

“Alright! Time to do this, Jasper. Shouldn't be any thing we can't handle. Though it's still *weird* there's even a Congalala out here, let alone a few of em. I kind of wonder how they even got to the island..? Like.. I know *dragons* come here, but-”

The Hunter and his Palico stepped out into the Ancient Forest after a quick check of their gear. The pair were well stocked, and with a Gunlance on his back the Hunter felt confident he could handle surprises. He did stop briefly though, sniffing at the air, crouching by his Palico and tilting his head some. There was an *odd* aroma on the air..

“That's.. uh, eesh. That's potent. Like.. I swear that smell is familiar, but-”

Shaking his head, the Hunter couldn't quite place the smell. Neither could Jasper, though both of them found it a bit unpleasant. Unfortunately it was *also* a sign of where to go. The pyreflies were making that as clear as they could, and the Hunter couldn't argue with that. Double checking his potions and other tools, giving his lance a quick sharpening of the tip, all of this was quick prep work.. and also the only things he could think of for putting off the hunt a second more.

It didn't help. If anything, the smell was getting stronger over time. The Hunter went past the beach front at the edge of the Forest and paid no mind to signs of a wandering Great Jagras with its smaller cousins roaming about. Somewhere overhead there was a Rathalos calling out for its mate. None of that mattered. It was the gigantic apes he was out here for.. Though as he slid down a slope the Hunter found himself nearly face planting on something rank, sweet, and slippery. A thick purple goo puddle that the Hunter had to duck back from, covering his face again.

“..Okay? Pukei Pukei too, apparently.. That's kind of *weird* and I swear the color on this goo is off. What the heck is even going on out here Jasper?”

With his Palico offering a helpless shrug, the Hunter advanced. There was a clearing nearby not far from the Pukei nests that often had a rock trap set up near it. An awful lot of noise was coming from there, and the stench was getting stronger as he approached it. One didn't need pyreflies to know the apes were close. The Hunter had not seen much of Congalala before, not with most of his time spent on the island having come to hunt the great dragons here, but-

“..Okay, Jasper, I know I'm not like.. a master Hunter, but tell me if I'm crazy here. Congalala, right. Apelike, kinda has a hippo face to it, big belly but otherwise just.. They aren't meant to be that *fat* right? I- wait, is that the Pukei in there.. What even-”

The Hunter was right. Square in the center of three Congalala was a single Pukei Pukei with

something off about its coloration, but all three of the giant ape monsters were *huge*. Not just by way of the natural state of monsters being gigantic, these things were *fat*. Laying around, jiggling themselves and letting out apelike giggles, punctuating things every so often with a loud burst of flatulence or belching at each other. Or at the captive wyvern between them – the Hunter watched as one of the corpulent apes grabbed the skittish Pukei by the neck and tail. As expected, the tail bloated with the wyvern's noxious vapor.. and then the giant ape held it right up by its face and let go. The resultant *Vwururuumpphh- FWRRRPHHHB- VWRP HHBBBT-* blasted loose grass and dust around the entire clearing and crated a fog cloud obscuring all three apes.

“What.. the. I.. Well.. I mean, might as well take advantage of the poison, right Jasper?”

After gathering his antidotes to be sure he had them ready, the Hunter unsheathed his Gunlance and began to march steadily toward the apes to engage. The mist was clearing, but it would do its job and he'd arrive just as it parted.. Or so he planned.

Unfamiliar with the apes, the Hunter found himself caught off guard by just how fast they could move when they wanted. Especially with their weight. Just as he was readying his Gunlance to bathe one of them in fire and shells an arm like a tree trunk slapped him on the back and sent him tumbling ass over teakettle right into the center of the clearing. Right between the trio of flabby apes. The Hunter coughed, rolling, scrambling to his feet.. then felt himself slammed into by a fleshy wall of softness and knocked into the dirt again.

It was harder to get up the second time, dizzied as he was. The Hunter fought his way through it, reaching for some of his potions and an energy drink just in case, but he'd completely lost his awareness of the space around him already. A warning yelp from Jasper nearby didn't quite come in time to stop him from being sandwiched between a pair of bellies as two of the Congalala rolled into one another with him between them. The apes laughed.. again. The Hunter, dazed now and fighting to breathe pinned between two sweaty, acrid funk drenched guts, had to fight just to breathe. Fortunately the Hunter was a seasoned veteran, he managed to press the flab apart enough to get some air in his lungs. Unfortunately that air was tainted.

“Ohgo- *cough*- guh.. f- w-what.. What are you d-”

Nearby, the Hunter was dimly aware of the third ape monster giving the Pukei the business again. It slapped the wyvern until a rumble inside signaled that it was getting ready to vent its poison again, then once more the ape grasped the thing's tail and held it shut. This time it wasn't a quick

release, the Congalala held the opening up near its face and let a hissing stream of gas free that it inhaled on the spot. The beast's eyes rolled back, its tongue lolled out, and it seemed.. happy. Or more than happy. Its free hand went right between its legs and while the ape monster got to jerking off it let out a vaguely hazy *Fwurrmpphhbt* of its own.

