



Five Dimensions of Flab

Z.O.B. Industries

Fishnets, Zatanna had discovered, were not designed for chubby girls.

“Not another rip...” She tapped the offending fishnet with her wand. “*Xif siht tenhsif!*” The nylon strands wove themselves back together, but it was undeniable—she’d been putting on weight.

It was all that takeout she’d been getting with Power Girl, for sure. The two of them had been teaming up a lot lately... well, more than teaming up. Power Girl, fresh from her breakup with Terra, had been rebounding pretty hard and the bored, lonely Zatanna was happily absorbing her “excess energy” for her. But while Kara could devour countless late-night Chinese dinners as a Kryptonian, Zatanna couldn’t exactly afford to. Not even magic would keep the pounds off her, the way she and Kara had a tendency to tear up local buffets after a night of drinking.

Sequestered in her magical sanctum, she was unnerved to hear a squeaky giggle from nearby... echoing from the shadows. “My, my. Feeling the *pinch*, are we?”

She turned, levelling her wand at the mirrors and scrying-pools of her chamber. “Who is that? Show yourself—or I’ll have my protective wards turn you to ash.”

There was a small *pop*, and a floating, tiny man in a yellow vest and pointy purple shoes appeared. With a burgundy bowler-hat on his head, and a shock of white hair on his half-bald head, the imp looked for all the world like some sort of deranged, 70’s-themed leprechaun. “Oh, come on, honey. Those wards don’t even touch my corporal form! You’ve gotta upgrade your firewalls.”

Zatanna paused, lowering her wand. “Mr. Mztplyk. It is you, isn’t it? Shouldn’t you be off... I don’t know, turning Superman into a frog or something?”

“Nah, the big dope got rebooted again. I’m out of a job.” He did a cartwheel in midair, snickering. “But *you* seem like you’re going through some transformations of your own. How those thunder thighs treating you, doll?”

“You little jerk... *Nrub ni lleh!*” She flung a bolt of fire at him, but he simply turned into a hovering pile of charcoal, wearing a chef’s hat, and giggled as the flames warmed his coals. The hovering eyes and grin of the imp remained, and continued poking fun at her.

“My, my. Touchy about the weight, are we? I think yours truly could help out with that...” He popped back into his normal form, lighting a cigar with his own smoldering hair, and puffed on it. “Your

friends in the Justice League are going to laugh their toned, shapely butts off when they see your cottage-cheese buns wiggling around in that outfit. But if you want to drop some dough, I could be your friend...”

“You want to help *me* lose weight?” The pale, chubby sorceress squinted, straightening her top-hat and coat-tails. “I don’t think so. Every second you’re around is pure chaos—you’ve never helped anyone in your life!”

“Yes well, being an agent of pure hilarity is boring after a while. I do have a philanthropist in me somewhere...” He reached down his throat, and pulled out a Nobel Peace Prize. “Hah! There he is. Or what’s left of him, after I vaporized him during a game of chess. Say, why not hop over to *my* dimension for a while? We’ve got a great training program there. I call it... the *Gauntlet of Gluttony!*”

Zatanna considered this. She was reluctant to trust the little extra-dimensional demon, but she had another date with Kara tomorrow night, and if Power Girl saw how fat she was getting... well, it would be curtains for their budding romance, and humiliating and depressing to boot.

“Fine. If it means you’ll leave me alone, I’ll do your little ‘gauntlet.’ Happy?”

“Ecstatic!” He shook ash from his cigar onto her slate floor, giggling. “I promise you, you won’t be disappointed... I have the best behavioral therapy degree in the multiverse. I mean, I wrote it myself, in crayon! But, still.”

He snapped his fingers... and Zatanna found herself in a shifting hall of mirrors, a kaleidoscopic world of shimmering glass and dangling chandeliers. When she tried to cast a “*revoh*” spell to fly, nothing happened—and so, thighs chafing awkwardly, she jiggled forward to see what Mxyzptlk had to offer her.

“Get on with it... What is this place?”

“Ladies and gentlemen!” The imp *popped* into existence overhead, wearing a game-show host’s suit and tie, his bowler tilted jauntily. “Zatanna the She-Wizard is here to take our *gluttony gauntlet challenge!* Can she survive to the finish and get a free makeover, courtesy of the fifth dimension? Or will she succumb to temptation and get buried in her own wide-load butt? Only time will tell—stay tuned!”

“Hold on, what are the rules of this?”

“3-2-1 and *go!*” Zattanna shrieked as she was dragged forward into the maze by an unseen force. She was flying headfirst towards the first mirror, she was going to smash into it—

And then she passed through the glass and into a softly lit restaurant. The logo of Olive Garden hung above a series of quiet, comfortable booths. Power Girl sat in one of them, in full costume, her white leotard and open cleavage plenty distracting to Zatanna. She was sipping on a glass of red wine and checking a pocket-watch she’d pulled from the plump canyon of her breasts.

