It wasn’t too terribly often that Artemis had to find a reason to actually *use* the Tigress disguise.

Come to think of it, there wasn’t much reason for her to be Artemis anymore—if at all—given the way that life had gone since she’d hung up the mask for good. But at the same time, sometimes your friends call on you for a favor.

And it’s only natural that you call on yet another friend for yet another favor so that you can have any hope of fooling *anyone* that you haven’t gone completely to seed since the last time you so much as picked up a bow.

“Wow.”

“It’s bad, isn’t it?”

“It’s not *bad* so much as it’s just…” Zatanna gulped as she tried to search for any forward-facing word that would really fit the phrase, “…wow.”

Artemis Crock had enjoyed not being a superhero. She’d enjoyed it for a while now. Helping Roy take care of Lian, going back to school, it had all been so much more rewarding than most of the stuff that she got to do when she was moonlighting as Green Arrow’s protégé. But at the same time, she had still been grieving for her fiancée—and for quite a while now.

Everyone lets themselves go a little as they get older, and when they’re dealing with the untimely death of a loved one, right?

“You got really… *really* fat.”

“Yeah, okay, you don’t have to rub it in.”

The Korean blonde crossed her hammy arms as best she could underneath her pillowy breasts as they sagged against her mighty, meaty biceps. They were heavy enough that they sagged over either side of her enormous stomach, and fought against her indignant stance. Pivoting on her hip sent one flaring out to the side, massive ass making the seams on her sweatpants creak.

Ever since Wally had… gone… Artemis had found comfort in food. Probably too much comfort. It had left her with a figure suited for much of anything else other than sitting for Lian, and even then that was really stretching it. She had fallen so far out of shape that just the light walk into the moor to meet with Zatanna had left her not only winded, but visibly misted. Her swaddling second chin hung over where her neck ought to have been as she panted her way up the walkway to the green, and bobbed in time with her stomach as she fought against kneeing it with every step.

“It’s not a judgement call—you’re hardly the first person to get out of shape as soon as they hang up the tights.”

Despite Zatanna’s insistence that she *wasn’t* being judgmental, there was still a little teeny-tiny hint of judgement in her voice that Artemis couldn’t help but pick up on.

“But at the same time, it might be a little hard to get this thing over your, um…” the slender, ebony-haired magician stumbled over her words for the first time in a good long while as she wrestled with just how to phrase this “Your neck rolls…”

“Whatever, just do it.” Artemis stamped her foot petulantly, “I’m doing you guys a favor by putting on this stupid thing again, and the last thing that I need is to be reminded of the fact that I’ve put on a little weight since—”

“Okay, okay geeze, sorry.” Zatanna held up her gloved hands defensively, “Just… hold still and… try to suck it in if you can.”

Zatanna had to stand a good foot behind where she ought to have been able to be on either direction of her fattened former teammate. Artemis was so *wide* and *round* on any end that it was hell trying to get herself at an angle where she could see and buckle the choker that housed the enchanted pendant. They needed Tigress for this—in appearances only, thankfully—but Zatanna wasn’t entirely sure about the logistics of having Artemis *wear* this thing for longer than…

How long *would* it take for this choker to pop off over her fat neck?

“Oh, screw it.” Zatanna finally said, “*Kcen taf s'simetrA tif ot worg ,rekohc!*”

At once, the small leather accessory began to glow with Zatanna’s signature magic, the band growing by a considerable and noticeable amount before it lowered itself onto Artemis’s singular roll of neck fat and fastened itself.

To anyone *not* charmed to see the Tigress, the enormous blonde butterball had vanished a hundred times as quickly as she had waddled into the park that night—replaced by a dark-haired woman in orange armor that had the steely gaze of a killer.

To anyone who *was* charmed so as to see through the illusion, which most of The Team were, they saw that same overfed butterball now squeezed into a necklace that was still somehow just a little too small for her.

“This thing is *tight*.” She griped, tugging at the leather band with one sausage-thick finger “Can’t you stretch it a little further?”

“Literally it shouldn’t be, but whatever.” Zatanna rolled her eyes, “As long as you’re sure that you don’t mind going in and acting as a mole for us, you should be okay.”

There was a small, awkward pause as Artemis wrestled with the uncomfortable choker and Zatanna tried not to be judgemental. Again.

“Just… try not to let anyone hear you breathing too hard.” She said finally, “This thing doesn’t actually *make you* into the Tigress. It just fools everyone into thinking—”

“That I’m not some washed up sidekick.” Artemis shrugged her shoulders, “Gotcha.”

“Nobody said that you were washed up—you’re more than welcome to come back to active field duty if that’s what you wa—”

“Unless you can stretch my old outfit to fit, I think that’s a solid no.” Artemis struggled with the collar, her arms proving too heavy and her fingers too clumsy for her to reliably work it off, “Just… how do I get this thing undone? It’s kind of hard to breathe…”

Zatanna sighed.

