

It was midday as the hustle and bustle of New York went on overtime as rush hour hit and everyone was making the most of their all too brief lunch breaks. Or in one case, just making a quick change of shifts. Mary Jane Watson was making her way through her fellow pedestrians heading to her next stop at the subsequent modeling agency that hired her for her services. This particular agency was Kingsley's Fashion Inc. The Rubenesque redhead was just about to reach the building as she was on the phone with her current employer.

"Calm down Rod, I'm almost there. Give New York's premium plus-size model time to waddle across the city to perform for your whims!" Mary Jane jested, she had more sass on her tongue than her occasionally famed/more often infamous boyfriend, Spider-man, or as she knew him, Peter Parker, but her smart mouth was saved for more casual conversation.

"Alright alright don't make too much of a fuss about it. Remember who's paying you, Watson! And you're not so 'premium' at this moment either..." Rodrick replied on the phone, " *The Fancy Shortlist* outsold your latest cover by a few hundred thanks to this big new hot model. She's all the rage these days."

Mary Jane was awestruck, usually, she had dominated the magazine cover market. Her luscious curves were practically sculpted to make money on the beauty. Her belly had outgrown the likes of Wonder Woman herself, knowing this because she once had a section to herself compared to the Weighty Wonder in person! It was a bit unnecessary that companies so often made models feel like their bodies had to always be up to date with what was trendy, if some heroine decided to take the plus-size fighting route and ended up a pear, then it was all about who had the best behind for the pics. MJ tried not to let the pressure get to her. Emphasis on 'try'.

"Seriously, who does this girl think she is stealing my thunder?" Again, trying her best to laugh off the thought that because some new model was bigger than her that could mean her high profile status was at risk!

"You'll see soon...we're lucky she's a freelancer like you. I hired her for the day. She'll be showing off swimsuits and our summer collection. You're in the shorts section and you'll all be together for those ensemble pieces the body-positivity crowds like. Act friendly".

And then Mary Jane's concerns were confirmed. Shorts?! She was an ultra-apple body gal! Her belly and bust were to die for! MJ bit her lip, and answered back, "No problem Mr. Kingsley, at the door now. You can count on me."

It was painfully obvious this was getting on her nerves more than she wanted.

As she walked through to the secretary, she confirmed her appointment, then walked to the elevator. As she went up to the fifth floor, five of seven, she got out and was met by the usual. Sets, racks of clothes of all sizes, flashes of test photography, a very tall and wide golden woman with red curls down to her knees, managers trying to organize-wait what???

Unlike what too many assumed seeing Mary Jane, or rather any beautiful woman, she was no dummy. Too many times she had gotten caught up in her boyfriend's shenanigans and gotten her way out of whatever the fix with her wit and whatever she grabbed in her hands. So when Kinglsey told her about a new top model, she saw this 6' 3" woman, whose height was even greater due to just how big her hair was, and who seemed almost as wide as she was tall...almost...but almost was no small feat in this case...well. It wouldn't take a dummy to connect the dots.

She guessed she had some extreme tan that made her skin give a golden orange look. Whoever this girl was...she made it work. She had a double belly that seemed to match the shorter redhead, and she had a rounder rear to show off as well!

*'Calm down' Mary Jane thought to herself, 'Being jelly ain't your style, so do what Kingsley said and -no, don't act friendly, be friendly.'*

MJ approached the newbie, being right next to her made the height difference all the more apparent, she was a good 5' 7" but this woman dwarfed the entire room.

"Hey, girl! Are ya new here?" Mary Jane exclaimed as she extended her hand, and the new girl turned, wearing a big pair of shades. It fits nicely on her chunky cheeks. Both girls noticed their big bellies squishing slightly against each other, but neither brought it up.

"Oh, hello! Yes, I am very new here. Usually, my friend Donna walks me through this sort of environment, but I had told her I could do this on my own but now, I am a bit nervous. Thank you!"