Meanwhile, the two pinning the Hunter rolled apart from one another and finally freed him. Or almost did.. By the time the Hunter regained his footing one of the apes had swatted him on the ass again and sent him stumbling up against the third one. As for that third ape.. It grasped the Hunter in one hand, firmly, and leaned in close. Its stinking, humid breath washed over the Hunter as he struggled and began to despair of making it out of this without riding a cart back home. Worse yet, the one holding the Pukei by the ass was passing the thing's tail around to the others. The Hunter watched the thing suck in a miasma of venomous gas before it broke into a shuddering gasp, writhing where it lay, and squeezing harder.

That drove the air from the Hunter's lungs.. and left him wholly unprepared to deal with it when the Congalala rolled over and he was left underneath it. The only thing that helped down there, buried in fur and stink and fat rolls, was that the greasy state of the monster made it easier to try and crawl himself loose. The Hunter hoped if he got loose while the three beasts were dosing themselves that he could run for it. That hope was alive and well right up until he got his face out from under the fat ass monster's moobs and found he'd picked an ugly time to emerge. The three were engaged in a maelstrom of violent belching and wild tempests of damp farts.

Emerging into a fog, the Hunter winced and coughed again as he started to feel.. wrong. His armor felt tight, and that sweaty stench from the ape just would not get off his skin as he tried to shuffle away from the apes. It was up inside his nose, stuck to his body, it was.. everywhere? The Hunter's stomach was rumbling too, ominously. All this was quite distracting.

Distracting enough that he barely noticed the hand closing around him until it was too late. The Hunter grunted as his whole body was wrapped in that grip and he was lifted from the ground like a toy. Or, worse yet, like a snack.. The Congalala lifted him up, looking at him with huge dilated eyes, letting out that dull apelike giggle again and then dragging a soaking, slimy tongue across the Hunter's body. It smacked its lips, then took its turn taking a pull from the Pukei tail and went through a fit of whole body shivers holding its breath.

“L-let me g-guh.. go. You.. f-fuh.. eugh..”

That feeling was getting worse. The Hunter tried to regain his composure and muster some strength to break free, but the Congalala had other ideas. It leaned down and wrapped its lips around the Hunter's head, shoulders, and arms.. The Hunter's face was nestled in the beast's rank tongue and he was wholly helpless there. All the creature needed to do was bite down, or-

*HwurphhBRRAAPPHHHBB- HWURUPHHHBBT-*

A wild explosion of mirth bubbled up from the other two monsters. They screeched and slapped at each other's jiggly, plump bodies. The Hunter felt that horrific pressure force itself into him, particularly as the beast pulled back enough that it was just its lips sealed around the Hunter's face and pouring secondhand vapors from the Pukei in him. Lower down he felt the creatures tearing his armor off while they laughed. Inside, though? That was something else..

With his body being flooded like this the Hunter felt his lungs fill first, then it overflowed into his stomach, and deeper still – and from there it got into his blood. Everything about him felt clammy and thick, cumbersome and shaky. The beasts, for reasons he couldn't fathom at the moment, set him down almost gently.. and then slammed the ground in more laughter. The shock of it left the Hunter tumbling over, landing on his ass.

“C-cripes, g- gotta g- *HwurRPHHHBBBT-* get.. b- *BwurPHHB-*”

The urgency the Hunter felt started to melt as he tried to stand and failed, ending up on all fours and creeping away from the apes, or trying to at least. He ought to be heading for the camp, but he found himself heading for his ruined armor.. and his pack full of rations. Naked, bloated, getting thicker and heavier by the moment, the Hunter ambled up to them and collapsed in a heap as he started to tear into anything edible he could find.

Lying there and stuffing his face, the Hunter let out a quiet moan while his gurgling frame thickened further. The fuel just sped things up, and made sure that when he saw Jasper creeping closer and looking like he was there to help the Hunter just felt.. funny. Warm and tingly, and.. horny? The cat was definitely frantically gesturing for the Hunter to leave, but.

“H-hey.. could you l- *Bwurphhb-* like.. bring me more f- *UWRPHHB-* food? I'm-”

A louder gurgle ran through the Hunter, as did a *VwurrphhbFRRPHHHBBT-* The sudden outburst left the Congalala trio amused again – and it left Jasper backing away pinching his nose, rushing off from the clearing. All the Hunter could hope was that the cat was going to bring him more to *eat*. That pleasant, unworried state of mind he found himself in as the apes kept aiming

their outbursts at him over and over now was coming with a *wildly* uncontrollable case of the munchies.