

Ahh meatoberfest, the perfect place to spend one's R&R. Free to just kick back and relax, not a ghost nor Flame Legion soldier in sight, free to stuff yourself with enough meat and mead as you can hold. Which was exactly what Kiz intended as he lumbered into camp. The aroma of fresh grilled meat wafted to his snout making the heavy set charr's maw water and his large gut rumble. It never ceased to amaze him how good everything smelled the moment he entered Butchers Block.

Kiz quickly muscled his way through the crowd right up to the meat cart and grabbed the largest hunk he saw, wasting no time to take a huge bite, teeth sinking down to the skewer. His free paw grabbed for another as he chewed, prompting one of the crowd he's just forced past to remark: "Hey! Save some meat for the rest of us fatso!" followed by grumbles and murmurs of agreement from the rest of the group.

"What this?" Kiz held up the second serving of meat. "This is for my friend." He spoke with mock innocence and a smirk. The greedy charr swished his tufted tail, making arcane gestures with one hand as he held the meat in his jaws. "See?" he mumbled through his full mouth, conjuring up a clone of himself then handing it the meat. "I couldn't let such a fine charr soldier go hungry could I? Especially one with such a nice strong figure." He then gave his mirror image a pat on its belly, his palm sinking in the illusions flab.

That little stunt didn't sit well with the crowd who had now began to bare down on and surround the snarky mesmer and his clone. "My my, you all have such tempers, maybe you lot should just hurry and get a snack!" Both spoke in unison as they grabbed the sides of the meat cart, and shoved it over into the crowd. The two used the resulting confusion to duck away with a quick portal, but not before pilfering as much meat as they could, stuffing it in his bag and carrying bunches of meat skewers under their arms.

The duo grinned to themselves both stuffing hunks of meat into their faces as they reappeared outside a tent far cross the village. "Oh great. It's you again, Tell me how many days ya have so I can order the appropriate month's worth of meat and ale keep that big mouth of yours fed." The charr behind the bar grumbled seeing the two enter and already rolling out a fresh keg even know itn the current one was more than half full.

"Oh come on, Yenico. I don't eat -that- much." Kiz retorted, echoed by his clone, both of their maws muffled by mawfulls of meat. The bartender looked unconvinced, seeing the small hoard of meat crammed in the larger charr's satchel "What this? It's just that Ol' Rend's cooking is so good I wanted to make sure I had leftovers to take back" The two continues speaking together.

"Ha! You leaving leftovers. Good one!" Yenico laughed, pouring two mugs, setting them on the bar "Whatever you say, long as you pay your tab! As much as you put away you must have funded the next few months of meatoberfest all yourself!"

“What can I say? I’m just a patron of the arts.” Kiz and his clone chuckle, plopping heavily onto two open stools, making them groan and creak, ponderous backsides overflowing the seats. The two toss their now picked clean skewers aside and grab new ones from their pilfered stockpile, and grab the mugs chugging the ale down like water.

“The arts, riiight” Yenico cocked an eyebrow filling both mugs “And you better not be wasting this stuff. I hope for your sake your illusion there isn’t just dumping my ale on the ground.” Yenico looked to the both of the oversized charr, not even sure himself which was the original.

The duo both looked taken aback by that statement, seeming quite offended before they spoke “I’m shocked you would think like that! Me waste food and good ale! That’s absurd! I will have you know that whatever I eat all goes to one belly. I’m just divvying up the task for more efficiency! Really, you should know me better than that.” The two huffed, crossing their arms always moving and speaking in tandem.

The bartender sighed “Alright fine I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have jumped to conclusions” though his tone was less apologetic and more annoyed at the mesmers antics

“I dunno... my feelings are quite hurt. You must have something to make up for it?” They grinned together slyly. Only for Yenico to roll his eyes.

“Really? Already playing that card huh? Fine. I don’t need an emotional fatty scarfing everything down in hurt feelings;” Yenico looked between the mesmer and his clone “...let alone two. Here hold on a sec.” He disappeared into the back, among the storage boxes shuffling things around for a few minutes before returning with a box. “Here, I had this dessert I was saving, an apple pie. Apple is your favorite right? You can have half” He opened the box and sighed cutting half and setting it between the two who looked to it, to each other and then back to the bartender who already knew what was coming.

“But.. There’s two of us. This wouldn’t be enough...” the mesmer and his clone looked to the bartender with big cub-eyes

“Arrrggg. Fine! Have the whole damn thing.” Yenico growled shoving the rest of the pie over the counter.

“Thank you!” The duo grinned grabbing the pie and shoving it all down their gullets, the whole pastry gone in mere moments. Both tails swishing in contentment as they washed down the ill gotten treat with more ale.

“You know the two of you keep going like that you’re gonna end up too large for duty. You have let yourself go a good bit.”

“Let myself go? No no I’m just bulking up” Kiz and his clone dismissed the idea, both flexing their flabby biceps. “Look at all this.” They stood hefting their round heavy middles, giving them a pat and wobble before turning to face and gut bump against each other while smirking to Yenico. “This is but the foundations to a great and mighty body worthy of a tribune!” The gripped and wobbled eachothers bulging side rolls. “Why would you deny this body its right to grow to perfection?” They asked, their voices taking a soft almost seductive tone while their eyes briefly flickered with a purple glow

The bartender found himself staring at the mesmers’ display, his tail twitching, and face flushing red under his fur. “I-I well...” he stammered, slipping under the mesmers subtle influence as he met their gaze.

“Why don’t you get us some more meat? Hmm, and some cheese as well.” The mesmer ordered in unison with his clone “All on the house of course. We’re a bit low on silver at the moment and you would hate to see us go hungry riiight?”

“R-right..” Yenico muttered under his trance walking out without a second thought, leaving the bar to fetch Kiz and his clone their second course. In the meantime the two sat back on the stools, scarfing down meat and ale to their heart’s content. The duo’s bellies filled out over their laps billowing over their thick thighs. The stools began creaking and groaning even more under the building weight before they suddenly gave out with a crack, collapsing and dumping the glutton and clone to the floor with a heavy thud.

The two grunted from the impact. The clone flickered as it winced, losing its color and detail before its form cracked and then shattered. Kiz huffed as his gut suddenly rolled outward forcing him to lean back. The overstuffed charr belched loudly as he gripped his burgeoning gut, feeling its force push out as it effectively doubled in size. The mesmer groaned as he flopped on his back, tail idly swishing as he rubbed his gurgling ponderous stomach “This will be a fine week” Kiz mused to himself before letting out another belch and sigh, licking his lips.