

“Aaaaand here you are!”

Mar and Kira perked up at the familiar sight and smell of chocolate, both dragons watching with eager anticipation as platter upon platter was unloaded onto their table yet again. Cakes, eclairs, donuts, pastries, everything coated in a layer of the thick, brown, delicious substance.

As he unloaded the platters, the red dragon couldn't help but laugh. “Five days in, and you aren't sick of this stuff?”

Kira giggled at that. “You sound like we've been eating it nonstop for five days, Klaus!”

“Weeeeeeeell.” The red dragon shrugged. “Maybe not *nonstop*, but definitely more than any of us can stomach in a day, that's for sure. We appreciate it nonetheless.”

Mar smiled back as well. “We're just happy to help. We'll let you know when we're properly sick of it.”

Klaus chuckled. “Honestly, I hope the day never comes. Now you two enjoy, and let me know if you need anything else!”

With a friendly nod back, Mar and Kira soon dove into yet another chocolatey feast, huffing in delight all the while. Klaus may have exaggerated just a tad, but the two did add a fair bit of chocolate to every meal they had at the cafeteria. Each dragon ended up with much more food than any drake did on account of the treats, but given it was free chocolate, none of them minded in the slightest. Sure, it meant that each meal left them bloated and grunting, sporting taut round bellies that could have fooled anyone into thinking they actually *were* pregnant.

At the same time, Mar and Kira both reveled in that feeling of fullness. That strange hole in their stomach just wouldn't fill up otherwise!

As such, not a word escaped their lips as they ate, croissants and cookies vanishing in several swift, hearty swallows. In their five days here, Mar and Kira had eaten more chocolate than they had in their entire lives, and they were both incredibly grateful for it. Neither dragon had any idea what the other guilds were like, but surely none were as great as this. If anything, they'd probably ended up being shamed for eating so much raw dessert, with concerns being made about their weight.

Not like they ever had to worry about that, right?

A meal that had once taken them half an hour to finish had just been demolished in roughly two-thirds of the time, leaving behind a pair of dragons who were now longer wheezing with fullness, but simply well fed. Having finally looked up from their plates and platters of chocolates, Mar noticed they were being watched again by several onlookers, but chose to

ignore it. It was just going to happen every time they ate chocolate anyways. At least no one tried crowding them or muttering behind their backs; no, the people here were polite.

"Mmmm, I wish every mission can be as fun as just eating a bunch of chocolate." Kira hummed thoughtfully, licking her paw and rubbing it against her face. At least she learned to clean herself better, although why she didn't just use a napkin was beyond Mar.

The other dragon shrugged, using said napkin to clean their face. "I'd take an easy mission anyway over being sent into battle."

"True." Kira nodded, now licking the back of her paw to taste the chocolate she cleaned off. "But that still felt too easy! I feel bad, like I'm taking advantage of the nice people here, ya know?"

Mar returned the gesture. "That's a fair point. Alright then, Kira. What should we do today then?"

- A) "Let's go check out the quest board!"
- B) "Let's talk with Theo and see if there's any work he wants us to do here!"
- C) "Let's try making friends with some other anthros or dragons here!"
- D) Before Kira could respond, Klaus had returned, not just to take their trays away but replace them with even more chocolate!**

"Nice job, guys! I barely had time to get back and load the cart again before I saw you two had finished!" Klaus smiled, taking the trays one by one from their table. In an awkward silence, Mar and Kira simply watched as the scarlet dragon cleaned everything up, before once more stacking on more chocolatey treats, until it looked as though nothing had changed.

Eventually, Klaus picked up on the change in atmosphere as he glanced between the two dragons. "Oh, is something wrong?"

"Erh." Mar's eyes shifted between all the new plates before finally turning to their newest friend. "Klaus, we didn't order more chocolate."

"You didn't?" He frowned. "I'm sorry, I thought you two were doing another quest for us. Did you want me to-"

"No!" Kira chirped up, her mouth once again dirtied in chocolate after nibbling on some tiramisu. "No, that's exactly what we wanna do! Thanks, Klaus!"

Klaus's brow furrowed as he looked between the two dragons, but seeing no further objections, he simply nodded and took the carts. "Well, alright then. Thanks again for the help, you two."

Mar waited until the red drake was out of earshot before turning back to Kira. "Are you sure about this? Last time we had two servings, we were both comatose. We slept until *lunch* the next day!"

Kira scoffed. "Yeah, but we weren't used to it before! Now I feel like we can handle it and *not* feel like dying right after!"

The darker dragon rolled their eyes. Inwardly, however, they agreed; seeing this much chocolate again made Mar determined to finish it all properly this time, without immediately rolling over to sleep more. Maybe their stomach did stretch from their heavy eating before. Only one way to find out.

And find out they did.

With one last heavy gulp, Mar gulped down the last chocolate parfait before collapsing against the table, huffing and wheezing. Ugh, to think they thought they could make it through this meal unscathed. Their stomach felt beyond stuffed just as it had been five days ago, another swollen dome of red and violet that felt hard and taut to the touch. Just breathing was a challenge, as it felt as though taking too deep of a breath would tear a stitch somewhere. But they made it through, didn't they? Themselves and Kira; it was slow going yet again, and they had to contend with another small crowd to watch, but by the Gods, they managed to eat just as much as last time.

Maybe they ate even more than last time? It was hard to say for sure, but Mar thought their middle looked a little bigger than last time.

"Kira?" The dragon groaned as they got to their feet. They could walk, sure, but feeling this foodbaby hanging beneath their torso was going to be a massive pain. "Let's, hrrrf.. Let's take a break from eating for a while."

"Agreed." Kira grumbled in response, struggling upright as well. Sheesh, it was even more obvious how bloated she was, that big round torso supported by four relatively small legs. Hopefully her legs wouldn't bump into that gut. "B-but I don't want today to just be eating! We should-"

- A) "-take a quest at the request board. Something easy, maybe."
- B) "-go ask Theo if he wants us to do anything... hrrf, I'm not looking forward to walking up those stairs."
- C) "-go... go... on second thought, maybe a quick nap in the sun wouldn't hurt?"
- D) But yet again, they were interrupted by a third wave of chocolates, and a rather sheepish looking Klaus.**

No... No way...

Mar and Kira were stunned into silence as the scarlet dragon arrived yet again, bearing not just an empty trolley to take their empty plates with, but a full one with even more of those sweet, sweet treats. Granted, these treats didn't look so sweet to Mar at the moment. They just looked rich, heavy, filling... hrrrf.

