* Protagonist is assumed to be the player’s fursona, so he’s just some normal guy. Nothing is special about the player.
* No one knows/cares about the plague in the beginning, everyone just takes its effects in stride.
* Player gradually learns more and more about it by accident/coincidence as he progresses through the beginning/introduction/prologue before actually deciding to try and save the world

Introduction

You are rudely awoken in the morning (or afternoon, since everyone is becoming lazy) by obnoxious knocking on your door. Getting up and dragging yourself out of bed, you go to answer the door to find a Child of Thorestein there to solicit you. This is the first time you’ve encountered something like this though because the Children of Thorestein have only recently become a thing and started soliciting people with their beliefs, so you don’t know why he’s there. He preaches to you about the evils of the plague and the sloth and gluttony it’s brought upon Karthund. Unlike almost everyone else, this intrigues you rather than annoys you.

Once he leaves, you figure you might as well get up and go about your day. Walking around town, you notice a surprising number of Children (of Thorestein) in town doing the same to other homes as well as preaching in the streets. They are distinguishable by their peculiar garb. However, you notice most everyone either ignores them or are disgusted/annoyed/offended/laughing them off as a stupid joke/etc. by their claims. The citizens of Staphshire would run the Children out of town if they could, but they are still protected by free speech under Staphian law (reference to crazy soliciting religious nuts). Curious, you continue exploring town to see/hear more of what’s going on.

Eventually, as you enter a restaurant (because the restaurant is, without a doubt, one of the first things the player will look for) you notice a Child sitting alone at a table in the back corner, as far from those hostile to him as possible and likely being served reluctantly. You approach him and sit across from him, a gargantuan plate in front of him. Looking around warily and in a hushed tone, you curiously strike up conversation with him about the Children and what they’re preaching. Over the course of a meal, he tells you all about his people and what they believe will happen if Karthund continues down the path it’s currently on. He mentions Tarboro in the forest and how disgusted he is with the town’s current state of slovenly descent, which is the key prompt to get you to go there to progress the story, because it’s the paragon of gluttony in Karthund. At the end of the conversation, he doesn’t finish his plate, which is frowned upon unless it was obvious the person had already eaten a lot, he leaves you with some information about their small church outside of town if you want to learn more.

You are then free to explore as you please, but there are natural barriers preventing access to most regions outside of town including but not limited to floods, gates, guards, and higher level enemies. You are prompted to ask around and told to head to the forest to investigate what the Child was talking about in Tarboro. Someone will mention the slobby stench pervading the area around the town, which is the clue to a game of hot/cold in terms of proximity. Upon entering Tarboro, you are immediately greeted by a morbidly obese, drunken, and grossly unkempt guard at a small outpost. He greets you as articulately as he can and asks what your business is. You try to tell him some half-baked reason, but he doesn’t listen or care, making dumb threats at you. He takes a long swig of something, belches loudly, and passes out in a drunken overfed stupor. You enter without much trouble.

Once inside Tarboro, you see some of the fattest, slobbiest people you’ve ever witnessed of all ages, which is saying something considering the state of Karthund, sluggishly lumbering about, panting and sweating from the exhaustion of lugging their own weight around. Everything dingy, filthy, and gross; there’s very little light with the town being hidden deep in the forest. There are few people outside, and those that are are barely mobile. Everyone else is inside, glutting themselves at home if they’re wealthy enough to own servants to cook for them and whatnot. Otherwise, most everyone else can be found making pigs of themselves in restaurants/buffets. After having looked around through some establishments and homes, there seem to be more people who are immobile and eating themselves into oblivion than those who are still mobile; although, the mobile ones are quickly following down that path. The servants, though, are the only “normal” ones, but even they are at least chubby; they do all the bidding and dirty work of Tarboro’s citizens and are responsible for actually making the city function in terms of basic living necessities/amenities. The only reasons they remain enslaved is fear and punishment by death for disobedience. There’s also no easy exit out of Tarboro, so that’s another problem. Entrance is half-assedly gated, but there’s an inner wall/gate or something that prevents exit, not that anyone of the citizens would want to leave for any reason anyway.