Okay, so she was very new to this. Mary Jane couldn't quite place her accent, Puerto Rican? NYC was very diverse, this woman could have come from anywhere, still, something was off about her. But she seemed genuine. Mary Jane could lay off her, she needed a friend. Might as well be her.

"No problem, just wait for a manager to direct you, they're effectively your boss for this period. Mr. Kingsley had a meeting up top to my understanding so we have time to kill."

"That is silly, you cannot kill time, it is an elemental cycle that we cannot touch and-oh wait that is...a metaphor?" Kory replied "Or an idiom or uh uh..."

"No no it's just a saying, means we have time to just hang out y'know?"

"Ah...I am sorry. English is not my first language. It is a very odd language. I have been here for nearly three years and I am still...getting the hang of it?"

"Hey hey, no stress, I've met plenty of foreign exchange students back in high school with that same issue, some people go through their whole lives not quite mastering another

language, doesn't make you an idiot. You're cool." Mary Jane winked and tapped her bicep with her fist...It was surprisingly rock solid, "I'm Mary Jane by the way. Mary Jane Watson, or MJ if you like?"

"Mary Jane, that is a nice name. I am Koria-I mean Kory Anders, yes, that is my true given name, right!"

Ok, something was *definitely* up with this lady. Mary Jane couldn't help but feel curious. She had figured out Peter's deal as Spider-man, and even further his feedism desires. MJ was confident she could figure Kory out.

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Up top, figures of a much different variety were gathering together, whether in person or via a screen. A figure walked in, wearing a white suit and purple mask, with glasses on top, The Rose. A criminal networker, he micromanaged the criminal underworld's duties, with bigger aspirations of his own... He was joined by an enforcer, once known as Waylon Jones but now more commonly named, rather aptly, Killer Croc. An eight-foot-tall green-brown mountain of a man, born with a genetic disease that was worsened by treatment of gamma radiation in an attempt to

cure him. He was happy to take the odd job for food nowadays, but the secret elevator ride was a hassle.

On the screen, other noteworthy crime figures such as Hammerhead, Scarface joined by the Ventriloquist, and Tombstone. In-person was Dudley Soames, a dirty police captain from Blüdhaven, average height, dirty blond hair, putting a cigarette out as Rose walked in. He was here on behalf of Blockbuster. Today's meeting was a simple matter of setting territory, with Blüdhaven, Gotham, and New York all neighboring each other; it was necessary if frustrating.

The Rose spoke first, "Captain Soames, my pleasure, give Blockbuster my regards. Now, as I understand he had wanted to move some of his gambling funds to some of our mob banks. I believe the Maggia family has plenty to spare, I can refer to several open managers on our payroll and their numbers if you'd like. Blockbuster would be a powerful ally. What with these trying times with the tiring superheroes."

"Ah that's great, just great," Soames said, "We were also wondering about your uh, rumored accomplice."

"Mr. Jones here is only present for my protection if any unforeseen circumstances occur. That is all," Rose replied.

Soames chuckled, "Nah, not the animal he's a good fella, nah I'm talking about a very certain Goblin, popping up and hitting up certain crime bosses, particularly the Kingpin of crime, and somehow, the muck who's supposed to benefit on our profit that's been goin' on a downward spiral has only been rising in power. You were a middle manager for Lord's sake and now you're up here telling us around like ur the boss..."

Rose turned red under his mask...

"Let's just say we figured one less seat on the table meant the goods could be more evenly spread out...I'm sure an economics man like yourself would understand."

"What did you do..."

"I gave an anonymous tip, cops should be on their way."

Croc leaped forward and grabbed Soames by the throat, "One more word...And I'll eat your throat!" he threatened.



"No, you won't."

"Funny guy...give me one reason not to!"

"Well a guy like you don't care, I know that, but I wonder what your boss would think, a cop dead with his whole throat missing in his facility, no doubt they'll be looking for evidence all around this room...Bet they'll find very interesting things..."

Rose weighed his odds. "Let him go, Jones."

"Grrr...", Croc obliged.

