

Warm salty sea air wafted. A bright full moon hung in a cloudless sky, bathing the world below in ethereal blue-white light. The gentle winds caressed the candles that dotted the tables, orange flames subtly swaying in their spherical glass containers. Glittering stars reflected in the sea that stretched out as far as the eye could see, only completing the romantic atmosphere for those who dined on the dinner cruise.

An impressive yacht casually cruised through dark water, waves parting around the bow as it effortlessly glided through the harbor. It had several decks, candlelight glowing from the windows and the level above, giving it a cozy atmosphere as the white ship quietly sailed.

"I still can't believe you managed to get us a seat here," Ledi said. The Ledyba leaned back in his chair, adjusting the cuffs on his suit awkwardly. "That and we have to wear suits too. I've never worn one this nice before... I'm kinda scared I'm going to spill something on it."

"I wouldn't worry too much about it. Nothing, a trip to the cleaners won't fix, dude." The Flygon across the table chuckled. He also wore a suit; crimson fabric contrasted his green flesh and golden hair. The front few buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned, allowing his taut pectorals to breathe, a few blonde curls poking out as well. His stance was far more relaxed than his counterpart, leaning far in his chair, an arm dangling over the back casually.

"Maybe..." he muttered. "I just don't want to mess anything up." His statement was heart-achingly earnest, his gaze shifting from the white tablecloth to the other Pokemon across the table.

Ryu sighed softly, a reassuring smile forming over his muzzle. "You're not gonna screw anything up, babe."

The Ledyba twiddled with a fork, pulling the immaculate silverware from the folded napkin on the table. "I don't know... Are you sure I'm worth all of this?" He gestured wide to picturesque surroundings both close and far. The utensil twirled between his fingers, accidentally coating them in prints as he did. "And you're paying for all of it too."

The nervous twitching of silverware was finally stopped by a hand reaching across the table. Fingers wrapped reassuringly around the back of Ledi's hand, squeezing it before pushing it down to the table, coercing him into letting go of the abused silverware. "Hey. This was my idea, not yours. You don't gotta worry about a thing, babe." He smiled, leaning forward as he brought his other hand around, stroking gently under his boyfriend's chin. "You're here to have fun. Don't forget."

Ledi could take a hint, following the gentle tugs of that finger as he closed his eyes. Their lips pressed together in a slow kiss above the illuminating glow of the candlelight. They remained like this for an entire minute, fingers lacing as hands found each other.

"I guess I could learn to relax," Ledi muttered, his cheeks a shade of rosy pink.

A wide grin formed on Ryu's face. "That's the spirit!" His eyes drifted to the nearby stairs leading to the lower deck as his smile turned sheepish. "Though, *uuuhh*..."

“Uh?” he parroted, head tilting, antenna bobbing.

“I gotta use the bathroom,” he said with a laugh, rubbing the back of his head, his cheeks flushing for entirely different reasons.

“Oh!” Ledi laughed as well, twiddling with his fork once again. “Well, as long as you don’t leave me alone for too long.”

Ryu let out a dismissive sound as he got up, scooting his chair from behind him. “Where else would I go? It’s ocean for a mile or more in any direction,” he said with a silky smirk. With his boyfriend seemingly satisfied with his reasoning, he headed down the stairs and into the level below. It seemed that luxury followed with every step, the mid-level just as elaborately furnished as the one above.

It seemed they were cruising with a fair crowd, several people crowding silk-white tables. The patrons were from all walks of life: different species, ages, and genders. At least he didn’t feel like he stood out—not too bad, considering his surfer-like blonde hair and lax posture.

He let out a short breath, a finger looping into his collar as he gave it a few tugs. He wasn’t lying when he said he needed to use the washroom. However, it wasn’t for the reasons that his boyfriend would have expected.

Darting eyes finally found what they were looking for as he made his way to the back of the ship. Pushing on the door, he found himself in one of his life’s most immaculately clean spaces. The floors were pearlescent marble, with the countertops and nearby sink basins made of glistening quartz.

