Her name is Thea Queen.

For seven years, her brother fought with only one goal — to save his city. But after his passing, a new Crisis has emerged, a danger so severe, it has his sister to rise up in order to face it. And it won’t be enough for her to just be the Green Arrow. As the world has changed around her, she is going to have to become someone else.

She is going to have to become something else.

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“Hii~!”

It was, in a word, surreal to see the state of Oliver’s Green Arrow costume. Not just because of the massive alterations that had been made in order to suit his little sister after she had taken on his mantle, but because those same alterations could have been made in the name of outfitting a hippopotamus for a career in vigilantism.

And also… something about the hood and the mask… it all clashed viscerally with the squeaky greeting and the flap of double chin that squished out from underneath the collar. Thea’s cheeks dimpled finger-deep as she huffed and puffed at the end of the gangway, looking up at the changed heroines as they looked down at her.

“We’re really going to have to work on your entry.”

“You’re in a red wig and a costume in *serious* need of alterations.” Thea waved a football-thick arm at her fellow non-powered heroine, “I don’t think you’re in any position to give me advice about… mm…”

The spherical sharpshooter had brought a cookie to her mouth to nibble on over the course of her banter. And then another one. It hadn’t taken long for her food-addled brain to get distracted and lose interest in the conversation.

“…hopeless.”

Despite Kate Kane’s distaste for Thea’s lack of professionalism, it wasn’t as though she was in much better shape. At least, when compared to her previous self. Somewhere underneath around a hundred extra pounds of soft bat blubber was the trim and fit West Point dropout—seemingly *mostly* unaltered from the outside. But between changed memories of soft and supple Sophie barely being able to squeeze into her uniform and nights exploring her former lover’s fattened physique, Kate was hardly the Spartan that her former unaltered life had chiseled her out to be.

And that’s not even going into the complicated feelings that she felt towards her enormous adoptive sister, Mary…

“Kate!”

Kara hadn’t been able to withhold her excitement at seeing the brooding big girl as she zoomed forward at far faster than fat girl speeds, wrapping her hammy arms around the black-clad big beautiful woman with all of the enthusiasm of someone who hadn’t seen their best friend in ages. In all honesty, it felt as though it had been that long. With everything that had happened between the Crisis and her waking up on what seemed to be the morning after, easily a hundred and fifty pounds heavier in a world that she barely recognized, Kara had been absolutely starved for a little familiarity.

Even if Kate was a little too squishy to be *entirely* familiar.

“Oof!”

Kate was caught off guard by the full, fleshy, frontal assault of the extra curvy Kryptonian as she barreled towards her at speeds faster than a speeding bullet. The suit (and her own ample padding) protected her from any serious impact. But it was enough to knock the wind out of the normally unflappable fatty.

“Oh Rao, not you too…” Kara crooned aloud as she witnessed Kate’s cheeks bulge distastefully out from underneath her cowl, “Whatever’s going on here is getting crazy…”

“You’re… Supergirl?” Thea interrupted incredulously, having come face to face with the alien that her brother had often discussed behind locked doors in the Arrow Cave, “Hi, wow, this is… an honor. I can’t believe that it’s really you…”

For what Thea could place about Supergirl, Supergirl could hardly place about Thea. What she was doing wearing Oliver’s uniform, what she had been up to since the Dominators had attacked, it was all a mystery to her. But the way that Thea looked up at her, those eyes twinkling behind her softball sized cheeks, Kara could tell that there was… *something* there. Something that she couldn’t quite place.

Either way, Thea was hardly the woman that Kara remembered. The Red Arrow (or was it Speedy? It was so hard to keep track of these things lately…) that Kara had fought alongside with against the Dominators had been thin and fit and rebellious. This woman, this marshmallow who could hardly hold a bow without panting, was a far cry from the Green Arrow who had worn the hood before her…

And yet, somehow, it felt… right? It was so hard to explain, but—

“Thea!”

Sara Lance could hardly contain herself at the sight of Thea’s spherical physique. The tiny blonde assassin had sauntered down the gangway with her arms held out wide, openly inviting the enormous woman in for the squishiest hug that Sara had endured in the past half an hour. Thea was so vast, so barrel-built, that the captain of the Waverider could hardly make her arms meet around Thea’s meaty shoulder blades, let alone actually hug Oliver’s super-sized successor!

