

Famished in Serenity

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Commission from Jaykar

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“You did **WHAT?!**”

The surrounding birds fluttered away as Terk’s harsh, reverberating voice howled throughout the dense jungle. The perturbed gorilla hurriedly galloped through the well-trodden jungle floor and leaped on Tarzan, latching her massive hands firmly onto his broad shoulders and propelling him backward into the soft jungle brush. She slammed her fist on the grass next to his head and screamed indignantly, “Why did you deny the leadership of the tribe you *idiot?* Kerchak wanted *you* to lead us in his dying breath! Do you know what this **MEANS** bird for brains!?”

Tarzan shrugged and exclaimed, “You become leader?”

“**NO!!!**”

Terk fought the urge to slap him and paced back and forth, hands cradling her head. Her hyperactive demeanor did not help with the piercing fear budding in her chest. She swiftly turned to Tarzan, meeting his eyes with her own. She jutted her stubby finger into his chest and said, “You aren’t going to be allowed to return to the tribe, Tarzan! Do you think I’m gonna be the leader? No! Do you realize what you’ve done?!”

The great oaf of a human scratched his head. “Uh... No.”

Terk’s shoulders slumped and she took a deep breath. She chopped her hand in the palm of her hand as she explained, “There are rules for the tribe. The biggest gorilla always becomes the leader. Do you remember how big Kerchak was in that thick head of yours? Eh? Now look at me.”

She motioned her hands to her small, yet plump figure and smiled. “Now, I know there’s some muscle hidden in these curves; I can beat the heads off of a couple of alligators - don’t get me wrong - hehe!” She paused for a second to admire herself. She saw Tarzan’s brow rise and she shook her head to retain her attention. “B-but there are gorillas out there that are two... no **THREE** times my size! They are walking tanks!”

Tarzan looked to the muddy jungle floor, contemplating the situation. The sounds of commotion between the gorillas were nearby; the rest of the tribe must have just been informed of Kerchak’s death. There was a rustle between the thick, winding trees, a few shadows jutted from behind the underbrush, and airy whispers cackled all around them. All of the animals nearby were

eavesdropping on the events within the last few hours - how could they not? Clayton was at rest, but so was Kerchak. Tarzan's decision would change the course of the entire jungle.

Terk took a deep breath and sighed. "Listen, there is a gorilla that always fought for the head of the tribe when Kerchak was around. He is rude, and brutish and treats everyone as if they were beneath him. He's the type that is constantly looking for a face to slam his fist into. He isn't going to take no for an answer, Tarzan! I can't just go up to him and say that I am their leader. Oh, Kerchak..."

Terk's heart sank just thinking about Kerchak's death. How could anyone make a rational decision at this time? The very air around them seemed to weigh heavy on their shoulders. The jungle looked completely different as if it were barren and outlandish now that he was gone. Terk shook her head vigorously free from a tear and turned her attention to the commotion across some brush. "They are talking about us now. Tarzan, you should return to camp with Jane before things get ugly."

"What are you going to do, Terk?"

The gorilla jutted out her broad chest and her face became oddly serious. For a second, her joker persona left and her lips perked into a frown. She looked vaguely similar to Kerchak in this sudden bizarre flourish of maturity. Just as Tarzan thought she was going to turn another page in her book, her face lightened up and she belted out with intense laughter. She placed her hands on Tarzan's shoulder and said, "I always have a plan. Just leave this to me, hey, big guy?"

The human's face brightened at her positive aura and nodded his head in agreement. Tarzan rose to his feet and pat Terk on the head. He simply grunted, "I believe in you."

Terk's eyes widened as she watched Tarzan zip away through the jungle, his strong arms latching onto vine after vine just as deftly as any gorilla. Her attention returned to her tribe, and she hesitantly started to move toward the discussion hidden amid the trees and other flourishing jungle vegetation.

She could feel eyes and ears perceiving her as she slowly returned to camp. She sauntered with her chin low, her visage perturbedly scanning the horizon. The jungle progressively became less and less overgrown as she neared the more populated tribal community. The plants regressed into the shadier parts of the jungle, and natural dirt pathways created from dozens of animals' feet led to several areas where her tribe had chosen to reside for the next week or so. Several gorillas spotted her with a weary face and remained silent. They led her toward camp, cautious to perturb the hotheaded Terk. She wondered how word got around so fast. Then again, this was Kerchak. She wondered if any other creatures within miles would have been as prolific as him.

She came across a clearing where the morning sun reached through the canopies of the trees. On the outcropping of the jungle was a gorilla nest marked with logs, leaves, and stone. There stood several gorillas, all gigantic, and all very, very stupid. They fought, battling each other around with haymakers and daring throws. Terk winced as each one fell one at a time to a monstrous gorilla - Ranko. Encircling the fight were much smaller gorillas perceiving the mighty tussle, some excited for the view while others were left apprehensive. Terk gulped and watched Ranko crush every single gorilla that dared step into the ring. With each one, he beat his chest, slobber raining out of his mouth with a spine-shaking warrior's roar.

### **“WHO IS NEXT?!”**

Ranko's arms were larger than his head. His muscles bulged with popped veins and the strength of many men. His face had sharpened and contorted into that of an aggressive animal that knew only rage with a jutting, low brow, and wide jaw. His eyes were bug-eyed and wild. He looked at every gorilla, striking fear into their hearts before they even fought him. He barely had any scrapes or bruises on him. Scars had parted away some of his coarse fur from battles where he had felled many jaguars. The very air around him felt heightened as if there were an aura of pure animalistic aggression. It burrowed deep into the hearts of all of the other gorillas and made them angry as well. One after another, the gorillas fell unconscious until there was a mountain of black and brown fur at his feet.

Terk gulped, wondering what the tribe would be like under his rule. It would not be a community - it would be everyone for themselves. She saw years of combat for everyone involved. The powerful would thrive, and everyone else would be treated as lessers. A tear came to her eye before she snarled and yelled, “Ranko! Why don't you stick it somewhere else? You aren't welcome here! Am I right guys?!”

The gargantuan gorilla swiftly turned to face Terk and snorted. For a second, he looked vicious, but that ferocity quickly turned into laughter as he saw the short and stout gorilla before him. He held his jutting, yet rock-hard belly and fell onto his back, kicking his powerful legs into the air in a wild cacophony of maniacal joy. His voice was deep and almost always boomed with the tone of an unsettling roar. It made Terk hesitant to step closer, but she fought her fears and pushed her way through the audience with a frown on her face. She pointed at Ranko and yelled, “What? Too afraid to take me on?!”

Ranko wiped a tear from his eye and gave a smile from ear to ear. He lifted himself onto the knuckles of his front hands and pushed one of the unconscious gorillas aside as if they were lighter than a feather. Despite being unnaturally massive, he held his weight well. Every limb in his body was swollen, especially his stomach and arms. It looked like he had just eaten an entire gorilla himself. The stomach swung low like an overstuffed bag, nearly breaching the top of the grass below him while he was on all fours. His breaths were heavy and loud. His stance was wide and ready to

pounce at any moment. Ranko was about seven feet tall while hunched over, which made Terk all the more minuscule compared to him. Terk shivered - he *was* bigger than Kerchak, but Kerchak had more combat prowess.

