

Thunderous applause filled the room, the collective of all of Piltover's greatest minds and largest pockets assembled under one roof. All of them focused on a single man walking across the stage, a man draped in the finest of white suits. Gilded shoulder pads sat on his shoulders, making him gleam like a beacon under the hall lights. Despite the showiness of his apparel, he was but a speck in the starry sky of the upper crust in the venue. This man was Jayce, the budding mind of Piltover, the one whose innovations would bring wonder. He had worked tirelessly on a project to bring findings to the city, to herald them into a new age with his colleague Viktor. An age of unprecedented magical technology, a melding of the two that he called Hextech. As he approached the podium, he was having second thoughts, the words of a respected colleague ringing in his ears, to exercise caution.

Everyone was packed into the hall high above the city, looking over it with vaulted windows and through grand towers. The skylights above them brought them so close to the stars that you could reach out and grab one. Plastered across the halls were mastercraft banners of the most expensive silk and dyes. Beneath his feet was gilded marble that in his younger years, he could only dream of stepping upon. Out in the crowd, he could only hear his colleague's words and the changes that made them ring true.

Among the usual collections of refined suits and dresses that would break a bank, was a shift in body types. Through the innovation of the Hexgates, the lives of the upper-crust had become even more lavish. Providing a constant supply of rich foods and easy labor, some of the nobles barely needed to leave their homes. Always chomping at the bit for something new, drowning themselves in their excess. So when Jayce looked at the crowd and saw it dotted with double chins, fat bellies, and tight clothes, he knew that self-control was becoming a dying virtue. Even his sponsor and muse, Mel, was quite a bit bulkier than before.

At their first meeting, Mel was a lithe and wispy twig, as ephemeral as the breeze. Upon their third meeting, she was close to the state she was in now. Sporting arms thick with fat, thighs that bulged from the sides of her skirt, and a stomach that flowed into her lap. It was a clear sign of indulgence and excess. Jayce was so distracted by her that he ran into the podium, nearly toppling it over. The deafening applause and cheers were underpinned by a chortle of laughter as he placed his script upon the pad. A script he'd spent countless nights pouring over, agonizing over each word and how to say it. Yet, when up on the podium, he was eager to throw it all aside and speak from the heart.

"Good evening. I know many of you didn't expect to see me here today, and believe me, I'm just as shocked as you are." Jayce stopped, leaving a small pause for the smattering of laughter his joke elicited. "My family and I are simple people. In our factory, we made hammers; they were probably used to cut the stones you're standing on right now. No one in my life expected very much of me, and that is precisely what makes this moment so extraordinary. A few years ago, the Hexgates opened their ports to the world and made Piltover prosper beyond anything we could imagine."

Before Jayce could continue, his statement was met with uproarious applause from the crowd. A wave of cheers and hollers drowned out any words he could get out without shouting, so he chose to let the moment pass. Watching from the podium as people cheered him on, drinking in the proud looks from his parents. Letting his gaze fall upon Mel and her encouraging nod.

“But we’re not done yet. This year, we’ve created something new for you.” Jayce swapped over to the second page of his speech. “Something that..um...That we will share with you. When the time is right. Things that will bring an end to your hardships. Whether you’re the scion of our high houses or an honest laborer from the underground. We vow to keep pressing forward, for we are the city of progress and our future is bright!”

Jayce’s speech finished to shaking applause, people clapping excitedly for him, for the prospect of more. When he looked back down to the crowd, back to Mel’s chair, he saw a blank seat. She had left during the finale, during his hesitation and change of plans. He had promised her that he would unveil Hextech tonight and was clearly paying for lies. So as fireworks exploded above, bathing the hall in a glow of blue and red, he felt hollow. Deflated in his pride and his confidence, but still putting on the show.

Behind him, his Hextech sat waiting to be revealed, his colleague Viktor at the helm. Another soul he had left by the wayside in his moment of hesitance, someone who relied on that tech more than he would know. Even then, that momentary hurt was washed away in the adulations of the crowd.

---

While the upper crust celebrated their progress, a figure was seen scurrying about the streets of Piltover. A phantom, never seen for more than a second and scurrying like a rat, a long tail of hair trailing behind her as she took advantage of the lighter security in town. There was a particular item she desired, something she only saw flashes of in fire-filled memories. Hazy smears of ink and chalk that bled into a messy convolution, unparsable and unreadable. In the center of that tempest lay her memories of a glowing blue gem. Stowed away in the academy rooms, someone’s secret project that they kept away from prying eyes.

This woman slipped through the corridors, breaking down the door of said room and retracing her steps. Haunted howls and eerie cries filled the recesses of her mind, leading her to the safe that contained them. With all the care of a wrecking ball, she cracked that safe open and unveiled to herself three glowing blue gems. With treasure in hand, now was the time she would be seen. Planting signature explosives and improvised grenades all over the gates, she returned to the surface. Leaving a particularly explosive package and a painting of her own preference behind it. Her memory of a toy she cherished, her only friend in dire times, it was the visage of a chattering monkey scrawled in white paint.

Before anyone could catch wind of her, the figure was already gone, vanished into the far reaches of Piltover. Perched on a rooftop as she watched her handiwork in motion. Guards filtered into the area to investigate her noisemaker. Only to be greeted by a much larger noisemaker, an explosion, one so powerful that its shockwaves blew her hair. Through binoculars she watched the guards scream and panic before retreating back down to the underground.

---

That explosion was the last excuse needed for an upstart guardswoman to take action; she already had her suspicions because of the events of days prior. There had been a criminal conflict that went south, a transport barge assaulted by one gang while it was protected by another. In that conflict there were myriad things uncovered, including a shipment of chemicals that weren't supposed to be there. Remnants of a shimmering purple chemical, charred and discolored; traces of fire were all over the ship, and their unique burn left her so many questions. Questions that she was told would be investigated, but she just couldn't leave the loose threads untouched. She was but a lone guardswoman from a noble house, someone believed to be playing police, but she refused those trappings. She was Caitlyn Kiramman, of house Kiramman, and she stuck out like she was a gem amongst a sea of filth. Perched upon a rotten ferry, the wind blowing her silky blue hair, she bobbed uneasily towards a fortress in the distance. Her sapphire eyes narrowed as she shielded herself from the breeze, a wind so fierce it chilled her lithe frame to the core. Plumbing the depths of myriad police reports, she found the loose thread that would lead her to the quilt, a criminal who had been subject to friendly fire. He had been taken away to Stillwater.

Towering, imposing; Stillwater was the first and last answer to Piltover's criminals. A faceless, windowless fortress of wrought stone and braided metal, it was impenetrable. Surrounded on all sides by choppy sea and guards upon guards, not a single person left Stillwater without somebody knowing. That is why she came; she was confident this man would still be here and be willing to talk. He would be what led her to the root of this gang activity; no criminal is willing to take a friendly shot and a prison stint for a few coins. Caitlyn was sure of that; it's why she was standing where she was. Letting the cold winds of the southern sea whip against her face, letting the salted air scratch at her fine skin, she knew she could find answers.

---

"Who could have known?" Vi stared at the walls of her cell, blankly ticking away the days and hours.

She levied that question to herself, catching glimpses of guards passing by the cell door. Faceless voices that talked about things she wasn't in the mood to listen to today; they were her only real company, aside from the water drip in the corner of her cell. The growing puddle was about the best way she could keep time in a place like this: no sun, no breeze, no clocks. Just

stone and the people you had to fight to get your scraps of food during lunch hour. It was closer to living like an animal than it was being a person, and maybe that was the goal?

Vi shuddered as she thought of it, her mind wandering to her formative years. Reliving the rancid smells of the Lanes, the bubbling muck of the sluices, and the greasy smell of cheap food. They were better times, times where she still had friends and a family, times when she had more than violence. Fire flashed in the back of her mind, the image of a world ignited with steel on her back. Running as fast as she could as everything around her went up in a single instant, nothing but fear and rage in her heart. Rage she channeled into her little sister, a little Powder who by happenstance had caused it all. She barely remembered what she said, but she knew there was hurt in her words. Words that left Powder crushed, but words hurt less than actions, and Vi's action that night had been to run. Vi left her to the wolves of the lanes, to the man who killed their father.

That's why she asked herself that question, because who could have known that a single risky heist would have been the domino that toppled her life? That was then, though, and she didn't have much time to be thinking about then. Lunchtime was approaching; the hunger in her gullet told her so. Every year, for the past six years, her meals were a struggle. Her body almost moved on its own in preparation, working up the energy and ferocity she needed to get her fill. Only the glimpses of her reflection in the puddle reminded her she was more than a beast: scarlet hair caked in grease, eyes so pale that they appeared gray, and a tattoo under her left eye. It was a name, something that was rarely heard behind stone walls and iron bars. To everyone, she was a mere number, 516; she didn't remember when she tattooed it under her eye, but she was thankful she did.

As Vi's hunger grew, she loosened her muscles, flexing her fingers in anticipation of the impacts they were about to endure. Dirtied wraps crinkled on her fist, wrapping crunching with the layers of dried blood from her previous conflicts. The flashes of yesterday's struggle still fresh in her mind. Some tattooed newbie came into the cafeteria like he owned the place, stuffing his fat face with the last serving of slop. Vi didn't like the stuff; hell, she hated it, but it was hers. Vi's brow furrowed as her hunger grew; she was ready to let the beast take her over, her ferocity grew as the door at the end of the elevator opened.

---

Caitlyn was met with more than a roadblock in her investigation, but to her, stops were closer to detours. The transferred prisoner had been hospitalized the day prior, a broken jaw in some cafeteria skirmish. Reports of the attack were brutal; an unknown assailant had attacked him out of the blue, brutalizing him with a metal tray. Caitlyn couldn't help but be suspicious at the idea; a new prisoner having their jaw broken just before she was to arrive. It seemed like something out of a drama, a crime thriller brought to life. Hearing that the prisoner who did the deed was some unknown cog in the machine only heightened her intrigue.

Descending down the elevator, prison lights' red glow being the only thing to illuminate her files, she read fervently. Glancing up at the ticker as the floors went lower, moving down past the thirties and ending at the fortieth, the bottom floor. Her time for preparation ended, the elevator doors opened and she was greeted by long and winding halls. Most of the cells seemed empty; the shouts and clamor of the higher levels gave way to eerie silence. The only sounds that broke the drone of steaming pipes and whirring machinery, a sort of heavy thudding. Repeated and powerful impacts of something against stone that only got louder as Caitlyn delved deeper. Too soft to be stone, too loud to be metal, it was muffled. Caitlyn's mind wandered as she got closer, each impact driving deeper into her mind until she rounded the last corner. In a lone stretch of hallway was a single cell with a single occupant; a long pink line was drawn across the stone floor.

Caitlyn looked inside, finally finding the source of the sounds; it was a woman. Well-muscled with broad shoulders that tapered up to her neck in a wide vee, a vee that was reflected going down from her shoulders. Back muscles rippled as the woman smashed the stone walls in front of her. She was covered in a grand mural of tattoos, a framework of pipes and gears that trailed up her arms and along her spine. spurts of steam erupted from the depicted pipes, making them look like roses on her back. Caitlyn got a closer look, peering over the woman to see what she was doing. From the barest glance she could see a patch of worn stone, a divot bored by repeated impacts, and the source, her fists. That woman had been punching that wall with no ill effect for years. Suddenly she stopped, tilting her head back in a snarl as she glared at Caitlyn.

"Who the hell are you?" Her voice was soft and tinged with a rasp of annoyance.

There was a pause between the two; Caitlyn was taken aback by the prisoner's demeanor. Resteeling herself, she pressed onward.

"I could ask you the same. There's no record of you or your crimes. Why are you here?" Caitlyn's retort was stern and professional.

"My sunny personality." Vi's response was quick as a whip.

Vi stalked the back of her cell as they talked, prowling back and forth like a caged lion.

"You attacked an inmate. Why?" Caitlyn pressed her questions.

"I was hungry." Vi gave another sarcastic retort.

"He was a witness in an ongoing investigation." Caitlyn was growing frustrated with the exchange.

"Bummer." Vi's response was dry and dead.

“This was a waste of time.” Caitlyn all but threw up her arms in resignation as she walked away from the cell.

“Couldn’t have put it better, hey. Give Silco a kiss on that winning eye of his, will ya?” Vi approached the bars to make sure her jab was heard.

This remark perked up Caitlyn’s ears, stopping her dead in her tracks before she could leave. The namedrop is what drew her in; Silco was simply an industrialist to most, not a single bit of shade to him. So hearing the prisoner drop such a name to insinuate that Caitlyn was working for him was the thread she needed.

---

Caitlyn wasted no time in pushing for questioning, getting every bit of information she could from the prisoner. Vi gave her information but grew belligerent and uncooperative as Caitlyn tried to throw her weight around. Leaving the two at a standstill before Caitlyn left, only stopped by a prediction about her dealings in the Undercity. With some coercion, she was able to secure the prisoner’s release. During their little jailbreak, Caitlyn had learned the prisoner’s name; it was Vi. Vi knew little about why she had been imprisoned and little about the man she had beaten, but she knew where to find answers. She took Caitlyn down to the Undercity, and what awaited her beggared belief.

Caitlyn had heard tales and stories of the Undercity but never experienced firsthand. Toxic water ran through the rivers, polluted and dirty, its fumes rising up from the canals that divided the streets. It was an unpleasant place; it smelled like a mixture of acrid chemicals and abject filth, dirt and grime covered the streets they walked. Buildings changed the deeper they went, turning from worn stone fixtures to ramshackle huts. It was dank and noisy, dripping with moisture evaporating from the nearby canals; the whole place seemed uninviting. Yet, Vi seemed to take it in stride, moving through the streets like she’d put on a new suit.

Deftly maneuvering herself through the crowds to a food stall, Caitlyn imagined the stall served fish, given the crude sign above. Meat sizzled on the grill in front of the chef, the first semipleasant smell Caitlyn had taken in all day. Vi herself took a seat, planting herself on the stool with the nonchalance of a paying customer. Caitlyn gained a bit of hope after seeing Vi order; she carried herself with such ease that it was like she wasn’t questioning anyone at all. Then, the food came, and Vi started eating.

It was a bowl of discarded tentacles, blue in color and coated in a greasy orange sauce. The bowl itself was huge, looking like a triple portion by Cait’s estimates, and Vi was wolfing it down like it was nothing. Messily shoving handfuls of the sauced seafood into her maw, so ravenous that she didn’t even let it reach her mouth before lunging in. Hands coated in sauce and filth, licked clean as she continued eating. For minutes, Caitlyn watched her stuff her face, swallowing morsel after morsel until she grew frustrated.

“Oh, Jericho, have I missed these.” Vi gave the rotund chef a thumbs up of approval as she continued shoveling food down her craw, not even acknowledging Caitlyn.

The only response from the chef was a rowdy cheer in a language Caitlyn couldn't understand. Frustrated and tired, Caitlyn tried her withering gaze once again, leaning in close so Vi could feel it on the back of her neck.

“Want some?” Vi pulled a tentacle from the plate, shoving it in Caitlyn's face.

“No, thanks.” Caitlyn recoiled at the offer before leaning in. “Are you going to..**oommfff**”

Before Caitlyn could finish her sentence, she found her mouth full of greasy seafood.

“Sometimes the best way to learn is to just sit and enjoy the food.” Vi pushed the bowl a bit closer as she grabbed another handful.

Cait was still reeling from the first bit of fish that hit her tongue; it was salty and oily, a tough and rubbery cut that she wouldn't be caught dead eating normally. Despite its negatives, she found herself hopelessly enthralled by the little morsel. Pulling Vi's bowl close and partaking in the treat, each bite spurred the next. Her hands mingled with Vi's in the bowl, dainty digits meeting sandy knuckles. Each bite drew her closer, until she was cheek to cheek with Vi, their lips covered in sauce as they worked through the meat. Caitlyn could feel the meal sitting heavy in her stomach, the surfeit of meat sitting heavy on her insides. She ate and ate until the bowl was full and she felt fit to pop.

With her waifish torso, it was fairly noticeable when she overindulged; the buttons of her uniform strained against her bloated midriff. It looked like she was blowing a bubble under her shirt, tiny and round, like the balls of her childhood. So taut and full that it forced her to lean back on the chair, collapsing into a heap to let her stomach breathe. As Caitlyn struggled with her meal, she looked around the streets, observing something peculiar.

Despite the general squalor and poor nutrition of the Undercity, everyone seemed to be carrying more weight than your average aristocrat. It was curious, looking at what she was just served; the portions for it made no sense. It was far more than should be possible for a meager fishmonger. Vi was right; sitting and stuffing your face was the best way to appreciate the landscape. Caitlyn looked at her in a new light, scanning inspective glances up and down her body. Caitlyn was suffering with her bloated stomach and she wondered if Vi was in the same state.

Her findings sorely disappointed her, as Vi seemed almost unaffected by the absurd amount of food she had taken in. Barely a lump on her stomach, the tiniest of ballooned bulges hugged her belt. It wasn't some trick of the light or fashion, as Vi's outfit was more revealing than her own. A plain white tee under a short red jacket, surely an easy way to see a glutton's

stomach, yet she barely showed. Caitlyn just had to watch as her newfound friend licked her fingers clean over the emptied bowl.

“Thanks, again. See you next time.” Vi gave Jericho a wave goodbye before sliding her hand under the table.

