

Eris, the goddess of discord, laughed maniacally.

“Oh, this will be my best plan yet!”

For too long, the other goddesses had shunned her, kept her away from their home on Mount Olympus.

But now they would see the error of their ways.

She knew the vanity of being a goddess, for she was one.

She summoned a golden apple, one that said “To the fairest.”

She knew where Aphrodite, Athena, and Hera liked to spend time together, so she left it in a place she knew the goddesses would find it

She made sure to hide somewhere close by, so she could see the mayhem that would unfold.

If only she had double checked her spelling...

“Oh, what's this?”

Hera, goddess of Marriage and Motherhood, kneeled down and picked up a golden apple she had found.

She was a vision of matronly beauty, a beauty that had aged and bore children numerous times. Short dark hair, the faintest hint of wrinkles, wrapped in robes of exquisite silk.

“A golden apple, oh this would be a fine prize indeed.”

“Let me see that.” Came another voice, this one belonging to Athena, goddess of strategy.

Athena was built for war. Rippling muscles, hair cropped short so it would not give any enemy something to grab in hand to hand combat.

She was always dressed in armor, as if an enemy could attack at any moment.

Athena picked up the apple, failing to see the writing on the other side.

“What are you two doing over there?” Came a third voice, girlish and playful.

Out stepped Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty.

No silk robes obscured her form, nor armor. Her Long hair flowed as free as the rest of her did, as nude as the day she emerged from the ocean.

“Why are you holding an apple that says ‘to the fattest?’”

Athena stopped, and turned the apple around. Sure enough, that is what the writing said.

Nearby, Eris cursed herself quietly.

“That is strange indeed.” Hera said, stepping closer to look at it.

“This must be a cruel joke.” Athena snarled. She readied the apple to be thrown into the woods, conveniently right where Eris was hiding.

‘Wait!’

Athena turned to Aphrodite.

“A golden apple is still a golden apple. Why not eat it?”

“It would be admitting a mockery of us. Whoever dared insult us like this is probably laughing at us as we speak!”

“Aphrodite, eating a golden apple not designed for you is said to make it foul. This apple is not for us.”

Aphrodite resigned to herself , then had an idea.

“But if someone was to judge one of us as the fattest, we could eat it!”

Athena scoffed. “Anyone who judged me the fattest would taste the end of my spear before the words could escape his lips.”

“Hang on Athena, Aphrodite might be onto something. Let us find a mortal.”

Hera walked off, and Athena followed reluctantly, while Aphrodite skipped along.

Paris was a simple farmer, who expected to always just be a farmer.

The arrival of three goddesses changed that.

“You there!” The matronly one exclaimed.

“Which of us is the fattest!”

This was a dangerous question to ask a poor farmer, terrified of giving the wrong response.

“Hera, you are scaring the boy.” The pretty one said.

“Just tell us your answer and get this over with.” said the strong looking one.

He looked at the three of them, but found no answer.

The only fat any of them had was on their breasts, which were about equal.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t tell.”

Hera sighed.

She held the apple, knowing that just one bite would be better than all the nectar and ambrosia on Olympus.

“The three of us shall return in one year. We will dedicate that year to matching the description of the apple.”

Athena balked.

“I shall do no such thing!”

“You will, Athena. As queen of the gods I command it, to ensure the judging is fair”

Athena grumbled, but Aphrodite looked pleased.

“THis is going to be so much fun!”

Over the course of the next year, Dionysus would blush at the debauchery on display.

Wine and food passed liberally through the goddesses lips.

These three held sway over the lives of mortals, and in that year the world saw numerous changes.

New wives and expecting mothers began getting hungrier and hungrier, putting on large amounts of weight.

Female warriors began to see bulk as a new offensive option, and ate accordingly.

And all over, the engorged female form became a new standard of beauty.

A year later, and Paris was nervously expecting the arrival of three goddesses.

The apple was still fresh, given to him for safekeeping.

A knock came at his door, and he exited and was shocked.

Where once the three were the epitome of fitness, now they stood as a testament of obesity.

All three were so large that their forms impaired their movement, and had to be carried by servants to Paris' humble homestead.

Hera had seen her gain go to her matronly breasts. Her robes were stretched over the absurd melons, which were only partially supported by a large belly. Her husband Zeus seemed to like this change in her, feeding her treat after treat until she became as large as she was. He even (mostly) stopped his adulterous ways.

Athena meanwhile, had an even larger belly. At first she had ought to maintain her strength while increasing her weight, but Hera found out and reminded her that fat was what she would be judged on, not mass. As such, her muscles had atrophied. She also had gotten caught up in the competitive spirit, and found herself eagerly awaiting the results.

Aphrodite meanwhile had seen her gain go to her breasts and rear. Her husband Hephaestus, god of the forge and creation, had seen to it that she had a machine dedicated to feeding her throughout all hours of the day. She also discovered she enjoyed her new form, and she made sure to add a new entry to her book of kinks, something she called "feederism."

"Now.. Which... of us... is.. The.. fattest..." Hera forced herself to speak, her neck choked by numerous chins.

Paris stood, unsure of which to give the apple.

"I... can... make.. you..a king" Hera offered.

"I...can make... you.. Unbeatable." offered Athena.

"And... I... can...give.. You.. the fairest.. Mortal woman.." Came the final offer from Aphrodite.

Paris knew what his answer would be.

Elsewhere, in Sparta, king Agamemnon went to attend to his wife, Helen.

Ever since their marriage a year ago, she had become especially hungry, something Agamemnon especially loved.

“Oh my dear, it is time for your-” he stopped when he opened the door, and saw the massive mattress did not hold his massive wife.

That should be impossible. It had been months since she could even walk!

“Guards! The Queen has been kidnapped! I want her found!”

Elsewhere, Paris was on a ship, sailing for his native homeland of Troy.

“I hope the cabin is to your liking.”

He was laying on the massive form of Helen, who was assuredly the most beautiful mortal on earth.

“Oh, it is Paris. It is.”

Neither knew what awaited them, the war that was to come.

But they did love each other, and that is what mattered to them.