

“You seem to be losing your touch Grandmaster Komoro! If you keep this up I’ll be the Grandmaster soon!”

“It’s just Komoro to you. And as my second in command you should show more respect. What if the students overheard you?”

“You need to lighten up old friend! Especially when it’s just the two of us haha!”

The Marowak laughed again as Dojo Grandmaster Komoro straightened out his posture. Begrudgingly he had to admit that Blarosh had a point. His concentration was wavering lately and while none of their students had noticed, the Master had begun teasing on a near daily basis.

If this kept up even their pupils would begin to take note.

With a sigh the Kommo-o opted to settle down for an early meditation session. His scales clinked quietly around him as he closed his eyes and tried to concentrate. Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in.

This wasn’t working.

No matter what he did he couldn’t clear his mind. The intrusive thoughts had been annoying before but now they were outright unavoidable. And there was no way he could indulge them. Not alone, and not with his current status.

“Leaving so soon *Master* Komoro?” Blarosh was at his side again just as he was leaving. Was the Marowak about to begin his own meditations or was he here to tease again?

“My mind is troubled... I think I’ll go for a stroll. Perhaps a change of scenery may do me some good.”

“I think it would be better if you sat. Tell me, what is on your mind?” The Marowak patted the ground beside them and glanced upwards. It was rare to see him so serious, even if it was fleeting. And Komoro hesitated before ultimately turning away.

“Umm... Errr... T-thank you for the offer, b-but perhaps, perhaps later. I ne-need a moment first. I’d like to, like to deal w-with it myself.” There was a flash of disappointment in Blarosh’s eyes before they closed and the smirk returned to his face.

“Very well! I hope you have a pleasant walk. We shall chat later.” Komoro didn’t know how to respond to that and simply left the other Master to his meditations.

The walk was not helping.

Usually the act of moving silently through the garden would be enough. It wasn’t easy to avoid making noise while stepping on the gravel walkways while also accounting for his many scales. As such it required extreme focus.

The Grandmaster may as well have been driving a lawnmower.

Taking a seat under one of the many trees he watched the moon slowly grow in size and luminosity as it gently rose in the darkening sky. Komoro sighed, what was once an object of natural beauty now only served to fuel the encroaching shameful thoughts in his consciousness.

In truth, the ideas had been plaguing him since long before he became Grandmaster, or a Master, or even joined the dojo. But through much training and determination he had been able to suppress or even eliminate them entirely from his psyche.

So why were they returning now of all times? What had brought them on in stronger and more forceful waves? Would his spirit be able to endure indefinitely? Or would it be better to just indulge it in small quantities lest it overwhelm him and he lose himself entirely?

A small part of him was hoping that he would succumb to the immoral desires and live out these long-held fantasies. But there was that problem again. He would need an accomplice, and if word ever got out both he and the dojo would be forever shamed. Years of hard work squandered for temporary gratification.

But would it really be temporary? Fighting it was losing efficacy. And his quality of life would most likely improve. Or would it cause him to spiral deeper and deeper in debauchery, not unlike an addiction.

Perhaps he should have sought counsel with Blarosh. He might be a jokester but he was reliable and trustworthy. But would the Marowak be accepting? And even if he was, would he be willing to assist?

Of course there was the possibility that the Master would just shun him. Everyone had limits to what they were willing to tolerate. And while Komoro didn't think his old friend would turn his back on him, there was always a possibility, however small.

Though that was discrediting the bond the two of them shared. There was a reason why Blarosh was Master and he was Grandmaster. They had weathered an uncountable number of unfortunate incidents together to keep the Dojo running, bolstered the other's spirits during times of doubt...

That was it. Perhaps he could leverage a past favour from the Marowak. The Kommo-o would be able to keep his pride, indulge the fantasy, and get Blarosh to keep the incident to himself.

The Grandmaster hummed to himself, satisfied with his solution he just needed to hunt his friend down. A quick jog to the main training hall revealed that the Master had already concluded his meditation session. Which meant he was likely in the baths or the sauna. And given the time of day it would mean it would likely be just the two of them.

The perfect time to have a personal chat without fear of eavesdropping or interruptions.

Komoro smelled the bathhouse before he saw the lights, and he could feel the heat and before he entered. In the changeroom he confirmed that Blarosh was here. It was either that or someone else was wearing the Marowak's loincloths.

Slipping out of his red kimono, the kommo-o hung it up and grabbed a fresh towel for himself. Then realizing who he was entering the baths with her returned it. Even if his brain wouldn't, his body was already relaxing; such was the effect from the smell of salt and hot steam.

"I thought I heard someone enter, come come, join me!" The Master was washed down and soaking in one of the many pools. He twisted his neck towards the Grandmaster and gave a little wave before sinking further into the water.

Wordlessly Komoro went to rinse before he joined the Marowak. He was still trying to determine how to best broach the subject. And of course, when that line was crossed, what was the best way to discuss it?

"Finally mustered the courage to talk to me Komoro? I am confident I can handle whatever it is that's on your mind! Come now, speak your piece!"

Typical of Blarosh to take initiative like this, not that the Grandmaster minded. It would save him the trouble of having to make the first move. Slipping into the water beside his friend, he looked away before he started talking.

"Blarosh, d-do you remember the time tha-"

"Ah, so you need to call in a favour I see! What burden weighs so heavily on you that you deemed it necessary to call in a chit?"

The walls of the grand bath echoed with the Master's laughter. Komoro meanwhile was hopeful that the steam was thick enough so that his neighbor wouldn't notice all the cringing that was being done.

"With that being said Komoro, I'm a touch offended. We've known one another for so long and you thought the only way I'd be willing to assist you was if you through a favour? Who do you think I am?"

The Grandmaster was cringing for a different reason now. It was true. His mind was flooded again with all the instances where they were there for one another during the literal darkest moments of the dojo's life. And then one another's life. A deep shame threatened to swallow the Kommo-o whole.

"I, I did not, I didn't mean to offend you old friend... Th-that was not my intention..." Komoro was visibly trembling now, and no amount of steam could cover that up. "I ju-just did not wish to burden you wi-with my troubles, and so, and so I thought tha-"

He was stopped mid-sentence again, this time by a gentle tap to the shoulder blades that was almost imperceptible.

"For a Grandmaster you're still quite predictable..." There was that laugh again but this time it was almost drowned out by the lapping of the water. If the Kommo-o didn't know what to listen

for he would have missed it entirely “You know damn well that I’m just teasing. Though if you don’t actually tell me after all of this, I will be a little hurt.”

Komoro deeply inhaled. Then exhaled. And then inhaled again.

“Take your time, you know that I like the heat. I’ll wait until you’re ready to share.”

The Master’s hand returned to his friend’s shoulder, “You can trust me with this.”

“I, I have been plagued by, by desires my entire life.” He paused, waiting for the Marowak to retort with something like, “aren’t we all!”. But it never came, so he continued.

