

Glade had a love/hate relationship with the beach, on one hand there was a lot of people to further pollute the ocean water, but now, as it was quite empty near dusk, it was very calming and peaceful, lonely yet relaxing. It gave him a sense of needed comfort that he usually would never experience.

After such a long day he once again visited the empty beach, enjoying his few hours of sincerity, he needs this, he deserves it, after all of the hard labor to keep going through this economy. Laying down on his comfy towel, wearing his favorite navy blue swimming briefs, the only thing that was able to keep his fatass contained, and nothing else but the salty air that drifted in his nose.

Sometime after, he wasn't able to sleep no more, as if he became too lonely. He sat upright slowly, looking around to still see no activity on the beach, sighing as he soon felt a wave of isolation and depression. After all the trouble for some enjoyment, he still felt like there was something else that he would wish for, maybe a new friend perhaps, he barely would meet new people for the job that he was used to, and even so, they still had other "plans for tonight".

He sighed once more, looking down at his semi-nude figure, his belly overgrown past his thighs and could not see his feet if he were to stand up, neither he could touch them standing if he wanted to. His hips given off a pear shape, as they would be filled with frog meat, not as firm since they would jiggle with enough force. He did not know why, but unlike most people in the world, he was rather glad to have this kind of body, seeing that he has never had a girlfriend (Or a boyfriend for that matter), he would have to resort to other ways to...relive the stress.

Just as he was inspecting his self, he felt a slight tug in a familiar spot: His member was starting to harden again. Several times he would believe as if this was his ideal image, and that he was lucky to have such a "Sexy" body, and that it was worth obsessing over. He slowly took off his briefs to find his feelings come true, his slowly hardening cock started flowing pints of blood as it was getting stiffer, having a sense of erotic feeling whenever he touched it with his bare hand.

Time to go to work on this bod

He gotten himself on his knees and grasped his hips, the flesh felt like soft and plush, like a pillow, he glided his hand over the rest of his skin, one hand on his chest and another slowly motioning over his crotch. The rush and chills he felt was breath-taking, the feeling was immense and fulfilling, as if this was his only wish. He grasped his throbbing cock with his hand, slowly caressing it as he moved down to his ass cheeks; if his hips were luscious, then his bum was the pinnacle of heaven itself, the flesh was the perfect size, the ultimate perfection, and of course all belonging to-

"Um, hello?"

Instantly he tried to cover himself as much as he could, even though it wasn't much he could in the first place; he felt his blush and embarrassment flood his body, he would have never expected someone to come to the beach at this hour, but more importantly on this day.

He slowly turned his head to look at the stranger. He almost widened his eyes due to the near similarities that they both shared: Another Greninja that would have the same body figure, but his color scheme was different, his body was covered in black and the chest and belly areas were a dull yellow. It

almost made him feel something new when Glade saw him in the same kind of briefs, almost like his, he started to feel something else.

"O-o-o-oh...h-hello there..." Glade stuttered, still full of shock and deep embarrassment, still trying to cover up as much as he tried.

"Hi there, I never thought someone like you would come here," the stranger said as if he knew Glade, "it seemed to be a pretty peaceful night, is it not?"

Glade felt sweat drops fall down his face, "O-o-oh, it is isn't it?"

"Excuse me if I may ask, but why did you take off your briefs?" the stranger asked with curiosity, pointing at the briefs Glade put beside him.

Now he was sweating harder, waterfalls in fluids, "Um...w-well, nobody is really around, plus the briefs tend to tug on my body a lot, this...chunk of fat has its drawbacks, heh..." He laughed nervously, hoping to shrug off the topic as quickly as possible.

"OH! Heh, I guess that would make sense. Y'know what...I might as well too!" He replied with cheeriness.

You have got to be kidding me...

The stranger soon reached down to his briefs and slowly pulled them off, showing off his nude self; his hips and thighs were nearly the same as Glade's, it almost made him drool, looking at himself like a mirror, such a body would never-

He shook his head in disgust, *just look away, he's probably messing with you*

"Oh shoot, I have bad manners, name's Fontaine, how about yours?" He asked as he was setting up his towel, laying it right next to Glade's (The leaking fluids were still on his hands) and laying down as if he expected the sun to make him tan.

"O-oh..." Glade stuttered, "I'm G-glade...I know, it's a very weird n-name."

"Oh noooo, it seems perfect for someone like you," Fontaine explained, turning and laying on his hips as he talked, "Gives it a little ring to it actually." He finished with a chuckle.

But Glade wasn't focused on that, his eyes became too fixated on Fontaine's body: the curves on his sides seemed too perfect, and his belly became sagged down to the comfiest level; godly chubby in his own right.

It was like looking at a mirror...

Glade forced back a blush and slowly covered himself up, asking Fontaine next to him, "Why did you take off your clothes too?"

It almost looked as if the black Greninja was trying to make an excuse, according to his puzzled face, "I kind of like the breeze, the clothes just cover my fat anyway."

Glade instantly turned back to him, sitting on his knees.

