

A Tale of Two Rubber Women

It was another normal day in Pandora City...or at least it was until the alarms of the Pandora City Bank erupted with shrill alarms. It was a bank heist gone wrong and now, outside the Bank's front door, the robbers were trading fire with police, taking cover behind their getaway cars. They were armed to the teeth and ready to die over going to jail putting the much more under equipped police force at a stalemate. Things were getting worse, officers getting injured left or right, some too pinned down to safely pull out of the hot zone, and SWAT teams wouldn't get here for another fifteen minutes.

However, just when things we're looking grim, a hero arrived.

Helen Parr, better known as Mrs. Incredible, threw herself into the heat of the action. In the blink of an eye, she quickly whisked the injured out of harm's way, her elastic body stretching like rubber as she moved gracefully through the gunfire. Once the injured were safe and tended to, Helen started for the criminals, lunging over and under cars as she closed the distance between them. The criminals tried to get a bead on her, but her movements made it nearly impossible to get a bead on her. Before they knew it, she was effortlessly disarming each and every one in a whirlwind of punches and kicks, knocking them out one by one. Eventually the others tried to flee, only to end up wrapped up in a criminal bouquet and slammed them hard against a vehicle. With that, the failed history had been brought to its lawful end.

In just fifteen minutes, the station went from dire to under control. The officers moved in, throwing on the cuffs as the groggy scumbags groaned in pain. One of them wasn't going to go quietly, however. Shouting something, everyone turned to see him break free and whip out a pistol with his sights set squarely on Mrs. Incredible. Before he could pull the trigger, another stretched arm came soaring by, driving a fist deep into his face and slamming into the armored truck behind him. As the arm retracted, Helen followed it back to a young woman in the crowd: May Lillis.

After making sure the police could handle the rest, she approached the young redhead.

"Thanks, I owe you one." she said with a slight midwesterner tone in her voice.

"It's fine, we rubber girls have to stick together right?" replied May, smiling warmly. "You wouldn't happen to be new here, would you?"

"Yes, though I'm not staying." Helen nodded towards the robbers getting led into an armored car. "I was called in to help with the rising crime rates."

"Oh really? I didn't think things were getting that bad." May briefly rubbed her chin in thought, her mind going over all the new reports she heard. "Well, now that I think about it, I guess things have

been a bit heated lately.”

She then perked up with a smile.

“But with someone like you around here, shouldn’t be a problem for very long.”

“Here’s hoping.” remarked Helen, chuckling. “Hey, can I buy you lunch?”

“Uh, sure. That’s actually where I was heading anyway. I know a place that serves the *best* burgers.”

“Oh that sounds good right about now. Lead the way!”

And lead the way May did. As they walked the streets, they shared conversation, delving into nearly every part of their lives. Though the one thing Helen didn’t know about May was her intense appetite, an appetite that was currently clawing at her guts for food. She struggled to hold it back as she continued the pleasant conversation, but for someone who say anything and everything as a quick bite to eat, that was easier said than done; especially when a shapely older woman was right beside her. She was desperately fighting the urge to just eat her up right now, to end the agonizing hunger pangs assaulting her stomach. The burger joint was still fifteen minutes away, every minute passing feeling like an eternity passing.

Along with the near endless hunger, there was an envy sprouting too. The more Helen went on and on about her super hero family and friends and the nice place they lived in, the more fuel she poured on the fire. Again, she struggled to hold herself back, the friendly facade breaking away piece by piece. Finally, the straw that broke the camel's back finally presented itself.

"Hey, if you don't mind me asking, do you happen to have that...well, eating disorder that rubber women have?" She asked sheepishly, spinning a tale in regards to her near endless hunger.

"Oh I wish!" She laughed. "Have you seen this waistline? If I could eat as much as I want, I'd probably let myself go!"

That was what got the gears turning in her head, that maybe eating a rubber woman that wasn't cursed with this endless gluttony would finally end the insufferable hunger that plagued her. In an instant, Helen went from a friend...to lunch.

May lost the care that she had for the fellow rubber woman or that there was a whole crowd around watching. May lunged for Helen, but Helen was much quicker than she thought, leaping out of the way of the rubber-armed embrace of death before taking a fighting stance.

“What the hell was that for!?” she said, glaring back at May.

“I’m sorry.” May replied apologetically. “But I can’t help myself. You’re too tasty to let go

now.”

“Oh, I’ll show you how tasty I can be.” she snarled before throwing one other fist, arms , stretching faster than a bullet and sending her knuckles slamming into May’s cheek. The rubber woman staggered back, nearly losing her balance, before stopping herself short. Rubbing the bruise on her cheek, she looked at Mrs. Incredible from under her brow, not unlike a predator sizing up its prey. There was a tense silence, the crowd enraptured in anticipation over the staredown. Who would throw the first punch, who'd come out on top? Minutes passed, a breeze carrying some leaves passed by. Then, together at once, they let the punches fly, beginning the true contest between the rubber like women.

As one punch after the other flew, May and Helen charged at one another, closing the gap between them while bobbing and weaving. The savageness grew with the shrinking distance, they threw punches and kicks more accurately finding their marks. Of course, the crowd cheered the intensifying brutality, especially when the combatants started drawing blood. May and Helen didn't care. One was driven mad with gluttony and the other fighting for her life, the adrenaline fueling them through the fatigue and pain.

