Time travel is real, and so are its consequences. When a terrible time paradox put all of history in peril, an elite team was formed. Their job, to protect history and repair these so-called anachronisms. Unfortunately, this is not that elite team. And yet, this team of misfits and outcasts is determined to fix the history which they have broken.

During a Crisis on Infinite Earths, reality was affected in ways that not even this universe’s greatest heroes could imagine. Now that the dust has settled and the splintered world has healed into a strange, unrecognizable shape, it falls upon them to set right what once went wrong.

Not because they are heroes, but because they are Legends.

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As far as intergalactic vessels went, Kara had always thought that the vessel was… quaint.

By Kryptonian standards, it was a pretty basic vehicle when it came to the actual *space* part of being a space ship. However, when looked at for what it was—a *time* ship—it suddenly became much more impressive.

Until you met its crew. Then it once again became substantially less than impressive.

However, having suddenly awoken into a world where pretty much everything and everyone was different, seeing the distressed metal hull of the Legends’ time vessel put Kara at ease in a way that it never had before.

Kara’s mysterious poundage had meant for an equally mysterious (and roomy) suit to fit her. Supergirl’s blue and red tights were wide around the hips with plenty of room built into the crotch so that she could fasten her belt around her belly, with a longer cape to help hide the fact that she had been built plump around the rump. Her thighs rubbed together (she was actually *chafing* for the first time in her life!) as she walked towards the ship’s hangar doors.

*“It’s Kara—open up!”*

After a brief moment, the hull opened and a walkway slowly slid onto the lawn of the forest outside of National City. A small blonde woman dressed in white leather, completely unchanged by the mysterious events that had expanded everyone that she’d known (probably the entire city itself) as she sauntered down the gangway.

“Oh Sara, thank Rao!”

Before the captain of the Waverider knew it, she was wrapped in a squishy vicegrip as Kara rushed over to embrace her.

“I’ve *never* been so happy to see you.

“I would say the same but…” Sara’s response had to eke out of Kara’s preternaturally tight embrace, “You’re… choking me…”

“Sorry!”

Kara relinquished the smaller blonde from her grip and allowed her to catch her breath.

It shouldn’t have been so *uncanny* seeing Sara as she always had been, rather than as a friendly face with an extra chin or two. But seeing the tiny former assassin’s svelte physique and the visible firmness beneath her costume’s sleeves, it felt a little bizarre to realize that *she* had looked like that less than a few hours ago—despite what flickering memories in the back of her mind of a life slowly growing up and out on Earth were telling her…

“I see that even alien biology doesn’t guarantee protection against the universe resetting.” Sara said with a brief once-over at Kara’s newfound girth, “Come aboard; I feel like there’s a lot that we need to talk about…”

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Kara hadn’t spent as much time with the Legends as she had with Barry. Or even Oliver. Living on an entirely separate Earth had meant that most of what she had heard about the Waverider and its captain, and by extension the ensemble cast that made up her crew, came from word of mouth.

And that time that they beat up Nazis together. *That* had been fun.

But even just stepping into the ship, Kara had known that something was wrong. Not in an imperceptible, Supergirl kind of way, but just… she could *feel* it. Like something was going to jump out from behind the corner and show her that this wasn’t the last bastion of normalcy on Earth.

Her suspicions proved correct when she was presented with Iris West-Allen.

At least, someone who could have looked an awful lot like her in a certain light.

When Kara had pictured Iris in the time since their last (lengthy) encounter, she preferred to see her in the wedding dress that she’d worn before the ceremony had been crashed by their doppelgangers from Earth-X. Slender, dark-skinned, and beautiful with a certain presence about her that made it evident that she and Barry were equals in their partnership despite the fact that the was the Fastest Man Alive.

Seeing her now, Kara had a hard time reconciling that image with the *large* woman scarfing down a blueberry muffin.

“Kara?” Iris’s mouth was still full, the Kyrptonian’s appearance having taken her by surprise, “What are you doing on our Earth?”

