

Steam filtered up from the massive lake as hot water met cool night air, the natural hot spring filling the small lake with a steady flow of heated air. A flow that was necessary, as the lake's four rowdy occupants were knocking water away with every movement. Yang, Bo, Ai, and Hua were enjoying the relaxing bath of the spring, enjoying the new treats of locally brewed ale. Currently, Yang was hefting an enormous cask over Bo's head, fitting a spigot in her mouth as she went for a new record.

"Chug. Chug. Chug." Yang chanted enthusiastically as she held a cask up to Bo's mouth.

The small girl's rotund stomach was bloating out like a blimp, her fattening body expanding like the balloon it was. Greedily drinking down the suds the group had been provided, holding the wooden spigot with both hands. Determination flared in her eyes as she saw her rotund stomach smack against the table, her load lightening as her cask emptied. Yang's cheers only fuelled her enthusiasm as she guzzled the last bits. Seated on the floor as she hoisted the keg up in her doughy hands, Yang's assistance became less needed as she finished it off. With a powerful gulp, she swallowed, letting the cask tumble to her side. Gurgling and bubbling filled the air as her sloshing stomach rocked with suds, her cheeks puffed as the gurgling intensified.

***Oooouuuuuuuurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrppp***

Bo let her mouth open wide as an ear-ringing belch blew past Yang's face, whipping the hair on her head as Yang covered her ears. Water parted from her eruption, rippling like she was a rumbling volcano.

"Now that's how we do it. Also, does anyone hear ringing? Think I'm going deaf." Yang chuckled, falling back into the water, her colossal ass sending waves washing across the rocky shore.

"Just you, my dear; maybe next time cover your ears before the belch." Ai smiled, removing her plugs as she took a swig of her own beer.

"Honestly, that was just so good." Hua drunkenly clapped, smacking her hands clumsily together.

Weeks turned into months, and autumn had come, bringing with it a rare delicacy for Hua: heavy ales. Ringing in the cool temperatures with some warm suds seemed to be a tradition around these parts, and it showed. Handcrafted brews flowed freely within the confines of the spring; huge casks as large as a person, and a few a bit bigger. Each one provided by the bevy of local brewers wanting to give their best offerings for the coming New Year. Hua had never really drunk beer before, often believing it to be a decadent and almost damning tincture from foreign actors. It wasn't hard to see that, as to her, it was addictive and easy to drink; the bread texture ran over her tongue, bitter tastes followed by hints of wood and fruit. While the drink flowed easily down her throat, its impact on her stomach was far from easy. Crashing

waves of suds washed about her insides, splashing the excessive mountains of food inside and sending them floating. Her belly felt like a rocking ocean, everything she ate causing an audible splash in the massive pool in her belly. Tumultuous suds flooded her system as percolating gas bubbles pushed their way through her tracts.

***Pppbbfffttttt***

***Ooouuuurrrrrrrppp***

Hua let out a thundering belch, her whole body rippling from the force as the fart that preceded it parted the waters. Drinking in the middle of a hot spring felt positively decadent, a pleasure not meant for her station, which is what made it all the more tempting. In the flurry of excess, she had forgotten her mission and duty, drawn in by the plethora of worldly pleasures. Such pleasures had had a tremendous impact on her body, bloating her to a state where she would be barely recognizable from her past self. Sporting a massive stomach that stretched out like a truck in front of her, piled with clumps of rippling fat that hung off her bloated stomach. Fat parted under the swelling balloon of her belly, the tight confines being pushed out by her gassy contents. Audibly sloshing when she tried to move, a task that was not done without assistance. With how bloated her body had become, the added buoyancy of the water was a boon to be sure. Her massive gas-filled gut floated on the water's surface like a buoy, bobbing up and down as the weight inside shifted.

