

Denya's grin widened as he stepped onto the sand, feeling his feet sink into the squishy grains. It was warm, soft, crumbly; the hybrid wished his gut wasn't in the way so he could see how the sand filtered around his toes. The farther he walked onto the beach, the warmer the sand grew, the large hybrid dragging his tail along to make a little trail. He giggled softly. "This was a great idea."

He was distracted by the sand, yet in reality it was because the rest of the scene was just too overwhelming for him to process all at once. The cries of gulls in the air, the salty wind blowing into his face, the waves crashing onto the shore, belonging to an ocean that went on beyond what the eye could see. It was as if he had stepped onto a whole new planet, or rather the edge of this one! Man, and he thought the city was something special.

In his excitement, he eagerly spun around to face the two dragons, nearly smacking Rangavar's head with the umbrella he carried over his shoulders. "How do you guys, like, not come here every day? This place is so cool!" the pudgy dragonwolf beamed, shifting from foot to foot excitedly. "Can you really make castles out of sand here? How does it not crumble apart?!"

Arro answered while Rangavar ducked every time Denya moved. "It just sort of like... sticks together. When it's wet, obviously." He grinned. "We'll have to show you."

"You two can go build the sandcastles. I'll just, guard up on the beach, where we're keeping the food and stuff." The gray dragon stared out over the water. "I'll sit with all the snacks."

"Sounds more like a job for us," Arro grinned, nudging the pudgy draolf a bit. "We'll have to hurry back after making the castles."

"Yeah, in case he eats them all," Denya snickered, bouncing back against the big dragon. Truthfully, he wouldn't have minded if Rangavar did eat all of their snacks; it meant less for the draolf who clearly didn't need any more. He was still somewhat bitter that his planet suspenders didn't fit him properly anymore, at least not without digging painfully into his back and chest, but he was able to at least find a pair of larger, cooler suspenders. These ones had dinosaurs.

He would have thumped them by now, but his arms were full with carrying the umbrella and cooler. He turned to face Arro, once again almost giving Rangavar a bruise to the back of his head. "Where do we set up the umbrella?"

Arro turned back to Denya. "Just high enough that the tide won't reach. It doesn't really matter as long as nobody else is too close."

The hefty, pale-red dragon was carrying quite a few things himself. As the strongest of the group, he got stuck carrying their extra cooler. And their extra extra cooler. Not that they'd eat everything, of course. It was just in case. And there were three of them here, anyway.

Rangavar got to carry the towels.

They staked out a spot high enough on the beach to be away from the water, but close enough to have a clear view of the area without anyone else in the way. It was too early in the season for the water to have warmed, so it wasn't packed with tourists. Not that the several drakes minded the brisk wind and sea.

Denya looked forward to setting up the umbrella as much as, well, everything else related to beachside activities. He wanted to be the one who cleared a small hole and stuck the pole into the ground, although he had to ask for help on how to unfurl the umbrella. Nonetheless, he was proud when they got it standing.

"This is the part where we take our shirts off, right?" Denya asked as Rangavar set up their towels beneath the umbrella's shade. Without waiting for a response, the hybrid slipped his shoulders out from his cool dinosaur suspenders and threw his shirt off. Ah, finally, a chance to be shirtless around Arro, without accidentally tearing off his clothes or involving alcohol. Funnily enough, all of those previous instances led the draolf to believe that he should be ashamed for being shirtless now, even if it was on his own volition. And without alcohol.

Granted, he knew he should have felt a bit of shame seeing his furry belly flop out after tugging off his shirt. It certainly hadn't gotten any smaller since Arro filled him in that he was actually a fatass last week. Maybe one day, he could actually try sticking to a diet for once.

For now, however, the draolf grinned and grabbed a pawful of pudge, shaking it in front of Arro. "How's my beach bod coming along?"

The much fatter drake blushed, very aware of his own 'beach bod' situation. "It's, uh..."

"You both look great." Rangavar dropped the towels under the umbrella's shade. "Besides. It's everyone's day off. You're SUPPOSED to enjoy it."

"I just..." Arro supposed that was true. They were supposed to enjoy today. He cast a glance at Denya. "We can get back on track tomorrow," he vowed. They'd vowed that a few times throughout the week. Yeah. Tomorrow.

They all helped each other spread the towels under the umbrella. The umbrella wasn't quite large enough to provide shade for the entire surface area. Arro and Denya had one towel each. Arro tried not to think about the way that even so, it was definitely a bit smaller than he probably needed. He also tried not to stare at the way the draolf's soft pile of sprawling rolls pooled off the edges around his own separate towel.

