

“Gerald, you know you're going to brick your phone if you keep downloading strange, silly apps like that. I know it's funny putting filters on everything but-”

The otter couple met eyes mid-sentence, with Gerald wearing a small grin as he did. His wife Aubrey was just returning with their meal in the mall food court while they both killed time until the movie they had come to see was due to start.

“I mean, eventually one of them is probably going to bite me in the ass, yeah. But that'll be my fault when it happens and I give you complete permission to 'told you so' me when it does.”

Gerald zipped past a number of disclaimers, terms of service, and user agreements without paying them much mind. His attention was on his wife. Aubrey and he both looked.. normal, really. That was kind of the problem, Gerald was tired of nothing much standing out about either of them and he had things on his mind that make life with his wife more exciting. Or, well.. his dick sure had things on its mind about that. Gerald was just entertaining that side of him for now.

Worst case scenario, maybe he gets kicked out of a movie later. For now? He was pointing the camera at his wife and tapping up on one of the options until it read 'two hundred' and then selecting 'confirm' while she handed him his two taco box.

“Well, I'll make sure I remember th- *h-huff*- at. Oof. I wonder if I should've ordered two triples for myself instead of just one and-”

It was a gradual shift, but not *that* gradual. Gerald was able to watch as his wife packed on weight all over her body. Nobody *else* seemed to be noticing, but for him there was the maddening delight and satisfaction of watching his wife's B-cups balloon out into big head-sized tits he couldn't wait to get his hands on later. Her hips were catching an awful lot of that weight too, sprawling out and lifting up her skirt. She ripped through the first course of her meal in mere moments, looking up with bits of shell and cheese and meat on her plump, rounded face.

“..Y-yeah.. Yeah I think I want mo- *oof*- more, I feel so *weirdly* hungry. You want extra, hun? Cuz I'm eating yours if you don't do something with it soon.”

That threat was *mostly* empty. Gerald shook his head, but he did it while getting started on his own triple with a nacho supreme tray. He *was* hungry of course, that was always the case, but mostly he wanted to watch his wife's fat ass waddling away back to the lines at the Mexican place while he eyeballed that app a bit more and looked around the food court for..

“Ah, that'll do. Heh, might as well stop holding back with this thing~”

Shoveling *most* of his first course into his face before he stood up, with quite a lot of it tucked into his cheeks, Gerald eased out of his seat and coaxed his own flabby body into moving. It was *really* nice seeing his wife swaying around, as fat as he was finally. But now that he'd had a taste.. Gerald began to waddle himself over toward the least busy stall in the food court – the bakery. It had an already overweight owner working the register, and a beaver to boot. There was always something about beavers that tickled Gerald a bit, maybe it had to do with them spending a lot of time in rivers too, but pair that with being a baker? Gerald wasn't the most impressive specimen himself but that might be why he had a *thing* for large packages.

“Hey there! Did I read that sign of yours right about the cream cheese stuffed donuts? Because yes – an entire dozen of that – as fast as I can get it. A whole twelve inch- err, donuts.”

A nod from the beaver was the first answer he got, that and the thick ruddertail turning around to start loading a box full of monumentally dense donuts. While he was at that, facing the other way, Gerald got his phone out. His cock was throbbing already as he imagined what the beaver would look like naked and packing. Twelve inches sounded *just about* right for that. Twelve more than whatever he already had anyway. Gerald tapped in the number and the target, phone pointing at the beaver, and hit confirm. A dull, meaty thump followed that.

Gerald took a second to realize it was his own dick bumping against the side of the counter that had made the sound. His shorts were light things, loose too, and his own knee-slapper of a cock was getting too damn excited when the baker turned around carrying that box and with his apron being bulged outward by a painfully obvious erection. Bit by bit it stretched further out, like it was pulling the ties on the apron loose. It was hard to say whether he licked his lips over the pastries or the dick he was staring at.

“That looks.. *fabulous*. I can't wait to get my mouth around it.”

Whether the comment hit or not the beaver's first reaction was a casual chuckle, and then an equally casual reach under his apron to tug at that throbbing dick of his and a full body shiver to follow it. A damp patch started forming *immediately* after and Gerald could feel one of his own forming as it did. It did strike him as *a little* odd that nobody seemed to notice that, or care, but they didn't care about his dick leaking either so..

Shuffling, waddling, awkwardly back toward his wife before he did something entirely too forward right there in the open took some effort on Gerald's part. Plus the walk and being on his feet

was taking a lot out of him. He felt his shorts bunching up into the folds of his ass and between his thighs, his shirt riding up over his belly. It didn't matter. Besides, seeing his wife sprawled out with her ass taking up two chairs was a damn fine sight too.. That skirt of hers rested atop it like a tea cozy and hid.. well, not much of anything. Gerald got to get under that later, and he could share the donuts with her now. The otter found that she'd brought a fresh tray of cheese fries and bacon burgers for him too, so that paired up *beautifully*.

