WANNA  
TRY IT ON?  
I GOT  
A SPARE!





COSPLAY BOD

SO DO I PUT IT LIKE THIS OR-

COSPLAY BOD

COSPLAY BOD



LOOKIN GOOD TAY-TAY

I KNEW I SHOULD'VE WORN SWEATPANTS

NOW I HEARD THE AMATEUR WRESTLING CON ACROSS THE STREET'S GOT SOME HOT TAIL, WANNA GO SEE?

NAH, THAT SWEATER SHOULD COVER ALL THE ESSENTIALS!

COSPLAY BOD

COSPLAY BOD



GOSH, IT'S SUCH A TOUGH CROWD OUT THERE IT'S LIKE WE'RE GETTING NO TRACTION...

I GUESS PEOPLE JUST DON'T REALLY CARE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS ANYMORE!



MAYBE IF I DOLLED MYSELF UP LIKE SOME KINDA HUSSY I COULD GET SOME ATTENTION

WUB!



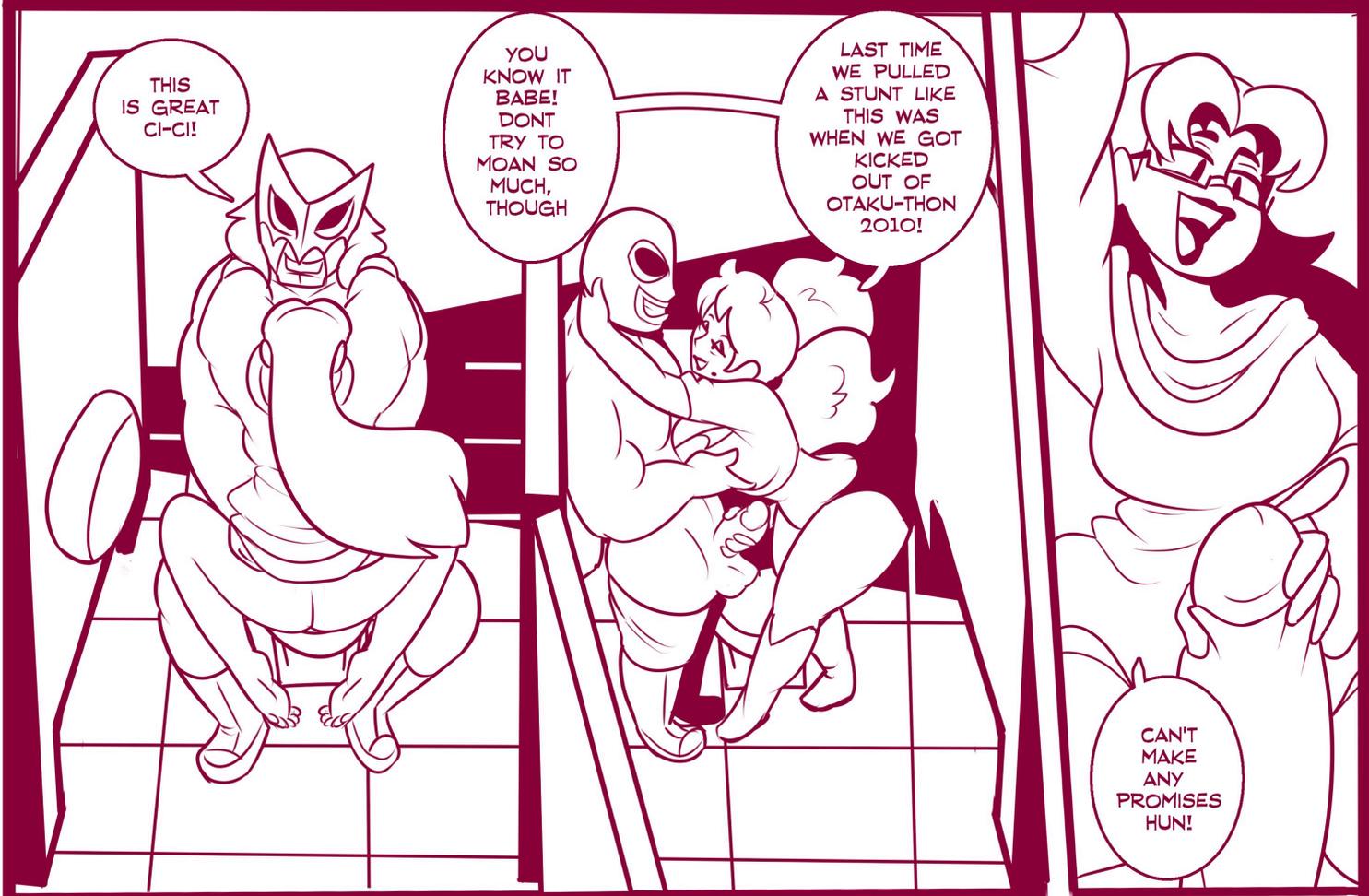
NAH, IF ANYTHING THIS'LL SCARE PEOPLE AWAY...