Caitlyn was just lucid enough to catch a slight glance at what Vi fiddled with; it was a paper, a slip of ruddy napkin slipped under the plate. For a flash, Vi flipped it up, just high enough for her to see. Scrawled in the center was a symbol, a sign of some sort that Vi couldn't recognize; after that quick glance, Vi snagged the paper. Wiping her hands and mouth clean with it, the ink smearing and disintegrating under her saucy drippings. Leaving it completely unrecognizable, Vi left it on the plate and grabbed hold of Caitlyn's arm, nearly dragging her from the seat.

“**Hoof** Where. Where are we going?” Caitlyn felt her stomach shift when Vi pulled her.

“Got a lot more dives to check out today.” Vi had a smile on her face as she pulled Caitlyn from her seat.

---

Down in the Lanes, Vi and Caitlyn had been making a time of it, well, Vi had. Her long denial of anything above subsistence food had left her with a great hunger for the things of her early years. Shitty ales and greasy snacks from the vilest storehouses; everything was bathed in salt and grilled over smoky fire. With Caitlyn's bottomless wallet, she was able to go far beyond what she would on a normal day. Stuffing herself silly with all the best things she'd missed in those years and dragging Caitlyn along in that journey. Their quest wasn't entirely self-serving as they gathered information on the movements of the Undercity, things that had changed over the years. The prime concern was Shimmer.

Vi knew it as the chemical that Silco had used to turn that random youth into a hulking beast strong enough to overpower Vander. With its proliferation came a host of other complications and side effects, namely the weight gain it had been causing. Simply using it for prolonged times would turn you into a hulking beast of fat and muscle, a barrel-chested monster of an enforcer. That was with normal dosage; its misuse would cause those same gains, but in controllable excess. Which is what they saw when approaching their last destination, a bloated mass of fat too rotund to move, seemingly a woman who breathed the stuff. Sporting a gut so fluffy and large that it forced her legs apart, even her augmented limbs struggled to lift her hulking frame.

“Poor soul...” Caitlyn trailed off as she saw the woman, wanting to say more, but lacking words to do so.

“Keep focused; if you cry at every sob story you’ll die of dehydration.” Vi set her jaw as she took a step inside the bar.

This was the bar that they had been working towards, the front for Silco’s activities and Vander’s old bar, The Last Drop. Seeing it in such a state boiled Vi’s blood, or maybe it was indigestion? After a day of indulgence she had trouble distinguishing the two.

She snuck through the doors as easily as her newfound bulk would allow her; having eaten more than her fair share, it was finally starting to show. Her ripped stomach bulged out from under her top, the gap between shirt and pant showcasing her bloated stomach. A rocky and hard ridge of swollen lumps, her hard-fought abs pushed out over the accumulation of food in her stomach. A collection of curves that sloped down her swell and made her muscles look painted on. Despite sporting a belt-busting gut, she was more than able to maneuver her way around the bar; the same couldn’t be said for Caitlyn.

Caitlyn in her dogged determination to show she was able to handle herself, had been matching Vi bite for bite, but she lacked the metabolism for it. So while Vi barely showed and moved like she’d only eaten a filling meal, Caitlyn moved like a beached whale. Hefting her stomach like it was a cannonball, buttons popping off her jacket as she moved. Her belly was taut and full, hard to the touch and quivering, so heavy that it made her movements clumsy. Sweat poured down from her hair as it clung to her forehead; the hard labor of moving her body about town was harder than any of her guard training. Yet, when she watched Vi move, she couldn’t help but feel a bit of admiration. A woman so strong that she could eat what she wanted and not be deterred, not trapped by societal graces and was better for it. Caitlyn’s admiration slowly turned to horror as she watched Vi move into a sprint; her target was a woman seated at a table.

She was unawares, playing poker with a cigar in her mouth; she resembled a mountain more than she did a woman. A hulking gut that hugged the table’s edge, mammoth arms that bulged with a combination of fat and muscle, she must be the bouncer. Caitlyn felt like she was moving through molasses, helpless to stop the things that had already been put in motion. She watched Vi sail through the air, her knee outstretched and aimed straight for the woman’s face. Colliding in an impact that sent the both of them hurtling over the table, the mountainous woman tumbled over her own flab as Vi regained her balance. Only looking up for a moment as she felt her jaw, a look of shock crept across her face.

“Vi?” her expression turned to anger as Vi closed in.

The others at the table were eager to leave them to their fight, picking up the bet money and running as the brawl intensified. There wasn’t an iota of worry on their faces as they left the bar; whether that be from greed or confidence in the guard, nobody would know. If they did have confidence, then it was well placed, as this woman was no mere guard. She was Sevika, the right hand of Silco’s activities, the muscle and menace all in one. Dark hair tied into a tight ponytail and brown skin scarred from years of brawls. She was more than capable of dealing

with some young punk, but that's where their knowledge ended. As Vi was no mere punk. Before Sevika could get to full height, she was already on her, landing another punishing blow to the enforcer's face. A blow that swung her flabby frame around and gave Vi the perfect handhold. Using Sevika's ponytail as a lever, she yanked her, pulling her around in a whirl before slamming her into the wall. Vi's muscles burned, her rock-hard stomach pressed hard into the cushion of Sevika's backside.

"Enjoying the good life, you traitor?" Vi spat those words as she pressed Sevika hard into the wall.

"Not much room to talk, bubblegut." Sevika's words were unbothered, a small bit of slaver creeping over her lip.

Before Vi's eyes, a purple glow emanated from underneath the shawl Sevika wore; mechanical whirring followed before she felt a crushing grip around her wrist. The grip disarmed her and was followed by a metallic thunk against her jaw that sent her flying. Vi was hurled across the room as Sevika loomed over her, pulling off her shawl to reveal her new toy and the cause of bulky body. Uncloaked, she looked obese, sporting a gut that stretched past her waist and slapped against her pelvis. Sevika was massive hips wider than her shoulders and thighs so round they snapped the stitches of her pants. All of that growth and it came from a single source, the massive arm on her left side. Gears and steam whirred from the device as a vial pumped liquid into her system. Purple shining fluid that brought Vi back to those helpless days in her youth, it was Shimmer.

She wasn't a girl anymore, and she had near a decade of pent-up anger to release. She met Sevika in her stance, both squaring up before rushing into an exchange of blows. Sharing punches before Sevika grabbed her in a hold and followed up with a heavy impact from her mechanical arm, a blow straight at Vi's bloated midriff. She was so full that it felt like the punch would pop her, but she merely crashed against the wall. They moved back and forth, trading blows for holds, and dirty shots to gain an advantage. Another pump of Shimmer, and Sevika's body began to bloat, gaining a small bit of bulk and fueling her strength. Heavy, bonebreaking impacts that would crush a normal person rocked Vi's body as she gave back the same. Staggering in a punch-drunk haze, the taste of blood in their mouth and the smudge of dirt on their face. Vi summoned what strength she had, channeling her fury into a kick that sent Sevika sailing through the bar wall. Wooden boards clattered to the ground as Vi came with them, pouncing on Sevika like an animal. Pressing her boot into her shoulder and putting a knee into her gut, Vi leaned in close.

"Where's he keeping my sister?" Vi leaned in close, her breath hot on Sevika's face.

"Keeping her? You mean Jinx? She works for him." Sevika smiled, reveling in the shock on Vi's face.

Vi didn't answer; her eyes went wide at the revelation. Unable to muster the same hate and fervor, her grip around Sevika's throat loosened. That momentary lapse was all it took; in a swift motion, Sevika's arm hooked. The sharp daggers on her knuckles, piercing Vi's sides, just missing the payload in her gullet. Warm blood steamed in the cool air as Vi staggered back, her white shirt dyeing with her flowing blood.

"Looks like she's got a new father." Sevika pulled Vi close enough to hear her words before throwing her away.

Lumbering towards Vi like a monster, her arm cocked back, ready to bury her in the pavement.

***Huuurrrrrpp***

"Damnit."

***Bang***

Caitlyn cursed under her breath as her overpacked stomach decided to voice a protest at the worst possible moment. A loud belch echoed through the alleyways, giving Sevika just enough heads-up to duck away from the shot. The bullet bounced off her metallic arm, making her release her grip on Vi and focus up above. Standing on an unreachable catwalk, her rifle stabilized on her bloated stomach and pointed right at Sevika. Smoke trailed from the barrel as Caitlyn prepared another round, but Sevika was smart enough to know when she was outgunned. Sprinting from the scene, running down the lanes at a remarkable speed and just barely dodging another shot. Caitlyn cursed at herself for missing such a large target before hopping down to take care of Vi.

---

Much had happened since progress day; the city had been thrown into a frenzy with the attacks on the academy, unsure of their safety, but the council had other concerns. In the attack, a prototype of Jayce's prized invention had been stolen; a prototype Hextech. It had thrown the council into an uproar, their conflicting opinions pulling them in myriad directions. Even when Jayce was called upon to propose a solution, it was met with difficulty because of how it would affect commerce. Ultimately, all seemed at a loss until Mel came up with a solution; she proposed that they make Jayce a member of the council, whose job would be to enact the plans to keep Piltover safe. The vote was close but was ultimately swayed by the influential voice of Himerdinger. Being the eldest member of the council and in the city, his voice carried a lot of weight. Jayce's willingness to sacrifice his invention for the good of Piltover moved him enough to be in favor of Mel's machinations.

Ultimately, the decision fell in Jayce's favor, and Jayce was made into a councilor, but Mel's goals were far from altruistic. She desired power, and Jayce would be a far easier pawn to manipulate than someone more experienced in politics. Thrown into a world he knew little of, he would flounder towards the shore, and she aimed to be that shore. She was certainly large enough to fill the job.

This brings us to where we find Jayce currently, stewing in his anxiety in the councilor exclusive boxes of the opera. Given the best seats to a show that was beyond what most could believe, grand boats sailed across the ocean, and thunder clapped as a violin signaled their coming. Despite the grandiose nature of it all, it was in the back of his mind. Too lost in thought and too torn between worlds, he was ready to leap away from the next sound. Unfortunately that sound wasn't something he could leap from as Mel came into the room, bearing drinks.

"I can't believe you." Jayce scowled, almost spitting his words.

"What, the dress? I know, it's a bit tight. My tailor was a bit occupied; couldn't squeeze in an appointment." Mel smiled, ferrying a full wine glass over to Jayce.

"Not that, no. I can't believe you asked me to compromise the Hexgates. And as a bargaining chip no less." Jayce barely looked back, not wanting to let his determination be swayed.

"And no one's asking you to. Just think of it as trading favors amongst friends." Mel walked up to him, pushing the drink towards him.

"You know I never wanted this." Jayce shook his head before taking the drink.

"Want it or not, you've become a symbol. People look to you and see the future. That gives you the freedom to shape your future." Mel paused, looking out at the stage, bathing in the warmth of the music. "The council assumes you fail. It's time to prove them wrong."

When Mel finished speaking, the door behind her opened, like she had orchestrated the timing of things. In came another concerned member of the council, an older woman heavily invested in Piltover's trade deals. She voiced her concerns over the changing tides, how she was greeted by enforcers banging at her door. Her trade deals ground to a halt and her livelihood being threatened, she mused about Jayce's future. All it took were a few choice words from Mel and the woman's stance had shifted, along with an accompanying remark from Jayce. It was the first time he had to grease the wheels of his own interests, and it felt dirty to him, but Mel differed. When the councilor left, she sat down with Jayce, holding his hand in hers.

"That wasn't so bad, now was it?" Mel spoke like a chiding mother towards Jayce.

"Is this how it is? Just doing favors so you can further your own goals?" Jayce looked at Mel with conflict.

“Well, there are...other benefits.” Mel pulled Jayce’s from his hand knee and placed it on her stomach.

She let him have a small taste of her body, feel the plush additions to her gut, the shifting flab beneath her strained dress. Mel hadn’t been lying about the issues with the tailor; her dress seemed ready to explode off her stomach. Threads pulled so tight that they outlined her figure perfectly, the flashes of fake lightning from the stage illuminating her curves. She and Jayce exchanged a warm glance before she pressed his hand in harder, letting him get a better feel of the depths she contained. Then without a word, she removed it, and Jayce knew what he needed to do. Flooded with hormones and the echoes of touch, he left the booth.

Mel sipped her wine in satisfaction, watching Jayce move from platform to platform. Meeting with all of the other councilors, forming the deals needed to gain their trust and profits. With Jayce as her pawn, she could maneuver the Piltover aristocracy like a ghost, free to do as she pleased. Unconsciously, her hand had moved to the place she pushed Jayce’s to, pressing in to replicate the feeling.

---

Caitlyn and Vi had managed to ferry her away from the main thoroughfare of the Undercity, descending into the depths, away from Silco’s eyes. Below the grimy streets, below the ramshackle buildings, into a cavern that was shelter for the dregs of the realm. Those hopeless addicts who had abused Shimmer to the point of their immobility, more sentient blobs of fat than people. Buried in their own flab, they only groaned as Caitlyn and Vi plumbed the depths, desperate for shelter. Vi was fading fast; blood still dripped down her flank, and her vision was getting blurry. Moving in and out of consciousness, Caitlyn’s worried check-ins became muffled and incoherent.

Caitlyn was panicking, desperate for anything that could help heal Vi, trying to find a doctor. She asked everyone she could see, but none gave her more than a pained moan or a quick belch. She couldn’t keep dragging Vi around like this; she needed to get her a place to rest and continue the search on her own. By her own luck she saw a shack tucked far under the rocks. Decrepit and worn, it looked ready to collapse under its own weight, but it was enough of a shelter to keep them safe for the time being. Carefully, Caitlyn stowed Vi into the shack, leaving her lay on the ground as she closed the door.

“Is she okay?” A strange voice startled Caitlyn.

She immediately whipped out her rifle, bringing it towards the source of the voice, a man wrapped in an ill-fitting cloak. His glasses were cracked, and purple glows ran through his veins, but he looked cognizant. It was obvious he had been abusing Shimmer, given his rotund shape. Too fat to properly panic or run, he collapsed on his back as Caitlyn brought the rifle to his head.

“Easy, easy. That’s Vi, right? I...she saved me...her old man did.” The man stumbled over his words, twitching and panicked, barely able to get the words out.

“She needs a doctor.” Caitlyn stowed her rifle on her back as the man cowered.

“Tough to come by, but I know someone.” The man pulled his cloak over his head as he motioned Caitlyn towards a cave.

Stodgy walls dripped with moisture; the barren and rotting supports of some old structure framed the rock walls around them. Repurposed a thousand times over, their original purpose lost to time, leading Caitlyn and her friend deeper into the caves. Darkness washed around them as the sparse light of the world behind them vanished, and a singular blue flame bounced in front of them. Illuminating a staunch steel cage, making it seem like there was nothing in reality save for that cage. The blobby man had vanished from Caitlyn’s sight as the darkness became all-encompassing. Taking another step forward felt like she’d be taking a step into hell, and as she took another step, she felt the chill of the grave on her spine. If she were to progress, it needed to be for something grand, something more important to her than anything.

“For Vi.” She whispered her wordless vow and stepped into the blue light.

At the back cage a face was visible, looking more machine or fiend than human. Steel and leather pulled against its mouth, pulling its lips away into a maliciously toothy grin. Pale gray flesh surrounded paler soft-flesh; their eyes sat shadowed in the upper reaches of the cavern. They seemed motionless at first, like a statue sculpted from skin, only coming to life when Caitlyn came into view.

“Ailment?” The voice whispered in an unintelligible rasp.

“Stab wound.” Cait heard their question bright as day, as if it were in her mind before it was uttered; she dropped her response just as quickly.

“One moment.” The voice vanished into the dark, leaving Caitlyn to stew in her decision.

It was such a simple decision to ask an underground doctor for medicine, but she felt that she’d made a deal with a devil. Like whatever she took from this doctor would put her and Vi on a path that neither could predict. She wasn’t given much time to ruminate, though, as the face soon returned. In their scaled hand was a vial of shimmering purple; the luminescent liquid inside sloshed so innocently that you’d think it were benign, but Caitlyn knew. As she took it in her hands, dropping a beggar’s fortune in the keep’s hands, she retreated from the cavern. Her deal with the devil had been made, and she received a boon that fit in the palm of her hands.

When she returned to the shack, she saw things had worsened; Vi’s breathing was labored, her bleeding had increased. A pool of crimson was seeping out of her sides, flooding

out into coagulating globs that dried soon after. Caitlyn acted as soon as she could, rushing to a knee at Vi's side, her gloves removed. Her pained expression carried both emotional and physical, as her kneeling stance had left her knee digging into her swollen stomach. Caitlyn gingerly removed the top of the vial, a bit of the purple liquid splashing and seeping into her skin as she lowered it to Vi's lips. Using a gentle massage from her fingers, Caitlyn poured the liquid down Vi's throat, massaging it to facilitate the flow. Vi was barely cognizant, only aware enough to swallow the liquid at Caitlyn's beckoning. Exhausted and hungry, Caitlyn collapsed in a heap next to Vi, the last dribbles of Shimmer spilling onto her exposed thigh as she slept next to Vi. Lying at the right angle to prop the door shut with her foot, rifle crossed over her chest, she flickered from the waking world. One hand cradled the butt of the rifle while the other grasped desperately at Vi's, hoping that she would wake up.