“Glad to know that you got my summons.”

“Yeah! Wouldn’t have missed this for the world.” The fat woman panted as she parted from Sara’s vice-like embrace, “Gideon makes the *best* snacks.”

“You *would* be concerned with that sort of thing.” Kate mutterd distastefully as she wrestled her way out of Kara’s grip, “Get off of me, would you?”

“Oh, sorry…”

The squishy blonde released the grumpy redhead immediately, her soft tummy sloshing slightly from side to side in her tent-sized Supergirl uniform. Kate’s hard rubber and Kevlar exterior was enough to hold her feminine physique in place, but there was no denying that the exceptionally thick Kate Kane would have been squishing in every direction once her feet touched the ground. Kara could *see* the images in the forefront of her mind, like they’d done this before…

She was going to have to get off of whatever weird Earth this was where everyone was fat, and fast!

“So… do you think we could go inside?” Thea puffed, spherical shape sloshing as she shifted on her fat feet, “The ride over here wasn’t exactly the most comfortable thing in the world.”

“You’d think that with Felicity’s money, she would have managed to build a seat that could *contain* all of you… at least until you slimmed down enough during training.”

Thea’s arms were so thick that her biceps hung at an angle. They squished and rolled underneath the bloated parachute sleeves of her outfit, never leaving the uppermost top roll that they rested on. Thea placed her hands distastefully on the upper ledge of muffin top as she scoffed in disbelief of her curvy counterpart’s callousness.

“I *thought* we weren’t—”

“Just… get on the ship.” Sara Lance pinched the bridge of her nose as she dutifully diverted her eyes from all of the supple female flesh on display, “We’ve got a lot to discuss.”

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Aside from Sara, Kate was the only one whose seat aboard the *Waverider* was more than a little roomy.

Iris and Kara had proven that their fattened physiques fit right in with the caverns carved out for the corpulent crew’s colossal carriages. Thea fit in snugly—her squishy stomach bulging out from either side as her fat feet dangled just off of the floor. And while Captain Lance would have undoubtedly have been able to fit several of herself within the captain’s chair, she was a bit more preoccupied.

And as a matter of fact, so was Gideon.

“More snacks, ladies?”

“Mrmph… please…”

Iris’s voice was heavy with want as Gideon’s materializers placed another plate just within her limited grasp. At some point, she had begun to lean back as the ship’s AI had continued to replenish what already seemed like a never-ending platter of pastries. The load of her heavy brown gut slowly being taken out from under her as the instincts formed by a lifetime of idle grazing took their hold on what was an otherwise unaffected mind. Her face was flush and her stomach warm as it stretched slowly outwards, inching further and further towards maximum capacity at no other insistence than what she was comfortable with…

“Iris?” Kara ventured from her seat, reaching over to touch one of her friend’s pillowy thighs, “I know you’re freaking out right now, but we all need to have a clear head. Okay?”

“I don’t know —orp— what you’re talking about.” Iris said in what was perhaps the most unconvincing way possible, “I’m *fiiiine,* we’re doing fine! We’ve got Kate and Thea on our team now!”

She waved a chubby hand over to the two supple street-level heroes and the extra hundreds of pounds between them.

“Except they don’t *remember* that things aren’t supposed to be like this and they’re *just* as big as anyone *else* on this Earth.”

“Hey!” Thea’s chunky face creased, “I have a glandular disorder.”

“See? She has a *glandular disorder*!” Iris cackled manically as she popped another cookie past her lips, “I don’t see why I *shouldn’t* celebrate with as much food as this ship can give me! Because for *some reason* that’s all I want to do! Stuff my face until I feel better! And since these two were our best chance at getting things back to normal, it’s going to be a *looooong* time until I feel better!”

There was a somber, awkward silence as the two women whose minds hadn’t been (totally) affected by the strange multiversal shenanigans were forced to sit with Iris’s rather keen observation of how slim their odds were of getting things back to normal. Meanwhile the two tubbos that had been brought aboard the ship in hopes of fixing things could only sit in further confusion after having everything explained to them.