Ranko tilted his head to the side and reached over to grab Terk. He grabbed the loose neck fat and lifted Terk into the air like a child. She kicked and punched his arm but her blows didn't even make him flinch. His face curled into a pitiful smirk and he spat, "Look at you! I don't think you want to fight me, little one. I like your style though."

Terk's face was hot and turned as red as a cherry. She barked back, "What makes you think you can become our leader?! Just look at everyone around you! They are *scared* of you, Ranko. You couldn't lead a colony of ants!"

Ranko's face suddenly turned much more serious. His knuckles cracked and his arms flexed. He let out a bombastic roar and threw Terk against a tree like a ball. She collided with the center of the thick tree trunk, briefly seeing white as the air was knocked out of her. She fell to her knees, but rose once again. Terk fought herself to gather breath and spit at his feet. The other gorillas gasped and backed away so they were far out of reach of Ranko.

"It doesn't matter how many of us you can fight. You know the rules, Ranko!" Terk snickered and said, "The biggest gorilla gets to be the leader."

The bulbous gorilla towered over Terk with a fascinated grin. He straightened his back now, standing at a good 8-9 feet tall, and beat his chest. "And what makes you think that I am not the biggest gorilla?!"

Despite everything, Terk did not look away from Ranko. She smiled, which made Ranko even more angry. Terk said, "I'll become bigger than you. You'll see."

Terk turned and left the grouping of gorillas. She heard Ranko's laughter echo throughout the jungle. "Don't bother coming back! You're out of the tribe! I AM THE LEADER!"

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Terk lounged in a swinging, jerry-built hammock weaved of peeled tree fabrics precariously tied between two rocks. She had nearly outgrown this shoddy throne she made as a child, and it wasn't going to be too much longer until it snapped. A nearby waterfall crashed down into a roaring river that flowed into a nearby basin. The cool mist of the waterfall was pleasant in the humid jungle. She frequented this location to cool off when it was tough to control herself when her hotheadedness bore its ugly teeth. She held a sharp stone in one hand and a stick with her foot, lazily etching away at its bark into a sharp point. She pretended to stab Ranko's face a few times with the

tool but quickly returned to sulking afterward. There was no way she could combat him - he would splatter her in an instant.

Tantor the elephant sat nearby, wafting Terk with a few banana leaves tied to his trunk. Terk was happy that she had such good friends who knew how to help her when she got this way. She eyed the elephant up and down, somewhat jealous of his size. This would be a lot easier if she were the size of the great pachyderm. She scratched her chin and asked, "Tantor, how are you so big?"

The pachyderm stopped fanning her and looked taken aback. "I - I am not *that* big am I? Should I go on a diet?"

Terk waved her hand and shook her head. "I don't judge, but I need a few pointers, big guy." The gorilla placed her hand on her insignificant stomach and juted her finger into Tantor's bulbous belly with the other. Her finger disappeared into the valley of Tantor's blubber and she gave the spot a few love pats. "I need to become your size, Tantor. And fast."

Tantor's long ears fluttered at the strange sensation of someone playing with his belly and shook his head as if he misheard her. "E-e-excuse me?!"

"I need to get larger than Ranko to become leader, right? Well, why don't I just eat like you?!"

The elephant blushed and said, "Well! I know I could lose some weight but this is ridiculous! Terk, it doesn't work that way. Even if - HMPH!"

Terk lifted herself off of the hammock and interrupted Tantor by smothering his mouth with her hand. "No, no big guy. This is good. *Good...* Yeah! I need... I need some food. Help me grab all that you can."

"Terk!" Tantor exclaimed as she galloped off into the jungle, quickly obscuring somewhere in its treelines. "This is madness! What are you getting into now!? Oh dear..."

An hour passed by and the two picked as much fruit as they could muster and piled them next to the waterfall. Terk returned each time with a gigantic pile of food balanced delicately in her shaking arms. It was more than she had ever seen even in the largest stockades of her tribe. Stacked nearly to the bottom of the canopies of trees were apples, berries, nuts, bananas, and more. The impossible heap of food was nearly bigger than Tantor himself. The elephant couldn't help but sneak a few bites of the pile himself as he "guarded" it, and continually asked Terk to reconsider his plight when she appeared again and again, gracefully adding to the pile of food.

“Alright, Tantor,” Terk finally smiled at the massive pile of grub before her and sat down, peeling off the peel of a banana and throwing the skin behind her, “This is going to get me huge. All I need is to get bigger than Ranko, right? I’m going to start digging in right now...”

Tantor gulped and shivered as he watched Terk swallow each fruit whole. “Terk, are you really going to do this?! Even if you get bigger than Ranko, he’s going to fight you and run you out of the jungle.”

Terk raised her hand with her mouth half-full of berries and said, “That’s a problem for *future* Terk. *Now* Terk is going to eat! Plus, I’m hungry from all that lifting...”

The feisty gorilla eyed the impeccable stash of food with a grimace. This journey had barely even started and she was already second-guessing herself. She had already had enough to satisfy her earlier this morning. Has she gone mad? It was a simple solution, though this would change her forever. Terk looked at her arms and flexed, imagining what it would be like being as big as Ranko. How did he even scratch his back with those muscles?

She sniffed the air in a jolly anticipation, mouth-watering from the strange scent of the amalgamation of dozens of different naturally sweet fruits all gathered into one spot. She bit down on one of the biggest apples she could find, cautiously chewing the skin and swallowing with a restrained groan. Juice splattered onto her chest and clumped up her fur. She moaned as pressure began to build inside of her gut and she exclaimed, “Hmph~ Maybe this won’t be so bad after all. I can get used to this...”

Terk thought about the truly obese gorillas in her tribe. It wasn’t unusual for a few of them to enjoy a little more food than usual. They were all generally lazy, but there were a select individuals that loved to bask in gluttony. Some were truly on the brink of immobility. It was almost like a show of success for them, as if having a ton of food was evidence of that. She grimaced, thinking about what it was like for them to climb, dance, or swim. She placed her hand on the top of her stomach, scratching at the fur and smirking.

When she was the leader, she’d just make everyone else do the work for her.

Tantor watched from afar, a bit shaken by the recent turn of events. Between the death of the gorilla’s leader and Terk’s sudden change of demeanor, the great elephant was at a loss for words. He watched her gorge herself with a hint of envy. He wasn’t one to be light with his food intake, but he tried to at least save enough fruit for the others in the jungle. There were a few elephants that he knew that went a little too overboard, and even then it was nothing like this! Still, he could sense her determination and did not interrupt her. Though the thought in the back of his head told her to stop.

The elephant lowered his tree trunk-wide hind legs and sat with a heavy **THWOMP** in the grass next to Terk. The earth rumbled from the impact and the pile of fruits shifted and rained down on top of the lounging gorilla, burying her in a pit of a pleasant-scented rainbow. Tantor bit his lip as Terk shoveled her way out of the pile with a cherry-red face and avoided her eye contact. “S-sorry!”

Tantor was a dozen times larger than the small gorilla, towering over her like a four-legged house. His naturally fatty hide wrinkled and folded in on itself as his limbs shuffled to find a comfortable resting position. His soft, pendulous, spherical belly rolled onto the overgrown jungle floor and rested firmly between his massive thighs at all times. It was impossible for him to see anywhere behind his hindquarters anymore. Between his wide frame, flappy, long ears, and generally being dozens of times larger than any other creature around, he felt like a boulder among pebbles.