---

A day had passed, and Piltover was still in a frenzy over the incidents days prior, and this frenzy was coming to a head in Jayce's personal life as well. His decision to hold back on Hextech had more ramifications than just delaying his own success. His friend and colleague Viktor had been relying on their furthered research to cure his ailments, but with things on a hold, he was left to languish. While Jayce had lost his focus, Viktor refused to give up on such a wonder and secluded himself in the workshop. Working night and day, to the point of exhaustion, until he could finally get the technology stable. While Viktor toiled in the labs on Jayce's work, Jayce bumped elbows in luxury with Piltover's finest.

Invited to a dinner for the most upper of Piltover's upper crust, Jayce arrived there to see the reckless indulgence that the aristocrats reveled in. Each person ate enough to feed a family, drank more wine than Jayce had seen in his life, and threw away clothes worth his father's take-home. All of it was enough to make him sick, or it would, if he didn't have a corpulent muse at his side. Mel looked stunning that night, clad in the finest white and gold money could buy. She was a behemoth in a silk dress; white fabric hung over her ebony curves in a delicious contrast that Jayce couldn't resist. She was so beautiful that all of his worries and hang-ups seemed to melt away.

While she convinced him the dinner was for the good of his career, a way for him to learn names and have his name learned. In reality, it was just a way to have him feed her, a way to glut herself recklessly. By the time their night was over, her dress was drawn tight over her blimped stomach and her cleavage held more of her feast than her napkins had. Wandering out to the balcony, Jayce looked up at the skyline. His vision was focused intently on the glowing blue shimmer of a Hexgate, the exploding glittering of blue orbiting it like starshine as the gate opened for a nighttime freighter.

**"Huff huff** Pretty rude to rush ahead like that. Didn't even wait for me to take off my coat." Mel sidled up behind him, sneaking his hand into hers.

“I’m sorry. I’ve just been a bit...preoccupied tonight.” Jayce looked worryingly to the side, averting his gaze from the skyline and from her.

“I could see that. You didn’t even notice when Lest burst out of her top.” Mel pulled Jayce’s arm close, making sure he felt her warmth on his. “Now, come on, what’s eating that beautiful mind of yours?”

“I can’t stop wondering if I’m making the right choice. Himerdinger warned Viktor and I about Hextech. So when I push forward like this, I feel like I’m betraying him.” Jayce sighed again, pulling his hand from Mel’s as he slumped on the balcony.

“Enough about him; tell me, what pushes you forward?” Mel grabbed his hand again, pulling it from the rail.

“It’s my father, I guess. He made hammers and put them in the hands of the people. And with those hammers they built this magnificent city. Hextech, it’s a new hammer, but will people build a better city with it?” Jayce held his hand out, the image of the closing Hexgate cradled in his hand.

Mel felt an urge run through her, the urge to leap upon this man in her hands; she tried to rationalize it as simple manipulation, but that was a lie to herself. That small bit of passion, the way Jayce’s eyes lingered on the sky had drawn her in. Pulling him by the hand, she led him to the bedroom, shoving him into the sheets with an unusual strength. Stunned in the covers, he watched as Mel disrobed.

Her fine and stained robes fell to the floor, her gold jewels clattered away and she was bare before him. Fat rolled down her body in mocha falls, droplets of darkened softness that flowed seamlessly around her body. Generously swollen breasts rested atop the fatty swell on her middle; a taut and smooth topcurve contrasted the softness on her flanks. Folded fat hung off her gut and over her waistline, acting as a curtain over her nethers. She let Jayce drink in her figure as she leapt atop the bed. Her gelatinous hips and backside wobbling behind her like piled hills. If she wanted, she could smother Jayce right then and there. With an ass too large and unwieldy to fit into chairs, she was breathtaking. Slinking over Jayce’s form, she overshadowed him completely. Crumbs from her feast fell from her cleavage as she wobbled above him, ready to join their bodies in rapturous union.

They would spend their night enjoying the sins of the flesh while the city slept, the only signs of life coming from deep in the lab, where Viktor toiled for his future.

---

“**Huuu haaaa**” Vi woke up in a start, her ragged breathing punctuated by inspecting feels over her body.

Her wound had healed and all her fatigue had left her, but in its place was fat. Overnight her overstuffed stomach had evaporated into added bulk on her frame. Her muscles felt larger, tenser, stronger, but her midriff also felt softer. Pulling up her shirt to inspect the wound, she saw a small scar covered by a thick layer of padding. Her toned abs had dissolved into a layer of undulating fat, a miraculous amount to gain overnight. Despite having just been stabbed, she felt like she could go a round or two with a bear, but there was another feeling.

***Rlllllll***

Her stomach cried out so noisily that you'd think it were a caged animal; with that cry came a powerful and gnawing hunger. She felt like she was starving, ready to tear the nearest living thing apart as an excuse to fill her stomach. Luckily the nearest living thing next to her was someone she felt she could never hurt; it was Caitlyn. A Caitlyn who happened to look a might bit heavier than she did the prior day. While Caitlyn had stuffed herself into oblivion, alongside Vi, Vi expected her to still be sporting a taut midriff. Instead, she was bathed in more flab than Vi was, ballooning overnight from her generous feast.

***Ooouroiuuull***

Another cry came out, this time from Caitlyn's own stomach as she shot up to attention as well, her own hungering stomach bringing her to consciousness.

"How long have I been out? I feel like I'm starving." Caitlyn muttered under her breath as she clenched her stomach.

"Probably all night." Vi leant against the only sturdy wall in the shack.

"Vi!" Caitlyn dropped her rifle as she wrapped her arms around Vi, holding her in quiet embrace before releasing her.

"What's with the waterworks?" Vi let the hug stand a little longer than she normally would have before brushing Caitlyn aside.

"You were nearly dead...I...We're going to have to be more careful from here on out." Caitlyn caught herself as she realized what she was doing.

Caitlyn's sudden leap back sent her into the girders of an uneasy watertower at the back of the shack, the supports of a rickety and unused fixture. The girders bowed back and forth before setting back into their position, but the noise pulled Caitlyn's attention towards the surroundings. She had been so wrapped up in saving Vi that she didn't notice the drawings on the walls around them or the marks and names on the watertower. She traced her hand over the name Violet and easily put two and two together.

“Did...did you live here? Who’s powder?” Caitlyn’s questioning was a mix of curiosity and worry.

“She’s my sister...I thought she died, but now...I have to try and find her.” Vi’s voice was stern, but her words stilted, like she was still coming to terms with what she wanted to do.

“How can you not know if your sister’s alive or dead?” Caitlyn looked at Vi in disbelief at the mention.

“It’s hard to check up on people inside a concrete cell.” Vi stood up, her expression pained, and her voice wavering.

“What? You don’t have parents?” Caitlyn was almost incredulous in the way she answered.

“No. They were killed by enforcers.” Vi fumed at the mention, like she could still feel the heat of that day.

Caitlyn didn’t know how to answer, but her expression showed it all; she knew she had made a mistake. Vi’s breathing got heavy, like she was ready to destroy something in a bubbling rage.

***Uuuurrrroouuurp***

A low and rolling belch roared from outside their door; its bassy cry echoed through the caves and faded into nothing. The sound was enough to pull Vi from her anger and ignite her survival mode. She cautiously readied to open the door before she heard more noises on the other side, yelps and ravenous eating that sounded like dogs at the chain. She didn’t know why, but it made her angry; just past the metal barrier was someone that filled her with fury. It was an anger at being found, but more than anything, an anger from her past. Opening the door with a brusque push, she was greeted by a devil.

Standing at the entrance to their little clearing, draped in a coat as black as smoke with a lining as red as blood, was Silco. The man who had taken her sister, who had killed her father, the man who had ruined everything she held dear. Now he stood before her, holding out purple vials of shimmer to the bloated blobs of the underground. One in each hand, like treats for a loyal hound, held just above them and out of their reach. When he looked up at the two, his black-glass eye staring back at them, he laughed.

“Vander’s prodigy.” He looked at Vi, gauging her movements before lowering a slab of cooked meat towards one of the fattened addicts. “I’ve regretted that we’ve never had the opportunity to speak.”

Vi stood speechless, not wanting to dignify any of his remarks with an answer. Caitlyn at her side looked on in shock; the man who led her to the doctor grabbed a vial from Silco's hands before retreating back into the darkness. Vi finally summoned enough of her anger to answer, to demand answers.

"What have you done with my sister?" Vi's question was a low snarl, her face showing all the anger that a raised voice didn't.

"I freed her." Silco dropped his shimmer and treats to the people lapping at his hands, his response emotionless and cold. "Candidly. I thought you were the prize of your secondhand family, but...Jinx. She's more than I ever imagined."

Vi didn't answer immediately, instead staring down Silco and the raging beasts at his knees. Those fat blobs were becoming more mobile by the second, the blood vessels strewn about their corpulence growing bright purple as shimmer ran through them. Their immobility gradually vanished as they turned into mindless beasts. As the beasts slavered, Vi took a step forward, ready to confront them. Caitlyn took a step forward as well, pulling her rifle off her back and pointing it at Silco, but he did not flinch. She went to pull the trigger but found why he smiled; she was too fat to pull the trigger. The guard was too tight and the newfound pudge on her finger left too little room for her to pull it.

"I'm gonna find her. And erase whatever fucked-up delusions you put into her head, but first. I'm gonna bring your bullshit empire down all around you." Vi stood strong, the venom in her words but a sliver of the hatred she felt for Silco.

As the beasts moved forward, their bodies distorting into something lumbering and frightening, Caitlyn put her rifle away. She didn't have the time to fiddle with the guard or trigger and instead slammed into the tower. Her increased bulk made it easier to move, but it still didn't budge, no matter how many times she pressed her weight into it.

"You don't know your limits, girl; that's what got Vander killed. What drove your sister away. And that's why I'm here right now." Silco held his arms wide, motioning for his addicted beasts to rush towards Vi.

Their bloated forms barely able to do more than make an ambling shuffle, but the power in their footsteps was palpable.

"Yeah, well. You talk too much." Vi bounced on her heels, putting her fists up in a show of force.

Silco's beasts edged closer before Vi made an unexpected move; shifting her weight on her heels, she doubled back, turning her stance into a punch backwards. Fist collided with steel in a shattering impact that shook the entire structure to its foundation. Snapping the supports and bringing the whole thing down around them. A rain of metal and lights fell upon them in

scraps and sparks. Burying Silco and his monsters while Vi and Caitlyn rushed through the surface.

Vi's familiarity with the streets made it easy to dodge Silco's goons, and soon she and Caitlyn found themselves approaching the surface. Running past guards and through alleys until she stopped, looking up at the sky, she saw the flowing blue smoke of a signal. Something buried deep in her childhood, a promise she'd made to a girl she thought a ghost until recently. Her sister needed her.

As guards swarmed the outside of the Undercity and Caitlyn tried to pull her away, Vi persisted. Leading them higher into the reaches, climbing the tower with more adrenaline in her system than blood. Her newfound weight doing little to slow her pace, though, the same could not be said for Caitlyn's. Vi kept running, leaving her newfound partner as she came upon the top of the lonely tower. Standing there, staring over the edge, was a blue-haired phantom. With a long ponytail swaying in the wind and pale skin that hadn't seen the light of day in ages, it was her sister.

"Powder?" Vi called out cautiously, as if she were unsure of the reality in front of her.

"Vi?" Jinx called out questioningly.

"Oh, Powder." Vi ran up, sprinting across the tower and wrapping her arms around her sister.

Jinx stood frozen for a moment, unable to deal with the emotions flooding her brain, unable to separate reality from her madness. Then, it all came crashing down, the confusion, the walls; all she wanted to do was hug her sister and sob, so she did. She hugged Vi as tightly as she could manage, breaking down into tears as they exchanged tales. Revelations about the aftermath of the accident that separated them; it was a happy reunion, a force that brought them happiness, until the interloper came.

***Huffff***

***Puff***

***Wheeze***

Caitlyn's haggard, labored wheezing broke up their tearful reunion, her blubbery form jostling as she came to a halt. Hands on her knees, doubled over to catch her breath, she looked like a blue-haired pig in nice clothing. At her arrival, Jinx pulled up her weapon, hand on the massive gatling gun's trigger.

"Who are you?" Jinx's tears hadn't left her eyes as she raised the question.

“Who are you?” Caitlyn parroted the question, barely able to get the words out as she caught her breath.

“It’s okay, she’s a friend.” Vi held her hand out, trying to calm the situation.

“Sevika wasn’t lying? You’re with an enforcer?” Jinx sounded hurt, wounded to the core by such a revelation.

“Your sister is Jinx?!” Caitlyn reciprocated her shock as Vi struggled to keep things together.

“Caitlyn, listen. We can work this out.” Vi was confused and desperate, working to keep the reunion a happy one.

“Is that why you’re fat? Looking like a pig so you can join them? You’re playing me; this is a trick! Shut UP!” Jinx shifted through so many emotions, her face contorting in confusion and rage as she heard the whispers at her back. “I’m in no mood.”

“We didn’t say anything.” Caitlyn’s voice was plain, barely veiling the concern in her voice.

“I wasn’t talking to you, piglet!” Jinx pointed her gun at Caitlyn, the barrel rotating as she hefted it around.

Vi didn’t register her sister’s insults; she could tell Jinx was struggling with everything, struggling to keep things together. Something must have happened to her mind, something Silco did. She just needed to calm her down, remind who she was.

“Powder, it’s okay we....” Vi’s attempt to soothe her sister was cut off.

“Stop calling me that. It’s Jinx now! Powder fell down a well.” Jinx’s voice was off-kilter, she wasn’t looking at anyone as she spoke, staring off towards things behind her or in the distance.

Vi pleaded with her sister, desperately trying to convince her that everything was alright, but she was gone. Her mind was a jumbled mess, struggling to bring any form of thought together and lashing out at everyone. She pointed her gun at Vi, letting the barrel spin up before Vi stopped her, but the happy reunion was not meant to last. Every moment was stopped by happenstance of misfortune; this time it came in the form of whirring hoverboards.

Flying machines powered by steam and magic came whizzing up the tower, flying by in a blur of green light. They were the firelights, the Zaunnites of the underground who rebelled against both Piltover and Silco. Whizzing by faster than the eye could see, none knew why they were attacking; only Jinx had any idea. She had thwarted their last attack, killed one of their

own, if that actually happened. So to her best guess, she was who they were after, but that wasn't their goal at all. Jinx unleashed her attacks in a hail of bullets, having forgotten about her sister in the rush of it all.

Trailing a straggler with her shots, knocking her from her board when she got too close, ready to finish the job in a single shot. Their leader rushed in, a grenade thrown in Jinx's face; she was too quick. A single shot dismantled it, turning it into useless scrap as she planted a grenade on the rushing board. All the while, Vi and Caitlyn fought for their lives. Vi was doing more of the fighting; her weight only added impact to her furious blows. Sending bonebreaking impacts into the assailant in front of her, a dizzying flurry that sent them wheeling. Caitlyn was struggling; her heavy frame was too much to do anything with, she could barely flounder about. Her nimble combatant dodged her every move and kick until she managed an unlucky trip on Caitlyn. Tumbling like a boulder, Caitlyn fell atop her assailant, smothering her under her gut; it wasn't enough weight to do damage, but it was enough to knock her senseless.

The melee continued for a moment longer, the frenetic pace of combat accelerating until Vi found herself grounded and Caitlyn knocked away. Only Jinx stood against her combatants, keeping them at bay until she felt a slash at her legs. Too many flies to keep track of, a single straggler gave their leader the headway to escape. When they did, they left with Vi and Caitlyn. Their boards struggled to carry the burgeoning weights of their two captors, dipping uneasily with every chug of the engine. Even with their overloaded boards, they were gone as quick as they came, and Jinx was left alone again. Confused, sad, and in pain, she screamed into the night as the Firelights vanished.

-----  
"So, this the crowd you're hanging with now?" a distorted voice was muffled by the sack over Vi's head.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Who the hell are you?" Vi shouted out, fighting against the bindings at her wrist.

She had just come to, and all she could see was bright light filtered through a burlap sack, the sound of metal tapping around her. An intimidation tactic, something guards would do when they wanted you to know they were armed.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about. Abandoning your roots to get fat with a rich girl. That why you've been gone so long?" The voice had changed, the distortion changed, like it had been removed; replacing it was a familiar voice to her.

Vi's anger faded, her struggles stopping for a moment as she tried to place the voice, thinking back to many years ago. She didn't need to think for long, as her bag was pulled from her head and the bindings at her back removed. In front of her was an old childhood friend, Ekko; with ashen dreads parted to the side and the white facepaint of the fireflies, he was a

sight for sore eyes. Vi couldn't help herself; she needed a friendly face in these times: she rushed to him in an embrace, hugging him as tight as she could.

"I missed you, little man." Vi's voice was quiet and subdued, like she'd just been wrapped in a warm blanket.

"Only little compared to you." Ekko chuckled, reciprocating her embrace.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Vi let go of Ekko, giving him a smug smile.

"You're a bit bigger than I remember, and, unless prison's changed their menu, I think I know the source." Ekko's expression turned sour as he pointed a pipe towards Caitlyn.

Somehow, overnight, Caitlyn's bulky midriff had shrunk, seemingly sending all of its weight to her tits. Her padded belly now sat like a deflated sac on her torso, still loose, still fatty, but no longer engorged. In fact, one could barely notice it as her breasts spilled over her top; haphazardly arranged buttons had popped one after another, revealing the dollops of supple flesh.