“It was actually, my true intention for initially joining the dojo. To suppress these thoughts and bury them away. And for a time, for a time it was successful.” The Kommo-o paused again, and just like the last time, Blarosh respectfully waited and said nothing.

“B-but now, they’re back. They’re back st-stronger than ever. And I don’t think I, I have the strength to keep fighting it any-anymore. And I fear that only by, by indulging th-these desires will I finally find s-solace.”

“Blarosh, old friend, would, would you be so kind as t-to assist me in, in, either purging these d-demons or aiding in their con-confrontation? I know I a-ask a lot but I am truly in ne-need of assistance now.”

“What manner of demon are we slaying Komoro?” The Marowak’s spoke in low and serious tones. All pretense of joking completely gone with only the soft lapping of hot water to complement his voice, “And how may I be of assistance?”

Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Phew...

“I, I... I want to be... I want to be fed.”

Silence. Even the sound of the dripping was deafening in the wake of such silence.

“Komoro, I don’t think I quite understand. Are the meals at the dojo insufficient for your liking?”

“No, the meals a-are fine. But I want, I want more. I want to be fed in even gr-greater quantities.”

“Then we shall increase your portion sizes accordingly. That should not be an issue. You are the Grandmaster after all and this is a comparatively insignificant favour to grant.”

“Blarosh.” The Kommo-o turned to address the Master for the first time, “I want t-to be fed, to be fed to the point where I, I cannot move! To near bursting! And watch as my kimono bulges and tears at the seams!” He was near raving now and for a moment all his anxiety dissipated.

“I see.”

The Grandmaster’s heart sank right into his stomach.

“Th-this was a mistake. I am, I’m sorry I inconvenienced your bath with m-my foolishness. I ask that, that you forget this en-entire evening. Please. Please let that b-be the favour that I invoke of you.”

Komoro rapidly stood from the water, doing his best to ignore the light-headedness which could either be from embarrassment or the heat. But before he could even get a foot out he found himself pulled directly back in.

“And what manner of friend would I be if I rejected you? After all you worked up so much courage to seek my counsel? I have no intention of betraying your trust in me.”

“So, so you’ll do it? You’ll help me t-tame this demon?” The Kommo-o was almost giddy. Perhaps a fresh set of eyes and external help would be what he needed to finally quell this beast.

“No.” And this time the Grandmaster’s heart leapt into his throat until he saw Blarosh smiling, “It is as you say. I believe that the best way forward is to indulge your cravings. Let me assist you.”

“Ar-are you sure th-this is advisable? H-how can I function as the Grandmaster if, if I’m utterly in-incapacitated? Ho-”

“Komoro, I believe you asked me to take care of this. And I shall. Enough of your worrying. Now if you’ll excuse me I need to end my bath a touch early. I have much planning to do.”

“B-but what about, what about myself becoming, be-becoming... Pathetic? And not j-just fat. But corpulent. Y-you understand yes?”

“Grandmaster Komoro, I ask that you place your trust in me. I promise you that I will not disappoint. Good night.” The Master rose out of the water without another and left the Kommo-o to his thoughts but not before turning around and giving him a small smile.

Over the next couple of days Blarosh was exceptionally difficult to get a hold of. First, he was strangely absent during almost all meals, classes, and breaks. And even when the Marowak was seen he was evasive or too busy to chat for even a second.

Komoro watched from a third story window as the Master accepted another shipment of covered boxes from a delivery truck. Entire storage rooms had been sealed off with literal locks and chains and the secondary kitchen was making noise at all hours of the night.

And the smells. It smelled delicious and every time he even walked nearby he felt himself salivating. Though the Grandmaster was forbidden from entering. Bodyguards had been hired for the sole purpose of physically preventing access from unauthorized personnel. They literally covered the entire doorway with their bulk.

Though the Kommo-o couldn’t deny the relief he felt. Ever since his nighttime discussion with his friend he could think clearly again and his conscience was no longer troubled like it once was. Was this due to knowing that someone was actively helping him? That there was a light at the end of the tunnel?

He wouldn't have long to ponder this thought. One afternoon he returned to his quarters to find an intricately folded letter on his futon. In delicate script was an invitation to a private tasting session at sundown for one Grandmaster Komoro. Blarosh had signed his name at the bottom with a flourish. Classy.

There were only a few hours until it was evening but he couldn't sit still and found himself pacing back and forth. Meditation was difficult again; he was having trouble controlling his breathing, and instead of being filled with intrusive thoughts his mind was blank.

The Grandmaster wasn't sure if that was better or worse.

Finally there was a knock at his door and he nearly faceplanted in his rush to answer. It was Blarosh, dressed in a loincloth as usual but this one was ornately embroidered.

"Good evening Grandmaster Komoro. I have arrived to escort you to your evening meal. Are you sufficiently prepared to depart?"

"Y-yes! I am, I am ready. Shall we?"

With a nod, the Marowak led him down to the basement. An entire training hall had been cleared out and replaced with a single long table lit with candles. A single chair was in the middle where the Kommo-o was quickly seated.

The Master quickly left and with the chime of a bell he returned with a covered tray. He gingerly placed it in front of Komoro.

"Our first appetizer needs no introduction, I know you love beef tataki." He unveiled a shimmer platter. "Are you ready to begin?"

"Th-that, th-" The Grandmaster quickly swallowed and tried to wipe his mouth. He was drooling and he hoped that Blarosh hadn't noticed, "That would be lovely. Except I d-don't appear to have any utensils. Did you mean for me to eat with my hands?"

"Don't be ridiculous, open wide." The Marowak scooped a sliver of meat and raised it to the Kommo-o's mouth, "Say ah."

Komoro blushed as red as his kimono but the instant he opened his mouth to protest, the first bites of food were shoved in. He nearly choked but controlled himself and started to chew.

There was a light charred which gave a heavy flavor of beef that was contrasted by the tangy citrus sauce. The Grandmaster was nearly in tears as he chewed and when he tried to ask his friend a question another bite was shoved in.

"I think that's enough. Next dish!" The Master pushed the tray just slightly out of reach and left, only to immediately return with another.

"You know the drill, say ah." Blarosh revealed delicately fried hunks of tofu sitting in a soup. Scooping one up he offered it.

There was little hesitation this time as Komoro eagerly took the food in his mouth. While the outside was perfectly crispy, the inside of the tofu was soft and almost too hot. The sauce had just the right amount of saltiness to compliment everything else.

The Grandmaster couldn't be happier. And the sighs of delight caused the corners of the Marowak's mouth to lift ever so slightly as he prepared another spoonful.

"Let's try and pace ourselves here. Next dish!" The tofu was placed next to the beef and he soon came back with an entire grilled squid.

"You better like this one. These things aren't in season right now and it was hard to procure." The Kommo-o simply nodded in unbridled excitement and didn't even need to be prompted to open his mouth.

Slightly chewy but still tender. The flesh was sweet but again lent bitter undertones from the grill marks. As he slurped down another tentacle he didn't even realize that the Master had disappeared without him noticing.