Somehow, Artemis didn’t instill much faith in her ability to be the Tigress once again…

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The dissonance between the Tigress and Artemis Crock, retired sidekick, was too great to ignore.

Not just in the sense that Artemis adopted a sort of “tigress” mindset whenever she donned the necklace. The vast physical changes that accompanied every single donning and undonning of the enchanted talisman that granted Artemis the ability to become Tigress again was a difference of *literally* hundreds of pounds.

And seeing the change in action was enough to make anyone think twice about what was real and what was fiction—even the woman who had enchanted the talisman in the first place.

“Oh no, you’re breathing so heavy…” Zatanna said from Artemis’s couch, “You should take that thing off. Give yourself a little room to breathe.”

“Yeah… you’re right…” she replied in the Tigress’s deep, scratchy contralto, “I… ugh… I could really stand to kick my feet up.”

To anyone watching the seemingly uber-fit, muscular mastery of the Tigress making wide, sweeping motions to get the pendant off of her neck, it could have simply been chalked up to the eccentricity of being someone who puts on a mask to commit crimes. But knowing that Artemis’s hammy arms were dragging against her fatted breast, that her stomach had entered the apartment a full step before she had, and that beneath that mask were two chins just waiting for a chance to surge forward and free, it made so much more sense.

Zatanna Zatara would admit to being fascinated with *watching* the change that took place. Witnessing the Tigress’s svelte fighter’s form rapidly deteriorate and expand to utterly explosive degrees, sagging and rolling in various directions—all of them outward and downward as Artemis’s true weight became unsheathed by the magic that bound it. Swelling outwards from the innermost ring, Artemis’s lightly tanned belly blubber inflated outwards from the middle like an inner tube before drooping down, down over her crotch. Her impressive spare tire would follow suit, as would her chest. The buxom breasts would become bloated and blimpy as they fused with the uppermost roll of stomach fat and squishy bicep.

Artemis the former sidekick was the woman underneath Tigress the Mole, after all. But seeing the change happen so quickly, but so excruciating in all of the details, was just sooo…

“Zatanna?”

The magician blinked herself back to reality. What constituted her reality, anyway. Former sidekicks ballooning up to nearly three hundred pounds, wearing magical amulets that could slim them down for espionage missions. Getting to watch years of hard work and exercise be undone with the clasp of a locket as she got to see pound after pound of supple, bronzed flesh pour forward and outward as—

“*Zatanna!”*

“I’m sorry, I… wasn’t paying attention.” The mesmerized magician struggled to tear herself back a second time as Artemis’s mountainous form towered over her from in front of the couch, “A lot on my mind, I guess.”

“Well I’ve got a lot on my feet. And my back. So scoot over.”

Zatanna was happy to oblige the huge and huffy blonde, quickly dragging herself across the couch so as to allow ample room for Artemis to lower herself down, down, into the comfortable crevice of the couch beneath her. With a hearty “oof!” the enormous archer plopped down with a sofa-shaking impact. Letting her head roll back and her mouth hang open, she puffed like an old engine after a long day of (basically) standing around and looking tough—something that would have been absolutely impossible for her to do without that amulet.

Watching Artemis literally sink into the seat below her day after day as Zatanna took on the responsibility of the magical upkeep of the charm (it wasn’t quite used to dealing with *so much* of Artemis to disguise) had become oddly… comforting to her? No, that wasn’t quite the right word.

Comforting didn’t explain the warmth in her cheeks. It didn’t explain why her toes curled or why she wanted to bite her bottom lip. Comforting didn’t explain where the urge to just reach over and squeeze that belly roll that muffin topped over her disguised flop clothes came from, or why that urge was getting stronger and stronger by the day.

And it *certainly* didn’t explain the reason why she found herself leaning closer and closer to Artemis’s stomach. Why she was overcome by the urge to bury her face in it.

“Uh… can I help you?” Artemis blinked, brown eyes wide as she stared down the business end of Zatanna’s gaze

“N-No! Just, uh… wanted to know if you wanted me to get started on dinner!”

“That would be *great* Zee.” Artemis instantly relaxed at the mention of food, literally kicking her feet up and putting them heel down on the coffee table, “Hugo Strange has some of the worst catering I’ve ever seen in my *life.”*

The princess of prestidigitation wasn’t exactly enthralled that she had been pulled from sitting on the couch with her newfound fascination, Artemis’s flab. Seeing her get so out of shape should have made her worried, and yet…

Well, *there’s* an idea…

“Esaelp, xis rof rennid!”

Having her magical abilities take the hard work out of this would certainly offer a little more one on one time with her ex-teammate, wouldn’t it? And it would still make sure that she got everything that she needed to keep her strength up after a long day of playing tough…

“Maybe a little more than everything she needs, come to think of it…”

“Did you say something, Zee?”

“Wh—oh! Just, uh… more spells!” Zatanna smiled awkwardly as she hurried back behind the kitchen partition, “These pots and pans don’t exactly have minds of their own, you know! Gotta make sure that they’re on the right track!”