Even Klaus looked somewhat uncomfortable as he began setting out the chocolates, glancing up at the two bloated dragons. "So, I know this is more than you probably thought at first."

"It sure is!" Kira blurted out. Even the eager, yet easy going dragon looked appalled. "I thought we just needed to eat two loads!"

"The request mentioned three loads." Klaus mentioned, looking between the two. "I'm sorry, I should have said something earlier. Three loads didn't sound like that much to me at first, and I kinda assumed you two saw the request before agreeing to it."

Mar's pointy ears folded back. "Unfortunately, we did not." They had also assumed that fulfilling a 'chocolatey' request would only involve two loads as well. If it involved three... oof, their stomachs were definitely in for it. What's worse, the larger dragon couldn't help but worry that their initial chocolate binge might not have actually counted as fulfilling a request. Were they behind on their quota then? Themself and Kira would only have a day after today to fulfill another request then, and goodness, it was hard to imagine either of them being able to move after this feast...

Sensing the discomfort, Klaus offered a supportive smile. "Hey, let me know if this does become too much for you. There's no rule that says you gotta eat it all at once, right? I can run and get some mages to help too, maybe someone who can use magic to soothe your stomachs somewhat."

Mar nodded softly. "Thanks, Klaus. We'll make sure to let you know if we need it."

Still smiling, the red drake took the two trolleys away, leaving the two chocolate-stuffed reptiles alone with their food... rather, as alone as they could get. With the arrival of a third trolley's worth of desserts, Mar and Kira soon felt the eyes of many dragons and anthros observing them, no doubt in pure awe that they were even considering finishing off this much. Their stomachs were already bloated as is, heavy mounds of scales (or feathers in Mar's case) pressing against their haunches like balloons ready to be popped at the slightest needle's poke. Were they there to watch these two gluttonous, insane dragons eat through yet another massive meal, or to see which chocolatey treat would be the metaphorical needle to put them down for a long, long rest?

Honestly, Mar was just grateful Klaus was there to take away their empty plates. Being surrounded by large, crumb-covered platters would have been quite embarrassing with so many eyes on them.

Kira picked a tiny chocolate truffle between two claws and smiled at her friend. "Well, as the anthros say when they wanna sound fancy: Bon appetit!"

"Erh, you too." Mar nodded, picking up a slice of a chocolate tart. Was "you too" the proper response to that?

There was hardly a sound within the cafeteria as Kira and Mar ate. All chattering, distant or otherwise, ceased to a halt as those who stayed in the outdoor cafeteria to eat or mingle now had their attention focused solely on the overfed dragons. Not even the song of birds could be heard; it was as though they too had ceased their tweeting to overlook this grand display of gluttony and overindulgence.

Alas, Mar had no idea how this could be seen as interesting. Themself and Kira were just eating; there was no feat of heroics being displayed, unless giving the cafeteria workers here more free time was considered audience-worthy. Yet they continued to watch with a strange, strange fascination towards the pair; Mar even noticed a few smiles among the crowd. Surely not everyone present benefitted from their consumption of chocolate, so why were they being treated like celebrities?

Mar was too stuffed to think of any particular reason, outside of it just being a rather slow day at the Silver Tongues guild.

With their stomachs already filled to the brim as is, Mar and Kira took their sweet, sweet time eating. Large pies and tarts that could have been devoured whole were instead eaten one tiny slice at a time, as though they were simple anthros and not massive dragons. In retrospect, this is how they should have been eating from the beginning; allowing the flavor to dance longer on their tongues made everything stand out oh so much. Even something as simple as chocolate covered strawberries tasted fresh and unique from the rich and creamy chocolate pudding.

A shame that it was all still incredibly filling.

Not even a quarter way into their steady eating pace, and the dragons began finding difficulty to even continue. Breaks were often made to burp, wipe their faces, or even just catch their breath back. Their lungs were being squeezed to make room for their ever growing stomachs, after all. Kira in particular let out a few gentle whimpers in between bites. Mar wanted to tell her to stop, but their gray friend still managed to keep eating on her own, a faint smile on her lips with every bite. Despite being pushed to her limits, Kira was still enjoying herself. Mar had no idea their friend was such a glutton all along.

Not like they had much room to judge. There was a certain satisfaction of feeling their stomach stretch out further than ever before. All thanks to that strange, hollow sensation in their guts, perhaps.

Nonetheless, after taking turns finishing off a bowl of chocolate fondue, Mar and Kira took a small break to once again catch their breaths, each subtle pant swelling their bloated middles up and down. They made eye-contact, no words were said between the pair, yet their eyes alone said everything that was on their minds.

- A) "We can totally finish this... surely."
- B) "We're going to need help. Let's call Klaus so he can bring someone to magically soothe their stomachs."**
- C) "We're going to need some help. Is there a dragon in the crowd who would be willing to help them eat?"
- D) "Well, the food might get stale, but Klaus did say it didn't need to be eaten all at once. Maybe a small break is in order."

This was far more food than either of them had ever eaten at once before. Even if both dragons' capacity had increased since their first day, they would still need some assistance. Sitting a bit more upright, Mar raised their arm up, using their other to grip the table for stability. Oof, they were getting woozy.

Thankfully, Klaus practically scrambled his way through the crowd to reach them, huffing. "H-hey! Do you two need help?"

"If...hrrf, you wouldn't mind." Mar weakly nodded, slowly sitting back down. Oof, in a seated position, they could feel their poor, poor belly pressing against the back of their arms.

Thankfully, Klaus was here to save the day. The red dragon actually looked quite proud. "Don't worry about it. I spoke with Martha, and she said we had some tonics available that should help relax your insides a little. It should help-

"It *will* help!" Martha, the female fox Mar and Kira first spoke with five days ago, approached the table and set down two large bowls, filling them with a clear liquid. "Honestly, Klaus, where did you learn your bedside manners from? Don't give them any reason to doubt, or else the patients will get worried!"

"H-hey, there's a reason I'm a server, not a nurse like you are." Klaus muttered, looking even redder in the face. "I don't like promising something that might or might not work."

Martha chuckled. "Fair enough, sweetie, but this *will* work. I know you're relatively new here, but this isn't the first time I've seen someone overeat. You should have seen Theo back when he could still fit into his battle armor."

