

“Aahahaha, yes! zat’s it! Zat is vot I’ve been looking for!” Dr. Brinkerhoff giggled maniacally, his pupils shrinking as his eyes lit up at the sight before him. His white wiry hair stood on end as his ferret face was bathed in an unnatural green glow, bright enough to almost shine through the mad doctor. Being an established scientist, Brinkerhoff was prepared to spend his entire life searching and researching for a very important, very rare ingredient in a potion, almost like the philosopher’s stone needed for the elixir of life! He had expected to spend years traveling the globe, asking the smartest minds on the planet for their aid while battling the forces of nature.

And yet, he found what he needed in his house; rather, behind the fridge.

“I can’t believe zis! All zis time, sitting right here!” Brinklehoff beamed, sliding his arm through the tight space between the fridge and the wall. With the precision of a surgeon, he scraped off some of the gunk that had been manifesting on the fridge’s pipes, the glowing intensifying even further. “Such vonderful quality, and plenty to experiment vith! I daresay, I need to research on how to reproduce it. Vith some tinkering, I should be able to recreate zis isotope in a lab!” Cackling again, the cooky ferret finally managed to pull his arm from behind the fridge, holding in it a glowing green chunk of a mold-like substance. “Blotium -238,” he grins, his teeth glowing from the substance’s bright light.

“Zee combination of years of built up fats and greases from standard fast food, combined vith zee perfect amount of Uranium radiation,” he muttered feverently to himself, pacing back and forth across his living room as he hunched over the green gunk, obsessing over it like a child playing with a new toy. “Mixed vith some other ingredients, I can create a potion zat can bring a fur from starvation to obesity with a single sip! Actually, now zat I think about it, I could weaponize zis chemical and turn it into a bomb! A non-lethal weapon zat can reduce an entire army into a pile of helpless blobs! Oh, zee possibilities are endless, I can hardly vai-”

Riiiiiiiiip!!

So engrossed was Dr. Brinklehoff in the Blotium -238 that he hadn’t noticed his lab coat shrinking around his figure until it tore around his midsection, revealing a voluminous stomach that hung over two feet off his waist. The ferret gasped and looked down, his wobbling neck tearing at his collared shirt while his arms tore through their sleeves, all within a matter of minutes. “My goodness, zis is zee real deal!” He cried out in shock, his chins wobbling as he spoke. Waddling back into the kitchen, the much fatter doctor tore open his cupboards and rummaged around before producing a single glass jar, from which he quickly slid the radioactive material in before sealing the jar tight.

“Mein Gott...zat is certainly fast acting,” the ferret sighed, wiping a pudgy paw across his sweaty forehead. “I did not anticipate such a quick and adverse reaction from its exposure... I need to test and learn about zis material further, although I’m not sure how much more radiation I could endure,” Brinklehoff glanced past the bottled up material towards his exposed white

stomach, noting how it didn't just press against the counter; it rested on it. The fattened mustelid curiously rubbed along the freshly formed adipose, his sausage-like fingers easily slipping into his side rolls, before reaching around to heft the underside of his dome of a gut. Not surprisingly, his belly had quite a bit of weight to it, bouncing and wobbling against the top of the counter like a waterballoon. "Zis is true blubber, zere can be no doubt, but will zee Bloatium -238 vork on others in a similar fashion?" He pondered, stroking his many chins. "I don't have zee funds needed to hire test subjects, so how can I use it to fatten others up without them realizing..."

His eyes lit up, the lightbulb hanging above his head suddenly turning on. "Zat's it! And vat makes this so good is zat no one will even realize it!" Cackling loudly, the mad doctor leaned back and laughed heartily, his quivering middle bouncing and wobbling. "Oooohohoho! Ah, you're a genius, Dr. Brinklehoff!"

"Pete's Diner? Really? That's where you want to eat for our two year anniversary?"

Jamie's vulpine ears wilted, yet he kept that same wiley grin he had when they had left the house earlier today as they got out of the car. "C'mon, what's wrong with it, Danny? It's where we had our first date, after all, and you know those fries are hella good!"

"I'm not disputing that, Jamie, but I need you to take a good look at me and tell me what's wrong with the picture."

The fox stopped and waited for his boyfriend to haul himself out of the vehicle, a blush forming on his cheeks as he fought back so hard to stop himself from laughing. There was overdressed, then there was Danny, the otter was practically swimming in fancy, expensive-looking clothes. A high quality suit draped over the otter's puny shoulders, clearly a size or two too large as even the coattails covered the base of the mustelid's tail. Paired with a similarly colored (and oversized) pair of slacks, a beautiful black and blue striped tie, and a rosy pink undershirt that matched quite well with his tan hide, and you had all the ingredients needed to make a very fancy otter.

A very fancy otter who was glaring daggers at his boyfriend. "Do you see the problem here?"