“Uh...” Zatanna blushed as she approached the table. Had the real Kara been sent here by Mr. Mxyzptlk, or was this just one of his tricks? Either way, the smells from the kitchen were delicious... and Kara was beckoning her with one gloved finger.

“Hey there, beautiful. You’re late... again.”

“Yes, well, my time-travel spells for punctuality don’t work as well as they used to.” She sat down, blushing with embarrassment as her partially bare rump—her costume’s high fishnets and skimpy briefs didn’t seem like such a great idea, right now—rubbed against the booth seat. Her ass had spread out

as she sat, and felt like it took up nearly half the booth. *Good God, I need to go on a diet. I'm such a blimp lately... no wonder Cheetah dumped me...*

Then she remembered what was going on. *Wait. The imp sent me here for a reason... Why? What am I supposed to be "tempted" by?*

She got her answer moments later as a waiter arrived with a steaming basket of bread, and a dish of olive oil so deep and swimming with red-pepper flakes and garlic that Zatanna's mouth watered at the sight of it.

Oh... THAT kind of temptation. Right.

She'd never been able to resist carbs, and dating Kara had given her the excuse she needed to gobble as much of them as she liked. Hence, her inflated badonk and the growing saddlebags of fat on her hips. Turning away, she pushed the basket towards Kara.

"You... You can have these. I need to start watching what I eat."

The Kryptonian raised an eyebrow. "Since when have *you* cared about calories?"

"Since... I don't know. Since I started busting through my corset." Her cheeks were beet-red, but Kara was smiling.

"Zatanna. Give me a break, girl. You know I don't mind a little extra... cushion." She handed the magician a breadstick, winking. "Bigger girls can handle a Kryptonian better. Trust me."

This isn't the real Kara. No way she'd just brush me off like that! But she took the breadstick anyway, the kindness of the gesture giving her butterflies in her stomach. "If... If you're sure..."

Kara reached across and squeezed her shoulder. "Sure I'm sure. Now eat up, Top Hat—you'll feel better once you do."

She wasn't wrong.

Nearly an hour later, Zatanna staggered out of the mirror back into the imp's maze, blushing with wine and her cheeks flecked with crumbs and spots of pasta sauce. Her belly bulged under her white button-down, the corset beneath it strained to capacity. Leaning on a mirror, she burped softly, wiping her mouth with one pale glove.

Her tormentor appeared above her, cackling and waving his cane. "Wow folks, Zatanna really went *whole hog* on that Olive Garden! When's the food-baby due? Pretty soon, from the sounds of that gut..."

"Mxyzptlk! You asshole... **urrrrp**, this isn't a fair game!" She grunted and clutched her stomach as a soft, feminine *p'toot* escaped her rear. Pasta always made her bloated and gassy, and this was no exception. The worst part was, her illusory date had been wonderful—she'd been so happy to just relax with Kara, and eat whatever she wanted, that she'd gorged herself on Italian food to the point of feeling sick. Now she was paying for it... in a variety of ways.

"Fair? Who said the Gauntlet is fair? It's a test, sweetheart, not a participation trophy. If you give in to temptation, you don't get your makeover." He buzzed down towards her and poked her stomach, whooping with laughter when a button exploded off her sauce-splattered white shirt. "Thar she blows! The great, white *fail!* Hahaha!"

“Shut... **urrrap**, up... Just get me to the next part of this ‘test’ so I can get out of here.” Sweaty, gassy and disheveled, Zatanna was in no mood for his jibes. Swatting at him with her useless wand, she was too disoriented and tipsy to notice him hooking his curved cane around her ankle—and when he tipped her into the next mirror, her top hat stayed behind, spinning on the translucent floor.

Mr. Mxyzptlk sighed, shaking his head as Zatanna tumbled through endless realms of possibility towards her next test. “Ach... You can lead a three-dimensional horse to water, and you can make her drink... Where was I going with that? Eh, nevermind.” He wagged his fingers and a platoon of his own duplicates appeared, wearing film-set gear. “Okay, crew. Positions, positions! When she comes out of there I want angles on *everything!* Yes, even the cellulite!”

“Waugh!” Zatanna flopped onto the floor of what seemed like an enormous banquet hall. “Is this... Wayne Mansion?” She staggered upright, her stomach wobbling, to see an elaborate repast on the table. Rice pilaf, *naan* and chutney chicken, and other exotic cuisines littered the table, each sitting on silver platters.

