

“What..? No you can't 'just have one little pizza' because you did a whole ten sit-ups! Also who the fuck are you trying to bamboozle with this 'little' shit, Gregg! I -know- you never order anything below a large!”

The lioness couldn't entirely help yelling at her phone even with it mounted on her dashboard. She kept it brief though, getting off the highway took all of one's attention. Which was why, as she got onto the smaller streets heading toward home for the day, Kitt was still a bit too tense and ended up yelling yet again.

“What – no.. Stop, Gregg what the **FUCK** did I just say? Come on you wobbling corpulent shit, you know how this works. You 'cheat a little' and then you sleep it off and then you repeat that for twelve years and realize you *haven't seen your dick* for eight of them! Now if you don't get a salad in you and stop thinking about this *right now* I am melting the key to your little man's cage and mailing it to your mother.”

The sound of the mouse on the other end of the line panicking and agreeing was gratifying, and it allowed Kitt to stop worrying about anything further and turn her phone off as she got closer to home. The lioness was *trying* not to be too frustrated as she pulled up to her garage and exited the vehicle, something helped along nicely by having something – someone – good to come home to. Kitt took a moment to look herself over in the window. Broad shoulders and powerful build, like any huntress ought to have, but not so over-muscled that she couldn't outrun the best of them too.

Kitt gave her reflection a last smirk before turning to head inside.

“Just the right size.. but it's time for *my* workout now. Henry! I'm back! Did you figure out what you want for dinner ahead of time or should I put an order in?”

The lioness heard her husband moving around deeper inside. Mostly it was creaking sounds at first, and a bit of grunting and heavy breathing, but if there was any one person the lioness could be patient for it was him.

“Welcome back! I- *oof*.. *-huff*, I ah.. I did not, I may have been snacking for the last couple of hours. How was work, though? Any problems?”

Digging her phone back out, Kitt had the Doordash app open promptly and started perusing options, restaurants, special offers – things they hadn't gotten recently.

“Not really anything I'd go so far as to call a problem. *Most* people have gotten with the program, but I had to remind one or two what happens when they cheat on their diet.”

Walking while talking and getting dinner wasn't quite the risk of texting in the car after all. The worst that would happen is she'd bump into something that wasn't where she left it. Which she did, a big soft wall of *something* that she bounced right off of and then immediately charged at again. Folding herself around Henry's backside, Kitt immediately began purring.

“Mmmn, and what about *you* then, tub-o-love? You haven't been *exercising* while I was gone have you? I smell sweat *all over you*, you tell me you haven't figured dinner out, and now you're on your feet instead of sitting down?”

Henry leaned back against his wife. Kitt's workout started in earnest. Putting herself up against the sloshing gelatinous *wall* of hippo as if she was trying to prevent a building from falling over required Kitt to dig her feet into the ground and push with all her considerable strength, her arms sank into inch up inch of pillowy soft flab. Kitt buried her face up against him, nuzzling in while she filled her lungs with the scent of that *fat*, lazy mess of a husband of hers. Wrestling enough leverage up under him to push the massive man back up enough that he wasn't teetering over again was just the first little event for the day though.

Breathing hard, or starting to at least, Kitt stayed clung onto Henry's enormous frame. All that thick leathery skin and marshmallow soft blubber left her unafraid of her claws hurting him, she could hold on as tight as she wanted, and she *needed* that.

“O-okay.. so, so maybe that ferret who signed on last month actually *was* a problem. Little porker of a tube-cat has been sneaking snacks every night and I had to run him through an obstacle course until he got stuck in the tunnel crawl. Three times. Had to make him choose between helping him out or throwing him a sack of candy bars and leaving him there~”

When her husband started laughing it left Kitt entranced with just how much of him *moved*. It was like a wave pool that would whisper things to her and make her happy about every choice she'd ever made in life. Kitt rode that high into finishing the dinner order and then stepping back to get a look at Henry and *his* progress.

The hippo was *massive*, even for his own species' standards. Henry took up the entire width of the kitchen doorway, like a muddy hued obelisk of obesity with a big broad smile mounted amid a nest of chins. Kitt felt a little warm glow inside as she looked at him, giving the two giant globes of his backside a vigorous shaking and then gradually starting to paw at Henry's pudge, dragging it one way and pushing the other, coaxing him into turning around so she could see his face.

“Didn't bother getting dressed I see. Or was it that you threatening to collapse on me there was foreplay? ..Or are you just *too fat* to dress yourself now, big guy? Because if you want to get me riled up for some fun *that* would do the trick.”