"She wasn't like this a day ago, neither was I." Vi pushed Ekko's pipe away from the snoozing Caitlyn before pulling the bag off her head. "Hey, wakey-wakey."

"Where, huh?" Caitlyn groggily came to, her eyes cocked in odd directions as sleep left them.

"Better be quick with that wakeup call, cuz Vi only buys uplanders a minute. What happened to ya'll?" Ekko cocked his head towards Vi as he crouched down in front of Caitlyn.

Caitlyn had enough wherewithal to explain what happened to them, explain it from the beginning. She recanted their encounter in the prison, the venture through the Undercity, and Vi's conflict with Sevika. Leading up to the stab wound, Ekko had been pretty unimpressed at the situation, displaying no emotion above smug acceptance. Then Caitlyn got the treatment for Vi's stab wound and the desperation around it all. That little treatment was what accelerated their weight gain, and he knew it.

"So, you took Shimmer. Never thought I'd see the day." Ekko shook his head in disappointment as he kicked the chains at Caitlyn's wrists loose.

"It was our only option." Caitlyn rubbed her wrists, scraping the rust stains from her skin.

"I don't doubt it; tons of people have said the same thing, but not many know how true it is." Ekko beckoned them to follow.

He led them both into his little sanctuary, the budding Firelight's base, an oasis in a city of filth. Light filtered down from an open skylight, bathing the growing crops in warm sunlight; at the rims of their small city, near the base of ramshackle buildings, were plants. Wheat, vegetables, fruits, things that would never be seen within inches of the Undercity. People littered the base, some tending to the crops while others tended to more overweight visitors. People who had the deflated skin of someone who had lost a substantial amount of weight but still had more to go.

"What is this place?" Caitlyn looked about in confusion, her empty stomach grumbling at the sight of food.

"This is our shelter from Silco and his poison. That rat and his Chem-barons have infected every inch of the Lanes. Their shimmer runoff gets soaked up by the plants down there, plants that get eaten by the rats, which get eaten by everything else. Hell, it might have made its way upstream to the nobles." Ekko motioned towards the crops around him as he spoke, clenching his fist in anger when he spoke of the plight in the Lanes.

"That...would certainly explain some things." Caitlyn thought back on the general decline of the nobility.

"But that's not the worst of it; people that Silco ruins, they get fat as all get out. Without the added strength of Shimmer, they can't move. We can barely get them away from the stuff." Ekko motioned towards a sheltered hut on the outskirts, a flabby flank poking out from the flap.

"I knew he was a snake. If we take him out then, the rest of his operation goes." Vi smacked her fists together in anger.

"I wish it was that easy. He may be the main gear, but there's more cogs to keep the clock ticking." Ekko got a bit quieter, like he was admitting defeat in his words.

"Then, what do you plan to do?" Vi looked at Ekko, both in hope of an answer and assurance.

"With this." Ekko held a glowing blue marble in his hands.

"Hextech! Where did you get that?" Caitlyn pushed past Vi, shoving as close as she could to the marble.

Ekko explained the purpose of their attack on Jinx; they had been tracking that blue marble all through the Lanes and it was the best time to get it away from her. Ekko planned to use it to build a weapon to destroy Silco and all of his operation, outlining the whole of it. Caitlyn stood in opposition to the plan, that Hextech belonged to Jayce and there was no reason to wage a war without the help of the Enforcers. Ekko was staunchly opposed to using their enforcers; they were content to take their kickbacks and use the Shimmer to play pretend as

nobles. Their discussion went into the evening, the sun going low in the sky before Vi was the one to speak up.

“Look, Ekko. I know more than anyone that the enforcers are all trash.” Vi’s remark elicited a disgruntled moan from Caitlyn, the sign of hurt readable on her face. “But I know that this is bigger than us. If you bring that thing on Silco, and any of them survive, then this place goes. He’ll call his dirty cops, the same that threw me in prison, and they’ll raze this place to the ground.”

“You don’t know that.” Ekko scowled at the remark, looking away as he walked towards the wall.

“I don’t, but do you want to risk it? Can any of us afford to lose another nice thing?” Vi pleaded with Ekko.

Her words brought back images to him, flashes from his past and the shop he spent his youth. Those halcyon dreams burned in flames, seared red by anger and sadness; the match that lit the fire was the enforcer that killed Benzo..

“Fine. If we go, we leave tonight. Silco’s having the Lanes closed.” Ekko scowled, fighting back a tear as he walked towards his workshed.

“We have time for dinner?” Caitlyn and Vi exchanged a glance as their question came out at the same moment.

“Not enough time or supplies to feed you bubbleguts, but someone can whip you up a snack.” Ekko had warmed up a little to their presence, motioning towards the kitchen on the far end.

-----

Banging away in his workshop, isolated in the highest reaches of Piltover, Jayce pounded away at metal. Sparks flew from the impacts, his goggles covered in scorches from his hard blows. Practically shirtless, he worked alone in the heated workshop, trying to bury his troubles in work. With some convincing from Mel, he had just facilitated Himerdinger’s removal from the council. Everyone believed his old ways to be a roadblock of progress, something to be removed and ignored, but he wasn’t so sure. As he walked through the crowded halls, squeezed between the bloated bodies of the Piltover nobility, he remembered the anecdote he told. The tale of a nation destroyed by a plant sprouted from the seed of magic that resembled his Hexcore. When Jayce imagined it, he imagined the destruction to be abrupt, something in a fiery explosion, but now he thought differently. Maybe those nations didn’t suffer an explosive demise but a withering ruination, a destruction brought about by generation decay. When he saw those bloated bodies all about him, he couldn’t help but imagine that those were the seeds of a society on the downturn.

## *C1ch*

Jayce was stirred from his thoughts by the sound of opening doors; looking back, his muse had made herself none. Sauntering in with the pomp and grace of a cow on a bender, Mel made her presence known. Draped in blue silk that shimmered like starlight, gold filigree laced between the dotted stars on her shimmering gown, Mel had made her appearance. Hot off the heels of a three-course snack, she was remiss to find her favorite man missing for such an extended period of time.

“So this is the oven you’ve cooped yourself up in.” Mel fanned away perspiration as she walked in, her round body already dripping with perspiration.

“Hey, sorry...I just needed to...clear my head. Hope I didn’t miss the ham.” Jayce forced the joke as he pounded another inch of steel.

“You wouldn’t have gotten much anyway; it was a bit too tasty to survive the ravished appetites of three beauties.” Mel made her way across the room, her heavy perspiration increasing as she moved towards Jayce’s forge.

“So that was you, Lest, and who else?” Jayce felt Mel’s hand on his hammer and her sweet breath on his neck.

“Should I be jealous that you’ve marked my friends as beautiful?” Mel stayed silent for a moment, letting Jayce stew in his awkwardness before ending her joke. “It was Elora, if you must now. Girl can barely fit through doors these days, so it was a rare treat to dine with her. Now tell me, what’s got you playing the lone gadgeteer again?”

Jayce put down his hammer, feeling his mind clear at Mel’s presence, letting her heat meld with his in embrace. In her arms, he spilled his thoughts, let the anxieties he felt from his decision wash over her like a tide. Like the rock she was, she weathered, hearing his concerns and then spinning them a little. She wasn’t ready to backtrack on her course of action, so she had to mentally assure him they were making the right move.

“Just look outside, look past the fat pigs of the upper crust, and look towards the people. Do you see how they struggle, how they strive? People who work every day for an iota of what we have. Do you think they would care if some rich kid became immobile, if it meant they could have an extra book on their shelf?” Mel cradled the back of Jayce’s head, looking him in the eyes with earnestness.

“I guess not...” Jayce trailed off, still unsure of himself.

“Look at me. Have your parents gotten fat off all their work? How about your aunts, your uncles?” Mel kept pressing the question, trying to prove her point.

“I...” Before Jayce could finish his question, there came a huffing and wheezing sound.

The heavy shuffling of cloth rustled from the halls as a hulking blob of a woman made herself known in the halls. It was Elora; her heavy haunches flowed out like a seal’s blubber, overflowing her clothes and busting her stitches. Her wide hips barely fit in her silk pants and barely fit in the door; her backside was wide enough to brush the frame. She must have been running, because sweat poured down her forehead and her clothes were stained with dark spots.

“Elora. What are you doing so far up?” Mel left Jayce’s embrace almost immediately; concern and alarm laced her question.

“**Huffff wheeze** It’s your mother.” Elora practically spat those words between her exhausted pants.

“What about her?” Mel’s tone changed completely at the mention of her mother.

“A missive came this morning. It said to prepare for her arrival.” Elora held her side in discomfort.

---

*Things shouldn’t have gone this way; the trip to Piltover should have been an easy one, the paths should have been clear, but they weren’t. We all left in the dead of night, just as the fog from the river rolled over the edge. It was the simplest plan; Caitlyn could get them past any barricades and any pit stops. So why? Why did it have to come to this?*

Vi stood at the halfway point of the bridge, ahead of the group, but her mind was still reeling from what lay ahead of her. Bodies, dozens of them, dead enforcers by the handful. All of them were scorched and charred from an explosion; sitting atop their smoking corpses were mechanical bugs. The remnants of what appeared to be firelights, the lights Ekko used to signal his arrival. They littered the scene as numerous as the corpses; their mangled mechanics looked blown open from the inside. While Ekko looked in confusion at the evidence, Vi took pause, for she saw a figure in the mist ahead of them.

Ponytail swaying in the breeze, slender figure lit by the shattered floodlights behind her, Jinx was waiting.

“Powder?” Vi called out; she needed to confirm the suspicions in her heart.

“All that fat get in your ears? I told you, my name’s Jinx.” Jinx chuckled before stepping out of the mist; her expression was one of detached glee.

“Come on, you don’t have to be this. You’re not a jinx, you’re my...” Vi was cut off by Jinx’s outburst, her eyes looking frantically about her, like someone whispered in her ear.

“No! it’s...she’s...Can you shut up and let me talk!” Jinx shouted over her shoulder, pointing her pistol towards the distance before recoiling in horror and looking at Vi. “Why can’t I be both? What’s wrong with being your sister and being a Jinx?”

While Vi and Jinx had their discussion, Caitlyn and Ekko had finally made their way into the path. Ekko’s pace had been slowed by his own failing machinery; Caitlyn was too out of shape to reach anything more than a stitch-inducing jog, so he figured the board would be enough to handle her. Somehow, it wasn’t; with the small meal she’d had at base, she’d somehow gained more weight. The board struggled to carry her and kept breaking down; it would have been comical if they hadn’t stumbled upon the scene in front of them. Caitlyn rushed forward in a sudden burst of energy.

“Are those...enforcers?” Caitlyn recoiled at the sight; she didn’t want to hear the answer to her question.

Fate had a funny way of doing things; every time Vi and Jinx were close to some sort of breakthrough in their reunion, it intervened. This time, the intervention came in the form of Caitlyn, already a trigger for Jinx’s anger; her appearance didn’t mend things.

“Yeah, I figured you could use some bacon, get that ol’ gut nice and plump. Maybe give some to your girlfriend too.” Jinx staggered about, the pistol spinning in her hand.

“You, you monster.” Caitlyn pulled her rifle out, but swiftly had it shot to pieces by Jinx’s pistol.

A clean shot, an impossible shot right down the barrel of Cait’s own rifle, sending the bullet spiraling into the one loaded. Impacting the loaded bullet and igniting the powder, blowing Caitlyn’s gun up in her hands. The explosion was small, but it was enough to singe Caitlyn’s clothes and knock her to the ground. Her hands burned from the hot steel that had been between her palms.

Vi ran instinctively towards Caitlyn, her protective instincts pulling her towards her new love. That’s how Jinx saw it at least; she saw Vi fawn over her new bluebird, the talks about sisterhood had been a lie. There wasn’t a single care for her dear sister who’d just had a rifle turned on her, and that was what cemented it.

“Are you okay, cupcake?” Vi pulled Caitlyn close, hugging her before inspecting the damage.

“Cupcake?” Jinx’s raspy voice broke, caught between a laugh and a sob. “Hilarious, you named each other after food; no wonder you’re fat.”

Jinx clutched her head, laughing to herself as her grin turned manic, her eyes filled with the same fervor they had during the battle against the firelights. She pocketed her pistol, swinging the large gun on her back and bringing it to bear towards them.

“Now, give me that gem.” Jinx wasn’t waiting for a response or denial; the barrel was already spinning.

While Caitlyn and Vi shared an embrace, Ekko was already acting, his hands free to defend himself. He chucked his watch into the spinning barrel, chain and silver mashing against the gears and causing a malfunction. The gun sputtered, and before Jinx could recover, Ekko leapt at her. His pipe barely deflected by her heavy gun as she brought it up in a sweeping motion. The heavy weight struck him in the chest and knocked him over her, sending Ekko closer to Piltover than he liked.

### ***Ting ting***

Jinx saw Ekko’s chain clatter against the ground and tried to fire her gun, but it had done its damage. The barrels refused to spin, and she was left with her pistol, staring down Ekko like the old days. Then her attention was drawn; Vi and Caitlyn had rushed past her, Caitlyn held tightly in Vi’s arms. Vi was practically dragging Caitlyn’s injured body across the bridge, only stopping to look back at Ekko and Jinx. No words could be exchanged; there was nothing to say. Jinx wanted to run after her sister, but before her was an obstacle she thought she’d overcome.

“So, the boy savior’s come to ruin the fun.” Jinx laughed so hard that her whole body convulsed, a sickening and cracking chortle.

Ekko didn’t answer; he only looked at her. First with anger, but then with calm. His scowl vanished as he closed his eyes, resetting himself to the confidence that he exuded in their olden days. He let the watch in his hands fall down at his side, swinging it back and forth like a clock. Each swing was a tick, a little bit to set his rhythm. He let the swings bring him back to the days of his childhood.

Jinx seemed to feel that rhythm as well, tweaking the settings on her gun as she stood side-profiled. Reducing her silhouette to a mere stick in the street, the paintball games they used to play running back through their minds. Flashes of Ekko moving around Jinx’s paintballs, ducking under the first one, moving in a winding path around the second, and leaping over the third. His leap was too short for the fourth; while he was coming down she had fired the shot and it hit him square in the chest. He ingrained that memory in his head, letting it guide his movements as he caught his watch. There wouldn’t be a do-over.

### ***Bang***

The first bullet roared through the night air, Ekko dodged it like he had before, but his path had changed. He wasn't circling Jinx's front anymore; he was moving round towards her back. The second and third shots came just as quickly, a dodge and a jump, but his jump was true this time. The momentary delay, the iota of readjustment where she had to change her stance, was enough. Ekko's leap turned into a swing, his pipe coming down like thunder atop her skull.

The first hit sent her reeling as Ekko came with it, both of them toppling on each other in a flurry of violence. Ekko's years of rage came flooding out in an instant; the life-or-death struggling made his adrenaline pump as he levied blow after blow. Jinx's face bloodied with his impacts while she loosely fought against him, her movements thwarted by swift reciprocation as he bloodied her in the melee. When he was about to drop the finishing blow, he stopped; the way Jinx looked at him brought his memories back. He was reminded of their friendship in childhood, the times they spent tinkering in his workshop. His moment of hesitation was all it took for the battle to be drawn.

### *Ting ting*

Ekko saw one of Jinx's grenades roll from her hand, the pin long-pulled and cooking in her palm. He didn't know how long she had been holding it, but she had planned to take them both out. In a flash the grenade exploded, his attempt to escape too slow as the blast consumed them in blossoming fire.

The bridge was awash with brilliant pink flames, their glittering explosion showering down upon it like fireworks.

-----

"What is going on here?" Viktor looked across the bridge in befuddlement.

He was at the precipice of the bridge to Piltover and was stopped in his tracks by an angry mob of people clamoring at the barricades of enforcers. All around him was chaos and discord, discord that left him stranded from his lab. In an attempt to venture back to his old home, he had been stopped at the pass. Now he was forced to wait like a child scorned, wait for his friend to smooth things over. His eyes brightened at the sight of Jayce, an old friend in uneasy times, but Jayce's gaze was not the same. It was one of annoyance and frustration.

"How could you do this?" Jayce's outburst was filled with more than just the frustration of their current predicament.

"I simply returned home. To consult with a friend." Viktor looked hurt by Jayce's outburst, unsure what exactly had happened.

“Do you have any idea how bad this looks? I set up a barricade between Piltover and The Undercity, then, not even a day later. My friend is caught at the border, sneaking in over the bridge. People are already furious, and this is just adding to the fire.” Jayce looked at a loss, stressed simply thinking of his next move.

“They are right to be outraged. This endeavor is a foolish one, Jayce. Why not lift the quarantine?” Viktor had a pleadingly soft tone as he motioned towards the angry people at the gates. “All this does is take more power from their hands.”

“I can’t, not with the incident last night. The Enforcers were ready to burn down the Undercity, and this was all I could do.” Jayce put his eyes to the ground as he spoke.

“What have I missed?” Viktor’s slow and drawling speech came out a bit slower as he asked the questions, like he was posing it to Jayce and himself.