The cooler air was a relief as he stepped in. Tugging on his collar, he loosened it further, allowing his muscled chest to breathe. He tossed his jacket over the edge of the countertop as he walked to the sink basin. It felt like he was burning up, a few beads of sweat forming over his forehead.

It was his dirty little secret—one that he had been hiding from Ledi for the last two days.

He felt sick, with heat waves and nausea hitting him randomly throughout the day. It felt like he had a fever, his core burning, the feeling radiating to the rest of him—before abruptly cutting out. He had to wonder if he was infected with something. The only other person he had close contact with over that period was...

His mind’s eye drifted as he cupped water in his hand, splashing the chill relief over his face. He remembered a massive Marowak that had started going to his gym. Huge, sweaty, and built like a brick wall. While he already had a boyfriend, he couldn’t deny the rugged newcomer’s attractiveness.

They had nearly crashed into each other, Ryu’s face landing straight into his sweaty chest. His nose lodged between those bulging pectorals, either mound barely contained by a straining dark tank top; straps were pulled taut like guitar strings as they looped around those melons and over mountainous traps.

They mutually apologized, but Ryu could tell the Marowak wasn't exactly sorry. A subtle, almost hungry smirk pulled across his face leaving him with several questions—even as he wandered off to the squat rack.

Even as he went to change his clothes, he could feel that was something off. The smell radiating off the other Pokemon wasn't the usual musky aroma he was used to; it had a sickly sweet smell hidden underneath—the odor of illness. It didn't hit him then, but he put two and two together when he started having hot flashes at home the next day.

It was too late to cancel his dinner date; the tickets were non-refundable. He was thankful that the symptoms seemed mild so far. Just dizziness, hot flashes, and—he pulled at his pants, adjusting them along with his sleeves—some swelling? His shirt pulled tight under his arms, bunching up in his pits. It didn't help that he was sweating, the musky stuff starting to stain the lighter-colored fabric of his button-up.

“...Maybe I'll see a doctor later,” he muttered, giving his face another splash of chill water. The life-giving liquid seemed to work its magic; it wasn't too long until he was already feeling better, nausea that gripped his stomach finally dispelling.

For now, he just needed to stick it out. Eat some dinner and give his boyfriend the time of his life.

He nodded to himself, his internal words seeming to catch hold as he smiled at his reflection. “Yeah...yeah! I can do this! Just a bit longer!”

Dinner went off without a hitch, and Ledi was none-the-wiser about Ryu's “condition.” Ledi ordered lobster thermidor while Ledi settled with the classic pan-fried wild salmon. The latter could barely focus on his meal, too enamored with the delighted sounds that his lover was making. They even went so far as to play a game of footsie under the table, Ryu, of course, being the one to initiate it.

All-in-all, it was a night to remember—especially when a suit-wearing waiter came rolling in with chocolate mousse cake.

Ledi sighed softly as he leaned his head in, nuzzling the side of it against Ryu's strong shoulder as his wings fluttered. The Flygon found his own wings shuddering, a goofy smile forming on his face. “See? I told you.”

“Mm...? What?” Ledi asked, a soft yawn trailing his words.

“That you wouldn't mess anything up,” he said, kissing the top of his boyfriend's head. He could hear him mutter something adorably unintelligible.

It wasn't until Ledi's hand pressed to his forehead that he blinked in surprise. "...Eh?" he asked, expression screwing up. Ledi pulled back, his eyes wide, hands feeling around his neck as well, flipping the one over his forehead so he could feel it with the back of his fingers.

"You're sick-!" he exclaimed, his antenna sticking nearly straight up as eyes went wide.

"J-Just a little hot!" Ryu replied defensively, pulling away from those hands.

Ledi shook his head vigorously before saying, "Hun, you're burning up-! How long have you been feeling like this?"

