

Reserved Seating

by Deadweight548

“What are we doing here, Jack?”

The slender frame of the young fox sighed as he tapped his foot, eyes roaming across the restaurant. They were supposed to be on their way home already. Go out to the movies, have some popcorn, and go home. Tim’s eyes slowly drifted from the faces of the diners to Jack, his broad back facing him.

He licked his lips as he gazed across the large expanse of toned muscle and vitality that hid underneath the shirt stretched taut across his back. Tim could barely contain himself as his eyes traveled down towards that immaculate ass that swayed before him. The black stripes on his tail swung side to side, entrancing Tim as he stared at the round contours of the tiger’s backside.

“Excellent!”

Jack’s shout jarred Tim out of the many fantasies he played in his head. He snapped his eyes up to the smiling face of his boyfriend, sighing again as he steadied his nerves. “What’s excellent?”

Jack moved forward, hooking an arm around Tim’s supple hips as he led him into the restaurant. “They still had my reservation. We’re going to have dinner.” He kissed Tim’s cheek, laughing as the adorable fox pulled away from the kiss, trying to escape the strong embrace of the tiger. Tim pushed half-heartedly against Jack’s side. “No, Jack. Nuh-uh. Not tonight.”

“Oh come on, Tim. It’s not every night we get to eat out.” Jack smiled as they neared an empty table. Tim was right in the middle of deciding whether or not to slip his pants off and walk out of the place when he felt the firm, muscular arm tighten around his waist. He yelped, the ground disappearing from under him as he was plopped into a seat at the table. Tim glared at Jack as the tiger sat across from him at the small table for two.

A waiter ran over as the two got settled. His pleasant smile was met with an equally pleasant grin from Jack. “Good evening, sirs. Is there anything I can get started for you?”

Tim sat up, looking indignantly at the waiter. “No, actually, we were just about to-“

“Two waters please!” Jack’s peppy voice cut off Tim. Before he could reply, the waiter disappeared to the kitchen. Tim sighed, his gaze going over the dining room again. It was really a packed night tonight. His eyes landed on Jack, his stern expression returning quickly as he crossed his arms. Jack smiled over his clasped hands, watching Tim with rapt attention.

Jack finally leaned back, his smug grin beaming at Tim’s dour expression. “What’s the matter, babe?”

Tim huffed, shaking his head as he leaned in. “Jack, let’s go. I don’t want to be here.”

Jake chuckled. “Tim, why would you want to leave? We just got-“

“We were going to have a nice night at home, and you go and pull this.”

“Come on.” Jack leaned forward, easily reaching across the table with his large arms. He grabbed Tim’s hand, ignoring his struggle to keep it tucked in his arm. “It’s a nice place. And besides, we hardly ever go out. I want to treat you tonight.” He squeezed Tim’s slender hand, gazing into his reluctant eyes. Tim finally sighed as the stare-off hit the ten-second mark, squeezing back. “Fine, fine. I can’t say no to those eyes.”

Jack smiled, breathing a sigh of relief. He freed Tim’s hand, pushing out from the table. Tim began to stand as he stood up. He quickly pushed him back down in his seat, smiling. “Don’t worry. I’m just going to the bathroom. Wait for our drinks.” Jack leaned down to kiss his lover’s cheek, his large hand flitting down underneath the table to paw Tim’s already partially tight crotch. Tim let out a small moan, his cock springing forward against the zipper of his pants in an instant.

He wished the touch could’ve lasted for so much longer, already wanting to shoot right at the feeling of Jake’s firm hand. Tim slumped in his seat as the hand, along with its owner, disappeared off to the bathroom. He sighed, his eyes again going to watch the patrons of the restaurant. He tried to push the constant pressure at his groin to the back of his mind, not wanting to risk breaking the zipper in the middle of the restaurant. The thought of him, moaning as his throbbing wood broke through the last line of defense, reveling in the untold pleasure he would feel as his skimpy panties snapped from the extraordinary eleven inches of his meat stood tall and proud under the eyes of every single person in the place....

He started slightly as his breath became labored, realizing his mind was beginning to lose himself. He looked around, hoping no one could see the bulge at the front of his pants. How he wished the restaurant used table cloths. As he looked for prying eyes, he couldn’t help but notice that most of the restaurant was sitting at booths. His table was one of the few that sat in the center of the room, with only a couple other tables taking up the floor space. He sighed, resting his elbow on the table as he cradled his chin in his hand. *When is Jack going to get back? And where the hell is the water?* Tim looked towards the doors to the kitchen, wondering where that waiter had disappeared to.

