

Gotta Cook That

*Oh hey,
troll meat!*

Smells good!



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A Collaboration with Smallergod

Jenny Belongs to Smallergod

Vic Belongs to Victor Waite

An illustrated story of gastric consequences! After a hard-won battle against a terrifying beast, Jenny and Vic settle down to enjoy its spoils. The pair feast on the troll's delicious meat, eating their fill and then some. Despite their victory, it may be too soon for dropped guards. Trolls are tricky even in death, a lesson Vic is poised to learn the hard way.

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Mature** readers and the following tags apply: Collaboration, [Vic], [Jenny], (Smallergod), Mature, Short Story, Cowsune, Hybrid, Donkey, Couple, Fat, Chubby, Eating, Feeding, Belly Stuffing, Belly Play, Weight Gain, Troll Thickening

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By Smallergod

Winds sweep the star-lit meadow, and the sounds of rustling grass fill the air. That soft noise is all that dare break the evening tranquility, save for the occasional croak of a greyling. Moon-lit rocks dot the otherwise unbroken rolling hills, leaving nothing to slow the gentle breeze. A landscape unspoilt and untarnished, a testament to the untamed beauty of the Midgardian wilderness. Still, nature's sprawl is not entirely unchecked. At the far end of a clearing, nestled against the gentle shore of a vast lake, sits a

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wooden cabin. Bathing in the glow of the warm fires within, a pair of figures feast and relish the bounty of the land.

Jenny and Vic rest at the center of their home, seated on a comfortable rug woven from the finest grasses. Jenny's plush belly spills into her lap and rolls across her thighs, an obvious measure of the land's bounty. The trials of the wilderness keep the donkey somewhat slim, however. The axe on her back bares the notches of extensive logging, proof of her mettle and determination to settle. Her bow carries a flexibility brought only through use, and her arrows fly true with her trained eye. If Vic's word is not testament enough, the heap of troll meat between them give her boasts truth. One would need to be quick to check, however. Jenny's appetite has only grown with her skills, and she chomps and chews with the same ferocity that fuels her hunts.

While Jenny indulges, Vic recovers. Laying the troll low was an equal effort between them, though their roles in the feat were anything but. Where Jenny challenged the colossal creature with marksmanship, Vic put her axe to the test. In truth, neither had expected her to escape unscathed. The idea that a sharpened rock could bring down a monster several times their size is laughable, but the proof is in their meal. Even if Vic ended up being a distraction more than anything else. The cowsune's legs tremble with the fresh memories of narrowly dodged swings and baleful, murderous looks. Fortunately for the chubby hybrid, her hunger brings her from those visions. Bolstered in the presence of such delicious food, her stomach roars and demands her cut of the feast.

Unfortunately, Vic waits just a little too long to claim it.

A dreamy expression of anticipation drifts across her muzzle as she reaches out for their plate, only to grasp empty air. Curiosity arches the donkey's brow while she watches her lover slap the empty plate, confused as to why she'd do so. Vic's eyes snap open

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and she confirms her worst fears. She fights back the urge to lift the dish and check for scraps, and instead gives a defeated look to Jenny.

"It's all gone," she mourns.

Jenny gulps down the last of her bite. "No it's not, there's still plenty outside."

"Yeah, but its not cooked. I don't want to wait, I'm hungry now!"

"You can eat troll raw."

"You can?"

"You can," Jenny offers. "I don't think it's the best way to eat it, but as long as you don't make a habit of it, you should be fine."

Vic pauses a moment, clearly thinking that option through. "It should still be fresh enough for that, right?"

The donkey shrugs. "It really doesn't get any fresher. That boy was knocking down trees barely an hour ago."

"True." Despite that admission, Vic hesitates until another needy rumbled from her belly spurs her to action.

With her axe at her side, Vic ventures out into the darkness. Though she doesn't venture beyond the soft glow of their fire, the cowsune can't help the sens of unease that creeps in. The broken silhouette of the slain troll is only slightly less intimidating than its living version, though the hungry huntress presses on. She swallows her fear and approaches the fallen creature, then helps herself to its juiciest portions. Vic scans the surrounding brush while she works, weary of the glowing-eyed creatures that tend to lurk at

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that hour. The hybrid doesn't truly relax until she's carved off a pair of delectable, bone-in steaks. She takes one in each hands and steps back inside, swiftly earning Jenny's full attention. Despite finishing off a double portion mere moments ago, the donkey's belly rumbles and her mouth salivates at the sight.

