* 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

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 musk 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 at the bottom of the entrance. He greets you as articulately as you can expect a slobby drunk 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 slaves 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 slaves, though, are the only “normal” ones, but even they are at least chubby (realistically barely morbidly obese); 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. This race/species/population/whatever has historically been enslaved by Tarboreans and have been fitted with magically enchanted shock collars for generations (via wizards or something; backstory behind this may or may not come later).

Walking around town, you stick out like a sore thumb among the populace (canonically assumed that you haven’t gotten very fat yet, but players obviously will be…) and are mistaken as a slave 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 slaves to speak to do you learn about what’s going on. You gather bits and pieces from different slaves, 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 in stuffing himself, 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 by 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 slaves 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 slaves present you to them, who are currently preoccupied with literally dozens of other slaves 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 (read: make them grow even fatter). You ask what happened to the town. They explain it was the sister town to Tarboro and that 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 after putting a shock collar on you and giving you vague directions to Barro, expecting to hear back from you soon. You can’t leave the forest with the shock collar on without taking increasing percent health damage (u gon die m8, but everything you might *need* can be found in Tarboro, including saving, healing, buying items, etc.) until you return from Barro with results. You’re shown out of the castle and now have access through the main entrance.

You exit Tarboro and explore the eastern forest until you find your way to Barro. As you approach, you smell a distinct sweet aroma in the air that grows stronger the closer you get. Immediately upon entering, you’re greeted by a blinding fog so thick you can’t see more than a few feet in front of you. Cautiously stepping closer, you find the city walls that extend deep into the thick foliage of trees on either side of the entrance. The gate is tangled shut by thick vines. The walls rise far higher than you can see. Remnants of Barro’s name are etched over the entrance, long since crumpled and consumed by fungi, leaving it barely legible. Adjacent the entrance is an outpost nearly identical to the one seen outside Tarboro. It’s abandoned, but there’s a rusting sign hanging on the wall that reads “Out to lunch” – it seems the guard never returned from lunch. You hear a haunting voice that warns you to stay back if you know what’s good for you. You gulp nervously as you recall what you’ve heard about the plague and what you’ve seen it do to Tarboro. Examining the gate closer, you quickly discover the vines are the source of the sickly sweet smell emanating in the area. They writhe and pulsate slowly and ooze with a thick heavy syrupy sap. The vines attack and try to pump you up with syrup if you decide to step any closer. This is the first encounter in which an enemy tries to stuff you. It eats you if you lose.

Once it’s defeated, the gate unlocks, and you push it open without too much effort, causing the rusty hinges to creak loudly and ominously. Fog seems to lift somewhat upon passing through the gates, but it’s still very thick; visibility is less than 100 feet. An unmistakable musk, similar to that around Tarboro but somewhat faded, lingers in the air. In exploring the abandoned ruins of Barro, you find fairly recent artifacts of the town’s remains (the plague has contributed to the rapid overgrowth and takeover by nature), mostly items relating to food service but at an unusually larger scale than normal, even for the current state of affairs. You learn about what happened to Barro and it turns out they were the first to fall completely to the plague, sloth and gluttony having consumed the town and its inhabitants entirely until they all ate themselves into oblivion. Everything reeks of decay, and the skeletal remains of citizenry are found primarily in buildings and places that appear to be enormous kitchens and restaurants that are capable of serving thousands of pounds of food per day to diners who would do little more than eat nonstop all day. You hear the eerie voices of the deceased’s starving spirits whispering in the air, deliriously begging for food, some more hysterical than others. Even in death, the spirits that remain in Barro’s ruin still hunger for food.

There’s also some evidence that suggests Barro used to produce and export lumber in a previous life. The trees surrounding the town are thick and massively overgrown, and almost everything that can be made of wood is in fact of made of wood. You find documents in office-like rooms and buildings that discuss Barro’s recent history. They explain that no one had previously lived there as the town’s only purpose was to produce lumber, but after the abundance of food from the plague, there was a sudden shift in demand from lumber to food. As a result, the giant sawmill (figure out how sawmills are setup on rivers and redesign the area appropriately) was converted into a giant slaughterhouse to make the process of butchering massive quantities of meat an easy and quick task. There was no longer any interest in exporting lumber, and everyone was only concerned with food as people started flooding in from Tarboro to settle in Barro to have better access to food. These notes eventually lead you to the slaughterhouse in the back of town, which is hidden at the end of a maze. The maze is actually an enormous lumberyard that was created when interest in the product dwindled. Workers just started abandoning logs of lumber wherever they fit, and it ended up an unorganized maze-like mess of massive stacks of lumber.

