

“And so, with preliminary testing underway, I can easily say that early projections are looking quite promising. Any questions?”

Kelly looked for a moment amazed as she stood there, processing all that she had been told. With a quick shake of the head to clear her mind, the flygon began to write down on her clipboard before she responded, “I have to say. When I came down here to see the current status of this project, I was not expecting you to have made so much progress already. I’m sure the higher-ups will be happy to hear of these results when I give them this report.” Kelly looked up from her report, giving the lab technician who was guiding her a bright smile.

The Scolipede stood dressed in an open lab coat, showing the acid green top with its slightly exposed midriff and the yoga pants that were worn underneath it, holding her own clipboard as she listed the results off of it.

“I know when you first made the request for funding for this project, there were... some concerns about letting a lab technician be in charge of this research, but I think it can be safe to say, you have everything under control, miss...”

“Elsie will do,” the Scolipede replied as she led the way through the lab, “And it was no problem at all. After all, I proposed this whole project, which makes me the most qualified for the task.”

“Although... if you’d forgive me for asking.” Kelly piped up, looking slightly embarrassed for asking, “But, if I may, what exactly is the whole purpose for this research?” Elsie momentarily flashed the flygon a stern gaze before her expression changed into something more warmer, “It’s quite alright. I’ll be happy to explain the point of this project.” she said as, with a gesture, beckon Kelly to follow as they continue the tour of the facility.

“Well, as I’m sure you’re aware, our city has one particular individual known to be able to gain an astonishing amount of weight within seconds of eating.”

“You mean that superheroine, Cal-Zone?” Kelly asked, “Yes, she has indeed made quite the noticeable presence in the city, but I’m still not sure why you want to...”

“Replicate her powers?” Elsie finished Kelly’s question, adjusting her glasses slightly as she glanced down at her clipboard. Not that she really needed the glasses of course, she only really wears them for show, it’s amazing how many people are more swayed by what data she gives just by wearing some glasses and making a show of adjusting them when about to give any data.

“It’s quite simple really. As you most likely also know, not only is this hero able to gain a huge amount of weight just by eating something, she is able to lose all that weight within a matter of seconds as well. If we can recreate those powers, just think what pharmaceutical companies would pay us to be able to sell the capability to lose weight within moments as a pill.” She then gave a small chuckle as she added, “Of course, I’m sure we can make some profit with the gaining part as well. After all, we have to ensure there is plenty of demand for the diet pills after all.”

As they continued the tour, Kelly couldn't help but notice as they crossed over a suspended walkway that underneath them was a large vat filled with something that for some reason she couldn't explain, sent a tingle of dread to crawl up her spine.

"Erm excuse me, but... what is this vat?" The flygon asked Elsie, pointing down at the vat in question. Following Kelly's gesture, Elsie looked down at the vat, before answering,

"Oh, that's cream. We've collected it from some Alcremie volunteers who donated it from their grand finale attack." Hearing this, Kelly blinked in dumbfoundment, not sure why the Pokemon standing beside her would have such a vat as part of her research lab. Her puzzlement must have been quite obvious as the Scolipede spoke up again to answer her unasked question.

"We've been conducting a number of tests on it. Chemically modifying the cream with our earliest test results in order to see if we can indeed recreate Cal-Zone's powers into something edible, as well as hopefully make it capable of passing on the effects to the person once the altered cream had been metabolised." After hearing this explanation, Kelly glanced back down at the vat, her brow creasing with concern.

"Is that really safe?" She asked, "That seems like an accidental mishap just waiting to happen." Elsie just waved a hand apathetically.

"Don't worry about it." She said, leaning against the railing of the walkway, "We are careful when conducting the tests, and the funding we have gives us more than enough to ensure everything is up to date. Thrust me when I say, there's no chance of anything going wrong."

Sometimes the universe can have a twisted sense of humour, as well as a twisted sense of timing as well, as the moment Elsie finished her sentence, the railing she was leaning on gave way and the magenta and grey Pokemon fell back, plummeting into the vat below.

"Oh my gosh!" Kelly gasped, staring from the spot Elsie stood and down to the vat, "Hold on! I'll go and get help." The dragonfly pokemon called down as she ran off to fetch some of the lab staff.

*"Gah *gasp* w-wait. Come back!" Elsie frantically struggled as she tried to keep herself above the creamy surface, but her legs soon started to tire from the frantic peddling and the Scolipede sank deeper into the cream. Panic quickly spread through the bug Pokémon's mind as she tried to think what to do to save herself or buy herself some time.*

As she continued to struggle, lungs almost burning from lack of air, Elsie opened her mouth, gulping down a mouthful of the alcremie cream.

And several more afterwards.

It was a normal day at the mall, people coming to it to do some shopping at the stores, hanging out with friends, even grabbing a bite to eat for lunch. Just normal going on as like any other day.

Then the explosion at the food court happened.

Panic cries and yells quickly erupted as people began to run, fleeing from the area as several more blasts happened filled the air, a mad cackle of laughter soon following after.

Standing in the middle of all the chaos, a haxorus clad in dark red and purple costume with yellow trimming, gloves and boots, a red hood raised over his purple masked head as he continued his maniacal laughter.

“That’s right, fools!” The haxorus yelled gloatingly as he watched citizens run away, “Flee before the terrible might of Baron Spite, Master of Mayhem! For any fool foolish enough to stand against my wrath will see that I have no mercy to give!”

Finished with his villainous monologue for the moment, Baron Spite strode forward, the dragon type Pokémon approached the demolished wall of a nearby stall of the court that was a burger place. Inside, surrounded by a number of Pokémon dressed in uniform outfits matching the villain’s own costume’s design and colour, were a group of people, both normal citizens and workers of the burger place, clearly being heard as prisoners of the masked villain.

“Let this be a lesson to you.” Baron Spite sneered to the cowering group, whipping his cape back dramatically, a fist raised up in the air, “When the Duke of Destruction orders extra bacon on his cheeseburger, he expects thick savoury slices of prime bacon, not chalky burnt pieces that crumble to bitter ashes in one’s mouth! And you forgot the extra pickles!!” As he bellowed this, a bolt of energy fired from his gloved hand, blasting another hole in the wall. Then, swinging his arm back in a grand sweeping motion, Spite gestured to the rest of the food court,

“For this insolence. This entire food court will be reduced to rubble and I’ll salt the earth beneath the ashes of what’s left after I burn it!”