The overgrown grass tickled his underbelly as he watched the gorilla get her fill. Tantor sighed and shook his head, “I just hope this is the right decision.”

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Sweat rolled down his chiseled, fixated face, determined to lift more than he had ever before. Ranko looked down at his impeccably swollen biceps as he lifted a barbell made of a couple rocks larger than his own gut strapped to a thick log with vines. He noted just how massive he had gotten after the ego boost he received after downing a generous leap of leopards. That ego boost extended the more and more he bulked. He felt invincible, and in all intents and purposes, he was. There was no doubt in his mind that he was the biggest and most valued member in the community.

He dropped the barbell and it collided with the jungle floor with an audible **THWOMP** and left an indent several inches in the earth. His back rolled and condensed as he flexed and stretched his arms. His vast, barrel-like gut jutted outwards with thousands of calories of food constantly churning to feed his muscles. He lifted his pecs without even touching them and gave a cold snicker as he saw a grouping of his tribe gawking at him from in the distance. Ranko lifted his brow to entice them, and they snorted in disgust, turned and disappeared into the far reaches of the jungle. The behemoth of a gorilla’s face snapped and contorted as he fumed with fury.

“You are **ALL** under *my* rule now!” Ranko shouted to nobody in particular. He beat the grassy floor with his bare hands, and slammed his fists against his chest, each pound resonating and echoing underneath the dense canopies of the trees.

Once he realized everyone was avoiding him and he was entirely alone, he fell onto all fours and started to do a few rounds of push-ups. With each push, he jumped in the air, clapping both his hands and his feet together before he collided with the ground again. He imagined each gorilla’s face being punched in the dirt below him as he worked out in an uncontrollable rage.

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“Terk, ah... are you doing alright?”

Tantor prodded Terk’s stomach, which had nearly doubled in size within the last hour. She lay sprawled out on the ground, the weight of all the food literally pinning her between the feast she had stuffed in herself and the warm, jungle floor. Her belly grew over her eye’s horizon line as she had eaten herself into a drunken-like stupor. Her gray-furred stomach inflated and deflated with air. She hadn’t recognized that her belly deflated less and less until now. Even if she tried sucking in her stomach, there was no denying that she had gotten fat.

Her face had grown much chubbier than before. Her eyes were droopy as if she could fall asleep at and second. Only her determination to grow larger than Ranko kept her from falling into a food coma. Her cheeks had bulged with a soft layer of adipose, which made her look even less intimidating. Her mouth was constantly ajar either to force another morsel of food down her gullet or to breathe deeply to force out a burp so she had more room to eat. Her neck had bulged outwards like a snake adjusting to a massive meal. A double chin rested between her chin and her breasts, which had grown tremendously. They rested above a jutting, globular stomach that looked as firm as a rock. One of her hands rested on top, constantly providing a means to calm all of the food digesting in it. Her ass had also taken most of the excess calories. Both cheeks spread out below her, though it was difficult to tell where her back fat and ample posterior started.

Terk barely paid attention to Tantor’s question. All she could think about was food and how full she had gotten. She did, however, feel his trunk press into her stomach and she groaned. “Tantor! What are ya doing?!”

Tantor reeled his trunk back in, and gulped. “Sorry, Terk. I just thought -”

“Yeah, I’m fine blubber butt.” Terk sighed, pausing for a moment to bask in the feast. She felt her belly rising and falling and smiled. She hadn’t eaten this much in... well, forever! To be able to have an excuse to pig out like this was rather fun. Plus, she didn’t mind the extra heft in her step. In fact, she rather enjoyed it. She placed her hand on her growing paunch and pat it, watching the malleable flesh form a wave of jiggling fat. Terk gave a deep exhale and felt completely relaxed. A rumble formed at the base of her belly and she let out a shotgun of a burp, sending all of the nearby birds into a frenzy to get away.

Tantor blushed, a bit envious at her gluttony. He would be lying if he didn’t want to snack on some of the pile of food himself but he saw the determination in her eyes. He understood now - this meant a lot to her. The elephants usually tended to themselves, but deep down, Tantor knew that the gorillas led them. They were fantastic at finding the best spots for all of the animals around. Where

there weren't gorillas, there were predatory animals. Even leopards with enough ambition could take down an elephant if they wanted to. Tantor paused and contemplated what it would be like under Ranko's rule and shivered. Nobody wanted that.

Tantor picked up a melon and cracked it over his trunk. He handed it to Terk, who peered up at him with an interested smirk. "Ah, seeing it my way now, big guy?" Terk exclaimed, taking the melon and scooping up its innards. She chewed between words, "This may be stupid enough to work - eh?"

Tantor shrugged. Maybe she was right, but there was something else that was urging him to help. He wasn't sure what it was, but every time he looked upon her on the jungle floor, he could feel her enjoying herself. Despite being filled to the brim, her eyes were lit with a flame he had never seen before. She was almost a natural at this - she had developed a rhythmic factor line of grabbing food, chewing, swallowing and basking in the flavors. Tantor realized then that she was loving this, though she appeared to be at the end of the line for today. She was becoming much, much slower. Every bite was labored.

Terk ate the last of the melon and groaned. She tossed the two outer skins aside and cradled her stomach. Her fingers tried to press into it but it was as taut as a drum. Still, she circled her palms into the flesh to soothe the pain. She glanced around at the pile of food around her and suddenly felt anxious. Could she really do this? She closed her eyes and imagined herself as large as Ranko. She smiled - imaging herself crushing his back against her big ass and smothering him. But then a ping of pain filled her stomach and up her back.

"Oh! Yep, yep... I think I'm finished for today," Terk exclaimed. Not too long after, she felt her eyes begin to droop and her arms fell to her side. She began to snore, and dream of a day where Ranko was evicted from the tribe.

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Tantor lifted Terk onto his back with a swing of his trunk and sauntered over to the gorilla abode to find a spot for her to rest, paying mind to accidentally stepping on any of their leafy nests resting on the jungle floor. Terk slept with a smile stretched across her face, cradling her belly as the food began to churn in her distended middle. She slept soundly despite the crashing of river water and the rhythmic sway of Tantor's stride. The other animals couldn't help but spot the lone elephant waltzing through the jungle with her strapped on his back. Over the course of the rest of the day, Tantor and Terk had begun to gather quite an audience. As the night began to fall on the jungle and the canopies of the trees began to disappear into the overhead darkness, Tantor was being followed by more than a dozen creatures of all sizes and species.

“Terk looks like she ate a whole hog!” A chimp barked as they stomped onto Tantor’s back and poked the gorilla’s stomach. The minor touch ushered out a comical chirp out of Terk as she snored.

A grouping of birds encircled Tantor, yelling excitedly, “Terk is leader, no Ranko!”

Even a congregation of alligators had slithered their way on land far from their distant rivers to confirm the news that Kerchak had passed away. They stopped Tantor with a raised claw. “Not a single one of us wants Ranko to be leader. Not even the alligators. That little one on your back - she is prolific, is she not? Why can’t *she* be leader?!”

The elephant jolted as he saw the gators in fear, but quickly realized they were no harm. He lowered his head and fell to his front knees, letting the conglomeration of creatures around him to see Terk. Tantor exclaimed, “She is trying to be leader, but their customs only allow the largest gorilla to be leader.” The pachyderm’s trunk lifted and prodded her inflated stomach. “This is the result of that. She’s trying to fatten herself up to where she is even larger than Ranko. She ate herself sick.”