"Aww, you didn't have to bring in another troll steak for me," she swoons.

"I didn't," Vic grins.

"Oh."

"These are both for me. One to cook, and one to snack on while the other cooks."

The donkey gives a less-than-impressed look but says nothing as Vic takes her seat by the fire. Her thighs squish and splay across the firm floor as she crosses her legs, creating a perfect shelf for her belly. The cowsune lays the smaller of the two across the cooking spit, sets it slowly spinning, then sets her gaze on the larger. Both Jenny and Vic watch intently while she brings it to her mouth, both curious about the meat's flavor and taste. The donkey fails to conceal her jealousy at that first bite, a chomp that unleashes a torrent of delectable juices. Vic hums in delight as that savory burst washes over her tongue, a sound her stomach answers with a needy rumble. She allows herself only a few seconds to chew and indulge in its primal palate, before her hollow middle demands she swallow it down. As she does so, Jenny watches that subtle bulge roll down her neck.

When Jenny asks Vic how it tastes, the cowsune only offers a hedonistic sigh before going in for the next bite. Where her first chomp was one of curious exploration, the second was one of gluttonous hunger. The cowsune wraps her lips around that steak

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as far as she can, then tears off a cheek-filling chunk. She struggles to close her mouth around that meaty mass, and her gastric determination ensures she doesn't fail. A subtle heat kindles in Jenny's muzzle with that display, a blush that intensifies when her lover moves to swallow it down. The pair's gluttonous natures are no secret from one another, but so rarely do they get to freely indulge. Vic catches Jenny's interest in the corner of her eye, spurring her to indulge her lover. It's the least she can do for neglecting to bring the donkey another serving, after all.

Once sure Vic has her full attention, the cowsune tips her head back and points her muzzle to the sky. She works her tongue over and around that massive, unchewed bite, then pulls it back to the entrance of her gullet. Jenny's eyes widen as a subtle bulge develops at the top of her neck. It becomes decidedly less so when she takes that first swallow. That lump swiftly swells to an obvious size, and each successive gulp draws it deeper into the cowsune's abyss. The donkey can hear it move as much as she can see it, and the combination of both sight and sound almost make her forget her own hunger. It only takes a few seconds for the greedy hybrid to claim it entirely, forcing that mouthful down behind her chest. Jenny watched her lover's breasts bounce with its passing, and its drop into the first of her empty stomachs is almost audible.

Vic waits for Jenny's rapt attention to drift back to her muzzle, where a sly grin waits for the donkey.

Seeking to outdo herself, the cowsune raises what remains of her steak over her head. Her jaws part, strands of drool stretch between her parting fangs, and her tongue lolls out in anticipation. Vic's intent dawns on Jenny, and the donkey's stomach squishes out from her lap with her forward lean. The hybrid makes a show of lowering that steak between her lips and gives it several licks on the way down. Her mouth spreads wider and wider as it nears the back of her tongue, until she's at her limit. Even that seems to come up

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just short however, and the meat's rounded edge grazes her outstretched tongue. Still, she continues on, wiggling and nudging its far edge into her gullet. Vic only stops when nothing but bone protrudes from her lips, and after a second of pause, closes her jaw with a click.

Or at least, she tries to. Where her second bite was a literal mouthful, the remainder of her meal is nearly a full course. Her cheeks bulge out wide as she struggles to bring her lips together, and her eyes screw shut while she works that over-sized steak deeper down her gullet. Her neck swells with her efforts, nearly swallowing the hunk of meat before she succeeds. A glint flashes in her eye with that cleared hurdle, and her teeth close in on that massive cut of meat. Jenny begins to wonder why she doesn't just swallow the whole thing, until the fruits of her labor show. The corners of Vic's mouth curl in a grin when that gastric bulge drops lower in her throat, a gesture followed by a hearty swallow. That slick sound comes with a subtle drop, spurring the cowsune gulp again and again. Seconds turn to minutes as she works it down, and once the meat is safely stowed in her stomach, she purses her lips and pulls the cleaned bone free.