“Really Spite. All of this, over a simple burger?”

Spinning round to face the source of this new voice behind him, the bladed dragon narrowed his eyes angrily on the Snivy woman standing before him. Dressed in a light blue and purple costume with a purple mask covering her eyes and a symbol of scale readout and styled C printed on the middle of her chest, the snivy flashed a smug grin as she stood in a dramatic stance.

“You know, I can’t let you trash this food court.” She said, putting a hand casually on her hip, “Can’t let a villain go about messing with people’s livelihoods, besides there’s a stall here that sells some of the best cinnamon buns.”

“Ah, Cal-Zone.” Baron Spite said, striking his own dramatic stance as he began to monologue again, “Once more you dare to challenge my brilliance, but you’ll find that not

even your girthy powers are a match for the sheer magnificence that is Baron Spite! Minions, deal with this costumed annoyance!" At once the minions sprang to action, surrounding the heroine, weapons aimed at the snivy.

Cal-Zone glanced round at the suited henchmen as she reached into one of the pouches on her belt, pulling out a candy bar.

"Alright then, I'm sure we all know how this goes." She said aloud to the gathered foes, "I hope you're all ready for this fight." She then ate the candy in two bites. As the last of the snack was gulped down, almost instantly, hundreds of calories changed into pounds as Cal-Zone's body began to swell with fat, her suit stretching to fit the grass snake's expanding frame. Her belly surged out like a balloon, becoming a large jiggling gut that reached down to her knees, hips widening till they nearly tripled in width, her butt also filling out into massive orbs while her tail thickened into a thick tube as wide as a person. Her chest swelled out bigger and bigger, becoming larger than her head and more. Arms and legs grew into thick pillars of fat as Cal-Zone brought one meaty leg down in a thunderous stomp that made the already fragile floor quake.

Caught off guard by the ground beneath their feet, most of Spite's henchmen stumbled and fell over as they tried and failed to keep their balance. Some of the more experienced minions were able to still fire off some shots, but a combination of the shots being off their mark and a quick use of the grass type's metabolic powers to slim down to a slightly smaller size resulting in Cal-Zone to dodge the shots, countering with a punch from a tree trunk thick arm to one of the foes, knocking the Pokemon back a few feet from the force of the blow, while Cal-Zone knocked a few other to the ground with a swipe of her thick tail.

As Cal-Zone turned to face another of Spite's flunkies, she could hear the villain bellowing at his men to continue fighting. Two of the henchmen lunged at Cal-Zone, aiming to attack her above and below at the same time, but unfortunately for the two, Cal-Zone was more than able to handle them. Taking a step back to gain some distance, the heroine at the same time quickly pulled another snack from her belt and ate it, thrusting her belly forward. At once, the new influx of calories turned flab made the snivy's gut surge out more and more, inflating out like an airbag filled with fat and ramming into the two henchmen before they could react, sending them flying back.

As Cal-Zone turned to face more of the villainous flunkies, a scream of fright drew the heroine's attention, distracting her enough for one henchman to throw a punch.

Unfortunately for the henchman, Cal-Zone's immense body absorbed most of the force of their punch, the hero barely even feeling anything from the hit, the henchman's arm ended up sinking up to the elbow into the fat folds that covered Cal-Zone's form. The arm would probably have sunk even deeper if it wasn't for Cal-Zone, in one sweep of one of her wide arms, batted away the henchman and resumed her search for what caused the scream. Looking back to where the captured crowd was, Cal-Zone saw a bisharp minion approaching them threateningly.

"If we threaten all of you, the hero is sure to give up." The bisharp muttered out loud to himself as he raised a bladed arm up, ready to strike. Seeing this, Cal-Zone's eyes widened in alarm, quickly looking for something she could use to help the people. Grabbing another of the henchmen, Cal-Zone hurled the hapless minion towards the bisharp, his panicked yell catching the Steel type's attention.

Turning around, the bisharp barely gave his own alarmed yell as he saw his teammate flying towards him. Ducking under his thrown ally, the bisharp straightened up, glancing over his shoulder back to where his cohort now lay in a dazed heap, turning back around, he saw the massive form of the heroine bearing down on him, a mighty arm in midswing right before he was knocked out.

Cal-Zone gives a small sigh of relief at her strategy seemingly worked, "Are you all alright?" she asked the people she had rescued, wanting to make sure they were unharmed. A number of them gave her confirming nods and praising thanks on her. "That's good. Now, you lot get to safety, I'll take care of the Baron and the rest of his goons." Cal-Zone told them as she turned to face the villain when it occurred to her, that she hadn't heard anything from Spite for a while.

Sure enough, as she looked over to where the villain had been standing before the fight, he was no longer there. Her stance tensened as she scanned her surroundings, being on guard when she spotted him, outside the burger place.

"What the..."

Rushing out into the main food court, the snivy heroine saw the haxorus standing there, one foot planted on a rope ladder leading up through a hole in the ceiling and attached to one of Baron Spite's aircraft's, an arrogant smirk on his mouth as he saw at the look on Cal-Zone's face.

"You said it yourself," the haxorus boasted, his smirk growing wider, "as if the Supreme Baron Spite, lord of villainy, would risk, no matter how insignificant such a chance it could be, of being defeated by a blimp like yourself? All for a burger?" He broke out in a mad laugh as the rope ladder he stood on slowly rose up into the air.

"So I'll be taking my leave now." Baron Spite declared with a wave of his arm, "Until we meet again. consider this as merely borrowed time that I've graciously bestowed upon you before I snuff out your life! Farewell!" And with that, Cal-Zone watched as Spite ascended through the ceiling and climbed into his aircraft as it flew away.

"Ugh!" Cal-Zone groaned slightly as she rubbed her temples with one hand, "For someone who can and *has* held the world hostage, he can be so annoying sometimes." Still, she thought to herself, considering how dangerous Spite can be, it was probably better that the villain was in one of his more whimsical moods than one of his more villainous moods.

At the sound of approaching feet, Cal-Zone turned to see a team of police officers arriving on the scene.

"Is everything ok?" A Machamp officer who clearly was in charge of the group asked Cal-Zone as he approached the heroine.