I'LL CHECK THE WEB.

THEY GOTTA BE GETTING THESE GIRLS FROM SOMEWHERE!



CRASH!!

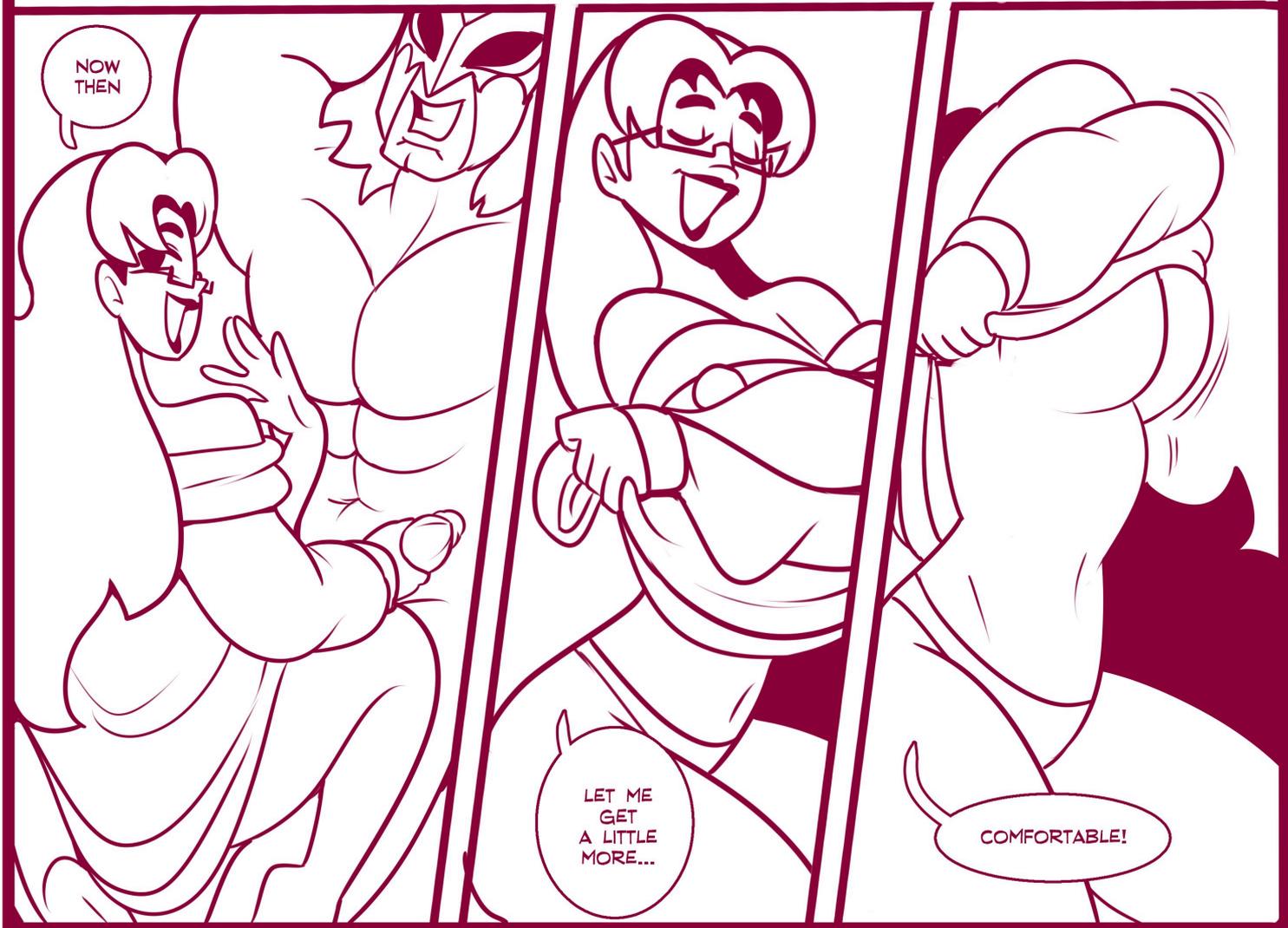


THIS IS GREAT CI-CI!

YOU KNOW IT BABE! DONT TRY TO MOAN SO MUCH, THOUGH

