

“This place really is odd.. but I appreciate the tour. Link, was it? Though it's *hot* in this particular spot.. Is that just from the ovens? Goodness..”

Vrelder was sweating. How could he not? With the ovens nearby meant for cooking for these thick, giant things that he'd been told were called 'Gorons' there was heat just rolling off the whole place that got that much worse the closer they got to the kitchens.

Given that, Link had set them at the furthest tables from them. It helped, but only so much.

“I -think- this stuff might finally be cooled down enough to try eating..”

The rock roasts had arrived at the table promptly after ordering, and after some disclaimers. They'd also arrived literally glowing red hot which had taken a bit of time to ease off a bit. Vrelder didn't exactly savor the idea of searing the top of their face off by trying to eat the thing, but he'd sampled *every* other bit of cuisine in this world so far and wasn't about to stop now.

Even with it cooked through like that and given time to cool it was still difficult though, and nearly burned to the touch. Vrelder's knife hit the roast and it felt a bit like trying to cut oddly fibrous caramel. It *tasted* wonderful once he got some in his mouth, even if Vrelder found he was still chewing the same bite a minute or two later.. as was Link. With the roast being the size of his head and one bite taking that long however-

“We might b- *BWURPHHB*- be at this a bit.. heh. Well, better get started~”

Both Link and the bunny-demi Vrelder got to eating as fast as the dense, uncooperative food let them. Before he was even halfway in Vrelder was feeling bloated and sluggish, but the demi had no intention of not finishing his meal either. Nor, it seemed, did link. Not even when, as his belly started to churn and grind away at the stuff, Vrelder found his body swelling so catastrophically that his clothing started peeling, tearing, and snapping off piece by piece. It wasn't long at all before Vrelder was more of a sloppy, sweating collection of fat rolls leaning up against a table working through the rock roast in front of him than anything shaped much like a person. Link wasn't faring any better there.. and yet neither of them wanted to stop.

“Hmrph. b.. *Bwurp hh BWURRPHHHBB*- buh.. s-so dense. C-could go for days on a bite, or.. c-could just.. f- finish the whole-”

Vrelder wasn't even really sure how much of the stuff he'd digested to get as big as he was now. With both Link and himself eating as quickly as the tough food allowed them to the growth just kept speeding up and there was no telling what kind of pace it would keep or where it would

stop. The only thing on Vrelder's mind was that he needed to get it all inside before his arms got too fat to move, and he was *pretty close* to that.. even if Link was slightly ahead on account of not wasting time talking.

Churning through the stuff to digest it was taking its toll in other ways. Vrelder struggled to move his arms to get the last few bites coaxed into the growing nest of chins and chest flab while he felt the rumblings of a storm. Link and he were both dealing with it, he could even feel the disturbances in Link where their bodies were starting to press against each other. Rolls of flab interlocking, sticky with sweat, and quivering from-

*Fwurphhbb- FRRWPPHHHBBT- VWURUMPHHHRRBBBT-*

A body-wide shiver left Vrelder gasping as he sloshed gently side to side, still feeling himself growing even as his flabby bulk grew into sweat-drenched, flatulent helplessness. Link and him both looked like lard-ridden hills that kept breaking out into windy outbursts.

“B.. *Bwurphhb-* best.. roast.. e- *URPHHBB-* ever~”