"Nothing to worry about captain." Cal-Zone responded with a bright smile as, with a simple switch to her metabolism, she started shrinking back to her regular size, "Spite managed to get away, but his cronies have all been dealt with and the people are all safe and unharmed." she further told the captain, filling him in on what happened. The machamp smiled broadly back at her as he said, "That's good to hear. So far it looks like the damage to the area is quite minimal compared to Baron Spite's usual record. Emergency aid are already on their way and my officers are gathering up Spite's remaining henchmen and all civilians still in the area are being escorted to a safe place to wait for the paramedics to

arrive.” Sure enough, Cal-Zone could see past the captain’s broad frame a number of the other officers manhandling the henchmen that were still too dazed or not fast enough to get away and handcuffing them before hauling them away while another group of police were helping the people she had saved across and out the food court.

“We should have everything covered now, so if you want to head off, we should be able to handle things from here.” The Machamp offered a bright smile on his face, “Got to say miss, we really owe you our thanks for stopping this situation before it got a lot worse. Thank goodness you were nearby.”

Cal-Zone grinned back and replied, “No problem Captain, I was on my way to grab a bite to eat. Although I guess I’m going to go somewhere else for the bite.” She added with a chuckle. With one more wave to the police, the snivy hero then raced off, quickly scaling up a nearby wall and climbed up and out of sight.

After making her way across a number of rooftops, Cal-Zone made her way down to the street, hidden from sight of any onlookers as she stood in an alleyway as she began to change into her street clothes.

“Well so much for getting some lunch before I got home.” The grass type grumbled aloud as she stripped off her costume, “Now I’ll have to wait till I get home before I can get something to eat. As if I wasn’t already short on time as it is.” she gave a small sigh and, finishing changing her clothing, stepped out of the alleyway and onto the street in her civilian identity.

As she walked off in the direction of her place, Cal-Zone began to ponder about earlier, *On the other hand, at least you got to take your mind off of your own problems for a while, didn’t it Jaz?* She thought, referring to herself by her real name now that she was out of her costume, *gave me a few more minutes where I didn’t have to worry about the deadline I got for that article I still need to finish for my job.*

Picking up the pace, Jaz hurried her way down the road as she raced to catch her bus ride, just managing to get on in time before the bus left the stop.

Taking a seat near the window, Jaz watched the sidewalk go by for a while before reaching into her pocket, and pulling out her cell phone. Touching the document app, Jaz decided to take advantage of the time granted by the bus ride to work some more on her article while she waited for her stop.

When Jaz stepped off the bus at her destination, her spirits were a lot higher than they were before. She had hit a good stride in her writing while on the bus and had more or less finished it. All she had to do was add a few more bits from her computer back at her home and she’ll have the article done in time for the deadline. With this cheerful thought in her head, Jaz smiled to herself, hyping herself to finish the job.

Jaz walked with a fast past as she hummed a tune to herself, making her way down the street. The Snivy flashed many familiar passersby a smile as she reached her destination and walked through the door.

“Cutting it a bit close today, aren't you?”

Jaz looked over to the Zubat that worked as the door watchman, a cocky grin on her face as she replied, “Hey Frank, you know I always make it on time. Just got to add the finishing touches then I can send it off with in no time” She flashed Frank another grin as she made her way to the elevator and pressed the button for her floor.

A few minutes later, Jaz entered her apartment. Quickly sitting down at her computer, the snivy opened the article and began typing away. Within the next ten minutes, Jaz leaned back in her seat, a triumphant grin breaking out on her face. The article was finished and a copy sent to her boss.

Now that was out of the way, Jaz had the rest of the day free to do whatever she liked. And she knew exactly how she was going to spend it.

With a quick lock of the door and turning on her tv, Jaz grabbed a few snacks from the kitchen before plopping onto the couch. Ready to start relaxing after her job, the grass snake Pokemon let out a relaxed sigh as she began watching tv.

Jasmine was more than completely aware of how weird it was for her being a superhero with powers that basically revolved around being able to change her metabolism to be able to gain or lose large amounts of weight as fast as she wants, but she didn't let that stop her from being the hero Cal-Zone and all that she achieved. Yet there was one secret she had that she was quite embarrassed about, one that she'd never admit out loud.

While she was quite ok with being at her slim and lithe body size, Jaz discovered that she quite enjoyed the feeling of her body being so large and heavy when using her powers. As such there were plenty of times, when she was sure she would be alone and not interrupted, where she would stay at home and get big.

She would just lounge around her apartment and snack away, allowing her powers to let her grow bigger and fatter, and enjoying the feeling of being a huge blob of a snivy, filling as much of the room as she could before running out of food to eat.

This will do for a first round, she thought to herself, a sheepish grin on her mouth, I'll just let these pork me up quite a bit first, then I'll carry all that bulk to the kitchen to get some more food and really see just how fat I can get from all of these snacks.

This chance for relaxation however soon turned out to be short lived as a news broadcast suddenly came on, taking over the channel she was watching.

“We interrupt this program to bring this breaking news!” The news announcer said, looking somewhat panicked as they continued their announcement, “A robbery is happening at the High Street bank. While details are still unknown, the suspect is believed to be super powered. Police are already on the scene and are surrounding the bank...”

Jaz was already changed into her costume and out the window before the sentence was finished, racing across the rooftops towards the bank.

“So much for getting the rest of the day off.” Cal-Zone remarked to herself as she left from across the latest gap between buildings. Reaching the edge of the building line, Cal-Zone hand went to her belt, reaching for her grapple line, the one non-food item stored in her suit’s pouches. “Oh well, just another in a hero’s life I suppose.” she shrugged, zipping across the street to the building on the other side. Eventually Cal-Zone arrived at her destination. Looking down from her perch, she could already see the police standing ready outside the bank, cars lined up as a makeshift barricade and cover for the officers as they prepared to face the robber inside.

“Looks like I arrived in time.” She thought to herself as, with one quick zip line, dropped to the ground and approached the police captain in charge, “Anything I can help with?”

“Glad you’re here, Cal-Zone. We could really use your help.” The captain expressed some relief as he turned round to greet the approaching hero. “According to witnesses that have been evacuated, we’re dealing with a super powered individual.”

Cal-Zone approached the bank entrance

STOMP!!

The Snivy hero paused in her tracks as she tried to comprehend what she just heard. That sound just now, it sounded like a footstep, as impossible as it might seem, Cal-Zone knew that was what it was as she heard that same sound loads of time from her own footsteps when at her more huge sizes.

Before she could try and think any more on this. The bank doors exploded in a cloud of debris, knocking the hero off of her feet. As Cal-Zone pushed herself up off the ground, the sound of the heavy footsteps approaching her before stopping a distance before her.