Tantor eyed a bloat of hippopotamuses that were lazily wading above the current of the nearby river. They snorted with an amused chortle, their plump faces wrinkled with a carefree smirk. “I’ve been there before, darling!” One of them called. They placed a hand on their rotund stomach, lifting up the massive globular mass and letting it fall. The fatty hide slapped against their wet thighs and made a sharp snap.

Terk gave a loud, sharp snore at the sound and scratched just above the climax of her gut. Tantor’s dinner plate-sized eyes glimmered in the moonlight and grew hopeful. “Do you know of anything that’ll calm her stomach?”

The largest hippo of the bloat floated down the calm river, paying no mind to the logs and rocks that he collided against his impressive thick hide. He looked permanently in a state of a half-slumber with tired, yet satisfied eyes. He was nearly as wide as the river itself, and rivaled the size of Tantor. His pale clay-colored, fatty body curled in on itself as he perked up his head to eye Tantor and Terk. His bloated neck developed a wall of blubber so that it was impossible to fully crane his head forward. He placed his paws on his gargantuan, balloon-like middle and patted his fleshy, barrel-like torso to cause it to jiggle in an almost hypnotic pattern.

The fat hippo growled with a slow, deep, wheezy undertone, “Oh yes. I do enjoy the hot springs. That’s where we’re going right now - the river leads right to it. The warm waters relaxes the belly after a particularly fruitful feast. It also speeds up the digestive process to - *HICCUP* - eat more.”

The elephant bowed and made small talk on the way there. It was then that he was informed by a little, speedy bird that Ranko had already demanded the position as leader and had already been making changes as they spoke. Whatever they needed to do, they needed to do quickly.

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The air filled with a gloomy, yet relaxing haze as steam rose and wafted through the air. It was impossible to see further than an arm's reach in the cloudy mist. The jungle trees thinned above so that the starry sky was visible through the leaves and branches. The moonlight glimmered off of the water, and hundreds of fireflies fluttered just above. The water was clear, and incredibly warm to the touch. It took a few tries for Tantor to fully submerge himself into it and grow acclimated to its warmth, but once he did he understood the draw to this location. His muscles immediately lost all tension, and he felt himself growing more and more relaxed as the natural spa soothed his body. He eased the sleeping Terk into the water with his trunk and pressed her back into his belly so she did not slip too deep into the water.

The other animals settled in as well. With all of the different creatures around, they formed quite a motley crew. Terk felt the water in her sleep and gradually began to stir awake, but relax into the warmth. Her eyes opened to the grouping of animals eyeing her, yet she felt no urge to dart away. She was in a dreamy-like state, as if none of this could have been real. Her eyes focused first on the chimps, then the hippos, and then Tantor. She nodded her head and slapped Tantor on the thigh, confirming to herself that since Tantor was around, she was safe, and closed her eyes once again. "Nighty night, big guy..."

Then something grabbed her belly.

She jolted awake this time and her heart began to race. Her eyes darted down at the clear, steamy water and saw one of the chimp's hands kneading her stomach in small, rhythmic circles. The flesh lifted and dropped in the palm of their tiny hands as they played with her soft, malleable flesh. "Ah! Who the heck are you?!" Terk turned to climb out of the pool and smashed against Tantor's fatty hide. She bounced off and fell into the water, completely drenching herself. Tantor pulled her out of the water with his trunk, and she shook her head. Encircling around her in the dense steam was a set of some of the fattest creatures she had ever seen.

A complete unit of an alligator lounged in the pool, scales somehow containing the globular green paunch that lay heavily over his lap. Terk shook her head, never imagining an alligator with a face as rotund as the one before her now. His snout was naturally long, but the fat that had bloated out his cheeks made his nose look comically stubby. The flesh hung loosely off of his face down to his busty chest where two great moobs lie. Underneath that, however, rose an impossible gut that rose and fell as he relaxed. His scales glistened in the spa's warm water, further outlining his curvy

body. He lazily suckled milk out of a makeshift straw made of a hollowed out stick inside of a massive coconut, with one hand cradling his gratuitous belly.

Terk's heart raced as she saw the spotted hide of a leopard, but calmed once she realized that the feline had grown so tremendously fat and satisfied in her own pride that she did not mind being surrounded by her past prey. Her predatory cat-like eyes peered around at the others, licking her maw. Terk imagined that the cat was dreaming of eating all of them as she sat but was too lazy to do it herself. Thankfully, a group of two chimps seemed to calm her bloodlust with a variety of different foods. They gawked at her size, massaging her back and joints just to get a chance to tickle or pinch her belly. Terk shivered as her yellow eyes spotted her waking up, the moonlight reflecting off of them and creating two floating orbs just a few feet away.

Two hippos had joined the fray with both of their naturally fatty bodies pressing against each other to create enough room for the bunch of them. They fed each other with a series of plants constantly replenished by more chimps, baboons and boars who seemed more than happy to serve them. The hippo's skin was resplendent as if they ventured here often. The spa's water seemed to have regenerated their hide to an almost perfect state. They were still wrinkly - that was inevitable because of their natural draw to gluttony, but their entire body was slick and almost rubbery.

The natural hot springs began to overflow with water as all of the fatty bodies dipped underneath the surface. Tantor was the largest of the bunch, but the others were not too far away from his massive girth. Terk suddenly felt very small in comparison to the others, and rose to tap Tantor on his flank.

“W-where are we Tantor?! What have you done?!”

Tantor stretched out with a wide smile and dipped further into the spring water. He barely could dive halfway into it because it was so shallow, but he groaned in a pure bliss-like state as the waters began to soothe his body down to the core. He said, “I think I found the perfect spot to - eh - relax...”

A chimp bounced up and down on Tantor's thighs, cackling. “Terk needs to grow so we help!”

A boar snorted in response, carrying a jury-rigged basket made of twigs and vine. Inside the basket lay a dozen of the fattest fruits Terk had ever seen. The boar tilted to the side and piled the fruits next to the chimps, who served the others. The boar then returned to harvesting the surrounding plants with glee. The surrounding waters must have made the land very fertile! It was no wonder that so many of the creatures around here were so plump, especially with others that were so welcoming to fatten them up.

Terk relaxed a bit and sank until the water was just touching the bottom of her neck. The mixture of the fireflies and the wafting steam made her wonder if this was a particularly wild dream or not, but the longer it went on, the more real it felt. She was incredibly relaxed, so much so where she felt like she was resting on a cloud. There was no indication in her stomach that she had glutted herself earlier today. Her stomach rested within the water, seemingly digesting faster than what seemed natural. In fact, her stomach growled as she smelled the piles upon piles of food resting next to her head.

She couldn't help but peel a banana and pile it away in her mouth, blushing as the others snickered at her. Whether they enjoyed watching her eat or had some other plan with her, she didn't know. But she relaxed when Tantor nudged her toward more food.

“You better eat up if you wanna get big, Terk.”

For a moment, Terk completely forgot what she was gaining for. She just enjoyed the feeling of relaxing and glutting herself with the others. She continued her feast with a renewed vigor that the chimps were more than happy to satiate.

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Ranko's footsteps trampled through the jungle, each one of his hands creating a divot in the underbrush with a resounding, weighty crunch. As he swung from branch to branch, a destructive path of his journey lay in his wake. His giant body crashed through the bushes, snapped through small trees, and smashed underneath his impressive, heavy weight.