“That’s the question you’re going to ask me?” Kara pivoted on her flaring hip, “Not *why are you twice the size that you were the last time that I saw you*?”

Iris raised her eyebrows and glanced down at her own fatted physique, silently emphasizing that Kara wasn’t in much of a place to complain about exponential expansion. In case the point hadn’t been made, she placed one hand on a heavy roll of brown flab that hung over the waistband of her jeans.

“Right.” Kara replied sheepishly, “Sorry.”

Though she wasn’t nearly the size that Alex or Lena (to say nothing of Ms. Grant) had been when Kara had met her that morning, Iris was still plenty big. Whereas both of them had been a sort of walking, wobbling stomach with arms and legs, Iris’s growth was much more balanced. She was big all over, in the chest and in the seat as well as her stomach. Even Kara’s growth had been somewhat lopsided, seeming to settle in her seat. As a tradeoff, Iris must have had at least a hundred pounds on the girl of steel, and she looked about as happy about that as anybody could have expected her to.

“Honestly, it’s just nice to see that not *all* of Barry’s friends were exempt from whatever’s going on around here.”

Here, eyes rolled so as to stare down Sara Lance. Still as deadly as she was beautiful, and not a pound heavier than when they had all last seen one another. The world’s deadliest woman looked that much more deadly in a world where the average weight seemed to have been increased two to three-fold, and where all but a select of those in it could manage the herculean task of bending over to touch their toes without getting winded.

“What can I say? Being trained by the League of Assassins burns a lot of calories no matter what’s happening with reality.” Sara said with a playful sort of smugness, “But it’s good to know that not everyone has gone native from the changes to the timeline.”

“You think that time travel has something to do with this?” Kara asked, crossing her arms over her tummy, “Is… is that a thing that happens a lot on your Earth?”

“I mean, you tell me—you’re on our Earth too, and so is the rest of National City.” The White Canary’s words set Kara’s jaw to drop

“That… that can’t be right—”

“Look, nobody is really sure what’s happening with reality right now.” Iris held out a sausage fingered hand, “But Sara said that she and the rest of her team were working on a way to figure it out. And that we should get everyone onto the Waverider as soon as possible so that we have the best chance of undoing whatever’s caused all of this…”

Crestfallen, Kara submitted. Iris was right; the only way that they were going to be able to solve whatever was happening with them would have been to do it together. It was probably better that they were all on the same Earth for now.

“Well… we’re still kind of working on that.” Sara winced, “But, uh… why don’t you join me on the bridge for some snacks?”

Touched subtly by this strange new world that they found themselves in, Iris and Kara were in no position to argue against something to fill their bellies. New lives of stress-eating and casual overindulgence had whittled away their willpower, to the point where the mere word was enough to make their round bellies growl with hunger. Enough where they didn’t quite question whether or not they particularly *needed* to be snacking, given how much weight they had put on…

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The bridge of the Waverider had undergone some minor changes since the last time that either Kara or Iris had seen it—the least of which were the fact that all of the chairs were now unreasonably wide.

They were still collapsible, they still receded into the floor of the great time ship, but they looked less like the standard fair on any space-faring ship and more like leather fittings for giant ball bearings.

Sitting among them was an equally large, unreasonably vast woman squeeze into a pant suit and a mop of dark blonde hair that neither Iris or Kara recognized. Given the strangeness of the Legends and the way that they tended to do things, they wouldn’t have known one crewmate from another. But this one seemed particularly unfit for duty.

“Supergirl, Mrs. West-Allen.” The fat woman’s jowls shivered as she extended an exceptionally plump arm out to shake hands, “It’s a pleasure to meet you—I’m first mate Ava Sharpe, former director of the Time Bureau.”

“They don’t… they don’t need to know who you are, Ava.”

“Why wouldn’t they need to know who I am?” Ava mumbled through a big bite of muffin, “I’m the first mate. The chain of command—”

“Isn’t really *important right now*, given that we’re facing an existential crisis that *isn’t* totally our fault.” Sara leaned over the chair, pressed her lips against Ava’s softball-sized cheeks, and gave her a placating kiss, “Eat your muffin.”