The heavy mounds of fat on her hips floated freely behind her, peeking just above the bubbles like icebergs. Large as yoga balls, her fatty globes were too heavy to completely break the surface but too buoyant to fit neatly under her. She could barely settle atop them, only catching the smallest bit with her bulk as she tried to settle. Every errant wave caused by her friend's expulsions sent ripples through her form, shaking it like pudding in the dish. Her breasts were too heavy and slick to settle comfortably on her shelf of a stomach, constantly falling down the slope of her belly. Large beach balls that floated on the water's surface, her nipples just peeking above the surface. Even with the shine added by the water, Hua's body was not without mar; her constant gluttony and growth had left etches of strain.

Newly formed stretch marks were forming on the apex of her assets, hugging the curves of her stomach and the outer apex of her assets. Pink canyons flanked by numerous white valleys; Hua's body had stretched to a new limit and healed numerous times. Assisted by the constant upkeep of the palace attendants, she was breaking new records for growth. While her companions were still a bit larger, Hua was catching up to them in record time, probably helped by her extra care.

During the entire stuffing process, all four girls were given constant attention by the palatial court. Bathing their bellies in rich oils and washing them in special ointments and creams, all in service of their growth. Everywhere they went they carried the scents of flowered medicines, which did wonders to quash the prolific amounts of gas they expelled. Their attendants also filled a secondary role; not only did they care for the woman and their guts, but

they ferried them around as well. As everyone, save for Yang, was far too large to move under their own strength. Yang wasn't exactly doing it with ease either, her farmgirl heritage being the only thing that let her heft her bulk around.

Being mobile didn't mean she was any smaller than the other girls; in fact, she sat in a comfortable second place. Sporting a fat gut large enough to fit a cow, she thundered with every step. Blubber bunched around the base of her stomach, she shoved it like a plow, unable to lift it an inch off the ground. Atop her grand swell sat heaving bosoms, blimps of wobbling fat, engorged to the point of absurdity. Those large boulders were easily as big as yoga balls, bloated and full, spanning across her belly and obscuring her face when she sat down. Yang's rear end didn't fare much better in the bulk department, as it had blown up to insane proportions. Her blimped cheeks were large enough to smother a car, bury it completely in her cavernous cheeks. Combined with her hips, she was wider than most men were tall and still growing as she shoved meat skewers down her throat.

"So *oommphh* who *ouuurp* do you think is gonna make a bigger splash this year?" Yang noisily stripped meat from the skewers, devouring whole handfuls as she spoke.

"Oh? Taking some bets already? But we've still got a couple months of growth." Ai's expression was a bit catty, but it was hard to tell from the strain in her voice.

***Ppbbffrrrrtttttt***

She had barely gotten her sentence out before another hurricane of gas erupted from her rear; a gaseous expulsion that sent water flying like a depth charge had gone off. Hua had at least gotten far enough into her espionage to realize the girls were planning to explode on New Years, which made ponder on Yang's question as well. In the water, Ai was as big as a whale, suspended in her own expansive fat, constantly rippling like she was part of the water. Her belly spread wide across her hips, the mountains of gelatinous flab resting atop each other in great folds. The apex of her stomach curving out like some grand blimp, so large that she couldn't reach the table if she tried. Her food and drink had to be delivered by the attendants. Ai's grand stomach was a marvel to look at; aside from the sheer mass of it, the way it settled was incredibly pleasing to the eye. Folds formed in the right places, as if framing her marvelous boulder for the world to see; peachy stretches of skin wrapped round to her flanks, creating massive love handles. Her muffin top was closer to a tractor tire at this point, stretching around to her back in a thick cord of fat.

***Rgglgglglg***

***Oourrrpp***

***Brrttttt***

Another gusting outburst shook Ai's form, sending endless waves of fat crashing into each other as her body collided in on itself. Heavy waves washed over the group as Ai's forceful eruptions tumulted the water, sending more steam into the night air. Under that motion you could see the barest hints of her thighs, massive trunks of flesh concealed by her expanded stomach. Too large to be anything but showy logs, flowing in waterfalls of blubber that sagged into her haunches. Her hips were wider than Yang's by a good margin, wide enough to smother the chair she sat on. Generous hips flowed into absurd collections of flesh on her rear, bulbous balloons that thrust off her hips and fell to the ground behind her. Her ass was something special, enormous hills of flab that required their own seat to prop up; their soft fat constantly moving with the fumes she expelled. Her ass had gotten so large that it brushed up against the rocky walls, flowing over to the floor proper like dough in a pan. If Hua had to place bets, then Ai would make the biggest explosion.