That flourish earns a gasp and golf clap from Jenny, which Vic readily basks in. The cowsune leans back and indulgently rubs her stomach, showing off the stuffed swell of her upper belly. A quick pat shakes loose a shameless belch, a gluttonous proclamation that fills their home and wilds beyond. Jenny offers a burp of her own, and with their mutual satisfaction announced, the two snuggle close in the warmth of their fire. An intimate moment passes while they kiss each other's cheeks and nudge each other's middles, each grope and squeeze more flirtatious than the last. For better or worse, the scent of perfectly cooked troll meat derails their affectionate momentum. Despite their recent meals, both of their stomachs rumble at the prospect of more food. Instead of arguing

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over who has greater claim of the steak however, the pair reach an unspoken compromise.

Vic reaches out and plucks the meat from its spit, then holds it up between them. They share an understanding look, then bite into the meat together. Soft compliments to figures and cooking alike flow between them, as do gentle squeezes and affectionate kisses. The moon arcs through the sky outside while they finish the last of their feast, and by the time it reaches its apex, the doting couple drift off into a well-earned food coma.

The high chirps of birdsong announce the arrival of morning, stirring the lovers from their sleep. Reclined against Vic's soft belly, Jenny is the first to wake. Her arms stretch overhead and a yawn pours from her muzzle, culminating in a gentle hawww as she wakes. A grin spreads across her muzzle with the lingering weight of last night's dinner, a pleasant reminder of her gluttonous tendencies. Her palms drift to the plush swell of her middle, where she softly kneads her dough. The embers of the cook fire slowly burn off the chill of the morning, a battle that gradually tips in the former's favor as the sun peaks over the hills. The rest of the house warms while that light floods in, the new day offering its welcome. By the time Jenny sees fit to get up, she's coaxed her stomach into rumbling for breakfast.

Vic remains asleep however, a problem the donkey begins solving. She rolls off her lover and tends to the cowsune's middle much as her own, pressing and squeezing that plush mound of flab. Curiosity crosses her brow when kneads the upper curve of Vic's belly, and she gives pause to squish her fingers deeper. Just beneath that plush pelt she finds an unexpected firmness, lending that portion of her middle a much tighter arc. Jenny's confusion deepens as she explores lower, finding the cowsune's love handles much more in line with expectations. She's gained the proper amount of weight from digesting such a feast, but her stomach feels

freshly stuffed. The donkey shrugs that thought off however, and instead occupies herself with rousing Vic. Jenny's palms glide over the ashen pelt of that fattened dome, until they meet again in the shadow of the cowsune's overhang.

Once her grip is set, Jenny lifts and plaps that heavy stomach into Vic's lap. The first drop sends a ripple up her form and draws out meaningless sleepy murmurs. The second brings a blush to the cowsune's cheeks, and the third coaxes a soft moan from her lips. Her eyes open at the fourth, and before Jenny can give the fifth drop, Vic pounces and returns the favor. That motion reveals a truth to the hybrid. She bowls Jenny over with ease, flinging much more weight at her than intended. The following roll instills a sense of nausea as well, the distinct sensation of rough-housing with a dangerously full stomach. Vic only just succeeds in keeping their dinner down once she comes to rest. After confirming she wasn't about to lose it, the cowsune pokes a finger into her belly. As Jenny discovered, the upper roll of her stomach staunchly resists, pushing back with surprising hardness. Vic's stomach drops, and she pieces together what happened.

"Hey Jenny, trolls regenerate don't they?"

"That they do," she answers. "That's why I used fire arrows."

"Uh huh. So that means heat defeats their regeneration, right?"

"That's the impression I got."

"Do they keep regenerating after they go down?"

"I think so, but it takes a while. It would take a month or so for that one to come back," she says, tipping her head toward the results of their hunt.

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“That’s why you have to cook them, isn’t it?”

The donkey’s expression turns to one of distance while she processes the question. “I guess so. The meat’s not toxic or anything, so that must be why.”

As if on cue, Vic’s stomach lets loose a muffled gurgle. A look of confused pleasure plays across her eyes and her stomach grows noticeably tighter. “This might be a problem.”

Vic's Galleries

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are
a few places to find it

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

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