As far as Kate and Thea were concerned, reality had always been like this. Iris and Kara had always been like this. But with the way that Iris was acting, you would have thought that they had just skirted a multiversal Crisis that had left the world changed forever…

“W-Well yeah, but…” Kara couldn’t help but feel crestfallen; Iris had pretty much swept the rug out from under whatever hopeful and motivational speech she might have given, “I-I…”

“So you’re telling me that there’s a universe where I *didn’t* need to do recovery after Beth shot me in the leg?” Kate cocked an eyebrow behind her cowl, “And where I’m still in Service Shape?”

“Uh… y-yeah.” Kara nodded, “You’re in great shape. We all are.”

“Well… count me in.” Kate gave the faintest smile as she laid her hand on her Kevlar-clad stomach, “Anything I can do to drop a hundred pounds, I’m in. Street fights just don’t cut it these days.”

“Well, I mean, if Kate’s in then…”

Thea hadn’t stopped snacking since she had sat down in the chairs on the bridge. Whatever changes had been made to her in this universe had been far more prominent than some of the others—the formerly confident Queen was now a comfort-eating blob squished into that seat, complete with cookie crumbs dotting the corners of her mouth. It was clear, though at least comforting, that Thea was only throwing her hood into the ring because Kate felt that it was the right thing to do.

That seemed to calm things down a little bit. The fact that both of their friends, changed or not, would have their back in this endeavor was something that put Iris, Kara, and Sara at some semblance of ease.

“Well that’s good to hear. Because we’re going to need all of the help that we can get.” Sara sighed, arms akimbo as she managed to compose herself in the face of so much corpulence, “My team isn’t fit to go on any field missions, and I don’t think that Kara’s got a lot of help at the DEO.”

“I could see if Caitlin wants to—"

“Ooh! I could see if Felicity has anything we could use?” Thea offered helpfully, rocking slightly in her seat as she squished against the sides of the egg-shaped seat, “She usually… rmm… she usually packs… *something* useful in here…”

Watching Thea’s fat face squish against her chins as she struggled to so much as reach one of the pockets in her outfit was enough to make Kara second-guess her confidence in this team ever so slightly. But at the end of the day, this really was the best that they could hope for. Kate and Thea were at least on board with fixing things, even if they didn’t remember the way that the universes used to be. Bringing Barry or Oliver into this might have been their next best option, but judging from what she had pieced together from the game of catchup that she had been playing with the others (not to mention the memories slowly replacing her original ones) Kara had come to the conclusion that the fastest option was the best one.

And ironically, these butterballs were the fastest option.

“Uhh… h-here, Thea, let me help you out…”

Sara had been quick to grab Thea by the hand and help to squeeze her out. Out of all the plus-sized superheroes that had plopped themselves into the chairs on the bridge, Thea was the one least equipped to actually unseat herself, even with their hydraulics. Something that the ship’s captain couldn’t help but take advantage of—sneaking in to get a better look at the ample archer’s absolutely deep physique. Her side rolls were so thick, they sagged so far over the sides of her lower gut, that they actually had helped to wedge her inside of the chair—something that the more pendulously gut heavy Ava hadn’t even accomplished even at her advanced level of obesity. Even her upper biceps were scraping against the sides a bit there, forcing Thea’s thick flap of double chin to crease along her long forgotten jawline…

“Hfff…”

“Almost…”

“Yeah, got it…”

“There we go…”

Sara slapped Thea across her meaty back, forcing ripples to the forefront of her flabby body as the younger hero lurched forward upon impact. As she straightened up, Sara’s eyes found themselves glued to the pitiful breasts that sat pooled on top of Oliver’s pudgy protégé’s uppermost belly roll, splaying noticeably between the low-drawn zipper that—

“Sara?”

“Yes?” she blinked back to attention, attempting to face Kara as though she hadn’t been staring at Thea’s flabby anatomy for a solid thirty seconds, uninterrupted, “Did you have an idea?”

“No, just…” the Kryptonian pantomimed sound levels dropping downward slowly, “…cool it, you know?”

“Yeah. Yeah, sure. Sorry.” She smiled sheepishly, “Uh… Thea, you… you had an idea that could help us out?”