Eventually, after a lengthy stalemate, it seemed like May had gotten the upper hand. A furious storm of blows overwhelmed Mrs. Incredible. She managed to block a few here and there, but more was her body beaten and battered by hits she was too slow to react to. All it took was one final punch swooping underneath her guard catching her in the chin to seal her fate. While she reeled back, May took the opportunity to finish this fight once and for all. She threw all four limbs at Helen, wrapping tightly around her wrists and ankles, before the rest of her body followed, stretching open like a parachute.

Helen could only let out a terrified scream as she watched the end coming swiftly.

In an instant, May’s entire body wrapped around Helen’s in a ball. The crowd watched as Mrs. Incredible’s features rose up and down across the smooth, rubbery surface, murmuring to one another what was happening and if this was the end for the superheroine. Eventually, the ball began to take shape, a torso rising from the top and a pair of legs at the bottom. Arms came next, stemming out from the shoulders as a bulge continued upwards and formed into a head. While long, red hair flowed down her back, May’s face emerged, eyes opening and turning down upon the large orb that made up her entire midsection.

A smirk crawled across her lips.

She won. Now her hunger was sated, at least for the time being, and she got the pleasant predatory satisfaction of watching her prey squirm...at least until she noticed the crowd watching her. Most were beginning to disperse having seen the bout to its end, while others stayed to see what happened next. What happened next was, however, May quickly making her escape from the attention to some place where she had more privacy, taking a few turns here and there before ducking into an alleyway. There, she propped herself against the wall and breathed a sigh with a hand on her chest. Her relief didn't last for long though. Suddenly, Helen's foot rose out from under the skin of her stomach and nearly caught her chin.

"He-Hey! Settle down in there!" she meekly chastised, giving her stomach a bop on the top. "I'm sorry we couldn't be friends, but you need to face the fact that you're food now and food *stays* in the stomach."

"Screw that!" retorted Helen, her struggles reinvigorated by her fury. May flinched as her stomach began to ache, hugging it tightly as she resisted the urge to barf up her attest catch. Inside, Mrs. Incredible's fleshy confines tightened around her more than it already was, but that didn't stop her from fighting, not a chance. Despite May's rubber arms wrapping round and round and round across her torso, Helen still manages to find the cracks to jab the stomach walls. Meanwhile, the organ gurgled and churned eagerly, acids secreting into a pool rising from the floor. As soon as those caustic fluids met her skin-tight suit, it melted like ice beneath the summer sun while her skin began to tingle and sizzle. This only fueled her struggles even more, which in turn, only put more pain on May's poor belly.

"Urgh, you're not getting out and that's final." She uttered before stepping out to the streets and beginning her shambling journey home. "I think I'm gonna need some tummy meds for this one."

Almost an hour later, May was walking through the Lillis manor's front door, no longer struggling to keep her meal down or suffering from said meal's constant resistance. Sauntering into the living room, she flopped down on the couch, arm stretching out to grab the remote and turn on the TV, taking the next few moments to channel surf. At this point, Helen was far too exhausted to keep fighting, struggling to keep from passing out while she sat in a half-filled stomach of acid bubbling around her.

"I have to get out of here..." She weakly told herself. "I have to do this...for the kids...for my husband...I can't leave them behind."

But at this point, there was no use in fighting anymore. She was past the point of no return. Her strength was waning and waning fast, becoming an effort to even keep her eyes open and awake. At this point there was no more pain, most of her body's nerve endings dissolved, leaving behind a dull tingle that reminded where she was. In fact, she was beginning to lose the feeling in her feet and rump, both of which had the longest soak in the acid bath. As much as she denied it, death was rapidly coming closer.

After finding nothing to watch, May let out a dissatisfied sigh and hauled herself off the sofa, stepping into the foyer and heading up the stairs...having the misfortune of passing her sister Lucia along the way.

"Hey, watch the gut fatass." She teased with a hissy little snicker.

"There's plenty of room if you're looking for a place to stay, Lucia." retorted May.

"No thanks, but if you can do us all a favor and hop on down mine, that'd be great."

May let out a disgusted breath and just kept going. Inside, Helen was getting softer and softer. Her consciousness was lost, her body left to be ground into a paste while May undressed, turned on the shower. As May washed up from head to toe, what remained of Helen Parr crumbled away and dissolved into colorless paste steadily sinking into the intestinal passage. By the time May was stepping out, the superheroine was gone...living on in another way.

As soon as May took a look at herself in the mirror, she let out a shocked gasp. Looking back at her was a May Lillis stacked to the nines. Her chest had swelled beyond two or three cups sizes while her already sizable butt had gotten some more padding. Not as much as her breasts, but enough to make May self-conscious about it. Immediately, fury and disappointment mixed into a ugly blend as she looked herself over.

"Are you serious!?" She shouted. "You made me so BIG! I didn't think with that swim waistline you'd make me this huge!"

If things couldn't get any worse for her, her stomach let out an audible growl and painful kick, demanding food.

"And now I'm hungry again!" She calmed herself down, shaking her head. "Looks like I'm going to be paying a visit to that family of yours, maybe they'll be a lot more filling than you."

"Hey, if you're done bitching in there, get out." Came Rose Lillis's voice from the other side of the door, banging on it. "I have a shoot in an hour!"

"Alright, hold your horses." retorted May, quickly wrapping her wet hair in a towel and

promptly taking her leave of the steaming bathroom, shooting a passing glance at her sister as she stepped by her blond-haired sibling.

After Helen's friends and family, her annoying sisters would be next on the menu.