Henry promptly started to shuffle side to side a little, which was a clear sign to Kitt that she'd gotten the hippo's attention. That, and the blush creeping onto his face, and the snarling from his stomach. Kitt gave him a poke in the belly, right in the middle of the navel. The big fleshy pit was large enough that Kitt could almost fit her whole fist inside, so she pushed in and gave the whole sloshing heap a shaking at.

“H-hey! That.. y-you know how that makes me-”

Kitt got low, wrapping her arms around the bulkiest part of Henry's belly and lifting the whole vast swell of it up. That set the blush into a deeper shade and Henry's feeble protests into a stumbling muttering mess. It was worse still when, after a few seconds of holding that gut up, Kitt let it drop and made all of her husband jiggle and slosh about at once.

“Horny? Hungry? Honestly, blubber-boy, when are you anything else? C'mon, let's get you to the couch – you've been *naughty* and you know what that means~”

There was no situation in which Henry moved quickly anymore, it was physically beyond him and Kitt was the reason for it. The lioness got out of his way, but that was just so she could watch him struggle to build momentum. Henry had to fight to lift his gut with his thighs to take a step and every time his foot came back down it set off a sprawling impact tremor across his corpulent body. Even the first couple of steps he took left him out of breath as he answered.

“T-two.. *-huff-* d.. d-dinners.. I know, kitty-m- *-huff-* momma. I-”

Henry had made it as far as the hallway between the kitchen and the living room and had to stop a moment, while Kitt was busy admiring the view and then closed in to slap the hippo's ass violently enough to send waves traveling across his body. The yelp was more of surprise than anything, it wasn't like it did any actual *harm* to Henry, but it did get him moving again. Which made sure Kitt could keep enjoying the show of all that undulating ass in motion.

“Two?! Two dinners is *standard*, fatass! You're still on two dinners until I say otherwise from that stunt you pulled with the low-calorie ice cream. This?”

Another swat on the ass got Henry stumbling his way to the couch, landing on it like a lard meteor and making the whole thing's reinforced frame creak. Kitt was up against him within

moments from that, plastering herself against his still wobbling bulk and nuzzling against Henry's cheek and chins. The lioness let things settle a moment, physically and otherwise. She did still dig a hand into the bulkiest part of Henry's moobs and give those a slow kneading at though, nothing could ever completely shut off that impulse for the big cat.

When they'd had a moment to both get some of what they wanted – Kitt fondling Henry, and the hippo catching his breath and curling one massive fat trunk of an arm around to cling to his lioness' taut ass, Kitt reached behind the couch for something. A bright red ball gag, but hooked to a hose and with a bit of frost on the metal connection points. Henry knew better than to resist, he didn't even really *want* to.. but the hippo still whimpered a little for effect when Kitt slid the thing onto his face and started fastening the clasps behind his head. If he *really* wanted to he could reach back there and undo it, but they both knew he'd never try.

“This gets you the hose, lover-blubber.”

The soft-serve started flowing from the pump system behind the couch moments later. As soon as it hit Henry's tongue the whole frame of the massive hippo sagged a little and Kitt smiled. It didn't take *that* much to condition the big lug to equate food with pleasure, and relaxation, and *her*.. That, and more to come. She could tell by how red his face was getting that Henry was already excited for what came next.

“You can stop when the first meal shows up at the door. Then?”

Kitt slid down the vast swell of Henry's belly and started to work herself underneath it, forcibly shoving that crushing landslide of flesh upward and pressing his thighs apart like she was holding back collapsing walls. Walls stuffed with marshmallow fluff and reeking of just how much her husband was enjoying this. Down there, buried good and deep, she saw what of his manhood could still make it out of the deep caverns of fat it was shackled inside of starting to perk up and press outward.

“T-then.. *God* I love the noises you make you greedy, fat shit. Then you can talk again, between bites anyway. It's *right back to the hose* between courses, though.”

Those noises were squirming, whimpering grunts and things that were very much moans into the hose when Henry felt Kitt palming the big fat pad his dick was part of and giving it a firm squeeze. That was enough to get him swelling out through the bulk of it good and quick. The way it sent little quivers and fat-quakes through his body left *her* more horny than she could handle.

“..I love watching parts of you get bigger, I think I'll do that *all night*. You just be a good boy and keep swallowing, got it? We've got time to get you off at least once before the food starts showing up I think – and then.. Well.”

Kitt leaned back just enough to get her head past Henry's gut and look him in the eye. He was busy rubbing at his belly and his chest otherwise, but she could see all that well-trained need in his eyes.

“I'm sure we'll have time to do it two or three more times before I'm done with you for the evening. You can handle that, right big boy~?”

Henry's answer, the only one he could or would give, was another needy incoherent wimper.. and the sound of his snarling, hungry cauldron of a belly.