His gargantuan chest barreled outward with muscle, his impeccable body swelling and deflating with an intense anger. A creature of his size couldn't help but become a menace to whatever was around him. He was like a rhino trying to ride a unicycle - his limbs did not twist and turn to accommodate for his dense body. So, he instead used his size to his advantage, crashing through entire nests and trees to calm himself. He panted, sweat falling from his brow as he burrowed deeper into the jungle. His crazed, furrowed eyes glancing along the horizon for a fight to rest his rage.

Suddenly, his nose flared. He stopped, his nostrils sniffing the jungle air, seemingly catching a scent that no normal creature could easily smell. His crazed eyes focused intently into the shadowy depths of the jungle. The air was strangely warm, and he could smell not just one creature, but an entire motley crew of animals. Most were unfamiliar, but there was one that stuck out to him the most.

“Who is that?!” Ranko growled under his breath. His arms flexed above his head. His fist crashed down next to his feet, creating a massive hole that dug as far down as the tree's roots. His

head shook with rage, and he straightened his powerful back. His fists crashed into his barrel-like chest as he screamed.

***“DESERTER!!!!”***

Ranko rushed toward the familiar smell, sensing a gorilla among the other creatures of the jungle. His pace quickened and he paid no mind to the cuts and bruises he was adding to his body as he scrambled through the treacherous undergrowth of the deep jungle.

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“Oh yeah! Give me more of that juice! A lady like me can’t get enough of it~”

Terk suckled on a straw inside of a coconut, her cheeks swelling outwards with a new layer of thick fat. Tantor sat like a bipedal creature with his back pressed against the wall of the natural, rocky spring with his two arms relaxing on the walls of the earth. Terk had settled into the center of Tantor’s stomach like the back of a chair. She used his tree-trunk-like legs as arm rests. The two waded in the hot springs for who knows how long. A group of chimps had stolen tuxedos from the human encampment and wore them with tiny monicals. Their fur on the top of their head was greased back and they twirled the fur above their lip in a scraggly ostentatious mustache. They stood to the side like waiters, gleefully taking the orders of those that were resting in the natural spa.

Terk’s breaths were long and fulfilling, revitalizing her entire body so she could eat herself into becoming more and more obese. Fat had developed on her arms and hung loosely at her sides. Her face was almost unrecognizable, plump with fat and cheeks full of a constant intake of food. Her stomach had bloated outwards dramatically over her legs; she could feel the weight of it on her lap. The peak of her bulbous middle rested just above the water line, but she could still visibly see just how much she had grown beneath the calm waves.

But still, she ate, stuffing whatever the chimps brought to her with a revitalized effort to grow bigger. She stopped from time to time to really embrace just how delicious all of the food was, and to give her jaws a break from all the work they were doing. The hours passed by, however, and her sense of being full had completely dulled. The warm water soothed and sped up her digestion, and the calories seemed to fizzle and create new fat almost instantaneously. It had definitely helped that she no longer had to do anything to get a piece of food in her hand. As soon as she ate a banana or some other fruit, there was something new being pressed in her hand.

Tantor watched from above, eyes uncharacteristically relaxing, almost dozing off into a deep slumber. Since he was so large, only a quarter of his body fit into the water. Thankfully, a group of chimps climbed onto him and lathered the water on his head. He sighed in relief as he felt the water drizzle down his wrinkly, rotund body. His anxiety had nearly diminished to the point where he was

lulled into a sense of security. Still, he eyed the alligators and hippos with a shaky sense that this peace will not last forever. For now though, he enjoyed being the cradle for Terk.

Tantor's ear perked up and his globe-like eyes shot open wide. He heard scrambling not too far from here, like there was bad weather rustling the entire jungle. He vigorously twisted his neck to get a better listen, and the two chimps on his head fell off and splashed into the water as they were pouring water on his back. "U-uh... Do any of you hear that?" the elephant cried, pointing his trunk toward the direction of the sound.

Terk's eyes were completely closed. She didn't even bother opening them now that all she had to do was hold out her empty hand to get food shoved into them. She dreamed of moving her tribe here, with all of the other creatures of the jungle. How had they not discovered this place before? She assumed it was because of the alligators and jaguars - they were unusually calm in this area, however.

Tantor jumped a bit as he heard a tree snap and fall. He bit his lip and that anxiety returned to him faster than a speeding hawk. "Guys! What is that?!"

"Awww, shut it big guy! I'm trying to relax here!" Terk slapped behind her. Tantor's thick hide bounced with the blow and the elephant blushed.

Still, Tantor glanced around, eyeing the horizon with his teeth chattering. It was difficult to see in the thick fog of the springs, but he could swear he saw something *massive* shuffling closer in the distance. He gulped and tried to ignore it, but his body shivered, which rattled Terk as she leaned into his stomach. Terk growled and shoveled one last apple into her maw before smacking his thigh. "Tantor! Look around - there is nothing to worry about -"

Then there was a shout. Terk looked over at who yelled and saw a hippo, bug-eyed and with their jaw open wide in fear. She traced the hippo's eyes into the dense jungle, where she could see a gigantic figure dashing toward them. Her heart jumped a beat as Ranko burst through the tree lines and mist and into the water. The water splashed around his body as if a boulder had fallen into a pond and rained down on all of them. Terk tried to rise to her feet but her entire body had grown tremendously since the last time she had gotten onto her legs. She grunted as she tried to push herself from Tantor, finding herself quickly out of breath.

"Tantor! Give me your trunk!"

Tantor shook his head as he heard Terk's muffled voice and looked down. He felt her latch onto his trunk and he jolted out of fear. Terk's body rose out of the water as she held on tightly to Tantor and everyone could see her full form for the first time since she had collapsed into the depths of the hot springs.

Her stomach drooped over her knees, and her breasts were gargantuan. The gut she had developed was so big that she could no longer see her feet. She could feel her thighs rubbing against each other no matter how far she spread them. Her arms lacked any definition whatsoever, and jiggled as she used what strength she had to hold onto the trunk for dear life. Her face was forced to look forward as her neck had nearly disappeared into a mound of flesh. Her chin had developed a second slab of fat and made her look ever the more amicable.

Ranko was the complete opposite, his gigantic body crashing through the waves like a shark. His entire body was angular and intimidating, even more so than the alligators who quickly scurried out of the water and into the rivers nearby. With his fur drenched he looked even more unhinged, but his eyes focused solely on Terk, who dangled uselessly from Tantor's trunk with a cheeky smile.

“Oh hey Ranko! How's it going?” Terk exclaimed confidently, pretending not to have a burrowing sense of fear.

The gorilla stopped before her and looked up at Tantor, who looked up at the sky, hoping that he would ignore him. Ranko snorted as he saw the hippos lounging nearby, unfazed by his presence. The chimps scurried behind the hippos, and the tails of the alligators disappeared into the water. The jaguar was already gone. Terk felt her heart beating as she hung from Tantor's trunk, eyeing her surroundings to see if there was any way for her to get away.

Ranko didn't seem to have the need to respond to Terk, which made Terk even more furious. She used what strength she had and stepped onto the jungle ground, peering up at the monstrosity before her. Her legs shook trying to hold up all of her new weight but she did not dare show any weakness. Instead, she shouted with her finger pointing directly toward him, “Ranko! Why are you away from the tribe? What kind of leader are you?!”