“I will.” The round woman snorted contemptuously at being shushed, “I will eat my muffin.”

*Whomever* this woman was, it was undeniable that she was easily heavier than either Kara or Iris were. Whether that was a change brought upon whatever mysterious force had fattened them all up in the first place, nobody was quite sure. But she seemed much more comfortable in her size than either of them were.

“This is my girlfriend, she’s not exactly herself right now.”

“Girl, same.” Ventured a brusque laugh, “I’m having trouble telling what’s real anymore.”

Iris’s hands fell down to rest on her stomach as it jut out in front of her, squishing it together from either side.

“All of this *feels* so—”

“I know *exactly* what you mean.” Sara held up a hand, a curt smile on her face as she avoided Iris’s glance, “Let’s just… cool it with the self-exploration, alright? At least until we know whether or not we can fix this.”

The other two women were surprised how grateful they felt to be off of their feet. Memories of new lifetimes avoiding things like walking and exercising meant they were rather lazy despite their respective propensities to save their worlds. Kara plopped down in the seat with a husky *oof* while Iris groaned appreciatively as she readjusted the hem of her sweater back down over her stomach.

They hadn’t been seated for more than a few seconds before a voice—charming and British—came over the ship’s intercom. The ship’s A.I., Gideon.

“Good afternoon ladies—would you care for a snack while we await the arrival of our next guest?”

“Uh… sure…” Kara looked to her fellow Waverider newbie for silent help, “Iris?”

“Y-Yeah…” Iris placed her hands on her stomach self-consciously, “Something small.”

The food materializers on the Waverider weren’t capable of getting every last detail right, but they were certainly up to the task of whipping something up to just help them kill time, and to top off the fat bellies that had sprung up overnight on what had once been two of the most willful women on either of their respective Earths.

“These are… *surprisingly good*.”

“I don’t see how you get anything done with something like this around…”

The words weren’t their own—at least, not really. They were born from the parts of their minds that were altered by the change in what was (apparently) not just the time stream, but also the fundamental makeup of their universe. Two greedy gals with (hardly) empty bellies that were content to snack until they could figure out what, exactly they could do…

It was almost like their minds went blank; their bodies running on auto pilot. Gideon was helpful enough to bring the food directly to them without their noticing, keeping Iris and Kara just as content as the Waverider’s first mate and slowly tempting them into indulgence.

“Do you guys…” Sara gulped uneasily, “Maybe want something else?”

The tiny captain shifted her stance uncomfortably, fidgeting with an uncharacteristic nervousness that might have been noticed if Kara and Iris were thinking with their heads and not their bellies.

“We’ve… got like a kitchen full of good stuff…”

“Don’t bother, love.”

A thick, decidedly male (and exceedingly cockney) voice carried from deeper in the ship as a large blonde man lumbered in belly-first. John Constantine’s button-up had busted along the curve of his stomach, giving a diamond-shaped opening two buttons high that exposed his creamy pink gut flesh.

“Me’n Zari took care of whatever Raymond and his better half weren’t able to squeeze into their bellies.”

He sighed contentedly as he pat the large shelf of stomach that swayed nearly a foot in front of him, toddling along to one of the empty seats as yet another exceptionally large member of this ensemble cast waddled into view. She was a prim, spoiled sort of woman munching on a donut, with wide hips and a swollen chest.

“*What* does a girl have to do to get some decent service around here.” The fat woman whined as she plopped down in a chair adjacent to Constantine’s, “Gidget—make me some of those little fried cheesecake balls.”

Kara, Iris, and Sara glanced at each other. Clearly, neither of them recognized the latter of their new company.

“Somehow we wound up with Behrad’s sister on board instead of him.” Sara shrugged, “I… don’t really know how to explain it any better than that.”

“Rude.” Zari sniffed, “…and who are your friends?”

“Constantine, Zari, this is Iris West-Allen and Kara Danvers. They’re here to help me figure out what’s going on in the multiverse—the more of us that I can gather together who haven’t been affected by the change, the better odds we have to set everything back to normal.”