"Now, I'll be on my way..."

"I think not, we still need a negotiator." Rose struck Soames by the neck, knocking the wind out of him, he turned the screens off and removed his mask.

"What are you doing boss??"

"Allow me to get my things, all the incriminating evidence, whatever I can't carry, you eat. It won't be tasty so I'll double your pay later. Then get me in the elevator and you hold

this building hostage. No one in or out until I give you the word," replied Rodrick Kingsley.

"Hehe...Got it, boss..."

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More and more Mary Jane understood how Kory was a rising star in the modeling world, her large bulbous frame was complemented perfectly by the swimsuit. Every roll seemed designed to allure anyone who could be attracted to her.

On one hand, that ensemble piece was gonna be fun for everyone. On the other hand, next to Kory, what were the rest of the girls? What was MJ next to her? Other models were content with being on the smaller side of the sizable spectrum. Mary Jane had banked her professional image and career on being the biggest, heaviest, fattest model in the city, maybe the world! What was she supposed to do when the spotlight inevitably turned to someone else?

She didn't want to be jealous of Kory, but she couldn't help as the whole staff fawned over her. Heck, Mary Jane admitted she

was cute if a little weird. But hey so was she. Funny how she never took off her shades though.

Suddenly, a loud crash followed by a roar cracked through the walls! Mary Jane turned and braced herself. Killer Croc had burst through the door, holding an unconscious man in his left hand.

"Calm down ladies and gentlemen...before I get hungrier than your supermodels here...I was promised a fine meal...would hate to feast here in front of a crowd..."

Everyone went to their knees in shock including Mary Jane, knowing any action she did could cost someone their life. But one person still stood. Kory Anders. She moved down to her knees. Slow and steady.

Mary Jane slowly scooted over to Kory, it was rather difficult given her immense size, but she got to within whispering distance and prayed Croc didn't have superhuman hearing.

The man in Croc's hand woke up and took in his surroundings, cursed Croc out until he snarled his teeth, quickly shutting him up.

"You see cops Soames? Hear the sirens? They'll be here any second, and you'll hold them off until I get word from the big guy."

"You're both crazy," Soames muttered as he took out his phone, ready to take the call.

Back to MJ and Kory, the former wondered how they must have come into the building, from the sound of the roars it sounded like they came from above. But that didn't make sense. Croc hung out in sewers and warehouses, not fashion studio edifices.

"Mary Jane, please tell everyone to get down, when Killer Croc veers around I will take care of him."

"Uh. What? Kory, are you crazy?! Look at him!"

"He is rather large, much bigger than any Gordanian, perhaps if I use both hands I can knock him out of the building."

*"What are you talking about?!"*

Kory signed, and took off her glasses, revealing large green eyes with a stunning lack of visible pupils. Suddenly it all clicked with MJ. Turns out that, no, she WAS a dummy. This newbie model was none other than the new Titan Starfire! She should have figured! The Titans had tried to recruit Peter given their similar age, however, he always turned them down. Then again he did team up with them a lot. But if Starfire was here then the villain didn't know what he was in for! Everyone's heard of Starfire's tremendous power, her starbolts along with her natural flight, no matter her size, made her a truly formidable opponent!

Soon enough, the police arrived, and Soames' phone rang. He answered the call. Croc took cover in case of snipers. But still kept an eye out the window as Soames rambled on and on...

"EVERYONE GET DOWN!!!"

Croc and Soames turned to see Kory blasting Croc with a huge blast of green energy! But Croc didn't move...

Kory needed to stop blasting...this wasn't working...but how?!

As the steam settled, Croc laughed to himself, "Tickles what was that made of? Solar energy or whatever? Lady I got news for ya, I got gamma radiation flowing through my veins, I can take all the light show you got in ya!"

Kory was surprised but then hovered, deciding to take a hands-on approach. She dashed towards him, slamming him against the wall, and knocking him down to the floor below.

Starfire was not a fan of the subtle approach.