“Well now, isn’t this a sweet surprise.” A booming, feminine voice spoke to her, its tone dripping with smug arrogance, “I wasn’t expecting this to happen so soon, but we finally met at last, Cal-Zone.”

Getting up on one knee, Cal-Zone looked up to face her opponent and, as her eyes registered what she saw before her, her eyes almost popped out of their sockets in shock.

A scolipede woman stood menacingly in front of the snivy heroine, clad in a revealing pair of purple and green shorts, top and boots, a purple mask over her eyes. But what was really shocking was the size of the villainess. She was enormous. Wider than she was tall, the Scolipede’s enormous floor approaching belly would easily block most legs from view, expert for this scolipede’s own massive wide pillars of cascading fat tree trunk legs, framed by wide hips that can easily fill and even overflow any couch. Breasts as large as big as beach balls, the top she was wearing straining to hold them like a dam about to burst as it held the massive mammaries in place above the massive boulder of a gut. Arms encased in thick

layers of soft squishy blubber wobbled as they moved to position themselves to rest a meaty hand on her gelatinous hip while the other adjusted the scolipede's grip on the large shack, most likely containing the contents of the bank vault, slung over one meaty shoulder. Fat round orbs of cheeks framed the scolipede's face as a smug arrogant grin played across it, a thick second chin with signs of a third on its way resting on the thick tire of fat that was her lardy neck.

Cal-Zone has never seen anyone that could be so absolutely massive, except perhaps that one time she accidentally got carried away with bulking up and almost destroyed her apartment in an avalanche of flab. That was quite an awkward situation for her to try and explain without her identity getting exposed.

"Now is the perfect chance for me to show everyone that this city and its wealth now belong to its new mistress, Big Score!" The Scolipede declared loudly, raising a wide arm up into the air as she stated her claim.

Cal-Zone pulled herself up onto her feet, keeping a calm face as she gave a sly grin, "Big Score huh? Well, you certainly live up to that name. Let me guess, you've also made your claim on all the city's donuts as well" she retorted. Big Score's eyes narrowed as she spat back, "As if you have any room to talk." She said, dropping the sack of loot, adjusting her stance ready to fight, "I'll be generous, Cal-Zone. Surrender now and get out of my way and maybe I'll leave you with some dignity."

"Yeah, I'm going to pass on that deal. It's part of being a hero after all." Cal-Zone retorted, her smile growing bigger as she sprang forward. Caught unaware by the sudden lung, Big Score failed to react in time as the grass type threw one of her hands back at arm's length before swinging it back round, striking the scolipede across the face, causing the massive foe to stumble back a step.

For a tense moment, silence filled the air, before Big Score straightened up to her full height, massaging some feeling back into her padded cheek as she fixed her gaze on Cal-Zone. "I hope that wasn't your best shot, hero."

"Don't worry, That was just the warm up." Cal-Zone pulled out a handful of candy bars from her belt and, tearing the wrappers off, stuffed them in her mouth. Cal-Zone's body rapidly expanded, body and limbs rapidly accumulating fat and mass as she grew closer to Big Score's own huge size, "but if you're planning on throwing your weight around, I'm more than happy to match you pound for pound."

At once, green snake like Pokemon let loose another swing of her fist, closely followed by several more punches, the blows colliding with Big Score's belly, ripples spreading across the surface of the bug steed's colossal stomach, yet Big Score seemed to show no other reaction to the strikes.

Glancing down at Cal-Zone, a menacing grin broke out across the villain's face, rearing her own fist back.

"Let me show you what a real punch is like" Big Score sneered, her fist shooting out, hitting Cal-Zone squarely in the gut.

The grass type instantly dropped to her knee, a gasp of air escaped her.

Cal-Zone wheezed as she tried to restore her breath, wondering to herself what had just happened. Despite the thick layers of flab covering her body that act like padding, Cal-Zone still felt that blow as if stuck by a truck.

“Allow me to enlighten you, “Calorie Hero”. This body of mass you see before you is not simply one of choice, but pure power! My body’s strength and durability increases exponentially the more girth and weight I amass.” Big Score explained as she finished hefting the snivy heroine fully above her head. “In other words, the fatter I get the stronger I become!” And as if to emphasise this point, she easily threw Cal-Zone towards the police blockade, the massive snivy knocking the police cars aside like a large wrecking ball while police officers scattered to avoid getting hit by the wreckage or the blubbery heroine. Big Score strode towards Cal-Zone, a triumphant smirk on her face as she looked down at the prone snivy.

“So are you done warming up yet?” she asked, stopping at the base of the stairs to the bank, “cause I have to say I’ve been less than impressed so far.”

Cal-Zone gave a small groan of pain as she slowly pulled herself up.

“I’m not done yet.” she snapped back through gritted teeth as she made it back to her feet, a determined glint in her eyes as she glared back at Big Score, “you’re not getting away with robbing this bank.”

Hearing this, Big Score chuckled, “Oh I think I will actually...”

The trouble is, she might be right about that. Cal-Zone thought as she continued to pull herself up, *She shrugged off whatever hits I threw at her as if they were nothing. My strength only gets a little boost when I bulk up, but if what she says about her powers is true, then her strength outpaces me as much as her size does. But I have to try something, come on Girl, this might be your last shot to stop her, gotta put everything I got into this next punch.*

Rising back onto her feet, Cal-Zone pulled together every last ounce of strength she had left and threw one last mighty punch.

The fist sped towards Big Score and hit her squarely in the gut. The force of the punch sent ripples across the surface of the scolipede’s colossal stomach, her body wobbling like jelly. Big Score’s face twisted into a slight wince of pain, but it quickly faded as she remained standing her ground, not budging an inch. Time seemed to stand still for Cal-Zone as her thoughts raced through her mind.

“That’s it.” Cal-Zone’s mentally said to herself, *“I gave that punch every last ounce of strength I had left, and it barely made her flinch.”* Looking up, Cal-Zone, saw Big Score looking back, an arrogant smirk on her face as she loomed over the weakened hero.

