

With double the feedee's Dick was putting in double the work.

And he had no problem with that.

With various avenue streams ranging from a League stipend to bank accounts Bruce made for them, there was nothing stopping the billowing babes from maximizing their gains.

And Kori at least was still a big help, even if her size was beginning to make her tire more quickly than usual.

"Ugh, I need a shower." She said coming home after one mission.

"Even after the chemical shower we took?"

"Especially after that."

Fighting living beings of toxic waste like Chemo was not one of the more glamorous aspects of being a superhero, but someone had to do it.

"Boy am I glad I promoted myself to desk duty," came a sarcastic voice over their intercom.

"Laugh it up Babs, next time I'm bringing a piece of him home for you to study."

Oracle replied by blowing him a raspberry. He grinned.

Kori had dibs on the first shower, and was not in a mood to take a long time, so she did it alone.

Dick passed the time just watching Barbara.

She had put on a significant amount of weight since hanging up the cowl, the only real exercise other than sex being her fingers dancing across a keyboard.

Unlike Kori's more apple-shaped gain, Barbara was a definitive pear. Her hips had started overflowing the comfy desk chair she had gotten to facilitate her new overseer position.

When they weighed Barbara, alongside Kori, they found that she had gained around 50 pounds or so.

For someone who for her entire life had almost no body fat on her, that was pretty substantial.

When Kori finally finished her shower, it was Dick's turn.

To reward him for letting her go first, she made sure to tantalize him, with a towel that hugged

her astounding tits and barely covered her growing stomach.

She loved seeing his eyes go wide, and awkwardly shuffle past her as a part of his anatomy stiffened.

She waddled a bit behind Barbara, the sheer girth of her thighs forcing her to adapt to new methods of locomotion.

‘Anything interesting happening on Terra?’ she asked, as she tried to make sense of the various screens Barbara was looking at.

‘There’s an eruption in the pacific, Luthor is trying to hack into S.T.A.R labs new satellite, and Captain Cold is crashing the Flash museum. Again.’

Kori used her pudgy fingers to rub Barbara’s back.

‘Wow. Is that a lot?’

‘It’s pretty slow today, actually.’

‘Hungry?’

‘Always.’

Kori got some leftovers, which was a relative rarity in this house but the two redheads did have limits, and put them in the microwave.

She looked at the photos of herself, documenting her rising weight.

It was crazy to think how relatively recently she had abs more pronounced than Power Girl.

And even crazier to think about how her tits were even bigger than PG’s now.

She brought the now hot food over to Barbara, who thanked her and looked gleeful at the delicious offering she was given.

She moaned as she took a bite. She had no idea what she was missing, back when she did her best to keep herself slim.

But like Kori awakening in her that she had a thing for girls, she had also awoken in her a love of fat.

Dick came out of the shower, and saw his girlfriends gorging themselves.

“Y’know,” he said, drying his hair with a towel.

“We haven’t had a proper date night in a while.”

Kori’s eyes brightened, and Barbara looked away from her food and her data feed to show that she was excited too.

He pulled out a credit card.

“Let’s see if the old man’s bank account can cover you two.”

That night, they got out of a rented limo in front of Bertinelli’s, the premier restaurant for Bludhaven’s wealthiest.

Dick got out first, being the most able. He was wearing a very fetching Tux that he had previously bought for Bruce and Selina’s wedding.

Barbara was next. She was also wearing a white dress that she had worn for the same wedding, but she had wisely decided to get it sized up a few weeks ago.

Still, it barely got over her enlarged hips, and her belly strained the material. She wore some makeup and had done her hair up in a little bun, and was still more than a little nervous that she would be seen by people unaware of her recent lifestyle change.

But all eyes would be on Kori tonight.

Heaving herself out of the limo, her red dress with gold highlights looked both large enough to act as a tent, and painted on from how much orange flesh it had to contain within itself.

A heart shaped boob window showed off a scandalous amount of cleavage, but her face was done up with lot’s of glamorous makeup, and her hair fell down to her waist. She looked like an overfed movie star, and she knew it.

They arrived at their table, and the two women were famished.

The bread bowl was not long for this world, nor was it’s replacement.

When the waiter came, they were ready to order.

“I will have the scampi linguini, and the fettuccine alfredo.” Barbara stated.

“And I will have the Chicken parmigiana, and the Rigatoni Bolognese.”

The waiter took all of this down, then felt the need to point something out.

“You are both aware that those are two Entrees, yes?”

They looked at each other, and Dick smirked.

“We are aware.” Kori said, a manic look in their eye.

They also placed an order for two appetizer samplers. Samplers that were designed to be for the whole table.

By the time they were finished and loaded back into the limo, they were completely stuffed, and Barbara was quite drunk on the wine they had brought to their table.

Kori held her vast stomach with both of her hands.

“Dick, how much did this dress cost?”

“It was pretty expensive.”

“If you rip it off of me right now, I’ll make it up to you.”

The dress barely lasted a few seconds.