It was incredibly tempting to lie; he didn't want to worry his boyfriend any more than he had. Ledi had a penchant for panic, and he didn't want to feed the raging fire. However, those large eyes looking up at him were enough to break that idea in half.

"I..." he started, voice hitching. "J-Just a day or two..."

"And you didn't tell me?" The hurt in his voice stung, making Ryu's tail curl down between his thighs.

"I didn't want to worry you, dude! I've just been a little warm...and dizzy! But it usually passes quickly!" he fumbled, flustered as he was put on the defensive. He tripped, a wave of nausea hitting him, nearly throwing him off his feet.

"D-Do you need a doctor?" Ledi asked, his voice rising higher in pitch as it cracked.

"N-No!" Ryu groaned. That tightness was coming back, the feeling of his clothes squeezing tightly around him. His chest, in particular, pushed out from his shirt, pulling the unbuttoned sides around them as they jutted further away from his torso.

"O-Okay," Ledi squeaked, watching those pectorals grow hefty and spherical, hanging away from the rest of his boyfriend's torso, "I-I'm calling an ambulance!" His fumbling with his phone was interrupted by a clumsy wave of one of Ryu's hands, nearly smacking it out of his grip.

"I-I can't afford a ride!" he said through clenched teeth, sweat starting to bead over his forehead.

"You can't...?" Ledi asked, his voice small, even a little confused as he lowered the glowing phone screen.

"I...I spent my last two paychecks on this dinner," he reluctantly admitted. Fingers squeezed into his chest, the ends of his digits sinking into the growing ravine between his burgeoning pecs. Seams started to pop—a sound he didn't want to hear, considering that his suit was a rental.

"W-We should get back to your apartment at the very least," Ledi said, tugging his boyfriend's wrist and leading him along the darkling street.

Every step seemed to add a sliver of mass, Ryu panting as a shiver went up his spine. The jacket wrapped around his torso felt tight, the material bunching around his biceps as they

swelled. The sensation of muscle grinding against restrictive clothing was new; he had always been wiry with muscle mass reluctant to pile onto his tall body.

He was starting to feel a little delirious. His body's heat was trapped in his stuffy suit, baking him inside.

"A-Are you...*growing*?" Ledi asked, a little late to the party with his question. It was unavoidable at this point, Ryu's apparent sickness doing more than giving him a case of the sweats.

"I... M-Maybe..." Ryu slurred subtly, his eyes crossing as sweat steamed off him. His clothes were practically painted on now. His thighs bulged, stretching the fabric to the limit around growing pillars; individual quads flexed, rolling together as he walked. The sensation was orgasmic, a lewd moan slipping past his lips as he reveled in the grind between those meaty walls.

"*Oh god...*" he whined. "It's getting worse! C-C'mon!"

Moving through the streets and around town was a blur for Ryu. He could vaguely see other people staring at him—the few they crossed, anyway. The sound of ripping and tearing became more prominent as they walked. At some point, he knew his shoes had burst open, rough cement pressing under swelling stompers. Thickening soles had ensured he wouldn't feel a thing, however.

"O-Oh *no...*" Ledi whined, giving quick glances to his boyfriend every so often. He was visibly larger now. Traps had swollen up along with his neck, forcing the collar of his shirt and jacket out, stretching it around the outer edges of the mountainous muscle.

"*Ohhh...*" Ryu moaned, tongue lolling out of his mouth as a stupid smile pulled across his flushed face. "This...feels pretty good, dude..."

"C-Come on! T-Try to hold it in," Ledi whined as he pulled on that engorged arm. It was as big as his torso, swollen bicep and horseshoe-shaped tricep defining the limb. The insides of Ryu's sleeves had already split open from the pressure, unable to handle the rapidly enlarging muscle. Even though he was trying his best to get his boyfriend home, he couldn't deny how attractive this was—a pronounced bulge in the front of his pants signaling as much.

"But it feels so *goood*," Ryu said with a breathy sigh, the sound of ripping following his words. The sides of his shirt had torn open; Lats spread from his sides like wings, cobbled obliques flanking either side like rippling, muscled armor. The sides of his jacket were riding up now, the bottom edges hanging high above his hips.

