

In a deep dank crypt somewhere in this mortal realm, a group of cultist's gathered to do their dark business.

"Has the plan been successful?" Asked the lead cultist, a woman hidden behind a mask resembling a boar, a robe of rich purple hiding the rest of her.

Another boar mask wearing cultist nodded. "Yes, Glutara has seen the citizens' hunger increase tenfold.

Behind her mask, the leader smirked. "Good. Now we will see if Wayne Enterprises' health food division has the last laugh after all."

Suddenly, one of the doors leading to the crypt exploded, sending cultists toppling over one another.

Red glowing eyes peered through the smoke, and a voice rang out.

"To those who prey upon people's weight, no false god can change your fate."

Stepping into the light was a yellow skinned devil, wearing a red spandex outfit and a blue cape.

The cultist's knew who this was.

"It's Etrigan the Demon!"

Etrigan cracked his knuckles.

"Yes, and he is not alone, for he brings with him someone... snack prone."

"Gee thanks for the incredible introduction, E."

Stepping out of the smoke next to him was someone substantially less intimidating.

Zatanna Zatara, mistress of magic, was known to most as a leggy magician performing shows in Las Vegas.

Some knew her as the leggy magical expert of the Justice League.

To those in the cultist headquarters, she was the leggy, overfed woman standing in front of them.

Her ham like thighs were pushing against her trademark fishnet stockings, causing pale flesh to poke out like dough being squeezed from a can.

Her stomach was testing the limits of her white button up shirt, and judging by some of the buttons being MIA, the stomach was winning.

Her breasts hadn't seen too much of an increase, but still enough for them to be almost bursting out of her bra.

Zatanna's iconic raven black hair and top hat were now resting on a face with substantially chubbier cheeks than she used to have.

The sorceress looked like she had packed on a good hundred pounds from her usual weight.

"Alright, let's wrap this up so I can fit into my swimsuit for next year's League retreat. s'tsitluc eht ossal!"

Speaking her backwards word magic, lasso's appeared in her hand and wrapped around the boar masked robed figures.

"Vigilante recommended that one, I'll have to tell him how well it worked.

But the Cultist's were not so easily foiled.

"No! Glutara! Aid me!" The lead cultist shouted.

The crates that were scattered around the crypt began to shake.

"I do not think we have won, and your battle to slim has just begun..." Etrigan said as he noticed what was happening.

The crates burst open, their contents of candy billowing forth like a rainbow colored geyser.

They began to form the shape of a large person, with legs, a body, hands and a head.

Zatanna sighed.

"Just once can things be easy?"

She began to cast a spell, "retsnom eht nr-" before a stream of candy shot into her mouth.

Instantly, her mind went blank.

Zatanna had relatively poor impulse control, and that was what had caused her addiction to the cult's sweets in the first place.

She saw a crate of undisturbed candy and fell to her knees and began devouring it.

But while the candy the cult had been selling had been fattening enough to make her gain all of this weight in a matter of months, the candy that they kept down here was fattening enough to make her gain large amounts of weight in moments.

Her stockings started to rip themselves apart as her thighs began to spread further and wider, making little sounds like piano wire breaking.

Those sounds were followed by more and more of the buttons on her vest breaking off, especially close to her chest, which was fully breaking out of her bra.

The rational part of Zatanna's brain kept trying to cast a spell of her own to counteract the spell they had put her under, but she could not cast spells if she couldn't speak, and her rapid eating gave her no time.

Meanwhile, Etrigan was doing his best against the candy golem, but was not having much luck. His flames could melt the candy, but more of it came trickling from above, where a large warehouse contained most of the cult's supply.

"Mistress Zatara, cease your feast, and help me conquer this fearsome beast!"

But she couldn't. The candy was just so good...

"Haha, you heroes are so pathetic! All of the threats you have faced, but you falter under candy! How humiliating!" The head cultist cackled with glee, having removed herself from her bindings and standing over Zatanna.

"Deef... deef.." Zatanna managed to get those words out in between handfuls of candy.

"What's that? Does the pathetic woman want me to feed her more candy? You'll have to do that yourself, tubbo."

"Deef... reh."

By the time the cultist realized what spell had just been cast, it was too late.

"Noooo-mpf!" She said, as a handful of candy shot up, slipped under her mask, and into her mouth.

The same addictive effect now overtook her as well.

She went to grab more of the candy, but Ztanna blacked her.

Her eyes instead fell upon the only other source close enough... the Golem.

The Golem could not harm its summoner, so it was helpless as handfuls of it were shoved into its master's mouth

Her form billowed into obesity even more than the raven haired magician, and her tight runners body began to tear apart her robe until the Candy Golem was no more, and she was just an immobile pile of flab laying on the floor.

Zatanna felt the spell's effects subside, and she stopped eating. She lumbered to her feet, a good two hundred pounds heavier than she had been.

"Ugh, I'll be ready for the retreat in five years, maybe."

Etrigan walked up to her.

"Dinah Lance spoke highly of a diet, perhaps you should try it?"

"Thanks. E. But it'll be hard, I just have all this... Lard..."

Realizing she had also made a rhyme, she began to laugh, sending her various jowls and folds jiggling.

Losing weight would be an adventure, but that's what she had signed up for.