Denya didn't quite notice the dragon's staring, mainly because he did a fair bit of his own, trying his best not to notice how pronounced Arro's love handles looked while wearing such a tight swimsuit. Hardly a day went by where he didn't count his blessings that these two still invited him to do stuff; in this case, spending the day at the beach.

Boy, it was starting to get hot out here.

The hybrid ducked under the umbrella towards one of the coolers, popping open what he assumed was the one that contained the beverages. He assumed correctly. He reached in for a soda wedged into the ice, ignoring the beers for now; Arro had only reluctantly brought them, after remembering what happened last time. "When do we go swimming?" he asked, taking a big swig of soda.

"Do you want to go swimming first, or build sand castles?" Arro reminded him. He ignored when Rangavar snuck into one of the coolers behind Denya to grab a drink out of the ice. He didn't want to know which kind.

The lithe gray dragon straightened again and popped the tab. It was soda. Arro tried not to sigh in relief. Rangavar looked back towards the water. "If the tide is on its way out, it's a good time to make sand castles." He shrugged. "Although it probably doesn't matter."

"No no, the sand will be wet, that's good." Arro nodded thoughtfully and turned back to Denya. "What do you think?"

"Oh, the sandcastles then!" Denya beamed. Oops, he was getting distracted too easily again. He felt like a little kid, wanting to try everything all at once.

In any case, he grabbed the plastic shovels, the same ones he used to dig out the foundation for the umbrella, and followed after Arro. "It's not too weird for two grown adults to be playing in the sand at the beach, right?" he asked, tilting his head.

"I mean... I don't think anyone really cares." Arro had a lot of things to be self-conscious about. Sandcastles weren't one of those things. He dropped a plastic shovel into the squelching sand beneath his paws, which were sinking in a bit more deeply than usual beneath the pressure of his weight. "This spot looks good."

He lowered himself and sat, the sand wet against his thighs. His tight swimsuit protected the rest of him. He didn't remember it being this tight the last time he came to the beach.

Denya was quick to sit across from the other dragon, landing with a loud thud onto his broad behind. He still felt a little silly, playing in the sand like this, but in his defense, he had never experienced the joy of building sandcastles as a kid. This was just a chance to make up for lost time.

His plump tail wiggled excitedly behind him, ruffling up the sand. Reaching around his round tum, the draolf started digging. "Oh wow, the sand's a lot...denser here? Is that the right word?" he asked, noticing how much clumpier the damp sand was in comparison to the finer grains by their umbrella.

"I think the word you're looking for might be 'wetter'." Arro patiently showed him how to fill his bucket with sand, which he needed a lot of help with. For some reason. Then he decided to blow Denya's mind by turning the bucket upside down to make a cylindrical lump. The shovel was an easier concept to introduce, and soon there was a small collection of sand lumps around them.

"It's like packed brown sugar!" Denya exclaimed when he saw how the sand retained the shape of the bucket. He was practically bouncing where he sat, his chubby body rippling about. "Oh, that reminds me, we should try baking together sometime! I hear that's a lot of fun to do with friends. We could try making a cake from scratch, or something. I've never made a cake before, but I bet it's fun!" He went on and on, letting his mind and mouth ramble. With a grunt, the hunky hybrid hefted his heavy tail from around his side, grabbing it by the tip to drag one of the blunt bone spikes around their fledgling castle. "How does this look as a moat? I could run and grab some water to fill it up!" he beamed, looking towards the ocean. The tide looked a bit closer than he remembered.

Arro glanced at the edge of the water. "You know, if you wait just a little bit longer, the water will..." He trailed off as the draolf wriggled his way out of the sand and started to run for the waves. The pale-red dragon sighed as he pushed himself up to his feet and followed, watching in amusement as Denya plopped his bucket into the ocean to catch it. The dragon was pleased to see he was having a good time.

He cast a glance back up the shore at Rangavar, where the other dragon was watching from beneath the umbrella with his knees drawn up to his chest in the shade. He gave Arro a thumbs up when he caught him looking. Arro hoped he was having a good time, too.

The draolf was pleased to discover the water practically leapt into the bucket for him, thanks to the waves crashing onto the shore. Man, to think this actually happens naturally all over the world, without the need for machines. Sure, he was aware of *how* waves were made (something to do with the moon) but seeing it in person was something else entirely.