He had gone from an athletic build to bordering on bodybuilder in minutes. It would have been incredibly alarming if Ryu was in his right mind—but the haze from transformative sickness kept his mind swimming in delirious pleasure.

"We're almost there!" Ledi pleaded, tugging on an arm that felt like it weighed just as much as he did. He felt like a small child pulling on their parent's wrist; there was no way he could move Ryu now, not with the sheer amount of mass shredding out of his suit.

Thankfully, he seemed impressionable enough, the Flygon peering over swollen pectorals to peer at his boyfriend. “You’re pretty cute...” he muttered, sounding almost intoxicated as he grinned dopily above those meaty mounds. Ledi’s face flushed hard, an awkward cough coming out of him.

“W-We gotta get you inside, come on...” He pushed the front door to Ryu’s apartment complex, thanking any and every divine power he could think of that made it before his boyfriend’s suit detonated. However, with the sound of tearing continuing unabated, he wasn’t sure how long that would last.

The delirious Flygon was tugged to one of the nearby elevators, stepping into it just before the silver doors rolled shut. The enclosed space acted like a hotbox, Ledi’s nose jumping as he sniffed the air. Masculine musk radiated off of Ryu, only noticeable now that they had stepped out of the open air.

Ledi let out a squeak of surprise as he was suddenly pressed against the back wall, smothered under pectorals that had grown hairy with dense curls. Ryu was overwhelmingly large, his sleeves having failed, revealing bulging verdant arms. The hirsute limbs were webbed with veins, fat ones thicker than his fingers trailing down and branching above powerful pillars for forearms.

He whined as decidedly meaty mitts pressed into the walls around either side of his shoulders. Ryu’s lips pressed against his neck, sloppily kissing at it as his engorged chest kept his boyfriend pinned against the inside of the elevator.

“*Ryuuuuu*,” Ledi whined, gasping as he felt those lips suckle and squeeze around the base of his neck. His achingly hard crotch was pressed into the Flygon’s thigh, the meaty pillar grinding purposely between his legs. It was thicker than his torso, slacks having disintegrated into tatters that clung to those vascular tree trunks. Every twitch of his feet caused them to ripple, teardrop-shaped quads clenching as they fought for space.

Even in the elevator’s confined space, Ryu’s growth didn’t abate. He went from amateur to professional bodybuilder in minutes as he heaved with explosive mass. Massive delts surged from his shoulders, giving him a tank-like appearance that was at odds with his once surfer-sized body. Even his back was getting in on the action, blowing out as it shredded his jacket, giving him a depth that life-long bodybuilders could only dream of.

“*Fuck*,” he huffed, heavy breathing causing his engorged pectorals to bob up and down, the sinewy globes threatening to graze and grind against his chin from how large they had become. His abdominals had beveled outwards, busting the buttons off of what remained of his shirt one at a time until that cobbled tortoiseshell could taste fresh air.

He felt *heavy*; every move of his herculean body felt like he was moving mountains of raw muscle. And it was all his—all *him*. The thought sparked a giddy, greedy feeling inside him, his attention turning to the scrawny bug wedged against his chest.

Ledi gasped as he was kissed hard, Ryu having turned his head sideways to reach over his swollen pectorals. He failed to hear the ding of the elevator nor the opening doors as he was swept off his feet. The last pieces of Ryu's clothes fell off him as he strolled down the hallway, leaving a wall of emerald green Flygon to swagger unimpeded.

His sheer size made walking difficult, adjusting his stance much broader than he was used to accommodate the grinding of overblown muscle. The weight of every step caused the hallway to shake—and most likely a good chunk of the building too.

The door to his apartment collapsed as he stepped through it, shouldering his way in as if it were made of cardboard. He was so large now that he had to turn himself sideways to fit through the entryway; even then, the overblown mass that comprised his body barely allowed it. Fat pectorals caught along the edges of the frame along with his back, a twist and a turn causing him to bust through it, tearing through plaster and drywall.