Mary Jane was clearing everyone, and going to Soames to help him up, and she had to ask, "Do you know where Kingsley is"?

"What's it to you?" he muttered.

"Well for one he's my boss, and I need to know everyone's safe".

"Do you know where he would be if he wasn't here?"

"...Why do you ask?"

"If you must know, Rodrick Kingsley is a narcissistic criminal known as the Rose trying to take over the city, it's your duty as a citizen to the American people to tell me where he is!"

*Rodrick? The Rose?* She had heard of the Rose, and knew Rodrick could be a bit of a sleaze if agitated...but a full-blown crime lord? But...

"Hold on...how do you know that? How did you and Croc come in from the upper floors?"

"Lady..."

Mary Jane tensed up, "Okay you win. I know where he is. Right now. I'll lead you to him. Just let everyone else go."

Soames nodded. He reached inside his pocket and didn't take a dummy to connect the dots. MJ led him out of the room as the other employees left.

"Alright then," said Soames, "Figures one of his employees would be in on the take, guess for all that blubber you don't get the spine to stay loyal."

At that moment MJ reached for a studio lamp and whacked the dirty cop with it, even as he tried to get a shot in!

"That suggests I was ever loyal to him in the first place, I'm a pretty good actress on the side!" Mary Jane exclaimed, catching Soames head in the legs of the lamp and her foot on his hand with the gun. No way he was shoving all 550-plus-pounds of her off him.

"Now, who are you? And why are you after Rose"?

He signed, "I'm Captain Soames of the Blüdhaven Police Department. I was ordered to go undercover to bring down—"

"Bull, you tried to shoot me."

"Self-defense!"

"Ugh...lemme take a shot in the dark. You're a dirty cop and some crime lord wanted you to off the competition but now your operation has gone haywire with the presence of a giant crocodile man and an alien powerhouse?"

Soames clenched up. Sometimes silence told more than speaking.



"Looks like I'm on the money," MJ smirked as she turned the legs as hard as she could against the pig's head, knocking him out.

"Ok...time to find Kory".

Killer and Starfire continued their fisticuffs, bludgeoning each other through one wall to the next.

"Ok...Just follow the noise."

MJ took Soames' gun and hustled to the battle, taking cover, and took at her co-worker. It wasn't pretty.

Tamareans were certainly stronger than humans and despite her shape, Kory was no weaker, Deep down she always yearned for a fight where she didn't have to hold back. But Croc's scales were just too tough. How did Batman, a man with no powers, repeatedly defeat this man? Suddenly Kory got an idea.

She flew up around his neck and started choking him out, and it worked! For a moment. Then he grabbed her face, and threw her across the room! Starfire needed a moment to recover and once

her vision stopped seeing everything in threes and twos, she saw the image of Mary Jane!

"Mary Jane?! What are you doing here? This isn't safe for you!" she grumbled painfully.

"Hee, two scents! Even better!" Croc yelled.

The alien bombshell grabbed MJ and took flight, going toward the second floor.

Mary Jane protested, "Wait Starfire! I can help! I think I got an idea! Seriously!"

"I am sorry, do you have powers I do not know of, I could not stop that monster, you would just be dead weight in this fight! I must take you to safety!"

"All right, I didn't want to pull this card but...*MY BOYFRIEND IS SPIDER-MAN.*" MJ hissed, just in case someone could hear through the walls.

Kory stopped, "Wait, Spider-man? He's told us Titans about you!"

MJ was confused, "Huh? Really? He's usually keen on keeping his secrets from other heroes."

"Um so yes I may have flirted with him off mission, and he freaked out about it and went on to monologue about his love for you. It was very sweet!"

Mary Jane couldn't help but laugh, "Ah yeah, that's my boyfriend, and no hard feelings on the flirting, I get it hehe."

"No worries. I'm steady with Nightwing by now!"

"Oh cool! Congratulations!"

"Now, your idea on how to stop the giant crocodile man?"

"Right, now, don't get the wrong idea, we're going to the kitchen area..."