Jayce’s shoulders slumped as he covered everything; he explained Himerdinger’s retirement, the assault on the enforcers, and the diminishing research on Hextech. As Jayce spoke, Viktor could feel the hands closing in around him; upper-class living had drained his fires, and the love of his woman had allowed him to be blind to the changes. Hextech was being commodified and packaged, while its true potential remained wasted. Viktor was hesitant to tell Jayce about the discoveries he had made, about how Shimmer could interact with Hextech in fascinating ways. No, his hopes only grew dimmer when their conversation strayed from laboratory work and on to political turmoil. The moment Jayce brought up Mel’s mother is when Viktor checked out.

“I think...I think I want to get back to the lab. There is much work to be done.” Viktor stabilized himself on his cane, taking shaky steps towards Piltover before stopping. “Jayce, you never told me. Why did you set up the barricade?”

“I needed to keep Piltover safe.” Jayce’s response was one of confusion, wondering why Viktor had even asked.

“Safe from what?” Viktor’s voice had a trace of accusation to it.

“Those people. People from the Undercity are dangerous criminals.” Jayce spouted the rhetoric that had been pounded into his head over his many meetings.

“I’m from the Undercity!” Viktor couldn’t contain the disdain in his voice at Jayce’s remark.

Viktor was furious, marching himself away from Jayce as fast as he could. The guards were ready to stop him, but Jayce motioned them away; he already realized his mistake. Whether their friendship would endure was another question, but Jayce knew that it was better to leave Viktor to his devices until a better time came around.

---

“You know, this would be a lot easier if you had gone first.” Vi chuckled from Caitlyn’s windowsill, looking down at the huffing girl as she climbed her way back up.

They had managed to escape everything that happened at the bridge: unsure whether Ekko or Jinx had survived, they just needed to find a place to rest. The best place they could think of was Caitlyn’s home; a nice place like that had more than enough space for two people if Caitlyn could make her way up. Caitlyn had made the mistake of wanting Vi to go up first, as it would raise fewer questions if Caitlyn were caught sneaking into her own room. The problem came when she forgot to factor in her own added weight. While it used to be a simple task; hopping from one pipe to another, climbing up the latticework and into her window, now it was difficult. The pipes could barely hold her weight; the metal creaked louder than a rusty gate and crunched when she wrapped her thighs around them. Her increased bust was making things far more difficult than they needed to be.

Fighting against her bounding balloons was closer to wrestling with two balloons under her shirt. Her bountiful mammaries bounced off the metal when she pulled in, sprang her back, and threatened to knock her from the building. Sweat poured down her forehead, drenching her already soggy uniform as she made her way up the latticework. Vi’s taunts weren’t exactly helping things either.

“Yeah, and it would be even easier if you’d shut your fat mouth.” Caitlyn’s barb back was about as effectual as her climbing.

“See this?” Vi began to pat the underside of her chin, smacking the taut muscle of her neck. “No fat here, but I do see a little extra chin growing under a certain someone.”

Vi leaned over the windowsill, ready to extend a helping hand to her favorite cupcake, but her comment had riled her up. Caitlyn pulled herself hand over hand in annoyance, as proving Vi wrong was giving her the strength to carry on. Lifting her blubbery form higher until she was eye level with Vi.

“I’m impressed you ...woah!” Vi’s sarcasm could only get her so far without some type of reprisal.

In a burst of strength Caitlyn, had catapulted herself over the stone sill, launching onto Vi like an avalanche of blubber. While her annoyance had given her a renewed strength, it vanished as quickly as it came. Replaced by the awkward pause both girls felt when they were atop each other. Vi had managed to get a faceful of Caitlyn cleavage, her head nestled comfortably between those twin blobs. She lingered for a moment, letting those hefty mounds embrace her like a hug. Vi’s face turned red as she stared at Caitlyn over her own bustline, but Caitlyn didn’t seem to mind. In her anger she had grabbed hold of Vi’s butt, her hand now

trapped under the enlarged derriere. Feeling Vi's ass was alluring, she could feel the stone-hard muscle just under her layers of fat. She gave it a small knead and squeeze; they both lay there in each other's warmth for a moment, until a familiar voice called out from Caitlyn's doorway.

"And here I thought I had to worry about your father bringing home strange women." Missus Kirraman stood idly by the door.

"Mother! I'm um. I was just...ummm." Caitlyn was at a loss.

The best Caitlyn could do was bolt upright, removing her breasts from Vi's face in a comical display. Caitlyn looked a mess, her buttons were popping all over, her skirt didn't sit properly, and she could feel the leather of her boots snapping from her fat calves.

"Please; I saw your legs dangling by my window. **And** I heard you shouting at this one here." Missus Kirraman walked her way across the room with a grace that Vi couldn't comprehend. "Goodness, you've ruined your outfit."

"Only a little. It's fixable." Caitlyn sheepishly looked away as Vi chuckled behind her.

"You're barely staying decent. Your girlfriend there was doing a better job covering you up. Now, come on. The tailors await." Missus Kirraman waved for Caitlyn to follow her. "That means you too, Vi, was it? If you've got the indecency to break into our home, then you'll have the decency to get some new clothes."

"Well, you heard the lady. Let's get going, honey." Vi held her arm out for Caitlyn to grab ahold of as she mockingly marched towards the door.

"After you, cupcake." Caitlyn smiled as her comment made Vi stumble.

Vi and Caitlyn exchanged a few jabs after that girlfriend comment, but ultimately followed Missus Kirraman out the door. Walking behind her, Vi could see where Caitlyn got her current figure from. Even though Caitlyn's weight gain was recent, fat seemed to be accumulating in all the same places as her mother. Missus Kirraman seemed to be carrying quite a bit of bulk under her perfectly tailored clothes. The well-fitted threads only served to make her look like a walrus in a fine coat. Rolls fell over each other in gyrating motions as her steps propelled her forward at a speed that was ill-suited for a woman of her size. With breasts bigger than Vi's head and a gut that entered rooms before she did, Missus Kirraman embodied the motherly figure. With Hips that bumped against the doorframe and thighs thicker than Caitlyn's waist, she was definitely a marked member of Piltover's nobility.

Vi smirked, happy that she was rubbing off on Caitlyn a bit as they went to the seamstress's room. A homely little room with a grand array of silken threads and a sewing table helmed by a rather portly-looking woman. With only a nod from Missus Kirraman, the

seamstress got to work, moving faster than her pudgy body belied. Pulling clothes from Caitlyn's body and from Vi's, leaving them both in their skivvies while she took measurements.

"Ow, hey, **hahahaha** careful. That's area's a bit sensitive." Vi couldn't help but laugh as the seamstress prodded every inch of her body with threads and needles.

"Oh, the great Vi is ticklish, is she? Let me mark the spots." Caitlyn smirked as the seamstress moved over to her, taking perfect measurements of her blubbery folds.

"You better not." Vi raised a gesturing finger menacingly. "How are you staying so still during all that?"

"I'm just a bit more used to it, I guess." Caitlyn didn't even stop to think about what Vi's experiences must have been like.

Even if she were as well-adjusted as she appeared, seven years in prison would make one very averse to strange touch. There likely was never a good experience from that kind of situation, all the fighting, all the beatings. As Caitlyn finished her measurements, she whispered a little something in the seamstress's ear. Suddenly, the measuring process became a lot gentler and a lot more careful. This may have led to them being late to dinner, but it at least gave Vi a bit more comfort in her home.

When the two finally made their way into the dining room, dinner was already served, and it was grander than anything Vi had imagined. A spread fit for a king; strewn about the table were whole roasted pork, fresh vegetables smothered in buttery sauces, tubers from far-off lands, and wine for days. While Missus Kiramman was sitting idly at the table, managing to devour her food at a rapid pace while still maintaining dignity, Vi and Caitlyn went wild. It may have been the hunger or it may have been the shimmer, but both girls rushed in like hogs.

Vi's mannerisms seemed to have rubbed off on Caitlyn, as Caitlyn was eating her food just as sloppily as Vi did. They pulled meat away with their fingers; fat and oils dripped down their fingers, trailing up their new tailored clothes. They ate like wretches in the street, pulling the pork close and plucking off the pieces one after the other with both hands. In no time the roast pork had been stripped to the bone; they moved on to the vegetables and roots, indulging as quickly as they could. Between bites they took heavy dregs of wine; Caitlyn's eating habits slowly began to mirror Vi's.

"Are you going to tell me where you've been all this time? I haven't seen hide nor hair of you in over a day." Missus Kiramman sipped her wine, trying to hide the disgusted look on her face.

"We've been in the Undercity; we found something that could bring a huge change to the city." Caitlyn didn't let her mother's look go unnoticed, but she was just too damn hungry to care.

The best Caitlyn could manage was to impart the details between bites, sharing the story of Jinx and Silco's machinations. Vi added her perspective as well, sharing what she felt comfortable sharing about her story. Her forgotten imprisonment by the enforcers was a tale she didn't want to recant but did anyway. As they both ate, Missus Kiramman's disgust only grew, her expression growing distasteful as she watched Vi speak with her mouth open.

"So, the Undercity. Well, that explains it." Missus Kiramman sat her wine down, her eyes closed as she tried to center herself.

"Explains what?" Caitlyn's reply had a trace of annoyance in it.

"Explains why you've become such a sloven pig." Missus Kiramman sounded devastated as she let the whole of her wrath loose. "You eat like a pig, talk with your mouth full, and you're gallivanting with some Lanes tart."

"I'm sorry, but I haven't exactly had the chance to eat or bathe the time we've been down there. Attempts on your life tend to mean certain things fall by the wayside." Caitlyn glared daggers at her mother.

As the night proceeded, more courses came out, more new meats and vegetables, and a dessert course. Vi thought it was funny that Caitlyn was being served cupcakes of all things, but the sweetness of the meal was soured by the mood. Caitlyn and her mother traded barbs the whole night, from dinner start to end, and it was a long dinner. By the time the desserts even came, the night was already approaching its end, and when it was all finished, it was midnight.

---

"Just **hoourf** who does she think she is? Treating you like gutter trash and me like some troubled child." Caitlyn stifled a belch as her uproarious vocalization rang through her room.

"She's just worried, that's all. I mean you, did **ooourrrp** Oh, damn. You did kind of vanish." Vi surprised herself at how loud her belch was.

"Don't you go taking her side." Caitlyn dragged herself into the room with Caitlyn's help as she closed the door.

"I'm not taking anyone's side, but take it from me. It's a lot better to have an annoying mom than none at all." Vi looked to the side, just realizing how cheesy her words sounded.

"You're taking a side alright, and it's my side in the bed." Caitlyn blushed at Vi's remark as she stripped her clothes off.

The adjusted outfit was barely holding on, so her singular tug sent the whole thing exploding in a shower of buttons and cloth. With that flourish, Caitlyn waltzed herself over to the bed, unbuttoning her lace in the most seductive way she thought possible. She was unsure if it was the wine talking or if the wine just made her say what she wanted, but she wanted Vi. Even when they were both big as whales and bloated like parade floats, she wanted Vi.

“Oh. I think I can take that side.” Vi smirked as she threw her jacket off, kicking off her pants in a haphazard fashion.

As she was down to her lace, Caitlyn turned, letting her bra fall at her side and giving Vi the full show. When nude, Caitlyn looked so much bigger than she did before. In the time since they'd first arrived, she'd managed to put on her fair share of pounds; the rich meal she'd eaten was already working its way through her system. Aside from her stomach, her breasts looked like immaculate dollops of cream. Wobbling collections of fat that filled Vi's hands when she cupped them, their jostling folds flowing through her fingers like putty. A small moan escaped Caitlyn's lips as Vi played with her breasts, kneading the flesh as she thumbed her nipples. Vi's touch was soft, but her hands were rough, forged from decades of combat. Their rough surface traced over Caitlyn's sensitive skin in a way that made her shudder. Caitlyn's own grip shot out, desperately clinging at Vi's body for anything to hold on to. Exploring lower until she felt her bloated backside, meaty hams that fought against her handholds. The same feeling of hard under soft, the blubber had increased in their long meal; Caitlyn couldn't even get her hands around them now. She could get a handful of heavy flesh, but it fought against her grip, wanting to spring back into place.



Passion led to heavy petting as they closed in for embrace, two cows fighting over the same piece of grass, a collection of blubbery flesh. Their overstuffed stomachs squished and collided as they tried to share each other's love. Bulbous and taut balloons covered in burgeoning layers of fluff, merging in a mush until they hit their packed stomachs and were sprang back. Vi's hands reached around Caitlyn's fat flanks, meeting at the cusp of her pelvis, palms centered along her hips as she pulled in. Vi's strength was enough to overcome the conflicting masses of their guts. Pressing in tightly, her rosy lips meeting Caitlyn's in a passionate lock. Desire pulled them in, pressing their bodies into each other hard and strong; Vi's passion drove her harder into Caitlyn. Angling her head to seal the lock, the soft muscle of her tongue mingling with Caitlyn's own in a wet mess. They sloppily indulged in each other, hips rocking into each other in instinctual movements, forceful gyrations that shifted the contents of Caitlyn's stomach.

*Huuurrrrrpp*

Caitlyn couldn't help herself; the digesting gasses from her meal upheaved with Vi's forceful grabs, and a belch traveled up her throat. Vi's cheeks bulged with the gas, but that didn't deter her. In a move that Caitlyn couldn't tell if it disgusted or aroused her, Vi swallowed the belch. Her throat bulging with Caitlyn's gas as the two of them stumbled across the room, their bodies becoming a metaphorical mass of flesh. Caitlyn struggled to keep her legs steady against Vi's dense form, despite being so much larger. Caitlyn was a pillow stuffed with feathers and lace while Vi was a sack filled with iron and stone. Vi's denser weight won the contest of passions as they both stumbled upon Caitlyn's bed. Caitlyn's own bulging stomach acting as a fulcrum that Vi could teeter over, Vi's added weight atop Caitlyn's belly only yielded more belches.

***Uuuuurrrrr***

***Ooouuurrrrrl***

Expulsions rolled through Caitlyn's and down Vi's throats, muffled by the sultry hulk's cavernous body. Caitlyn could feel Vi's stomach expanding against her own, filling with her repeated burps, which only yielded more as her stomach was compressed. Then Vi broke their liplock, pulling away so she could travel lower, planting kisses up and down Caitlyn's body. Wet lips tasted her salted flesh, picking up the remnant feast and sweat from their evening meal. Lapping at the crumbs strewn across Caitlyn's cleavage, diving between the balloons as they subtly grew around her head. Hands ran over Caitlyn's fatty hips, tracing the curves of her body as Vi's kisses went lower, moving until she was below her gut. Caitlyn bucked with pleasure, writhing in controllable ecstasy under Vi's touch as her legs were parted. She felt Vi's lips travel lower; kisses were planted on the fattened expanse of her pelvis as Vi kept traveling lower, moving until lip met lip.

***Oooooohhh***

***Hhuuurrrp***

Caitlyn's primal moan of pleasure rang through her room as her legs sprang around Vi's back like a trap. Locking into each other as they forced Vi deep into her lips, her fat oozing over the wrought muscles of Vi's back. Even when so hefty, Caitlyn could still feel the ridges and valleys of Vi's body, feeling every movement as her fat seeped over them. Caitlyn spasmed in the throes of pleasure as she drove Vi's face into her lower lips, slamming her stomach into the bedframe. Caitlyn's own cries of pleasure were cut by the occasional belch as more of her contents loosened from the impromptu exercise. She wasn't the only one to feel some upsetting motion as Vi's belly being pressed into the bed was loosening her own tightly packed meal.

***Uuurrrrrpp***

Vi's cheeks puffed as Caitlyn's swallowed gas broke from her gullet, traveling up her throat and back into Caitlyn. The feeling of her own gas inside of her made Caitlyn moan louder, locking in like a vise as she arced into ecstasy.

Their pleasurable exchanges continued long into the night, each taking turns to explore each other's erogeny. Caitlyn weaponized the information of Vi's sensitive spots during their time together and explored them when it was her turn to reciprocate. Their heaving bodies became drenched in sweat as minutes stretched into an hour; the windows of her room fogged as the heavy bodies flopped over each other. Perspiration flowed in rivers as they exhausted themselves, breaking themselves upon the other's body until their sheets were drenched with more than just sweat. Too hot for blankets, too sweaty for sheets, post-coitus they lay on Caitlyn's bed in a panting mess. The blue light of the muted starshine filtered across their bodies, making their rivers of sweat glisten like gems in a valley. Chests rising and falling in heaving movements as they caught their breath. A moment of relative silence spent in each other's grips, looking at each other and drinking in the other's form. Caitlyn took the time to appreciate Vi's body, now finally clear of the haze of her own climax.

Vi managed to retain much of her body shape, even with what must have been a dozen pounds of food in her gullet. Her muscular arms were defined, bulging like pythons as she stretched her hand across the bed frame. None of the weight seemed to fall on her breasts; those tiny apples still rest atop a shelf of muscle, it wasn't until you got to her gut that you'd think she was any different. A stomach that rose like a mountain off her midriff, stretched muscle was hidden under bounds of fat that flowed down to her obliques and to her hips. Her hips looked so motherly when compared to the rest of her: wider and round, plush and soft. Hips that tapered into thighs that Caitlyn doubted her hands would fit around, and it was all complimented by an enormous set of cheeks. Vi's enhanced metabolism was already processing her meal and piling those pounds on her bountiful cheeks, cheeks large enough to raise her off the bed as she sank into it.