"Couple months won't change anything; with the rates we *hhouurrrp* grow, I think everything is pretty set in stone." Yang boasted, smacking her gut as she downed another mug of beer.

"If that's how you take it, then that means I will be the most glorious explosion." Ai flipped a chubby hand through her black locks, flourishing her excessive form. "We all can see I'm the largest. What do you think, Bo?"

Attention focused towards Bo, the pint-sized butterball, who was still working her way through a pork belly as the question came. She didn't need to speak, at least not for Hua; her state schooling gave her more than enough analytical skills to make a determination. Bo's body was small, but packed a lot of bang for the buck. Fat poured across her midriff like a painter with a loose hand. Piles of flab bunched around her body, climbing their way up her front and back. Her gut was the centerpiece, a grand swell of skin that eclipsed her entirely, rippling with thinly stretched fat. Bo's belly was large enough to push her thighs apart to be used as a table for her diminutive arms.

Her gut stood the same height as her, a bloated balloon of fat and gas that obscured her vision. Barely peering over her balloon, breasts sliding over the sphere like rolling melons, her growth had been the least flattering of the four. Her ass grew wide, but not out; her breasts barely budged, and fat swarmed her arms. Everything together gave her a sort of ball-like appearance. Hua didn't have much confidence that she'd make a big burst when the time came, but she'd certainly be unforgettable.

***Gulp***

***Ooouurrrrrpp***

With a powerful swallow, Bo muscled down the laborious bite of pork she had taken, clearing her throat so she could speak. While she had been chewing, she had been scanning the room, assessing everyone's sizes and growth rates, making her own estimations.

“By my count, our friend Hua is going to be the biggest explosion. If her current rate carries.” Bo’s response was fairly robotic as she returned to her feast.

“Me? That’s a bit ridiculous; I’m so small compared to the rest of you. I might not even explode.” Hua was a bit incredulous at Bo’s prediction.

“You got me puzzled girl, Why’d you pick her?” Yang took quaking steps to Hua, wrapping her heavy palms around the girl’s gut, as if assessing the size.

“Now now, let the girl eat.” Ai raised a hand to bring everyone’s attention away from their sheepish friend. “She’s got a lot of eating to do; we all do actually. And if we keep badgering her about calculations and girth, she’ll miss out on the fun. Besides, no way I’m being outdone by an outsider.”

Ai had a joking smirk on her face as she uttered those last words, her voice filled with a certain determination as she snapped her fingers. Attendants rushed into the hot spring, piled in their hands was a large variety of dishes meant for the springs. Smokey meat skewers, whole roast chickens, and piles of candied fruits. Water frothed and splashed as the girls ate furiously, the grease from their meal washing down their forms and collecting amongst the raging rapids. Tempestuous waves whirled around the center of the pond, the girls’ bellies plowing through the raging waters until their navels met. Bubbles of curious gas constantly percolated the water, giving it the appearance of a boiling pot, but the heat was not nearly that great. They ate until they were double their original size, their engorged stomachs breaching the waters like some great beast. Splashing water about as their roiling stomachs processed everything they were eating, the constant digestion turning their stomachs into throbbing beasts.

While they were digesting, the army of servers gingerly maneuvered their bulky bodies out of the water. Each girl taking an entire platoon of attendants to even budge from the water, needing to be shoved in unison like a beached leviathan. Every shove forced more catastrophic eruptions of gas trumpeting through the night, growing louder like a volcano. Something like this had become a yearly signal, an omen of good fortune. If you could hear the tribute’s loud gas in the fall, it meant they were healthy and large. With great effort the girls were shoved onto their towed palanquins. Heavy cotton blankets soaked up the dripping water as the attendants got to massaging their forms.

