

“So.. your magic, here.. it can recreate things? Because ah.. if it can, I might just have something I could share and-”

The small, secluded patch of trees with the natural hot spring by it was occupied by three people. One red-skinned Zora princess, one well-known Hylian one, and then Ichiro. The mantid's gray body and green limbs blended in with the natural setting a little better than did the other two, but otherwise he stuck out quite a bit in Hyrule. As did the object next to him – a metal chest covered in unfamiliar runes and metal objects.

It was the box that had the attention of the two Princesses, particularly Zelda.

“I do! It uh, I mean it might *technically* be a bit of a misuse of time magic which is just.. I mean, if you're going to be a Princess you ought to have a bit of fun with things right?”

Mipha raised a brow at Zelda's statement. Ichiro did too, but it was the second Princess that had the right to speak up about the matter.

“That seems a little.. Well, if you're certain this isn't going too far?”

While both Ichiro and Mipha looked a bit skeptical, Zelda did not. Having that confidence displayed for a few moments wore down the hesitance. Ichiro leaned his bulky frame over and opened the chest, a soft hiss and a mist of cool air emerged – as did a potent aroma of spiced meat.

“I've had a few of these saved since we – my partners and I – were stranded here in your world. They are..”

Ichiro began to unload the fridge's contents onto a stone table between him and the Princesses. The food looked distinctly out of place for Hyrule – fried chicken was closer than most, but the frozen burgers and the nacho trays were a bit exotic looking. Ichiro kept unloading the chest freezer, setting out a small feast before the three of them, though all the motion was making the corpulent mantid's belly rumble ominously. On the last lurch over he ended up letting a thundering *Vwurummphhrrrrppt*- out that made him freeze, eyes snapping to the Princesses, half expecting to be exiled over it.

Mipha had her face covered.. but ended up slipping into a giggle.

“..Are these delicacies prone to causing such.. outbursts, sir Ichiro?”

The fat mantid couldn't speak intelligently anymore. He did at least release enough tension (and another fart) to ease back down onto his ass, but he was left babbling for a few moments while Princess Zelda began to weave a bit of magic around the arranged feast.

“There! That should do it. You can put these away now if you like, sir Ichiro. I've ah.. 'flashed' the spot so to speak? I can return it to now – with the food on it – while you keep the originals. Of course.. I might have to do it again in minute when we've cooked these..”

Ichiro, blushing about as hard as his body allowed him to, put all four arms to work re-packing his chest. Mipha and Zelda did the rest, producing enough fire to get the food heated properly and re-flashing it when it was fully ready to eat. It was a modest looking feast when split three ways, but then.. they got to split it more than once.

Mipha still felt a bit hesitant about the matter of using time magic like this – until she got her teeth into the first morsel of fried chicken. That left the Zora Princess' eyes wide and her hands shaking a little, but only briefly. Only until she recovered enough to start tearing into more of the succulent, greasy meat and other delicious, spiced morsels. The sight of *that* was enough to put Ichiro back at ease, or close enough to it that he didn't resist his own snarling, hungry belly anymore. Zelda opted to start with what *seemed* like the more dainty option, the little crispy flatbread things with the pile of meat, cheese, spices, and vegetables one was meant to scoop onto them. One bite into that had *her* losing her composure and restraint as well.

There were definitely a few things actually said about the food, the sheer intensity of the flavors and the heft of it in their bellies, but most of it just came out as a jumbled mess squeezed in around mouths full of succulent treats. Ichiro, being the obese glutton he was, intended to take full advantage of the chance to finally savor his home's food again and was stuffing his face as fast as his practiced gluttony and four arms could manage. The mantid was eating with *abandon*. Mipha wasn't really very far behind, the Zora was stripping meat from bone with the gusto of a proper predator and kept letting out happy little moans as she did so.

It wasn't like Zelda was holding back either, she just had her mind on what she was seeing. Also she had to keep her thoughts and spirit clear enough to re-activate the time snapshot whenever the three of them were almost out of their arranged bounty. Twice now that resulted in Ichiro sitting back, grunting as he rubbed at his massive belly with two arms and wiped his mouth clean with the others, letting out a bellowing *HWUOOORPHHBB-* and muttering something in a language she did not understand.. and then finding the whole thing recreated.

A moment or two later Ichiro's belly would snarl again and the mantid would lean forward, fighting against the immensity of his own ass, inevitably letting out a *VwuruRMPHHHHHBT-* as he

hunched over to reach for more to stuff his face with. Even Mipha ended up getting a good belch or two in. Zelda.. Well, she certainly felt *something* brewing in the heavy, warm knot of satisfaction in her stomach. The Princess got around to one of the thick, dripping sandwiches next. The one with the crispy meat on top of the *other* meat and the dense cheese and the green things and-

“Hhhmphy.. *sphtughud...* g- *BWURPHHB*- Ohmy.. that w-was..”

The outburst got a bout of giggling out of Mipha and quite the grin out of Ichiro, though the mantid was far too busy chewing and swallowing to offer any comment. Mipha was between legs of chicken though, so she could spare it.

“Unladylike? I won't tell if you won't~”

Zelda couldn't help but grin, and end up blushing a bit further and staring some when she saw Ichiro reach forward once more. Every single time the mantid did he'd bend just enough at the waist and then that mammoth ass of his would open up and vent humid, pungent pressure all over the plants behind him. It seemed like the odd interloper in their world had no control over it at all.

Watching him eat like this was leaving Zelda distracted. Thoughtful. Hungry.. but not for food. Not *just* for food, anyway. She was still absolutely ravenous for the strange delicacies, but the sight of what they could do to a person..?

The Princess imagined herself like Ichiro – as wide as she was tall, or wider still. Sputtering from every opening with every casual little movement.. but then, she was Princess Zelda.

..Surely.. she could go further. The thigh of fried chicken she bit into was so succulent it left a rivulet of juice dribbling down Zelda's chin as she imagined herself bigger even than Ichiro, having a palanquin to be carried in by her subjects, issuing decrees that her entire kingdom should be *at least* as fat as their guest was.. To make him comfortable.

..A Princess could do that. Couldn't she?