

Valoo only rose lazily, but then he did *most* things lazily these days. The larger one grew the more effort it took to move in any great capacity. Time passing since the corrupting wish had taken hold of him had left Valoo with next to no inhibitions left in his being, and that? Had ensured that the dragon *grew*. With the addition of offerings from those still sailing the Great Ocean he was, for a time, almost content.

Almost. It didn't really last.. everyone *knew* it wasn't going to last. It was why they'd sent a couple of heroes to try and handle the problem. Some part of Valoo remembered being a creature who would've found that tragic in the extreme. What he was now, though..? Valoo put in the ponderous effort of rising from the ocean floor. He felt the moss and scum that clung to his back peel away as he displaced an entire ecosystem by just *moving*, he watched as the sediment and filth that collected around him was disrupted and turned into a near black tide of corruption that spread in every direction just from him moving.

All of that would've left him despairing of his monstrous state.. before. Now? Now it left Valoo with a little twinge of pride in his being as he saw a couple of pilgrims capsize and fall into the corruption. Either they would be taken by the waves, or they would warp and twist into fat piggish servants in time for their newly bloated bodies to get soft enough to float. Valoo hardly cared. He had plenty of servants now – more of them just meant he could afford to eat a few.

That happened more as the offerings grew insufficient, as they increasingly were. Not for lack of trying, tribute ships waited all around him and Valoo was pleased by that. It was the best bet they had to try and convince Valoo to not spread himself to the rest of the Great Ocean.

A barge full of naked, fat moblins muttered prayers in their piggish, grunting language. The human ships launched their life boats full of food which Valoo plucked from the waters, bringing up to his face to curl his tongue around the massive stores of sustenance and swallow them like modest mouthfuls. All of which just served to leave him with his stomach growling *a little less*.

“This.. is *everything*? I am di- *Bwurphhb*- isappointed! If you pathetic lot can't deliver..”

Valoo intended the pause to be dramatic, but as he lurched forward a bit the dragon's insides twitched and squirmed around wildly. The rumbling sounded just like a storm on the horizon. Fear gripped the humans as Valoo let his ass spread itself wide and- *BwuruRPHHHBRRPPPT*-

The air behind the dragon went dark, tainted into a yellowish green miasmatic fog that sat against the water and lingered unnaturally. It clung to everything it passed, a humid doldrum that

left the birds that had been in the air for a vast swath behind Valoo plummeting into the water. The cloud of flatulence left more of the ships around Valoo scrambling to escape the most intense part of his aura.

“Nnngh.. if you can't, I will visit my blight upon your homes.. U- *UWRPHHBB*- nderstand?! And don't think I can't hear you begging for mercy out of *hunger*. You know *nothing* of h- *HUWRPHHBB*- hunger! Now g- *nnngh~*”

It took even more effort for Valoo to straighten out and rest on his haunches, but the massive lard-caked dragon did so. There was a slow, steady bubbling from behind him – and there was the spined, seeping, crimson spire of his cock sprouting up from the water's surface. It looked like it was covered in oil with how the dark skin caught the light.

“Now, if you want to *earn* the right to pick through my crumbs, make yourselves *useful*. Sure, you'll all end up fat, dimwitted moblin *slaves*. But my slaves *eat*. So~”

Of course, that left out the bit about the moblins sometimes being eaten too, but.. That part didn't much matter. Not according to Valoo anyway. A few of the human ships broke out into arguments, starved looking little pink things yammering at each other and just.. nothing worth his attention. Valoo would let them approach if they wanted, he enjoyed watching the results. A small boat of five of them was already rowing toward his cock and even they were starting to look a bit more piggish just for getting into the vapor around his towering cock. The rest? The steady stream of gas bubbling up from inside Valoo and the dense cloud of ass vapor resting atop the water were already congealing into a freshly tainted raincloud that would erupt within the hour at the latest.

And every last human still here when it happened was going to be a new moblin for him by the time the sun set. Valoo got just a little harder over the idea. A spurt of precum from him caught one of the humans approaching square in the chest and knocked her off into the blackened water. The human shrieked in surprise and went under the surface as a bedraggled, scrawny human woman. She surfaced as a grunting, panting, obese brood mother of a moblin who promptly capsized the others out of their boat before she started dog paddling toward Valoo's steadily throbbing dick. The others followed shortly.. Valoo let out an almost sated exhale as he savored their touch and their snorting, grunting sounds. Always grunting, always eager to serve.

..Sometimes coherent.

“G-great one. Tainted Storm. We bring- *Snrkg- kkkrgn*- b-bring gift!”

Lifting his head, Valoo still had to weather a shudder through his body as he felt the steadily transforming humans cluster against his dick and start doing their best to pleasure it. Pressing their soft bodies against him, losing their focus and their will but gaining bulk and the willingness to survive off what they could in the world as Valoo made it.