And then, she turned to Mar and Kira. "I'm sorry about that. Didn't mean to talk over you two. But everything I said is true, this will fix up your stomachs in a jiffy."

Kira was the first to inspect the bowl of liquid, giving it a lick. "Is it champagne?"

"Not quite." The vixen smiled adoringly. "It's carbonated like champagne though, maybe even more. Tastes a little icky like champagne too, but I promise this will help."

Mar and Kira exchanged glances, then turned their heads down at their respective bowls. No reason to doubt the kind workers here, right? Honestly, Mar would do anything to relieve this poor knot in their stomach anyways.

The first lick of it was quite bitter; Mar recoiled slightly in disgust. For once, they were grateful of the surrounding chocolate, as it provided both a sweet scent and sweet taste to wash it off with. The large dragon licked the top of a cupcake before holding their breath and going back in, swallowing it up in two hearty gulps. Gross, gross, gross...

They looked up in time to see Kira finishing off their bowl as well, the poor dragoness' face looking a shade greener than usual. "Erf, yuck! N-no more, please!"

Martha nodded and smiled, stepping in to gently brush the side of Kira's muzzle. "Don't worry, dear, it's over with now. Just give it a minute and you'll start feeling its effects. First you'll start burping-"

"Bwwwrrrrup!"

"Exactly." The fox grinned. "And now you should start feeling some relief."

Mar was appreciative of the warning, covering their mouth the second they felt the rush of air up their throat. Their eyes watered from the carbonation exiting their mouth and nose, but after blinking away the tears, they were shocked to find that the pain in their middle had indeed lessened significantly.

- A) They were still quite bloated; the food didn't exactly leave their stomach, after all. But they should be able to finish their meal now.**
- B) In fact, it was almost gone entirely! Whatever they drank, it must have been some powerful magic, because now they felt hungry all over again!
- C) The bloating diminished rapidly, as in Mar could physically feel their belly shrinking. Was it digesting the meal for them? If so, why did they feel so soft...?

Kira was the first to perk back up, leaning in to take a large bite of pastry. However, no sooner did she do so was she scolded by Martha, who quickly stepped in front of the dragoness. "Easy, now! It might start feeling better now, but you're still quite bloated. Eat too

quickly, and it will all catch up with you at once, and then we'll have a real mess on our hands... literally."

"O-oh, I'm sorry!" Kira brought her claws to her mouth, fidgeting nervously. "What should I do, then?"

"Just eat at a nice and steady pace, hun. One bite at a time." But as she said this, Martha had stepped closer to Kira, plating her paws on that round, scaly tum. "A little outside pressure should help as well. Does this feel good?"

"Mrrr?" Kira tilted her head, looking down at the fox... before rolling onto her side, a great big smile spread out on her muzzle. Like a dog, the dragoness stretched her limbs out fully to better expose that broad, gray stomach, the sheer size of which was almost unsettling compared to the rest of her relatively thin body.

"I'll take that as a yes." Martha laughed, reaching for a slice of pie from the table before looking at Klaus. "You should help Mar now, too. I can't do it all now, I'm only one fox."

Klaus turned to Mar with that, both sets of draconic faces looking a shade redder than they should be. Obviously Kira would love the stomach rubs, as she was as social and outgoing as any dragon could be. Mar, on the other hand, still felt reservations just from being looked at by too many onlookers. Having another dragon lay hands on them... erf...

But they'd known Klaus for almost a week now, and he was a kind-spirited dragon, if a tad awkward. Even now, the red drake didn't make a move, staying where he was before lowering his head submissively. "M-may I?"

Mar nodded after some time, before slowly rolling onto their side. Oof, even that simple movement really put into perspective how full they were. That was one hefty belly they were carrying. How could mammals get away with carrying their young in their stomachs?

Slowly, Klaus shuffled closer towards the larger dragon, raising his claws so Mar could see them. And with a nod, he gently lowered them onto that stomach, his eyes widening at just how taut that feathered ball of gut was.

Mar's eyes widened as well, before slowly closing. Gods, this actually felt *amazing*! They could rub their own belly all they wanted, but having someone else to brush against that big, broad belly actually sent a shiver down their spine, as though each touch jolted them with electricity. But there wasn't any malice or ill will behind Klaus' stroking. It was nothing but gentle, pleasant rubs, each one undoing the knot in their stomach just a little more.

Maybe that knot wasn't just caused by food?

“E-erh.” Klaus cleared his throat, perhaps feeling a tad awkward by the silence. “Have I thanked you for helping us with the chocolate problem yet?”

Mar snickered. “Only every time we eat it.”

“O-oh, yeah?” Klaus chuckled back in return. “Well, I still really appreciate it. We really appreciate it.”

Mar nodded, eyes still shut. “We’re happy to help.” Even so, the table of chocolate lay forgotten for a while as Mar breathed in a deep sigh of relief, feeling their stomach rise into Klaus’ claws. This really was zen right here, laying on a nice patch of grass while someone else rubbed their full, heavy tum. In fact, the full and heavy tum was a major factor in their pleasure. With the tonic taking away the pain, it felt like a large, weighted blanket.

The feathery dragon would have fallen asleep on the spot were it not for the sudden smell of chocolate frosting. Raising an eye, they were met with an approaching cupcake, being brought over by a timid Klaus. “S-sorry, I hope you don’t mind. Erh, Martha was doing it to Kira, and I’m just trying to follow along with what she’s doing.”

He wasn’t wrong. Looking past the cupcake, Mar could see Kira scarfing down yet another pastry from Martha’s hands, her tail swishing as the fox went back to rubbing that bloated belly. Sheesh, what a gut that was turning into! Mar was just surprised Kira hadn’t popped a scale yet! Mar would have been content to just take another nap on the spot, but that wouldn’t be fair to Kira now, would it? There was still a lot of food left, and that tonic could only do so much.

If Kira ate all that, she might even get fat!

Mar glanced back at Klaus, before opening their mouth. The cupcake went in, and the dragon swallowed it down in one go. “Thank you.”

“Of course.” Klaus smiled weakly, his own tail swaying at the praise. It even brushed over the edge of Mar’s bloated belly, which, while not feeling quite as nice as Klaus’ claws, felt quite nice. The scarlet drake gave that gut another quick rub before producing several cookies, which Mar ate as well.

