

What do you do when there are no more battles to fight, and the fight your whole tribe has been preparing for has come and gone?

That was what I asked myself after Calamity Ganon was vanquished.

The Gerudo celebrated, of course, along with our Hylian heroes.

Fireworks, dancing, and as much food we could spare from our storehouses.

The collective weight, along with the guilt of Ganon having come from our past ages ago, was lifted.

But what of after?

That wasn't something the Gerudo had to contend with for quite some time.

We were a race of warrior women with no wars to fight.

Some took to exploration.

What lies beyond the boundaries of our map? Were there new secrets, or answers to old ones?

Exploration naturally leads to trade, and some of my sister's were exceptional at that.

Still, I imagine most of us expected to still have to fight every day, for the Gerudo desert from which we get our name forces us to have to struggle to survive. .

Except... It didn't.

For whatever reason, the desert began to teem with more and more life. Perhaps Ganon's curse had been poisoning it, but now it began to bloom. Whereas previously life only existed around the various Oasis', it spread far and wide.

The temperature remained hot, but not to the degree that it had been before,

Fields of grass now sprang up, as well as a new delicious type of grain.

Our storerooms were now bursting, and as such we had to eat most of it to make sure there was enough room.

I, however, perhaps ate a little too much.

As the chief of the Gerudo, I was expected to maintain a certain image.

One of dominance, and ferocity.

Something that the pot belly I developed was hindering.

My entire life my body had been rigid, like the sandstone walls that surround our village. It had seen me through the darkest of times, and had won them for me.

The soft layer of flab obscured that, and should have concerned me.

Should.

As I stood before the mirror, looking at my expanded features, my initial reaction was to up my routine and cut back on the sweets.

But then I thought, "for what?"

The villain was defeated.

The desert was brimming with life.

Does the world, does the tribe, need me to be a warrior?

Perhaps this was a sign. Whereas once my body reflected the hardship we faced, and the trials we had to conquer, maybe now it could reflect the hard earned peace and the bounty of life we now found ourselves with.

The feasts doubled. With the new grain, as well as the riches we brought in from our merchants, we could easily afford to.

I ate with renewed vigor. I was no longer just celebrating, I was dedicated to my new duty.

Some have said I just became greedy. To that I say, would you not?

Whatever greed and gluttony I showed merely was meant to show that the Gerudo were now in the most prosperous time periods of our entire existence.

And prosperous quickly became one word to describe me.

When my belly surged, the whispered conversations were at first under the belief that some lucky Voe had impregnated me, but that was not the case.

The whispers hushed as the rest of my body grew.

My belly remained the chief amongst the rest of my body, but my thighs were perhaps the second.

They soon met and squashed together, replacing my elegant stride with a less elegant waddle.

My chest became too great for my normal clothing, and I had the tailors create new and larger versions of my gear.

Lastly, I noticed both in the mirror and the paintings and sculptures that were done of my body that my face had become a lot more plush than it had been previously/

As I swelled and swelled, I must admit that my gain did transition from attempting to show the new status quo, to something... else.

Laboriously moving from my bedchamber to my much too small throne created a certain thrill inside of me.

Here I was, someone who had bested the worst the world had thrown at me, and I was deliberately throwing that fitness away.

The cool nights of the desert were not nearly cold enough to chill me as I enjoyed that fact, night after night.

One day, shortly after the stone throne refused to hold my weight any longer and cracked in two, we had our guests from Hyrule visit.

Young Link was still as fetching as ever, and Zelda was as cute as a button.

To say they were shocked that I was on the way to becoming the size of a Molduga would be putting it very lightly, the only light thing about me now.

Still, as we ate, I couldn't help but notice how the young Voe kept stealing glances at me, especially as I gluttoned myself full at both dinner and dessert.

Zelda must have noticed, because she obviously forced herself to eat much more than she usually would have.

I have not seen them since, but the word is that she has grown quite plump as of late.

She is not the only one. It seems that whereas once I acted as an example for martial prowess, I now also act as an example of how to indulge.

Not every Gerudo became plump, but enough to where we had to sell more and more plus size clothing.

Most of our guards remained as strong as they had been, but a few gained noticeable iron belly's on their muscular frames.

The ones who gained the most were my personal assistants, but none to the extent that I have.

And as I became larger and larger, I began to depend on them more and more.

Now, my bed and throne are one and the same, as it would be infeasible to move me more than once a day.

My body is gelatinous, spreading over the room like a carpet.

Thanks to my dedicated fan blowers, and some magic borrowed from the Zora, my fat does not cause me too much distress in the dry heat that still persists.

Still, I can't imagine many statues of me will be made in the future, for there might not be any deposits of marble large enough to carve!