Draping soft towels across each girl’s mammoth body, moving in leaping motions to remove as much of the water as possible. Ladders were needed to dry the top and reach in the crevices of their cleavage. Drying them off took the rest of the night, the dark evening growing darker as the final candlelights dimmed. With their bodies dry, the attendants could finally administer the important lotions, pink oils, and tinctures of lavender and mysterious herbs. Designed to aid in elasticity, specially brewed in the village using a local plant, it was administered to allow the girls to grow unimpeded.

With the oils applied, the girls could be escorted to their sleeping chambers; having grown too large for a communal room, they were stored in their own barn-sized rooms. While Hua was carried away, the thoughts fell back to the conversation they had all had about explosions. She had gotten definitive proof that the village was fattening girls up until they exploded, but there was so much more to it. There was little reason for her to move with any urgency, especially since she had no desire to return home. She was living in the lap of luxury, waited on hand and foot, getting everything she could ever want. Even if the other girl's exploded, there's no way she would. Hua was convinced that she could live her days sucking on the village's teat, sucking them dry like a tick. Growing large enough to smother the entire continent.

"Big" Hua drunkenly chuckled to herself as she thought about getting huge, eventually nodding off as the warmth of her bedroom surrounded her.

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New Year's was rapidly approaching; in fact, it was only a few weeks away, and it had become time to show off the girls to the village. It was a tradition; every year before the event, the girls would be displayed for all to see, so everyone could be assured that their prosperity was in good hands. Even if the growth wasn't as bountiful that year, the girls would still be paraded about, as the entire tradition was built on transparency. The gowns affixed to them were tailored to show off specific portions of their bodies, to display the grand assets on display. This is where we find our quartet now, secluded in the courtyard, preparing for their grand showcase. All of them excited and happy, glutting themselves on mountains of fruit and sweets as servants carefully made preparations.

While they were to be showcased nude, this didn't mean the girls would come out completely unadorned. A certain level of ceremony had to be put in place, a ritualistic tradition that carried the hopes and desires of the village. Priests carefully surrounded the girls, brushes and pots in hand, a variety of freshly mixed paints contained within. Varying shades and shapes, all applied with meticulous precision upon the enormous canvas that was their flesh. Ladders and pulleys were needed to slather the markings on the different girls, each one with their own dedicated artist, as their designs had to be unique and fitting.

Yang was the one at the forefront, not as large as her other immobile peers, but still massive in her own right. Sporting a stomach so large that it could fit a farmful of animals inside of it, her constantly bloating stomach juttied out in front of her. A tight blimp wrapped in layers of padding thicker than your arm. Folds pulled tight against her flesh, creating a smooth canvas for servants to paint upon, something they were actively doing. Flanked on all sides, over a dozen servants were needed to fill the canvas of her stomach, painting vast fields of wheat upon them in golden paint. Their brushes dimpling the smooth surface of a stomach that dwarfed them in entirety. A mountain of food and flesh that stood taller than their homes, something so large that

a single loose movement could cause it to crush them. Luckily loose movements weren't exactly an easy feat for Yang, as her body was completely immobile.

Her hefty haunches lay planted firmly on her cushioned palanquin, her massive thighs sitting like two grand silos of blubber. Immense trunks that propped up her blubbery form, her sweat-slicked flesh slathered in waves of layered gold. Their bloated surface extends into the curves of her mammoth cheeks, bloated mounds that wobbled with her billowing gusts. Painters struggling to cover her body with the necessary white lotuses and lilies for the ceremony. Yang's rear was very much the most prolific part of her body; her river-blocking booty was the thing of dreams.