“Why would he send me... **urrrp**, here?” Moving slowly along the table she felt an irresistible to reach out and grab a forkful of fried rice from what seemed like the Chinese takeout section of the table. “Bruce Wayne is a playboy who doesn’t even **hurp** cook... Ooh, chop suey pizza...”

“He doesn’t. But I do.” A sultry voice from a nearby sepulcher of old granite and marble exposed Pamela Isley, alias Poison Ivy, who looked even more curvaceous and smooth-skinned than usual. Her leotard of green leaves had extended into a long evening dress. “We’ve noticed you sliding downwards into depravity, Zatanna... It’s so good to have you down here, amongst all the *bad* people.”

“Bad? I’m not bad... I’m just... So hungry lately...” She reached for some Peking duck, stripping the warm meat away and slurping it down. “It’s not my fault I’m anxious from my dates, or that Power Girl can eat more than I can and drink like a fish... Hey, back off!”

She brandished her wand as Poison Ivy approached, but the useless prop merely prodded into one of Ivy’s enormous green breasts, sinking into the chlorophyll-soaked flesh there. “So cute, how you think you’re a *real* hero. Running around in fishnets...” The emerald seductress slipped behind Zatanna, undoing her bowtie with one hand and slipping the other around Zatanna’s waist. “Without your magic, you’re nothing... just a Playboy bunny who’s getting too fat for her magician suit. Heh heh heh.”

“You stay back!” She whirled to elbow the woman in the face, but Ivy snapped her fingers and vines emerged from the wood of the table to wrap around Zatanna’s arms. The animated plants forced her into a chair, and she swallowed nervously as a dozen more began piling up plates in front of her, steaming takeout food stacked in huge tottering masses.

“You run around in high heeled boots with that little stick, acting like you’re better than us... When you’re just a jumped-up slut wearing a costume store.” The villain squeezed Zatanna’s flabby midriff, smirking as more buttons exploded off her corset to land in the piping-hot *pho gao* nearby. “You’re just Daddy’s little girl, a greedy little brat. Otherwise, why would you have accepted Mxyzptlk’s offer? You wanted the *easy way out*...”

“I did not—Mmf!” She gagged as a spring-roll was shoved into her mouth, and the vines gripped her jaw, forcing her to chew. Another snuck between her thunder thighs, probing eagerly at her crotch. “No—stop—I’m not like you! I’m not *enjoying* this! **URRRRP!**”

“Hmmm, methinks she doth protest too much...” Ivy knelt and slipped under the table, prying Zatanna’s legs apart. And the chubby warlock blushed, her eyes shooting wide as her leotard’s crotch was tugged away... and then her panties. She made to protest, but a crab Rangoon was jammed into her mouth, and she had to chew just so she could breathe. Her indigestion kicked in as the greasy food hit her digestive tract, her rear leaking a slow flow of gaseous scents.

Pfffrt... Pweeprrt... Prapp.

Meanwhile, Ivy continued her investigation into the “depths” of Zatanna’s dedication to heroism. It didn’t take long before her thighs stopped clenching and the wizard girl simply laid back, consenting to being fed and eaten out all at the same time.

“Mmff... Mmmg... You... Bitch. **URRRppppff.**”

When Zatanna emerged back into Mxyzptlk’s maze of mirrors, she was grossly distended—so stuffed and swollen that her new belly looked ready to explode. Cellulite strained and snapped several strings on her fishnets, and she had knee-cankles going on above her boots. The sorceress was looking greasy, red-faced, multi-chinned, and waddy... But oddly satisfied.

“Well?” The imp hovered over her, cackling. “Do you still want to keep going?”

Zatanna lifted a bottle of *sake*, which she’d “borrowed” from the dining-hall, and guzzled from it. “**Hurrroph.**” She blinked, wiped her mouth... and sighed. “Being skinny’s overrated, Mxyzptlk. Take me home... Kara’s Kryptonian. She can handle a little more...” *Frrrt.* “A little more woman.”

The extradimensional creature spun in place, whooping with laughter. “As you wish... *Porkeress Supreme!*” He made a circular motion with his cigar, and a portal appeared below Zatanna... who promptly got stuck in it, her swollen belly slapping its edges and causing her eyes to cross with the effort of not throwing up.

“*Ooogh*, be careful, you fifth-dimensional pri—”

“Such terrible manners!” He jumped on her shoulder, forcing her through, and watched with amusement as she crashed into Power Girl’s bed just as the pre-dawn light began to filter through Kara’s window. Outside of time and space, Mxyzptlk had just enough time to wave goodbye at Zatanna before the portal closed... leaving him alone, in his land of madness and mirth. He lit a fresh cigar, as the fake mirror-universes disappeared into mist.

“Well, that was amusing, for about thirty parsecs... I wonder what Supergirl’s up to?”