

“I wonder where they are.. I swear, I have the right place.. I think?”

Halueve squinted a bit and adjusted himself where he sat. The Triceramon was *massive* but Hyrule seemed to be fairly supportive of people of his girth.

“Ah.. excuse me, miss? I'm here waiting for two women who asked me to come meet them as a.. ah, I suppose a reference expert or some such thing? A miss Purah and a.. a Princess? Zelda?”

For the last hour or so Halueve had been enjoying the hospitality of the restaurant he'd been asked to meet the two women in, but something had been troubling him just the same. He'd been a tiny bit late, and now it was *long* past the agreed upon time, but he sat alone just the same. As a generous dessert platter was presented to the Triceramon along with a large tankard of ale the serving girl hesitated and looked about the establishment.

“I.. hm. They *were* here, sir. In fact.. I'm almost certain they were here right before you arrived at the table? I'll.. ask if the rest of the staff has seen them? Maybe see if anyone saw them leave, at least.”

That, at least, gave Halueve some hope that he hadn't messed this up. The Triceramon let out an exhale, nodding, and- *Bvwrruurrprphhbbt*- collapsed into a ferocious blush that made him squirm that much harder on his seat.

Which, once more, felt.. odd? Halueve glanced back at the gigantic cushioned couch and adjusted his weight. It felt lumpy, but soft? With how the food in Hyrule was hitting him all Halueve could do was try to keep his steady stream of farts on the quiet side, he hoped it didn't end up being too obvious.

“..At least this way I can get in a bit more dinner, and delay having to leave and try this whole thing over again. I *really* hope I haven't missed them somehow. That would be too embarrassing.”

A dense rumbling in the belly left Halueve blushing again. The Triceramon tried to quiet things down by just throwing more food at it, heavy pastries and creamy drinks which were *probably* going to just make it worse in the long run but in the short-term they made him feel better. They made it more tolerable, warmed his belly, scratched the itch of that sweet tooth of his.

But as he watched the serving staff talk to each other it was just a slow, steady parade of shaking heads. There seemed to be a consensus that they had all seen the two women here and recently so, and nobody had seen them leave. Not even the staff who worked the outside of the restaurant. Which seemed to suggest they were still here.. but where?

Another shuffling adjustment of how he was sitting left Halueve squinting a bit at the seating again, it never quite seemed to sit the same way twice. Purah and Zelda in the meantime took the chance to take deep, desperate breaths of humid air as the massive Triceramon's weight let up just enough for it. In Purah's case she also tried to scramble out from under that colossal wall of ass before it came down once more, but her legs were numb and she was squashed deep into the cushioning at this point. There was no way to move fast enough to manage it.

Zelda? The Princess needed the air, sure – then she just sprawled out a bit and looked up at that meteoric butt as it came down to squash her and spread across her whole frame with an almost drunk looking grin on her face. Purah shot her a vicious look over it, but Zelda clearly didn't care.

This might not be how she planned the meeting, but she wasn't about to change it.