“But, like… this *is* normal.” Zari said with a vague gesture around, “Wait—is this like… one of those crossover thingies?”

“Nate explicitly said that we were *not* doing the crossover this time.” Ava corrected, raising a pudding-thick arm to point in the general direction of the other two fatties who had plopped down on the bridge, “And personally, I think he has a point. More time for snacks.”

Iris and Kara eyed each other uncomfortably as Sara sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose as she silently questioned every decision she’d ever made in her life. Or rather, the decisions that had been made for her in this life? It was all very, very complicated.

“Could you guys *please* give us a minute alone?” Sara grumbled, “I’m having enough trouble concentrating with… *things* going in my brain. I don’t need you two distracting me.”

“Well pardon us, Captain—it ain’t our fault that you can’t control yourself around such fine specimens such as ourselves.” Constantine quipped with an affectionate little pat of his giant stomach, “We’ll leave you to your voluptuous guests, then.”

The chair that housed John’s carriage pushed him upwards slightly, allowing him to transition smoothly from being seated to a slow plodding waddle. Zari’s did much the same as the spellslinger escorted her out of the bridge and away from the snippiness of their captain.

“I still don’t know what you ever saw in him.” Ava raised her eyebrows and shook her head, mighty jowls rolling, “Or why he’s on the ship, honestly. I think that he’s more than overstayed his—"

“You too, Ava.” Sara pointed to the door, “Come on, up.”

The well-dressed wide load grumbled and exited in much the same fashion as John and Zari had before her. The chair bent itself to help hoist Ava onto her fat little feet, allowing Iris and Kara a good look at how *wide* she was from the side. Her stomach hung low when not housed by the seat of her chair, folding over her knees in a belly-centric display of superiority. It had been tucked far into the cavernous crotch of her slacks, the pantlegs of which were filled to the brim with pillary thighs and inflated calves. She couldn’t have weighed an ounce less than five hundred pounds—and her thick, breathless waddle into the other room (presumably the kitchen) seemed to last a lifetime, with Sara drinking in every step.

“I’ll uh… save some room.” Ava winked tactlessly as she eclipsed the doorway, “For later, I mean.”

“*Out.*” Sara enunciated more sternly, her normally calm demeanor visibly flustered

An awkward silence befell the only three people who remembered what the world was like when it wasn’t fat.

“You, uh… you okay there?” Iris ventured with a little nibble on her latest snack, “You seem like you’re…

“…a little distracted?” Kara winced awkwardly, “Is it like a late change, do you feel weird, or—”

“Apparently, whatever’s happening to *you* has affected *me* in a very strange, very weird, very…” Sara bit her bottom lip in frustration, “Very *uncomfortable* way for me to talk about, given that you’re both…”

“What I believe Captain Lance is trying to say is that she’s become, at least in the colloquial term, a Chubby Chaser.”

Some eyebrows were raised over that, as well as some uncomfortable laughter from Kara while Iris blinked, dumbstruck. Sara pursed her lips in embarrassment as the other two processed this information like the two mature adults that they were.

“So I guess you’re *really* not immune to whatever’s going on around here.” Iris said in shock, “Not that I’m judging, but…”

“I’m so, so sorry for laughing.” Kara switched to sympathy with middling results, “It’s not funny. It’s not. It’s just…”

Sara folded her arms and rolled her eyes as the two of them got in their yuks. Ever since reality had changed around her, she had been bombarded with memories of sexual exploration with fat men and women. The sensation of their softness, the heft of their weight in her hands, and the feeling of plush, squeezable flesh dominated her—it was such a powerful thing that it had overwritten what it had felt like when she tried to remember the *actual* things that had happened to her in the bedroom!

Oliver had had a chubby phase in high school before getting stranded on the Island. Nyssa had been a mountain of a spoiled Demon’s Daughter. Leonard Snart had the heat resistance of a polar bear. Constantine was… well, still Constantine, but fat. Kara’s sister Alex had been a comfort-eating boulder as she grappled with her sexual repression. And Ava…

Well, Ava had been *skinny* when they’d first met now.

