

Eventually, the time came for Kori to be called back in.

And the threat certainly warranted it.

“OUTTA MY WAY.”

The red haired behemoth of a man, Mammoth, had just escaped prison and was not looking to go back.

He carved through Bludhaven like a bulldozer, leaving a trail of destruction in his wake.

He tossed a parked car at a helicopter flying after him. Knocking one of its rotors and sending it into an uncontrollable descent.

“Heh heh, no one is stopping me!”

Before he could turn his head beach around, he felt a force like a bullet hit him in his chest.

He staggered back a few feet, rage building at whoever had the audacity to stop him.

Then he laughed when he saw who it was.

“Oh, I’m sorry, did you think I was a hot dog stand or something?”

The purple wearing plump alien did not look amused at the insult.

Her hands were on wide hips, and her double chin detracted from making her annoyed face look anything other than adorable.

“Laugh it up Mammoth, but you are going back to jail, immediately.”

“Hehe.... FAT chance of that happening.”

He went to take a step towards the ballooning broad, to show that he meant business.

Except he found he couldn’t.

“What the-”

Looking down he saw rapidly hardening foam around his legs.

“You- You distracted me!”

Barbara grappled onto a nearby lamp post.

“Someones getting smarter. Guess the prison classes are paying off.”

He waved his arms in the direction of batgirl, when Kori flew an uppercut into his lower jaw.

With a resounding thud, he collapsed backwards, groaning.

Bludhaven police came quickly to round him up.

“Good job, Star.” Not bad for your first time out in a while.”

Starfire beamed at her girlfriend's compliment.

“Thank you! I am glad that the added adipose did not hinder us today.”

“Well, if I needed to do any more acrobatics, then maybe I would have been hindered.”

Barbara loosened her belt a little, letting a potbelly that had not been there before pooch out.

She had not kicked her habit of snacking on food meant for Kori, and it really showed.

“That is not important,” Kori said, resting a hand on her girlfriend's shoulder.

“We did what was needed.”

Barbara bit her lip.

‘Still, I am not looking forward to the next time I visit my dad for dinner. I can already hear him complaining about how much I'm eating.’

Kori kissed her.

“I would not worry about him. Especially when it makes you look as tasty as a Haradian Feuzon.”

She said that looking deeply into Batgirl's eyes, making it clear that was a compliment.

“You... like this?”

Barbara's self esteem had gone down as her weight went up.

But hearing that perked her up a little bit.

“You really like this?”

Kori smiled.

“Of course. My consorts should look like royalty, no?”

“Well, I figured only you wanted to get... heavier.”

Kori leaned into Barbara’s ear.

“Let’s go find somewhere quiet and I’ll truly show you how much I enjoy your figure.”

Barbara suddenly became very aware of her body, and not in a bad way.

The tightness of her outfit around her belly, the pinch of her utility belt.

These things had been a subject of insecurity for the young masked vigilante, yet under the emerald gaze of the softening Starfire, she was beginning to think of them as attractive.

Starfire saw how Barbara was blushing and smiled.

“Follow me.”

When Dick returned to the apartment that night, he saw the usual signs of extensive feasting.

Delivery boxes in the garbage bin, empty bottles of gainer shake, and the sounds of belching coming from the Bedroom.

What he was not expecting was seeing a stuffed Barbara as well.

She was weathering dark lingerie, and her belly was stuffed to the brim.

Dick had seen the changes his other partner was going through, yet he didn’t say anything.

Partly because he assumed it would be a sensitive topic, and he quite liked the changes he saw.

The always beautiful Barbara Gordon was now simply stunning, radiating gluttony and hedonism almost as much as Kori did.

“Hey, Dick.” she managed to say.

Kori was by her side, one hand nursing her own larger and softer middle while the other rubbed Barbara’s considerably smaller dome.

She was in her own purple lingerie, giving her boyfriend the best come hither eyes she could muster.

It worked, and Dick was out of his clothes in record time.

After a long night of passion, Barbara made a decision.

“I think, I want this. More than I want to be Batgirl.”

She said those words like they weighed as much as lead. It was scary for her to admit, but she wanted to be a bit selfish.

“Unlike Kori, I can’t keep gaining weight and be in fighting shape. I don’t want to leave the superhero scene entirely, but I want to choose what’s best for me.”

Kori was visibly pleased, and Dick had his hand on her back.

“We’re with you Babs, every step of the way, no matter what you want to do.”

And so Barbara’s term as Batgirl ended.

Bruce was relieved, as he had several new proteges that could take up the mantle.

The League set her up with a remote uplink to the watchtower, where she could still be useful from a more sedentary position.

“This is Oracle,” she said, signing on with an extra large soda in one hand.

“Let’s see what we have today.”