Walking around town, you stick out like a sore thumb among the populace (assumed that you haven’t gotten very fat yet) and are mistaken as a servant as you try asking people about the town and what’s going on, assuring them that you’re not from Staphshire. They all reply, sluggishly and with little detail or care like nothing’s wrong, and that they’re living the life; they’re only concerned with further indulging themselves. There’s very little useful information, if any at all, gathered from Tarboro’s citizens. Only when you find servants to speak to do you learn about what’s going on. You gather bits and pieces from different servants, but it aggregates into the monarchical state of Tarboro encouraging the slobbish behaviors of sloth and gluttony. The royal house, an imposing castle looming in the distance, is where the king and his family reside. Nobody has seen the royal family in person in years as they’ve never set foot outside the castle since the plague began. People only hear the occasional word from the castle about their prosperity and glorious way of life. Some wonder if they’re dead, the castle’s deserted, and no one knows it; no one really cares though.

Approaching the castle deeper in town, you find that it’s really not guarded at all, but the entrance is closed shut with no immediate way in. Your task is to snoop around and find a way to sneak in. After some investigation, you find an open window somewhere within reasonable distance to scale the castle walls with the help of some conveniently placed ledges and jutting bricks (you literally can’t progress if you’re too fat to do this). Climbing/tumbling in through the window, you’re astonished and immediately confronted with the fattest boy you’ve ever seen. The room looks to have the vague semblance of royalty, and you presume this is the prince and his bedroom. He’s too busy stuffing his face inside a boar’s enormous roasted carcass and noisily smacking his lips on the “snack” to pay you any notice though, not that he could turn his neck far enough around to see behind himself anyway. More food and countless empty plates are piled up on two raised platforms at his sides at arm level in easily reachable distance; he simply eats with his bear (ha) paws over his sagging chest. From the back/side of his head, he appears to be a brown bear, although it’s hard to tell with the fact that he is a literal blob of a boy. His head is about in the process of getting enveloped by his multiple neck rolls, his back fat encroaching against the back of his head and rear end spilling out of his “throne”-like seat. Stepping in front of him, he still fails to notice you as you witness the extent of his slovenly gluttony – food is splattered and stained all over his front, he doesn’t wear any clothes as none would fit him (as with much of the populace) and serve more as an inconvenient hindrance, his body reeks with his fur obviously haven’t been properly bathed in who knows how long.

Panicking, you’re unsure of what to do. You could turn back and sneak back out like nothing happened, but you’ve gotten too far to bother giving up now. After multiple attempts to get his attention (clearing your throat, coughing, etc.), you finally step forward and into his line of sight. He glances up briefly but goes right back to eating before pulling a lever hanging down from the ceiling. Moments later, a pair of servants show up in uniform, both carrying massive trays of food. Immediately though, they notice you and immediately shut the door behind them. They rush to set the trays onto the platforms by the prince, clearly having their priorities, before dealing with you. They’re fat but tough and grab you by the arms before you can figure out what to do. Dragging you with them, they take you down a hallway and come out into an enormous space that opens up into the throne room where you witness the two most enormous blobs of fat and fur that you could possibly conceive to exist. The dinky little crowns on their grossly fattened forms imply that they are the king and queen. Imagine everything about the prince but at least three or four times that. The servants present you to them, who are currently preoccupied with literally dozens of other servants tirelessly feeding, massaging, rubbing, etc. them, and explain that they mysteriously found you in the prince’s room.

The king looks up and, with food noisily in his mouth, speaks to you in a gruff, slovenly voice; it’s almost aloof but has a hint of irritation behind it. He asks who you are and what you’re doing here. You try to explain yourself but before he bothers listening to anything you say, he threatens you to execution. Shocked and horrified, you panic and beg for mercy, offering to do anything. After some pleading, he offers to let you go if you go investigate the ruins of Barro. There’s long since been legend that the remnants of Barro holds unfathomable knowledge of magical food and substances that can help expand their glorious forms (i.e. make them grow even fatter). You ask what happened to the town. They explain it was the sister town to Tarboro and that they communications between them just dropped years ago, presumably after everyone from both towns got too fat to care about the world outside their own. Only recently have they received news of Barro’s ruin. They don’t care about that or what happened to them though; they only want the secrets to fat they possess that they’ve heard rumors of. Hesitant, you agree and they let you go, expecting to hear back from you soon.

In exploring Barro, you learn about what happened and it turns out they were the first to fall completely to the plague, sloth and gluttony having consumed the town and its inhabitants completely until they all ate themselves into oblivion.

The current map system might make it excessively easy to get through a lot of places… Maybe have a place to buy/find a map for every area in game if the player can find the store or something.

Thorestein is a façade. “Thorestein” is just a pseudonym/euphemism for the god of gluttony himself. The Children of Thorestein are tricked by “Thorestein” to collect fat from the fattened people of Karthund and return to him in the mountains once themselves are fat enough to give their newfound fat to him.