“T- *hwuff*- that looks.. *so good*. Heck I kind of want to just skip the movie and-”

Gerald was still panting too much to talk at the moment. That state didn't get any better when he pointed his phone at his wife and quietly added a fresh hundred and fifty pounds to her body. Watching Aubrey's already fat frame stuffing its face with cream filled pastries and fried chicken bloat out into layers of neck rolls as her belly spilled out of her top and onto her lap, over the skirt still doing its best to keep her 'decent', set his dick to pressing its way down his pants leg and right out into the open air. It was a marvel her top managed to stay in tact too, holding the beach ball sized mounds of pillowy soft otter flesh back while Gerald's dick twitched and thrummed in anticipation of getting between them. He could even feel it drooling while Aubrey's ass began to droop over the edges of both chairs and her arms started to wobble and jiggle with every little movement.

When he *could* talk again, Gerald still didn't. He was too hungry and he *knew* if he said a word it would be 'fuck me right now' and they were *still* in public. He had *always* wanted to see his wife as fat as he was, a big waddling heap of gelatinous flab – a few pizzas away from mobility scooters and assistance bars. The sight of it was enough to leave the otter breathless as all those folds and rolls blossomed onto Aubrey's oblivious form. It took an act of will to not just cum on the spot – and then she went and made it even harder..

“H-hey.. let's b- *hh.. hwuff..* - buzz over to the beach wear place real quick. I think I snapped my underwear and we have time before the movie still.”

Gerald let out a breathless nod as he watched his wife lift herself up with great, sloshing effort. A big wobbling heap of otter. It wasn't any easier for Gerald to get himself onto his feet but the shop in question was very close. Plus, he got to watch his wife's ass the whole way over to it. She was a bit less out of breath than he was when they got there though, probably from the sheer excitement of the prospect of shopping for a new bikini that *nobody would see* when she wore it due

to all of it sinking into her lard-assed body.

“That yer wife? I mean, don't mind me saying I hope, *hell* of a thing to watch going.”

From where he was leaning on the counter and huffing, Gerald lifted his head to see the person working said counter. An older badger, almost as fat as Aubrey.

“Sh- *hwurphhb*- she is, y-yeah. I uh, I just.. God she looks good in a bikini. Looks better snapping out of one after a big meal. “

There was an appreciative grunt from the badger after that.

“Gotta take a *lot* of man to get through all that and keep her happy. Not sure I've got any shorts that'd cover enough, heh.”

A breathless chuckle bubbled up from Gerald. The phrasing amused him – enough so that when he stumbled back to sit on a bench in the shop while Aubrey kept herself busy fighting with her own gigantic ass in the changing room Gerald dug his phone out from under his moobs and worked his fat fingers over the buttons again. That much man – that kind of comment, about someone else's wife. I mean sure.. it seemed meant well, but it just.. the impulse struck.

Give this guy *two* cocks. Let 'em hang down to his ankles and ramp up the libido and scale back the refractory period. See how he handles *that* kind of thing if he wants to be this open and lewd with how he talks to a stranger.

Gerald certainly knew what it was like dealing with that. A ragged moan escaped the otter when he felt his own twin dicks spurt and spark up into getting hard on him, tearing out of his shorts down each leg so ferociously aroused that they were trying to lift his belly up. Gerald had to fight his way through tearing his shorts free to get them loose enough to do something about the matter. As soon as he had? The rest of Gerald's brain shut itself off entirely as he felt the quivering, blissful thrum of his cocks get going. That badger would have to deal with this too now.. It wouldn't be *just* the otter stroking his cocks and using his belly to fuck himself in a moment or two here.

But it'd be just Gerald that had Aubrey's fat ass and deep buried lard-swaddled cunt to get off into. Gerald got a few heavy squirms off and shaky strokes of his hands before two potent jets of spunk hit the counter that the badger was slowly sinking behind and moaning. Nearby, he heard Aubrey hard at work at her own part of this..

“Oooh! I heard that hun, b- *hoo h- hf*- be right there!”

Outside, the other mall patrons just.. went about their business. A bunch of oblivious

fatasses, mostly. Waddling on past while Gerald streamed out a twin set of floods of cum and weakly kicked one leg while he panted. It took a whole minute and change for the orgasm to abate, and by the time it did..

Well, by the time it did Aubrey was waddling at him as seductively as she could manage, and Gerald's dick was already aching and throbbing for another go. Though.. The otter tugged his phone up again as he sweated and panted there in the beach wear shop.

He was already getting ideas about *one more* change to make with this app. Maybe two? Just.. little things. Nobody would *ever* notice.