Meanwhile outside the police were getting ready to raid the building, the doors were webbed up.

Looking up, they saw two silhouettes. One hanging on a baton and the other sticking to a wall. Needless to say, it was obvious who they were.

Nightwing ordered, "Excuse me, but if Killer Croc is in there we should handle this. No offense but he'll tear you apart."

One cop held up his automatic gun, "Do you wanna at least take this? Put that animal down"?

"Sorry, but that's not how we roll. We'll get by," said Spider-man back. And the two flipped in through a window on the top floor.

There was a bit of an awkward silence.

"What? No quips web-head? I like our improv work," joked the former Robin.

"Not in the mood...this is where Mary Jane was working. And I couldn't find her in the crowd of other employees. I swear if Croc hurt her..." Spidey grumbled.

"Huh, all right."

"Yeah so lay off. If I can beat Lizard, how hard can Croc be?"

Dick put his hand on the back of his neck, "Uh actually, Kory was also working here today. She wanted to do a modeling job without Donna holding her hand. And now this happened."

"Crap...well, you couldn't have known that would happen, man, I'm sure she's fine."

"Yeah, and I bet Kory's keeping her safe right now."

As of now, Mary Jane was pointing a loaded gun at the ceiling. She took a deep breath. And shot the gun.

It didn't take Croc long to find her. Every stomp got louder, but MJ remained stern through it all and waited for Croc to get in sight.

"Ohhh, does someone have a death wish? Where's your hero?" Croc snarled as he turned the corner.

Mary Jane didn't say a word, she just lowered the gun, and shot Croc in the chest!

"Hehe, pathetic," he said with a chuckle as he flicked the shell casing off him. MJ kept shooting. None of them made a dent until-

"ACKKK" Croc squealed, Mary Jane had shot him in the eye!

At this point, Mary Jane ran as fast as she could.

Because now Croc was ANGRY. "OH, NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT RED! I'M NOT JUST GOING TO KILL YOU, I'M GONNA EAT YOU ALIVE, TEAR YOU APART, RIP YOUR FLESH LIKE PAPER!!!"

He was disoriented as he chased her, his eye was still intact, but it hurt a LOT. And that's what mattered right now.

She turned into the kitchen. She went up to the door, looked into the door window, and looked in with his good eye. He couldn't see either redhead. He opened the door, bent down, and crawled in. He took in the smell. The faintest clanking noises he could hear. A door opens and the air gets slightly chilling. He looked towards the freezer and saw a tuft of red hair go by. He grinned...

"Tick tock, tick tock... Your time is up!" As he dove into the freezer, he prepared to feast!

But Starfire was ready to lock the cage set for the beast. She flew out of the room and closed the door and held it in with her strength. And Mary Jane took the manual temperature control and set it to the coldest point. Way below 0 degrees. Croc was breathing slower now. He was freezing in there! He prepared to make one last attempt to break out and devour these two meddling wannabe heroines. He readied his shoulder and ran as fast as he could and slammed the door! But to no avail, Starfire had sealed the door shut with her starbolts! Croc had nothing left in him anymore and fell unconscious.

Killer Croc was defeated!

Starfire and Mary Jane sat down against the wall next to each other. Letting their large bodies spread out without a care for the world. Gasping for air, both because of what they both went through together, but also in shock at how good a team they made.

After a few pants, Kory said, "Y-you did wonderful Mary Jane, you handled yourself well! H-how did you know that would work"?

"Oh I just know, reptiles are cold-blooded, so I figured, hey stick him in a freezer, and any modeling studio that knows what's up should have a rather large kitchen and dining area."

"Ah, very clever Mary Jane!"

"Thank Kory, guess I'm not dead weight after all."

"I should not have said that, it was rude."

"Nah, I get it. You were trying to do your job, that's all. No problem."

Kory notched an eyebrow, "Really? Because you seemed troubled even before all of this happened."

"Dang, it's that obvious huh?" MJ said with exasperation.