“Why so bored, love?” Tim jumped at the sound of Jack’s voice. Before he had a chance to turn or speak, he felt a familiar palm grab the front of his pants. His eyes widened as a low moan of pleasure escaped his lips. Jack smiled as he began to squeeze and twist at the large package hidden underneath the jeans. His lips found their way to Tim’s neck, lightly nibbling at the soft fur as his other hand disappeared under his shirt, seeking out one of his slender lover’s sensitive

nipples. Tim whimpered softly as he tried to control his obvious arousal, feeling his cock push hard against the zipper. “Jack...Jack, stop...There’s people..”

“I know. Exciting, isn’t it? To have all their eyes on us, watching...” Jack’s sultry voice spoke softly in Tim’s ear. Tim moaned as the last of his defenses gave way. His meager attempts to restrain his throbbing meat with his mind came to a stop as a loud *RIIP* echoed out across the room. His zipper burst, letting his pre soaked cock flop out, still barely contained by the taut skimpy underwear. He shuddered in ecstasy as Jack twisted harder on his nipple, wanting nothing more than to be filled with his lover’s immense size. The last few shreds of modesty still clung to his mind, though, as his lover openly pawed at his wet crotch. “We...We can’t...I...In here...”

“Yes, we can. And we are. This is for you, honey.”

Tim moaned as Jack’s arms lifted him up off the seat, trembling as his dick pressed up against the underside of the table, trapped. He fell forward against the tabletop as Jack tore off the remainder of his jeans, leaving Tim in nothing but his shirt and soaked panties. Even the fabric of his underwear was straining to hold back the eleven inch monster that ached to be free.

By now, the whole restaurant was at a standstill, all eyes transfixed on the scene before them. Some were shocked at the sudden outburst of depravity that had intruded on their evening. Others were busy undoing belts and buttons, trying to reach their own hidden dicks so that they could satisfy their sudden arousal. Yes, the air hung heavy with the musk of Tim’s pre. His thoughts, however, were focused intently on the throbbing crotch of Jack.

Jack’s grin beamed brightly as his eyes hungrily devoured Tim’s plush ass. His fingers ran across its expanse, squeezing and massaging the fur hidden underneath the last remnants of clothing. His cock pressed hard against the front of his pants. Jack let out a low moan as his own zipper gave up the fight, bursting open with a loud *SHRRIIP*. If Tim’s was above average, then Jack’s would’ve made it to extraordinary levels of sheer size and girth. Hanging free of the confines of his pants was sixteen whopping inches of pure, dripping meat. He grinned as his semi-hard cock continued to add inches as it grew, finally topping out at eighteen. His baseball-sized orbs hung heavy with semen, pulsing gently as they pumped more and more cum into his balls. Pre dripped in streams onto the floor below him, the beginnings of a pool forming at his feet. He licked his lips as he leaned forward, dragging his head across Tim’s ass. His pre stuck to the . Tim shivered in anticipation, the stitches in his underwear straining to hold back his drooling cock.

Jack’s firm hands gently spread Tim’s ass cheeks, his gaze focused on the warm hole that awaited him. His dick pushed forward, his precum soaked head sliding easily in between his plush cheeks. Tim thrust his hips back, pressing into the hot piece of meat that tantalized his whole being. Beads of pre trickled down through the outside of his underwear, strained to the limit as Tim’s hard, pulsating dick grew larger and larger. Jack licked his lips as he pushed forward, his head popping in with a thick squelch. Tim moaned in ecstasy as he felt the large tool

slip inside him. His whole frame was racked with tremors as his cock tensed and shot, rope after rope filling the front of his underwear and trickling down his legs. A thick pool of white cum formed under him as he continued to unload. Jack was only spurred further on, pushing deeper into the tiger hole as his length thickened from the smell of Tim's spunk. Jack groaned, thrusting his hips forward as inch after inch of him disappeared into the fat ass before him. Tim groaned as he felt the heavy flow of pre start to pour into him. Jack hadn't even shot his load yet and already he was feeling full. His cock was as hard as a rock even though he'd cum already. His hands clutched the edges of the table, his back arched in pleasure as his tongue lolled out the side of his mouth. He was swimming in a sea of pleasure, though he knew that the fun was just about to start.

Tim moaned as he began to feel the effects of Jack's cum. A warm, full sensation began to spread from his ass where Jack had begun to pump in and out with as much speed as he could. Over and over, Jack hilted inside the fox in front of him, his head pressing against Tim's prostate in a relentless assault. Meanwhile, the sensation in Tim's ass had already spread to his groin. He could feel his underwear growing tighter as his heaving orbs began to grow, quickly surpassing the size of melons as more and more cum began to build up inside him. He trembled as his dick also jumped in on the grown frenzy. His hand slowly reached down as he felt the fabric dig into his sides. He desperately pushed at the hemline of his underwear, pushing the front of it down to free his aching member. A thick thud echoed throughout the room as his dick swung free, hitting the table underneath. He groaned as the added sensations of the wood against his length and his balls dropping free proved too much, a second load spilling free of him. Strings of cum shot directly onto the floor, staining and pooling underneath.