"Don't worry, I didn't abandon you." Blarosh had to carry the steaming basket with both arms and it landed on the table with a thud, "Had to order in a new fryer for this one. And there's now a cooking oil shortage in the town nearby but that's not my problem."

Komoro wasn't even paying attention and was basically begging with his eyes to be fed the first piece of tempura. The vessel was essentially overflowing with a combination of seafood and vegetables.

But upon the first bite of the deep fried goodness he felt a gurgle in his stomach. Chewing into the sweetness of the shrimp he did his best to ignore it and prayed that the Marowak hadn't noticed.

He gave a small sigh of relief when a piece of battered vegetable was pushed into his mouth. Apparently his feeder was none the wiser and was more intent on doing his job. The Grandmaster graciously accepted another piece, and another.

"We're not even done appetizers and look at you!" Oh no, it was completely naïve to think that Blarosh wouldn't have noticed. He was still a Master, how could he not have noticed?

The Kommo-o tried to sit up and found that his kimono was beginning to show unsightly bulges in a number of areas. As he scooted back the fabric started to slip and expose slivers of the scales underneath.

Desperately he tried to cover himself up before any further comments could be made. Sucking in his new gut, Komoro redid the sash to the point where it was uncomfortably pressing down on the belly. Realize that his friend was gone again he allowed himself to relax and examine what was still left on the table.

To his surprise there was still an ample amount of food leftover from the previous dishes. Not that he could reach or had the proper utensils to eat them cleanly. Despite the growing

protestations in his stomach he quickly scanned the room to see if the Marowak was returning and leaned over.

“Couldn’t wait for me hm? My apologies for feeding you so slowly but I am just a single Pokémon you know!” Out of nowhere the Master appeared again, just in time to catch the Kommo-o with a paw inside the hamper of tempura. Blushing profusely he returned to his seat only for his mouth to have two more pieces crammed in.

“I am genuinely sorry. I did promise to help you with your issue and it appears I’m not being prompt enough in my service.” The Grandmaster couldn’t respond. Each time he tried to talk another appetizer was thrust into his maw.

As he chewed, his friend lowered a wooden boat packed with an assortment of sashimi. Slivers of delicate fish piled on top of each other and he swore that some pieces were still pulsating, as if alive only moments ago. A testament to its freshness.

“Of course your favourite food had to be this particular cuisine. Not exactly what I would call “fattening”, my friend but I suppose that just means you’ll have more to eat.”

Komoro just bobbed his head in anticipation again, doing his best to subdue the bloating from eating so much and so quickly. He accepted mouthful after mouthful of tender fish while contracting every muscle in his body.

But with each swallow it became obvious he was fighting a losing battle. To be at ease for even a fraction of a second meant exposing more of his body. And soon it became a fight to reduce many scales were visible from any number of openings.

“Why are you resisting? I thought that this was what you wanted! Abandon your inhibitions already and indulge in this! Revel and enjoy it Komoro!” The last of the tuna belly was forced into his mouth, again preventing any sort of verbal response.

In truth he was of two minds. Part of him was horrified and wanted nothing more than to scamper away and cower in his room, ashamed that he had been allowed to plummet to such depths. But the other part was gaining power and Komoro felt the bubbles of giddiness return.

“Blarosh I’m, I’m *trurrrp!*” He barely covered his mouth in time to stifle the belch. But it didn’t matter, once one was released it set off a chain reaction of others. Rushing up his throat, the Kommo-o was taken aback as he was unable to withhold the raging gases.

BUUUUUUUURRRRRRP!

The sound echoed off the walls and likely could have been heard from the floor above and adjacent rooms. Normally he would have apologized repeatedly for even allowing the smaller burp. But here he was free and thus he openly luxuriated in this newfound freedom.

With each belch he could feel the pressure in his stomach being relieved. But it wasn’t just the physical matter. Mentally it was like pockets of stress were leaving his mind. A carefree smile flitted across his face, why didn’t he ask Blarosh for help sooner? So many years of repression could have been avoided if he had only been more open with his desires.

Speaking of which, where had the Marowak gone? The Grandmaster sat up with considerable difficulty and looked around. The sashimi boat was only half eaten and to be honest, he wasn't sure what would be served next. If this was the end of their session he would have been satisfied.

But right on cue the Master returned with another plate brimming with what appeared to be giant sushi rolls. "I heard you next door! I'm so glad to see that you're finally letting go and truly enjoying yourself."

Placing the dish on the table, Komoro was able to confirm that they were indeed giant California rolls. Despite how crowded his stomach felt it paled in comparison to how much his mouth was watering.

"And I'm also glad to see that your appetite is still going strong! I was worried you might have tapped out early. We're nowhere near done yet, nowhere close!" The Kommo-o was already leaning forward in anticipation, jaws open as wide as possible as the first roll brushed against the edges of his lips.

"Open wider! Come on, I know you can do better!" Straining to take the entire thing, the Grandmaster grunted with exertion as another inch dived in. He didn't even care about chewing, he just wanted more and more food. He wanted it all.

Which is probably the culprit behind the next set of sounds.

Riiiiiiip.

Though barely audible, it was unique enough that they both simultaneously looked down to see the first rips in the scarlet kimono.

"Per-perhaps this is, this is enough." Komoro did his best to push himself up in his seat and in the process caused another series of tears through his clothing. "This was a g-good first attempt. We can res-resume another time. Thi-"

"No."

There was a finality to Blarosh's words and the look on his face was oddly serene. Gone was the jokester that everyone knew, He had been replaced with this immovable force.

And no one was going anywhere until he allowed it.

The Kommo-o instinctively opened his mouth as the next bites were offered and as he chewed; his friend took the opportunity to return to the kitchen. It was as though with each swallow his belly visibly expanded.

"I don't mean to be rude Komoro but we both know that if I let you run now you'll never come back." The Marowak stuck his head out the door before leaving. "So let's just go all the way tonight and experience this in full, shall we?"

With a reluctant nod, the Grandmaster resumed chewing and relaxed back into his chair. The gurgling immediately returned with a vengeance and he clutched his rumbling gut. Burping wouldn't relieve this kind of pressure and if he didn't hurry, there would be a mess very soon.

But so much food in such a short span of time though had not only exhausted him, it had also made movement difficult. His limbs felt abnormally stumpy and useless, and were flailing about as opposed to generating any meaningful movement. He couldn't even see over his hump of a stomach anymore.

Having made an insignificant amount of progress he eventually resigned himself to his fate by the time the Master returned. In his hands was a giant steaming teapot.

"I hope you haven't been too thirsty. The tea requires a substantial time to steep but should serve as an adequate palate cleanser." A piping hot mug was poured, allowed to briefly cool, and then carefully placed in Komoro's hands.

"Thank you." He hoped that the difficulty in moving his hands over the growing tummy wasn't apparent. The last thing he wanted was to have help in drinking a cup of tea.

"How are you feeling?"