LAST TIME WE PULLED A STUNT LIKE THIS WAS WHEN WE GOT KICKED OUT OF OTAKU-THON 2010!

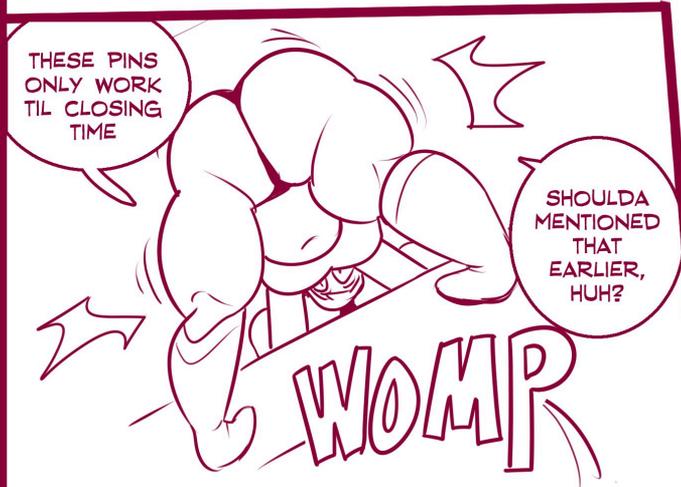
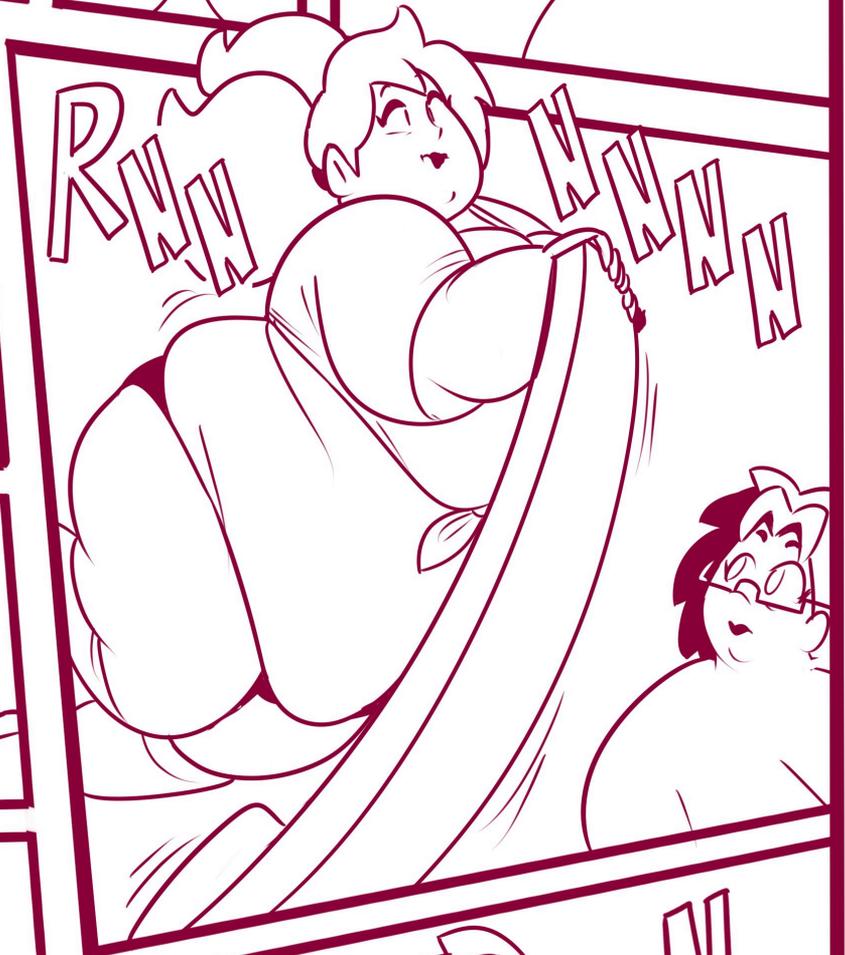
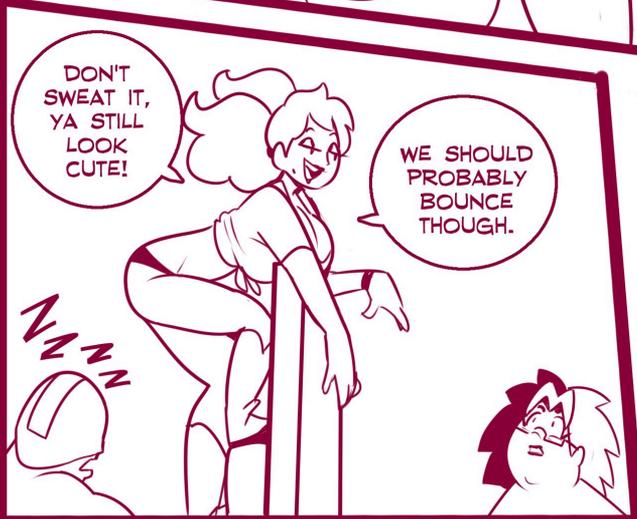
CAN'T MAKE ANY PROMISES HUN!