This continued on for some time, the gentle pattern of being fed and having their stomach rubbed. While Mar was still somewhat put off by the idea of being so personally cared for by another, they couldn’t deny that the experience was far more enjoyable than they could have imagined. With every morsel that entered their mouth and filled out that stomach further, the feathered dragon found the resulting belly rub more and more enjoyable. It made the process of becoming more stuffed than a Thanksgiving turkey quite fun, and even a little exciting. Mar couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to fit even more food into their stomach, to feel it become truly as sensitive as can be, just for Klaus to continue rubbing it

further. What if they willingly ate themselves to the brink, just to experience the peak of that kind of pleasure firsthand?

Wasn't that a ridiculous thought? Everyone had a limit, after all...

What felt like hours had passed with the dragons simply being fed and cared to. Not a word had been spoken during this time, meaning Mar was caught off guard when Klaus finally spoke up. "I-I, erh... I know you probably get this a lot, but you look quite stunning."

It took several seconds for the food-addled Mar to fully process what had been said, and several more to formulate a response. "Thanks... heh, you're just saying that... because I look ridiculous now."

"Not at all!" Klaus stammered. "I-I just mean, like... not many dragons here look like you. I think you look exotic, b-but in a good way!"

Mar blushed at that. Taking compliments wasn't a strong suit, and they wanted to push the conversation elsewhere. Alas, with most body functions shutting down at this point, all they could think about was the food baby brewing within them. "I still look ridiculous... with all this tummy, huh?"

Klaus snickered. "I was gonna say impressive."

Impressive. Right. Whatever it was, Mar was certainly *that*. The dragon took another bite of the offered cake, sending it down to make their 'impressive' gut even more so. Their body was as stretched as can be at this point; their stomach an impossibly large reddish sphere of feathers packed absolutely full of pure chocolate, dense and heavy as can be. Even if Mar wasn't somehow miraculously overfed beyond their limits, it would have been a hassle just to get up and walk with such a thing strapped to their torso; their limbs would constantly be brushing and bumping against it, and the sheer weight would bring their stride to a crawl.

Looking over the opposite side of the table, Mar finally understood what Klaus meant by 'impressive.' How Kira managed to not outright pop was impressive as well, given the sheer scale of that gray stomach. The ring-like scales had actually separated enough to expose the soft, sensitive flesh beneath, enough so for Martha to rub and squeeze against. Given the gentle mews and squeals coming from the comatose dragoness, it was safe to assume that Kira was finding similar pleasure that Mar was feeling, despite resembling a sphere with a dragon attached to it.

With a blink, Mar actually noticed that neither them nor Kira were being fed, looking up to Klaus with a tired, curious gaze. "No more?"

The red dragon smiled. "Yeah, you two ate it all... unless you mean 'no more rubs' in which case-"

“No.” Mar muttered, flopping their head back down. “Please, keep rubbing. It feels nice.”

A slight pause, and then the feathered dragon groaned softly as their pleading was answered, two strong claws rubbing up and down that impossibly large mound. The very idea that all of *that* belonged to Mar was preposterous, but it was also rather humorous. There wasn't anything wrong with having a large, bloated belly, right? It just meant more room to rub.

Shortly after, the dragon drifted off into a very deep sleep, a slight smile on their beak. Chocolate was so wonderful.

- A) Later that day
- B) The next day
- C) Three days later
- D) Five days later
- E) A week later
- F) Two weeks later
- G) A month later**
- H) Much, much later...

Realistically, they should have gotten sick of chocolate by now.

It was included in every meal they ate; sometimes their meals were more chocolate than actual 'meal.' In between meals, other dragons would come to them and offer any little chocolate treats they may have accidentally received for their meals. Not to mention the enormous chocolate binges they went on as requested by the Silver Tongues, each one offering just a little more chocolate than last time as though to ensure neither dragon could walk afterwards. As the days passed, it felt as though the taste of chocolate was on their tongues more often than it wasn't.

But Mar didn't mind one bit, nor did Kira.

It helped that while chocolate was still just a single flavor, it was a veritable flavor that could be molded or added to anything. By itself, it was a crunchy and sweet treat; with milk products, it was creamy and rich; with fruit, it was smooth and refreshing. There was just enough variety for the pair to find enjoyment with that they never truly outgrew the flavor of chocolate. If anything, they were becoming more and more addicted to it by the day.

Well, that and the attention.

Mar never would have guessed they would have come to crave the feeling of having another dragon rub their claws along their overfilled middle. The idea of eating to the point of being unable to move in front of over a dozen drakes felt reckless and dangerous, as any one of them could take advantage of the opportunity to harm them. Yet, that never came to be, as instead Mar was showered with praise and compliments for stomaching the chocolates, and as a result, received assistance in soothing their bloated middle and finishing off their platter. The embarrassment factor still remained, however, and each time Mar promised themselves not to eat themselves into such a ridiculous state. However, that annoying nagging hole in their stomach more or less forced them to eat until they were bloated, and then the belly rubs and assistance that Klaus or someone else would bring would coax them into eating to the point of feeling like a complete blimp. With each passing day, Mar would find themselves subcomming to the assistance of others sooner and sooner, the embarrassment melting away gradually, until they ended up embracing it entirely much like Kira had from the beginning. Even on days where they weren't stuffing themselves with pure chocolate, others would come by to offer not just their own servings of chocolate, but also a gentle rub on their stomachs or sides here or there. Whereas Mar used to be horrified at such an offer, they now accepted it fully, feeling more safe and content than ever before.

In fact, the last 28 days alone had been the most blissful, delicious days of their entire life.

A low whistle brought Mar out from their thoughts, and Kira out from licking her plate clean, as both dragons turned to look over at Klaus tugging along a cart loaded with more chocolates. "You two are getting too fast! I barely have time to come back with more food, and you've already cleared your plates!"

Kira giggled impishly at that, swaying her chubby head side to side. "Heehee, we're getting *really* good at eating!" As if to prove her point, she reached an arm over to snag at some of the cupcakes right off the cart, not even waiting for Klaus to unload his payload before snacking away.

Not that the red dragon minded. He simply chuckled at the antics as he got to work preparing space for more chocolates. "I remember when you first came here, you couldn't finish two trollies without looking ready to barf. Now it's like it's a snack for you two, huh?"

Even Mar couldn't help but to grin proudly at that statement. "It helps that the food and service have both been excellent. Lately it feels as though we could eat all day."

Klaus perked his head up upon hearing that, grinning extra wide. "That so? We should put that to the test then. We could make it into a contest even, take bets on which of you end up tapping out first! How does that sound?"