Jack groaned, feeling his body tremble with tension. He was almost there, he could feel his throbbing member twitch and spasm inside Tim with each push towards the edge. He grabbed hold of Tim, pulling him up to him as he sat back down in the chair, his legs giving out from under him. Tim let out a loud groan of ecstasy as he was sat on the throbbing monument of meat. Jack turned Tim's head towards him, pressing his face to his in a deep kiss as he moaned with ecstasy. His balls churned and swelled as he gave one final thrust, his dick beginning its long stream of cum-filled pleasure. A constant stream of hot milk filled the depth of Tim, packing him to capacity until it was too much. Tim groaned and moaned as he felt his body begin to thicken and expand. His belly pushed out against his shirt, his chest widening with a layer of fat as Jack's cum took hold of his frame. His dick bobbed out in front of him bouncing in front of his face as his ass began to widen. His gut pushed further out as pound after pound of fat appeared on his frame. Jack's groans could be heard as his first orgasm finally tapered off. His hands roamed the new folds of fat on his lover, pushing and squeezing as his dick throbbed within Tim. He lifted Tim slowly off his cock, cum gushing out as his head finally popped free. He smiled as he turned Tim to face him, sitting him back down on his dick. The fox's trembling gut rubbed against the hard abs of the tiger, his dick trapped between their bodies. Jack lapped at the gushing slit in front of his face, his eyes locked on Tim as he trembled and writhed on his lap. Tim ran his hands across his newly gained weight, his dick twitching and throbbing with the added sensation. His own balls had surpassed the size of Jack's, his soccer ball sized orbs resting comfortably on

Jack's groin. He smiled as he saw Tim widen even more, feeling the furry flesh spill over him. He could feel Tim tremble as the last remnants of his underwear gave way, ripping with the added size of his plush thighs. Tim breathed haggardly as he felt his dick twitch in anticipation. Pressure, so much pressure. He could feel it building inside him, ready to be released. Jack sensed the conflict in Tim, shivering in ecstasy. He wrapped his mouth around the massive head, his tongue dipping inside the massive cum slit. Tim couldn't take it anymore. His screams of ecstasy filled the room as his balls heaved against Jack. A thick torrent of warm cum broke into Jack's mouth. He swallowed and swallowed as the flood of seed overwhelmed his senses. Slowly, he could feel his stomach beginning to tighten, cum filling it to the brim. His eyes rolled back in ecstasy as he shot inside of Tim, adding more pounds to his frame as he himself began to grow. Slowly, his abs turned to flab, and his shirt now stretched taut across his soft chest. And still the wave of cum continued to flow. His gut spilled over his waist, his shirt riding up his sides. His whole body trembled and shook as he began to feel the seams of his shirt split and stretch. He moaned around the dick in his mouth as his shirt finally ripped to shreds, his whole upper body ballooning outwards with thick folds of fat. He faded in and out of consciousness as Tim finally began to taper off. The chair underneath Jack creaked and groaned in protest until it broke, dropping Jack roughly on his newly fat ass. He fell back, releasing Tim's heavy cock from the confines of his maw as he landed on his back. He groaned as he felt his dick inside Tim throb, now thicker and longer than ever. Tim sighed as his dick came free, looking down from his perch on the meat pole inside. Whatever muscle Jack had before they had entered the restaurant was completely nonexistent. Jack looked as if he had been massively overweight for years, his large stomach rippling and quivering in the afterglow. Where he had one chin, five stood in its place. His thighs trembled with his body as they sagged against the floor. Tim leaned forward, whimpering as he slowly pulled the massive tool from his rear. With a thick pop, twenty two inches of meat swung free, standing straight up behind him. He fell forward against Jack, their folds rubbing against each other as he licked the remainder of his essence off Jack's face. Jack smiled, a hunger in his eyes as he stared at Tim.

"Now, was that so bad?"

"No. Though..." Tim smiled as he slapped the large gut underneath him. "It seems we both gained some weight." Jack laughed, licking Tim's nose as he nodded. "I guess so. Just means we have something to work off."

Tim smiled, feeling his dick stir between them, mashed between their chests. "Shall we head home, my love?"

Jack licked his lips as his hands slowly heaved themselves onto Tim's back. They traveled down to the plush cheeks of Tim, squeezing as he stared into Tim's eyes. "We still have the reservation. I'm in the moods for seconds."