One other ship of humans was sailing closer too. Valoo respected the decision.. and then promptly ignored them as he turned to regard his moblins. The one speaking was one of the oldest, maybe even having been a moblin to begin with. Certainly he was the most intelligent of Valoo's minions, and was approaching on a raft carrying.. something? Something wrapped in ragged silk.

“Found piece by piece, Great Foulness. For you, if anyone.. can taint it..? *Must* be you!”

That left Valoo curious. Enough so that he wasn't even thinking about his hunger that much. Valoo let the moblin sail closer, then reached a hand down to let the fat little piggy slave place the offering in his claws. Head tilting gently, Valoo lifted the strangely heavy object and rubbed it so as to cause the silks to tear and shred. Inside? Valoo found three shining shapes of gleaming gold set into stone. All three.. Valoo's eyes narrowed to points. The ocean behind him began to boil as his constantly fuming asshole spread and pressure inside him spiked. The dragon stood on the spot, dislodging the moblins on his dick, and came as he did so.

The spunk shot out with enough force to shatter and sink one of the other human vessels and leave behind a scrambling, transforming sailors as well as a couple more who took the shot straight on and promptly bobbed to the surface as barely functional sweating, farting blobs of pig monster.

“...The *Triforce*. You've brought me.. h- *HWURPHHBB*- ha! Haha! Oh.. Oh I need to do this carefully, don't I? Or.. perhaps not. Perhaps that's the wrong idea altogether. Yes...”

Straightening as much as he could, Valoo held the Triforce aloft and focused on the relic. There was an unspeakable amount of power in it, he could feel that. Like the center of a massive tapestry, touching every other aspect of the world, making it possible to change *everything*. Which was the idea. Valoo held the relic tight and looked it over, curious to see if the golden shapes would in fact take taint into them as he handled them. It didn't *seem* like it, but Valoo wasn't quite sure either. Perhaps he could indeed tarnish it, or perhaps he was simply leaving his greasy sweat behind as he handled them. The idea of being so potent a calamity that he could warp even the Triforce though.. Well, that was worth a Wish, right?

Yes, that would do nicely.

“Listen well. The miasma that I am will be felt *everywhere*, in the *entire* world! The vile stench rolling off my enormity will reach to every corner of the Great Ocean and beyond. I will be the eye of the maelstrom that bathes the whole of this creation in foulness!”

From the outside, the wish didn't seem like much at first. It caused the Triforce to flare and gleam in the foggy murk around Valoo but it didn't immediately change anything. At least, not in the capacity one would expect. But then, everyone present could *already* smell him. It was just that the funk was spreading.. as was Valoo.

Valoo's perspective in the moments following his wish were far different. He felt that tapestry now, he felt himself tangling in it and staining it everywhere he touched. There was an odd, nameless *sense* now of how far he reached.. Of the ships full of people doubling over and retching. Valoo let out a thundering belly laugh that broke into a gasp, and a wanton moan as the world's feedback started to set his nerves alight with pleasure. Valoo's body went slack on him, with the sole exception of his cock. A cannon blast of cum shot loose that splattered and blanketed the entire space in front of the dragon. Like a curtain of tainted fluids falling from the sky, it crashed down and tore masts and coated *everyone* still present to condemn them to their new lives as subservient, porcine little slaves. Some of them wanted at his dick, some were pressing to his belly as his chest started to leak a half spoiled and dense cream they kept licking at, all coming from **him**.

And it didn't stop. Valoo just *kept cumming*. His chest kept soaking him in sour milk. The waters before him started to take on a horrific mix of tainted white and near black, never mixing colors but forming a polka dot sprawl of awful fluids full of little pink bodies trying to swim closer to him. To offer themselves to him.

A benevolent force of nature would allow them to. The side of Valoo that was currently feeling wrathful was not in front of him after all, it was *behind* him.

“Let.. my winds.. touch *every* scrap of life there is! Let them-”

*VwurumphHHH- FWURRPHHHBB- VWURRRMMPHHBBBT-*

The waters behind Valoo erupted in an explosion of misted filth that cascaded out in vibrating, spraying storms as he ripped out a catastrophe of a fart.

“Nnngh! L-let them.. writhe and bask in me.. and come to me~”

The monologue was lost. Not even Valoo could hear himself over the blasting force of his own ass – and the fart refused to end. Five seconds of it, then ten, even when he dipped his ass into

the water it just sent it crashing away in bubbling, filth-saturated waves. The monstrous, hazy fog of noxious ass vapor behind Valoo began to thicken and spread. Eventually – and *soon* to boot – every breath any living thing took would be that miasmatic funk. Valoo would be in everything, everywhere, all at once.

Until it all came back and fed itself back to him.