

It was just another day in Bludhaven.

Which meant someone was up to no good.

“You’ll never catch me!” Shouted Garfield Lynns, better known as Firefly, as he raced down the streets in his flame spewing jetpack.

In pursuit on motorbike were the vigilantes Nightwing and Batgirl, sometimes known as Dick Grayson and Barbara Gordon.

“Crap we’re losing him!” Shouted Dick into his communicator.

Barbara cursed as she swerved around a car in her lane.

“I’m aware of that!”

Firefly shot a hot ball of plasma at her and only barely missed, leaving a puddle of bubbling asphalt in the road.

“Hey, backup, now would be a good time to move in!” Barbara exclaimed.

“Mmph, I am nearing your, mmph, location.”

Barbara was puzzled. That was her voice alright. But was she eating something?

Firefly let out another cackle and was about to go on a tirade about burning the world or something, when she finally arrived.

In a flash of purple, orange, and green, he was yanked from the sky.

“Gah- Let go of me!”

“Given the height that we are at, and frailty of your body, that would not end well.”

Koriand’r, or Kori to most who knew her, floated down to the ground, where a police cruiser was waiting to take the arsonist into custody.

To anyone below, it would look as if an orange skinned goddess descended to the ground.

Despite having what was considered an “average figure” on Tamaran, her home planet, on earth she was nothing short of a 10/10 knockout.

The first thing someone would see were her firm, shapely legs, long enough to let the mind wander about what it would feel like to have them wrapped around their torso. Her purple shorts

left little to the imagination, and did well to show off both her legs and perky ass.

A rock solid looking set of abs were next, before reaching a purple top that struggled to contain perfect DD sized breasts.

But the crown jewel was her face. She was ethereally beautiful, not a mark or blemish on her face. Even while handling dangerous criminals, they shone both figuratively with eagerness and literally with green light.

A mane of crimson hair flowed like a waterfall behind her, somehow looking pristine and wild at the same time.

The only slight blemish one might find were the traces of ketchup and mustard dotting her face.

Dick and Barbara pulled up just as Firefly was being taken away.

“Great job Star-” Dick began to say before being cut off by Kori flying off saying “Um I am needed elsewhere immediately.”

The Bat kids sat there a moment, before Barbara turned to him.

“You got that she was acting weird right? I mean, even more than usual?”

“Definitely.”

When the three of them decided they would try to make it work as a polyamorous relationship, they knew that the most important thing was being honest with each other.

Trying to talk with Kori that day was pretty difficult. She zipped around the city, but strangely would visit hot dog stands, fast food joints and bodegas.

“She sure is eating a lot.” Barbara said, as they took a break and drank coffee outside of a Cafe that had seen the red head alien about five minutes ago.

“Yeah, even more than usual.” Dick said. Her alien appetite had seen her eating all kinds of food, of differing volume and taste. But this was almost like she was being driven by her stomach.

“Hey you don’t think she’s-” Barbara pointed to her stomach. Dick gulped.

“I... don’t know.”

‘Let’s head back to the apartment, she has to come home eventually.’

They returned to their modest apartment, paid for by Dick's adoptive father, and changed out of their costumes.

A few hours later, Kori finally returned.

"Oh, my loves what a tiresome day. I shall be going to sleep immediately."

Kori waltzed in, sauces staining her top and her belly noticeably bulging, which knowing how Tamaranean metabolisms worked meant she had eaten a LOT.

Also, they had both picked up on her speech pattern throughout the day.

She had gotten a lot better at the English vocabulary, but she still slipped back into her old way of speaking when she was nervous.

"Kori, what's going on?" Dick asked, concern filling his voice.

"Yeah you can talk to us about anything."

Kori blushed and tried to walk past them.

"Whatever do you mean? It has been the most ordinary day, and there is nothing that needs the discussing."

Barbara blocked her.

"You binge eating all day says otherwise."

Kori patted her stomach.

"I am just hungry, that is the all."

Barbara and Dick glared at her.

She slumped her shoulders.

"Okay..." she said, admitting defeat.

She gestured for them all to sit on the sofa.

"Last night I received word that I am to begin assuming royal duties for tamarind. With Blackfire imprisoned, it is now clear that I must take her place."

Dick and Babs nodded, remembering the mission they all went on last year to dethrone her tyrannical sister.

Barbara placed her hand on Kori's "Do you have to go back?"

Kori shook her head no.

"With the league's Zeta tubes, I can be there in an instant when needed. My main concern is that I lack the proper queenly figure."

Both of the humans looked at each other, puzzled.

"What do you mean? You have a better figure than most of the League." Dick stated.

Kori sighed.

"Blackfire broke my people's tradition. In the past the queens have been far more.... Hefty."

Silence hung heavily.

"Hefty as in...." Barbara said before blowing her cheeks out.

Kori nodded again, this time yes.

"Tamaranean queens have always been supposed to be pictures of good harvest, and fertility. For one of our kind to gain any amount of weight, we must consume countless calories."

She blushed again.

"For a long time I looked forward to eventually fulfilling my role, and growing myself a queenly figure. But earth's beauty custom seems to be favorable towards those who are.... Less hefty, and I feared turning the two of you away from me."

Barbara and Dick hugged Kori immediately.

"We're here for you, Star. Through thick and thin." Dick said.

"Yeah, we aren't vain enough to drop you over this."

Kori squeed in glee.

"Oh thank you! And if you both are helping me, I can reach the goal weight of one Zarflua in no time!"

"What's... that in pounds?" Dick asked.

She thought for a moment, then said "I am not sure there is a direct correlation, but I shall let you know when I reach it. "

"Fine by me," Dick said, pulling out his phone.

"I'm going to order some pizzas, let's get this started.