Flesh stretched out in shimmering pools, endless tanned beaches of fat that could fill a foyer. Each one given life by its own locomotion, constantly shifting like quicksand, the painters barely able to keep foothold atop her shifting body. Her ass was easily large enough to smother the her of a few months ago; in fact, her cheeks were as large as she was prior to summer. Filling out the entire backend of her green palanquin and flowing over the sides, it was truly something to behold. While her ass was something special, her breasts disappointingly were not.

Not to say they weren't absolutely massive in scope, but compared to her other housemates, they were pretty diminutive. Blimps so large that a person could rest on didn't really compare to breasts that shoved themselves in your face and blocked your view, which is the situation Ai currently sat in.

Out of all the girls, Ai was the closest to being the perfect blimp; in fact, on a normal year she would have been the grandest tribute of them all. Sporting breasts so large that they rested atop her massive stomach like balloons. Areolas so vast that they looked like ponds on her chest, soft nipples curled in on themselves from the sheer immensity of her bulk. People could and had gotten lost in those vast lakes, especially today, as they were being painted for the ceremony. Red lotus blooms and peaches spiraled out from her massive chest, spanning all the way up her chest and onto her overwhelming bosom. Huge mountains separated by a rapidly narrowing dark canyon, her cleavage spanning for great lengths in front of her. At the epicenter of that bunched flesh were Ai's plump cheeks, her multiple chins propped up by her grand bosom, constantly in motion. Servants stationed on each breast, piling massive bowls in front of her to feed the growing blimp.

Her belly was a smidge larger than Yang's, a bit softer, with more room to grow and expand. A mountainside of flesh that towered over those at her flanks loomed like some great mountain. Walking from end to end was enough to exhaust the priests painting dragons along its surface. Folds sitting upon folds, separated by small bits of expanded flesh, the only part of her that remained smooth was the growing curve of her stomach, the apex that tapered down to her navel. Sloping like a hillside, it was shiny, smooth, and tight; the only motion that came from it was from the rumbling of her stomach. Even her backside, while not as grand as Yang's, still held its own sort of magnitude to it. Yet she couldn't shake the growing inferiority in her, the sense that her thunder had been stolen by an outsider.

**Pppppbbbbbbffftttttt**

**crassh**

“Sorry about that. I think I caught a pot in that draft.” Hua blushed slightly, not used to the catastrophic force of her farts.

“I guess that thing tends to happen with hogs.” Ai had a venomous laceration to her remark, the friendly and catty nature of her remarks having vanished.

Ai’s jealousy had grown almost as large as Hua’s body had; an outsider growing large enough to dwarf the locals was absurd. A usurper in the ranks, Ai couldn’t help but feel inadequate, her life’s purpose made ancillary in someone else’s story. Her mistrust wasn’t entirely misplaced, as Hua wasn’t exactly in this for the good of the village; Hua was only in this to satisfy her own gluttony and greed. Hua’s gluttony knew no bounds; enticed by the many temptations of endless food and drink, she had eaten more than any other tribute in the past. A pestilence upon the group that strained the village’s stores, she had embodied gluttony in both attitude and form.

“Looks like someone’s getting a bit green over there, Ai. **munch** Just means we needed to work harder.” Yang’s chipper attitude seemed to cut into the awkward air that had brewed between the two.

“I wouldn’t say that; I’m just stating the obvious.” Ai huffed a little, taking another mouthful of apples, crunching them whole.

Yang’s taunting continued for a bit, but Hua didn’t respond, not to the jabs or to their defense, as they were true. Hua was intending to drain the village of everything it was, prove that she could be the largest and the biggest. She wanted to become so large that people could see her from the cities, something she was getting close to. Hua’s body was more like a landmark than it was a human form, a blubbery collection of hills that she wanted to make even larger. As she sat on a palanquin the size of a town square, her blobby form taking up the majority of it. Massive stretches of flesh flooded out from her backside, great expanses of flesh that rippled like pondwater. Every breath and fart sent waves of motion crashing about her form, by her own estimates, they were as large as a small cottage. Vast plains of creamy flesh that multiple people could fit upon, something that was being proven with the workers. Painter after painter was stationed atop her shaky flesh, put on hands and knees, painting bats along her rear. Done in black paint, the midnight mammals were meant to represent natural death and longevity, something to ensure the village’s future. Each bat took multiple people to paint; they needed to be large to show up as anything but a smudge on Hua’s burgeoning flesh. Something made harder by her constant motion.

