II

Diana had never been one for henpecking the behavior of her sisters in battle.

Whether that meant allowing her fellow Amazons to err in their assumptions about the World of Man, or any unnecessary moderation of her less literal sisters in combat while they were away. Unlike Clark and Bruce, whose biological son and adopted children went out in the field with them, Donna and Cassie were hardly Diana’s *daughters*. They were brought together by shared threads, but it wasn’t as though they reported to one another at the end of every night.

*In hindsight, that makes me sound like an awful mentor…*

The instruction that Diana received in her youth was not one that she particularly wanted to give her proteges. Harsh, precise, and gritty, yes. They had to be in shape if they wanted to match their opponents in battle. But she was hardly as hard on the “Wonder Girls” as Antiope had been on her. Or any of the other Amazons, for that matter. Diana had always tried to give them their own space so that they could eventually become their own people.

Their *own* Wonder Women.

But in times of crisis like this, it always resonated with Diana just how *distant* she could be from her own little family of crime fighters when compared to the other Leaguers.

Travelling by Boom Tube was something that was still relatively new to the Amazonians. Every time Diana opened one, it felt like the entire island was pointing its spears at her. But slowly, over time, they’d gone from intolerant to indifferent over the phenomenon.

“Diana—it is so *good* to see you.” Hippolyta said with her arms spread wide, “You’ve arrived just in time for second breakfast!”

The vast, bronze-skinned pad of butter that waddled heavily towards the entrance of the Boom Tube was very much unrecognizable. Either as Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons, or just to Diana as her own mother. Her huge, stomach-centered gait forced her to lumber with her back bent back as if she were with child, while her vast fleshy cheeks rippled with her boisterous greeting of her prodigal daughter as well as the booming footsteps that stemmed from her lumbering gait. The sound of her gut rubbing against her knees as she batted the fat thing back and forth with her awkward, thundering gait was audible even without Diana’s enhanced senses.

Diana was smothered with olive-brown fat as the woman who was allegedly her mother gave her a warm squishy welcome. Hippolyta's arms were so large that they dwarfed her daughter as she pulled her in for an embrace. Her skin was stretched tight over her ample bosom, and Diana could feel the heat emanating from her mother's body. She could also smell the distinct scent of honey and milk that seemed to seep from her pores. Zatanna, similarly confused but without the burden of an Amazonian bear hug, raised her eyebrows at the display.

“M-Mother! You’ve… *grown*…”

“Oh Diana, you never change. Ever since you’ve gone off to Man’s World, you’ve been such a worrywart about my diet.” Hippolyta released her daughter from the embrace, taking a full step back so that her stomach no longer brushed against her daughter’s much more svelte physique, “Come come—the food is *almost* ready, and now that I have an *excuse* to tuck in extra tonight, I plan on making the most of it…”

In times like this, Diana was reminded of just how distant she could be to her homeland.

“Surely that… *blob* isn’t truly my mother…”

“I hear that.” Zatanna said under her breath as the great browned belly bobbed its way towards the promised feast with surprising speed, “She’s more hippo than Hippolyta.”

Diana shot the princess of prestidigitation a nasty look at her ill-timed pun at her mother’s expense. But while she might not have agreed with the delivery of such an observation, she would have been hard pressed to ignore the sentiment.

First her would-be trainees had ballooned up, and now her mother had become this living monolith of stomach… just what exactly was going on here was beyond her. But Diana was beginning to get the sinking feeling that whatever this was, that it was far from over…

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“Great Hera…”

At times like this, such an exclamation hardly did just *what* she was seeing any justice. What more was there to say? How could she have possibly conveyed her shock and awe at the display? Her fellow Amazonians, the entire tribe, they had all become so… so…

“I can do you one better; holy *crap.*” Zatanna gasped, bringing up the rear and entering the Great Hall just behind Diana, “What in the world *happened* to all of them?”

The same thing that had happened to Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, was the same fate that befell the rest of her sisterhood—albeit to varying degrees of success.

“They’ve all become so… so… fat!”

The great tables that had been there since the island’s foundation, literally all of Diana’s childhood, had been reserved for post-training meals and celebratory feasts. The women lining it had been lean and chiseled, hardened by centuries of battle and lauded as some of the world’s greatest warriors—a stark contrast to the fat bellies and flabby midrolls that brushed beached themselves atop of the already crowded surface of their table. Between every platter and morsel there were Grecian guts just plopped up top, busting out of togas and robes without a hint of modesty. Round, doubly-chinned faces bounced with laughter and mirth as the immortal women gabbed and reveled in their hedonism, with the larger of her sisterhood forgoing conversation entirely in favor of just mindless eating.

From the vastness of her own mother, heading the tribe in indulgence as she spilled out over the sides of her unaffected seat at the head of the table, to the most svelte Amazonian scout that was still armor-defyingly plump, each and every one of the Amazons had all become incredibly overweight—much the same as Starfire and Raven before them, but with the added horror of seeing them all *in motion*!