Admittedly, he ended up distracted for a bit longer than he meant to with the waves, finding great joy in feeling the water washing over his feet. He was ready to rejoin Arro with building the sand castle when a particularly large wave swept out before him. Obviously, such a wave posed no threat to a several-hundred pound draolf, but Denya found himself quickly backing up anyways. Backing up soon became falling down as his heel fell into a groove in the ground, the same groove he carved out with his tail just moments ago. Thankfully, the fall wasn't

painful thanks to his padded rear and the padded sand, but the damage to their sandcastle was irreparable.

The draolf folded his ears as he looked up at Arro, feeling guilty for the hundreds of fictional lives ending beneath his massive rear end. "Sorry. The wave scared me..."

Arro stretched out a paw to help him up. "They're just sandcastles, bud," he said with a touch of amusement. He grabbed Denya's paw. "You could just build more if you really wanted." He tugged on the draolf's paw only to find his tubby bottom planted firmly on the ground. The waves washed over the hybrid's swimshorts as he sat surrounded by the dampening sand. He was... so... heavy... Arro paused to wipe sweat up his brow. Holy shit. He didn't often find something he couldn't quite lift. "Uh, wanna try to get up? You've got to put in a little of your own effort," he laughed nervously. Not that Arro was in any place to judge, of course; *nobody* could lift his own fat ass. As it was, his belly hung pretty heavily over his thighs when he bent over to help, making it slightly harder to reach Denya's paw. He didn't like that.

Admittedly, Denya was a bit reluctant to move, only because he could feel the sand sliding into his swim pants. Apparently, they were not as tight as he thought if sand was finding its way in. It was incredibly itchy and uncomfortable, and he was afraid to move in case that made the situation worse. Seeing the dragon struggle with him did finally prompt him to push his tail against the ground and haul himself up, huffing. "Sorry. It's a good thing I'm not drunk this time," he chuckled.

That chuckle turned into a grimace as he wiped at his sandy rump. Shit, his swim trunks were really getting itchy with all the sand. He scratched at his waistband, squeezing his fingers into the thick rolls to try and clear out some sand. "Erh, would it be ok to go swimming now? I'd ask for a shower or a bath, but, uh, this way we're killing two birds with one stone." He really wanted to go swimming in that ocean.

Arro glanced out over the water. The sunlight was sparkling off the surface as the waves came in. "I'd happily go in." It was genuinely getting hot out, anyway; the sight of cool water encroaching upon the shore was enticing. "I'm going to grab an inner tube, hang on a sec." They'd left them a bit farther up the shore so that they weren't dragged away by any stray waves.

Arro would be happy enough to get a bit of sand out of his own swim trunks. And all of the other places. He eagerly grabbed the largest of the inner tubes and slipped it over his head. He was really careful not to pierce a horn through it as he tugged it down. He suddenly noticed he had to tug a bit harder than he remembered, and grimaced. Dammit. He knew he kept gaining weight, but hated the constant reminders.

He wriggled and squirmed a bit to get it over his chest. He knew for a fact that it wouldn't go any lower than that. He gave it a few extra tugs just in case, but he was fully aware of the reason it stayed relatively high on his torso. He felt his cheeks heating up as he turned back to

Denya and strode heavily towards the edge of the water, and not just from the hot sun. It was definitely time for some refreshingly cold waves.

Denya knew better than to point out how small the large innertube looked on the larger dragon. He also knew better than to stare at how huge that gut looked squished out from beneath the rubber donut like that. Rather than do either of those, the hybrid pretended to be busy looking for his own floaties, hoping that having most of his body under the water would help hide his own 'problem'.

The hybrid strapped the water wings onto his arms, still mildly embarrassed that he had to wear something like this for his first time swimming at the beach. However, he had never experienced swimming with large waves before, and didn't want to take any chances, even if he looked somewhat silly. As he was tugging on the last one (damn, these things were tight as hell), he cast a glance back towards Rangavar, tilting his head. "How come he just wants to watch? Is he afraid of the water?" he asked Arro.

Arro cast a glance back at him too. The gray dragon pricked his ears when he saw both drakes staring at him. "He just like... gets anxious around it. I don't know. I think he can swim, he just doesn't like to be in it."

After staring a moment longer, Arro raised his voice slightly, hoping the wind would carry it up the shore. "I think he's just ALLERGIC TO FUN."

The other dragon flipped him off.