Massive glutes clenched, bulging boulders dimpling deep as he stepped over the splintered remains of his front door. His mind was a haze, and the only thing he could focus on was his growing body—and the love of his life tucked between all the expanding muscle mass.

“R-Ryuuu-!” Ledi whined, wiggling against his chest—not that the Flygon noticed or heard him. His clothes were feeling a little tight, the Ledyba groaning as hot flashes also started hitting him. At first, he chalked it up to being squeezed so close against his overheating hulk, but it was more than that...

The door to the bedroom burst open, a fat foot stepping it down to the ground with one smooth motion. Ledi gasped as he was tossed onto the familiar bed, bouncing up and down before settling onto the mattress. He let out a soft whine in apprehension and anticipation as he watched Ryu loom over him. The light from the window cast dramatic shadows over the hulking Flygon, most of his face obscured by towering pectorals and monstrous shoulders.

The bed creaked dangerously with only one leg on it; when a second was added, the legs snapped, dropping the box springs to the floor. The twin-sized mattress was only half the size of Ryu's enormous body now, his mammoth shoulders pushing him to the point where he was nearing as wide as he was tall.

“Flex...”

Ledi blinked at the command that rumbled out of Ryu, his voice a breathy growl. He looked at his own arms, following his boyfriend's gaze. To his shock, they were filling out his sleeves, pulling them taut. He bit at his lower lip as he let out a soft whine. The same sensations that had taken hold of his boyfriend gripped him, pumping his body to new heights. Every breath he took seemed to add a few pounds of mass, his once flat chest turning shapely and round as pecs bloomed into existence.

“A-Ah...R-Ryu...” he whined, a shiver going up his spine as his boyfriend slid his meaty endowment between his legs. Perhaps the most dramatic transformation had occurred below; a massive log swung between those powerful thighs.

"Bigger," he demanded, whispering straight into Ledi's ear. The Ledyba moaned, a whine of a sound as his body surged, resonating with the request. His thighs ballooned, ass clenching as muscle rippled and stretched underneath his skin, causing it to creak. Just like with his boyfriend, his clothes started splitting open, revealing more of his dark-colored flesh.

Any thoughts about seeking help were quickly starting to fade. Potent lust took its place as Ledi began to give in to the changes, rocking his hips, lifting them so that the end of Ryu's large endowment perched between his ballooning glutes. The tear in his slacks allowed the Flygon entry, his precum oozing cockhead pushing between muscle-laden cheeks.

Ledi's mind fogged over, lust taking center place as he felt him stretch around his boyfriend's enormous endowment. His stomach distended, still-growing abs wrapping around the log of a cock tenting him out. Even then, it was only halfway inside him.

Ryu growled, a few dollops of drool trickling from the corners of his maw. It looked like his eyes were about to roll up in his head at any moment as he wantonly thrust into his Ledyba. The box springs crushed down, the mattress crumpling underneath the combined weight of the growing Pokemon.

Like in the elevator, Ryu's small bedroom quickly became a hotbox for masculine musk. The scents combined, twining as they assaulted their sinuses, only driving their fucking frenzy to new heights.

Grabbing around his neck, Ledi tugged himself up, newly formed biceps bulging as his sleeves were reduced to tatters. A frustrated snarl bubbled out of Ryu, access to his boyfriend impeded by the annoying clothing. He instinctively tore the scraps off him, shredding the last of his suit and slacks.

Ledi let out a drawn-out moan as he was hugged tight against his boyfriend's torso. Large hands worked over his back and neck, greedily squeezing what he could. Even with his increased mass, he was only half the size of his boyfriend as their sweat-slicked bodies ground together.

Wet slapping echoed through the room, the remains of Ryu's bed squeaking and groaning as his precum-slathered cock plumbed into his lover. The noises combined together with their mutual moaning to create a sex-fueled cacophony.

