

Jarl Loona of Clan Hellwind was pensive. Preoccupied by thoughts of her son, all while drinking from a massive cask of cream liquor made from his over productive teats. Being drunk might've been part of *why* she was feeling unusually emotional about the whole thing. It tended to be a state in which her people left her be so as not to risk her getting violent when a mood swing would take her, except for her husband.

Not her first husband – Loona had outlived a few of them for *various* reasons. Mewtwo had weathered the massive Hell Hound's strength and mercurial states of mind better than those who came before him and he wasn't worried about intruding on his wife's mood right now either. He did wait for a lull in the wanton gluttony though, a moment when she had to stop and catch her breath and let some of the pressure out.

The aftermath of a good long fart was usually a decent moment to catch Loona.

“You have Jaeger on your mind. You know it's only been one year.”

A mostly eaten rack of ribs flew through the air at Mewtwo. The pale white and purple patriarch of the Clan didn't bother sidestepping it, he just gave it a moment's concentration and guided it over his shoulder while his wife finished snarling and pouring more drink into her face again. This process was a delicate thing, and he understood it well. Pressure had to be let off in degrees and that was one of them – and now that she'd soaked herself in a bit more booze-

“The Stardepths bitch and her gift *were* overdoing it, you aren't wrong about that. Plus she's been a right cunt more than a few times in diplomatic gatherings. But-”

This time it was one of the massive fur-lined chairs that flew at Mewtwo's head courtesy of his gargantuan heap of a wife's fury. She buried her face in a deep, cheese and meat stuffed pile of bread because it was the one thing she could get at that second that let her wrap her entire face into the process. Mewtwo, in the meantime, caught the chair with the same mental prowess he'd deflected the ribs with – then put it back down and moved his own gently undulating catastrophe of an ass into it. Loona couldn't stop herself from staring at the process, the way her mate moved with all that flabby bulk but made it look weightless was *strange* but kind of beautiful. It was like he was always underwater, even when he wasn't, and a landside of an ass underwater is a mesmerizing thing to watch in motion. Loona felt some of the fire cool.

“..I fucking **HATE** that bitch! She's the smuggest, most unpleasant fucking bird – I just want to rip her wings off and roast them! She's not even *conniving*, she's an *idiot*, but she's just.. ugh!”

A slow exhale slips out from Mewtwo as he nods and maneuvers a roast hog down the table toward Loona, snapping the cords tying it down in the process and giving her something fresh to rip and tear into as that most recent bit of her mood tried to get itself vented and centered.

“She is. Her husband and daughter are much more pleasant. Perhaps, if we are lucky, she won't survive the winter and he can take over. I appreciate the man's patient intelligence.”

Loona had half of the back of a pig hanging off her maw when she next spoke, the overly energetic waves of flesh from her whipping her mountainous body around never quite managing to dislodge it from her teeth. Not until she *wanted* it out of there and yanked it into her mouth.

“If we're lucky she'll trip into an oven! I.. fuck. It's not like we can even call it out because you never know what kind of wild shit you're going to eat as a Traveler. This *could* happen to him, and-”

It wasn't a common thing for the doors to the dining hall to be thrown open by anything or anyone, but it did happen sometimes. *Someone* was trying to be dramatic. To set themselves up for a backdrop of snowy white while them form an imposing silhouette – and one Loona recognized. Bigger than it used to be, certainly. Every step they took, every laborious waddle, made the whole of their almost as wide as the room frame burst into an explosion of fat tremors. Still, it was hard not to know the sight of it – the furry legs and arms and the annoyingly fleshy core of him, and those *tits* resting atop his belly. Loona had been enjoying the fruit of those for some time now.

For a few moments there was *relative* silence in the room. Loona's gut digesting all that meat wasn't exactly quiet but nobody was *speaking*. Jaeger had everyone's attention as he waddled his way through, knocking chairs and tables out of the way with his girth, right up to approaching his mother at her table and bumping his gut into the far end of it.

Jaeger didn't *say* anything. He just stood straight (not that with his sheer fat sprawl of a body it looked all that different) and glowered, stern.. and- ***FRWWWRPHHHB- VRRPHHHBBBT- VWURUMPHHRRT- FRRPPP- GRLGFRRPHHHHHBBBT-***

The doors blew back shut behind Jaeger, the walls of the dining hall shook, and the attendants in the room broke into a roar of approval. Loona and Mewtwo exchanged looks while Jaeger, saying nothing, reached for what was left of the roast pig and started tearing pieces of it off and stuffing himself as he waited, dribbling milk down his chest and onto the floor all the while. The shock of the whole situation took a few moments to pass.. at least, it took that long for Loona to

recover and make her decisions about what was transpiring before her.

“You took your *sweet fucking time* standing up after the end of that challenge, didn't you? It's been what, a *year* now? Fuck, boy. You- *hhnn*. H-heh. You kept me waiting.”

Jaeger, for his part, hadn't at all been sure what to expect from this. A year worth of being stuck in the milking stalls of with livestock and other failed aspirants had been sobering – but only half of it had been wasted. He shared a look with Mewtwo and felt the smile from the Clan patriarch.

