

You crash through greenery into the Ancient Forest, bow slung over your back and potions at the ready. Somewhere nearby your palico lands *slightly* less gracefully. Both of you start working your way down from the canopy quickly however, there's plenty of gathering and light hunting to do in the forest but even with a bow on hand Rathalos might test your patience..

Sliding along vines, slick paths of trunk, and using naturally grown webs of netting you descend into the darker parts of the forest and land with a splash among the sunken waterways of the forest floor. All around you see the gleam of pyreflies, fungus, rare plants.. There's always bounty to be found down here. Enough to kill an afternoon worth of time gathering supplies for the more intense sorts of hunts at any rate. You start on your gathering, knee deep and keeping your eyes open for rare mushrooms or other chance opportunities, when something *does* jump out at you as unusual. The water was *pinkish*, with a visible trail of the color leading onward toward the deepest and largest of the water basins under the canopy. Pinkish and kind of.. bubbly? You sniff at it and then stumble backward. Not because of any intensity in the aroma, but because the fruity scent immediately leaves your head spinning in a fit of vertigo.

It's a minute or so later when you shake the worst of it off and realize your palico is batting worriedly at your arm. A quick ruffle of your companion's head reassures them as you stand back up and look out at the waterways. This? Was worth a look. You do decide keeping to the edge of the water is smarter for now though, easing through the narrow passages and following the trail to its source. The sight of which leaves you pausing all over again as you tilt your head. There in the center of the basin is a bright swirl of pink bubbly water, and the Mizutsune churning it.

You start to reach for your bow and then hesitate when it becomes apparent the beast has *definitely* already seen you. The creature, clearly the source of the bubbles given that it's just as pink as they are, just makes an odd chirping sound and spirals about in the water some before it pokes its head above the surface and.. whistles? The whole thing strikes you not as territorial or frightened, but.. playful? Its feathery crests and frills start to bob side to side while it keeps that floaty, trilling sound going and just.. doesn't attack. Sharing a glance with your palico, you decide to approach instead of attack.

Getting a bit of the water in a canteen seemed like an idea, until you notice that its the brightest pink parts of the creature's fur that seem to be making the water change around it. The strongest streaks of pink start from there – and with it being oddly non-hostile you make your

decision. This is a variant you haven't even *heard of* before, and if you can just get a bit of that fur.. You wade in, and the Mizutsune just.. lets you approach. It does still seem like a barely restrained bundle of energy but you get to approach and even get a carefully removed tuft of the driest looking part of its fur trimmed off and stuffed in your pack before the mistake rears its head. Literally. The Mizutsune snaps its long body like a whip and curls itself *tight* around your whole frame, binding your arms and lifting you up.

You can't quite muster the breath to call out as the Mizutsune begins to *spin you*. The bubbly, frothing pink water is *everywhere* and the monster clutching you is just.. spinning you, and splashing hard into the water, kicking up waves of pink tainted fluid. There's nothing you can do to stop the stuff getting into your armor, soaking your clothing, and eventually? You end up inhaling that aroma again.. and *swallowing some*.

You cough once. You hiccup immediately after, and as that spasm runs through your chest you feel it run through your mind as well. Everything in there goes quiet, like it had been swept off a table by your palico. Something about the suddenly floaty and empty state of your mind leaves you giggling dimly as you're twisted about and left hopelessly dizzy by the trilling and fluttering monster. You're still wearing that expression when it comes to a stop and holds you steady to look you in the face. It seems the Mizutsune isn't particularly prone to dizziness, but you can't help seeing the whole world twist and spin around you while it sticks its tongue out and bobs its head side to side.

With your mouth hanging open you hiccup once more and feel your whole frame blossom into a wash of empty, thrumming delight. When the Mizutsune brings up the tuft of pink fur at the end of one of its forelimbs and stuffs the sweet aroma'd fluff *straight* into your mouth you feel a little twinge telling you to resist. That twinge doesn't really have any useful ideas on *how* to resist though, whereas the buzzing itch in your mind that has you close your lips around the sweetly oiled and fizzy sensation on your tongue is much more compelling.

This doesn't stop you from *feeling it* as the throbbing emptiness in your mind grows just a little more intense.. and a lot less ephemeral. You feel something cracking in the fashion of stone when a plant has decided to grow roots through it. A pleasant warmth seeps into your bones, into your flesh, and you.. smell something? Not the fruity aroma of your friend who seems to have grown utterly fascinated with rubbing its tongue on your cheek but something muskier. Something acrid and not exactly pleasant. You spot what looks like a wisp of purple in the water along with the pink.

The trilling from the fluffy thing gently constricting you and trickling its sweet flavor down your throat is joined by a nearby warbling sound, something birdlike. Both you and the Mizutsune look up in a floaty daze to see just what was causing it. Both of you end up staring dumbly at the purple hued abnormal Pukei-Pukei that had apparently come to the basin to drink and found the two of you at play. It looked to have gotten a whiff of the pink stuff and did not like it, not given the violent sneeze that followed and left the Pukei-Pukei tumbling into the water. More of that purple tinge followed, tainting the existing pool of color and leaving the swirls wild and twisting while a tension started to build in the space with you in control of none of it.

