

Kori found her rhythm eventually.

Big Belly binges became more and more common, and she started to look like someone who ate regularly at the infamously fattening fast food joint.

Her thighs gap had met the same fate as Krypton, albeit through far more pleasurable means. Dick had always been a “Thick Thighs Save Lives” kinda guy, and the recent additions had not dissuaded him from his preference.

Barbara had loved cuddling on Kori’s stupendous tits, and those cushions had definitely gone up in quality. .

It did take some getting used to, having a belly to play with in their sex life, but both of them were quickly entranced by the wobbling orange dome.

They would often find themselves idly rubbing it when sitting next to Starfire, something that amused the alien queen to be immensely.

Kori let out a soft burp, leaning back in her Big Belly booth.

Dick and Barbara had both been called in off their sabbatical, something about yet another crisis in Gotham that Bruce needed them for.

Kori was still able to weasel her way out of active duty for a bit, which gave her ample time to make herself more and more ample.

Before they left, they weighed Kori, and she was approximately 200 earth pounds.

She still had a ways to go, but with both of her lovers helping her every jiggy step of the way, she was sure she would reach it sooner or later.

She was debating whether she should order another Big Belly challenge or go back to the apartment to suck down some milkshakes when a trio of men walked into the establishment.

A lot of people walked into Big Belly Burger, it was fairly popular amongst the common folk, as evidenced by obesity rates.

What made these men unusual was that they wore masks of Superman, WOnder Woman, and Batman.

Oh, and they were armed.

Superman stepped forward, machine gun in hand.

“Empty the register, now!”

A minimum wage employee threw up their hands, making the correct choice when confronted with a loaded gun pointed at their face.

Wonder Woman pointed his gun at the rest of the dining patrons.

“Phones, wallets, jewelry, I want all of it in this bag!” He said in a distractingly deep masculine voice coming from a plastic recreation of the Amazon Princess’ face.

Batman went behind the counter, to make sure no one went out the back door.

All of this happened in 10 seconds.

It took 15 seconds for the stuffed Starfire to move.

A microbolt of green energy hit Wonder Woman between her false eyes, cracking the mask and sending the robber tumbling backwards.

Superman turned around and got out a “What the-” before a pudgy orange fist knocked into his stomach.

His gun was broken over a wobbly and soft upper thigh.

Batman must have heard the commotion and came back to see what was happening, and was not ready in the slightest for what he saw in front of him.

Rising a few feet off the ground, royally pissed off, was the drastically overfed Starfire, Green Flame burning in her eyes.

Not even the slight hints of ketchup and mustard staining her purple clothing, or the flecks of food around her mouth could lessen the shaking of his knees.

“This establishment is under my protection, villain. You would be wise to give up now.”

Batman dropped his gun and held his hands up.

Clearly he had at least a modicum of the man whose face he wore’s common sense.

The restaurant cheered, and the manager who was hidden in a back office came out and personally offered Kori free food for a year.

“That is okay,” She said, patting her soft stomach.

“I would not like to bankrupt this store for attending to my appetite.”

News of the robbery spread like wildfire. Most of the hubbub was around the new shape of one of the hottest heroes on the planet.

Not all of it was positive.

“Can you believe this! Have we been given our final insult!”

The blowhard G.Gordon Godfrey was mad, as usual.

“For so long Earth has played an unwilling host to hordes of Alien visitors, and we have begrudgingly accepted them because they at least acted as ‘Heroes.’”

He said that last word with enough vitriol to clue in on how he really felt about them.

“But now they are getting fat off of us!”

Images of Starfire, before and after her recent Mass change, showed up on the screen behind him.

“Bad enough that this harlot has corrupted our youth, dressing the way she has, but with her new eating habits, are they going to be as Roly-Poly as her in time!”

As he drew in breath to continue his tirade, the television switched off.

“Why do you do this to yourself, Kori.”

Dick asked, looking concerned.

Kori was eating a large bowl of Ice cream. She licked the spoon before addressing her boyfriend.

“He is funny to watch sometimes. How someone can be so wrong, all the time. It is amusing.”

“Still, I don’t know anybody in the multiverse who listens so much to someone who despises them.”

Somewhere in the multiverse a man wearing red and blue sneezed.

“Look at it this way, I must be doing something right if I am on the evening news.”

He thought about it and shrugged his shoulders.

Kori's spoon clunked against the empty bowl.

Without missing a beat, he grabbed the bowl from her plush lap.

"I'll get you a refill, no worries."

Dick walked to the kitchen, and saw Barbara already at the fridge.

"Hey, can you get me some of the chocolate fudge ice cream from the freezer."

Barbara turned around, revealing herself already holding the carton in one hand, and her other hand was holding a spoon in her mouth.

A blush ran across her face.

"Uh, yeah, I think there's um, another carton."

She picked one out of the freezer, and Dick shook his head.

He had been noticing more and more that his other girlfriend was indulging in the traits they had been giving Kori.

And looking at her now, he could see it just faintly starting to show.

There was a growing softness on her gymnast body. Only someone who had seen that same softness emerging on Kori could have seen it.

Surprisingly, he wasn't worried. Kori gaining all the weight she had awakened some kind of kink in Dick.

He was excited to see where this led.