Kira didn't need to say anything to show her excitement. The gray dragon's face lit up like a chocolate-covered Christmas tree, her thick tail swishing across the grass in eager

anticipation, looking up at her friend to answer. In fact, Mar even found the idea quite fun themselves and was about to state so, but found themselves cut off by a different, gruffer voice.

“Yes, that sounds quite lovely. Parade around two obese dragons as though their chocolate addiction is something to be praised, why don’t we? I can’t think of a better use of our guild’s resources.”

The entire atmosphere of the cafeteria grew cold as that voice rang out; background chatter died out entirely as everyone turned towards the entrance. Mar did so as well, at least as much as they could with their neck rolls getting in the way. It was *him* again, wasn’t it?

Unfortunately, it was. The large, gray dragon with blue markings and bleached mane sauntered into the cafeteria. They’d seen him enter the cafeteria fairly often before, but never heard him speak up, either to them or anyone else present, preferring to take his food somewhere secluded. The rare times they did end up making eye contact, the male would snarl, and Mar would return the gesture before looking away. Having him interact with them was one way to ruin their meal.

Kira thought the same apparently as she puffed up her chest. “Hey! We’re not obese!”

Mar sighed. “Yes we are, Kira.” Trying to hide something so obvious would just leave them open to being shamed further. No, better to openly admit it now. They were both very, very fat.

Mar had intended for the pair to work on shedding the excess weight at some point, once they started noticing there was a bit of excess jiggle and squish in their middles, but that intention had faded away entirely some two weeks ago. They were being praised to eat, and there was no reason to stop eating, so why was losing weight so important then, anyways? Kira couldn’t get in trouble if she was too heavy to go wandering too far without getting stuck or tired, meaning the excess pudge kept them both safe, in a strange way.

But, maybe they had gotten a little *too* fat, as the act of getting up and settling down required more effort and finesse than it ever did before. Both dragons’ stomachs hung heavily from their frames even on the rare chance they weren’t stuffed full of food; sloshing, jiggling masses of chub that gave the pair a teardrop shape when looked at head on or behind. Mar stopped being concerned when their guts reached knee level, yet the dragon was certain they were encroaching on ankle level at this point. On a full stomach, it wouldn’t be unlikely that they’d feel blades of grass start to tickle the edges of their bellies, a thought that would have horrified Mar at one point.

Now, it was just a sign that they had it great, and wouldn’t change a thing about it. So what if their tails were starting to drag along the ground a bit, or sitting on their haunches meant their guts would press into the table, or that reaching for food got a little tiring with how heavy

and round their arms had gotten? None of that mattered when they could laze on their side and let others feed and care for them, right?

With their chubby head held high, they looked up at the large dragon, returning that icy glare. "Can we help you?"

The male scoffed. "Of course you can't, not when you can't even stop helping yourselves. Honestly, the sight of another dragon degrading himself to such an extent makes me sick to my stomach."

Mar had a snappy comeback ready, but what Kira said was far better than anything they were about to say. "Oh! It's because you're pregnant, right? Are the babies ready?"

The feathered dragon had to suppress a snicker at the repulsed and horrified look the large bully gave back. It's true, Mar and Kira were as fattened and pampered as any dragon they'd ever seen, but the male still sported a noticeable gut himself. The fact that Kira was probably being genuine made it all the funnier to Mar.

Of course, the larger drake didn't find the same humor and quickly bore his fangs towards Kira. "Call me Grief, you insufferable wretch! Call me pregnant again, and I'll show you a dragon raised on chocolates is no match for a dragon raised on meat!"

Mar rose as quickly as possible, almost pushing aside the entire table with their bulk as they quickly shoved their head before Grief's. "Watch what you say to Kira! Obese or not, I'm not afraid to put a bully like you back in their place!"

Grief met that antagonistic glare with his own, and Mar felt their own heckles rising. They hadn't anticipated getting into a fight at all, but watching this jerk threaten their best friend brought forth a flash of anger that couldn't be ignored. They hated conflict, but anyone who dared look the wrong way at their friend would pay!

Eventually, it was Grief who lowered his gaze, although his smugness remained. "What do I have to gain from fighting two engorged worms like yourselves? If you wish to continue on acting like whelps relying on others to tend to their basic needs, then by all means. Let the *real* dragons do the hard work in the meantime."

Mar spat. "Go on, do the hard work then, if it means we get to see less of you." They hated this guy so damn much.

Kira, on the other hand, took offense at a different provocation. "Hey, we're real dragons, too! We can do hard work!"

Grief tilted his head, before chuckling. “Really? Can you two pull yourselves away from your precious chocolate long enough to get anything accomplished? By all means, accept a request and prove me wrong.”

- A) “Not a problem! We’ll go accept one right now... well, after this meal.”
- B) “We’ll do you one better! We’ll accept a request and you can come with us. You sit tight while we do all the work, so you know just how capable we are!”
- C) “Oh we will! We’ll talk with Theo right after this meal about what just happened here.”
- D) **“Who cares what you think real dragons are? In my eyes, a real dragon would stick around and watch us have our eating contest!”**

Grief furrowed his brow, a bit confused with that statement. Even Mar found themselves mimicking the expression, although they dared not turn away from Grief for a moment. Kira was a sweetie, but even though she meant to imply that this jerk’s opinions didn’t matter... really? Responding to a gatekeeping phrase with another one?

They expected Grief to laugh at Kira’s proclamation, yet somehow the larger drake’s pride stopped him from doing so. Instead, he simply leaned back his head and scoffed. “So, witnessing your display of gluttony and hedonism is all it takes, does it?” He sneered. “Very well. I accept your challenge, and if I make it through without gagging or growing sick, I shall consider it my victory. You better not disappoint.”

With that, Grief huffed indignantly and turned away, eyes closed and head held high as though he’d won that little exchange.

Mar honestly didn’t know what to think of that. Rather, they slowly turned to Kira as perplexed as ever. “Why did you invite him? I’d rather you drag me by my tail again than let him anywhere near us!” And give how heavy they’d grown, being dragged that way would really, really hurt.

But Kira just shrugged her broad shoulders. “I dunno! Everyone else liked watching us eat, but he never really watches us. He just gets angry and walks away every time. I thought if he watched us longer, he might get into it too!”