Denya folded his ears, not wanting to get caught up in that. Mentally, he told himself to find a way to spend some time with Rangavar to make sure the smaller dragon was having fun, too...unless he'd prefer to be alone for the time being. It was hard to tell what Rangavar was thinking sometimes, but the draolf had a hunch he was still enjoying himself somewhat if he agreed to go to the beach, despite being seemingly afraid of water. Maybe the atmosphere was soothing to him.

Or, he could just be overthinking it and Rangavar just didn't wanna associate with two fat dorks who played in the sand and ran around with floaties. Whatever; the dragon could just be jealous of his cool floaties. They had little ducks on them.

In any case, he wasn't gonna let that ruin his day at the beach. With a smirk, he quickly thumped the side of Arro's fat belly. "C'mon, I'll race ya. Last one to the water buys ice cream!" And with that, the draolf took off as fast as his portly body allowed him to towards the water, belly bouncing along the way.

Arro barely had a moment to process before he took off after him. He was *not* going to pay for all the icecream it would take to fill up the draolf and his own fat ass.

The large dragon's extra gene for speed helped him quickly catch up to, and then overtake, the obese hybrid running towards the water with him. The shifting sand beneath his paws made it hard to push off with each step, his smooth scales slipping on the surface as his weight pushed down. He tried to ignore the way that every inch of his body shook and jiggled. He was sure it was quite the sight, although he knew that the draolf must be faring quite similarly as they passed each other.

Denya actually gained a significant speed boost once Arro started catching up with him, not out of competitiveness, but fear! Just hearing something as enormous as the eight foot tall dragon swiftly and loudly stomping after the much smaller draolf was enough to almost make him piss himself! And to think, the draolf used to actually be a pretty damn good linebacker too, back when he played football.

Soon, they crashed into the waves, Arro's stomping splashing salty water all over the draolf. Denya nearly stumbled over himself as he slowed himself to a halt once the water reached his knees. He laughed loudly, shaking his hair of water as he looked up at Arro with a wide grin on his face. "Fuck, dude, I had a head start and everything! I thought you were about to punt me like a beach ball for a sec, haha," he snickered between his heavy breathing, his hands on his knees as he struggled to regain his breath, his belly dipping into the water. Running used to be so much easier.

Arro was a bit out of breath too, although whether it was from running, or watching the draolf flip his hair from the water like a shampoo commercial, was a bit hard to tell. "You've gotta buy the ice cream," he panted. He was pretty sure he'd reached the water's edge first. Even if only because the front of him got there before he did.

He waded in a bit deeper, feeling a bit more self-conscious about his tight swim shorts the longer he watched his friend play in the water, wading in until the water level was closer to midway up his torso. It wasn't quite reaching the donut floatie around his middle, which made it very visibly useless, and which was very visibly embarrassing. He'd have to wade out deeper.

Denya chuckled at that comment. Somehow he wasn't surprised that food would be the motivator to get Arro running like an olympic athlete. He wasn't quite sure if Arro was incredibly fast, or if he himself was just incredibly slow. Hopefully the latter.

He slowly followed the dragon, grinning as he felt the small waves crash against his soft tum, before reaching a deep enough point where the waves were just rising mounds of water. The water was so cold, yet it contrasted perfectly with the hot air outside. Man, no wonder every TV show had to have a beach episode; these places really were just perfect! "Hey, Arro! Do you think we can go surfing here?" The draolf bounced up and down, finding it difficult to keep his feet planted on the ground.

Arro tried to picture a surfboard wide enough for his feet. Or even just wide enough to see it when he looked down past the vast curve of his belly. "How much weight do you think a

surfboard can hold?" he frowned at the eager hybrid. He absently tugged down on his inner tube again. "Do you think if either of us sat on one, it would stay above water?"

He started to get annoyed as the inner tube stubbornly stayed above water. He wriggled it a bit from side to side as he tried to slide it farther down his smooth scales. His scale texture wasn't enough, unfortunately, to help it inch its way downwards. His arms stuck out over the sides of it, resting heavily on the warm plastic, but he knew he'd have to admit defeat eventually. The thing just wasn't squeezing over his middle anytime soon. Not even close.

"That's probably a good point," Denya conceded, paddling over. The floaties made treading water a piece of cake, although he figured the extra padding helped make him buoyant. He paddled around the larger dragon, finding great joy in feeling himself rise and fall with the waves. "I wish the water wasn't so murky. I'd love to see the fish below. We're not too big to go snorkeling at least, right?"