"What, that you're a handsome hunk?" Jamie snickered, stepping forward to adjust the collar on the sourpuss otter. "I told you not to think over the surprise dinner too much, sweetie. Kinda takes away the fun of the surprise, you know?"

"Well, what if we went somewhere nice and I looked like..." Danny stopped mid sentence, realizing that that obviously wasn't the case. The handsome fox before him was

wearing a simple polo shirt and some shorts, something no one would dare take to a fancy restaurant. "Oh...guess I really did overthink it, huh?"

"Only a little," Jamie snickered, leaning forward to plant a quick peck on the otter's fuzzy muzzle. "Just toss the coat and tie in the back and let's go. Everyone will probably assume you just got done with work or something."

"Y-you don't just toss a coat in a car and leave it!" The otter was quick to refute, but not quick enough as the fox had already strolled past him towards the diner. Heaving a sigh, Danny shrugged off the heavy black coat and started folding it meticulously, all while muttering under his breath. "You're lucky you have a great ass, you know..."

The rich stench of salt and oil hit Jamie like a truck, but it was a very welcoming truck. A truck made out of breading and starches, but it was soft like a pillow so it wouldn't, like, break all his bones or anything. This is a very unusual metaphor.

But it was a smell Jamie loved dearly. Old fashioned diners like this were usually his preferred location whenever anyone asked to go out to eat, it was no wonder he would share his first date *and* his anniversary with his current boyfriend in one. It also explained how his clothes were starting to wrap themselves around his sizable potbelly, curvy thighs, and, as David mentioned earlier, amazingly well-proportioned rear. Sure, the fox could stand to hit the treadmill and lose a couple pounds, but his otter boyfriend never seemed bothered by his 250+ pound dad bod, so why make the effort?

As such, Jamie wasted no time in tearing through the menu once they were seated, wagging his fluffy tail excitedly. Across from him, the slender otter sighed and casually flicked his menu open instead. "You look more like a wolf than a fox, you know, the way you're drooling over the menu."

"What can I say? I love this place so much, I skipped lunch just to make room for seconds," Jamie smirked, his eyes flicking around from one side of the menu to the next all while mumbling to himself. "Mmm, I know it's not breakfast time, but those omelets are looking killer, particularly the bacon and cheese...ooh, I haven't had a chicken pot pie in ages maybe I'll hold it, on second thought, that meatloaf is looking divine!"

"Honestly, I'm surprised you haven't memorized the menu at this point," David snorted, his own mind on the menu. Truthfully, he was still a little irked that they weren't somewhere a little more, well, classy, but he couldn't deny that those fish skilletts looked simply scrumptious. Even as he tried losing himself in the same hunger-fueled euphoria his mate was experiencing, David couldn't help but get the sinking suspicion that someone was watching them.

Because someone was totally watching them.

“Hey, Jamie? There’s this really fat ferret guy with crazy hair sitting two tables behind you that keeps staring at us,” David muttered, his eyes constantly darting from his boyfriend to the mustelid. “Like, he’s got a weird smile, and he keeps chuckling and writing stuff down on a notepad...and I mean an actual notepad, not, like, his phone or anything.”

“Just ignore him, David. There is food to be had,” the vulpine muttered, licking his chops as he repositioned himself in his seat, only to recoil in horror! “Oh, dude!”

“What?!”

“Someone put gum all over the bottom of the table, it’s nasty!” The fox groaned, pulling his paw back to wipe the green gunk off of it. “It was huge too, like the size of a pancake!”

“That is gross, you should definitely wash your paws before you eat.”

“Definitely,” Jamie scooted towards the edge of the table, only to look up and see the waitress already on her way over. “Erh, on second thought, I can wait,” the fox plopped back in his seat, his potbelly quivering. Casting one last glance over the menu, Jamie confidently closed it and handed it to the pretty bunny waitress. “Can I get the King Kong’s Chicken Fried Steak but with double the sides, and can one of those sides be a chicken pot pie by itself? Actually, I’ll just order the pot pie on top of everything, and can we get a Pete’s Diner Appetizer Combo Platter too?”

The white rabbit nodded and quickly wrote everything down, her wrist moving a mile a minute in order to keep up with the fox’s order. Even David, who was used to seeing his boyfriend eat copious amounts of food before, looked momentarily stunned before turning towards his own menu. “Erh, I’ll just have the Fish and Chips please...but with extra fish... and chips. Actually, I’ll just order two helpings.”

Jamie’s pointy ears perked up as he heard the otter’s order, giving his boyfriend a cheeky smirk once the rabbit server went on her way. “Well well, seems like you can’t help yourself there either, riverdog. Make sure you don’t pop the buttons on that nice shirt of yours!”

