

Teba didn't need to open his eyes to know what time it was.

For much of his adulthood, the Rito woke up exactly at this time. A time where the sky was dark, and others would still consider it night time, save for the light gray shining from the East, indicating the sun was slowly but surely on its way. A time for training, for honing his skills and, for much of the past several years, for combat.

For a moment, Teba considered rolling back to sleep. The Rito-down beds were famous for a reason; the silky soft cushion was far too comfortable for its own good, making the snow-white avian feel twice as heavy as normal. Maybe if he closed his eyes, he could drift back to sleep and forget he even woke up just now...

Ah, if only it were that easy. Teba's warrior spirit wouldn't allow him to make such a selfish act.

The Rito slowly opened his eyes, letting them get adjusted to the dim atmosphere. Before attempting to rise from his bed, Teba slowly turned his head towards his wife. He could barely make out her features, but from what he could see, she was still sleeping soundly on her side, snoring ever so softly. Satisfied that she wouldn't stir when he did, the Rito warrior carefully pulled the covers off himself, sitting up-

"Mmmmmf, this again, Teba? Do you *have* to go?!"

Teba paused, frozen in place. Apparently, he still had work to do when it came to stealth, if he can't even leave the bed without waking his wife. Despite himself, the Rito couldn't help but smile softly at the needy nature of his wife before returning to a neutral expression as he turned to face her. "I'm sorry, Saki, but it's my duty. A Rito warrior must hone both weapon and body if their arrows are to fly true."

"Yes, yes, I've heard that quote from Revali enough times to be sick of it," Saki groaned, slowly rubbing her pinkish-purple head. "But does that apply now?"

Teba blinked. "It's never too early to train-"

"That's not what I mean! And I've heard that quote too many times too."

Now fully upright, Saki turned to better face her husband, her concerned face easily readable despite the dim light. "The war is over, Teba. We don't need to fight anymore. No one has even seen a monster in weeks! Surely you can skip a day or two of training to be with your family."

Teba was silent for a while, avoiding the piercing blue eyes of his wife. Honestly, part of the reason he hadn't changed his training schedule was because it was so early, when Saki and their son Tulin would still be asleep. "We can never be too careful in times of peace. Those

times could end on a moment's notice," The Rito responded. Upon seeing the expression darken on Saki's face, he continued. "It will just be for the morning, I promise. I'll be back in time for lunch. After that, I planned on going fishing with Tulin; it's been too long since we had quality father-son time."

That appeared to work, as Saki smiled in response, sliding back into bed. "At least eat a little breakfast before you start training. I don't care how amazing you or Revali are; no Rito can work on an empty stomach."

Teba chuckled at that. Honestly, he had gotten used to training before eating in the morning, but truth be told it was quite difficult to concentrate when dealing with a gurgling stomach. "Very well. A small breakfast it is."

The warrior Rito paused as he stepped outside his hut, closing his eyes to breathe in the fresh air. The frigid morning temperature of the Hebra mountains were an excellent wake up call for Teba, who shivered himself awake despite his thick, snow-white plumage. Yet, his thoughts still lingered on his warm and cozy bed, and the empty space he left beside his wife. However, he was quick to shake his head clear of them.

Master Revali would never dare think about sleeping or resting at a time like this! That's what made him champion, after all.

In fact, he was certain Revali was at the training grounds at this very moment, waiting for his apprentice. Alas, Teba had promised Saki he would grab a quick bite to eat before joining him, and between the two of them, he was honestly much more afraid of disappointing his wife. Stretching his wings out beside him, Teba summoned a gust of wind beneath him, and soon found himself soaring around Rito village. A quick visit to the cafeteria, and he'll be off to the training grounds, no time flat. "It will only be a moment, sir," he muttered beneath his breath, as if Revali himself were peering over his shoulder in disappointment.

Only, he wasn't. Much to Teba's shock, Revali was right there at the cafeteria, sitting before a breakfast that was... well, it was anything but little!

The white Rito stood frozen in the entranceway, wide-eyed at the sight of his mentor, his idol, sitting before a table and absolutely *gorging* himself on a variety of meals, ranging from shimmered wildberries and Hylian tomato stews, to an entire cooked Staminoka bass! Obviously, this was quite counter intuitive for a Rito about to train in the mountains, as the weight of all that food in one's stomach would make flying cumbersome.

The question was, should Teba say something?

Gawking in the doorway was far more rude, he reckoned. The Rito sighed and stepped into the room, striding straight to Revali, who didn't even so much as glance in his general direction.

