

Even up so high in the sky archipelagos, Teba could still feel the arid air from the Gerudo region brushing up past his face. Maybe Rito weren't fit for exploring outside of Tabantha, but he was stubborn before being defeatist. With Tulin and his best men guarding the village, no Yiga clansman could ever hope of breaking in. It wasn't *hard*—it was tedious and boring.

He had to turn around every few minutes to check if Kass was still following behind him. Good thing he did, because the bard had gotten enraptured by the sight of yet another Zonai Device. Even with his hulking frame, he was clearly lacking in any kind of warrior sense. Teba was almost tempted to shoot near his feet to startle him for his carelessness, but he simply bit his tongue and stopped in his tracks. "Kass, can you please hurry up?"

"I'm sorry, but Amali and the kids said they were curious about those devices that fell everywhere. It won't take more than a second!" Purah Pad in hand—a mass-produced model under Zelda's approval—Kass snapped a photo of the giant fan. "Truly interesting things, aren't they? To think that the wind Rito use can be made by simple centrifugal force..."

"Interesting indeed..." Teba sarcastically muttered. "Now hurry up. We have to make sure that we document our findings."

After a well-deserved rest, Zelda didn't waste any time. Now the sage of time, she was more determined than ever to chronicle the history of every nook and cranny of Hyrule. She wanted nothing more than to do the exploring on her own, but with reparations for the entire kingdom on her plate, she had to settle for sending out ambassadors and research teams to seek out all shrines, temples, and relics Hyrule could offer.

"Oh, no need to be so methodical about the entire affair, my friend. We're uncovering ancient art here!" Kass cheered, accordion in hand as his fingers ached to play the instrument. "I know that you're the elder, but have you lost all whimsy in your life?"

"We're uncovering it because it *needs* to be uncovered. The Zonai, the Shiekah, and whoever else lived in Hyrule before us were a bunch of cryptic pranksters. I mean,"—Teba reached for his bow and shot at the Zonai Sentry in the distance before it could activate, making it crumble into pieces just as it started up.—"my ancestors just wrote down information like rational people. None of this riddle nonsense."

Kass stared at the sentry explode into pieces—aquamarine shards flying through the air with green smoke protruding from the spot the robot perished. "My, you need to work on your anger problems."

"I don't have anger problems." Teba shot another one, sending it careening down to the surface of Hyrule. "I'm just blunt."

"The ones that have the most problems are the ones that deny it the most. That's a proverb from—"

"Your teacher, yeah," Teba grumbled. "I just wanna get done with this so I can return home and be with Saki. She's probably worried sick..."

“Oh, you know Saki’s a strong woman. She’s probably over the moon that you’re taking some time off from being the elder. If your plumage wasn’t white, I would’ve already assumed that you’ve begun graying!”

Teba started to walk faster in an attempt to avoid a confrontation. Kass’ laugh was usually infectious, but during work, the sound of careless joviality was like hearing nails scrape against a chalkboard.

Why did it have to be him? He’s so... Ugh...

Kass was a carefree man—perhaps *too* carefree. Most of the men in the village called him insane for leaving out of the blue on a music-seeking trip—Teba included. Amali was the only one that seemed to support his decision, but sometimes, even she wished for him to come back and help take care of the kids.

However, what he lacked in focus and responsibility he made up with sheer knowledge. The man was a walking encyclopedia of Hyrule’s history when it came to the arts. After The Calamity was dealt with, he had risen from a nameless bard to the head of Hyrule’s art and culture program. Zonai—Shiekah—Gerudo; he could decipher it all and do so twice as fast as Zelda’s head researchers.

Teba would love it if the story ended there, but someone that loved to explore as much as Kass was obviously going to wander into wild territory with the excitement of a dimwitted hatchling, and it *frustrated* Teba to no end. It wasn’t that he was stupid—he could forgive that at least—but Kass *knew* the risks, and simply valued the concept of adventuring far more than his own life.

Turning his head back again—half out of habit and half out of genuine concern—he saw Kass leaning down every few steps to stuff some sundellions into his backpack.

Ignore him. As long as he arrives safely, you won’t need to worry about anything else.

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A lack of sleep was something that Teba was accustomed to. Even before being chief, he would always sleep with an eye open. Every part of him was attuned to be on the lookout for something as small as the rustling of leaves. Being on the lookout for moblins or aeurocudas was just part of the job, especially when his neighbor was one of the few Rito men that never sought the way of a warrior.