Mar sighed heavily at that. This poor, sweet dragoness. Whatever the intention was, it worked in escalating the tension at least, leaving Mar feeling rather exhausted as the adrenaline fizzled away. With a huff, they slowly lumbered back to their place at the table before slowly settling down, feeling their expansive feathery belly spread out beneath them.

Kira was already over it, apparently, as she was back to digging into her chocolatey meal as though nothing had ever happened. Mar couldn’t help but laugh. “You know, you won’t make it far in the contest with me if you fill up now.”

“Mmfi!” Kira gulped, sighing. “Yeah, but I’m hungry! You’re not just gonna let it go to waste, right?”

Mar raised a brow at that, then chuckled and shook their head. “No, I won’t.” With that, they took a few generous bites themselves. Better to let it go to waist instead...

The turnout for this contest was rather surprising! The cafeteria was filled with dragons ready to watch the chocolate-eating festival go down, with just enough space for Mar and Kira to sit across one another, along with a row leading to and from the back of the cafeteria itself to allow for a steady resupply of food. Even then, Mar could see dragons and anthros watching from the second floor of the coliseum, ready to witness their dessert destruction. They even noticed Theo’s golden head poking out from high atop. If only he could get a better seat to watch them.

Alas, it was instead Grief who was allowed to sit in the front row of the audience, the only one sneering instead of smiling.

Mar tried to ignore his angry face and instead focus on Klaus as he brought forth the first batch of chocolate treats. The poor red dragon had gone silent during Grief’s interference at first, but has since thankfully recovered as he continued his job of ensuring his two fat friends were topped off with treats.

“Alright, let’s go over the rules one more time. Mar has to eat a little more than Kira due to size difference, but aside from that, you two need to eat everything off your part of the table within five minutes. You forfeit if those five minutes pass and there’s still chocolate, or if you announce that you’re full. Aaaaand that’s it, unless there’s anything else you two want to add.”

Kira raised their pudgy arm up first. “Can I eat Mar’s food if they get too full?”

Mar snickered. “That won’t happen. I don’t plan on letting you win, Kira.”

The gray orb of a dragoness huffed. “W-well, what if we tie and run out of food? Who wins then?”

Klaus grinned. “Oh, don’t worry. That definitely won’t happen.”

Mar raised a brow at that. Just how much chocolate did they have stockpiled back there?

A question that may have to be answered another time, as Klaus had finished setting their table, the red dragon standing back. “Alright! On your marks, get set- Kira, I didn’t say go yet!”

But Kira was already face-first in a pile of chocolate eclairs, growling happily. It was clear they weren't going to wait for a "go" regardless!

With a sigh, Klaus turned to Mar. "Y-ya know what, just go ahead and start, I guess."

Mar didn't need to be told twice.

The cheers and cries of the crowd surrounding them faded away as Mar focused on their one true love: chocolate. Time not spent gulping down or inhaling a delicious treat was time wasted as they went from object to object. Neither of them had really practiced speed eating before, but as their stomachs and appetites increased, so did their impatience on wanting to fill their ever-empty bellies.

And thus, the first wave finished off before a minute even passed, much to the delight of the crowd around them.

"Round two!"

A repeat of the first round; neither Kira nor Mar were slowing down in the slightest, despite their meal earlier today. They were making a bit of a mess on their faces, sure, but that could be licked off later. Mar wasn't going to let Kira have this victory so easily, and Kira no doubt felt the same way.

"Round three!"

It was taking a little longer to finish their servings now, nearly two minutes now instead of under one. It's not that Mar was growing stuffed, but rather no longer as hungry as before. Rapidly eating faster than they should would just make their stomach cramp earlier, so it was better to take their sweet, sweet time. This way, they could see the crowd cheering them on, and take delight in seeing that frustrated, grumpy face on Grief. They hoped he was absolutely hating it here.

"Round four!"

Kira was catching on to Mar's plan it seemed, because she was slowing down as well. They both finished at roughly the same time, about two and a half minutes in. The weight of the food was starting to make itself apparent in their stomachs, surely, but that nagging, empty feeling was still as strong as ever.

"Hey Mar, feeling full yet?" She taunted.

The darker dragon returned the tease. "Full of confidence that I'm about to win this, sure."

Kira gasped, then pointed a pudgy claw. "You said it! You said you're full!"

Mar sighed, shaking their head. Oh, sweet Kira.

"Round five!"

Fullness was starting to set in for real this time. It would be at this point that Mar and Kira would roll onto their sides and ask for belly rubs and eating assistance, but seeing as how this was a contest, that probably wasn't allowed. No, both dragons needed to win with their own power, even if they had grown incredibly fat and lazy over the month. Still, Mar couldn't help but look forward to the belly rubs and nap that would come after this meal.

"Round six!"

Three minutes now to finish their meal. Kira wasn't looking as enthusiastic as before, and Mar couldn't blame her. With how often they were hand fed, it was hard to measure just how much the pair could actually stomach in a single serving, although it wouldn't be long before they hit the limit. Mar's arms were getting quite sore from having to reach past their round belly for more chocolate. Who knew eating could be so tiring?

"Round seven!"

Mar's stomach was definitely expanding. It was taking more and more of an effort just to reach the food, let alone stuff it into their maw. Kira's gut was definitely digging into her end of the table as well, the wooden surface squishing into the supple scales as she clawed at another pastry. Mar didn't want to slow down, but as the seconds ticked by, it was becoming increasingly harder and harder to reach the last few treats at the center of the table. Soon, the two dragons were left struggling to reach for them; Mar's larger armspan hindered by their larger stomach as well. Was this it? A double elimination because they were too fat to feed themselves? Surely it can't end like this! It'd be so disappointing! So embarrassing! So-

A black arm suddenly lunged out from the corner of Mar's vision, snatching the last pastry. Mar didn't even have time to turn to see who it belonged to before finding said arm shoving itself against their beak, cramming the treat into their gaping maw!

"Unbelievable!" Grief snarled, wiping his crumb-covered hand against the table. "You force me to watch two pigs stuck at their troughs eating, then expect me to sit idly by because you can't even reach for a single donut? Unacceptable!"

Mar was stunned at the sudden act of kindness from the rudest dragon they'd ever met. They had half a mind to spit it out, as they'd never want to accept help from someone like Grief, but by the time the thought even entered their head, they had already swallowed it. It tasted foul, as it had come from a jerk and not from a kinder dragon, but it was still chocolate nonetheless.

Kira, however, cried out in anger at the interference. "Hey! You can't do that! That's cheating!"