"NO, it's not fat! It's just so much more really, why not be proud of it anyway?"

"Hmmm" Fontaine pondered for a little while. "I guess, seems you're proud of it yourself!" He exclaimed with a smile. He slowly stood up from his towel and dusted off the sand.

"Hey, do you think that we both could go for a swim?"

Glade's blush finally broke through, "O-o-oh? I guess that would be fine..." He tried to reassure Fontaine with a weak smile, avoiding to sweat even more.

"Great!" He slowly started to walk toward the water, Glade couldn't hold back and watched him walk.

Fontaine's hips moved gracefully like a well fed king, they would jiggle in response to every step he would take with his meaty legs. His ass cheeks swayed as well with every motion, jiggling and reverberating with ease. Glade couldn't help but to once more get that same feeling as he did when he first saw that body, his member once again growing with every passing second. Staring at that godly ass, so luscious he would think to himself.

Fontaine would then look back, not seeing his friend next to him as he was already feet deep in the water, "HEY! Don't you want to go swimming?" He question, raising his voice over the roaring waves.

He then soon saw Glade standing still, his hand rubbing his shaft as he seemed to get aroused by something, Fontaine walked back over and touched his shoulder, "Hey, what happened?"

Glade soon came back into reality, seeing Fontaine right before his eyes, as he was jacking off to his body.

RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.

"OH! Oh shit, I'm so sorry, I-I-I didn't mean to, y-y-y-" Glade sputtered, loss of words and deeply full of regret as big as his own belly.

"Whoa whoa, stop, what are you apologizing for?" Fontaine asked, being careful not to raise his suspicion too early.

Glade soon started to look down at his feet in shame, "I'm so sorry, it's j-j-just that I n-never got to meet someone so-" Glade struggled to say 'sexy', never wanting to say something to make his new friend turn against him so early.

"Hey, calm down, its fine." Fontaine slowly pulled his arms around Glade, "I'm here to listen, I'll help you, just slow down a little, ok?" He hugged tighter in response.

Glade couldn't help but cry slightly as he spoke with a trembling voice.

"It's just.....I never had the chance to love someone like people usually do, making girlfriends, getting married, I never had that. I couldn't help but just..." He slowly reached, but as much as he wanted to be polite, he extended his arms to rub Fontaine's bottom. Glade felt pure bliss from the slightest of contact, but he kept explaining, surprised that Fontaine hasn't reacted, "All I've wanted in life was someone capable of the same body, I mean..." He slowly fell on to his words with discomfort, "We both look pretty sexy."

Fontaine stood silent for just a few seconds, before Glade noticed a pair of hands on his bottom, caressing it like a fragile pot with smoothness.

"Y'know," Fontaine replied, "I feel like we are the same person." He proceeded to rub it slowly in circles. Glade couldn't help but moan with such pleasure, his whole body shaken by his touch. He returned the favor by rubbing the black Greninja's booty more firmly.

Fontaine soon gripped Glade's hips, slowly settling his body down on the sand, the white Greninja could then feel something poking at his rear.

"You wouldn't mind if I could go first?" Fontaine said, his voice slightly shaken up, seeing that this would be his first time as well, but Glade shook his head, "Go right ahead."

Fontaine then positioned himself, holding both of Glade's legs slightly in the air, leaving the white Greninja's ass in perfect view, he didn't hesitate to keep his temptation waiting any longer and slowly slid his thick member inside Glade's hole.

They both winced at the pain at first but the feeling quickly subsided as waves of pleasure drowned them both, Fontaine gripping Glade's legs showing his masculine side, starting to slide in and out of the hole. Glade couldn't hold back his moans, the immense lust that overcame him felt god-like.

The black Greninja soon and slowly picked up his speed as he kept thrusting, his pre-cum flowing inside Glade like a river, "Oh...damn...your ass is perfect!" He shouted, thrusting as fast as he could.

Glade's whole body shook with every thrust, his arms laid limp as he felt helpless and to just absorb his thrusting, "I would....mmmf...that yours is better...oooh..." His voice still shaken as was before, awaiting for the special moment to appear.

Apparently he didn't have to wait long, Fontaine's member felt like it would explode at any time, he chuckled as he felt the sensation, "You better....prepare...yourself..." He grunted, his hips feeling numb from his intense "workout". Both Greninja's gritting their teeth as they knew what was to come next: Fontaine soon thrust one last time deep within Glade's tailhole, shooting his thick cum inside.

Glade could not feel much, except his belly would soon feel a lot heavier, he looked down at his gut as he saw his belly slowly grow out from the gallons of cum the black Greninja generated.

"O-o-oh my.....I feel so full..." Glade exclaimed with surprise in his voice, clutching his brand new chubby gut as if he was pregnant.

"So," Fontaine panted greatly, "how many children do you think we will have?"

Glade ran his hands over his chest, gliding them back under his thick belly as he pondered over the question, "Hmm, maybe around 3?" he replied, slowly getting up, feeling the weight of his gut shift as gravity was put into motion.