Once in the slaughterhouse itself, you encounter the boss which is some enormous, monstrously fat creature that reminds you of Tarboro’s royalty but at an impossible scale (the monster is actually a smaller version of the final boss, like its precursor or harbinger or something). Its belly glows a bright sickly green which is the source of its power. Defeating it causes its corpse to disintegrate until nothing but the source of the glowing remains. It’s a magical orb that is part of the embodiment of the plague; it represents all the sloth associated with the god’s gluttony.

The back room of the slaughterhouse opens after you pick up the orb. Inside, you find a fountain that’s been hidden deep inside Barro. Instead of water or something, it serves as some sort of infinite source of magical hyper-fattening sludge. The fountain overflows into a drain that surrounds it, sluggishly dripping into the deep abyss. There’s a journal on the ground that doesn’t name an owner, but it reveals that the he could no longer control himself as his hunger and lust to grow fatter drove him to insanity. When he found the fountain and learned what it did, he drank the sludge that oozes and bubbles out of it. It was the holy grail of Barro and the secret to its unfathomable gluttony and sloth. For years, he was addicted beyond control, and all he did was drink; it was what he survived on after the death of Barro. The journal rapidly becomes less and less comprehendible towards the end as he descends to madness. It’s presumed that he became the monster you just killed. It’s obvious this is what the king of Tarboro was looking for. You take a sample to give him. You can also drink from it if you dare or keep some for yourself, but it won’t have the same effects on you because the monster was a very special for the plague (he was one of the four “chosen” or something to embody the plague; there’s one from each region). Instead, it just has hyper-fattening properties that you can indulge in, if the plague has already consumed enough of your mind (read: if you can’t resist the temptation of making yourself fatter).

Making your way back to Tarboro, you present your findings about Barro itself to the king and queen, but they don’t care. They only demand to know what you’ve learned about Barro’s fattening secrets. Reluctantly, you present him a sample of the sludge you collected and explain what you know about it and how to get it, eventually getting to the monster, but they quickly silence you to have a slave seize it. The king takes it and gives it a taste before his pupils dilate, nearly dropping the container in an episode of revelation from its divine flavor. Immediately, he chugs the rest of the sludge and through the container away. He says he can feel himself growing bigger already, which may or may not necessarily be true. He demands more and assembles a team of his slaves to begin harvesting it from Barro. It will be kept a secret from the citizenry as the royal family spends the rest of their lives growing even fatter even faster. Abruptly, you’re kicked out of the castle and free to go. Just before you leave though, something flops out from between one of the king's countless folds and rattles to the floor as he starts flailing and barking orders to his slaves. It appears to be the Tarborean royal crest. It's sticky and coated in a thick layer grime and sweat. You take it with you while no one is looking before exiting. Astonished, yet curiously fascinated, by how utterly consumed they were by the plague, you think it best to return to return to Staphshire and find the Children’s church outside town to share your findings and learn more.

You’re eventually directed to the west where Diraq has descended into a horrifying anarchy in which power is defined by one’s size and ability to vore another person. This is where the plague begins corrupting you, and you consider how great being fat and greedy is. The area was previously closed by a guard blocking the only entrance to the region. Presenting the Tarborean crest grants you access, but the guard wonders how you got it since no one’s seen or heard anything about Tarboro in years.

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.

The map system needs to be changed to include a “fog of war” that is removed in chunks based on where the player is/has explored.

Every which way you look, you find yourself surrounded by excess and abundance. All day, a seemingly endless supply food can be seen being wheeled into town by the cartload, those around you celebrating the unfathomable bounty that nature has bestowed upon the land. Life is easy now, with the Great Famine long since dispelled. There’s no more need to worry about your next meal when it’s already on the table. Things couldn’t be any better.

There are some who don’t see it that way, however. They decry this miracle

You begin your day rudely awakened by an obnoxious rapping at your door. Greeting you with the wretched optimism of a door-to-door salesman is a man who introduces himself as a Child of Thorestein. Already, you find it hard to resist the urge of slamming the door shut in his face, but something about the frantic urgency in his voice keeps you from doing just that. He solicits your ears with the teachings of the Great Thorestein, decrying the recent “plague,” as he calls it, of excess and the sloth and gluttony that it has brought upon Karthund. Annoyed yet oddly curious, you listen, and it begins to intrigue you, for one reason or another. Once the man leaves, you set out about your day, wandering about town. All around, you see these other Children knocking on your neighbors’ doors and preaching on the streets. But, you also begin to see what they’re talking about in the townspeople milling about around you. As you listen to your peers ignore and disparage the Children’s words, laughing them off as a sad joke, you can’t help but notice the increasing prevalence of sloth and gluttony that has become more and more evident around Staphian waistlines.