“H-hey, it’s a special occasion. I’m allowed to indulge myself a little,” the otter blushed, glancing down at himself. The buttons on his shirt were feeling rather tight, now that he thought about it, his shirt noticeably curving outwards a few inches around his midsection. It would make sense that Jamie’s eating habits (and figure) might rub off on him a little, but he was certain this shirt fit him just fine when he put it on this morning. “I mean, you’re one to talk yourself, you glutton! Are you eating for two?” He refuted, the otter’s eyes straying towards his boyfriend’s belly, noting how his shirt was starting to ride up on the curve. What a fatty!

His attention on the soft fox gut was cut short when he heard the sound of soda glasses dangling, followed by the sweet, heavenly aroma of their appetizer. A tray filled with mounds of

onion rings, chicken tenders, buffalo wings, and mozzarella sticks rose up before him, an appetizer meant for 3 or 4 clearly, or a very hungry fox and otter. "You boys enjoy! Dinner will be ready in about...uh..." the bunny waitress couldn't finish her sentence, finding it difficult to talk over the sound of the two lovers ravenously devouring their appetizer. She would have loved to have stayed and watch, but unfortunately there were other customers that needed attention.

"Mmmf...has this food...always been this good?" David struggled to speak, his otter face looking more like a chipmunk due to how much food was stuffed in it. He had no idea what was causing him to eat so much so quickly! Sure, he was a fan of country fried food, albeit not as much as his chubby hubby, but at the moment he simply couldn't control himself! The crispy yet gooey mozzarella sticks, the spicy tang of the wings (boneless, thankfully), and the flakey goodness of the tenders and onion rings were simply too good to pass up! Besides, if he wasn't eating as fast as he was, he'd risk losing the majority of the food to the glutton sitting across from him!

Indeed, Jamie was certainly making it clear just how much he loved diners; more specifically diner food. His black paws were a blur as he swiped and stuffed into his maw as much crispy, greasy food as he could before that otter of his could do the same. The vulpine didn't even have time to lick his fingers clean of all the grease and flakes they were accumulating! By the time they were nearly halfway through the enormous course, Jamie suddenly noticed a comically small bowl of celery, along with a tub of ranch, had been placed next to their appetizer. "Ah, perfect!" The opportunist fox thought to himself as he shoved the celery away, stuffing entire pawfuls of food into the ranch before bringing them to his greasy muzzle, ranch dripping onto his chin and chest. He was fortunate enough to not be wearing anything fancy, which gave him a free pass to ignore any crumbs or sauces that would fall onto his shirt during his feast, unlike his otter who's undershirt had been meticulously cleaned and ironed before arriving. However, much to the fox's surprise, even David didn't seem to mind if some cheese fell onto his collar, chins, doughy chest, and bulging belly...wait a minute.

Had they been getting fatter this entire time?!

Jamie couldn't believe the fat otter sitting across from him was his boyfriend! The mustelid must have sported nearly a hundred extra pounds of fresh lard, his angular face now soft and doughy, laden with several layers of soft chub. Trailing below his growing second chin were a pair of moobs easily visible beneath his very tight shirt, two lumps of fat that were certainly not present before the meal. All of this rounded out to form an impressive round tum the size of a basketball, shown in all its glory due to the otter's only just recently buttoned shirt. The buttons must have popped off during the feeding frenzy, obviously. No wonder that last bite of mozzarella sticks was so crunchy, Jamie thought as he picked away at the plastic imbedded in his molars.

Likewise, David seemed rather perplexed at how his fox had managed to go from fairly chubby to downright fat in a matter of minutes! Every aspect of the vulpine was thicker and fatter than ever before; his cheeks chubbier, his sides wider, his limbs broader, his jowls...jowlier. Soft, malleable blubber covered every inch of Jamie's body, easy to see beneath his skin-tight clothing. His stomach specifically stood out as the centerpiece of this bewildering attraction, unable to resist the allure of gravity no longer and instead resting on top of his doughy thighs like a pearly white sack of fluffy dough. Staring at his boyfriend in all his glory, David wouldn't have been surprised if someone told him the man sitting across from him wasn't a fox, but a bear preparing for hibernation in a fox costume. David opened his maw, ready to ask the pudgy bear-like fox if he was indeed his boyfriend, before realizing that something else required his attention. "Hey...how come they never asked for our drinks?"

"What do you mean? They gave us Coke," Jamie reclined in his seat, pulling his arm behind his head as he rested against the very soft cushion...or was that cushion his arm?

"Well, yeah, but how did they *know* we wanted Coke, you know? I could have wanted, like, a Sprite or something."

"You should have mentioned that then when they were taking your order then, silly," Jamie chuckled, finding the jiggling otter before him otter-ly adorable. "This is a 50's diner, afterall. Everyone knows that people only drank coke in the 50's. It wasn't until the Great Soda Revolution of '87 that other soft drinks became a household name."