"How do you manage it?" Caitlyn whispered over exhausted sighs, hand outstretched and running down the center of Vi's stomach.

"Manage what?" Vi pulled Caitlyn a bit closer as her exhaustion started to take its toll.

"Manage to keep it off? You seem to be able to eat as much as you want without a pound going where you don't want it." Caitlyn stopped her finger at Vi's midriff, tracing her finger along the rim of her navel.

"I think my ass begs to differ. I doubt I could fit in my old pants anymore." Vi laughed quietly, planting her hand on Caitlyn's own rotund stomach, feeling it rise under her grip.

"God, how I envy a chair." Caitlyn peered down to Vi's backside. "At least you can wear baggy pants. Not many options to conceal these huge udders."

"I think i can get pretty used to milk. Need it to wash down this cupcake." Vi smiled, placing a hand under Caitlyn's chin and drawing her in for a kiss.

They shared a loose embrace before their exhaustion finally took hold of them, their eyes flickering off into sleep. Stewing in their own lovely mess, they'd deal with it when the morning came.

---

Not far away in the vaunted towers of Piltover, a late-night ship burst through the Hexgates with menacing ceremony. Blue sparks fluttered down in an ominous rain as Mel stood with Lest on the skydock. Lest was her faithful informant and attendant, an escort who could squeeze her way into any meeting or occasion. Everyone was always looking for an experienced lover and attendant to keep them company, and Lest fit that role perfectly. She was a Vastaya, a chimeric woman with animal features that made her seem exotic to those striving for more flavor in their pleasures. With ears that stretched above her head and gray fur that ran down to her digitrade feet, she resembled a feline woman. Bright pink eyes shone like spotlights from her pudgy cheeks as she bent in to listen to Mel's whispers.

The fact that she could squeeze into any gathering was a marvel in itself, as her rotund figure made tight spaces difficult. Her size spoke volumes about her popularity, that a woman from outside of upper Piltover could sport a size similar to theirs. Her rotund stomach stuck out from the wrappings at her waist, stretching the strained vestments to their limit. Patches of gold covered a dozen resewn stitches from her attempts at self-tailoring; she hadn't the access to noble tailors. It was clearly evident in the pear shape her dress had taken on, the massive haunches of her thighs bulging out from the purposeful gaps in her skirt. Her whole body was bulky and bulging, enough to match Mel's in places, but not enough to match the presence that came into their port. As the airship's landing ramp lowered, they could feel an ominous weight coming for them. The looming presence of a mastodon on the warpath, a seeping and overwhelming aura that choked the courage from their lungs. As the ramp touched down, a procession of people came with it.

A tall and powerful woman walked between equally tall men; their muscular builds were greater than the woman's but seemed to lack the same presence. She was aged; gray hair ran back in a wild bush on her head. Scars pocked her dark skin, the face of a veteran, and she carried herself as such. Moving with a confidence that exuded ethereal strength, she stepped into the moonlight. An ashen fur pelt draped over her shoulders like a cape, marked by various crossed swatches of red silk, but underneath those was a breastplate of black steel. Even in casual, she was ready for combat, which she started the moment she laid eyes on Mel.

"You know, I sent you to Piltover to learn and grow. I see you've taken the latter more literally." Her mother's verbal attack elicited little more than a scowl from Mel. "But who is this minx you bring before me? Already bored of Elora?"

"Elora couldn't make it out of her room today. She got stuck in the door, and they have to reframe it, she sends her regards." Mel swallowed her venom and gave a small bow as her mother stepped on the platform.

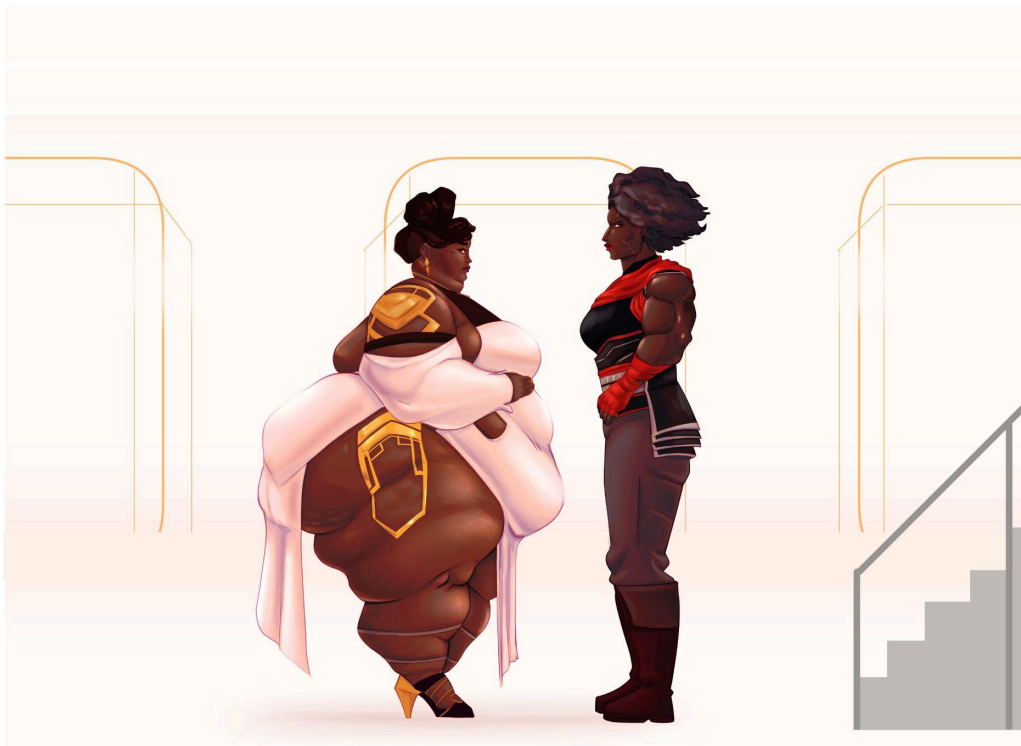
“Shame, I did take a liking to her. Nevertheless, I guess introductions are in order.” Her Mother moved past Mel towards the Lest, staring her in the eye.

“I am honored to meet you. I am Lest, one of Mel’s attendants and yours for your stay here. Any pleasure you seek and any treasure you desire is mine to bring to you, great and powerful Ambessa.” Lest bowed as deeply as her expanded frame would allow without creating a wardrobe malfunction.

“I see, so you brought a pet for my stay, Mel? You are too kind.” Ambessa reciprocated Lest’s bow, beckoning for her to rise. “I hope we can make each other’s time enjoyable.”

“Why did you come?” Mel took a step forward, her face curled in frustration.

“Can a mother not visit her daughter? It has been over ten years since you took your leave of my side.” Ambessa turned to Mel.



“Since you banished me, you mean? What was it you said? ‘My soft emotions were more suited to the soft bodies of the philosophers across the sea?’” Mel crossed her arms, ignoring her mother’s attempts to ingratiate herself.

“Quite a memory on you, like your father’s. Well, if you must know. I’ve heard tales of Piltover’s bounty and the marvel of the Hexgates. So I came to bathe it in, drink in the culture, live the life...sample the local cuisine.” Ambessa put a hand under Lest’s chin to punctuate her claim.

---

Across the river, down in the Undercity, the aftermath of the battle on the bridge was still settling. Enforcers encroached further into the territories, the tensions rose high between the citizens as fights started to break out; it was chaos in chaotic times. Chaos that former councilor Heimerdinger was experiencing firsthand, as he saw people assaulting each other in broad daylight. He desperately sought a way to help, but the problem was too broad for a single man to try and resolve. He shambled listlessly to the river’s edge, looking for a place to quiet his thoughts when he stumbled upon Ekko. Injured and barely able to walk from the aftermath of Jinx’s explosive, he had found a corner to recover or die in. When the two met, Heimerdinger and Ekko discussed the finer aspects of engineering. Heimerdinger kept his eyes on Ekko, allowing him a restful sleep while he kept watch.

---

The peace of Ekko’s rest contrasted the chaos happening deep beneath Piltover as Ekko’s opponent Jinx was being rushed through the underground. Silco had found her in a heap on the bridge, body bloodied and broken from the scuffle and her own explosive. Too injured for any common Zaunian doctor and fading fast, he only knew one who could take care of her. A mad man that everyone called Singed, he was instrumental in the creation of Shimmer and was the only one who could help in this moment. Silco burst into his lab with Jinx in his arms, her limp body draped across them. No words needed to be exchanged as Singed looked into Silco’s exhausted eyes.

In a flash they prepped the table, pulling off the straps and resting Jinx atop the table, retying the straps across her body.

“Her injuries are severe.” Singed spoke without a hint of emotion in his words.

“You think I can’t see that?!” Silco spat those words with vitriol as Singed worked.

“I believe I can save her, but the process will be...maddening. Sometimes death is a mercy.” Singed moved from the table to his tools in a flash while Silco stared with boiling fury.

“She can take it.” Silco never let his eyes fall off Singed, his anger being focused into the man’s doubt of Jinx.

“Then, before I begin. Are you prepared to lose her?” Singed turned around, a prepped needle in his hands.

Silco’s expression fell, unsure how to answer that and never given a chance to. Jinx began to sputter and cough, the vestiges of life fading from her as blood sputtered from her lungs.

“She won’t die, doctor. She can’t.” Silco removed the smattering of blood from Jinx’s lip as she spoke, so focused on her that he failed to see Singed moving in the background.

“I understand that, but this is for your own sanity.” A needle plunged into Silco’s neck as Singed uttered those words. “I too once had a daughter.”

Silco found his strength leaving him as he collapsed into the chair behind him, Singed leaving him to sleep off his sedation as he got to work. Hooking tubes of Shimmer into Jinx’s body, letting the injections flow and perforate her veins. Purple crawled its way up her arms as her flesh began to bubble under the surface, snaking flows of Shimmer found their way into her heart. Her pumping heart profused the liquid into her body as she bolted awake.

Jinx’s eyes were wide with terror, her skin an ashen gray as she looked frantically around the room. She was alone in the room; lava coursed through her veins, and she felt like her skin was splitting apart. Her bones snapping and cracking as they reset themselves, her screams of pain echoing across the room. From the door came her supposed salvation, the shadowed silhouettes of Vi and herself, her younger self. It was Powder, still at her sister’s side, holding her teddy bear. Then came a gunshot; Vi had produced a pistol and slew her sister. The image vanished and in Powder’s place was Caitlyn, coddling that teddy bear like it was her own. Sneering at Jinx while her sister cheered and laughed, her voice echoing over itself as she got closer. In her hands was a dual-chambered syringe of Shimmer.

“I know it hurts now, but it’s only going to get worse.” Caitlyn’s snide voice cut through Jinx’s senses, her face curled into a smile as she injected the next canisters.

Jinx screamed in agony, her wails carrying into the night as Singed continued his treatment, and she was tormented by her visions.

-----

Vi and Caitlyn had to wait until early afternoon before they were able to finally meet with the Council, a schedule set by those with no urgency or need. Both of them had roused with the sunlight, woken in each other’s arms after their night of passion. Their feast and lovemaking from the previous night had accelerated their growth in more ways than one. They grew closer,

more familiar, and heavier as well. Caitlyn's body had borne the brunt of her caloric surfeit, as was evidenced by her ill-fitting uniform. Even when tailored to fit her new size, it still bunched in uncomfortable places after her morning feast. Buttons curled outward, and her enforcer uniform was constantly riding up her bloated stomach. The buttons across her chest were strained and popped in places, the brass dots loosened across the purple expanse. Vi didn't have nearly the same issues; while her midriff had gained some extra padding, she managed to tank the previous feasts fairly well. She fit into her outfit pretty well, with only the small crescent above her navel being visible for everyone to see.

Even with their prodigious size, they paled in comparison to the council; every member was corpulent and rolling. They looked closer to rotund bubbles than they did people; fat-filled flesh poured out from their clothes and bulged against their clothes. Upon stepping foot in that rotunda, the scent of grease and oils hit Vi and Caitlyn's noses, reminding the both of them of the stalls in The Lanes. Too busy eating to even acknowledge their presence, not until the sensible ones took over. Jayce and Mel seemed to be the only ones who even treated their job as a job, acknowledging Caitlyn and Vi with the same formality they would any noble.

"I would say good morning, but that hour has long passed. Councilor Kiramman informed us that you had information about the situation in the lanes?" Mel kicked off the meeting officially by deferring to Caitlyn.

"Yes, through great effort and struggle we've managed to gain insight into the Undercity. They are people that live in constant fear; good food is scarce there, and criminal organizations guide their every step." Caitlyn looked Jayce square in the eyes as she spoke, the only member of the council she trusted.

"Food, scarce? I've seen Laners twice my size." One of the councilors scoffed at the mention of food issues, barely paying attention as he fiddled with a puzzlebox.

"That is because of the other issue that plagues the Undercity, Shimmer. It's a drug produced and proliferated by a single dealer. Its abuse causes weight gain beyond one's means. It's in their water, in their crops; everything they eat has some trace of it and this is all because of Silco." Caitlyn took a step forward as her anger rose, her hand clenching uneasily at the air.

"We've investigated Silco times over; nothing has been found." Another councilor laughed off the accusation as she ripped a chunk from her steak.

"And who led your investigations? After seeing its effects, I could name a few who had indulged in shimmer." Caitlyn snapped back at the denial before continuing. "We've got several sources that place him at the base of many organizations."

"If what you say is true, if these organizations are running rampant, then we need to act. Storm the Undercity and rout these organizations; with Hextech we have more than enough

firepower.” Jayce spoke up; his anger seemed to match Caitlyn and Vi’s: he was tired of sitting on his hands while things went up in flames.

“Before that, lunch is ready.” Missus Kiramman spoke up, interrupting Jayce’s flow as carts filtered in.

More food than Vi had ever seen was bussed into the room, more than the feast they had the previous night. Rich foods cooked to messy perfection, towering piles of dishes that were ferried to each councilor. Jayce’s furor deflated as the rest of the council began to stuff their faces; all conversation died under the sounds of sloppy eating. Vi watched everyone lose interest in their meeting as soon as the food arrived, their eyes glazing over in a malaise as they ate. Only Mel seemed to have any wits about her, still keeping an eye on things while she ate her food. Grease flung across the room, painting the middle of the rotunda in a spray of food remnants. Their gnashing bites and chews filled Vi with an untold fury; she had been content with Caitlyn trying to convince them, letting a noble voice hit noble ears. She was too quiet, a meek mouse trapped in formality, unable to raise her voice against her betters. What they needed was a kick in the ass, someone to bludgeon them with the truth until they vomited.

“Is this really Piltover’s best and brightest?! Your city is under siege. Every day the war we fight in the undercity spreads its way towards your people. Even though we’re your people too! And all you can do in the face of the enemy is stuff your fat faces?! Silco is coming.” Vi slammed her fist on the gear-shaped table as she made her protest.

Her forceful impact shook the plates on the table, knocking over the wine glass in front of Mel and reigniting Jayce’s fervor. Jayce was ready to speak, to rally with Vi, but Mel couldn’t let that happen.

“So we’ll negotiate with him. Find an agreement with this Silco.” Mel crossed her fingers, staring at Vi with a haughty gaze.

“Negotiate? Negotiate?!” Vi’s disbelief at the very notion of the word. “You can’t negotiate with Silco. He’ll feed you at the same time he sticks the knife in your gut. He killed his own brother for not following his goals.”

“What are his goals?” Jayce’s brow furrowed at Vi’s speech and the general malaise of the council around him.

“I don’t know, not exactly. I just know he wants Zaun’s independence and will do anything to get it.” Vi calmed down a little at Jayce’s support.

The council collectively dropped their forks at the mention of Zaun, a ghost of the past that they feared more than anything. Nobody called the Undercity Zaun anymore or recognized it as the sister to Piltover. It had always been a nation stifled and abused by the council,

absorbed into Piltover's reaches and used to facilitate their needs. So the mention of someone who wanted it independent threw them into an uproar.

Plates crashed across the floor, shouts came from all sides as things erupted into chaos, with Jayce at the helm to try and course correct. Shouts grew louder and tempers flared; it was what Vi hoped, she hoped they would get angry. Their anger wasn't placed at the issue, as things carried on; she realized it was being directed at her and Caitlyn. Daring to bring up such an issue was damning, and all the ire from it was brought onto the duo. Vi and Caitlyn felt themselves being shouted out of the council room, the protests and voices chasing them out. It was disheartening and frustrating; Vi's anger started to bubble over as they reached the outside.

"Those fat idiots. They don't know. They don't know what he's capable of." Vi paced back and forth outside of the council chamber.

"Some of them do at least. It takes a lot to make the council move like that. I think they're coming around." Caitlyn tried to see the silver lining of the situation.

"Move? The only thing that makes them move is a juicy steak. This was stupid. I shouldn't have gone to them for help. People like them never listen." Vi's pacing got faster, reminding Caitlyn of how she acted in the cell.

"It's going to happen; you just have to wait. Be patient." Caitlyn tried to calm Vi down, bring her back to a normal temperament.

"Patient? I rotted in a cell for seven years while I waited for someone to notice I was there. No fat noble, or rich savior came in to get me, not until they needed me. I think I've had enough patience." Vi clenched her fist as she remembered those long years.

"I got you out of that cell." Caitlyn's voice fell a little, like she felt attacked by Vi's comment.