It was a seemingly innocuous question but they both knew how loaded it was. The Grandmaster wasn't even tasting the tea as he tried to buy time to formulate a coherent thought. The cup was almost empty by the time he spoke.

'Blarosh, I, I just want to thank you for do-'

Pfffrrrrrrrrrrrfttt.

It didn't matter that the burp from earlier was quieter, this was a far greater indignity. And because it came with such little warning there was no way he could have stopped it in time. At least there was no smell.

If the Marowak had any comments, he didn't say anything. He was much more occupied with pouring more tea. Counting himself lucky, the Kommo-o cleared his throat and tried to speak again.

"Um, thank you, Bla-"

Phbbbt...parp!

And then the smell hit. First it was just a wave of pungent sourness that slammed into the back of his sinuses. Komoro was choking back the fumes and desperately trying to ignore the damp spots on the bottom of his chair. But when he tried to cough out an apology only to release further fumes from his bowels.

BRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!

The floodgates had opened and there was no stopping them now. All he could do was grip the table and hang on as everything continued to rush out. But the gas wasn't the only sound he had to worry about. Wet splatters were hitting the floor underneath.

He was gagging as warm wafts of sulphurous air buffeted his face. It was though a cloud of flatulence had completely engulfed his head. It didn't help that every time he moved he could feel himself gliding around as the wet chunks nearby readjusted themselves.

Doubled over in a vain attempt to control his bowels, the Grandmaster groaned and the final burst of miasma was thankfully silent and probably smelt the worst but he had gone noseblind by this point.

The next moments were just filled with the noise of laboured breathing and the dripping. Wait, dripping? Wheezing, he willed himself to bend his neck and he was greeted with another horror.

Somehow after the gastrointestinal episode the Kommo-o had also inadvertently lost control of his bladder as well. The entire underside of his paunch was drenched in urine and whatever missed ended up hitting underneath the table.

"You ready for the next bite old friend?"

Komoro almost fell over and further smeared the mess around. His kimono was now ruined in more ways than one and was nowhere near absorbent enough to soak everything up.

"I, I, this, I-"

A convoy of raw oysters nudged past his lips and prevented any more talking from happening. Clearly the Master could see, smell, and hear everything that had just transpired, and yet...

"It is of no consequence Komoro. We both knew that this might happen and I promised I was going to help you through this, regardless of what might occur." He was already shucking the next round of oysters to interrupt his friend if necessary.

Tears welled up in the Grandmaster's eyes. Partially from how fresh the oysters were, there wasn't a hint of fishiness at all. But more from how grateful he was for the camaraderie that the Marowak had displayed time and time again that evening.

"I'm going to ask again that you relax. Let loose, there is going to be no judgment tonight so be free. I am here for you and I promised that I would take care of everything as well. Don't you trust me to do a good job Grandmaster Komoro?"

Komoro could only bow his head as he did his best to swallow both the seafood in his mouth and his tears. Graciously he accepted the next serving.

And once the Kommo-o's mouth was sufficiently filled Blarosh proceeded to do something unexpected. Both his hands stretched out and massaged the protruding gut between the two of them.

“Mmmmm?!” The Grandmaster couldn’t respond properly. And flailing his limbs about just caused his intestines to rumble while also splashing the slurry onto the floor. In the end he stayed as still as possible and just allowed his friend to explore as he pleased.

“Look at this...!” The Marowak’s fingers gently gripped a roll of fat and released it. And then he cupped another. Was he enjoying this too? It certainly seemed that way as he continued to play with the bulges in creative ways.

Working his way into the folds he also provided a soothing massage. If he was trying to move things along then it was working and Komoro forced himself to swallow so he could finally speak.

“Blarosh, what are you doing? Please stop, I, I cannot hold myself if you continue this!”

“Are my ministrations not to your liking old friend?” There was that trademark nonchalance in the Master’s voice. And even the dots of feces that were landing on his leg were not a deterrent and he was rewarded with another healthy gurgle.

“They are, they are exceedingly pleasant. But I b-beg you to stop! If you keep going I’ll-”

“Then do it. In fact, I’m trying to get you to.” The fingers became more aggressive and their efforts acknowledged by additional bubbles audibly making their way through. “Relax and indulge Komoro. If you want to tackle this beast head-on, now is the time.”

The Kommo-o gave his response with a thunderous fart. More of the slime radiated out in wide streaks of umber as his sodden kimono billowed out. Not expecting such a sudden reply the Marowak took a step back as the gas turned to liquid.

Neither of them knew how the underwear had managed to endure for so long but now it had certainly reached its limits. Stained every shade of brown imaginable, semi-solid death pushed outwards, desperate to find an exit.

Lumps and bulges started poking out through the undergarment, and in their desperation to get free even began coming through. It was as though the cloth was a sieve, allowing some of the liquid to come through while retaining anything larger.

And every sensory organ on his face was now struggling to comprehend what was hitting them. Through teary eyes he could see his friend blink rapidly and even snort as the reek assailed his nostrils.

His own nasal cavities were burning and he swore he could even taste the caustic particles floating in the air. He gagged again and as he lurched forward he inevitably squished the contents of his underwear against himself.

Speaking of, the landslide of feces hadn’t stopped. And as it ran out of room in the Grandmaster’s underwear it continued to look for ways to escape into the rest of the room. He could feel it pushing out and over the waistband while tendrils made attempts through the tiny gaps in the leg holes.

Despite how much room should have been created thanks to everything that had been voided, Komoro didn't feel any less fat. If anything his lower body was as rotund as ever. He sighed in relief again as his rectum settled and emptied his bladder.

It wasn't even intentional but he supposed it was part of the acceptance of the situation at hand. As the warmth spread it also created a soupy muck that could now more easily permeate his clothing.

His formerly beautiful kimono wasn't being torn from the seams like he had imagined. The sash had long since fallen off and was likely sitting in a rancid puddle nearby. The Kommo-o tilted his head to peer over his hump and saw how portions of the silk weren't even red anymore and were stained dark.

As he returned to his original seating position he felt the slop press against his body. It really was compacted everywhere, but he was frozen in place. His underwear was like a bomb. And to move in any significant capacity would be akin setting it off and unleashing its contents into the open.

And then silence again. Asides from the wheezing of such much exertion and the dribbling of liquid waste onto the floor.

"You looked so serene earlier Grandmaster, what is the matter now?" Despite all the sensory horrors that had occurred, the Master had stayed closeby. Even if he was literally stepping into the sludge to do so.

"A-are you truly unperturbed by what you have witnessed? Something so shameful and putri-"

"Enough Komoro." The Marowak hushed his friend, "I said I would help and here I am. What kind of support would I be if I were judgmental? Now, what else is there to do? I think you're no longer in the mood for dessert."

He resumed rubbing his friend's bloated stomach. Though Komoro couldn't tell if he was trying to be soothing or encouraging another bowel movement. In the end it didn't matter. Another torrent was building and even if he wanted to stop it, he wouldn't have.

