

Saren caught his reflection in the glassware of his alchemy materials and then watched them fog over as he exhaled heavily. The Turian looked tired – he *felt* tired too. Enough that his usually mud brown skin and green markings seemed a bit paler than they ought, but-

“.. Well, that's part of the point of all this I suppose. I am *so very* tired of all this..”

Another slow exhale. Saren pulled a flask from under his condensers, the final stage of his purifying system after the mixtures went through the usual alembics and the like. It had taken *days* and he'd been suffering from the effects of unhealing wounds the entire time.

“No use fretting.. if I got this right the entire town can finally mount a proper assault on those augmented undead. So, down the hatch-”

Most potions didn't taste great. Healing draughts *could* be exceptions, some of them just tasted like *life* but others would have hints of blood or just raw magic. This one though.. it was *musky*. Almost like a stiff, dirty drink. It burned on the way down and then *kept* burning deep in Saren's gut – but his injuries and the sickness in his blood were starting to burn too, to itch, and to *close*. Slowly but surely over a minute or so the Turian Alchemist found himself able to stand, to breathe easily, to.. Wince, as a rumble and a pained twitch in his gut heralded his gut *swelling*.

“O.. ow. That – oof.. s-side effects a- *Hwurphhb*- are.. *BURPHHB*-”

Saren doubled over. The mixture felt like it was fermenting in his belly, growing new flesh to fill the empty spaces.. and it apparently considered his un-fattened body part of that. Over the course of moments Saren started to sweat and grow thicker. The Turian only had moments to get his clothes off before outgrowing them, and by then he could tell it wasn't going to stop.

“G-got to m- *Bwurphhb*- make a counter a- *HWURRPHHBBT*- agent..!”

With his newly fattened ass weighing him down Saren's blind reach for his equipment ended up toppling over the reservoir next to him.. which dumped the entire rest of the potion mixture all over his body. Feeling it soak in, Saren went wide-eyed and started to try and waddle for the door of his laboratory. He had to get outside.. before- *Vwurphhft*- *FRRPPHHHBBT*-

A quiet 'oh no' was all Saren could manage as he got wedged in the door frame of his abode. Arms swelling with flab until they couldn't lay flat against his body, legs too blubbery to stay closed, gut dragging on the ground, Saren found himself venting a constant torrential storm of farts into his lab and only spilling into the street when his rapidly bloating frame broke the door frame and he tumbled like a heap of slowly rising bread dough into the city street. Naked, sweaty, leaking.. Saren

couldn't even *reach* his chest but as he watched it sprawling out like a landslide of lard he could see a trickle of milk coming from it. One that was rapidly growing more intense as the Turian grew..

There were precisely two feeble attempts to stand up once Saren was out in the street, but he found himself wholly beached by his own creation. Worse still, Saren felt the reaction inside getting *faster*. Helpless under his own bulk, the Turian could only whimper as he grew. He couldn't see past himself but he *felt* his ass engulfing things around him, knocking walls down, knocking *people* down, crushing carts and creeping outward like some kind of fleshy monster. Even trying to beg for help or for forgiveness just left Saren venting a torrential bellowing of burps that obliterated his words, and it's not as if they could be heard over the hurricane of farts his body was unleashing on half the city. Worse yet.. he heard panic rising around him, and he suspected he knew why.

The streams of milk spewing from his massive moobs had hit a few people as Saren had been growing, and he'd seen *them* start to swell too.. just before his catastrophically fat ass left him unable to see anything but his own cheeks and the sky. The town he'd hoped to save had a new disaster to contend with, and he was it.