"Huh, you know I vaguely remember **bwurp** 'cuse me, going over that in high school." The chubby mustelid shrugged and took another swig of his soda, effectively draining it in one sip.

As well as effectively popping off the next button on his shirt. Thankfully, Jamie was there to catch it with his teeth, although he almost nearly spat it out right afterwards. "Ugh, the mints here are nasty."

David chuckled, the next button on his half-torn shirt ready to follow its predecessor at any moment. "Heh, I agree. Good thing the main course is coming now."

Indeed it was. Aided with the help of two other waiters, the bunny waitress from earlier was back with quite the impressive trolley of food! Platter after platter was placed onto the table, enough to nearly cover the entire top with greasy, fattening food; that is, if David and Jamie actually waited for her to finish serving them before eating!

"You boys, uh, enjoy!" The waitress tried speaking, but her voice was easily drowned out by the ravenous munching and scarfing from the two greedy patrons. Pawful after pawful of their dinner vanished behind their chubby muzzles, each hefty gulp they took adding another few inches to their waistline. Jamie in particular was like a fox at a hen house, his black paws a

blur as he stuffed himself so quickly, anyone watching would have thought he hadn't eaten in days! Of course, that obviously wasn't the case seeing as how his furry white tum pressed against the edge of the table, part of it spreading along the top of the table and pushing away empty platters, the other half spreading across his lap like a hanging mass of dough! He was eating so fast, it was a miracle the vulpine managed to somehow breathe, moaning and sighing in bliss. He thought he loved diner food before, but today he seemed to be completely infatuated with it! He didn't seem to care that his shirt and pants were in tatters, leaving his fattened self in a pair of creaking, revealing underwear; he just wanted *more!*

And from the looks of things, he wasn't the only one.

Wedged in their booth across from him, David was certainly having one whale of a time! While not quite as large as his foxy boyfriend, the otter was surprisingly keeping pace as he fell into a steady rhythm of feeding, alternating between the breaded fish in his right paw and a clump of salted fries in his left. The normally neat-freak mustelid didn't seem to mind the avalanche of crumbs and crisps falling onto his billowing chins, or the mess he was making with his ruined clothes. The only reaction he had to his failing attire was a quick sigh when the last three buttons exploded off his buttoned up jacket, pelting his dinner date's moob, cheek, and chin respectively. Jamie didn't seem to care, so David simply grunted an apology before going back to eating.

In no time at all, their epic feast had been reduced to mostly crumbs and grease stains, but before they could lament, the bunny waitress had wordlessly appeared to clear away their empty trays, only to replace them with even more of their same order! They didn't ask if they would be billed for the extra entre, or, more importantly, why they were being given more food to begin with. Any normal restaurant owner would have eagerly thrown the two half-naked tubs of lard out the first chance they got, but instead of acting the last bit suspicious, the two of them cried "Alright! Round Two," before diving back into their respective meals. They were both quite hungry, after all.

"Yes! Zis is ze reaction I expected!"

Dr. Brinkerhoff laughed as he watched the spectacle from his own booth, seemingly the only patron in the restaurant not shocked or horrified by the egregious acts of gluttony the fox and otter were committing. In fact, the tubby ferret couldn't take his eyes off the doughy duo even as he frantically scribbled in his notepad. "Alzogh zey are not directly exposed to the Bloatium's rays, zey have developed an incredible appetite after a few brief minutes! Ze longer zey are exposed, ze futher zey sink into their own gluttony, and ze faster zey grow!"

The weasle couldn't believe his own eyes, or even his own words! The fox and otter were putting on hundreds of pounds a second, their immobility now a distant memory! Their white and tan bellies soon met in the middle of the table, the waitress now forced set the

shelves onto their quivering middles. Meanwhile, their fattened rears literally poured out of their seats like molasses, their back rolls spilling into the booths behind them! Despite filling out their own booth to the very limit, the fox and otter continued stuffing their own faces, even if bending their flabby tubes they call arms became harder and harder.

“Heh, even if zey do stop eating, ze Bloatium would keep them expanding for quite some time, I’m sure!” Brinkerhoff didn’t even try keeping his voice down, his noisy exposition second only to the munching and slurping of the two fattened blobs before him. “Zis was totally vorth paying for zere meal and bribing ze staff to, as zey say, keep em coming! Look at zere faces, zey can hardly get food in past zose blobby cheeks! Ah, zis is magnificent! Just a shame I’ll have to dive in zat ocean of white and brown blubber to find zee Bloatium again.”

With a chuckle, the doctor looked down to continue sketching down a few last minute notes. He was going to be so rich! In a matter of seconds, however, his heart would sink straight into his voluminous stomach and his chubby face would turn paler than a ghost as he heard something rather unsettling. “Hey, check it out, David! Someone left a salad under the table! Wanna split?”

Boopdydoo :3