

“This was a *fabulous* idea, I must admit. It- *BwurPHHB*- it is much more convenient than trying to contend with our usually limited- *Mmpgh!~*”

All four of the mantid's arms twitched as Ichiro felt the devices around him move. The mantid couldn't help being caught off-guard by it, that was half the point. Somewhere in the midst of his sentence either the blue haired bunny demi Vrelder or the strawberry colored argonian Clears-Her-Room had triggered the feeders to hit him with another mass of food. He couldn't say for sure what it would be until it *happened*. A table full of it would be moved over top of his beached frame and one of the 'restaurant' employees took over feeding him by hand.

“Of course it's a good idea! Do I ever have any other kind? N- *Hwurphhb*- now, don't hold back on him! He's too damn small and never listens when we tell him that. R- *Mmpghhnl!~*”

The argonian had gotten caught up enough in their own monologue that they were caught off guard by the appearance of their own feeders. It left them wiggling a bit, even if the struggle was useless. With her belly sprawling out in front of her like a landslide and her legs so fat their feet don't touch the ground there's no actual resistance to speak of. Just some impotent flailing that's purely for the sake of spectacle and enjoying the game.

Vrelder was the one playing that game ahead of their other two partners so far. The rabbit demi was *almost* as fat as his partners were, which meant the chuckle he broke out into caused a rapid cascade of rippling flab while Vrelder fiddled with the small crystal-powered device that signaled their servers. All it took was a quick squeeze and he could summon a full meal course for either of them.. of course, they could for him as well..

One of them did, too. Vrelder expected as much, and based on the food-stuffed looks he was getting from Ichiro it was *probably* the mantid. It's not like he expected to avoid the matter, that wasn't the point. Having someone bring a mass of bacon-wrapped cheese bread and dumplings with soup in them right up to his face and feed him by hand was the whole reason to be here.

Clears-Her-Room had definitely made the right call about that. Ichiro had to admit that much as he finished the course he'd been stuffed with and then found himself quivering. The mantid pawed at what of himself he could reach, digging into the plump flesh, feeling the roiling cauldron of his body digesting. It was bubbling its way along to a conclusion he felt coming, but there were other things too.. A pressure, right in his chest. The sloshing, massive moobs he had grown into as he and his partners finally got to the kind of life they wanted to be leading. All this excess..

“Oh g- *Gwurphhbb*- good.. g- *GWURPHHBB*- grief.. what else is.. this? Clears-Her-Room, did you do something else or.. or not tell us everything about-”

*Fwwuruumphhbbbt- Frrrphhb- FWURRPHHHBBBT-*

Eyes rolling back, Ichiro shuddered through every nerve in his body while he dimly realized someone else had condemned him to *another* course already. It wasn't *just* that though. The mantid could feel more than just the two who were working on feeding him again now.. there were two more people from the restaurant who were scaling his blubbery frame to approach his chest..? Where that throbbing was getting stronger by the moment, pressure building inside.

“Hah! That's what you get. I- wait, I feel.. weird, too? What.. *Vrelder*, wh- *WHRUPHHB*-”

Vrelder did in fact know what was happening. The rabbit demi had made sure of it, even if they had to deal with the same problem themselves. It would've been too suspicious otherwise, having a little alchemical addition to their meals. Something to get their chests a bit more productive, leaving the three of them spouting streams of cream from their moobs while the staff of the establishment showed up to milk them. The bunny demi let out a blissful shiver as they got to his own chest and started tugging that cream free. Vrelder surrendered to the moment, letting his face get crammed full of creamy pastries and wine, and then there was..

*Vwurumphhbb- VWURPHHFRRRPPHHBBBT-*

The argonian in particular felt a little weird experiencing all that lactating. She had female and male traits both, but reptilian races *usually* didn't have a lot of breast experience to speak of. The sensations hit harder for it, Clears-Her-Room got so engrossed in the engorged flesh being drained that she didn't even think to set off more of the feeding calls when they reached their conclusion for her and her partners. As it was they all needed a small breather anyway – the argonian let themselves sink into their own burgeoning flesh while they too vented a fresh, fetid cloud of gas behind them.

For a few minutes that was the whole of it.. all three of them squirming and quivering where they sat while their bellies tore through feasts worth of food and left them in a mix belching, moaning, and muttering to each other. Of the three Ichiro had a bit of an advantage, he had more focus than the others.

“T-this.. is *wonderful*, both of you. Just so you know. T-though if you think I won't inflict some comeuppance eventually you are sadly mistaken. I will simply have to.. *Bwurphhbb*- let the idea.. *stew* for a bit~”

Clears-Her-Room broke out laughing, even if she was almost breathless. The argonian tried valiantly to thump her tail once but even that much movement was just *beyond* her. A bit of squirming of her arms was about all she had left, that and consumption.

“G-gwahah! B- *BWURPHHBB*- bring it on, Ichiro! It's more fun that way~!”

Vrelder was enjoying the banter. The bunny demi would be planning some kind of further games of their own as well.. all three of them would, even if the themes tended to differ. Clears-Her-Room tended to be blunt, Ichiro tended to be sophisticated, Vrelder.. They wanted *fun*. But then, the whole experience was fun. Vrelder had had enough of a breather though, and began to reach for the signal crystal to get them *even more* food. Except-

“What a *vile* display of excess. The three of you should be shunned, not lauded as 'heroes' of any kind! Honestly, this kind of.. of behavior! You'll make it seem *glamorous* and then the youth-”

It only took a moment of the three of them making eye contact, bending as much as their huge bloated collections of neck rolls allowed them to. All of them had the same idea. The woman was just.. blathering, shaking her head, walking right past them all.

Behind them all, specifically.

“Lady.. mind your own business, or d- *Bwurphhb*- deal with what you get-”

Vrelder set the timing, but all three of them took the cue. They let the pressure in themselves gather and just as the last word was had and that indignation behind them spiked-

*Fwwuurrummphhbb- frrrrrrbbbppt VWURPHHBBBT-*

A loud, terrified shriek from behind them left the trio grinning in satisfaction.. and then left Ichiro and Clears-Her-Room startled as their feeding crystals were triggered again.

As was Vrelder's, all of a half second later.