"And fat good it did. Those useless blobs in that room made up their minds a long time ago." Vi started to walk away.

"Then let's go without them. You and I, we'll take him down together." Caitlyn's voice was pleading at this point, trying to chase after Vi.

"It was nice while it lasted, but it won't work. Just like Piltover and the Undercity." Vi walked away, not even looking back as she quickened her pace.

Caitlyn couldn't keep up as Vi disappeared around the corner and from her life, leaving her in the lurch. Hot tears ran down her cheeks as she rushed away from the council building and out into the streets. Her distress fueled her hunger as she sought out the ice cream shop; she was going to drown herself in sweets. Caitlyn was too distraught to notice, but above her on

the rooftops, a figure loomed over her. Casting a mountainous shadow larger than even the largest noble, a blob of a woman that moved with an unusual swiftness.

---

While the council and Jayce frittered their time away over minute politics and quibbles, Viktor had been working on the only issue he thought real. His health had been deteriorating at a rate faster than he'd thought, and he needed to hasten things. His time in the Undercity had left him with a few breadcrumbs to pursue; the usage of shimmer in his research had proven beneficial. While his initial uses had threatened him with the same weight gain that so many other users had experienced, it vanished when he brought it close to the Hexcore. Fat was sucked from his body and deposited into the core itself, leaving Viktor with all of the benefits. This discovery is what spurred him on, causing him to dive further down the rabbit hole of discovery. Experimenting on himself day and night, feeling the effects of a body renewed, grafting more Hextech along his body and mutating himself into something different. He had isolated himself in the lab for days, barely coming out to eat, which raised concern from his assistant.

Sky had been at Viktor's side since his time in the Undercity, a woman who yearned for his attention more than anything else. It's why she worked her way up to being his assistant; they had so many similar interests, and she'd even taken time to improve on some of his designs. All of that and she still couldn't wrest his attention for more than a few moments. A mousey girl with glasses larger than her face and wild hair done up in a bun. They were almost the perfect pair for each other, in every way but one. She cared for Viktor far more than Viktor cared for himself.

With his long isolation in his lab, Sky had gotten worried; she needed an excuse to check up on him, and the easiest excuse was lunch. Even though she'd already eaten her third lunch for the day, an extra one wouldn't hurt. She hustled her way through the halls, blubbery body jostling with each step as buttons popped from her lab coat.

"Hey, Viktor. You've been cooped up in the lab for a while, so I figured you could use a snack. I made your favorite...No, that's not right." Sky shook her head in disappointment as she rehearsed her greeting with Viktor, like she was asking him out on a date. "Hey, I've got this new proposal; maybe we could read it over some food... Still not right. Heey, Viktor, it's been a while. Want to share these sandwiches with me? Cafeteria made extra."

Sky kept rehearsing her greetings to herself, mumbling nervously until she saw flashing lights from Viktor's lab. The shadowed hallway was illuminated like the sun, bathed in white light that shimmered across the stone. Sky felt herself running, sprinting at full blast; something about the glow filled her with danger. She had to protect Viktor, save him from whatever experiment was going on in his lab. Running as fast as her body could carry her, she rounded the corner, and the full scope of Viktor's experiment was revealed to her.

He stood facing away from her, back bubbling with fat like it was water on the stove; waves of blubber formed and vanished under his skin, rising like pustules as he stuck a needle in his arm. The pustules turned purple as he reached for an abomination of fat and steel in the center of his table. It was the Hexcore, but, like she had never seen it; the runes along its surface glowed with crimson malice, the panels coated in slimy blubber that glistened in the light. The core itself danced violently atop its pedestal; the humming and the light coming from it were blinding and deafening. Sky was frozen at the precipice, unable to move until she saw Viktor reaching for the core. His hand was outstretched, feebly stretching over the table, fingers just inches from the monstrosity. It brought an urgency to Sky's mind, a protective instinct she didn't know she had. Already moving before her mind could process it, she needed to save Viktor from this nightmare. She rushed ahead, arm outstretched, diving in front of Viktor as she grabbed his hand out of the way.

"No!" Viktor screamed out, not in anger but of abject fear as Sky's hand graced the surface of the core.

She lacked the bolster that Shimmer provided Viktor; her fat was natural, and unfortunately, finite. The moment her flesh touched the quivering mass of the core, its hunger took over; fat ripped from Sky's body in a violent stream, pouring from her fingers like a river. Fat flowed freely from her body, pulled from her form and shrinking her body; she regressed through the many stages of her growth. Shrinking as the Hexcore devoured everything it could of her, pausing only when she was bereft of excess fat. For a moment, she and Viktor shared a glance, she was back to the way he knew her. Before the excess of Piltover had gripped her body, she was young and athletic, and that's how she stood now. That moment, that visage, it was only there for a moment. Her warm smile turned to one of anguish as her body wasted, her skin turning gaunt as everything that was her was drained away. Not just fat, but muscle as well; the Hexcore kept taking from her, draining her until there was nothing left. Standing for a moment as a husk of skin and bones before collapsing into an aged dust that the core consumed as well.

Viktor sat devastated, full of morose fury and unsure what to do. He looked at the Hexcore, Himerdinger's warnings to destroy it coming to mind. It had taken one life, and maybe that was all he could let it have. Then in his mind came a vision; everything blurred as his consciousness lifted, drawn into the center of the core. In its depths he saw a vision of Sky, resting in the recesses, and he knew the truth. The Hexcore couldn't destroy, only transform, lift them all to a higher state of being. With it, he could defeat the plague of sloth and gluttony that had infected Piltover.

"It's the only way." He muttered to himself, still holding Sky's loose clothes in his arms, looking at the Hexcore with the same expression he shared with Sky.

---

Jayce had been seething ever since the meeting; days had passed, and no decision had been made. Caitlyn holed herself up in her room with fifteen boxes of pastry and hasn't been seen since, and to top it off, Mel had gone missing. Maybe that's why Jayce was so elated when he got her letter; maybe that's why he ignored some of the obvious signs. The letter was typed, like it was from her desk and not her home, and the letter itself was only addressed with her last name. Jayce should have known it wasn't her, but he answered the call anyway, moving through Piltover and into the royal bathhouses for hopes of some talk or some fun. He got both, just not how he expected and against his will.

Sitting in the water like a stuffed pig was Mel's mother, Ambessa, a shank of ham floating on a plate beside her. She resembled Mel in more ways than one, seemingly having grown fat over her short stay. Her heavy breasts bobbed up and down in the water as the steaming bubbles of the bathhouse popped. At her side was Lest, ready with a plate of grapes and a glass of wine as Ambessa finished her meat.

"The tinkerer who plays a soldier. I don't believe we've formally met." Ambessa smiled at Jayce's sheepish nature, lips curling into a smile as she sipped her wine.

"Ambassador Medarda. I'm sorry to intrude, I was just..." Jayce stumbled over his words, keeping contact with Ambessa's eyes, trying to force the business nature of his call.

"It is not intrusion. This is not a vulnerable hour, you see as you are meant to. So tell me, tinkerer. What do you know of war? Because I hear, that's what you want." Ambessa smiled, running an affectionate hand across Lest's cheek as she returned her glass.

"I don't want a war. I want to keep Piltover safe, and if I need to destroy those criminals, then I'll do it." Jayce's reluctant nature faded as Ambessa's words sparked the fires in his heart.

"I think you misunderstand boy; you may not want a war, but what your plan will lead to one." Ambessa rose from the water after her statement.

Jayce was taken aback by her body; she had taken the excesses of Piltover to heart, and it showed. While it wasn't as substantial as her daughter's, she was still remarkably padded around the midriff. Inches of blubber layered atop her midriff, jostling over the muscle in gelatinous ripples. Her movements were strong and swift, even with the added padding on her midriff, striding towards Jayce like she wasn't carrying inches of blubber on her body. Rapid and powerful steps that made her seem like a predator on the hunt; in no time she had closed the gap, toweling off with a cloth of Lest's supply.

"I think the people will side with the Enforcers. Once the gangs are cleared, the city will open and...things will go back to how they were." Jayce had trouble verbalizing it; he couldn't tell if his hesitation was due to his doubt or his opinion of the people in the Undercity.

“That Hextech must be powerful. If your victory is so assured that you focus on the after.” Ambessa ran the towel across her body.

“With Hextech we can detain the crime bosses and end this nonsense.” Jayce kept his eyes on Ambessa’s as she moved closer, his words stopping her in her tracks.

“**Ahahahhaa hahaa.**” the chamber filled with her hearty laugh; its echoing call filled the air with menace.

Jayce didn’t know how to react; she laughed up a storm like he had told the funniest joke in history. It went on for so long that he began to relax, the tension in his shoulders loosening, and for a moment, he forgot he was in a room with Mel's mother. In the instant he relaxed, she moved upon him like a shadow, hulking body pressing him into the wall. She pressed her body into his, softly at first, letting him feel the softness of her midriff. That padded stomach was a lie, a lie revealed when she pushed her weight forward, pressing so hard that Jayce felt the muscle below. She was made of iron; beneath that wall of blubber was a mountain of hard-wrought muscle that could snap him like a twig.

“My boy, what you want is a slaughter. Those people will not be detained; they will not be stopped. You must exterminate them like rats, lest they repopulate and plague your city again.” Ambessa smiled a wicked smile, her entire body language turning into something menacing as she leaned her weight onto Jayce.

“Mistress Medarda. Do not forget. We have a dinner date tonight. The pre-feast should be starting soon.” Lest piped up from the back of the room, calling out to Ambessa.

“Ahh, where would I be without you? You’re a tour guide for the blind.” Ambessa removed herself from Jayce, watching the man pant to refill his lungs. “Think about what I said, boy. And should you decide to deal with your pests, keep in touch; I’ve done my fair share of extermination.

Jayce stood haggard, still blurring his vision as Ambessa followed Lest out of the room, still thinking on her words.

While Jayce had his happenstance meeting with her mother, Mel had been arranging her own plans. She knew the council’s lifestyles relied on Silco’s continued work and his iron-fisted rule of the Undercity, so she arranged a meeting. A late-night rendezvous at the docks. While Ambessa swayed Jayce to the side of war, Mel sought for uneasy peace.

“The Medarda girl. Amusing to see you outside of Piltover’s bounds.” Silco stood on the docks, a letter in his hands and bandages around his neck.

“It’s quite a trek; if you were really ready to talk, you’d have brought snacks.” Mel smiled, her husky body wobbling in the fading sunlight.

“Forgive me if I have trouble believing your words. A Noxian speaking for Piltover in regards to the fate of Zaun.” Silco did not move, his fiery eye focused on Mel.

“I am a Noxian second and a councilor first. So I come with a deal in hand.” Mel kept walking, moving to arm’s length, an envelope in hand.

Silco pulled it out of her hand, holding it up to his side, letting the sun beam through the envelope. Never taking his eyes off of Mel; of the Piltoverian nobles, she was the one with the most wits about her. With the sun illuminating the envelope, he could see any attempted traps of hidden chemicals; this time, there were none. Carefully he opened up the envelope, looking it over with care; inside was a bill.

“What do you want in return?” Silco folded the bill after reading it.

“Nothing much; you keep things in control down there, and we can move forward without an issue. We just need a little something to grease the wheels.” Mel paused, waiting for any interjection from Silco before continuing. “The council needs someone to take the fall, a mysterious criminal mastermind and the one who struck a blow against the enforcers.”

Silco’s calm expression began to crack, the smallest wrinkles of anger creeping across his face.

“I hear they call her Jinx. You surely know of her? You wouldn’t be the King of Zaun if you didn’t. Give me Jinx, and I’ll give the King his throne.” Mel smiled; she took joy in seeing a man like Silco so off-kilter. “Take your time to answer, but I expect your response in two days.”

Mel walked away from Silco, confident enough to turn her back on the man; she knew it was risky to turn away from a snake, but she had her insurance. She didn’t even stick around to see Silco fume and rage.

-----

In the days since Vi and Caitlyn’s separation, Vi had spent her days picking fights in the Undercity, her temper still flaring as she tried to drown it in alcohol and food. The feeling of heat under her skin never left, the tension she felt when a member of Silco’s gang walked by. Bloodying her knuckles on every punk and every guard that looked remotely like they had Silco’s coin in their pocket. Some of them didn’t, but she was too mad to care. The times she went too far, the times that she was an inch away from ending a life, Caitlyn had stopped her from getting there. Now, without her at her side, Vi was a frothing mongrel chomping at the bit, and maybe that’s what she liked. She certainly had more freedom than she had imagined; every roughed-up bartender and every broken tooth was another beer in her gullet. She’d been drowning herself so much that she practically sloshed when she walked.

The free-flowing drink had an effect on her physique; the fat she carried so easily had multiplied. Blubbery haunches that flared out from her sides, thickly pumped thighs, and a backside that pushed apart the threads of her pants. She felt a sort of shame that she still wore them, noble-made threads, but that wasn't the real reason. The shame she felt came from her feelings, when she snapped the waistband, she still remembered her night of passion with Caitlyn.

"Do you think I screwed up?" Vi asked that question to the bottom of her bottle.

***Ugggggghhh***

"Yeah, I guess you're not in a state to answer that." She muttered that before taking another swig.

She was at the bar of her most recent success, a bar Silco had been using as a front for moving Shimmer. At her heels was the broken-jawed enforcer at the door, a man she'd never seen who thought he could take her on. No matter how often they tried, they always failed, but the fight made the drink that much sweeter. After that sip turned into a long gulp, she looked down at her overflowing flab, the bloated balloon that poked out over her belt.

"I think I've been taking this too far." Vi looked down at her gut, setting the bottle down on the bar.

"Not far enough." Powder's voice whispered through the dark, and it was the last thing she heard.

Before Vi could react or turn, there was a sharp impact at the back of her head, and her eyes fluttered. Unconsciousness turned into sleep as the weight of the alcohol took hold of her. She felt like she was swimming, floating in an endless sea with the city drifting away from her; the night sky faded into images of her past. Of her early life, of the time when she was the happiest; then those images were interspersed with her time with Caitlyn. Her dreaming mind was unable to comprehend the images, not before she was roused from her sleep.

***Click***

***Fsstttt***

Sparklers lit below Vi's feet, illuminating the shadowed room around her; the music box they were attached to began to rotate, playing a song from her youth. Her hands were bound, tied in wrapped layers of heavy rope, too tight to move or maneuver. Instinctively she struggled against her bindings, but all she did was give herself a little rope burn.

"Feelin' good there, drinky?" Jinx's voice rang out through the shadows.

Vi's eyes adjusted to the darkness, pulling up from the sparklers to look about; up in the rafters she could see something, something large. A massive and hulking form that moved with the ease of the wind.

"Powder?" Vi called out, her voice a mix of confusion and concern.

"Still feeling it? You got my name wrong again." Jinx sounded sad and disappointed, her movements stopping at her old name.

"Are we alone?" Vi was still trying to get eyes on her sister, but her question was rooted in another concern.

"For a bit, we've got another guest coming." Jinx paused, standing in front of Vi, just out of sight as the sparkler light faded. "It's really funny...that you get my name wrong. Because... you're the one who gave it to me."

"I'm sorry, I...you're my sister; you're more than a Jinx." Vi looked around desperately as the world grew darker, the shadowed movements getting closer.

"You're right. I'm about three Jinxes now." Jinx laughed to herself as she stepped in the fading light.

For a moment, Vi got a glimpse of her, saw the changes that Jinx had undergone. She must have dosed on Shimmer; the purple reflection in her eyes showed it, along with the massive amounts of fat on her body. Jinx weighing as much as three of herself might have been an understatement. She was wider than Caitlyn, a wobbling mound of blubber that shouldn't be able to move. Sporting a stomach that hung down over her knees and thighs wider than Vi's torso, she was a gelatinous blob given human form. She still wore her old clothes, but they barely fit her; the leather top she wore was stretched to the very limit, fat flowed from the creases like gel. Rolls upon rolls of bulging pale flesh, the only thing that kept her decent was the relative meekness of her breasts in comparison to the rest of her. Every movement she made was met with snapping threads, the sounds of pants about to burst and release the molded blobs beneath.

“What happened?” Vi looked at her sister with shock before the sparklers went out and she was left in the dark again.

“The usual, I died and then I came back. Just with a little extra cushioning, for safety, you know? Gotta get the Jinx some extra padding so she doesn’t hurt herself too much.” Jinx laughed, the sound of clicking gears punctuating her words.

“Was it Shimmer?” Vi could feel a great sadness at the thought of her sister losing herself to that drug.

“Of course it was Shimmer; not like I could wait for my big sis to come pick me up.” Jinx’s confidence faded into a pained whisper as she spoke those last words.

“Powder. I’m so sorry. I never meant to leave you. When I was in that prison, in those cold stone cells, all I thought about was you.” Vi remembered those chilly nights well, starved to the bone, chalking up the days with the grime on the floor.

“What about the second time, and the third? You walked away with your new blue, your replacement powder.” The hurt in Jinx’s voice morphed to anger as the lighter in her hands flared to life.

In the flickering light, Vi was given a closer view of Jinx’s face; she could feel Jinx’s wobbling jowls press into her face, the heaps of sweat that budded from her pores.

“It’s not like that.” Vi stared Jinx in the eye, desperately trying to hold back tears and convince her sister.