**Ooouurrrrrppp**

***Ppbbffftttt***

Another thundering expulsion shook her form, causing a slip of the artists at her rear, some nearly landing in her cavernous crack. While they struggled with her backside, others were dealing with her tumultuous front. Hua's belly was a mammoth avalanche of blubber wrapped around a swollen balloon. The apex curve of her stomach rose up from her midriff like a hill, swollen from the constant influx of food she was taking, shiny like a balloon. Falling down from its sides were the massive hangs of adipose that comprised her fatty stomach. Folds large enough to fit a person, gelatinous sacs that could crush a horse, and all of them were still growing. This made getting the designs on her front more difficult, the cranes atop them needing to be stretched wider to accommodate her girth. Just painting her stomach took over a dozen servants, each one using an entire pot for a single section. The ones painting around her navel were in the greatest danger, as that cavernous maw was more than enough for a person to lose themselves in. This colossal size was shared through most of her body; as a whole, she seemed to take all of the aspects of the other girls and hold them triplicate.

Even her breasts were larger than Ai's, being slathered in white paint, depicting growing gourds; each one was large enough to be confused for her old stomach. She could have crushed herself in her own bosom; in fact, Bo could likely rest her bloated body on her cleavage.

Bo herself had gotten fairly quiet today, almost mentally preparing herself as the painters delicately painted peonies on her gut. The massive orb still consumed her body, wrapping around her like a giant snake, giving her body a more compact look. How her fat piled on, how it gathered, it gave her the appearance of a lantern. Only her plump rear and bountiful breasts were enough to break up the illusion. She didn't mind; she thought it fitting that she looked that way, given it was her fate to light up the night sky. She sat patiently chewing at her sweets, making sure not to disturb the work of the painters with her blasts.

***Pbbbbffftttt***

***Ouuurrrrprpp***

***Grglglglg***

The symphony of gastric noises continued on for the next hour as the last of the preparations were made. Everyone was fitted for the most elaborate and vast gown one could imagine. Yang was draped in a tawny robe that extended over her gut and chest; embroidered with budding fields and animals, hers was to represent the farm she came from. The gown covered most of her body, only exposing the painted sections of stomach and rear. Ai was fitted with a similar style of robe, hers an inky black with red embroidery that circled around the hems of her robe. The lower apex of her stomach was put on display, as was her cleavage, tastefully displayed to showcase the artwork, it was an alteration of the gown she wore in her escort duties. Bo, on the other hand, was fitted with a rather earthy-looking green robe, dotted with the

herbs and poultices she used in medicines. By her own request, she was spared being put on full display; instead, her face was painted with the small lotuses of her heritage. When the tailor got to Hua, that is where problems arose; the girl was simply too massive for the robe they had planned. Having outgrown it by a couple feet over the estimates. Meaning she showed off more skin than was really desired; the best anyone could do on such short notice was add more layers of paint to make up for the space. With the last preparations made, the girls hoisted over the shoulders of the village's strongest men. Each one taking nearly a hundred men to lift, doubly so for Hua as they escorted them out of the courtyard, Guo standing at the gates, waiting for them to make their arrival.

"Good afternoon, ladies. I would like to say, I am proud of how large you've all become. Truly you will be the grandest tributes the village has ever seen. "Guo's eyes fell specifically on Ai, giving her a look that made her blush. "Now, let's be off."