All of this had hit Sara like a ton of bricks—weighing heavily on her as she tried her hardest not to succumb to the baser instincts that this new world had cursed her with. Ever since she had woken up in the Temporal Zone, in bed with her humongous girlfriend, she hadn’t been able to think about anything other than big butts and squishy guts…

And two more had waddled their way onto the Waverider. Making this even more awkward than it probably needed to be.

“You know, I could have woken up super-sized like either of you two. At least I can still walk around my ship without getting exhausted.” Sara finally said after the ridiculousness had reached its (hopeful) zenith, “Now can we *please* be mature about this—Have either of you caught up with anyone else who hasn’t been affected?”

“Barry’s been changed.” Iris nodded, “He woke up this morning, made me a huge breakfast, called me *marshmallow* and ran off. Caitlin too—she’s about Ava’s size…”

“*Really now—*” Sara caught herself, “—ahem. Interesting. Supergirl?”

“Pretty much all of National City got hit. Alex is—”

“Stop.” Sara was visibly flushed at the thought of her one-time fling being even bigger than she ‘remembered’ her to be, “Don’t… don’t elaborate, just a simple yes or no will suffice.”

“Right…” Supergirl lowered her hand uncomfortably, “Sorry.”

“Any word from Oliver?” Iris asked helpfully, “Maybe Felicity?”

“Not yet—what about Batwoman?”

“Y-You guys think that Kate might have gotten hit by this?” Supergirl was surprisingly defensive over the idea of a tubby Kate Kane running around in black leather, “We’d better send word to Gotham…”

“I’ve already sent word to Gotham. And Star City, and pretty much everywhere else that we might be able to get some help.” Sara stated firmly, “We only just recently got word back from Star City—I was kind of hoping that they’d be with you.”

“Sorry…” Kara sunk, crossing her hands over her pudgy, puddling gut, “I guess I should have figured.”

“Do you think that this has something to do with Crisis?” Iris asked, idly munching on a biscotti that Gideon had helpfully materialized and put within her reach, “The last thing that I remember is…”

“Captain, it appears that another of your summons have been answered.” The A.I. interjected loudly over the room’s speakers, “We are being hailed on the lawn by the Green Arrow.”

“Oliver?” Kara made a face, “You don’t normally see him out in the daylight…”

“Do you think he’s…” Iris dragged the question out, rolling a chunky hand, “…you know?”

Each of the women took their time trying to imagine what a fat Oliver Queen might have looked like. Iris pictured a scruffy, shaved head, badass trapped inside of a chair-squashing accountant’s body. Kara couldn’t even manage a mental image. And Sara’s was… much more explicit.

“Tell Olly we’ll be right there.” Sara ripped herself away from her daydreams for about the umpteenth time that day, “We need to make sure that—”

“Pardon, Captain Lance.” Gideon corrected, “But I believe it is a Miss Thea Queen waiting outside for you—I believe that she has also brought one Kate Kane along for the ride.”

“Wait, Kate’s here?” Supergirl piqued, “That solves our numbers problem, at least.”

“Good enough. Lower the gangway, Gideon.” Captain Lance said authoritatively, “We’ll greet our brooding besties and get down to how to put everything back to normal.”

“Would you like for me to begin preparations for another round of refreshments, Captain?”

“Sure… I mean, if you feel…” Sara composed herself, “Whatever, just get the place ready.”

Kara and Iris rose to their feet in much the same fashion as Sara’s crew had before them, waddling down the crowded main corridor of the Waverider as they did their best to look as badass as possible, given their sizes. Sara could feel Iris’s squishy brown belly apron bouncing against her right cheek with every other step, and Kara’s thighs rubbing against one another in that suit were impossible *not* to hear—but they tried their best.

As the hangar door lowered and the setting afternoon sun rushed into the artificially lit ship, everyone took a moment to adjust their eyes.

However the changed versions of their fellow crimefighters, what remained of those blessed two not fully converted by the changes to reality, made them feel less hopeful than ever about things ever getting back to normal…