"G-good morning, sir," Teba stuttered.

"Hmmmf," Revali muttered with a mouthful of fish.

Teba swallowed nervously. "Is this... part of our training," he asked, although a part of him knew what this was all about. He'd seen a similar scene only yesterday, after all.

At last, Revali finally acknowledged his presence, the violet Rito turning to Teba with a scowl on his beak. "Obviously not, Teba, unless you want to challenge that little upstart Link in an eating contest as well. If he thinks he can humiliate me in front of the princess and get away with it, he's sorely mistaken. The next time we face on the battlefield, it shall be me emerging triumphant, with Link clutching his stomach in failure!"

Teba tilted his head. He'd never heard of anyone describing a dining room table as a battlefield before. However, he also knew Revali to be the kind of man who refused to accept defeat at the hands of anyone, especially Link. It was part of what made Teba idolize him so much; a Rito who never backed down or gave up, even when the odds were stacked against him.

For now, Teba wanted to see how this legendary "battle" of theirs would pan out. "How will you be training for this battle, sir?"

Revali smirked, as if waiting for that question to be asked. "I've given it plenty of thought after we left the castle yesterday. You were right, Teba, our stomachs are naturally smaller than a Hylian's, but that weakness can easily be overcome. Like any other muscle, our stomachs can grow and expand with plenty of use, and as you can see with the food I've prepared, I plan on using it until it's grown to rival, or better yet, surpass Link's!"

Teba's brow furrowed. "With all due respect, sir, I'm not sure the stomach is considered a muscle."

"Well, it expands like one," the Rito champion snarled. "Think of it like rubber, then. It stretches further the more it's used. Either way, I'm certain this is the only way to defeat that obnoxious Hylian."

"I-I see." Teba wasn't fully convinced. However, the sheer amount of dedication Revali displayed was quite inspiring, if nothing else. Maybe he *could* beat Link after enough training. Whether beating the champion of Hyrule in an eating contest was a feat worth bragging about or

not was questionable at best, but as Revali's student, he at least owed it to his superior to aid in any way he can. "Do you require any assistance, Master Revali?"

With his mouth full of food, Revali gestured his beak behind him towards the kitchen. "Since you're here, I could use you to whip up a few more dishes. The ingredients are all back there, I gathered them myself. Feel free to cook some for yourself; as great as I am, I doubt I'll be able to finish off everything by myself this morning."

Teba nodded. "Understood, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Leaving Revali to his current set of meals, the white Rito marched to the kitchen, blinking when he opened the door. Goodness, he'd never seen so much produce in one place before, save for before large village-wide feasts during holidays. Sacks upon sacks of berries, fruits, fish, and more. Did Revali gather these himself? Even with his incredible skills, it must have taken him all night just to forage all these ingredients. Had Revali even slept last night? Should Teba really be encouraging this kind of behavior?

The Rito wasn't so sure anymore, but at the same time, he couldn't bring himself to stand between Revali and his goal of defeating his greatest rival. Maybe he could lighten the load and forage for the ingredients himself in his free time. He had planned on going fishing with Tulin later today; perhaps they can drop off most of their catch to Revali for his training.

In any case, Teba went straight to work cooking, noticing a lit pot already prepared. For himself, all he needed was a carp garnished with a few sweet berries for breakfast. Revali, however, would need something more for the sake of his training. Plates full of simmered fruit would be best, as their soft texture made chewing and swallowing less strenuous on his throat, while hearty salmon and bass would be the most filling, considering the violet avian's goal of stretching his stomach to the limits.

While foraging for food may be time consuming, the same couldn't be said for cooking, thankfully. All Teba needed to do was toss an armful of ingredients in, and with a *poof*, his desired dish would be prepared. Mere minutes passed since he entered the kitchen, and soon the Rito was marching out with a variety of dishes for his teacher, who muttered a half-hearted "thanks" upon his arrival.

Proud to be of assistance, Teba took a seat beside his mentor, slowly working his way through his own modest meal. All throughout, he watched Revali continue scarfing down bite after bite of fruit and fish alike, his beak hardly ever empty even for a second. How Revali could stomach such an intense load of food still, Teba would never understand. Even if Revali's appetite still paled in comparison to Link's, or any other non-Rito he knew, for that matter, he was already the biggest eater in Rito village by a landslide. Even Teba began forgetting his own meal in favor of watching Revali enjoy his, astonished as to just where the other Rito was putting it all.