The gorilla snorted and Terk's fur rustled with the exhale. He lowered his head to meet her own, their noses nearly an inch apart. She did not dare give him the pleasure of seeing her squirm, and instead stood firm. His deep voice rattled Terk's ribs as he grunted, “Terk! What are you doing all the way out here?! And...” he looked down at her bloated body in disgust, “What did you eat?!”

Terk smiled and folded her hands across her chest with pride. “I'm bigger than you, Ranko! Can't you see? Now I should be - URP - leader... HUMPH!”

The commotion woke up her body. Terk let out a burp that made some of the birds flutter away. It did not sound too far off from a jaguar's roar. Ranko grimaced and bit his lip out of disgust that someone would burp straight into his face.

Ranko's brow shriveled and a vein revealed itself on his forehead. His adrenaline kicked in, and he beat the ground as swift as a speeding bullet. He took a few steps away as he examined her body, suddenly aware of what she had done. His pride, for just a second, had been crushed as he realized that what she was saying could have been true. "You've gotten so fat," he simply said. He dug underneath her belly and shook the blubber, frowning. He then pressed his finger in the middle of her stomach.

Terk gulped as she watched his finger suddenly disappear into her malleable flesh and didn't seem to stop until his fist was nearly enveloped by her fat before it found any resistance. Ranko lifted up the fat, cupping the blubber in the palm of his hand and shook it. He said, "This is not power, Terk! This is laziness! You can't lead like this!"

Her cheeks grew a deep, cherry-red and she said, "Oh yeah? Let's prove it, meathead! I'd like to see you try to lead instead of conquer! Maybe try to listen to others before you start yapping, yah?"

The other animals in the spring all grew quiet. Even the ignorant hippos lifted an ear to listen to what they were saying. Tantor shook with his front feet squishing his cheeks in a breathless fear. Ranko prowled around Terk, encircling her to strike fear into her heart, but he couldn't seem to get under her skin. He stopped in front of Terk, his teeth nearly breaking as he clenched his jaw in anger. He cracked his neck and said, "Oh yeah? Well, lets see how you deal with **THIS** then!"

Terk gasped as Ranko rushed toward one of the hippos, who suddenly looked very alarmed. They tried to rise out of the water to run away but, similarly to Terk, was much too slow with their plump limbs. Their stomach was filled to the brim and they were already as heavy as a rock, but Ranko still managed to gather the strength to lift them up onto his shoulder in a fireman's carry. Terk watched in horror as he dropped the hippo into a muddy section of the hot springs, and they began to sink into the depths of the earth.

"H-help me!" The hippo called out, trying to crawl out of the mud but only further burying himself in the dirt by clawing at it.

Ranko stood with a dumb smile stretched across his sinister face and he spat, "Whatcha going to do about this, Terk? Be the leader you want to be."

Terk waddled over to the mud and watched the hippo sink further and further every second. She went prone and sprawled out on her belly, trying to reach her arm out to the hippo's but was barely out of reach. She felt her stomach bellow outwards as she lay on the ground, and her breasts became quite cumbersome as she tried to lift herself back up. She took a deep breath and rolled onto her hindquarters. It took quite a bit of effort just to balance herself on her legs again, but she

gathered her senses and looked around. She stumbled right into Ranko to steady herself, and she blushed as he stood, unmoving, seething.

“Ah - just... assessing the situation, ey, ey!” Terk exclaimed, patting Ranko on the back and changing her attention to the chimps.

“Give me some of that rope ya’ll have been using!”

Terk watched the chimps gather what they had stolen from the human encampment and Terk began tying it together. She then tied it around her belly until it sank an inch deep into her paunch. It wasn’t uncomfortable, in fact, it felt like it wasn’t even there. Her flesh had become so soft and malleable with excess adipose that she had developed a layer of thick hide. She then looked to a tree, and began climbing slowly up the base, wheezing and panting with each movement. Tantor raced over to help her up, and grabbed the rope.

“Tantor, take that end and hand it to the hippo!”

The elephant needed no other command. He took the rope from Terk, and thrust it to the plump, sinking hippo. The hippo held on for dear life as he was nearly completely enveloped by the mud. The only thing that was left above the earth was his snout, his arms, and his eyes. Terk braced herself before letting her body fall, and the rope tightened around a strong tree limb. The limb threatened to snap as Terk’s body fell with all of her incredible girth. The rope tightened around her stomach, but she smiled as she saw the hippo begin to climb out of the dangerous mud bath. Using the leverage of the rope in a makeshift pulley system, the hippo graciously climbed out of the bath, panting just as much as Terk was with an intense exhaustion.

Ranko looked furious, and beat his chest with his fists to further sink into an indomitable rage. “**NO!** You didn’t help on your own!”

Terk smiled as the others helped her loosen the ropes around her belly and helped her rise to her feet. “I don’t need to do things alone as a leader.”

Ranko snorted and shook his head. He looked like he was going to charge like a raging bull. With all of the noise, other gorillas began to investigate. Terk saw them appearing from the dense foliage of the jungle with a concerned glance. They first saw Ranko, and in his fit of rage sent sorrow down into their souls. But then they saw Terk. At first, they were concerned for her sudden, and rapid weight gain. Then they saw her competing against Ranko’s authority and cheered her on.

Terk took a deep breath and held her stomach, feeling it rise and fall in the palms of her hands. She pat her barrel-like middle and watched the fat jiggle, suddenly feeling... good? There was a sense of discovery about herself that she hadn’t felt before. Did she like being fat? She gave her

stomach a good shuffle by grabbing her love handle and jiggling it and heard the food she had eaten slosh inside her gut. She felt content with herself, and smiled as the other creatures began to chant her name. She rested against the tree and looked toward Ranko with a smirk. "Looks like you're losing votes, Ranko. What are you going to do about it?"

The big, behemoth of a creature stared at all of the others that were ignoring him and felt like he could break. Ranko jumped and kicked, animalistically beating the ground at his feet and seething. He looked at anything - anything that he could throw and saw a smooth, shining stone glistening in the water. He palmed it in his hand, and jettisoned it in the sky. It glimmered in the moonlight until it smashed through the glass window of Tarzan's old home at the top of the biggest tree of the jungle. Ranko panted, and turned to Terk. He pointed toward the wooden abode in the sky and roared, "First one to reach the stone wins! A leader needs to be quick on their feet!"

Terk gulped and scratched her head. "Ah - I feel like you're at an advantage here."

Ranko cracked his knuckles and said, "Would you rather do this with fists?"

Terk lifted her hands up as if she had just been caught stealing and said, "Whoa, whoa buddy! Would you hurt such a beautiful, flawless work of art?"

Ranko straightened his back and for a second, everyone thought he was going to do it. But, he looked at the other gorillas who looked like they were about to revolt against him. He took a few deep breaths and Terk watched him finally use some restraint. Terk urged him on further, "Yeah, that's right! Let's see those legs start going. I'll see you there when I get there first."

"Yeah right!" Ranko growled. He raced off toward the tree and Terk sat there, smiling.

It was quiet for the first time in what felt like a lifetime. Terk settled back with her hands on the climax of her belly. She yawned as lethargy suddenly hit her, and she looked content enough to fall asleep. Those that were around her looked dumbfounded, and encircled her, wondering what she was doing.

Terk chuckled, "I got this in the bag."

Tantor shook his head and said, "No, I don't think you do have this in the bag! Terk, look at him! He's probably halfway there already!"