“Now that you’ve given me your best shot and for the whole city to see it fail in stopping me, and on television as well no less. It’s time for me to end this.” Big Score declared loudly, taking a meaningful step forward. At once, the Scolipede launched an assault of punches upon Cal-Zone. The heroine staggered back as punch after punch hit her, the thick layer of fat padding out her body having no effect on lessening the impacts of the villain’s super powered punches. Big Score threw one last punch, hitting Cal-Zone across the face, and before the grass starter could do anything to react, grabbed her and once more, lifted the green snake Pokemon up above her head. Holding the hero up like a trophy for all to see, Big Score turned on the spot and, in one fluid movement, let Cal-Zone drop and before she

was even halfway to the ground, swung a strong punch that hit the large snivy, sending her flying back into the bank wall.

Watching as part of the wall collapsed on her defeated foe, Big Score smiled and turned to face the gathering of police and reporters, all of them looking on with expressions of shock and horror at seeing one of the city's heroes fiercely beaten with little effort.

"That's right people, remember this scene!" Big Score declared to the crowd, pointing at one camera as it recorded everything, "From now on, this city and all its wealth now belongs to Big Score! And as I just demonstrated, there's nothing you can do to stop me." And with that she picked up the sack of stolen money and, laughing as people scramble to get out of her way, strode away with her prize.

Several minutes later, Cal-Zone emerged from the bank rubble, groans of pain escaping her as she shakily rose onto her feet. She winced slightly as she felt a stinging pain across the right side of her face, raising a hand up to her face, she could tell her cheek was starting to become swollen.

Cal-Zone slowly made her way down the steps when she was suddenly surrounded by the reporters as they noticed the hero back up on her feet.

"Cal-Zone, any comments about your failure to stop this bank robbery?" asked one of the reporters, thrusting a microphone in front of Cal-Zone, before she even had a chance to reply, another reporter spoke up with another question,

"Cal-Zone! After that devastating defeat, you throw in the towel?"

"Ok that's enough, give the lady some space." The police captain in charge of the officers yelled out over the babble of the reporters, getting between them and Cal-Zone.

"Are you alright?" the captain asked, turning to Cal-Zone while the rest of the officers tried to get the reporters and their crews to return back to their vans, allowing the super hero some space, "You looked like you took quite a beating there."

"I'm fine, Captain, nothing I can't handle..." the Snivy replied, gesturing reassuringly before quickly changing her expression as if she had just thought of something. "Which way did she go? There might still be time to stop Big Score before she gets away." She asked, quickly turning her head back and forth trying to spot any sign of the massive bank thief.

The police captain looked apprehensive briefly before giving her an answer,

"Sorry Cal-Zone, even though she only left a few minutes ago, my officers pursued after Big Score as best as we could, but as she started wreaking the streets behind her, by the time my men got round the wreckage that blocked their way, she had managed to give us the slip and got away."

Hearing this, Cal-Zone gave a sigh, bringing a hand up to her head and rubbing the bridge of her nose, before quickly getting back to focus,

"Maybe it's still not too late. What direction was she going?" She asked, "Maybe I can find and catch up with her and..." before Cal-Zone could finish her sentence, the captain interrupted her.

"I understand you don't want to give up, but you look like you're in no shape to go another round with her." The captain said. Cal-Zone opened her mouth to argue but fell silent as she realised she couldn't disagree with that statement. With another sigh, looking down at her feet. The captain then spoke up again, "Don't worry, you'll get them next time. I'm sure."

"Yeah, next time." Cal-Zone said quietly to herself as, looking round to make sure no one could see, left the scene.

In her hideout, Big Score smiled widely as she counted the money that made up the vast amount of her stolen loot from the bank heist.

"Yes, this is very good." Big Score chuckled to herself as she casually tossed a bundle of bills she had finished counting onto a pile with others then picked up another stack to count. "And this is only just the beginning." She continued talking to herself, stopping her counting briefly to grab a slice of pizza, wolfing it down before grabbing another. "Now that I defeated Cal-Zone, the whole city now knows that there's no one that can stop me from robbing this entire city blind!" she boastfully decreed before breaking out into a bout of evil laughter. As she sat down to resume counting her money, Big Score stopped momentarily as her eyes caught a new broadcast of her bank robbery running on the tv she had left on during her examination of the loot. Pausing to watch as the reporter on the screen talked in a dismayed tone while footage of the robbery and of Big Score's battle with Cal-Zone played, the villainous Scolipede smiled to herself as she thought about how well things have gone since that day, when the accident happened.

"You can't do this to me!" Elsie yelled, slamming her foot down. She was standing in a conference room, meeting with the executives in charge of her funding and it was not going the way she liked.

"You can't withdraw my funding! I was on the verge of a breakthrough, you can't end my project now!"

"Actually we can." said a Alakazam that sat in the middle of the gathered execs, clearly the one in charge, "When we agreed to allow you to be in charge of this project, you had assured us that you could handle it. That there would be no problems if we allowed you to run the project as you saw fit. Now, while the report Miss Kelly had given," at the side of the room, Kelly, who had been brought into the meeting to answer any additional questions the board may have about the report, tensed a bit at the mention of her, but remained quiet as the executive continued, "did indeed show that what results you had may have been

promising so far, but the accident leads us to question the actual precautions you've taken with the research." Elsie narrowed her eyes and her mouth twisted into a snarl.

"This research can make us a fortune and you would flush it all away, all because of one minor accident?!" She nearly yelled, a few of the executives leaned back as if afraid the woman would actually try and attack them.

"An accident that could have easily been avoided, which further enforces our belief that this project needs to end before something worse could happen." The head exec retorted, "And besides... despite what early tests are saying, it doesn't seem like the project is going in the direction as planned. As we can clearly see by the look of you."

Hearing those words, Elsie stiffened as she felt embarrassment flare up inside of her, her eyes quickly glancing down at herself. And there was a lot to glance at.

When Elsie fell into the vat, it had taken thirty minutes before they were able to get her out. By that time she had ended up swallowing nearly one or two gallons of the cream when she was finally pulled out. And of course, all those thousand kilocalories had caused her body to balloon out into a massive mound of blubber once she digested it all. She was three times her original size now. Her arms were bloated gelatinous tubes that were easily a match for her waistline before the accident, not to mention her legs were as thick as redwoods, her thighs permanently touching each other no matter how far apart her stance was. Hips wide enough to easily fill a couch and then of course there was her gut. Easily the largest part of her, said belly surging out a good two or three feet before her, dropping down past her knees, hanging just a foot above the ground. Her enormity was the main reason for this meeting happening in the larger conference rooms then a normal office.