“Well… half of an idea.” Thea made a face as she struggled to reach around her prodigious paunch to reach her trusty utility belt, “If I could get in touch with Felicity, she might be able to… to… come on…”

When you’re a superhero, it’s hard to not try and help the helpless. So watching Thea struggle with the fact that she was too round to reach around from the left side to her right was enough to make Kara, Kate, and even Iris jump to her assistance. It wasn’t as though she couldn’t do it herself (that right arm of hers might have been hanging at an angle, but it was still perfectly useful) but the idea that Thea was so helpless on her own made it a little embarrassing for all those involved to watch her struggle.

“Here, let me—

“Thea, sweetie, I can—”

“Are you serious? You can’t even—”

In the struggle and the embarrassment, poor Thea’s sausage fingers dropped a small canister of… something. Something that would have, no doubt, proved itself to be quite useful in her fight against crime in Star City after she had fully taken over for her brother Oliver. But as it was, the noxious green gas being deployed on the *Waverider’s* command bridge was less than helpful. A thick cloud of verdant smoke surrounded the foursome of fatties as they fussed and complained about the embarrassing misfire of one of the new Green Arrow’s accidental discharges, all without realizing just what exactly laid in store for them after the drugs had time to go into effect…

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Coming face to face with Felicity’s… well, face, in this reality was downright surreal.

Out of all of the people that Kara, Iris, and Sara had encountered that were distinctively *different* from the ones that they had left in the universe proper, none so many of them were quite so vast that they were literally unrecognizable from the people that they used to be. Felicity’s sharp features had become completely buried by the tennis ball cheeks that rolled down, down to form a thick flap of double chin that rippled with every word that she spoke. Her eyes were forced to squint behind her glasses, Thea’s own squishy countenance reflected in her lenses.

“Okay… so… *what* cannister exactly was the one that dropped?”

The sounds of Overwatch’s own eating did little to help the current predicament. To those that could remember a time (if only barely, in the moment) when things weren’t so strange and different, it was just another nail in the coffin to their already beaten sense of rebellion against the forces that drove them to… to…

“They’re, uh… they’re not labeled… at least not very clearly…”

Thea’s fat thumb eclipsed the actual labeling that had been carefully and mechanically applied to each and every one of the little bomblets that had been stored away in her many pouches. The fact of the matter was that even Kate had trouble reading the absolutely microscopic labeling—and that was *before* she had found herself unable to turn away from the pile of snacks that had been materialized from Gideon’s food replicators.

“Oh boy…” Felicity’s thick cheeks and rolling apron of chin flexed she grimaced into the communicator’s camera, “Uh… Thea, sweetie? I think you might have accidentally gassed yourself with an E-452 compound—“

“Which—mmph—means *what* exactly?” Iris wiped the crumbs and blueberry residue from her mouth with the back of one brown, sausage arm, “And don’t give me any of that science geek talk. Just… *orp*… spill it.”

“You all have been gassed with a criminal deterrent that *temporarily* instills a sensation of great—”

“For Rao’s sake, Felicity!”

“…*okay*… you guys are gonna be hungry for a good, *long* while.”

Suffice it to say, that much had already been figured out. It hadn’t taken the world’s greatest detective to surmise that whatever had been in Thea’s pouch had a hunger-intensifying effect on everyone present—even the resident alien had found herself unable to control herself when faced with a replicator that could cook up all of her deepest desires.

“Why would you even put something like that in Thea’s arsenal?!” Kate barked, crumbs dotting the corners of her mouth as she shifted uncomfortably in a rapidly too-small bat suit, “She can barely bend over, let alone pick the right tools for a fight!”

“Hey, it’s come in handy before.” Felicity’s triple chin folded slightly as she failed to shift nervously from behind her monitor, “I figured… you know… it’s not every day our new Arrow gets summoned by the Justice League.”

“Uggfhfh…” Iris was torn between absolute loathing and a miserable satisfaction as she stuffed herself with the piles of snacks that Gideon happily provided, “I haven’t been this mad at you since you interrupted my wedding.”

“…wait, you were still mad about that?”

“Oh my ffuffn…”

For the past twenty minutes, after the exposure to the mysterious green gas that had erupted from the small circular smoke bomb that had tumbled out from underneath the pouch along Thea’s belly, the five women present had become absolutely ravenous; what’s more, they were completely and totally unable to stop themselves from indulging at the snacks that Gideon was programmed to continue to deliver.