"What's the matter, Mary Jane?" Kory said intently.

Mary Jane took a deep breath. "You. Well, not you but, ugh, how do I say this? I'm pretty well-regarded for being the largest plus-size model in the beauty market. I grew up...in a not-great



environment. And now I've made this life for myself all on my own. And I'm happy."

"But-" Kory inquired.

"But then you came along, and Kingsley gave the rap because you sold some covers way more than we did I guess and now I'm thinking, Is that all I am? Someone who happened to get first place in a never-ending race and I'll inevitably get second place then get kicked to the curb because my image doesn't hold up anymore?"

The silence took its time to be broken.

"So your worth is placed on how heavy your body is?"

"Heh, not just weight, you have the right shape for whatever's trendy and deal with old turds who think that fat people shouldn't feel human and only do any of this for some stinking good press. It's just cruel...but that's the reality of this industry." Mary Jane started to tear up. Great, she could keep her mask up when confronted with a giant mutated nightmare chasing her...but now that mask was cracking just talking to someone she had just met.

Starfire turned on her knees, put her on Mary Jane's face, and turned towards her so they were eye-to-eye.

It was pretty awkward.

"Mary Jane, your worth is not determined by your body, or your looks, or even by other people. If this does not make you feel happy or important, then change it. I know what it feels like to have other people break you down, make you feel lesser, to not feel human." Kory said seriously, and somewhat sadly. Maybe there was more to this woman than Mary Jane had figured.

"I do not know how you grew up, and you do not have to tell me, but I believe I can have a few good guesses. And I just need to say, you matter, Mary Jane. I know you matter to Peter and you matter to me. I do not know what I would have done without you to help me. But beyond that, you were ready to help all of our co-workers without hesitation. You matter MJ. You matter to me."

Well, now Mary Jane was crying. She leaned into her shoulder, whispering, "Thank you. I didn't know I needed that."

"Anytime MJ."

At this moment, Spider-man and Nightwing come into the kitchen. And they were pretty surprised at the sight.

"Um, hi girls?"

The two turned and were delighted to see their boyfriends, but did not leave each other's arms. Peter went down to his knees, putting a hand on his girlfriend's wide shoulder, taking note of her tears.

Peter lifted his mask, not all the way, just enough for MJ to see his face, "Hey, you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah I am Tiger. Just...it's been a day at the office hehe. Turns out our boss is a villain! Who could have guessed?"

"Oh yeah trust me I was surprised! Nightwing found a hidden elevator, and we found Mr. Kingsley with a bunch of incriminating evidence on hand stuck in it. Dude's an idiot."

"Ha! Wow, all the work we did to beat Killer Croc and you got the head honcho handed to you on a silver platter!" MJ said with a laugh, the tears have passed.

Nightwing was surprised, "Seriously? Where is he?"

Kory and MJ took them to the freezer where Croc was still napping. They called it in, and all went to a nearby roof to recover.

Peter shook hands with Starfire, "Thank you for helping her Kory, you have no idea what this means to me. If I can repay you in any way--"

"There is one thing..." Kory said with a smirk, "I would like to celebrate the real hero today, I would love to take Mary Jane for the rest of the day, do whatever she wants!"

Peter and Dick raised their eyebrows, but overall they weren't too shocked at this newfound bond. Peter looked at Mary Jane, "Alrighty, MJ you wanna go with her"?

"Hmm. Whatever I want? Included but not limited to shopping for new clothes, eating out at a pizza place, trying on our new clothes, and then figuring we need to size up again? Heck yeah, I wanna do that!" MJ took Kory's hand, and the two started to fly off!

"Wait, are you sure you can afford that?!" Peter yelled. To which they replied, "MODEL'S DISCOUNT!!"

Peter shook his head, "JUST CALL ME WHENEVER YOU'RE HEADED BACK HOME MJ!"

And the two friends did just that, spending the rest of the day enjoying life and embracing the beginning of this new lifelong friendship!

Thanks for reading!