The Scolipede tried to make some sort of rebuttal, but was unable to find any words to say. After that the rest of the meeting went by in a blur, the project was terminated and funding cancelled, leaving Elsie to waddle back to her place. The magenta bug Pokémon's mind boiled with rage as she lumbered down the street, ignoring the looks from the people around her as they stared at the impossibly obese woman that almost filled the entire sidewalk. Eventually, Elsie reached her home and pulled herself through the door. The events of the meeting replayed through her mind once again as she stomped her way to her sofa and sat down, the sofa giving a low groan as the Scolipede's weight slowly crushed it.

"Those idiots." Elsie muttered angrily as she flipped through several channels on the tv, "That project could have made a fortune for me, as well as the prestige it would have given me as well." As she continued to flip through the channels, Elsie stopped on a news broadcast, watching as a familiar character appeared on the screen.

"And her," Elsie growled, watching the footage of Cal-Zone's latest heroics being reported on, "that ridiculous so-called hero, sanderling her powers to help people instead of finding a way to financial reward from it. And now because of her, I end up like this! I swear, somehow, I'll make her pay! Those executives as well." She muttered darkly as she continued to glare at the tv. Just then her stomach let out a loud rumble, indicating it was hungry. Elsie gave a frustrated groan, another annoyance she found since her accident was her now larger appetite and the need to state it more often, as she lifted herself up and lumbered to the fridge.

As she reached for the handle, a spark of static electricity leapt from the fridge to her fingers. Suddenly it felt like a supernova went off in Elsie's brain and spread throughout her body, her limbs suddenly feeling easier to move , her arms and legs filling with newfound strength.

RRRIIIIIIPPPP!

Elsie stared in surprise at the fridge door, having ripped it off its hinges and was now holding it single-handed by the handle.

"Did I..." she murmured to herself, dropping the door in shock, still unable to believe what she just did. She couldn't have just pulled the door off the fridge as it was paper, did she? Elsie turned and looked round, searching the room for something else to test her theory. Her eyes soon landed on the couch she was sitting on moments ago, its large size was surely too heavy for her to lift. Carefully approaching the couch, Elsie reached down, getting as best of a hold of the couch in each hand as she could and lifted. Without even an ounce of effect, the couch was up in the air above Elsie's head as if holding a pillow, and with one tug of each arm in the opposite directions, she tore the sofa in half as if it was nothing.

"Incredible ." The scolipede gasped in amazement as she stared at her hands. Her mind reeling as it worked to try and process what had happened, and then, looking down towards the massive apron of fat that was her gut, an epiphany struck her.

"The accident..." Elsie muttered as understanding started to dawn on her, "The formulas I made to try and recreate Cal-Zone's powers, they were in the cream and must have been absorbed into my body when I digested it. They must have reacted with my DNA somehow and, with that static shock as the catalyst, granted me new powers." As she talked, Elsie began waddling back and forth, her mind racing.

"My strength has increased by magnitudes, I feel stronger than I've ever been. The possibilities I can do with these powers, no one could stop me!" She stopped in her tracks, her eyes gliding over to the tv and its broadcast of Cal-Zone, her face breaking into a dark smile,

"Yes... no one can stop me. I'll show that fat fool of a hero who her superior is... and make those fools who ended my research pay. Nothing can stop me from getting the wealth that I want. This. This is my big score!"

Big Score smiled wistfully as her recollection ended. After a few more tests and experiments, it didn't take her long to work out the full extent of how her powers worked and even quicker to take full advantage of them, completing her transformation into her new identity. And with today's events, she knew was one step closer to achieving her goals. Nothing could stop her now. Reaching for another slice of pizza, Big Score grumbled in annoyance upon finding the pizza box completely empty. Grabbing a phone, she quickly started to order more food from take out places.

After all, her crime spree was only just beginning.

Jaz gave a small groan as she held the new ice pack over the right side of her face, she could already feel some of the swelling starting to go down as the ice pack did its work as she walked back to her couch. It had been a couple of days since her fight against Big Score, yet her body still felt bruised and aching all over. Ever since her defeat, Jaz just sat around her apartment, telling herself that she was still recovering from the fight, but she knew that wasn't the real reason she hadn't gone out as Cal-Zone since. Big Score had absolutely decimated her in their fight and the whole city had seen it. She knew she shouldn't let such a thing stop her, it's not like this was the first time a villain managed to get one over her, but at the same time, she always managed to find some way to turn things around. This time however, she was drawing a blank.

Turning on the television, Jaz flipped through several channels before something caught her eye and she stopped on the channel.

It was a news broadcast she had stumbled upon, and right there on the screen was footage of Big Score committing another heist, her fifth in the last few days.

"Yet another bank had been robbed by the fiendish Big Score, stealing millions before escaping the scene." The news anchor, an audino, continued her report, "It has been nearly a week since the scolipede had made her first appearance on the scene and faced off against Cal-Zone, one of our city's renowned heroes, and defeated her before making off with bank's wealth as the start of her criminal spree. It seems as if no one is able to stop this villain fro-" the rest was cut off as Jaz turned off the sound to the television, having heard enough and got up on her feet.

She had to stop Big Score, Jaz knew she can't keep sitting around her place sulking about a loss.

"Come on girl, get your head in the game." Jaz lectured herself, "So I lost one fight, every hero loses a fight sometimes. They don't give up and neither should I. I gotta face Big Score again." But how to beat her? The snivy wondered to herself. She already knew that she couldn't match the scolipede in strength and beat her in a straight up fight, so what else could she try? Looking at the tv, Jaz couldn't help but notice that beating Big Score might be harder to do this time due to the scolipede seeing as it seems she had grown even larger since they last fought. Clearly Big Score had been eating as much food as she was stealing cash.

"She got to be even huger now, which means her strength increased as well. Lucky for her, I know if I was that size, I'd be lucky to even be able to move a limb."

Jaz stopped right in her tracks and thought about what she said and smiled.

"I think I got it ."

Big Score lumbered down the street, easily carrying her latest haul across her broad shoulders single handed, stuffing a large chunk of cake greedily into her mouth with her free hand. As she left the latest scene of her latest crime, Big Score had come across a nearby bakery and, seeing as she had worked up quite the appetite during her robbery, decided she

deserved to treat herself by cleaning out the bakery. *Besides*, she reasons to herself as she stuffs more and more of the pastries and dessert into her swollen gut, *even as it adds to my figure, it'll add to my strength as well.*

"Hmmm, nothing tastes as sweeter than cake, especially after raking up a sweet million in gold and jewellery." Big Score said between mouthfuls as she chuckled triumphantly at her latest score.