Well, the answer was quite obvious. Throughout the meal, Revali's stomach had been gradually blowing up like a balloon in slow motion. At first it was barely a bump, but as the meal progressed, so had Revali's belly, growing firm and taut against his belt. By the time Teba had finished his own singular meal, Revali had devoured roughly four times as much, resembling the overstuffed avian he had been just yesterday after failing to match Link's appetite.

Alas, that appeared to still be his limit, as without warning Revali slumped back into his seat, a winged hand slowly rubbing his distended midsection. "Hurrfff... darn it all."

"I-is everything alright, sir?"

"No, it isn't!" Revali scowled at his stomach, as if blaming it for his weakness. "I feel as though I'm on the verge of popping if anything sharper than a blunt stick were to touch me. One more bite, and all my hard work will come rushing out of my mouth."

Teba did not like that mental image at all. More than that, he did not like seeing his mentor in such a helpless state. "Is there anything I can-"

"No!" Revali sighed, rubbing his forehead. "I mean.. I'll be fine, Teba. I just need a moment's rest. This is all part of my training, remember? To stretch my stomach to its limits, and to keep it there so as to increase its capacity bit by bit."

"I suppose." Teba relented. Still, he looked down at that noticeable sphere of belly bulging out from Revali's midsection. Just from sight alone, he could tell how firm and taut that gut must be. Perhaps if he were to reach over and help rub that overfilled belly...

Revali spoke up. "I'd be more concerned with yourself, Teba. You still have quite a ways to go before you can match my skills."

Teba blinked. "I-I'm not trying to eat-"

"In *archery*," the other Rito groaned. "You've done enough for me today. Run through Drill A two times and Drill C three times at the training range. Do so without any errors, and you'll be done for today. I trust you don't need me overseeing your training now."

"O-oh! Yes sir!" Teba stood up, saluting. Finally, it was time to train! He'd spent so much time helping Revali eat, he'd completely lost track of time, scolding himself for letting the sun rise before making for the range. Yes, it was all part of Revali's great vision: Teba needed to train on his own for once! He needn't worry about his master losing his skill. He was *Revali* after all!

Running through Drills A and C as many times as he did was quite the challenge already, but having to do them all without any errors was something else entirely. The only one Teba knew who could pull such a feat was Revali himself, and today's practice proved he wasn't anywhere near his master's skill. As such, he ran through both drills quite often with numerous mistakes setting him back, but to quit now would be a stain upon his Rito warrior status. He persevered, focusing to his utmost ability on every single arrow that flew from his bow, and by the time the sun was directly overhead, an arrow had found its way into every target he fired on. They weren't bullseyes, not even close in some areas, but they were hits nonetheless. For now, that had to do.

Teba was panting hard as he flew back to Rito village. The training grounds were known for unpredictable gusts of wind that could billow out from anywhere at any moment. Part of their training was to learn how to measure when such a gust would occur and use it to their advantage in aiming down a target, on top of using it to carry them through the grounds, rather than letting it smash them into the rocks. It was incredibly effective training, but it also pushed his body and mind to the very limit, especially when his goal was to run through without a mistake. As a result, the avian needed a moment's rest when he landed back in town, resting against the wall of the cafeteria as he struggled to regain his breath. Only after several minutes did he finally catch his second wind, working up the energy to walk back into the cafeteria.

Surprisingly enough, despite having never left his seat, Revali looked as though he'd been through a similar training regime.

The violet Rito was breathing just as hard as Teba had just a moment ago, slumped back in his chair with one wing resting atop his bloated midsection. A bloated midsection that, to Teba's eyes, looked just the slightest bit rounder than before he left. The very notion that Revali managed to somehow stuff even more food into that very strained stomach was almost as impressive as the archer's skill in navigating the training grounds.

When Teba entered, Revali popped open an eye to glance at his protege, before groaning and slumping even further into his seat. Weakly, he lifted an arm, pointing at a bowl of simmered fruit that had remained untouched. "Teba... hand me that."

Teba frowned. "Master Revali, I'm not so sure about this. You look to be in great pain, and-"

"And that's the point!" Revali growled, interrupted by a quick burp. "I'm stretching my stomach, no matter how much pain it causes. I *will* beat that Hylian, no matter what it takes. Now... hurrff... hand me that bowl this instant!"

But the white Rito frowned, his yellow eyes darting between the bowl of fruit and his overfed teacher. On one hand, he could simply say no to Revali; the other Rito looked as though he couldn't even stand on his own at this point. In fact, the other rito's eyelids were drooping

lower by the second; any moment now, and the Rito champion would be out cold. Teba could just stand there and wait for that to happen, for his master's health...