"Well, we didn't bring any snorkeling equipment," Arro said in amusement. It hadn't even occurred to him. The shoreline wasn't really a place for snorkeling, but he also didn't want to rain on Denya's parade. "Maybe another time."

He waded in a bit deeper to enjoy the way that the cool water rushed beneath him and made him weightless. He wondered if this was what other, thinner people felt like all of the time. He remained aware of the amount of space he took up, of course, although he found it funny to watch Denya try paddling circles around his large form. The tubby hybrid's floaties bobbed in the water. He was taking up quite a bit of space himself.

Denya had been in a wave pool once or twice in his entire life, and he was delighted to learn that swimming in the ocean was far better. It wasn't nearly as crowded, the waves were technically "turned on" all the time, and he could go as deep as he wanted.

Swimming was also one of the few times his useless wings actually served a purpose, the draolf using his extra appendages to help swim and wade through the water. During previous times Denya had swum, they were also useful in helping him float on his back, due to the distribution of his weight. Alas, he wasn't sure he wanted to try doing that on the ocean. The waves might make it a bit difficult to stay afloat; that, and he really didn't want people staring at his wings.

Eventually, the canine doggy-paddled his way back to Arro, grabbing onto the innertube to hold himself up, his paws brushing against the dragon's soft belly. "This is the S.S. Denya, requesting permission to dock along the S.S. Arro," he grinned, his wagging tail flicking water around behind him.

"Permission granted," Arro grinned back, although he suddenly plunged his paws into the water next to the drake so that a small wave jostled him and splashed salty water over his

fur. A lot of it couldn't wash high enough to pass over his rounded tum as it jutted into the air like a fat mountain. "Seeking safety from the rough seas?"

The hybrid giggled loudly, shaking his chubby head of water like a dog. "Aye, matey. 'Tis be the season of 'urricanes and cyclones alike!" he spoke using the best sailer's accent he could muster. With both arms grabbing hold of the innertube, Denya allowed himself to float on his belly in the water, his tail, legs, and rump rising out from beneath the water. "Quick! Let us return to port before the harsh rains befall us!" he smirked, kicking at the water.

Ironically, all it took was a large, very heavy hybrid tugging on the innertube to pull it down a little farther. Arro made another wave at Denya. "Too late, the rains are here." It was fun seeing the bobbing hybrid flailing and splashing like a puppy. All of his fur was slicked down, his paws churning the water, and a grin plastered on his muzzle. Arro put his paws over where Denya's clutched the innertube. "Need a lift to shore?"

"Sir, yes sir." Denya saluted, although it was an excuse just to brush his sopping blond hair out from his face. He tried not to blush when their paws touched as they paddled back, the hybrid smiling all the while. "We must have burned a crap ton of calories out there. I can practically feel the extra weight melting off me."

Maybe Denya did look slightly smaller with all of his fur slicked down, rather than the fluffy coat it usually was. Not that it made him look 'small'. If anything, the tightly clinging fur outlined every crease and roll on his body, every bulge of fat, every dimple. Arro tried not to stare as the draolf rolled over in the water, his belly sagging where it breached the surface without the added buoyancy of the waves. Arro had the weirdest urge to reach under the water and pinch it.

Instead, he took several steps forward, his feet able to reach the sand even though the water was slightly deeper than Denya's own height. Arro didn't mind. He wouldn't let Denya float away. "Swimming is great exercise," he said evasively. Hey, it was true. He splashed after the canine as a few more tiny waves swept over them, the smell of salt on their muzzles.

"We should definitely come back again sometime," Denya grinned. He liked seeing Arro having fun as well. He also liked seeing how tight that innertube hugged around the dragon's wide midsection. It looked a bit lower on the fat drake's waist than Denya remembered it being; maybe the water helped slide it on deeper. In any case, he wouldn't mind doing laps with Arro in the ocean sometime; as much as he loved the red reptile's chub, he wanted his friend to be happy and comfortable with himself even more.

Soon, the draolf could feel the ocean floor rubbing beneath his submerged tail and rolled over until he was upright. Goodbye, floaty weightlessness. Now, there was nothing to suspend his hefty body aside from his two thick legs as he waddled towards the shore, shivering as the wind brushed against his drenched, pudgy self.

He waited until they were well and truly on the beach again before pausing to shake the water from his hair. That shake continued on down the rest of his body as he tried flicking off the water from his black and white fur like a dog. Alas, all it accomplished was sending his pudgy body into a jiggling frenzy, one that continued long after he stopped shaking himself.