Already in the few days since her first confrontation with Cal-Zone, Big Score had grown even bigger since then. Her sheer bulk easily matched and exceeded that of any car or van. Her belly stretching out further before, arms encased in layers of malleable fat like thick truck tires, breasts now up another few cup sizes, a third chin now fully developed, pressing against the large mass that made up her neck while each cheek on the monstrosity that was her ass, could crush a couch all by itself.

The bigger she becomes, the stronger she gets. She'll keep eating, adding more to her girth, increasing her power and then no one will be able to stand against her, making claiming all the riches she desired as easy as pie.

Chuckling to herself, Big Score continued to think to herself about how soon the entire city will be under her thumb when a voice suddenly called out to her, "Stop right there villain! You're not going anywhere!" She recognised it to be Cal-Zone's voice that was challenging her.

Big Score turned round and, upon seeing Cal-Zone, was surprised by what she saw.

Cal-Zone had clearly decided to prepare for this rematch with the mindset of fighting fire with fire. As such the hero had amassed as much girth as she could possible to try and match Big Score in size.

Belly nearly dragging on the ground, nearly matching the scolipede's own belly in size, limbs wider than a person, a whale of a tail swayed lethargically behind her, barely lifting off the ground. The snivy hero was indeed just as big as the scolipede villain in size, the only real difference being some size difference in certain areas of their bodies.

"Really now?" Big Score responded, cocking her head to one side questioningly, "After how badly I bested you last time, you think you have a chance by matching me in size? You're an even bigger fool than I thought. Quite literally it seems as well."

"Look who's talking." Cal-Zone replied, shifting her stance into something barely resembling a fighting stance, "you might have won the first round, but I'm not giving up yet. And this time the only place you're going is a nice cosy cell in Maximum Weight prison."

"We'll see about that." Big Score retorted, dropping her loot to the floor and stomping towards the hero, a confident smirk already forming on her face as she prepared to start the fight.

Lunging forward, Big Score swung her arm out in a fierce punch. Cal-Zone's eyes widened in alarm a bit before bringing her own arms up to block the blow. Cal-Zone let out a pained grunt as the fist connected with her shielding arms, the force behind the punch still hitting like a truck even with the massive amount of padding absorbing a good amount of it. Another

punch in the stomach nearly caused her to double as she felt the air getting knocked out of her. Recovering quickly, Cal-Zone threw her own punch at Big Score, hitting the scolipede hard across the face, making the villain stumble back, allowing Cal-Zone a chance to catch her breath.

"Well..." Big Score began, fixing Cal-Zone with a stern glare, "Seems like you're able to handle a punch more this time." Cal-Zone gave a slight chuckle at these words.

"Guess all this extra bulk is doing a good job at cushioning the force of the blows or maybe your punches aren't packing as much power as you first thought?" The snivy replied with a grin, leading to the Big Score's glare to darken even more before the two resumed their fight.

The two massive mons continued fighting, trading punch after punch and other forms of attacks as the street around them shook from their actions. As such, it was long for others to notice the brawl between hero and villain and soon a ring of onlookers in the form of police, news reporters and bystanders gathered around from a safe distance to watch as these large ladies fought.

Big Score threw punch after punch against Cal-Zone. Each blow sends ripples across the hefty heroine's body, as the dense layer of fat encasing her form absorbs a good amount of the force of the blows, though not enough to fully prevent her from feeling a good amount of force from the villainous bug's powerful hits. Cal-Zone countered with just as many hits against the scolipede, but thanks to her adipose fuelled endurance Big Score easily shrugged off the hero's attacks without any real effort.

Big Score had to admit, thinking to herself, that Cal-Zone was certainly fairing a lot better than she did the last time they fought. Cal-Zone was still standing and had even managed a few hits that the villainess had to grudgingly admit had indeed hurt, but Big Score was confident that this fight will end just the same as the last one, she just needed to push a little bit harder and she'll soon have this so called calorie hero on the ropes.

Yet as the fight continued, Big Score started to notice Cal-Zone seemed to be enduring her hits more and more easily with each passing attack, while each swing of her own fists became more sluggish. Big Score growled in frustration and threw another punch at Cal-Zone when, to her surprise, the snivy managed to deflect the punch and countered with a quick hook, hitting the purple bug type hard. The impact actually causing Big Score to stumble back several steps. Regaining her balance, Big Score's eyes shot open in shock, she actually felt that punch. worse than that, Big Score realised that she was starting to feel drained, as if all her energy had been sapped away just by her standing there. Her eyes quickly narrowed red again as she glared accusingly at Cal-Zone.

"What is this?" Big Score growled, her chest heaving up and down as she panted heavily, trying to catch her breath. "How are you still standing?!"

At this, Cal-Zone looked back at the villain for a moment before breaking into a huge wide cheery smile.

"Oh... not much." She answered, with a slightly sweet tone to her voice as her smile grew wider, "I just figured out the flaw in your powers." Big Score's scowl grew darker at those words.

“Flaw! What flaw?” She barked angrily, “There is no way you could possibly overcome my unstoppable power!”

“It was quite simple really,” Cal-Zone replied, her grin never leaving her mouth, “once I started thinking about it, it was quite obvious actually. As you said, the fatter you are, the stronger you get. After our first fight, it was clear that you would use that to your advantage and sure enough, the next time I saw a news report about your latest crime, there you were, packing on even more pounds to boost your powers. And that’s when it came to me.”

“While it’s true your strength increases along with your weight, so does your size too, which means your agility and mobility decreases.”

As soon as those words hit Big Score, her eyes suddenly shot wide open as realisation hit her, “No....”

“That’s right. What’s more, from all the reports I’ve seen, I’m sure you don’t have any ability to shrink yourself down like I do.” Cal-Zone said “And no matter how strong you are, all that super strength is pretty much useless if you’re unable to move those limbs properly, plus all that extra size and bulk slows your movement down quite a bit. It definitely lessens the power of your punches when you can’t swing as fast or hard.”

Big Score looked numb as the snivy hero continued on, hefting her massive belly up in her arms before dropping it onto the ground.

“That’s what all this was for.” She explained, a grin still pasted on her face as her belly wobbled and bounced, “I wasn’t trying to beat you with size or strength. All this flabby padding was all to help me withstand your punches long enough for you to start wearing yourself out. Even with super strength, fighting with such a huge body will start draining your stamina in no time, which means all that strength is useless without the power to move those limbs.”