The Kommo-o felt himself physically lifted up from his seat which creaked ominously. While his kimono wasn't getting ripped any further the same could not be said of his underwear. Some of the stitching near his crotch finally had enough and it quietly ripped open.

A hot, sticky mess funnelled down his inner thigh, getting stuck in-between the gaps of his scales. The sounds of trickling were now replaced with wet, sporadic splats to the floor beneath. Again, he expected to see his abdomen shrink but the fat seemed as prominent as ever.

"Was, was there something else in the food, Blarosh? What exactly did you feed me?" The Master did say anything, and only smiled.

And so they sat there in relative silence, asides from the dripping and Komoro's heavy breathing it was absolutely quiet. It was a bit of a welcome break to be honest, as they held hands in contemplation of what was to happen next.

"It has just occurred to me that there may be a problem tomorrow old friend." The Grandmaster tried and failed to sit up. The semi-solids trapped underneath him squeaked with each motion that he made.

"Whatever could you mean? I'm afraid I don't follow." Blarosh sidestepped over the filth so he could reach around and better assist.

"We have students and classes tomorrow! Have you forgotten? We run a high-calibre dojo here and its head is currently filthy and incapacitated!" He was panicking again as his mind raced, "And this is one of the largest training rooms we have! How will we ever get this cleaned in time? The stains?! The smells! Th-"

The Marowak simply pushed his spare hand into the Kommo-o's mouth, completely silencing him. "Did you think I'd set all of this up and not plan that far ahead? It's already been taken care of."

He took a second to relish the confusion in Komoro's eyes before continuing, "I'm surprised you didn't notice. I cancelled everything for at least a week. That should be enough time for you to lose all of this!" A meaty slap was applied to the belly as he laughed.

"We-well, that may be true. With a bit of help. B-but this doesn't address the rest of *this*." The Grandmaster waggled his arms as best he could in reference to the messiness around him. Enough time had passed that a lot of it was beginning to cool and even feel cold against his scales.

"Once again, did you not entrust me to deal with all of this? I have already moved the appropriate pieces in place. Observe!" With a flourish the Master revealed a series of papers and made room on the table.

"After we get you out of here, the training room will experience a very unfortunate sewer main break right around... here." He pointed to the ceiling with one hand and the other down to the blueprints, "It'll create such a mess that insurance will need to come in to fix, clean, and repair everything for us. It is an older building after all; it was bound to happen eventually."

"Is this not fraud? This is bordering unethical Blarosh!" But he stopped again when the hand returned to his mouth.

"I am handling this. Allow me to alright? Now, we just need to clean you up and you can go get some rest. You must be very tired." As befitting one of the status of Master, the Marowak instantly removed Komoro's kimono, neatly bundling everything into a soggy ball and leaving him in his bloated underwear.

"Blarosh, our techniques and training are not meant for undressing one another." The Grandmaster showed a moment of irritation before sighing and allowing his friend to continue, "That was my favourite kimono though..."

"I already had another one commissioned. Stop your worrying." The soiled underwear had also been whipped off along with most of the cess. Two heaping spheres sat together, threatening to explode at any moment.

There was a grunt and the Kommo-o found himself on his back staring at the ceiling. The table creaked ominously but held his weight. Confused, he twisted his head in search of Blarosh.

"I'm right here. Phew, I'm not getting any younger and you aren't getting any lighter but this Marowak still has a few tricks." Chuckling to himself he lifted one of Komoro's legs and began inspecting his embarrassed friend.

"This is a highly compromising and embarrassing position. What good does it serve you to see me in this obscene light?" The shame was returning in greater waves as his other leg was lifted up.

"If I don't clean you properly you risk infection and other discomfort. I managed everything else so far; allow me to see this through to the end." Satisfied with what he saw, the Master spread the legs apart and lifted the heavy gut.

Before the Kommo-o could respond, something cool and damp caressed the underside of one penis and wiped away. It was soothing and he instantly relaxed, even craving the sensation as he felt Blarosh expertly maneuver around.

The sound of water sloshing in a bucket was heard and then the cloth returned to clean the second penis as well as the gap between both. And then again, and again. He almost wanted to know how filthy things had gotten but he was too busy enjoying what was being done to his scrotum now. Every crevice and scale was immaculately attended to as the Marowak patiently continued his handiwork.

"Alright, that's enough on this side. And here we... go!"

The Grandmaster was now facedown onto the table and it was a bit uncomfortable what with his distended stomach being so large. It felt a little like he was floating off the table if he had to describe the situation.

But there was little time to contemplate such thoughts. His tail was lifted and his asscheeks spread apart. He could feel both the chilly air and Blarosh's eyes all over his exposed buttocks. This wasn't a sensation he'd think he'd ever experience, let alone get used to.

"Nothing I can't handle, stop feeling embarrassed."

"B-but I didn-"

"You don't need to. I already know. And I'm telling you stop it."

Then the therapeutic touch of the wet towel returned to do more cleaning. All around the tail, into between the cheeks, and all around the sensitive nub of his butthole. It sent shivers throughout his body and part of Komoro wished it wouldn't end.

"Alright, that should handle most of it. Can you walk?" The Grandmaster was rolled over again and lifted into a sitting position.

"I, I thin-"

“Here.” The Marowak grabbed both of his hands and helped his friend off the table and onto the ground on unsteady legs.

“No one else is here, I have made sure of this. Now let’s get you to the baths.” With one arm around his back, the two friends slowly made their way out.

“You still haven’t gotten your touch back Grandmaster Komoro! If you continue to keep this up I’ll be the Grandmaster when we reopen!”

“And it’s still just Komoro to you. Some second in command you are. You need to show more respect even if no students are around to hear.”

“When will you lighten up old friend? Even doing so when it’s just the two of us will do you some good haha!”

The Marowak laughed again as Komoro straightened out his posture. Nearly a week had passed since that fateful evening and asides from the cleaning and maintenance crews that came by it had just been the two of them.

Thankfully he had been allowed to focus on losing all the weight while Blarosh dealt with them. The thought of anyone else seeing him in this fattened state was still terrifying but the Kommo-o had slowly gotten more comfortable with his body being handled by the Master.

“It’s hard to lighten up when I know that things need to return to normal in a few short days.” The Grandmaster looked down and allowed himself a small nod of acknowledgment. He could see more of his feet while standing up today, a marked improvement.

“Oh please, if we needed to I could easily close the dojo for another week until you were comfortable. And I think many of our students would be relieved! It was quite the arduous regime you had them on.”

The Marowak continued to observe Komoro’s katas. Even with the stunted movement and heavy weight there was an elegance to each that most could never achieve even while in peak physical form.

“There was a purpose behind that training! We have standards here and only the strong survive and excel, enguard! The Grandmaster transitioned immediately in a flurry of attacks that Blarosh barely kept up with. Within seconds he was sweating and grateful that a considerable amount of weight still needed to be shed.