She was quickly silenced, however, as Grief stomped over and took her own hanging treat, not bothering to just hand it to the dragoness and instead cram it down her gullet as well. "I haven't forgotten about you, whelp. This is no rule that says I can't interfere, right?"

This was directed at Klaus, who had shrunk away from the intimidating dragon's presence. Just like last time, he'd tried hiding away and pretending to not even be there when Grief intervened, but having been called out directly, the red drake's shaky head slowly raised. "W-well... I guess it's, uh, fine... j-just don't play favorites."

Grief shook his head, fluffing his mane. "I intend to see them both pushed to their limits, don't worry."

Mar and Kira exchanged looks at each other. Oh dear...

"Round eight!"

They ate slowly and carefully, much like the last round, only this time both sets of eyes were directed at Grief. Just what was his angle, anyways? Earlier today, he was clearly disgusted at how fat the pair had grown, yet now he wanted to ensure they both ate everything? He was aware all of this food would compile on their waistlines even further, right? Was this some secret plan of his to prove how eating nothing but chocolates was bad for them? Or was his competitive spirit stoked when Mar and Kiri were both too bloated to continue their contest?

Either way, he practically loomed over the two of them, gazing fiercely at them.

Much like last time, Mar and Kira finished their portions, save for the few that were out of arms reach. Once again, Grief ensured the pair finished by forcefully pushing them into their gullets, not giving them a chance to eat at their own pace!

Mar, having had enough, finally spoke up. "If you're here to help, then actually help! We can eat on our own, you know!"

Grief snorted. "Your arms are starting to shake just from reaching for food. It was obvious two rounds ago. You'd both rather be lying down and having someone hand feed you, right?"

Mar flushed pink at that. "Y-yeah, and? I'd rather be hand fed than force fed."

The male glared his eyes further. "If I did that for both of you, one of you would lose due to a time out. I'm not playing favorites, remember? You eat what I feed you, and you eat until you say you're full. Understood?"

The feathered dragon's tail flickered in annoyance. Dammit, he was right. If they couldn't reach the food, then he really didn't have time to offer them food one after another. And their arms really were getting too sore to reach for much more. They hated him for it, but Grief was right.

"R-round nine," Klaus announced hesitantly, once he felt it was safe to do so.

Mar made to reach for their next pastry, but Grief slapped their hand away. Instead, the larger drake began grabbing the treats himself, just to cram into Mar's open mouth. The fat dragon narrowed their eyes, but accepted it all the same. Finally, a chance to lower themselves and ease their poor arms. It was time to sit back and let someone else do the feeding for them, even if it was quite rapid. Each swallow was forced, heavy with entire mouthfuls of chocolates each time, adding to their growing middle faster than ever before. In a minute flat, they'd eaten what would have taken them roughly four or so to finish by themselves, given their strained stomach.

With that, Grief made his way over to Kira to do the same. Having watched Mar's force feeding, Kira was a bit more accepting of the force feeding, although Mar could see it on their friend's face that this was a bit much, even for them. Even being shorter, Grief made sure that mouth was absolutely full of chocolatey treats before letting them swallow, repeating the process anew. Mar's overprotective instincts made them want to shout at the bullying dragon, but they knew that he was helping, in his own weird way. Besides, if Kira really wasn't enjoying herself, she would have declared "I'm full" and ended the contest right then and there. This was a friendly competition after all, with no stakes whatsoever.

"Round ten!"

Mar rolled onto their back, letting their stomach spill out before them. Shesh, they were getting huge; it was just barely impossible for them to reach the widest end of their flabby red belly now. That single interaction with Grief earlier made it obvious just how heavy and out of shape themselves and Kira were becoming. Heck, Grief used to look quite fat in their eyes, now he was rail thin compared to the two of them.

And all of this food was just going to make them fatter... hrrrf.

Despite this, Mar opened their mouth to let Grief cram it full of chocolates, gulping down the hearty mouthful before opening for more and more. Chocolate was just too good to quit, and they were more than ever curious as to who between the two could outeat the other. With Grief's assistance, the limiting factor was no longer how fat they were, or how tired they became just from eating; it was all a matter of who's stomach could outlast who's.

Mar wanted to be the one who won.

“Round eleven!”

Mar’s stomach actually began rubbing against the center of the table holding it up. It was now incredibly apparent that neither of them were getting up after this feast.

“Round twelve!”

Mar’s sides were now actually rubbing against the bottom of the table itself. Even more surprisingly, the feathered dragon could feel Kira’s scaly middle pressing against their own. Much more of this, and they could both end up lifting the table with their bellies alone!

“Round thirteen!”

Drat, unlucky thirteen. Mar found her consciousness slipping as Grief fed them, to the point where the other dragon had to lift their head up just to keep their mouth available to eat. “Don’t give up yet, whelp. I’m not hearing an ‘I’m full’ from either of you!” Grief snarled.

But Mar was struggling just to keep their eyes open. Their throat was sore from the sheer amount being pushed through with every gulp, not to mention how strained and stuffed their stomach was. No, they won’t admit defeat yet, but saying they weren’t full was a flat out lie. It was safe to say they’ve never, ever felt this level of fullness in their entire time staying at the Silver Tongues.

And they absolutely, positively *loved* it.

That feeling of tautness, even beneath layers upon layers of fat, was just simple ecstasy. If only someone else could come and rub their enormous belly, it would have felt incredible! If only this feeling could last forever and ever.

But alas, Mar was fading fast, and before they knew it the world had gone dark, and their head fell to the grass below. Dammit, they lost...

Normally after waking up from such a massive feast, Mar and Kira would get up and stretch their bodies, maybe stroll around the area before coming back for breakfast. In fact, as Mar slowly shook off the groggy sleepiness from themselves, that was the first thing they were about to do.

But when they raised their head, they found not an empty table, but a table laden with more chocolates, and a glaring Grief.

“W-what’s this?” They asked, blinking.

"Round fourteen" The male snorted, looking between the two. "None of you ever said you're full, meaning the contest is still going. Open up."

Mar's eyes widened at the shock of it all. Seriously?! They were going to eat even more?! Even Kira sounded astonished as her chubby, chocolate-covered head suddenly lifted up from the table. "B-but I'm not even hungry, Grief!"

"Y-yeah!" Mar chimed in, grunting as they slowly pulled themselves into a seated position, their gut wobbling against their legs. "A-and the rules said we're disqualified if we take longer than five minutes to eat our serving."