Iris was lurching forward, reaching past her stomach as she grabbed at more and more muffins, the corners of her mouth dotted with crumbs and blueberry granules. Her soft cocoa-butter stomach bulged and squelched out from underneath her outfit, having fully busted the button on her biggest pair of jeans. Her breathing was labored and hard, but she was simply unable to stop!

Kara’s more bottom-heavy physique wasn’t as constrained. With her super-strength, she had little to no trouble getting at what she wanted. And what she wanted was *food*. Had that gas been laced with kryptonite? That was the only thing that she could think of that would have affected her this way. But something about everything that Gideon created was just so *good*! She had hardly tasted anything like it!

Even the more militant vigilantes, the ones who had not been completely changed by the Crisis, had found themselves completely unable to resist the sudden urge that had been thrust upon them. Kate, in all of her iron willpower, had found herself struggling to reach forward in that cicada shell of a bat suit of hers. She’d been forced to strip out of it, exposing her pale white gutflesh to the rest of the occupants of the *Waverider*—it was simply the only option that her gluttony-addled brain could handle! Even Sara, the least gluttonous out of all of those changed by the dimensional goings-on, had simply been unable to stop herself from stuffing her mouth full of whatever she could get her hands on.

And that was to say nothing of Thea, who had hardly needed some noxious green gas to glut herself to an absolutely absurd amount.

The universe’s best hopes at getting things back to normal, the five most qualified individuals for solving whatever micro-Crisis had sprung up between the events of the one that Kara, Iris, and Sara barely remembered, were hardly able to turn their noses away from the dining table that had been brought up between them. Let alone actually do anything useful that might fix the situation. And all the while, the massive woman who had been hailed in hopes of helping them could do little more than watch as the five of them struggled to maintain the momentum of stuffing their faces as they had previously established!

“I am *so* ticked off with you.” Iris groaned, cradling her beach ball belly with one hand while reaching for yet more still with the other, “Can’t you, like… give us an antidote or something?”

“I’m sorry, I don’t exactly have authorization to get to the *Waverider’s* synthesizer controls.” Felicity’s thick voice managed to sound especially snotty as she pointed it out before turning to Sara, “Unless…?”

“Whu?” the captain turned, full-mouthed, to the screen that displayed Felicity’s fleshy visage, “Nuh… juff… can’t riffk it…”

Sara winced in a mixture of pain and pleasure as she dragged her hand sensually across her stomach, the sensation of her sinfully stuffed stomach sending electricity up and down her spine was enough to make her consciously reject the idea of getting any assistance from outside force.

“I believe what Captain Lance means is that my technologies would not be compatible with your primitive devices.” Gideon helpfully interjected over the sounds of gorging

“Fanf you Giffeon.” Sara’s head lulled drunkenly to the side as she stared longingly at the blue holographic head, “You’re always fo good ad exflaining fings…”

“Right you are, Captain—would anyone care for a little something warm to help settle their stomachs?”

The five of them were hardly in any position to complain. Or reject. Or think twice. The chemicals that they had been dosed with had effectively turned off their ability to regularte their own appetites. And whether or not what Gideon was offering liquids or solids, to their ears and minds it jjust meant *more*. And that was enough for humanity’s best hope to keep stuffing themselves—at least, until the effects of the drug wore off.

Which, as per Felicity’s *ignored* warnings, wouldn’t be for some time…

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“Ooogh…”

“Ugghhhh.”

“Hrraaguhggh…”

“mrmrmpmh…”

Five (bloated) figures were all that stood in the way of the universe-altering changes that had undergone seemingly overnight. And at the end of their feast those five bloated bodies remained as they struggled to so much as keep consciousness in the face of an overwhelming desire, put into them by those same changes that had pushed them all way too far.

“How… how you y’all feelin’?”

As she just barely managed to utter the question, Iris herself could barely see over great ridge of belly fat. Leaning back in her seat as far as it could go, she held either end of her stomach with thick, limp fingers. She could hardly keep her eyes open after an onslaught like she had just endured. Her round brown cheeks were covered in crumbs and debris, her lips parted as she panted pathetically in the wake of a Crisis of seemingly infinite snacks.