And then the assault ended and the Kommo-o was back into practicing stances. He exhaled and held his position as he stared out into the sky.

“What kind of Grandmaster would I be if I failed to restore my body to its former glory within the requisite time? Maybe you are right. Perhaps it would be time for me to step down and accept this new reality.”

Blarosh stopped his one-handed standing push-up routine and launched himself into the air beside the Grandmaster, "Then it wouldn't be me accepting that position. Someone else can have it."

"Oh? What happened to all your bluster about wanting to snipe the seat from me? And here I thought you had much loftier aspirations!" The Kommo-o smirked and enjoyed the rare joke made at his friend's expense as he flowed into a series of complicated yoga poses.

"My role has always been one of support. It is my duty and privilege to be at your side. I could ask for nothing else." The Master was now seated in front of him, face calm but eyes full of fire. It was Komoro's turn to be taken aback.

"I have never asked this of you, nor would I ever. It is wholly unnecessary." He was so stunned that he had stopped his exercises and was now granting his full attention to the Marowak.

"You didn't have to. I bear this of my own volition." And to prove his dedication he bowed, pressing his forehead to the ground at the Grandmaster's feet. The room was deathly silent save for the rustling of tree branches in the wind.

And then Blarosh found himself helped up.

"Rise Master Blarosh. That is no place for someone of your status to be and I will not tolerate it." The Kommo-o in turn knelt and bowed. "I am forever grateful to have you at my side. Knowing that you are there grants me the strength to do that which would otherwise be possible."

"Ha! This is a little ridiculous don't you think? What sort of Grandmaster bows to a Master?" But the Marowak kept his smile even as the other Pokémon rose.

"Then perhaps it is time that you become a Grandmaster as well. Then there wouldn't be a problem anymore would it?"

"You can't be serious. Two Grandmasters? People are going to wonder what exactly happened during the week of absence!" Blarosh's smile grew even wider as he held his chin in mock contemplation.

"Then let them wonder. They aren't in a position to question our authority. And besides, I think you've proven yourself in more ways than one." Komoro had begun shadow sparring and his sharp exhales drowned out the sounds of nature from outside.

"Will you be requiring more assistance in the future, Grandmaster Komoro?" The Marowak decided to take a short break but caught his friend unable to hide his smile either.

"That remains to be seen Grandmaster Blarosh, but should the occasion arise I know that I can rely on your discretion."

"Well how about us two Grandmasters head to the bath? I think we've worked up quite a sweat and we could use a break." Blarosh made his way to the exit and sighed when his friend hesitated.

“Komoro, I have seen you naked enough times in various states of physical health. And you will passively lose weight in the baths from all the steam. Let us go, you need to allow your body to rest.”

The cajoling worked, and soon both of them were relaxing in nearly boiling water as clouds of steam swirling about.

“See? What did I tell you, old friend? Isn’t this much better than doing another set of stretches and poses?” The Marowak slipped deeper into the grand bath and closed his eyes.

“I suppose you had a point Grandmater Blarosh.” He leaned back and allowed the water to wash over his flabby belly. And then he jolted backwards when something swam up and started touching him.

“What’s the matter? I thought you enjoyed this the last time I did it!” Blarosh had snuck through the swirling haze and was massaging the other Grandmaster’s stomach with both hands, “Perhaps it isn’t the same when I do it here? Or maybe you still don’t want to admit it.”

Even with the poor visibility the Marowak’s characteristic smirk could still be seen and Komoro resigned himself to the service provided. That is, until the hands started to wander lower down.

“Where do you think you’re going?” The Kommo’s voice wavered ever so slightly. As if nervous, excited, and wanting all at the same time. He leaned back and his gut floated up a bit higher, allowing easier access for the wandering fingers.

“I have to say, you have done a remarkable job so far. If there was a way to market this kind of weight loss we could repair the entire dojo and buy a second one!”

“If you had the drive and willpower to lose the weight you wouldn’t need to come here to do it. Not that you would survive the course anyways to succeed anyways.” Komoro felt his face flush but it wasn’t due to the heat. Something was cupping his scrotum and intentionally brushing against the underside of his penises.

“Is that so?” There was only residual interest in Blarosh’s tone. Both his arms were elbow deep in the water and they were fondling both dicks now. He leaned over and gave the floating belly a quick kiss and grinned.

“B-Blarosh what, what do you think you’re doing?”

“Why, I’m merely helping a fellow Grandmaster out. Do you have a problem with this? Is there an issue with my technique?” The stroking was getting stronger. Even against the hot water a steady pace had been established and it didn’t give any indication of slowing down.

“There isn’t an issue with how you’re doing it, there’s an issue with what is being done!” But despite his protestations he leaned back ever further and poorly stifled a moan. The Marowak took this opportunity to nibble at the exposed neck that had been offered to him.

"Really? I thought that I was to assist you at my own discretion! Well I have deemed that this is the appropriate time to lend my aid!" Water was splashing all around them now as Komoro gave up trying to control his voice which now echoed off the walls.

"You're going to dirty the baths at this rate! We shouldn't be doing this! What if someone sees?"

"I'm quite used to getting my hands dirty around you old friend, both literally and figuratively!" Blarosh's breathing had also become uneven and the beads of liquid on his face probably weren't from the baths. "And you know very well that we're absolutely alone here and so what if we get caught? We're Grandmasters, what are they going to do?"

Now his laughter was reverberating around them too. The Kommo-o wished his stomach was a bit smaller so he could see what was being done to him. There was some kind wrist motion going on that he couldn't quite figure out.

And then there was a sudden realization that what he was feeling wasn't coming from a hand. Something was sucking on the tip of one of his penises.

"Blarosh, where have you gone? Blarosh?!" The pressure on his dicks was still there but it was as if the Marowak had disappeared. He tried to look around the hump of his belly with little success but sighed with relief when he heard a gasp for air.

"It appears that my lung capacity isn't quite what it used to be, old friend." The newest Grandmaster shook his head to remove excess water and gave a wink. "I hope you don't mind if I go down for round two!"

He was back underwater before Komoro had a chance to reply. Now he wished he could see what was being done but maybe there was something to be said about just enjoying the experience.

His dicks twitched and he panicked. Blarosh had been down there for quite some time but as he tried to struggle away he felt himself get pinned to the edge of the bath. There was no escaping what was happening next.

With a wheeze both his erections exploded simultaneously, sending electric shivers throughout his entire body threatening to cause cramping in his legs. His own hands desperately clung to whatever surface they could, lest he accidentally slip under the water.

The Marowak continued to milk him dry and the first creamy blobs floated to the surface and clung to the sides of his stomach. After a painfully long time his friend surfaced with an even larger grin on his face.

"Well? How was that? I think this fully qualifies as assisting the Grandmaster." A thin trail of cum was still leaking down his chin. He was doing his best to not show how out of breath he was.

But the Kommo-o didn't care about that. Instead he swam over and brought their faces together. If Blarosh was caught by surprise he didn't say anything as their mouths met for a tender kiss.