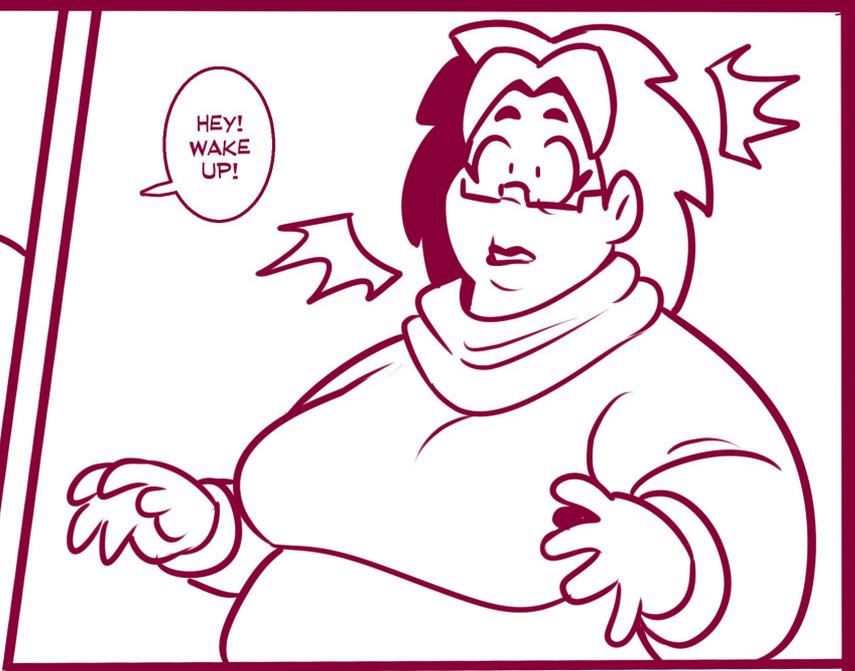


NOW THEN

LET ME GET A LITTLE MORE...

COMFORTABLE!





# Socials

## Artists

@punishedabso.bsky.social

@kreatlikecrete.bsky.social

@starlinewhisper.bsky.social

@infinitesimaljo.bsky.social

@superspoe.bsky.social

@jfmaxwell.bsky.social

@keij.bsky.social

## Writers

@bonebell.bsky.social

@skin-and-bonez.bsky.social

