Once upon a time, they had been Lime and Light.

Limelight, get it?

Two sisters just trying to get by in Seattle, blessed with light powers and trying to find a way to make a name for themselves in the wide and wacky world of supervillainy.

But then they got put into the Suicide Squad, and one of their heads got blown off by Amanda Waller.

That’s enough to make anyone consider going straight.

Death being what it is around these costumed folks, it hadn’t taken too terribly long for the two of them to be reunited, with the caveat that they were about two months apart in age now—which had taken them down to being merely twins instead of *identical* twins on a technicality.

And also, while her sister was dead, Laura had hung up the supervillain mantle. Seemingly for good.

Do you blame her?

As wonderful and amazing as it was for her sister to have been given a second chance by the powers that be, Laura wasn’t about to watch Lacy get her head blown off again. As much as being a regular person sucked, it was a lot better than being a pair of mostly identical dead supervillain wannabes.

And now, here we are—the two of them sharing a crappy apartment and dealing with the joys of mundane life and a tech job at Queen Consolidated.

“Joy.”

As helpful as Light Powers were, they didn’t exactly make it easy to juggle keys, a messenger bag with a heavy outdated laptop, and a big brown bag full of Chinese food from the New Dragon.

“Ugh… come on…”

When had she started *grunting* when she bent over to grab stuff? She used to be friggin’ *ripped*. A badass sexy supervillain who squeezed into questionable green outfits that showed off her rock-hard abs. Now she was just a paunchy nerd who worked behind a computer screen all day, and had gotten carpal tunnel in one hand…

The sweats were still green though. And rest assured, she *would* be changing into those after the day that she’d had…

“LACY?” Laura hollered from the other side of the door, “LACY, IT’S YOUR SISTER SLASH DELIVERY PERSON NOW OPEN THE DOOR!”

The faint thumping from music deep inside the apartment stopped.

“Coming!”

Heavy footfalls closed in on the door as the other half of the Limelight endured about as much exercise as she’d gotten all week. Hauling her fat ass off of the couch was probably getting pretty hard at this point, though.

“About time.”

“You would have had it sooner if you had left the door open for me like I asked.”

“What*ever* okay? Sorry, gosh…”

Lacy ran both of her hands along the outline of her stomach as it growled needfully. Her bright green eyes were locked on the big brown bag of takeout and the dragon logo.

“Did you remember to get eggrolls this time?” she asked, “You know I’ve gotta have my eggrolls.”

“Yes, I got you your stupid eggrolls.” Laura rolled her eyes, “Did you get off your ass and get a job?”

Lacy stuck out her tongue and shut the door behind her sister.

Since the unmistakable joy that came with the resurrection of a dead sister, passions between the two of them had cooled immensely. What had started with them being less identical by mere technicality had become swooping levels of individuality—starting with the hair (Laura had grown hers out while Lacy kept it short) the glasses (Laura had given in while Lacy still used contacts) and most importantly, the weight.

They had both become sedentary in their post-resurrection lives, but only one of them got out of breath walking downstairs.

“Like you need eggrolls anyway.”

“Hey, I am being body positive here.” Lacy frowned tightly, “You can’t just fatshame me or whatever—I’ve got rights.”

“You’ve got rolls is what you’ve got.” Laura subconsciously sucked in her own pot belly, “And they take a lot of money to stay fed—when are you gonna start pitching in around here?”

“Soon, soon.” Lacy sniffed, plunging her thick white arms into the bag and retrieving the lion’s share of the food, “I was, uh… in the middle of a job opportunity when you knocked.”

“Yeah.” Laura picked up the bag and turned on her heel, “Sure.”

Slamming her bedroom door behind her, Laura retreated into her room to eat dinner alone and bitch to her coworkers about probably everything. But Lacy wasn’t about to let a sour mood spoil what she had planned for the night.

“Come to mama…”

Hauling it all into her bedroom on the other side of the common area was the hard part. She’d ordered a *lot* of food. And not without good reason. She’d always wanted to be famous, after all, and this kind of thing was *almost* as profitable as supervillainy…

“*hff… sorry about that…*”

Lacy lifted the forest green hoodie to reveal what remained of her Limelight outfit, folded and compressed into a tight brassiere. It had gone from being able to contain the entirety of her upper torso to just barely being able to keep her decent. And that was *with* the modifications…

“*My sister just dropped off some food for me—more fuel for this gut.”*

Lacy hefted up her sizable stomach with both of her chubby hands, thick fingers spread wide so as to allow her freckled, dimpled flesh two bulge between them. Letting her heavy fat ooze into her open palm, she raised one hand to reach into the takeout box.

*“I’ve gotten sooooo fat since my supervillain days.”* She cooed sensually into her smartphone, *“Can you believe that this pile of flab was ever anything other than a lazy fatty? I’ll bet it’s really hard.”*

She tittered knowingly into the camera. There was almost as much theatrics in the caped and costumed crowd as there was in fatty porn.

*“If you want to see a former supervillain turned greedy fatty pop out of her old costume, well, you’ve come to the right place…”*