“I’m not… feelin’ so great…”

Kara the Kryptonian, Supergirl herself, had been affected by whatever Felicity had put into that gas. Could it have been Kryptonite laced? That was the only explanation that she could think of. Now that she *could* think again. With the towering tummy that squelched and rose and fell so gently with her shallow breaths as she struggled to maintain consciousness. Her hand traced along the stuffed sphere of stomach as she reclined in her seat next to Iris, barely able to put two thoughts together after such a glut.

“I… I kinda understand… why Sophie got so… so fucking *fat* after… *hfff*… after Point Rock.” Kate’s breaths were labored and her cheeks were red, laying flat on the floor as her sturdy shape sported a thick, round gut that had been stuffed bite for bite with the other starving superheroines, “That… *ooof*… was kinda hot…”

“You’re tellin’ me*…*”

The Captain of the Waverider hadn’t been immune to the dispersal gas that Thea had dropped from her belt. Watching everyone stuff their faces had been the time of her life, even if it meant that she had been driven with similar urges on top of the ones that she was already just barely able to control. As she rolled off from behind Kate, the heat from her stomach and Kate’s back bringing a cool breeze along her exposed midsection, Sara pressed her legs together tightly after yet another newfound sensation rocked her Crisis-tampered Id. Running her hands up and down her body, writhing on the floor, she found herself wondering why this version of herself in whatever reality this was hadn’t already gone off the wagon a long time ago…

Another part of her wished that Ava had been here to join in on the fun… and that maybe Kara had brought Alex along with her.

“…kay…” Iris let out a low stream of air as she attempted to steady herself, “How you feelin’ over there, Thea?”

Only the sounds of a continued indulgence remained, the low hum of Gideon’s food materializers still ongoing long after it had faded into white noise for the fattened femme fatales as they gorged themselves mindlessly at the behest of their bodies and the drug that they’d been gassed with. Now that it was wearing off, and they could think clearly, hearing it still going was almost… concerning.

“Thea?”

“Mrrmphhmhm”

Thea was perfectly contented in her seat, arms splayed uselessly at her side and propped up by her thick slab of middle roll as the rest of her gut domed out of the central opening of her seat. Her fat face beset by the thick rolls of chin that bulged over the collar of her hood and the chubby cheeks that were freckled with crumbs as Gideon…

“Gideon, who… *uff*… programmed you to take on a hard light body?” Sara Lance’s horny brain was interrupted by the appearance of a quite plump simulacrum of Gideon’s preferred appearance, “I thought—”

“Who else would be able to help you move your First Mate, Captain Lance? You programmed me to do this months ago.” The thickset brunette didn’t pause her hand-feeding of the new Green Arrow, “And I’d hardly call anything about this body *hard*.”

A wide behind stuck out far behind the artificial intelligence as she rubbed small circles into the zenith of Thea’s enormity, her belly bunching beneath her blue dress as she effortlessly coaxed the younger vigilante into further heights of gluttony. Despite looking to weigh anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, Gideon carried herself as though she were as light as a feather. Which, given the composition of her body… she probably was.

“Ohhhh no she’s hot.” Sara rolled over in exasperation, “I’m never going to get anything done. Ever again. Between you all and Ava and my crew, I’m just gonna… *mm…”*

As Sara Lance clenched her legs together, rubbing her stuffed physique sensually while the others either writhed or wriggled in place, Gideon’s jiggle physics proved to be up to the test as she waddled her way to stand over her horizontal captain.

“And would that be so bad, Captain Lance?” she asked in her prim, received pronunciation, “I know that Ms. Sharpe has confided in me multiple times that she wishes I gave you the same treatment that you’ve ordered me to give her.”

“That… doesn’t sound so bad…” Sara licked her lips as she exhaled a broken, shuddering sigh, “Kinda *nice* actually… just *letting go*…”

“We’re never going to get out of this reality, are we?” Iris’s double chin creased as she rolled her head over to glare at Kara

“It… doesn’t look like it.” She grimaced back as Sara arched her back, opened her mouth, and allowed Gideon to hand-feed her a freshly materialized cupcake.