Biting at his lower lip, Ledi tucked his head under his boyfriend's bearded jawline—noting, through the haze, that it had grown decidedly thicker. His hole stretched around his boyfriend's endowment like a rubber band, that cock nearly as thick as his thigh. It forced his ass open wide, webbed veins as fat as hoses catching and pulling at his entrance.

They were burning up, sweat dripping from their bodies as it stained the splayed sheets below. In one last desperate act, Ryu grabbed the back of his boyfriend's hand with a massive mitt, pulling him forward and smashing their lips together. The kiss was sloppy, saliva dribbling between their maws, but it didn't matter—not when both were teetering so close to the edge.

Ledi whined in the kiss, barely able to get a noise out, thanks to his boyfriend's tongue plunging down his throat. He shoved hard, grinding his growing endowment against his boyfriend's rippling keg of a middle before loosing rope after rope of cum over it.

The sounds of his boyfriend's desperate whining were ecstasy to Ryu's ears. The squeeze from Ledi's ass was like torture, having gained enough muscle mass nearly to grind his thrusts to a halt. His bloated balls churned behind his thighs, the swollen sack tucked underneath gargantuan glutes like a pair of melons.

"G-Gonna cum," he growled under his breath just enough to utter the words.

"P-Please-!" Ledi whined, his entire body shaking like a leaf in anticipation.

Ryu lowered his head, burying into the crook of his lover's neck, nuzzling into it as he finally hilted his boyfriend. His bloated balls flexed, pulling up between his thighs as his urethra ballooned. Ledi howled, his voice reaching a frenzied pitch as his stomach distended, forced to take on gallons of cum.

He looked bloated; Ledi's stomach stretched into a distended sphere that hung away from the rest of his torso. Ryu had to lean back onto his knees to allow it to grow, his boyfriend's midsection stretching to the point where his skin was turning light shades of pink around the edges—pulled taut like a drum. The Flygon pulled back as far as he could without slipping out of his boyfriend; it was just enough for him to bend down and kiss that middle, his large hands feeling around the edges of it appraisingly—as if admiring his handiwork.

"R-Ryuuuu..." Ledi moaned, his body writhing, face turning red as he squirmed. *"S-Something's happening...!"*

The Ledyba's distended stomach churned loudly, growling angrily. Abdominals surfaced, wrapping around it, forming an imposing dome of muscle. The rest of his body exploded with size, violently and unevenly expanding as he stretched across the collapsed mattress. His shoulders broadened, delts bulging as they pushed over the edges of the bed. Traps flanked either side of Ledi's neck, pushing up around his head as he moaned and whined.

Ryu huffed under his breath, a red-hot blush painted over his emerald skin as he watched his lover grow bigger. Ledi's cock swelled, arching up through the air, landing over his chest as his balls bloated with churning seed. Pecs pushed up against his chin, thick nips adorning the undersides of the sinewy boulders as the rest of his body played catch up.

It wasn't long until he was as packed with as much mass as Ryu, his body a heaving mass of sweat-slicked muscle. The latter didn't waste time getting to work worshiping over that mammoth frame, pushing his boyfriend's arms up, forcing him to flex as his nose went between globe-like pecs.

"Fuuuck yeah, dude," Ryu growled out, surfacing for air before giving each pec a smooch.

"Ready for round two?"

Ledi seemed beyond words, marveling at his own hulked-out body. The muscle wrapped around him like a living tank, his head nestled between jutting traps and bulging pectorals; a surreal experience. His only answer was a shaky nod, grinding his newly blocky chin between those engorged globes.

Grabbing his boyfriend's hands and lacing fingers, Ryu leaned in for another kiss, fat pecs warping and pressing together as they fought for space. Releasing those hands and gripping Ledi's ankles, he pushed him up, powering back into him again.

It looked like their date night was only beginning; the two roared with moans once again as titanic bodies crashed together, precum slinging as infectious sweat flew.