“Ah, what a refreshing bath!” Kass hopped out of the pond, feathers ruffled up as he dried himself.

Teba swallowed harshly, still refusing to turn around and engage with Kass. When they first traveled to this island, he choked when Kass started to undress around the body of water. Why did he even react so strongly? He had gone on long monster-hunting excursions with Harth many times—bathing in nearby waterfalls to get the bokoblin blood off them. He wasn’t an overly hormonal teen Rito, so *why?*

“Are you sure that you don’t want to dip in? The water up in here is so soothing...”

“No. Too cold for me.”

“Too cold for a Rito?” Kass asked teasingly. “Color me surprised.”

The sound of the belts and buckles of Kass’ kilt was the sign that Teba could finally turn around and watch. Still, he felt a lump in his throat as he saw Kass without his leather armor—his feathered, naked chest visible and shamelessly displayed.

Even now, he had trouble understanding someone as combat-averse as the bard could manage to have such a strong build. He certainly wouldn’t be able to match him in flight, Kass’ muscly frame could probably break him in half. His arms were stocky and thick, sporting definition around his body that helped him haul most of their travel equipment without trouble.

Teba even remembered hearing about Amali needing to call a tailor to get Kass’ measurements taken since the standard armor for all the Rito no longer fit his burly physique. It was as hilarious as it was jealousy-inducing. He could picture himself during that day—staring off at Kass’ home as he twirled around shirtless as Amali and the tailor stretched the measuring tape around him.

What is up with me?

“And whatever has you so grumpy? We’re just an island away from arriving at the destination the stone tablet spoke of.”

“Hm?”

Kass jumped off the rock formation near Teba and slid right next to him with a travel mat of his own. “Wanna know something funny, friend?”

With an exasperated sigh, Teba looked at Kass. “What?”

“You remind me of my teacher. He was very grumpy like you, but kind and handsome as well.”

Kass’ beak curved as Teba felt his cheeks turn red. The bard’s honeyed words lingered in his mind—spoken so kindly that it was as if they were being serenaded to him. Teba’s chest tightened, but he didn’t clench it out of fear of Kass noticing his sudden reaction.

What... What are you DOING to me?!

“You don’t need to act so stern. He had to step down from his station due to stress.” Kass solemnly glanced at his accordion for just a moment. It was short—less than a second—but his beak trembled as he recalled the memory. “And well, it’d be a shame if you were to end up like Kaneli so soon. I quite enjoy seeing you fly.”

“You can see me? All the way to the flight range?”

“Someone who travels so much has an eye for detail,” Kass explained. “I sometimes station myself on Revali’s Landing, and I can see you from there.”

“Ugh, how embarrassing...”

“Oh, your flight prowess is nothing to be ashamed of.” Kass seemed to return to his normal, composed self, but as soon as it went away, another wry smile painted itself across his beak. “And by the way, you should either tie your kilt better or invest in some undergarments. Just because you’re all alone in that range doesn’t mean that you’re exempt from decency.”

“|—“

Teba fell into silence. His heart pounded with the ferocity of a hammer smashing against his ribcage. He opened his beak, but no words came out. The only sound was the roaring winds of the sky islands and the crickets chirping around them. Their gazes met, and the pounding grew stronger and stronger. Teba felt like his heart was going to explode into a gory mess from how intense the beating was. It echoed through his ears, drowning out his own thoughts.

That was until Kass broke the silence. He let out a boarish cackle—acute and gravelly, it was the total opposite of his soothing voice.

“W-what’s so funny!?”

“Your face!” Kass said amidst laughter and gasps for air. “Oh, that was priceless! You’re a sucker for praise, it seems!”

“N-No!” Teba puffed up his cheeks—defenseless against Kass’ teasing that he could only approach it like a child. “Shut up! How was I supposed to know that there’d be someone looking up my kilt!”

“Don’t blame me for having eyes!” Kass defensively said. “Plus, you should thank me for telling you. A less than kind person would’ve told on you to the entire village.”

“I...” Teba squirmed under the weight of his own shame. “Yeah, whatever. Going to sleep now.”

“Sleep well, dear chief~” Kass gazed at him deeply—amber eyes glistening against the moonlight.