You find the Mizutsune holding you tighter and pulling away from the Pukei protectively while the wyvern flails itself to its feet. The standoff is brief, the Pukei warbles again as it eyeballs the two of you while your head floats and swims and you find yourself having a hard time focusing on anything other than how comfy the Mizutsune was and how pretty the purple and pink were.

When the Pukei gets another nose full of the pink stuff and rears up, then sneezes once more, you find yourself held frozen in the Mizutsune's coils while it curls around you protectively and gets a coating of purple goo. You learn in that moment that the Pukei-Pukei is capable of sneezing through its tail as well as its face. That seems like something to maybe mention back at the Hunter camp, at least until you find yourself dunked under the water by the Mizutsune as it thrashes from the venom splatter. For a moment you just let yourself drift downward. The placid empty giggly feeling from the Mizutsune keeps you calm but the coils feel weird.. and tighter? Softer, too. A moment later you're being helped up onto the edge of the basin.. by the Mizutsune.

..Which was looking a bit weird. It was looking *fat*. You blink at it in confusion as the whole thing just.. expands. Almost like *it* had hiccups, and every time it did so it bloated a bit more. Which was maybe a small issue since it was pinning you down, but damned if it wasn't *comfy*. One more throbbing swell leaves the creature smothering you up to the chest, hiccuping once more, and.. you hear bubbles? An *awful* lot of them – coming from the other end of the Mizutsune this time.

The whole basin erupts into them, all purple and pink and maybe a bit of a greenish tint when they catch the light. Same as the ones that start forming around the Mizutsune's lips as it starts looking a bit unsteady – and then leans in to lick your face. You probably would've broken into giggles over that one even without whatever was making you feel so strange. Then the thing went and pressed its face right to you, looking uneasy.

“H-heeey.. Hey you're.. you're okay, you know? H-heh.. I uh-”

The thing twitched gently, leaned back an inch or so, and- *BwuuUUOOORRPPHH-* Fumes flood your face, smelling of saccharine sweet things and stinging your eyes. You can outright taste the stuff and- *UWURPHHBBB- HWURPHHFRRPHHHBB-* this time the monster goes half limp as the belch starts, which ends up leaving it half mouthing your entire head and bathing you in a bubbly overflow.

With your arms pinned underneath increasingly plush layers of monster flab you can't really do anything about the bubbles. Not even when you start inhaling them, getting them in your mouth, feeling them sink into your skin. But that only concerns you for the first few seconds, right up until that pleasantly fruity taste (though it's taken a turn toward the.. fermented..?) starts to worm its way into your head again.

Other parts of you too. You start feeling.. bloated? There's a little knot of concern that then promptly evaporates in your head while your frame stretches and pushes against the bulk resting atop you. Its enough that the Mizutsune realizes something is up as well. The monster rolls halfway off of you, just enough to get a look and for its next bubble- spewing *BwurphhBBBPH* to cover some of your chest as well as your cheeks. The creature was already fattening as you watched, enough to start having that bulk creep toward you again, but it was more interested in watching what you were dimly becoming aware of.. you were packing on fresh, soft flab almost as quickly as it was.

Somewhere in that bubble-filled head of the monster it recognized the next problem before you did. By the time you felt your gurgling belly and softening limbs starting to outgrow your armor and get distinctly painful the monster was already tucking claws gently into the straps and buckles and peeling the stuff off of you. Bits of armor pop free, launching a short ways away from you, but it's when your chest piece gets dislodged and frees a bellowing *HWURPHHHBB-* from your belly once the jiggling settled that you finally feel comfortable again and your new friend seems satisfied.

Sluggish as they were with all that new weight on them, the Mizutsune was still moving a good deal faster than you felt able to. When it plucks you off the ground your pillowy body is so heavy and limp you can scarcely will yourself to move. Especially with the big monster pawing at you, squeezing you, kneading your increasingly flabby frame and sometimes bending over to lick you again (and inevitably belching straight into your face) while it started to waddle toward its lair.

Not far behind it as you're carried under one of the monster's forearms you see your palico

gesturing frantically at you for.. reasons..? It leaves you naught but confused, but it hardly matters. A little squeeze from the Mizutsune sets off an eruption of your own. A thundering *FwuruMMPHBT* that your palico got *a little* too close to. They ended up waving their paws in front of their face, panicking, and turning to run.. and face planting right into the tainted basin.

You end up giggling again as you watch your palico crawl up from the water. They'd either be fine and get help, or they'd be the next thing your new friend collected. Either way? The only thing on your mind was that blissful light-headed feeling you were having through your entire body and the way it spiked into out and out blissful pleasure when you pawed at your ever thicker frame.

Especially if you happened to be letting out an oddly flowery, bubbly fart at the time.