The baths were quiet again aside from the gentle ripples and splashes.

“That was an excellent bit of assistance. I knew I could rely on you when I needed it.” Both Grandmasters were smiling so hard that it was a bit comical.

“Will you be requiring more assistance later?”

“Perhaps. See me in my chambers tonight. In fact, meet me in my chambers every night so long as you please. We can discuss further details then.” Komoro gave his own wink as they climbed out of the baths to dry off.

“The moon’s quite lovely tonight, isn’t it...?” Komoro asked the question to no one in particular in his empty bed chambers. He watched the moonlight streaming through the open windows as he waited in his second best kimono. It wouldn’t be long now, especially not with such a blatant invitation.

There was a tapping at his door and he almost tripped trying to open it. As expected stood Blarosh in what could only be presumed to be his nighttime loincloth.

“So kind of you to let me in, Grandmaster. What sort of assistance were you requiring this late in the evening?”

“Oh no, it is very considerate of you to answer my request for assistance, Grandmaster. I could ask for nothing less.”

The two friends snickered as they made themselves comfortable. The Kommo-o had set up a number of cushions for sitting as they took a moment to decompress and just enjoy the other’s company.

“See? Didn’t I tell you that a hot bath would prove both soothing and helpful in your efforts to lose weight?” The Marowak laughed and helped himself to the small tray of snacks laid out in front of them.

“I don’t think it was just the bath that provided therapeutic effects old friend.”

“Whatever could you mean? Please elaborate.” The newest Grandmaster smirked and popped another cracker into his mouth.

“Oh I don’t think there’s anything to elaborate on here. Instead, I should offer you my gratitude before I ask more of you.”

“Is that so? And here I thought you wanted some help in eating all of these treats! I accept your gratitude! Now, out with it. What is the next favour you’ll ask of me?”

Komoro stared directly into his eyes. “I would like you to continue assisting me in my weight loss and also allow me to repay the favour that you granted me in the baths.”

Blarosh paused, a piece of candy balanced precariously between his lips. "Whatever could you mean?"

"Finish your sweet and turn around." The piece of confectionary quickly disappeared as the Marowak swivelled so that his back was facing the other Grandmaster.

"As nice as the bath was, it wasn't fair that I got to have all the fun you know." Komoro gently pushed him in the upper back and lifted his hips so that it was as though Blarosh was bowing to the wall. "I thought it would be only fitting that you be repaid in kind."

"Oh but the pleasure was all mine. I could never impose myself on you!" Despite his words, he made no attempts to move. Even when his loincloth was undone from behind and fluttered to the floor.

"Then allow me to do all the imposing. All you need to do is stay as you are." The Kommo-o had always been significantly larger but it became more apparent as his scaled hands gripped the Grandmaster's buttocks. He had always appreciated Blarosh's form but seeing his body in such a way was stirring up unusual feelings in him.

He could hear the Marowak trying his best to steady his breathing. The barest tremors rippled up through and into each other's body. They both knew what was coming and they both wanted it. Now all that remained was to act on it.

The kimono fell to the floor as Komoro stepped to further close the gap between them. The moonlight continued to spread deeper and brighter into his bed chambers, illuminating the butt and puckered asshole in front of him.

"Surely you intend to have some form of assistance before continuing?" Blarosh wiggled his rump and chuckled as his friend scrambled away.

"Oh course, of course! I was, I was merely caught up in the moment." He returned with a tube of lubrication and poured it directly onto the Marowak.

"Gah! At least warm it up in your hands first! Goodness Komoro!"

"Sorry! Sorry!" The Grandmaster proceeded to scoop as much of it into his palms and reapply it into the crack, taking special care and focus on the twitching anus.

"And don't forget about yourself too. Both of yourselves."

What would he do without Blarosh? He chuckled and sighed to himself as he applied the excess to one of his now thoroughly erect penises. Now he just needed to ready himself. Kneeling a bit closer, it was his turn to try and get his lungs under control.

His cock got tantalizing close to the Marowak's ass. Was this appropriate? Was this going too far? Or had they already crossed every border already? The insecurity and uncertainty washed over him again.

And then the tip went in.

"I knew you'd hesitate like that, so I thought I'd lend a hand." Komoro nearly pulled back in shock only for Blarosh to buck his hips back another inch, further sucking the penis into himself.

"Come on, I thought you were going to return the favour and here I am doing all the work again!" The Grandmaster was gyrating his hips, tempting the other to take action, to do anything. Only when he turned around and gave a wink did something inside the Kommo-o snap.

Gripping his friend by the hips with one hand he grabbed his other cock and nestled it so that its tip also made headway inside. Once he was satisfied that both were secured he pushed both in with one fluid motion. The Marowak certainly wasn't expecting this and his gasp was audible but he pushed back when he came to his senses.

They stayed like that for a moment, both to soak in the moment but also uncertain as to how to go from there. Their scrotums lightly tapped against each other causing more shivers to reverberate out.

"As nice as this is, you can move too, you know." Right, Komoro gingerly started thrusting in and out, trying to establish some sort of rhythm as the lewd sounds of their lovemaking competed with the crickets outside.

"Mmmm... I'm quite enjoying this repaid favour Komoro." Blarosh was resting his head on his arms in an almost leisurely fashion. "Though, you could pick up the pace. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't growing impatient."

"I didn't take you to be an impatient one Blarosh. I've only just begun!"

"I think I have every right to be as restless as I am, given how long I've waited for this."

"What do you me-" The Grandmaster didn't finish his question. A wave of pleasure rippled through his body and he had to steady himself. How embarrassing would that have been? To orgasm before your partner? Unthinkable to the point of shame.

But it was perfectly acceptable to have the receiver cum first, even desirable. Truly a testament to one's own skills. The Kommo-o nodded to himself and began plotting a way to bring his plan to fruition. It was evident that plunging inside was doing a good job but if he increased the pace there was no guarantee he'd be able to control himself.

And then it hit him. Of course! How obvious. How had he not realized it before? He leaned down so that the rest of his body was almost touching the Marowak and whispered in his ear.

"My apologies for keeping you waiting, old friend. I hope that you'll accept this as an acceptable token of remorse for my transgressions."

And then Komoro's hand reached under and firmly grasped the pulsating erection. His friend was clearly not expecting this and froze.

"Do you not like what I'm doing? I suppose I can stop if I've misjudged your comfort levels." The Kommo-o briefly released him, allowing his retreating fingertips to gently trace the skin.

"I never said that! I just, I just didn't expect you to be so brazen. It's not like you."

"Well if that's a bad thing I can stop you know. I would never want to put you in a situation in which you were uncomfortable. I couldn't ever do that to a dear friend such as yourself." The fingers continued to recede, stroking the other Grandmaster's tensing scrotum.

"I never said that!" There was a hint of urgency, panic even in Blarosh's voice as the hand threatened to leave. "It was a compliment if anything, you've changed. For the better."