Teba turned around, and while he certainly closed his eyes, slumber didn’t reach him no matter how much he tried. The concept of Kass gazing up at him in voyeuristic glory made his stomach churn with something not too dissimilar to discomfort. It made him nervous, yet at the same time, that same feeling he got whenever he flew up high up. The only time that he ever felt something so potent was when he soared to the skies above Rito Village to face Vah Medoh.

...How can a simple minstrel do something like that? My chest...

The sound of Kass' deep snoring broke Teba out of his train of thought. The Rito was sprawled over his travel carpet, drool trailing out of his beak and his accordion resting near him just like how a plush would be held by a hatchling.

"Sleep well, Kass."

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"This is it, Teba! This is the spot, I'm sure of it!"

"Huh?"

They had finally arrived on the island detailed on the stone tablet. Atop an island in the Faron Sky Archipelago was an islet distinct from the other land masses coated in yellow leaves, random rock formations, and dilapidated Zonai architecture with nothing inside. The one they found themselves in was a large expanse with a temple just like the ones found in the corners of Hyrule, just a little bit smaller in size. The entrance was in the shape of a giant skull, and in front of it, a stone tablet with a message inscribed upon it.

And yet, with such a striking discovery in front of him, Teba couldn't help but stare off into the distance. He couldn't bear to look at Kass anymore; not out of annoyance like earlier, but from the strange stew of feelings simmering inside of him.

"Are you not excited? We've been traveling for *days* to get here!"

"I-I am, I am. It's just..." Teba swallowed. "Just a lot on my mind. Let me know if you need anything, alright?"

Kass sighed, clearly resigned. "Will do, friend."

Teba exhaled in relief as he heard the distinct sound of Kass' accordion startup. The click of the keys and the tone they let out thereafter was like a wave of comfort washing over the Rito chief. How long had he gone without hearing that melody? Kass left just around the time Link woke up, and couldn't come back to the village during the upheaval... the melody was so much more soothing than how Teba remembered it.

"Humble spirits of the Zonai!" Kass announced with showman-esque candor. "Allow us to access the secrets of this stone tower island at once, please!" He coughed up into his wing before beginning his song.

*A hero of draconic heritage, rising up into the sky
To fight a beast that haunts us but what for we do not know why
Take power at the cost of yourself, then let thee fly*

The chime of something unlocking traveled through the entire island. Teba brandished his bow just in case a sentry or something even worse was summoned—three arrows are already drawn in his Great Eagle Bow.

"What happened, Kass?!"

“I-I don’t know! A shrine usually appears, but the rumbling isn’t coming from underneath!” Instead, it was coming from deep inside the temple. Something was slowly crawling its way up to the entrance—they could both feel it. “Teba, are you—”

Teba flew at Kass’ side, almost throwing the bard with his rough landing. “Already there.”

They waited with bated breath as the stone door slowly retracted up. Dust and debris fell as the mechanism jitted the entrance skyward, and just when they braced themselves for something akin to a Silver Lynel covered in Gloom, they saw that what was causing the rumbling was... a Zonai construct gently hovering towards them with something lodged inside its ribcage-esque body.

“Thank the Goddess...” Teba let himself fall to the ground in relief—back against the altar next to the tablet. “I did not have the energy to fight yet another thing tainted with Gloom.”

“I thank you both for freeing me. It appears that I shut down while inside the Stone Tower temple and got trapped inside.” The construct explained. **“I possess the reward for unraveling the secret of the temple. The answers were supposed to be hidden inside, but I can detect that the tablet containing the secret fell to the surface. Its current geographical coordinates are -0182, 1171, 0279. I concur that you ended up finding the answer that way.”**

“Y-yes! I suppose that you could be so kind as to grant us that reward! I’d also appreciate it if you could give us some explanation as to what that song is supposed to mean.” Now in his element, the bard spoke with certainty and authority. “My name is Kass, and my associate is Teba.”

“Hello.” That was all Teba said as he stretched to offset the sudden exertion.

“Users ‘Kass’ and ‘Teba’ registered.” The construct made a loud whirring sound before its eye lit up **“As for your reward, here it is.”**

Opening up like a drawer, the slot inside the construct revealed a strange charm in the shape of a mask. Besides a few spots of rusted metal, the surface was incredibly reflective—the gleam of the sun shimmering across.

