

Valoo squinted as the wind rustled through his brows and crept over his scales. The merchant below had been at Windfall Isle for a matter of days, first making his presence known with gifts and seeing to it he ingratiated himself to the locals, which in turn got him most of the way to a freely offered moment alone with the Triforce. The dragon was intending to bless the merchant's presence and intentions given his good behavior so far. This state of affairs persisted only until Valoo got a whiff, figuratively speaking, of the wish being made by the portly merchant.

Everything about him *reeked* of greed. Worse yet, Valoo's presence and connection to the Triforce were already established – locked onto once the Triforce began to gather power into its precise nexus of influence. The dragon couldn't reject his blessing, not now – especially not since the wish that was weaving itself into being was focusing on *him*.

Feeling the words as they entered the Triforce, and from that the world itself, Valoo shook his head and tried to muster some kind of resistance. It did nothing. The dragon could only shiver and shake his head as he felt the money-obsessed merchant's grinning face speak his doom.

*“I wish for the guardian, Valoo, to become the biggest tourist attraction on the entire Great Ocean! Something people will **never** stop talking about, content to guard Windfall Isle for nothing more than tributes of.. food, yes. That should do nicely~”*

The connection left Valoo all too aware of exactly what was being said, and of how the Triforce sensed the greed inherent in the merchant's Wish. That only ever went one way, the Triforce would twist the Wish to ensure the one making it got the letter of what they wanted but regretted every moment of it. Unfortunately, for something as all-encompassingly powerful as a Wish, that meant sometimes people got caught up in the magic and swept along for the ride through no fault of their own. Valoo could already feel that unstoppable current, he'd been *named* by that avaricious little morsel down there, and now-

“What did you DO?! I- *Hwurphhb*- I.. Oh gods.. It- *BWURPHHBB*- it's.. already-”

There was a crowd near the merchant, people bringing Wishes into the world typically attracted a good deal of attention after all, and that merchant had wanted to make a show of this. Of Valoo. The vile little *thing* had wanted a *crowd* so he could show off when he warped Valoo into something he could use for spectacle and the gathering of wealth.

All the onlookers were making noise, but then so was the merchant. He had a *pitch* ready, he'd planned for this. The man was on a little podium speaking and calling attention to Valoo as the

dragon approached, looking eager and smiling.. until he saw what was coming. Valoo hit the ground *hard* when he arrived, things shook as he did so, including Valoo himself. It had been mere moments and he felt wrong, he felt sweaty and heavy and sick inside from the sheer magnitude of corrupted magic that was mercilessly rewriting his role in the world. It had been so simple before, just watch and guard and bless people with a scale now and then when the situation called for it and now..?

“You little.. you *vile* insipid.. w- *Whurphhhb*- waste of – where is my- m- *BWURPHH*- my.. I am *so hungry*.. What have you d- *done?!?*”

It didn't take much to realize something was horrifically wrong. Valoo was already larger than he should be, thicker around the ass especially, shaking things as he moved and sloshing about like the ocean as he did. His whole body was rapidly collecting a jiggly coating of flab under his skin and nothing he could do seemed to stop it, or even really slow it down. Holding on to who he was inside was the only thing there was to do, and that was rapidly starting to feel like a trial.

Mostly it was hard to hang onto because Valoo's body was making it impossible to concentrate. He shuffled forward and felt himself heaving and panting from the mild exertion as he swelled rapidly into massive, draconic obesity – as if feeding had been the only tribute he'd ever received his whole long life. A wretched aura of acrid stink and sweaty funk began to emanate from around him, paired with the musty stench of reptile and whatever the Wish assumed he'd eaten last. Judging by how rumbly his insides were getting Valoo could only assume it had been intense.

The merchant was panicking. People were beginning to recoil from Valoo's immense and pungent presence, they were leaving, and he could do nothing about it. But Valoo was certainly becoming the *biggest* thing around.

“I don't.. this.. This isn't what I- *oh god* you smell *horrible!* What – come on! You're supposed to turn into an *attraction* and make me rich! I- *eugh!*”

A great swell of *something* inside of Valoo built up as he looked at the little man who had ruined him because he wanted money. Even the couple of steps he took closer left his whole frame jiggling and undulating, feeling like grease was pouring into his body under his skin. His belly dragged on the ground, his thighs were forcing each other apart, and sweat was rolling off his scales onto the ground around him. Even the gentle effort of those few steps was exhausting and lifting his leg for that simple thing left a violent *FwwurrphhFPHHBT*- erupting like a shockwave behind the

dragon. One that left plants wilting and birds dropping from the air. Worse yet, as the last remnants of the crowd began to retch and flee, that wasn't even the full outburst. Valoo reared up as much as his fat-assed body would let him and zeroed in on the merchant's backside as he ran-