“I’m starting to think that whatever this is, it didn’t come from Themyscira…” Zatanna said under her breath, watching arm wings wobble and fleshy chins fold as warrior women hunkered over their feast like starved dogs of war, “But, uh… I mean… at least we can cross them off the list, right?”

Diana glared once more at Zatanna’s round face, her eyes narrowing at the stage magician’s impertinence in the time of such great distress. Could she not see that she was hurting? Could she not understand the duress that this was causing her? Her whole family—the entirety of her *culture*—had been transformed into this… this parody of itself! Why, it was enough to make her want to—

“Diana!” a familiar voice was more than enough to rip Wonder Woman out of her inner monologue, “I didn’t know you were stopping by!”

Wonder Woman was almost reluctant to turn her head, lest she see something that she could not *unsee*. But Lo and behold, the voice beckoning her over was none other than Donna Troy—the first Wonder Girl, and a longtime companion of Diana’s…

After a fashion.

Plopped at the dinner table, spreading wide across the great bench seating, Donna Troy’s face was beset by a set of meaty cheeks and a ring of chins, propped atop an incredible blimp of a body. Rivaling her mother in size, Donna’s more evenly dispersed figure meant nothing when it came to her extreme change in weight. With a vast stomach that pressed itself tightly against the edge of the feast itself and arms so hefty that they were forced to sit at an angle on her girthy side rolls, the weighty Wonder Girl was far from the fit and respectable comrade in arms that Diana had grown to see as a sister despite her complicated history with the Amazons.

The enormous, black-haired beast that beached herself on the great long table was easily thrice the size of the woman that Diana remembered—with a smaller, blonder satellite in young Cassie Sandsmark. Barely eighteen and already half the size of her elder Wonder Girl, Cassie was just as corrupted a copy as any of the other Amazons that sat around the table gorging themselves! With fat, sagging flesh burying her behind the table, her belly-heavy shape had far more in common with her Queen’s obesity than her fellow Wonder Girl’s more chest-heavy expanse. And at such a young age, too… it was such a shame that her youth had gone to waste like this!

“Just what exactly is happening here?”

“Beats me…” Zatanna said with a shrug, her vest catching on the small slope of her stomach as she raised her shoulders and her double chin bunched, “But I don’t think that whatever threat we’ve got on our hands is coming from here anymore…”

While Diana and Zatanna conversed among themselves, the waving whale that was beckoning them over did little to stop. Her vast, starry outfit had been modified to fit her current size (something that her fellow Titans had not been blessed with) and seeing it all fall into place as she struggled to stand on her legs, forcing the great twinkling tum to roll over further into her meal space was that much more enlightening. From this angle, Donna Troy might have been even *larger* than the Queen Mother of the Amazons…

“You can’t possibly be thinking about joining her.” Zatanna said with a frown, crossing her arms again just over her chest, “We have no idea what’s going on around here. What if it’s contagious?”

“What if my proteges *need me*?” Diana answered without a hint of caution, “We have no idea what this could be, but it’s clear that *whatever it is—*”

“Is something that’s way out of our control.” Zatanna puffed, “Honestly, if I thought that this *wasn’t* some kind of magic virus, I would let you. God knows I’m still starved from missing breakfast, but—”

“Wait.” Diana held up a thicker index finger, “But we *had* breakfast. Together, on the Watchtower.”

“…if you can call that breakfast.” The younger woman scoffed, “I wasn’t really saying that we should get something to eat, Diana.”

“But you *were* saying something that *I* remember as incorrect.” Diana paused, narrowing her bright baby blues at her partner in this investigation, “…I think that I might need to outsource our issue.”

“Diana—”

“I have someone who might be able to help us.” Wonder Woman hardly noticed a little wobble where there hadn’t been one before, a small jiggle beneath her skin-tight outfit that went beneath her suspicion as she took a cautious step backwards, “Just… head back to the Watchtower. I’ll get in touch with her.”

“I really don’t understand why we have to split up. We’re *both* the “magic” parts of the League—we should really be working together on this.”

“And we are. I just…”

Wonder Woman looked over the swathe of fattened Amazonians, happily stuffing their faces. To Donna, who waited on Diana to join their feasting as if it were to be expected of her. As though nothing was wrong about their predicament.

“If something is affecting the isolated pasts of those closest to me, there’s *someone* that I can call on that might have an outsider’s perspective on all of this.” Diana said firmly, her thick arms crossed over her chest, “I think that it would be best if we split up from here. You stay on Themyscira for now and try to examine a few of them—I’ll signal you when I need you.”

“And until then?”

“And until then…” Diana sighed heavily, “I’ll be getting in touch with Yara Flor.”