"The rules are liable to change!" Grief snarled. "I can't believe what I'm hearing. Are you two really satisfied to end it at a stalemate? No, I think not! You must find out which of you is superior, and to do that, the contest continues until one of you give out. Now eat!"

Grief was an interesting dragon, wasn't he? Mar wasn't sure whether to despise him or pity him. To think the black dragon once despised the pair for their gluttonous ways, now he was obsessed with finding the limits to said gluttony, just for the sake of some silly contest the pair made earlier. It'd be easy to simply dismiss him as just not being right in the head and continue about their day.

But Mar was curious which of them *was* the better eater, still...

Kira was one step ahead. The gray dragoness flopped right back onto their side, their stomach sloshing heavily against themselves as they opened their maw. "Me first!"

Grief nodded, grabbing a handful of chocolate cupcakes and stuffing them into Kira's gullet. "Looks like you might be the winner after all."

Ooooh, Mar *hated* Grief! With a snarl, they flopped over as well, their own flabby red belly spilling against the table. "No playing favorites, Grief!"

The male chuffed. "I wouldn't dare."

Their contest didn't end that day either. Or the next.

When they were awake, they were either being fed, or waiting to be fed. That's how it went between Kira and Mar, who both allowed themselves to be stuffed relentlessly each and every day until they simply passed out from fullness. Grief may have believed he was settling a contest between two dragons, but the fattened pair hardly thought of it as such.

They both just really, really liked chocolates!

Mar had fully accepted that themselves and Kira were bound to become impossibly fat, and would continue to grow so as the days went on. Their chocolate addiction was just too strong at this point, even if it was being force fed to them by the most abrasive dragon known to mankind. In fact, they actually found themselves craving the sweet treat whenever it wasn't their turn to eat, even if they were already on the brink of fullness. Just watching Kira being crammed full of it made them want their own turn next!

The feeling of being absolutely chock full of the delicious morsels, of having their taut, tight belly played with, made the weight gain absolutely worth it. Who cared if they couldn't find a position without their belly touching the ground in some way? Who cared if their paws no longer could reach the ground anyways? Who cared if they couldn't even reach past their own enormity and fully required outside assistance to eat? Who cared if they, or even Kira, were now eye-level with the 8-foot tall Grief while laying on their stomachs?

Flying was overrated. So was mobility of any kind.

Mar honestly hoped they'd never leave the chocolatey haze they perpetually found themselves in. They were practically drunk on the food right now, even as they watched Kira being fed. Grief actually needed the assistance of several tables piled up just to climb to and reach the dragoness's maw, dumping literal buckets of pure, melted chocolate into her pudgy, multi-chinned face. Round two hundred-something, right?

They fidgeted anxiously within themselves, their body sloshing this way and that. Hurry up, Grief! It was their turn to eat!

Mar blinked suddenly; someone was climbing their own set of tables to meet their face as well. Those were usually reserved for Grief to feed them; everyone else who wanted to help either dropped off the piles of chocolate for Grief to feed them, or stayed around to rub along their enormous, billowing stomachs. Even laying on them, both sets of bellies spilled out quite far; their flanks wide enough for anthros to nap on, actually!

But past their cheek-clouded vision, Mar noticed a familiar gold dragon peeking in on them, smiling. "Goodness, you two grow quickly! At this rate, Grief will need to feed you from the second floor by the end of the year!"

Mar scoffed at that. Yeah, they were fat. So what? Where's the chocolate!?

But the gold dragon... Theo was his name? Yeah, Theo! Anyways, Theo continued to hang around, a playful grin on his face. "Can you even move your arms or legs at this size?"

Mar grunted. Arms and legs were impossible; the former were swallowed up into donut-shaped rolls in their torso, and the latter, while not *quite* as severe, were still far too heavy

to move. Hands and feet could still be rotated, albeit only barely, as though anyone really noticed the tiny blue appendages attached to their blobbish violet frame. Hopefully they did soon, though. Their silver armband, hidden beneath those thick mounds of blubber, was in need of an upsizing, despite it being large enough to wrap over any dragon's waist!

Theo chuckled at the display of movement, or lack thereof. "Oh, dear. What about the wings and tail?"

Mar never even thought to lift their wings in the months since losing reach of the ground, but with a bit of effort, they actually did manage to lift them up high, showing off their beautiful blue, violet, and red plumage... for roughly a couple seconds. Just like that, they folded back down onto the obese dragon's back, causing them to pant and wobble from the effort. Dragon wings almost never put on weight; it was purely Mar's lack of muscles that prevented them from being used.

The tail, on the other hand, still retained enough strength to sway, but only just. The base of it was still far too wide to even attempt to move, much of it resting against the dragon's enormous pancake belly. It did gradually taper down lower along their tail; if Mar had to guess, they could still move the lower half just barely. Alas, it wasn't just the intense weight or lack of muscle that fought back; that tail was just so fat and wide, it was nearly impossible to bend!

Theo found this information quite humorous, given the way he laughed. "Oh my, oh my! You're almost too fat to use any part of your body now! I figured you two were big eaters, but to see for myself just how far you're willing to grow just for another chocolatey bite is just impressive! Even now, you're not concerned at all about how utterly helpless you are, are you? All you care about is your next serving."

A low, bellowing growl was Mar's answer to that, but it didn't come from them. Their stomach, having heard the mention of chocolate, let loose its own cry of hunger, demanding to be satiated.

Theo even raised a brow to that outburst. "Sounds as though I should let you be, huh? My apologies for the interruption, Maranai. I'll be going-"

"Wait!"

Mar didn't know what prompted them to speak out; it'd been days since they even said a word, after all. But Theo's presence, the way he asked them to test their mobility, even the coy teasing, it was all enough for Mar to shake off the chocolatey fog clouding their judgement and speak out. "Why... Why do you have so much chocolate?"

It was a question that had been on their mind for some time, but now, finally now, they had the opportunity to ask.

Theo paused, his smile waning. He must not have been expecting that question, but it didn't take long for him to come up with a response. "Does it matter?"

Mar blinked. No, it did not. Because at the end of the day, they were going to eat a stomach-splitting amount of chocolate again, before passing out and waking up bigger than ever, continuing the cycle.

With the question no longer in their head, Mar had no further reason to even think about rejecting the chocolate as Grief finally came to their side, ready to continue their feeding.

They really, really liked chocolate.