The sight of dragon breath was horrifying at the best of times. It usually meant disaster, flame and ruination or something akin to it, but this was something else. Valoo was a wind dragon for one thing, a Sky Spirit, and this curse- When all that pressure inside of him rose up it came free like a hurricane. It *was* a belch, a wet and riotous thing that shook the structures and deafened everyone nearby. A humid, rancid thing that washed over the merchant and left him tumbling and going fetal. It soaked in, saturated with corrupted magic, and left Valoo with the satisfying sight of the little man started to swell and soak his bursting clothes with cold and stinking sweat.

Valoo couldn't help finding that satisfying. Even as he undulated and jiggled just to walk a little closer, swiftly growing too fat to fly even with his command over the winds, it left him grinning. The corruption was sinking in though, Valoo *felt himself* getting worse and yet the disgust and terror were waning. Every time he tried to muster up the control to help himself fly again it just led to another horrendous thunderclap of a fart behind him. Then? He stopped trying to fly.. and just turned to aim his catastrophic ass at the rafts that were trying to escape his horrifying body odor. Inside him the tainted winds the Wish had inflicted upon the world roiled and gathered..

VwurrphhhFFERRAAARPHHBTT -VRAPPBT- FRPhhbbt..

The cloud of noxious gases that escaped Valoo's still swelling ass rolled over the Isle and the waters surrounding it, slow but merciless and still faster than those seeking to escape could manage. Everyone caught in it was left gagging, curling up on the spot, struggling to breathe and suffering their own weaker variant of the curse. They all started to sweat, to swell, and to *stink*. The filthy, flabby merchant having received his second exposure was beginning to look more like a waddling pig than a man which was enough to leave Valoo *almost* satisfied.

Almost. The dragon's belly was rumbling and as he dragged his heaving, gelatinous bulk a bit further down toward the place the crowd had fled from he let free a bellowing demand as the Wish took its simplest, most direct route into the heart of him. Through his stomach. It was a sharp strike of pain that left him speaking before he had a chance to think.

“TRIBUTE! Bring me *FOOD!* Make it quick, make it rich, and make it *plentiful* or I will ensure every last wind your ships would ride is a tempest that carries my taint upon it!”

Seething, Valoo settled himself, quite certain he had been heard. With his thundering voice there was little way it couldn't be so – and the others.. They would panic, but they would *obey*. Especially when they took stock of how some of them were already suffering from his 'blessing' now, at worst he'd have to nudge them with another outburst or two, and that would hardly prove difficult to muster. If anything he was having a hard time not laying waste to the entire collection of vessels with another hellish fart just for the sake of doing it – but he needed them to *serve him*. So, hating it though he was, some restraint was in order.

Two months later things had settled, if one could use that word. The Windfall Isle was still his home, but it was no longer the place it had once been. Now it was like a ruined temple to an angry god that sat in residence. Valoo was a sprawling mass of scales and lard, barely able to stand, but he didn't really *need* to stand. Just to feed and to control the winds as he still did – and always would.

Holding his mouth open, Valoo let a heady *Bwurphhbbt- BWRAPPHBT-* out as he polished off another island's weekly tithe of food, then opened his maw for the next one. Around him, the 'priests' who were sentenced to tend him got to the business of feeding the great roiling beast of stench. All of them were wearing masks, their bodies wrapped in perfumed cloth, and still they grew day by day. The first ones who had come to serve him already had to be removed when they became too fat and filthy to be capable of carrying out their tasks.

These ones looked primed to last longer.. so far. Valoo didn't much care about that though, he cared that his hunger pangs were sated as regularly as they could be. And as a result? He didn't *intentionally* set his horrific farts loose upon the seas.

As it was that only delayed what was seeming inevitable. Noxious green clouds hung over the Windfall Isle like they were carrying a storm, and sometimes filthy rain *did* fall from them, but they were spreading. The tainted magic was seeping into the waters elsewhere, starting to inflict its changes on the other isles and their people as well.

People had started to call it the Age of Mist and Rot, and had started to say quiet prayers for a hero to come and put an end to it. Valoo even heard some of them once in a while, but they didn't concern him any more than seeing one of his servants suffer a failure of his wrappings and immediately begin to bloat out into a gassy, flabby caricature of his former self.

Valoo only had one thing on his mind.

“Take that one away, and bring me my meal! Bring m- *Mwurphhb*- me **MORE!**”