Kass was about to reach for it when he noticed that the small charm began to vigorously shake. It jerked around as it levitated slightly above the compartment inside the construct. Before he could think about what it meant and if he should reach for it, the charm *lunged* at his neck.

The bard stumbled back in shock, letting out a high-pitched yelp from the fright. The small bump wasn’t painful, but the chill growing on the back of Kass’ neck only grew as he tried putting the mask charm away. He pulled and pulled, yet the small amulet didn’t move.

“Kass, are you okay?!” Teba asked, hands grasping the bard’s shoulder. “What in the Goddess’ name was that?! Are you hurt?!”

“I... I think I’m fin—” Kass’ stopped himself as a strange buzz surged through his chest. It traveled all the way to his throat, morphing his tone into a warbly, dissonant shrill. “What?! What was tha—”

His chest *puffed* out forward, stretching the leather armor around the two giant mounds of muscle. Most of the armor got wedged in the space between the two soft, sculpted pectorals. The pressure of the vest against his chest and the sudden growth left Kass speechless, dread crawling down the side of his body like sweat trailing across his frame that left him with an open, hanging beak.

“W-what the...?” Kass gently groped his chest to check if what he felt truly happened. “How did this... What is this, Teba?”

Teba couldn’t provide an answer. The only sound that passed his ears was the ringing of a mind under total sensory assault. Kass’ grown chest drew him in like a moth to a flame. That dormant fascination that had begun to bloom when he threw momentary gazes at the bard inside the hot spring was now *exploding* all across his body.

What... what is...

His wings reached for Kass’ chest on their own. The more he stared at the Rito’s chest, the more the pounding at his skull continued. He had a wife. He had a kid. He was the chief. He shouldn’t. Why was he doing this?

No. Yes. Should I? I want to... what do I...

Kass’ body swelled up again. His torso grew wider, and his pectorals increased in size yet again. One final *bwomph* from the growing boulders on his chest for the leather chest piece to give out with an ear-piercing *snap*.

“A-ah... I’m not in any pain, at least... but what do I do?” Kass turned to the construct, only to see that it had retreated into its standby mode. He desperately flicked his talon against it, trying to get it to start up. “Come on, come on! What did you give me?!” His pleas were unheard by the inactive robot. Just like discarded Guardians after The Calamity, no matter how hard he tried to force it to spring to life, it remained completely still.

Hot. Teba’s body was hot. He thanked the goddess and every single other entity that lived in the spiritual realm for having a kilt bulky enough to hide his growing erection. *Fuck. Okay. This is just involuntary. You’re not doing anything wrong.*

“TEBA!” Kass squawked out, feathers tainted with pure liquid stress dripping out of him. “Fix this, o-or at least TRY to do something!” As he said it, that same growth traveled down to his legs. That buzz had evolved into crackling, intense electricity that *jutt*ed downwards and forced growth upon his leg muscles. “H-Hylia!” The sudden enlargement forced the kilt up as it stretched around the bard’s hips and legs.

“I-I don’t know what to do! There’s no elixir for this and I don’t have any materials either!”

“WELL *THINK* ABOUT SOMETHING, YOU FUCKING MOBLIN!”

To hear Kass speak to him so in a manner so barbaric was like being sprayed with ice-cold water. It was like a corrupted imitation of what the bard’s voice usually sounded like. The indignation and craving mixed together in a raving tempest inside his stomach. It felt so *wrong*, yet so vibrant at the same time.

“Ngh, my body’s so warm...” Kass whined as his legs pulsated once again. He pulled on the bottom of the kilt on impulse, yet it was futile. His cock swayed through the air and from underneath his skirt. Kass let out a guttural, squawk-ish noise as the indecency dawned on him. “No, no! This shouldn’t...” That electricity then continued evolving further. Intense, boiling fervor pulsated through his body. It was like having Amali’s tender hand rubbing all over his body, every single *inch* of his frame making him feel more alive than ever before. His eyes jerked all over the place, and inevitably, they fell on Teba.

Teba; the strong chief of the Rito—the man that kept them safe—the man that he’d vigorously stare at whenever he dipped into a hot spring. Every single thing that Kass could’ve ever thought about him converged into his mind like violent lightning striking metal.

Something’s wrong... Something’s seriously wrong... Teba... Teba... I shouldn’t be thinking of...