The swollen gorilla shrugged and said, "Well, you don't have to have brawn when you have a brain like mine."

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The tree that Terk had used as a pulley was crying. The bark had splintered, and the base of the tree threatened to snap at any second. Tantor pulled it backward until the canopy of the tree was nearly brushing against the ground. Terk mounted the tree and held onto the end of it, ready to slingshot herself toward the home.

“Terk, this is a terrible idea!” Tantor cried.

Terk pat Tantor on the head with one arm outstretched. Her finger confidently pointed to the house at the top of the jungle tree. “A little to the left, big guy. When I say go, just let go of the tree.”

All of the other gorillas and creatures watched with bated breath. Tantor argued, but still did whatever Terk said anyways. Muttering under his breath, he asked once again, “Is this good?”

Terk licked her finger and lifted it in the air, as if she knew what wind resistance was. “Yes captain! When you’re ready, just send me that way!”

Tantor took a deep breath, even more frightened as to what was to come than the person he was going to slingshot across the jungle. “T-Terk! It is slipping!”

“Yes! That is fine. You can let go now!” Terk braced herself for the wind to start flowing in her face, but it never came. Tantor held on for dear life, his trunk even curling around the limbs to keep steady. He wasn’t letting go, and Terk looked at him with a frown. “All right, I guess I’ll do it!” Terk brought her fist down on his forehead and Tantor jolted. He released his trunk and Terk went flying, jetting off into the jungle night sky, screaming at the top of her lungs.

She curled into a ball, and looked much more like a flying boulder from a trebuchet than a gorilla. It felt like seconds before she saw the house getting drastically closer and closer. The sense of fear began to burrow into her and she finally saw the error of her ways. She lifted her arms over her eyes to shield her head. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw not the sharp, splintered wooden home or the broken glass that had fallen on the ground over years of decay... but the rope net.

Her bulbous body landed square in the middle of one of the nets, and she grunted as all of her weight came to a crashing halt. The net curled around her, immobilizing her into place before the momentum came rounding back. Like a trampoline, she bounced out of the net and started to jet toward the front door of the home. She curled into a ball again to brace herself, this time heading straight into the home’s interior. She saw the shining rock on the wooden floor in the middle of the floor getting closer and closer...

Her face glimmered with hope, her fur rustling in the wind as she reached her hand out to grab the stone. She flew through the door frame and came to a sudden stop. Her bulbous ass sank firmly into place in the door frame and completely stopped all of her momentum. Her fatty hide bellowed outwards as she hung uselessly in the air.

“Oh... come on!” Terk spat, pitifully pulling and pushing. Her stubby legs pathetically kicked behind her, her ass half-in the home and half-out. Her belly dropped from her body and fell onto the floor, where it puddled in a large pile of lard. She blushed, but reached her hand out to get the stone. “N-no... it is too far!”

She heard Ranko rushing up the tree, his breath panting and wheezing. He was furious. Terk pushed and pulled, getting closer and closer to it until she could nearly touch it. There was a flutter of wings. Then a little toucan zipped by and pushed the rock in her hand. They lifted a wing in a “shh” motion, and quickly fluttered away before she heard Ranko climbing into the home. Terk smiled and lifted the rock above her head with glee. Ranko jumped through one of the open windows that had cluttered onto the floor in a pile of glass long ago. He turned to view Terk stuck in the doorframe, face so red that Terk thought it could pop.

“Where is the stone?! No!”

“See that Ranko? I got the stone before you. Whatcha going to do about it, eh?” Terk pursed her lips and gave the ape a smug look of recognition.

The wild behemoth of the jungle huffed and growled. He forced Terk’s head up with a massive finger to her chin so their eyes met. Ranko grew even more angry when Terk didn’t look away and instead held that dastardly, smug grin. Spittle sprayed Terk’s face as he roared, “***You are NEVER going to be leader!***”

Terk’s eyes grew wide as she saw Ranko reel his arms back and those two boulder-like hands came crashing into her shoulders. She felt her body suction out of the doorframe, and she began barreling down the massive tree. Previously, she would have grabbed some of the branches to catch herself, but as soon as she did so the bark snapped and came tumbling down with her with her increased velocity. She instead rolled onto her belly, holding onto the trunk of the tree for dear life. The curvature of her stomach flattened against the tree’s surface and lurched around the sides of the trunk, thankfully securing her firmly into place.

As she slid down thousands upon thousands of feet, she saw dozens of different kinds of juicy fruits and vegetables zip by on the fertile branches of the jungle. She greedily picked them on her descent to the bottom of the tree, lazily stuffing her face until the juices had covered the bottom of her chin and formed a thick layer on her chest. She licked her lips, wondering what compelled her

to continue eating. This was certainly no time to be shoveling food in her mouth, after all! Was it because she wanted to be a leader, or was it because she enjoyed being stuffed?

Before she became too comfortable, however, she felt something grab around her love handles, like a giant vice grip of a beetle. It lifted her up and twisted her to face the sky and there, she could see Ranko sliding down the tree with her. He dexterously stayed on the bottoms of his feet and held Terk with veiny, bursting muscles in his arms. Terk watched as several branches snapped directly in the center of his head, each time forcing him to flinch and bruise, but his deadly, bug-eyed stare stayed. Any other person would have been knocked out cold.

Ranko dropped her and lifted both of his wall-like arms behind his head and locked his hands together. The bright, full moon was blocked out by his massive, globular biceps. Terk lifted her arms above her head to protect her face. Through the gap between her furry arms, she watched Ranko's hands impact on the very center of her stomach, but the blow didn't feel nearly as rough as she thought it would be thanks to her extra layer of blubber.

Then there was the snap of wood. She felt weightless for a few seconds before realizing that Ranko had snapped the entire length of the branch they were on. The canopies of the trees began rapidly rising as the two fell. Ranko darted through the air toward her, reeling his fist back for another blow.

Terk braced herself one more time, but felt a soft branch full of leaves catch her like a net. She watched Ranko's eyes grow with horror, and he tried to catch the branch, but failed. Terk cringed as Ranko fell onto the hard ground, his body bouncing off of the surface before resting face down in the grass, groaning. There was a moment where Terk felt like it was over, but the branch she was resting on began to snap. She tried to pull herself up but her bulbous stomach kept her pinned down. She whimpered as she felt the branch crumble again. "Oh boy!" She cried, as the branches snapped under her weight.

Ranko, groaning, pushed himself off of his chest and shook his head. He rolled onto his back, and what he saw was probably the worst thing he could ever experience in his life. Terk spread wide into a belly-flop, and that stomach was barreling toward him quicker than a falling acorn. Ranko gulped and tried to scurry away, but Terk came crashing down on top of him, completely flattening him under her body. Terk groaned, but her fatty hide cushioned most of the fall. She felt him kick and punch, but he was weak. Under her distended belly, she could hear his roars of rage grow calmer, and calmer, until there was silence. His body relaxed as he was knocked out.

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"Today marks the day where we appoint our new leader!"

An elderly gorilla with an arched back and graying fur stood near an odd pulley system not too dissimilar to what Terk made to launch herself to the house above. It was shaped in a scale, with vines lying over a few branches and two shoddy wooden platforms held firmly together with twigs where two gorillas could step on to see which one was bigger. The elder's eyes were filled with glee, aware that this could be the moment where they would be free from Ranko forever. He tapped the scale and spoke to a gigantic crowd that surrounded Terk, Ranko, and the shaky elder.

