

Euka hadn't been in the main Burrows in quite some time, but eventually he had to come in for supplies and he knew it. He dislikes the city, it's always loud, overcrowded and mostly lawless with how chaotic it feels. So, for the most part, he just tried to avoid being in the city proper and get out as quickly as possible, his wagon behind him, already well stocked with the supplies he'd need for a few more months when he heard a muffled yet rhythmic sound. A strange pounding had his ears perking slightly, peeking into the window of the shop he found himself walking past to locate the sound. It seemed to be some sort of sweets shop and while he didn't see anyone in it, he did know the sound was coming from within, specifically toward the back.

Parking his cart in the alley to the left of Dan's Dango, he unclipped the harness around his waist before heading inside to ensure his supplies would be mostly undisturbed. After all, what is that odd pounding? Someone could need help! Euka glanced around at the sweets softly as he walked through the front of the store. "Hello? Is anyone here? I heard and strange-" his voice trailed off as he cautiously stepped past the counter and saw a bun passed put on a pile of pillows behind it. Is...is he okay? Euka cautiously approached before hearing a snore and sighing, realizing his fellow sloth brother was just napping, but the pounding sound continued rhythmically from a doorway down the hall.

How that bun is sleeping through that noise is beyond him, but he is still deeply fascinated by what he will find in the room, peeking into the doorway that lead to a very nice kitchen and his face immediately flushing as he saw a shirtless bun pounding some sort of white substance in a wooden bowl. The blue bun was very strong and his physique certainly reflected that. Euka kept just silently observing for a moment before Dan's gaze finally shifted to the object in his peripheral vision, his eyes narrowing slightly as he sat up, the mallet resting over his shoulder "You shouldn't be back here."

Being noticed and the deep voice calling attention to him made him jump momentarily before standing up straighter and stepping into the doorway fully "I know! I'm sorry but...what are you doing? I heard...a weird noise and you seem to be..mad at that dough?". As Euka stepped further into the kitchen and spoke, Dan's eyebrow raised in confusion and curiosity at the oddly dressed stranger who just walked freely around his shop like he had no social understanding about the fact he basically broke into the shop's backrooms. "Mochi dough. You have to pound it to get the right texture and force out the air properly."

“ Mochi? “ Euka questioned before approaching the tray of mochi that Dan had already finished, rows of deep blue and vibrant red mochi's, decorated with glitter and clouds respectively. They, admittedly, did look mouth watering, like the rest of the goods in his shop did. Dan nodded and walked over to the other “ I am working on my seasonal stock. I have dango and mochi I keep year round but during special times, like Mochi Moon, I prepare special recipes. And especially during this season, I have a lot of orders to fill and special rituals I have to finish myself, for Allocer's offering”. Euka nodded, it has been a long time since he celebrated any of the more typical holidays but he does have some vague Mochi Moon memories of fireworks.

The gray bun's vision shifted back to the well toned bun who was explaining vaguely the flavor of this seasonal mochi, taking in his appearance more than his words now, and this time it wasn't just to admire his muscles. No, he was noticing the man was...tired. His breath a bit labored, sweating and often shifting or adjusting his muscles, he could tell that Dan had been working himself to the bone for this season's mochi batches. And that simply won't do. Euka slipped off his shawl and untied his lily pad “ Well then! I can help make this go quicker for you”.

Dan looked reasonably skeptical at the stranger, setting his mallet on the counter before he crossed his arms, flexing a bit unintentionally as he did “ You know, I don't even know your name, how can I really expect you to be competent enough to help me with production of such a special batch of mochi?”. That's a fair point, Euka could admit that as he nodded and went to the sink to wash his hands “ I can understand those worries, but I am stronger than I look. You can handle the decor and such, give your muscles and break, and I can just pound the dough for you!”.

Though Dan still seemed hesitant, his muscles were screaming for a break and some assistance. He sighed and nodded, watching Euka dry his hands and walk back over before he handed over the mallet. Taking the batch he had just finished from the mortar, he set in the next and let Euka start pounding the dough as he explained what changes in its consistency that Euka should be looking for, to know when it's done. Though this was a lot more physically demanding than it previously looked, Euka did eventually fall into a good swing of things, occasionally asking Dan about the seasonal mochi and getting a bit of a refresher course on Mochi Moon as a holiday. He even got a few of Dan's mochi secrets out of him as they worked, hearing about his other seasonal mochi recipes and the decor for them, which he promised he'd come back to try.

When they finished working, Dan sighed and stretched, popping his shoulders and neck while Euka rubbed his wrist “ Well...I can see where you got your muscles at least. Who knew making sweets was such a workout! “. Dan cut one of the red orange mochi in half, splitting it with the swamp bun as a silent thank you for the assistance. As Euka popped it into his mouth with a purr and moved to retrieve his accessories, he realized that they had still never actually introduced themselves to each other.

“ By the way, I'm Euka. “ he started cheerily as Dan moved to put the mochi into one of the large fridges, chuckling gently “ Dan. “. There was a moment of silence as Euka put his shawl back on before he cut it once more“ Well, Dan...are you aware that there is a bun passed out behind your front counter? “