"Is that so?" Komoro suspended his hand in place, "Well, if you want me to keep going you should ask me to. It would be a lovely bit of encouragement as well."

There was another pause, and then, "Komoro, would you be so kind as to return your hand to my penis? I very much enjoyed your touch."

"With pleasure Blarosh, it would be my pleasure." He gripped the Marowak more firmly this time, feeling the warmth flow through him. He resumed thrusting and this time tried to match the pace with that of his hand.

"I must say Komoro, have you had much experience with this? There's a level of expertise and coordination that I wasn't expecting from you!" The speed had slowly been ramped up as the slap of their balls increasingly punctuated the night air.

"You don't get to the level of Grandmaster without learning to coordinate multiple parts of your body simultaneously! This is basic multitasking my friend! You flatter my skills!" Droplets of sweat coated their bodies and the tatami mats as they continued to fuck faster and faster.

In truth, the Komm-o was struggling to focus. Everything he did multiplied the pleasure in his own penises as he fought against the rising pressure forces building within him. But he couldn't stop jacking off the ever-hardening cock in his hand.

Eventually he was resting most of his belly weight on the Marowak's back. His spare hand was grasping Blarosh's for support as they heaved together in sync. In the dim light could see his knuckles going white from all the tension. But it also allowed him to see his cocks pull in and out of the tender asshole in front of him and it drove him wild.

"I can't hold on much longer Blarosh, I just, I just can't!" He was panting now, he had given up trying to hide exertion and his world had been reduced to just the two of them, moving in unison.

"Then stop holding on! Hurry! Just do it! Succumb and release!"

"Are you certain? What about you? It wouldn't be ri-"

Once again, the Grandmaster found himself interrupted mid-sentence as the other Grandmaster suddenly turned around and kissed him. It was as if time had stopped, his mind went blank, the world went white and second later he started to cum.

They moaned into each other's mouths as both cocks inside the Marowak unloaded, filling him to the brim with hot, sticky seed. At the same time, the Marowak also erupted and thick ropes of white semen splattered across the floor.

Komoro could feel every muscle inside his friend convulsing and was certain that the feeling was mutual. Not that he could ask, their tongues were a little occupied right now. They basked in the glow of the touch of the other as their respective orgasms gradually died down.

The kiss was reluctantly broken when the Kommo-o realized that he had been rested with his entire weight on Blarosh. He scrambled to get off only to get pulled back down.

"My apologies for not noticing sooner Blarosh! Was I not heavy? Are I not heavy? You must be exhausted!"

"It is nothing. It is my honour and privilege to bear this weight. Stay with me a while longer, please."

So the Grandmasters stayed connected like that for a while longer. Trading gentle pecks with the other even as Komoro inevitably went flaccid and flopped out. Even when the semen began to dry. Even as the moon began to set from and the sun gave hints of its eventual rise.

"Perhaps we should go back to the baths for another cleanse." The Marowak smiled and said nothing, only allowing himself to be helped up and then led out of the room.

Or so the Kommo-o thought.

Halfway to the door he suddenly found himself on his back and staring at the ceiling. A second later his brain realized that he had been flipped as he scanned to see where the other Grandmaster had disappeared to.

"I'm right here! Or can you not see me over that hump you call a stomach haha!" Straining his neck to the side he could barely make out the outline of Blarosh.

"Wh-what are you doing? I thought we were going to go wash up? I thought you were exhausted?"

"It's called a second wind and I'd rather use it here than in the baths." Komoro could feel his flaccid cocks get manhandled before his friend suddenly walked away and returned just as quickly.

"Lift your hips as best you can. That's it. Here, I'll help you... And there we go. Much better." Several cushions were slipped underneath the Grandmaster's butt and the enthusiastic hands immediately returned to continue their examinations.

"What were you planning on doing? You still haven't answered me old friend..." There was a whisper of excitement and anticipation. One that the chuckling Marowak caught onto.

"I just thought it was only fair that I repay a favour. Your turn to lie back and relax for a moment, hm? You must have burnt a lot of calories with all those exertions..."

Something warm and wet was lapping at the Kommo-o sticky scrotum. It danced between his hardening cocks and then back down to the edge of his asshole. Completely unable to predict what would be touched next left him in perpetual suspense.

“My that’s a lot of precum. Didn’t you have enough already? I suppose it would make sense if you hadn’t ejaculated several times already but how are you not yet empty?”

“Grandmaster. Stamina. Plenty.” It was only when kisses were being planted Komoro realised that mouth, tongue, and lips were currently being employed in this next bout of foreplay. But when it stopped he started to squirm in a plea for more.

“Ah, getting greedy now are we? Worry not Komoro, that was just an appetizer to whet your appetite. Here comes the main course.”

Something pressed into the Grandmaster’s asshole before retracting and then pressing again. This continued for several more cycles before the impatience set in.

“Is something the matter Blarosh? How long do you intend to tease me for?”

“There is indeed something the matter! For one, you are not relaxing in the slightest! How did you expect me to make any progress when you’re this tense?”

“Oh. Um, my apologies. I’ll uh, I’ll try and relax?”

It was exceedingly difficult though. The Kommo-o was far too excited for what was about to happen next but eventually he felt the head push through and into him. The heat and fullness spread throughout his body as he struggled with wanting more inside or to squeeze the Hell out of whatever was in him already.

Exercising the last vestiges of self-control in his body he allowed for further access into the rest of his rectum as his lover pushed onwards. Until finally he could feel both of their bellies touching.

“There. Isn’t that much better? Doesn’t this feel good?” The Marowak didn’t even bother waiting for a response and started pumping away. At times he tried to play with the two erections sandwiched between the two and eventually settled on using them like handles.

There was no more talking between the two. Just groans that mixed in with the sounds of morning bird song. Soon the penis in Komoro’s ass rapidly hardened and he knew what was going to happen.

And just like that an even more intense force launched through his body. He was writhing with such intensity he feared he might accidentally hurt Blarosh during their joint orgasm. But if he minded the twin jets of his seed splattering into his chin and neck he said nothing.

Predictably, they both collapsed again.

“Your stomach makes for quite the comfortable pillow.”

“Well enjoy it while you can. It’ll be gone by the time the students return.”

“That may be so, but who’s to say we won’t do this again sometime, hm?”

The only response was more chuckling and sighs. Their entire night had been spent making love and despite their exhaustion they had a full day ahead of them. They would unfortunately have no chance to rest.

“Seeing as it is dawn already perhaps we should begin our day?”

“And go out looking like this? I think we should at least go clean up first!”

“Well we were on our way to the baths before someone decided to have a second wind.”

“I wasn’t aware that you minded.”

“I never said I did.” And then they broke out laughing again as they finally got up.

“Don’t breathe too deeply. It’s a little musty.”

“My oh my, we’ll have to air the whole room out. I wonder who’s to blame.”

“As do I old friend, as do I.”

The Marowak reluctantly pulled out and then helped his friend up. And together they finally went to the baths to properly clean up and tackle the new day.