But that would be an affront to his master's pride.

With a nod, Teba stepped forward and pulled the bowl closer to Revali's outstretched wing. With a nod, the bloated Rito grabbed the mushy berries, cramming them into his beak one wingful at a time. Each bite brought with it greater discomfort, greater pain in his aching abdomen, yet still he continued to gorge past his limit, all for his goal of coming out the superior champion to Link.

And Teba watched. He stood there unmoving, witnessing his master clear out yet another serving of fruit, refusing to take his eyes off the scene until the final morsel had passed Revali's beak. No sooner had that final swallow been taken did the violet Rito's head suddenly slump forward, letting out a noisy snore.

"You're truly amazing, Master Revali," Teba muttered silently, bowing his respects before leaving the other Rito to his rest. It was time for him to return home. After all, he'd promised Tulin he'd take him fishing today. Perhaps they could go foraging as well. He was certain Revali would appreciate it.

Teba knew better than anyone that it can take many weeks of vigorous training to achieve results. Still, even he couldn't have anticipated the strange pattern he found himself going through over the next few days. It wasn't too far removed from his usual daily routine; wake up early for breakfast, training until lunch, then spending time with his family until dinner.

What made it strange was how he only saw Revali three times a day.

When the Rito champion wasn't sleeping at home, he was at the dining hall, testing his appetite's limits and then some. Because of this, Teba only saw his master at the dining hall, where he would either drop off extra ingredients or help cook extra dishes. Having overeaten once or twice himself on occasion, the white feathered Rito knew just how agonizing moving around on a stuffed stomach can be, and as such did all he could to ensure Revali's stomach was as unbothered as possible. A shame he never worked up the courage to offer his master a comforting belly rub, but that would have been overstepping his bounds, for sure.

He was amazed at Revali's sheer will and determination. Teba himself was certain he couldn't stand a day of doing little else than sitting and eating to complete fullness, yet his master managed to do so day after day on end. What was more, the cafeteria was a public place for anyone in Rito Village to use. The fact that Revali was unbothered by anyone seeing him engaged in his training made him all the more amazing!

During the popular meal times, Revali was practically swamped by other Rito who were fascinated in the preparation their champion was undergoing. There were some who tried talking Revali out of it. Teba heard Saki remarking how this situation felt more like a petty squabble between two boys than the dignified actions of champions. However, the majority of Rito found the challenge exciting. Revali was the pride and joy of Rito village, after all, and the thought of him outdoing Link in more than just archery was too good to be true. As such, Teba found he wasn't the only one helping his master on his quest for glory, several other Rito had taken upon themselves to fetch and cook various dishes for their champion, ensuring Revali never had an empty plate before him.

Progress was slow but steady. Teba missed having his master with him on the training grounds, as Revali's expertise in flying and archery was important in giving him immediate guidance should he need it. However, the archer in training was certain his instructor would return to his aid in no time. After all, the violet's Rito's appetite was slowly but surely growing, as he managed to pile a few more empty plates on day's end by the end of a single week. Surely it wouldn't be long until he defeated Link, and things could return to the way they were.

However, as time went on, Teba noticed something else about Revali that was growing.

It was subtle, at first. Teba couldn't put a talon on it, but something about his master was... *off*. For a while, he assumed Revali was just stuffed as usual when he noticed how slow the violet Rito was to reaching food further from him. However, upon closer inspection, Teba believed it was his clothes that were restraining him from reaching for more, his silver armor plates digging into his shoulders. But that shouldn't be correct; sure, Revali's stomach was bloated to quite a ridiculous degree, but that shouldn't be impacting his wings and chest, right?

It was sometime later that Teba realized he'd never seen a fat Rito before.

He was in complete denial at first. Revali, the champion of Rito and the greatest archer Hyrule had ever seen, *fat?! No*, that was not possible! No one in Rito village was overweight to any degree, least of all their proudest warrior. That was just a trick on Teba's eyes. Revali's armor just shrunk somehow, that's all.

But the more he observed, the harder it was to hide from the truth. The violet Rito had spent the greater part of the last three weeks sitting on his rump and eating to his max capacity, and then some. He never even had to forage for himself, as Teba and the other villagers offered to bring food straight to his table. Just walking from his house to the cafeteria was the only exercise Revali had performed, if he could even call it that.

No, he couldn't deny it. Revali was putting on weight, and no small amount either.