His stomach churned with the sound of old, thick grease *boiling* inside an old pot. Just like the rest of his body, it began to grow outward. Instead of the deep, rugged muscle consistency around his limbs and chest, his midsection had gained a doughy consistency that jiggled each time his body throbbed with magical energy.

“Kass...”

Teba’s left talon suddenly slipped on empty air, sending him rolling down to a patch of yellow grass. His body bumped against the hard, uneven edges of the roots of the giant tree stump that held the platform. Slight purplish bruises formed underneath his plumage as he laid on the ground with wounded pride. His cock leaked seed underneath him as the giant frame of Kass grew taller and taller, casting a shadow on him with the sun behind him.

Fuck...

Kass heaved with his hand pushing against the pillar. His kilt now wrapped itself around his waist like a belt—covering nothing and leaving his cock flopping around for all to see. His stomach pushed forward, hanging above his waist just slightly, although it hung further with each stage of growth.

“Mmgh... So... Hot...” Kass’ voice—once a harmonizing, lullaby-esque tone—now sounded like the warbled noises of a Moblin. His stomach continued rumbling loudly—a pair of love handles now seated across his side. They spilled out in a muffin top, further obscuring the already overstretched kilt. “Oh, my goodness, mgh... what is going on...?”

The intense warmth spreading through his body slowly quelled the bard’s thoughts. As his hefty chest rose up and down, he looked at his newfound pudge. Something was calling to him—a

fascination that had been unearthed. Such a size was unbecoming of a Rito. They were supposed to be a race of warriors of grace and perfect shape, yet the sensation of heft sagging down from his once pristine body took the breath out of him. It made him feel above the rest of his avian brethren; their bodies were slim and weak compared to the giant, hulking avian he was.

Biggest... I'm... the biggest... Rito... It was like the mask charm attached to his chest was whispering to him, and the honeyed words felt so right. It was like confirming stray thoughts that he had rejected once before—be it out of cowardice or repression. *Just... growing a little bit more... won't hurt...*

His kilt finally snapped against the pressure of his widening thighs. His newfound freedom was like liquid peace washing over him. He emptied out his lungs as he exhaled—gut pushing out slightly.

While he once stood far smaller than the giant skull structure above the entrance, he now remained just a few meters away from it. The ground shook underneath the weight of his talons slamming against it—cracks forming with each step.

Teba could do nothing but stare. Was this his fault? Should he have done something to stop this? *Could* he have done anything at all? Those questions ran through his mind as he got up on his feet. His cock still throbbed, but he just begged that Kass wouldn't notice it as he climbed back up to the altar. "Kass!" He shouted.

The bard turned around in response, yet that panicked frenzy was no longer there. He smiled back at Teba, beak curving up. His amber eyes were no more—now replaced with grey, ashy pupils that held nothing but uncontrolled fervor behind them. His expression didn't seem to belong to a distinguished minstrel, but instead to a mindless monster pushed by its bare instincts. The sight of his erect shaft certainly didn't help either, nor did the fact that he seemingly made no effort of hiding his throbbing manhood.

"Kass?" Something was amiss. The man gazing back at him wasn't the same person he had been traveling for days. It was a strange, uncanny corruption of him. A carnal recreation with all the soft corners sanded down. "...We need to go home. We'll have Zelda fix this."

"Oh, but why do you want to get home?" Kass' voice was sly—uncontrollable ego and deceit layering his words. He lumbered towards Teba, kicking the shut-off construct to the side without a thought. "I think we should stay a little longer. Can you humor your old friend?"

Teba's gaze remained focused on the ground. The temptation to look up at the bard's swaying shaft was irresistible. Flashes of it passed his gaze every time that his eyes wandered off—pushing his cock up and causing pre to dribble down to the stone tiling underneath. "...We need to get you some help, alright?" He couldn't push the act of a fearless chief. Not like this; urges upon urges built upon themselves in his mind, tempting him to do something that he would certainly both regret and love indulging in. "We just wrap some cloth around your waist and then..."

“Oh, but what’s the point of hiding away something so beautiful? Or is that that you’re embarrassed by it, Teba?” Kass cocked his head back, a striking cackle erupting from his throat. “How adorable you are! A small Rito with such big ambitions and demeanor. Do you not indulge yourself often? Is Saki not satisfying those urges *coursing* through your veins, Teba?”