“Hm… I guess…” Artemis frowned a little as she leaned back into the couch, hand on her stomach as she clicked on the television…

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As time went on and the investigation continued, Zatanna found herself almost quite literally unable to leave Artemis and her belly alone, to the point where she had moved in to help around the house—ostensibly to help make up for the areas where Artemis was unable to due to her duties as a mole, but far, far more often for more selfish reasons.

“Another hard day at work?” Zatanna clicked her tongue as she watched the alluringly dangerous Tigress walk through the front door like there was a football between her legs, “I know *just* what you need…”

Zatanna had gotten Artemis absolutely accustomed to coming home to big meals after long, hard days of standing around and looking tough without ever having to actually back it up. Sometimes, just being a villain in the background of an event was enough. Without any real activity, the woman underneath the magical disguise that was the Tigress continued to expand and atrophy, only just halfway aware of the fact that she was growing more and more out of shape with every passing meal that her insistent roommate created for her.

As the glamor charm was lifted and the real woman came to light, it was evident to anyone who had seen the transformation up close that Artemis was only getting fatter by the day—something that Zatanna, who had watched nearly *every* shift from Tigress to Artemis, was very aware of. The extra fifty, sixty… maybe seventy? Could it have been seventy pounds that Artemis had packed on just by merit of Zatanna’s magically fattening meals?

It definitely *looked* like seventy pounds. With her blobby stomach and sad, poundcake tits fusing into her bingo wings. Those humongous thighs rubbing together at every opportunity in and out of her disguise. Her fat face folding into a double chin, now a respectable flap of neck. Zatanna was eating up every pound that Artemis gained almost as eagerly as Artemis was eating up everything that Zatanna cooked for her. The princess of prestidigitation was perpetually perplexed by her former teammate’s ability to wolf down almost anything placed in front of her, but was never upset with the results. The more pounds and inches that crept onto Artemis’s already fattened physique, the more that Zatanna found herself wanting to stay over.

And perhaps more importantly, the more she decided that she might actually *enjoy* cooking—at least, in whatever capacity watching pots and pans take care of the hard work for her actually constituted cooking.

Feeding Artemis had become something of a hobby for her. Watching the pounds climb on as she entered retirement more and more readily—egged on by the idea that she was working hard at being the mole and that she had somehow “earned” the big meals that Zatanna was cooking her every night. Artemis was happy to kick her feet up and let the magical maiden help her around the house; *especially* if it meant that she got to enjoy all of the food that she knew how to whip up with just a few backward sentences…

“Hff… you wouldn’t… believe… the kind of stuff they’re having me do…” Artemis huffed and puffed as she lugged her way belly first over to the well-worn sofa that she had been crushing for months at a time underneath her gigantic ass cheeks, “I could *really* use whatever it is you’ve got cooking up in there… it *smells* delicious…”

“That’s because it *is* delicious.” Zatanna said in a domestic tone of voice as she poked her head out of the kitchen, “You sit, and I’ll be there faster than you can say abracadabra.”

Artemis was happy to oblige her magical attendant. Sitting back with both hands laid out on her shelf of a gut, her fat face creasing into two distinct chins as she relaxed after a long day of standing around and looking tough. Her sausage fingers spreading readily across her expansive stomach as she imagined what all Zatanna could have cooked up for her that day—stomach rumbling as her pink tongue licked her expectant lips…

“Ouff… don’t tempt me… I should really be cutting back…”

Artemis said it almost placatingly. Like she knew that it was what she *should* have been saying, given the fact that she had gotten so far out of shape. But in her heart of hearts, she was contented with the way that things were playing out now. That she could come home, every day, to something new and interesting being cooked for her. That she could kick her feet up at the end of a long, hard day of espionage…

It offered a sort of normalcy that she had never had growing up—or at any point during The Life, now that she brought it up.

Zatanna’s strange commitment to making sure that she had plenty to eat was just a nice little bonus as far as Artemis was concerned—nothing close to the fully blown fetish that was slowly blooming behind those big blue eyes of her former counterpart, but a deep appreciation nonetheless for what she was doing for her…

“What? No way. You’ve been working your butt off out there on the field—considering that you’re retired now, this isn’t *near* what we should be rewarding you with.”

Zatanna was quick to offer and placate as she settled down next to Artemis’s fleshy form, sinking into her stomach flab as she settled way back in the couch.

“I guess you’re right…” Artemis made a face as she watched the pots and pans float about in the kitchen, “I mean… I *am* doing a really dangerous job for you guys.”

“It’s the *least* we could do.” Zatanna practically had hearts in her eyes as she spread herself over Artemis’s gut like a piece of melting butter, “After all, it’s *so* much to ask of you… hey, did you want extra butter on your mashed potatoes?”

“Ooh, please…” Artemis drummed her stomach anticipatorily as Zatanna whispered a backwards command to the saucepan, “That’ll *really* hit the spot…”