"Aw, that's not so bad." Fontaine said back, sitting on his knees while he rubbed his slightly throbbing cock. Glade looked towards him, still looking over the chubby black Greninja's body, in response he barely winced loud enough for Fontaine to hear.

"Is something the matter? Did you need something?"

Glade rubbed his belly once more, "You know, don't you think that we should be just as fat with each other? I mean, I haven't gotten my share Y'know." Slowly as he explained his feelings, he moved his hand to feel his member slowly grow as well, awaiting for his share of the deal (even though there wasn't one).

Fontaine did not say anything, dusting himself off, he slowly turned himself still on his knees, and he would then place his hands on the sand, arching his back while he would stick his cheeks up in the air. "Of course I didn't forget, we both gotta be satisfied." He wiggled his tail, jiggling his hips in the process.

As if the marks on the black Greninja's ass cheeks would hypnotize him, he slowly walked over to get down on his knees and clutch Fontaine's hips; his hands felt so relaxed to feel such a plush body, sinking his fingers like a pillow inside felt all the more heaven-like to Glade.

Slowly he pushed his member between Fontaine's cheeks, sliding his cock inside the tail hole.

"Erf...oh goodness." Glade barely was able to hold back his drooling, the perfect body comes with the best pleasure center of THEM ALL. Glade felt his member easily able to slide in and out, the hole felt perfectly loose and tight enough at the same time, feeling ever so glossy and frictionless to the touch. The white Greninja slowly grabbed Fontaine's shoulders (barely because of his short arms) to get the better feel when he would soon start to hump inside.

Glade started to push his member deeply at first, seeing how far he could go, his body felt like it was about to melt with pleasure, he didn't hesitate no longer as he slowly started pushing back and forth inside the hole, feeling his member already gush pre-cum inside the pudgy black Greninja.

"Ha...ha, I was....urf....right...it feels so much...erf....better..." Glade huffed as he thrustured intensely inside Fontaine, which the other responded: "I'm not...oof....so sure about....mmmf...that Hun." Hearing these words made Glade feel so comforted inside, treating him as a lover felt so right, or at least that what Glade thought he meant.

The white Greninja slowly slid his hands down to Fontaine's belly, "I wanna...oof...feel it grow..." He struggled to collect his words, the immense pleasure could not be resisted so. Glade started thrusting faster with every inch of getting closer to that similar climax, the belly, the hips, and that ass was all that he needed in his life, these two Glade thought would be something really special.

Before the white Greninja could stop himself, even though he didn't want to, he thrustured inside one last time before he felt the fluids shoot out of his member. Unlike Glade's experience with the filling, Fontaine's belly was getting...BIGGER. As soon as Glade made his final thrust inside the hole, Fontaine's belly slowly but surely exceeded past Glade's fill.

"W-w-w-whoa!" Fontaine exclaimed, he started to clutch the side of his belly as the outer part started to lift him off the ground, his gut inflating and expanding as if he became a Pokémon balloon. As the black Greninja's body slowly started to round out, Fontaine's arms and legs became sucked inside of his body, making his whole figure into a gigantic sphere.

Glade huffed and panted, finally feeling drained of his fluids, finally realizing how much he had given to his dear friend. He shook his head before he actually felt the blob himself, jiggling even more than it did before, this was real, and he just filled this body with all of this cum. Which reminded him...

Glade quickly went over to Fontaine's belly, and started pushing him onto his back. Immediately, I checked to find his head; his face was half way covered by his round body, struggling to lift his head because of his thick neck.

"Holy crap I'm sooo sorry! I didn't mean for you to get like this, here!" Glade soon rushed over to his bottom, his voice quivering in embarrassment, "I'll help you out!"

"No no no, Glade come here." Fontaine said smoothly, his voice extremely calm but loud enough for Glade to hear. The white Greninja tilted his head in confusion but obeyed, kneeling down to his swollen friend.

"I'll admit, I never knew a cute small guy like you could hold such a load, but that was still nice, it's weird that I didn't explode yet, but I guess I shouldn't jinx it." The black Greninja joked slightly. Glade couldn't help but laugh at his remark, lying next to Fontaine's belly.

"You know, I don't think we will ever get a chance like this ever again." Glade soon said after a while, feeling the salty wind breeze off his body. Fontaine shifted his head over to look at Glade: "Wait, whatcha mean Glade?"

"I'm saying..." Glade turned on his side to look at Fontaine, "We both found what we were looking for, and this feeling of meeting for the first time will never feel as good as what we both have experienced in a long time."

"Whoa whoa hey, you're still getting me lost here." Fontaine replied again with the same amount of curiosity.

Before Fontaine could move his head, Glade placed his hands on his head, and kissed his cheek, both of them blushing bright red, and still blushing after they both separated.

"I love you so much, like a son to his dad." Glade softly responded, smiling sheepishly with his words, Fontaine nuzzled his cheeks against Glade's as his response, his mouth covered from his fat.

They both laid side by side to hug and talk some more, bonding like it was no tomorrow.

Guess being skinny doesn't always cut it now does it?