“No, no, it’s fine.” Jinx threw her lighter across the room, flooding it with light. “You’re allowed to have two Powders.”

With the candle’s new light, Vi was able to see the feast that Jinx had laid out on the table in front of her. A long and yawning table that didn’t have a single inch uncovered; plates of food were piled chaotically around the table, heaping dishes of collected sweets and dripping candies.

“What is all this?” Vi looked on in confusion, seeing the open spot at the table.

There was a chair for Jinx on one side, her name scrawled haphazardly in pink paint, and then a blank spot at the head.

“It’s a little feast I whipped up. I paid a visit to your girlfriend, and we had a little chat. She convinced me that I was being selfish, so to make it up to you. I had her help me with a few snacks.” Jinx smiled menacingly as she pulled Vi’s chair close to the table. “She really put the effort in, you could say; there’s a little of her in every dish.”

Vi’s mind wandered as she looked at the dishes in front of her; every bit of red in the icing instilled her with panic. Her eyes darted back and forth, from dish to dish, panicking at any uneven shapes and lumps in the dough. She didn’t want to admit the possibility, but the way Jinx said those words, the menace that rolled off her tongue. Vi shut her eyes, wincing as Jinx approached with a covered dish; Jinx sashayed her clumsy hips back and forth, like she was playing a role. Vi pulled back in her chair, the innocuous covered dish filling her with an overwhelming sense of doom that made her breathing rapid.

“I haven’t gone that crazy...yet.” Jinx chuckled as she pulled open the cloche, revealing a rather large cupcake, at the top of which was the shimmering Hextech bead. “Besides, with how big your girlfriend has gotten, I doubt there’s a meat grinder that could fit her.”

Jinx walked off, cackling like a mad woman as Vi was stuck in the chair, fighting against her bindings as Jinx vanished into the shadows. The time she was gone, while fleeting, dragged on for an eternity, leaving Vi in an unhappy lurch. Until she heard a sound.

Wheels squealed off in the distance, their heavy metal scraping against rough stone in uneven cadence.

***Roourrrll***

***Biblbbl***

Alongside the sound of the squeaking wheels came the sound of a bubbling stomach, a belly both upset and hungry. It overshadowed the squealing of the wheels as it got closer, its source, Caitlyn.

“Caitlyn!” Vi couldn’t help but call out to her love, especially with the state she was in.

Caitlyn had been fat when they last saw each other, but nothing compared to the state she was in now. Her stomach spread across her lap in waves, an enormous balloon of fat and food that bubbled with the bumps in the stone. Resting atop it were two fat blimps larger than her head; they were parodic mockeries of breasts. She had been stripped nude, bare down to her feet, with nothing but icing to cover her body. Huge and sweeping clumps of frosting draped across her body, messy and melting swirls of pink sugar. Vi looked at Caitlyn's weary gaze, the malaise of a sugar high pulling her eyes down; she looked like a zombie.



“What did you do to her?!” Vi let out an accusatory cry, looking from Caitlyn to Jinx.

“All I did was give your cupcake some frosting; the rest was all her. She was face down in a cake when I picked her up.” Jinx laughed, wheeling Caitlyn over to Vi.

Caitlyn was still woozy, face covered in frosting as she got close to Vi; her body was even larger up close. Vi could feel Caitlyn's hips bumping into her, the overflowing fat of her ass having snapped the arms of her chair.

"Vi?" Caitlyn wearily lifted her eyes the moment she got close to Vi.

"Don't worry, it's me." Vi gave a hurried assurance before Jinx went back.

"Uh uh, no dessert until you've eaten your food. Gotta make sure you grow up big and strong." Jinx puffed out her cheeks, holding up her flabby arms and flexing. "Here, let me help."

Jinx grabbed a plate of pastry from the table, an iced cake that filled the entire platter and looked ready to break it. The top of it was scrawled with icing-made pictures of Vi and Jinx together; off in the distance was a sad-looking Caitlyn. Reaching her hand into the frosting, Jinx pulled out the clump with Caitlyn first, letting the frosting slip between her fingers.

"Bet she tastes the best." Jinx licked a swatch of the frosting off before shoving the whole lump down Vi's throat.

She grabbed another and another, packing Vi's cheeks so full that she could barely breathe. She tried to spit it out, but the sweet nature of the food triggered something deep inside of her, the urge to feed. Unwillingly, she chewed and swallowed; she knew what was in the food, she had talked about it with the council, but the quantity was more than she was prepared for. Shimmer coursed through the icing, glittering strands of purple that coursed through the whipped frosting; Vi couldn't help herself. Against her will she found herself chomping at the bit for more, her hunger driving her mind. Still trapped in her bindings, she lunged for the closest pile of sweets to her, Caitlyn's coverings. Her tongue carved a chasm through the dollop of cream on Caitlyn's breast, diving deep until her bare skin was showing. Before Vi could get much further, she felt a tug at her chair and a release of her bindings.

"Nuh, uh, not watching that." Jinx snipped the last rope around Vi's wrist. "There, now you can get at the food. What was I thinking? Getting her hooked on sweets and then covering her girlfriend in icing? ...Yeah, I know it was dumb; I should have expected it."

Jinx started mumbling to herself, talking to the phantoms of her past while grabbing small morsels from the table. While she wandered, Vi was free; she paused for a moment, trying to summon the willpower to break her fugue. She couldn't; no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't break the hold the Shimmer had on her mind, and she reached for more. Scooping whole handfuls of cake into her mouth, frantically eating like she'd never seen food in her life. Shoving food in before she'd swallowed, letting the crumbly slop fall over her chin and into her cleavage, staining her shirt. Each bite was followed by frantic panting, she was eating so fast that it left her out of breath. Grabbing handfuls of cakes and greasy food, stuffing her cheeks so full that she thought they would rip, and then swallowing in gulps so big that she thought she'd

choke. Uncontrolled and unfettered, she ate like there was no tomorrow, letting icing and grease mingle into a slurry that caked her lips.

All of Vi's vicious eating had pulled Caitlyn out of her stupor, the sugar rush finally giving way to growing hunger. Jinx had never bothered binding her; she was too bloated to even pose a threat, and she was about to get more so. Caitlyn leant down next to Vi, her falling folds smearing the icing around her frame, painting the table and Vi's clothes. She ate just as frantically as Vi, leaning close to the table like a pig, dunking her face in and eating them without her hands. Sweets slopped around her in a mess; cakes collapsed under her fervor, crumbs and sugar falling over themselves in a heap. Stretching her jaw as wide as she could and scraping across the collective pastries, dredging them all in her waiting maw. Collections of crumbs and sugar gathered around her double chin. Those bubbling jowls collected more slop than the table; by the time she was through with the dishes around her, the separating fold between her chins was bright pink, like a painted smile.

Jinx muttered to herself, circling the table, taking bites out of the food as she did. She couldn't help but feel a hint of jealousy, seeing her sister enjoy such a lavish meal without her. Wrapping her knuckles against her chin, she pondered what to do; the fat in her armpits bulged out over her elbow as she leant hard in thought. Her bulbous balloon of a chin pressed into her shoulder as she thought harder.

"Ahhh, what the hey, family dinner." Jinx smiled, sidling up next to Vi. "Look at us, the perfect little family. Pigging out together without a care in the world. Maybe I'll let you keep her as a pet piggy."

Jinx motioned towards Caitlyn as she pushed into Vi, smothering her sister in her folds as payback for some childhood bullying. Her folds were drenched in sweat, slicks of perspiration gathered from her previous exertions and mingled with Vi's. For a moment, Jinx felt an inkling of peace, a nothingness brought on by gluttony. She ate with her sister and her soon-to-be sister in law in gluttonous reverie. Together they devoured everything on the table, enough food to feed multiple people. Only one thing remained untouched in the gluttonous affair, the glowing gem, too hard to eat and not that tasty. Jinx opted to pocket it before it landed in anyone's stomach; even a simple motion like that was difficult in her current state. Through the whole affair they had become bloated, distended parodies of themselves. Vi's comparatively trim stomach had ballooned out, a pregnant-looking swell that was gradually shrinking into fat as time went by, the Shimmer doing its work. Her stomach emerged from the gap in her pants and shirt like a bubble on the water, round and smooth, quivering with the breeze.

On the other side of the table, Jinx's hulking body collapsed into the nearby seat, her overstuffed stomach jutting off of her like a boulder. Fat wrapped around the hard-packed swell like a loose coat, creating the only smooth spot in a cascade of folds. Her breathing was heavy, a smile plastered on her face as she felt satisfied for the first time in ages. All of the troubles in her mind had faded into a nostalgic glow. Her eyes fluttered, the onset of a food coma coming over her as she dreamed of a future. A future where she and Vi could be family again, and Vi

was allowed to keep her little pet. It was a dream only her shattered mind could think up; Caitlyn would live outside in a pen, collared and leashed, eating slop from a trough as she grew fatter.

Jinx's eyes closed and her breathing grew relaxed as she nodded off, but her sleep was ill-timed. While Vi struggled to gather her senses, Caitlyn was on the move. More used to bouts of intense gluttony, she had been playing possum and biding her time. Now was the perfect time for her to strike, to free them from this madness. With ponderous effort, she lifted herself from the chair. Just moving her bloated body was more effort than she expected; her horribly swollen gut weighed more than a person. Her body wobbled like the gelatin she had just consumed, sloshing like the ocean as she approached Jinx. At her side was the gatling gun she'd been carrying, the horrible weapon that she wielded with such ease. Caitlyn knew if she got a hold of it, she could turn the tables on this tortured display. Caitlyn's steps were clumsy and slow, too ponderous to make it to Jinx in an easy amount of time; she had waited too long.

Just as Caitlyn was about to reach Jinx, Silco had burst into the door, the shredded deal in his hand. He had been combing the Undercity high and low to warn Jinx about the Medarda's plot. They didn't need anyone to fulfill their plans, to achieve their destiny; they could do it without any outside help. It would be the same as it always was, but when he saw the scene in front of him, he had a moment of panic. Fatherly instincts molded over a decade of care kicked in when he saw Caitlyn reaching for Jinx's weapon.

"Jinx! Wake up!" Silco rushed towards the trio, hoping to reach her before Caitlyn got control.

"Huh, what?" Jinx woke groggily to the words when she saw Caitlyn sneaking behind her.

It all played out in slow motion, a struggle so fast that it was a blur to any outside viewer; to those on the inside, every movement came at agonizing pace. Jinx reached down for her gun, trying to wrench it from Caitlyn's hands. Her chubby fingers stumbled over the trigger as the two of them struggled. Heaving back and forth like two mountains caught in an earthquake, their ponderous tugs pulling them back and forth. Caitlyn and Jinx struggled over each other, ham-fisted blows being exchanged as they struggled for an advantage. Jinx felt herself losing control, Caitlyn's unimaginable heft winning out over her augmented strength; she felt the handle slipping from her fingers. Then, her shimmer took hold, heart pumping augmented blood through her veins until her whole body crackled with purple. In a blur she moved around Caitlyn, ripping the gun from her hands and separating herself from the squabble. She ended on the table; steam rose from her body as heated sweat met the cool cavern air. Her shoulders rose and fell as she took a step into the center of the table, eliciting a creak from the wood.

"I knew it! You didn't want me at all!" Tears welled in the corner of Jinx's eyes as the gun began to spin. "We could have been happy! But you screwed it up! You always screw it up!"

It was hard to tell who Jinx was yelling at, Caitlyn or herself, but perspective didn't matter. What mattered were the revving barrels pointed squarely at Caitlyn, her only salvation being Jinx's increased size. Hands clasped around the trigger, squeezing to fire before Vi intervened.

"Please! Powder! Don't do it. I'll do whatever you want." Vi's voice rose in a shout, the adrenaline finally cutting through her food coma as she stood between Jinx and Caitlyn. "You want to leave? We'll leave. Just you and me, we'll sail away."

"Where?" Jinx hadn't stopped revving the gun; the barrels were still spinning hot, but Vi had bought some time.

"Whereever you want. We can throw it all away, go somewhere where nobody knows us. No Shimmer, no Hextech. Just us sisters." Vi put her hands together, pleading with Jinx to let this end.

"Are you serious? After what she's done, after what she's taken?" Caitlyn scowled, shouting from behind Vi. "She can't walk free!"

"She's my sister, and we can. We'll get away from everything; just please, drop the gun." Vi pleaded desperately, trying to block Caitlyn from view.

For a moment, Jinx believed them and her gun spun down, but one of them wasn't satisfied. Vi was speaking from her heart, but Caitlyn couldn't let things stand and rushed out from behind her.

### ***Bang***

A shot rang out, flying past Vi and hitting Caitlyn in the shoulder; Silco hadn't come unarmed.

"Don't listen to her, it's a trick! She left you so many times before; you can't give her another chance. Once you're out of this room, she'll throw you away again." Silco held his stance, gun still smoking from the shot. "She already made her choice; look at her now."

Vi had run back to Caitlyn, pulling off her jacket to staunch the wound; it was only a blow to the shoulder, but with her state, it was enough to floor her. She tore away swathes of fabric to stop Caitlyn's bleeding, and to Jinx, that was proof. Vi tore the shirt from her back to take care of the girl, and she wouldn't give Jinx a passing glance.

"Everyone betrays us, Jinx. But I could never do that to you. The Noxian offered me the throne of Zaun in exchange for you, and here was my answer." Silco removed the torn deal from his pocket, letting the shards fall in a heap.

Jinx clung tightly to the handle of her gun, the barrel spinning so fast that steam came from the heated metal. Her hurt, her anger, her betrayal. Every bit of suffering she felt was because of her sister, but she didn't want to believe that. It was the trickster, the blue-haired devil on her shoulder, the one that kept pulling her away. In Jinx's heart, she thought that "If I get rid of her, it will go back to normal". Jinx took a step back, bracing herself to fire, the table creaking again as she took aim.

"Move Vi! Please." Jinx anxiously bit her lip as she held her stance.

"Powder. Don't do it." Vi shook her head as she got up, standing in front of the hobbled Caitlyn.

"It's not Powder, it's JINX!" With that last outburst, Jinx pulled the trigger, but fate guided her hand.

### *Snap*

In that moment, that horrendously timed instant, the table underneath of her snapped from her weight. Splitting down the center and sending her tumbling to the ground, but the trigger was already pressed. Unable to keep her balance, the bullets sailed wildly, pitting across the ceiling before their arc fell to her side. That last wild arc sent them across Silco, perforating his chest with bullets. As soon as she gained her bearings, Jinx looked in abject horror at what she had done.

"No...nononon." Jinx's voice cracked from the pain; tears flowed freely as she ran to Silco's side. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry."

The light from Silco's eyes began to fade as the air left his lungs; Jinx's pleas and apologies melted into a ringing haze as he could feel life slipping from him. Reliving a moment in his past, drowning in that fetid river once again, he needed to pull himself out. Warmth filled his cheeks as Jinx's hands cradled them, desperately trying to wake him from the end taking hold. He couldn't leave her yet.

"Don't cry." Silco's voice was a whisper on the wind, her body spasming as he spoke.

His attempt to wipe away Jinx's tears was nothing more than the firing nerves of a dying body.

"You're perfect. Don't let them tell you otherwise." Silco's final words were a rasp, a whisper so low that it was barely audible.

He went cold in Jinx's arm, the warmth of his person fading away in her hands. Broken, she sobbed. Letting out her pain in a convulsing cry that shook her body, tears streamed down her face in shimmering purple. Then, nothing. She slumped down, broken in all but body, staring blankly at the ground as she knelt before Silco's corpse.

“Powder.” Vi called out wearily from the other side of the table.

She had collapsed on top of Caitlyn, the sundered table having smacked her under the chin. Too woozy to move, her muscles refused to operate as her rattled brain tried to reorient itself. All she could do was call out as Jinx got up from Silco’s side and walked past her.

“Powder, it’s okay.” Vi’s voice was soft, softer than it had ever been when she called out to Jinx.

To Vi it was the truth, but she couldn’t comprehend Jinx’s love for Silco. To Vi, he was the man who killed her father, but to Jinx, he was her father. He was the one who took her in when everything went to shit, and that fact made Vi’s assurances ring hollow. Jinx didn’t answer, didn’t even look back as she removed the Hextech from her pocket. It’s blue light, which once shimmered so innocently, now brought an ominous glow with it. Jinx walked away, out of her sight, past the both of them and towards the opposite wall. Pulling open a door and letting moonlight flood in. Vi finally realized where their dinner party was; it was their old hideout, a place with a view of Piltover.

*Show them who you really are.*

Silco’s voice echoed in Jinx’s head, another to the myriad that bounced around in there, but the clearest in this moment. Her face was curled in anguish, anger, and grief as she grabbed a gadget from the cavern mouth. A launcher, meant to fire a rocket-propelled explosive, an explosive that lacked a payload. She had her payload now; ratcheting the latch open, she placed the Hextech inside. When she closed it up, the launcher glowed brightly, bright enough to look like a star on the horizon. She took aim, her hefty frame stabilizing her as she pointed the rocket towards the highest tower in Piltover.

She didn’t know it, but Caitlyn did. Jinx was aiming at the council chambers, the seat of Piltoverian government and where her mother was. Caitlyn struggled, trying to remove Vi from her body, but her injured arm made it impossible. Her own added weight, along with Vi’s, was too hard to move, and she faltered. Staring in horror as the light shone brighter and brighter.

Jinx fired.