“No, NO! You shouldn’t...” Teba felt the words getting stuck in his throat. The sight of Kass’ body had made his thoughts evolve into pure temptation—the opposite of his soft-hearted fantasies with Saki. The image of the bard’s hulking, muscular frame with the layer of pudge adorning it inspired nothing but pure, unbridled desire. “W-we can’t, Kass! We can’t!”

“Oh, don’t be silly~” Kass bent down—gut squishing against itself and rolls pushing in on one another—and reached for Teba. The Rito chief instinctively tried running away from him, but it was futile. Kass swept the avian in his hand—Teba’s body light as a feather in his massive wings—and held him tight. He could feel him struggling, and that just made him look even more adorable. His efforts were charmingly futile, a poor attempt at rejecting their natural desires. “Let’s get you comfortable...”

“Comfortable?!” Teba tried to breathe through the overwhelming stench emanating from Kass’ newfound body mass. The sudden expansion left the bard sweaty—his azure plumage now turned sticky and matted. The stench was intoxicating—like a potent liquor turned into a gas. “How can you be comfortable... being so big?! Y-you shouldn’t... We shouldn’t...”

“Oh, you’re so adorable~” Kass gently brushed one of his winged fingers underneath Teba’s leather chest piece. The garment gave out almost immediately—revealing the chief’s white-feathered torso. “Oh, my~ Are your nipples hard, Teba? Is there something particular that’s catching your attention?”

By now, Teba knew that talking was a Sisyphean endeavor. He continuously tried to thrash out of Kass’ grip—an act with no fruit to bear. Looking down, the temple and the island that carried it seemed so small that it was almost wholly obscured by the clouds. He didn’t know if his struggle to breathe was from Kass’ strength—the altitude—or the pulsating arousal making his cock throb.

“Mghah... Kass... Don’t...”

But the bard didn’t listen. He ripped Teba’s kilt with one single pull, letting Teba’s cock spring out freely—small drops of pre sprayed across the minstrel’s hand. “So pent up... Has Saki been neglecting your needs? You poor thing~” He pressed one of his fingers against the tip of Teba’s cock—an indignant whine squeaked out as a result.

Those slight flicks against his dick were like hundreds of volts passing through Teba’s body. He had never been manhandled so thoroughly before. No matter what he did, he was at the complete mercy of Kass, and that rotten, *depraved* part of his mind took that pleasure with full acceptance. All he had to do was lean back and let the bard do his work. He need not be commanding—all that was expected of him was to lean his head back and fester in Kass’ embrace.

“Fuck, Kass... Don’t stop...”

“Oh, I won’t as long as you keep serenading me with those adorable moans of yours...” Kass lifted his hand up to get a closer look at Teba. A warm, red flush had spread around the chief’s cheeks. Underneath the tatters of his outfit, Teba’s cock throbbed as it begged for more stimulation. “And what do you seek most, little songbird?”

“Mmgh, fuck, Kass! I don’t know... just... I want you...”

“Good boy~” Kass giggled—a deep, rumbling laugh that echoed across the sky. “I’ve seen you staring at me. Such a desperate man... I’m gonna give you what you want~” Picking Teba up, he gently hovered his hand downwards. “I do hope that you have some good lungs, Teba.”

“H-huh?”

Lifting one of his love handles, he pushed Teba between the two chunks of flab. Before the Rito chief could let out a protesting scream, Kass pushed him deep inside. From the chill that passed around that area of his body—the sky’s strong winds brushing against his sweaty folds—he knew that he wouldn’t be *completely* suffocating Teba. The small, weak pushes he felt certainly let him know that he was still plenty awake.

“Ngh, Dammit!” Every breath that Teba took was like breathing the raw essence of Kass’ sweaty frame. He pushed against the flab both above and underneath him, talons and wings trying to fight against the gelatinous mass that threatened to bury him. The more he fought—the sweat that he shed—the stench; it all built up to his growing arousal. The helplessness enthralled his brain as the temptation to give up once again crawled up his spine. “Kass... Mgh, fuck... I love you, FUCK!”

Kass giggled. “Oh, I’m sure you do. And we’re gonna have a lot of fun...” The sun rose up above Kass—further making him sweat as he continued growing. The temple had been smashed quite some time ago under the weight of his gigantic rump—now a speck so small that he didn’t even feel it. “Now, keep struggling for me... because I’m gonna make you into a new man~”