At this, Big Score lunged forward, a roar of rage bellowing from her throat as she reached for Cal-Zone with her wide arms. Reacting quickly, Cal-Zone moved back, narrowly avoiding the scolipede’s wild grab. She then spun round, striking Big Score with her trunk of a tail. Big Score winced in pain as she stumbled aside for a few steps before throwing another punch as she regained her balance. Cal-Zone ducked and charged into her, sending the two to the ground with a loud earthshaking thud.

Shrinking down to a more slimmer size, Cal-Zone quickly got herself back to her feet, because of this, Cal-Zone saw Big Score as she started to lift herself back up, but hampered somewhat by her huge bulk making it harder for the villain to push herself back up then it was for Cal-Zone. Realising this was her best chance, Cal-Zone rushed forward, putting both hands on Big Score’s side and pushed with all her might. With a startled yell, Big Score lost her balance and fell to her side, rolling over and resting fully on her back.

For a moment Cal-Zone wondered if this had worked as she watched Big Score cursed and tried to rise up. At first, Big Score tried sitting up, only for her mountain of a belly to prevent her from rising up further than a few inches before slumping back to the floor, then she tried to roll over onto her side, but no matter how much she rocked back and forth, she couldn’t quite manage enough momentum to fully roll over and ended up back on her back, her body wobbling as she panted from the effort. The scolipede villainess tried a few more times to try

and get up, only to fail each time, with each attempt growing weaker and weaker until Big Score was left flat on her back, completely exhausted and unable to get up.

“No.” Big Score said, eyes widening in panic as she weakly thrashed about as she began to yell, “No no no no! It can’t be! Not like this!”

Cal-Zone stood there, stunned for a moment as she watched the scene before her. Then, all of a sudden, she bursted out in laughter, “It worked!” she said between chortles as she toppled back down onto her rump, “I wasn’t sure at first such a plan would work out like this, but it did. I stopped you!”

“No!” Big Score screamed, giving one more bout of mad thrashing at the hero’s words, “I refuse to accept this. I won’t lose, not in such a manner!”

“Oh, but it certainly is, jumbo.” Cal-Zone replied, a bold smirk on her lips, if the expression “it’s not over till the fat lady sings” is true, then consider this me singing my heart out.” Giving a sigh of relief, Cal-Zone looked around, taking in the crowd of watchers and police that formed a safe distance from the two’s battle. She watched as several policemen cautiously approached. Waving a hand to them, she yelled to them, “Hey, can you give a call to Maximum Weight prison and get them to send over the biggest transport they got? They got a new guest waiting for them.” Right away the police officer pulled out his radio and began calling the prison.

It didn't take long for the prison transport truck to soon arrive and, making sure to lock some power nullifying restraints onto her, the prison escort guards managed to lift Big Score onto her feet before escorting her into the back of the truck.

“This isn’t over, Cal-Zone.” Big Score hissed as she looked over her shoulder as best she could to glare at the heroine, “if you think this will stop me, you’re wrong! I’ll be back and when I do, you’ll pay,” she continued to yell, promising more threats of vengeance on Cal-Zone as the guards finally managed to force Big Score into the prison truck and closed the doors, muffling the villain’s vows of revenge.

Watching as the truck began to drive off, taking its passenger away. Cal-Zone smiled to herself as she once more gave a satisfied sigh of relief as, with the villain defeated and off to prison and police already making progress on returning Big Score’s haul back to its rightful place, however, the calorie hero began to frown slightly as she glanced back at the leaving prison truck that was transporting Big Score, thoughts running through her mind.

Given how things go in the superhero business, she knew sooner or later, she’ll run into Big Score again and when she does, she won't be able to beat Big Score the same way the next time.

“Well, I guess I could start taking a few more training sessions at the Heroics Centre next time I’m there. Help build some more strength to be more of a match to hers next time we meet.” Cal-Zone mused to herself as, satisfied that she was no longer needed at the scene, turned and headed home,

“But first... after all that, I could really go for a slice. I wonder if there’s a pizza joint nearby...”

“I swear, this is not over Cal-Zone! One day, I will have my revenge!” Big Score roared in anger as she rocked back and forth, trying to free herself, shouting threats and promises of vengeance at anyone that would listen. As the prison transport continued to drive along, carrying its heavy load to the max security prison that was the scolipede’s final destination, the obese villainess scowled darkly as, having shouted herself hoarse with rage, decided she might as well start on coming up with a plan to escape.

Suddenly, the transport swerved to a sudden stop, snapping the villainess out of her thoughts. Paying closer attention to what was going on around her, Big Score noticed what sounded like a brief commotion from the driver seat before it quickly stopped, and then the truck started up again.

“What’s going on?” She demanded to know, yet she got no response, the truck continued driving in silence. She stomped, shouted and threatened, demanding to be given answers to her questions, yet still she got nothing. After several more minutes of driving, the ride soon came to a stop. Big Score wondered just what was happening when she heard a click. Looking down, she was surprised to see the power to her shackles were turned off, her full strength once more flowing fully through her body. Breaking the now useless restraints off, Big Score once more wondered what was going on when the doors to the hold unlocked with a click and swung open. Cautiously, the magenta bug stepped towards the exit and climbed out.

Stepping out from the prison transport, Big Score looked round to take in her surroundings. To her surprise, instead of the prison as she was expecting to arrive at, she found herself at an empty warehouse, the transporter seemingly abandoned, and no sign of the driver anywhere in sight, yet Big Score couldn’t shake the feeling that there was someone there, watching her.

“I know you there,” she called out to the seemingly empty space, a fist clenched as she continued to scan her surroundings, trying to find her mysterious watcher, “Come out and show yourself!”

“Such a finery temper. I knew I made a good choice in helping you.” A voice came out from the shadow, footsteps echoing around the warehouse as the stranger moved about the shadows, “When I first heard word of you, I was quite impressed in hearing how you dealt with that so-called annoyance of a superhero. I knew we had to meet.” Big Score turned as she heard something drop to the floor behind her. “Of course... in the end, Cal-Zone still managed to beat you, but still.., you’ve made quite the show for your first crime spree, one that I felt deserved cutting you jail time a little short.”

As the figure stepped out from the shadows, Big Score’s eyes shot open.

“Which is why I believe this can be the start of a wonderful partnership, if you’re interested...” Baron Spite flashed a devilish grin, offering her a hand.