

Tebas shuddered as he woke, not exactly falling out of bed so much as rolling like a loose dumpling out of a pot and onto the table. The Rito's eyes went open wide as he did, his utterly massive bulk catching him off-guard. It wasn't like it had *entirely* happened over night-

But some of it definitely had. More than a little in fact.

“W-what.. h- *HwurPHB*- hap...pened..? I d- *UWRPHHB*- don't..”

Some clues were there for the Rito to work with as he struggled mightily to get to his feet, bracing on the wall of his bedroom, creeping up by inches and feeling his belly scrape the wall the whole way up. There were stains everywhere, purple ones mostly. Empty potion bottles too.

“I.. I remember the ho- *HURPHHBB*- horde.. it was, it was close, and-”

Something was restless in Tebas' gut. The Rito, once he was standing, moved to look outside. He *had* to know if the village was alright. All he could hear from it was moaning.. and that didn't quite tell him enough. One look at the village itself did though. As Tebas' reached the front door of his home and went to lean on the railing next to it the wood snapped, dumping the catastrophically fat Rito to the ground and leaving him jiggling and sloshing wildly about. All around him where the other members of his village, and their guests, and *scores* of empty potion bottles all stained with purple.

..And every last person Tebas' saw was even fatter than he was. The scarred gray shark that he'd wondered when he first met whether she was some kind of offshoot of Zora was beached by her own gargantuan ass, massively pregnant belly, and equally swollen tail. They were moaning and lazily reaching for a half-eaten melon nearby. The odd green and white bird creature next to it had been similarly confusing, not a Rito to be sure but *some* kind of avian.. and he'd been fat even when he arrived. Whatever 'sumo' was apparently it involved being huge – and whatever happened last night had left the green and white Blaziken more of a landmark than a person. Nothing but cascading fat rolls and uselessly swollen limbs in a giant, heaving mound right in the middle of the village. The last of the guests next to her was more belly than anything else, a three-horned warrior of some kind wielding a halberd and covered in hard scales and large claws – and currently looking like they had eaten a member or two of plump Goron royalty given the utterly gargantuan mound of flesh pinning them to the ground growing from their middle. Every last one of them was groaning, squirming, and leaking cream from their chest.

Tebas was only marginally better off though. The Rito had waddled this far, but toppled over

as he was it took everything Tebas had just to roll onto his stomach.

“I don't.. understand, wh- *HWURPHH*- ohgod-”

It came up fast enough and easy enough to surprise Tebas. A smooth, curved horn. Wet, popping free with ease, tumbling to the ground in front of him. A wild and ominous gurgle followed that, moving through the Rito and leaving him wide-eyed and squirming trying to get to his feet again, but to no avail.

“W-what did those potions d- *UoouuWRRPHHHRPHHBBT*-”

A small avalanche of the things came up through Tebas, of all manner of colors and shapes. Pointed, blunted, colorful and pale. A thorough collection of beast horns..

..And all the thick fat that eating their former owners had piled onto his body while under the potion's effects. Tebas stared at them all dumbfounded.. and then felt his belly growl, and a trickle of milk start squirting from his chest.