

Diana of Themyscira had faced numerous challenges over the course of her life.

From the grueling training of the Amazons, her entrance to the world of man, to various ne'er do wells of her rogues gallery, each one had been a unique struggle.

This struggle was more.. Unique than others.

"Athena damn it Mxyzptlk, let this end!"

"Nope, sorry, Wonder Dame, I got so many ideas left to go! And like I said earlier, call me Mxy from now on, much easier to write - I mean say."

Diana slumped on her couch, cradling her carton of ice cream.

Except, it wasn't *her* couch, and it wasn't even *her* apartment.

Diana lived in the Justice League Watchtower, and when she wasn't staying there she usually stayed on Themyscira.

Why would she own a place at all, let alone a place like this?

That was what ran through her head as she woke up this morning. Then she got messages on her "Phone" from all Justice League compatriots wishing her well on her "recovery."

What recovery? Diana felt fine when she went to bed. As she woke up however, her ankle felt sore, like it had been sprained.

Diana had healing salves made by the priestesses of Hermes that would have healed this in an instant, but could find none in this false apartment.

Then, her stomach growled, and almost instinctively she threw open her cupboards, but found only packaged and processed junk food.

"What is Hera's name..."

A voice caught her by surprise.

"Welcome home, Wonder Woman!"

Diana turned on her good leg and struck where she heard the voice, but found only air.

It was only then that she saw the little impish man wearing an orange and purple suit floating just out of reach.

“Mr. Mxyzptlk, I should have known.”

“The one and only, and please, call me Mxy!”

“What is the meaning of this!”

“Well I was scrolling through the old interwebs as the kids call it these days, at least I think, when I came across the most interesting set of stories! All about you, of course.”

A book appeared and opened itself for her to read. She felt her face go blank as she read.

“What the Zeus..”

“You have quite an eager fan base, who all want one thing; for you to get fat. Obese. Hefty. A blimp!”

Each of those words flashed around him as he said that, like old comic book sound effects.

“I would never! My body was sculpted by Zeus himself, and forged in the forges of Themyscira. How dare they expect me to succumb to basic emotion and undo that!”

“Oh, I know that, and they do too! So they have to come up with all these weird little scenarios to justify you becoming Larder Woman. So I thought to myself ‘Why not see if any of them hold water?’”

“Well, keep thinking. There is no way I would live out these sick fantasies.”

He laughed at that. “You already are doll.”

Diana realized that the entire time she had been eating a bag of chips.

“What the-”

“Hah! It’s like you’re wired to be a fatty!”

Diana took her hand out of the bag and walked to the apartment door.

She opened it and stepped through... back into her apartment.

“By Olympus no!”

“Come on, lay down, heal that leg of yours. A few months of little movement and loads of junk food will be good for ya, I swear!”

Instantly it was like time was fast forwarding. Diana felt herself go to bed, wake up, plop down on the couch and graze mindlessly as she watched tv. Over and over again. She could feel, and taste, every calorie bomb she put in her mouth.

She felt her thighs widen first, erasing a centuries old thigh-gap. Her arms lost their tone, and a newly formed gut tore the seams of her pajamas.

But the area that was most affected was the one place that had any fat beforehand, her breasts. They blew past cup sizes Diana thought impossible, yet somehow never lost their perkiness.

Time returned to normal as she was sitting on the couch cradling a carton of ice cream.

‘So how do you feel! Is the sensation of letting yourself go while you rest your injury doing anything for ya?’

“Athena damn it Mxyzptlk, let this end!”

“Nope, sorry, Wonder Dame, I got so many ideas left to go! And like I said earlier, call me Mxy from now on, much easier to write - I mean say.”

Diana groaned.

“Oh, I know,” Mxy said, “You don’t want this to be a solo act, you want a, what’s it called again... ah, a feeder!”

Just then there was a knock at the door. Diana got up and hobbled over, her leg still not fine, and found Bruce Wayne on the other side.

He was holding a bag of junk food, and looking as dashing as ever.

“Diana, mind if I come in and we can have another one of our... sessions?”

She closed the door on his face.

“Bruce is a trusted friend of mine, and would never allow these perversions to jeopardize my body.”

“I get it, I get it, you want more of a different gender.”

There was another knock at the door.

Begrudgingly, Diana opened it.

There, in her form fitting boob windowed uniform was Karen Starr, better known as Power-Girl, also holding a bag of junk food.

“Hey there babe, hope you're ready to bring your appetite tonight!”

Diana just looked at Mxy.

“What, still not good enough? Sheesh, let's see if you want more of a ‘mutual’ thing.”

Diana watched as Karen plumped up before her eyes, her already outrageous breast doubling and tripling in size.

“Oof,” Karen said, “Flying here isn't as easy as it used to be. But that's the way we like it, right babe?”

Diana slammed the door again, more forcefully.

“That is enough, you imp! I am done playing along with this silly little game of yours!”

“All right all right I can see you're upset. Lucky for you I'm feeling a bit bored, so why don't I return everything to how it was and skedaddle until I feel like coming back?”

“If you return the fires of Tartarus will feel like a mercy to you.”

He just laughed and snapped his fingers.

Instantly Diana bolted up, back in her room on the watchtower, and back to her usual trim self.

“Hypnos, please let that be just a dream.”

Still, she couldn't shake the feeling of unease that Mxy might come back later to subject her to more ideas about her gaining weight.

She also felt a tad hungry, and hoped that would be the end of it.