Teba wasn't sure what to do. This was the first time he had seen Revali by himself in quite some time without the other Rito looking over him, and it made the eagle-like Rito's growth



all the more obvious. The beige zigzagged kilt he wore actually dug into his thighs somewhat, with a small roll of chub warping around the ends of it. Higher up, an actual rump had started to form on that bench; even if it was somewhat hidden by his lengthy tail feathers, the extra blubber was all but unmistakable proof that Revali spent more time on his rear than on his feet. Higher still, and it was clear Revali's chest plates were several sizes too small, his upper arms more or less squishing out from their armholes, while his neck completely filled its intended hole.

But goodness, it was his belly that really stood out to Teba. Obviously, Revali wanted to stretch out his stomach, but it was clear the rest of his torso had also grown in tandem! The avian used to have such a powerful hourglass shape, with his torso narrowing past his shoulders before widening by his legs. Now, the inverse was true; his sides had blossomed out into full on love handles, his back growing wider the lower Teba looked. And it all looped back into that bulbous belly. This was no longer just a simple food baby, this was a full on gut. Even crammed full of meals, it still sagged onto his lap instead of bulging out from his waist, hanging heavily over his brown belt with plenty of obvious softness covering that firm stomach buried beneath. Goodness, it actually dug into the table whenever he reached for more food!

Teba had to say something. He couldn't let this slide, for Revali's sake. No one else may have noticed yet, but sooner or later the other Rito would discover that their champion was more blubber than bird. The shame that would bring to his master would be simply inexcusable.

The white-feathered Rito slowly strode towards his master, his throat too dry to even attempt a nervous swallow. "E-excuse me, master."

Revali glared at his pupil. "Don't tell me you've forgotten already, Teba. Drill C twice, Drill E thrice!"

"I-I know, sir!" Teba stepped back. "I just wanted to... talk about your training... regarding Link, and-"

"And *what*? This training has pushed me to the brink *multiple* times, and it's starting to finally bear fruit! Don't you *dare* suggest I take a break now, after all the progress I've made!" With a growl, Revali shifted over to better face Teba, a snarl etched onto his beak, one that made Teba take yet another step back.

It was worse than he thought. Revali jiggled when he made that motion. He actually *jiggled*! The Rito's cheeks continued to appear round with food, even when empty. And, by the Gods, was that a second chin growing beneath the avian's beak?! No, this would not do. For once, Teba was going to have to stand up to his teacher, even if it meant facing his ire.

"I-I understand, sir." Teba nodded, noting Revali's wide eyes and clenched beak. He was in a terrible mood, it seemed, even before Teba said anything. "I just want what's best for you. I understand fully your desire to defeat Link, and I wholeheartedly support it. I just... this training regime of yours might be pushing you too hard, sir. It's not healthy."

Teba could see the red in Revali's chubby cheeks growing even redder, and knew he was in for a scolding far worse than any mother Rito could give their chicks. However, through no small amount of effort, Revali managed to speak in a calm, collected voice. "And what do *you* propose I do about it?"

Oh man, this was it. Teba felt as though his life were on the line. Oh, how he'd much rather be facing down a hoard of bokoblins than be dealing with this situation right this very minute. "P-perhaps... leaving the cafeteria from time to time, might help, sir?" He couldn't continue the thought, the suggestion for Revali to get some much needed exercise in, before he became the laughing stock of their entire village.

But maybe he didn't need to, as the chunky Rito before him started to simmer down, the red slowly disappearing from his cheeks. Gradually, his fiery expression melted into a more shocked one, and then that gave way to a more jubilant countenance. "That's it! Teba, you're a genius!"

Teba blinked. "I-I am?" Talk about a reversal of events.

"Yes!" Revali spun around and hopped onto the floor, his midsection bouncing slightly from the movement. "As much as it pains me to admit it, it was foolish of me to believe eating the same meals everyday would properly prepare me for my contest with Link. They serve far more than just fish and berries in Hyrule castle, after all. Plus, I'm getting quite bored of the same meals again and again. No, if I am to broaden my appetite, I must broaden my palette first, and to do that, I'll travel across all of Hyrule and sample every cuisine it has to offer!"

Teba's eyes widened. Oh no, that's not at all where he was going with this! "Master, wait!" He called out, but before he could explain that the only thing Revali was broadening was his own waistline, the chunky Rito had waddled off.

Soon, Teba was left alone, looking where he'd last seen his master. He didn't know what to think of Revali's line of thinking at all. One on hand, traveling the kingdom was exactly the exercise the fat Rito needed. But on the other hand, if he was doing it just to sample as much food as possible. Teba wasn't sure if Revali would return back to Rito village in his previous slim size. Or the size of a Hinox.