A single firework shot up from the estate, exploding in the air with a bang that signalled their procession. From the village proper, music started to swell, instruments playing a grand fanfare as the girls made their gradual march towards the village. Their immense palanquins barely made it through the Hua's, creating more difficulties than the others. Trees and bushes bowed under her massive platform as they moved into the village itself. The closer they got, the more decorated things became; glittering red banners hung from the trees. Banners and stalls came into view, the roar of the crowd almost loud enough to stifle the girls' noisy bodies. Laughing and cheers filled the air as the girls were escorted into the square, everyone admiring the sheer size of them.

"Wow, everyone looks so small down there." Bo spoke up, looking down at the comparatively diminutive crowd.

"Yeah, makes you feel like something else." Yang was at a surprising loss for words.

It had been so long since they were in the village that they had almost forgotten what it was like to be around normal people. The immense girth of the average villager was nothing compared to them; even the largest woman couldn't hold a candle to one of their breasts. While Yang and Bo talked in awe, Ai remained silent, bathing in the adoration from the villagers. All those nasty rumors from the past being washed away by their gasps. She felt like the prize of the parade as they were all escorted to the ceremonial feast, an offering of everything the village had to provide. Offerings not set aside for the tribute, but given from the villagers' own stocks, offerings to the offerings. The head of the procession kept a close eye on the sun and its position; the feast needed to commence at a specific time. It was one of the most important parts of the event, but there was something causing a delay.

At the back of the procession, Hua's sheer girth was proving to be an incredible problem, her bulk straining more than just her escorts. Her palanquin was so large that it couldn't properly fit down the path, the servants needing to hoist it as high as they could, lifting it over the stall rooftops to avoid shattering them. This was clumsy and difficult at best, leading to a couple near

collapses as more of the village strongmen were pulled from other duties to assist. The priest at the head of the procession hurriedly beckoning them, the time of the feast fast approaching. His worry was palpable as everyone struggled with Hua's body, but he was not the only one concerned.

"You don't think this is wrong?" One of the village elders appeared at Guo's side, her arms crossed behind her back.

"It's a bit unusual, but bigger is better, right?" Guo smiled, looking down to her, seeing that she did not share his happy expression.

"She's not one of us, and everything is strained by her presence." Another elder appeared at his side, his voice stern and cold.

"She wasn't born here, no, but I don't think this bodes ill." Guo had a confidence to his voice, thinking back on a picture he saw.

"I hope you are correct. For her tardiness is boding ill." The elder pointed towards the sun.

Clouds moved across the sky, surrounding the sun and focusing its light in a single ray that filtered down to the festival banquet. The ray seemed to be slowly racing against Hua's procession, traveling across the ground in a path towards an ornament at the head of the grand feasting table. The struggling servers barely managed to get Hua to the table as the ray reached the ornament. As soon as it did, a red light emitted from the center of the fixture, bathing all the tributes and their feast in a resplendent glow. Glittering starshine flickered across their bodies before dissipating as soon as they appeared. It all happened in a flash, so quick that only the astute caught it all, but the feast had officially commenced.

Servants bustled from the massive table to the girls, giving them each the different dishes from the village. Letting them eat to their heart's content, and more, stuffing them silly with everything the village had to offer. Succulent meats, candied fruits, simple breads; none of it was spared from their growing hunger. Their feast was watched with enraptured eyes, each villager waiting for them to get to their own tribute. This spectacle was the highlight of the festival, going on for hours, until night fell and the tributes were eaten.

***Grglgglggl***

***Ppbbfffftttt***

***Oourrrrpp***

***Grrnnn***

This was the largest amount of food the girls had eaten in a single sitting, more than they thought they could handle. The obligation and pressure pushing them all to explore limits they didn't know they had. Except for Hua, as she was reveling in all of the food, her every bite was fueled by the desire for more. Even after she had eaten everything in front of her, she still grasped for more. Their feast had turned all of them into gaseous blimps of food and fat, stuffed to the absolute limit, their stomachs shot out in front of them like whales. Having outgrown their palanquins, they were too large to be moved back to the estate. This was planned, as the stage they had feasted upon was set to be the stage for their liftoff and tribute.