Terk sat vigorously eating a massive basketful of food that was gifted to her after she stumbled her way back to the tribe with a wide smile. All of that exercise had built up quite an appetite! Ranko panted as he stood with makeshift splints made from the jungle to help his broken bones, and bandages stolen from the human encampment. The elder lifted up both of their arms, which forced a pathetic whimper out of Ranko.

“These are our two contestants. Now, let's see which one is bigger.”

Ranko huffed and struggled his way onto the left platform of the scale. The wooden plate immediately fell to the ground. Terk shivered for a moment, wondering if she *had* gotten bigger than the beast. She gulped down her fears and waddled her way to the other platform that was now above her head. She scratched her head and said, “Ey! Uh... can ya help a lady out?”

Ranko fumed as he watched the gorillas gladly assist her onto the scale. As soon as she was on it, the branches above curled, struggling to hold up both of their weight. The vines slid back and forth, determining which one was heavier. There was no contest, however. Terk slammed into the ground, and Ranko was left dangling in the air, clearly lighter than Terk. He barked some curses at the tribe, but the entire jungle went into an uproar. Terk smiled as the gorillas came to cheer her success, though odd as it may be.

Terk was placed at the center of a congregation the next morning. Dozens upon dozens encircled around her from the branches, peeking behind bushes, and hanging from the tree tops. At first, she felt her nerves getting to her as the eyes focused solely on her, but quickly started to like the attention. She lifted up her hand and said, “Uh... Heeeeeeeey! I'm leader now! Ain't that something? Who woulda thought?”

The gorillas beat their chests and slammed the ground with the palms of their hands with glee. That raised Terk's confidence to heights she didn't even know existed. She peered to her left and saw a massive pile of fruits and grabbed a banana, peeling it and eating as she talked with one hand proudly displaying her belly. “MMMMPH! Alright - I... I'm going to make this clear from the start,” she swallowed the banana and then moved onto an apple, “I want everyone to know that Ranko should be banished immediately.”

She glanced over at Ranko who was struggling to stand. He eyed her with an angry, but exhausted glare. The gorillas around him grabbed hold of his arms and began dragging him away. The other gorillas stood, eyeing her for the next order. Terk nodded her head, thinking about what could be done next. There honestly weren't many issues to contend with now that he was gone. What could they do...

A bulb lit in her head, and she exclaimed, "Ah! I found the absolute best place to party, let me tell ya! There's hot springs far from here, but it'll be worthwhile to stay there. And there's a ton of food for all of us and more. Don't be ashamed to eat! I know I am. And... get me a fan! I want one of ya'll to keep me cool at all times. And I need someone to massage my *aching* feet. And -"

The gorillas clapped and cheered as Terk leaned her back on a tree and mindlessly gorged herself. Her voice became less and less audible as the jungle turned into a cascade of screams and roars of glee. Terk relaxed as she settled into the leadership position, appointing all of the others to work while she continued to stuff herself. She placed her hand on the top of her belly, feeling the malleable flesh curl around the tips of her fingers as she pressed down on it. She smiled, giving it a few slaps and felt a burden leave her shoulders. Even though she was hundreds of pounds heavier, she felt much, *much* lighter. The stress left her body as her tribe flourished. While she found herself growing even fatter, so did most of her tribe and many of the other animals of the jungle.

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"Terk, over here!"

Three months had passed since the sprawling gorilla tribe had been appointed their new corpulent leader. Not only did their numbers grow, but so did their waistlines. It was not unusual for the gorillas to be heavysset under Terk's command, especially because of the new location in the fertile hot springs. The spring's fruits and vegetables grew faster than they could eat, and it became common practice to gorge themselves with frequent feasts and parties.

There was one gorilla that was the largest of them all, however. Terk waddled into the clearing of the jungle, her stance forced wide because of the gargantuan thunder thighs she had developed over long periods of indulging herself with the finest foods the jungle had to offer. Her plump posterior jutted behind her with deceptively strong strength to hold up all of her weight, bouncing with each step. Her knees disappeared under a coat of her own fat from above; her belly swayed from side to side in a pendulous motion, continuously slapping against her crotch from each heavy, lethargic step.

Folds of pure adipose encircled her entire torso like little pockets where she could store snacks to eat for later. Terk had become so large that it was becoming a task in itself to traverse on foot. It built up a sweat even outside of the range of the hot spring mists. Her body was the mark of



someone who had completely given into indulgence, and loved every second of it. There was no denying herself anymore that she enjoyed the weight in each of her steps.

“Terk, Terk!” The voice called again in the winding, web-like mists.

She twisted her fatty neck toward the call and squinted her eyes to see who could have possibly been in the hot springs at this hour. Then she realized something: who could have possibly been able to see her through the steam except for someone with near-perfect perception?

“Tantor!”

Terk waddled (barely) faster toward the great oaf of an elephant. With each step, she felt her upper thigh colliding against the bottom of her drooping stomach. She saw his massive outline through the shadows of the night sky, the moonlight reflecting off of his thick, pale-red hide. She smiled at the sight of her old friend; it felt as if it had been a lifetime since the last time she saw him. Terk not-so-carefully slipped into the spring in a cannonball, causing a massive wave of water to rain down on the elephant and settled next to Tantor, stretching out her back against the wall and letting a satisfied groan of relief escape her. It was like a day had never passed as they sat in silence for a bit, basking in each other’s presence.

Terk was the first one to pipe up, “I’m sorry I’ve been so busy lately, Tantor.”

The pachyderm nodded his head and exclaimed, “You are perfectly fine! I see you’ve had other things to take care of-”

Tantor pressed his trunk into the center of Terk’s stomach and the two chuckled. Terk then said, “Can you even imagine a time without these hot springs? I don’t know, big guy, it’s hard for me to remember back then.”

“It must be pretty hard remembering when your body has changed so much.”

Terk nodded her head, and looked down to her body. For a minute, she imagined herself being lighter again. She placed the palm of her hand just above her breasts, and smoothly rubbed her hand down her midriff, then down to her lap, feeling every hill and crevice of her body. Even with a minor press of her hands, it sent a shiver down her spine; a good shiver. She gave her gut a playful slap and watched the malleable, gelatin-like sack jiggle in the water. She then turned to Tantor, who looked not a hair different from the last time she saw him. She smirked, and curled her hand into a fist. She swiftly punched the elephant straight into the gut, making him jump.

Terk said, “Yeah, and I wouldn’t have done it without you, fatty!”

Tantor shyly snickered, blushing. “Who are you calling fat? You’re as big as a hippo.”

“And you’re as big as an elephant!”

The two waded away in the hot springs, the silence clearing their thoughts and the calm water cleansing their aching bodies. Time became irrelevant, and the moon hung overhead like a third party enjoying the calm in the jungle. That circular figure hanging high in the sky was not too unlike the two of them resting in the waters; Terk and Tantor had become as round as the moon itself. Terk looked toward it with a smile, just now realizing just how fat she had gotten. She placed a hand firmly on her gut and imagined herself in the future and could only see someone even larger than now. There was plenty of food to be had between all of them, and she was going to make great use of it. Her glowing eyes lowered their attention toward Tantor and the curious gorilla leaned over to whisper into his ear.

“I think I’m getting a bit peckish, what about you?”