“Look, sometimes you get a bit drowsy after a big meal, right? But I slept it off. So-”

It wasn't that simple of course, Jaeger had grown to around twice as big as he had been and he'd done so while gaining the strength to move it all – and that had been largely due to help from Mewtwo. Strength training while in a milking harness wasn't exactly easy to manage without someone to assist in giving you resistance to train with. But it had worked.. he was here, standing in the hall with his mother and he *swore* he caught her smiling at him and meaning it.

“Well, stop gawking! Bring more food for my boy and I! And you, Jaeger - get the fuck over here! I'm thirsty~”

Breaking into a nervous, emotional, heartfelt laugh at that – Jaeger shuffled his massive frame over just enough that he and Loona could share the table rather than sit at opposite sides of it. The Clan took to their command quickly after that, rushing to the kitchens and larder to find a worthy feast for the return of the Jarl's son.

Just about everyone seemed delighted. Mostly. In fact the feast had no interruptions until a good hour or so into it. Everything had built into a raucous and happy uproar of song, flatulence, and shouting with the occasional bit of food or furniture being hurled across the room and either bouncing off a gut or shattering on the wall. Then the door went and slammed open for the second time – to much less applause than previous.

While the alliance was useful to the Clan, nobody much liked the visiting matriarch of Clan Stardepths. She was regal to be sure, she commanded an amount of respect in her presence and her family was powerful – particularly her magically talented husband. The woman herself, though? Everyone went a bit sour as soon as the snow-white bird and her black highlights and not-fat-enough frame was standing there.

“What the *FUCK* am I seeing here?! I *thought* you held carefully to traditions! Is this the kind of lack of respect we can expect then? IS IT?! I saw that pink-bellied shit fail! We all did!”

Marching herself in, the secretary bird got stares of fear, disgust, or both from most of the people in the room. There were exceptions of course – Jaeger wasn't afraid of *her* but he was suddenly very keenly keeping an eye on what his mother was doing. Mewtwo remained as inscrutable as ever, though Jaeger could swear he saw the patriarch's finger twitch a little. Loona though, she didn't bother masking the indignant fury and outright hatred she was stewing in at the moment. Then again, Jaeger's mother had never been particularly great at restraining her moods.

“You! What the **fuck** are you doing outside your pen, you quivering **failure** of a cow! Get back in there with the other livestock where you belong! Or prove your Clan is *weak* and can't be trusted, and I'll come back to take what we-”

The moment happened too quickly for half the people in the room to even follow it, despite everyone watching closely. The bird was mid-sentence, her tirade about Jaeger's reappearance doing its best to spoil appetites and moods and one could swear it might even be able to curdle the cream leaking from Jaeger's chest, and then she was just *gone*. Loona had swung her room-sized ass over the table and gotten her claws in underneath the bird, then hurled her with enough force to shatter part of the roof and its thatching. There was just a vaguely bird shaped hole there and a distant, fading shout of fury and surprise.

“Nnrnghaand *STAY GONE*, you smug, *INFURIATING BITCH!*”

Loona's whole frame shook in fury, with a little fart at the end for emphasis. When the room promptly erupted into applause after that she ignored it, instead looking to Mewtwo – then to Jaeger. She lunged for her son next, or rather for his steadily leaking chest, while Mewtwo got to chuckling and more casually approached the other side of it. Jaeger, caught a little off-guard by that, shuddered and stumbled over himself.

“A-aahh, h-heh. I.. *oh Hells*. T-thank you, Mother.. I swear, I won't let you down with this chance. Plus, *fuck* that bitch of a bird.. We can just talk to her husband if we have to. Right? And-”

It took Jaeger a second to realize the wet feeling on his moobs wasn't *just* his own leaking chest. All the uproar and the celebration and the fact that his mother had started bellowing out an utter maelstrom of farts had been disguising the fact that Loona had started crying.

Not a quiet weeping either, Jaeger's eyes went a bit wide as he saw her sniffing, her nose running, and realized the only reason nobody was hearing her at this was that her ass was louder and she had a mouth full of his moob muffling things. The sight of it almost made *him* break down,

it was probably going to in fact, but as he was getting through the moment and starting to stumble his way through-

“Oh.. *Oh heck*. M-mom, I love you too, I-”

..The roof was blown open. Again. Two trails of heavy cream lingered as Jaeger was tossed through and landed just outside the doors, having not flown anywhere near as far off as the bird had. It was a small miracle (and part of the reason Loona had married him) that Mewtwo got Loona's face cleaned up before anyone much saw her moment of weakness, as the burst roof and the sight of Jaeger's body wildly bouncing and sloshing on landing were an ample distraction. By the time Loona was shouting again she was *almost* presentable. One could probably just explain the wet fur around her face as milk. Mostly. Probably. If one valued their life.

“SHUT IT! YOU BETTER COME BACK TWICE AS FAT AND RICH AS HELL! YOU HEAR ME?! WITH SOMETHING NEW FOR THE KITCHENS!”

It took Jaeger a few seconds to recover, and another two to get himself up off his ass and onto his feet, but he managed it.. and still caught his mother smiling at him when he made it there. All he could do was smile back, and mouth out what he'd been saying before. This time around, after the 'I love you too', he was *pretty sure* he saw her blow a kiss back as he started on his travels.