Oh, Arro was there.

Denya turned to give a sheepish smile at Arro, awkwardly grabbing his gut to get it to stop quivering. "Sorry. Old habits die hard."

Arro had made it far enough out of the water that he was only in up to his waist. He wished something else 'hard' would 'die' right now. He took a moment to catch his breath and let droplets of water slide off his scales, grateful his only fur was on his wings, which he fanned slightly. He felt heavy again when he stood without the weightlessness of the water around him. Whenever he left the water, he always somehow felt even heavier than before.

When he did finally emerge from the water, he started quickly up the gentle incline to grab a towel for his waist. He realized he couldn't see over the innertube he'd forgotten to take off, and grabbed hold to pull it off. It was awkward to get his arms on it to pull, the floatie already being up quite high and tightly wedged at the top of his gut. He squirmed a little to wiggle it off, but it didn't seem to be going anywhere, and he sighed. At least there weren't many people on the beach to watch. Well, there was Denya, and Rangavar. He blushed at the thought.

Attempting to grab the edge again, he shimmied, aware that his sagging belly would shake with the motion. At least his arms were over his face, hiding it. He wouldn't have to move to a new town just yet. He tugged again, his uppermost rolls bunching up over it, refusing to squish through. He was almost tempted to plunge himself back into the water where no one could stare at him. Or where he could drown himself.

Denya had similar issues with his water wings, but at the very least they weren't in an awkward position like Arro's innertube. With his right arm, he grabbed the floaty on his left arm and pushed as hard as he could, wincing as the fat on his arm bunched up into thick accordion-like rolls. He was still quite wet; maybe his fur had absorbed a fair bit of water. Yeah, that had to be it.

After a while, he was able to shimmy the water wing low enough to pry it off. Denya huffed as he rubbed at his arm. He was about to go for his next arm when he noticed Arro had made no noticeable progress with removing the innertube from his torso.

"Hey, uh...did you need a hand with that?" Denya asked, tilting his head. He wasn't quite sure how to properly offer his assistance. He knew Arro ended up beet red and frustrated whenever his own weight was made apparent, but at the same time, he didn't want to watch the tubby drake tear himself up trying to wiggle his way out. He wasn't even sure if he was supposed to be staring at Arro's belly folds bunching up around the entire inner tube.

Arro blushed deeper. Yeah, obviously Denya had been staring. Like everyone else. He tried to ignore the rest of the beach, instead looking into the hybrid's eyes. "Um.... sure," he sighed in defeat. There was no use struggling for another few minutes before inevitably giving up and asking for help anyway. Although he supposed he could just ask Rangavar for help under the shield of the beach umbrella. Not that there was much of a point by now.

He plodded heavily towards the other drake, sand sticking up the backs of his calves, his thick tail swishing across the surface. Even though the innertube impeded his vision down his frontside even further, he knew that to the rest of the world, his jiggling, bouncing gut was looking pretty ridiculous with an innertube squished around it. Or, well, more ridiculous than usual, he reluctantly admitted.

The hybrid followed silently by, not quite sure what to say. Pointing out that his own floaties were rather difficult to pull off wouldn't exactly take away from the dragon's situation. If anything, it'd make it more obvious that he's just trying to make Arro feel better, shining more unnecessary attention on the poor tubby dragon. He *really* shouldn't say how having a massive innertube wrapped around that belly made Arro look all the more wider, or how that was absolutely not a bad thing at all in the draolf's eyes.

So, he didn't say anything until they arrived back at their umbrella. Denya figured Rangavar didn't need to be informed of the situation, and instead turned to Arro. "How do you want us to do this? One of us on one side, the other on the other?"

The dragon blushed, wondering if they could just bury him in the sand and leave him there instead. "Uh. Just..." He wanted to say 'just get it off me' and get the mortifying experience out of the way.

"Yeah, that sounds good," Rangavar interrupted. Arro was silently thankful. The lithe gray dragon grabbed one side while Arro lifted his arms over his head. He'd have to bend over slightly so that he could squirm backwards out of the donut hole. He already knew that his belly would hang even lower as he bent over, and could almost be grateful that the innertube wrapped around his middle would spare him the sight.

Denya quickly made his way to the other, gripping the sleek rubbery tube as tight as he could. He made sure not to look at Arro to help him preserve some dignity, although he didn't need to look to feel the dragon's soft scales squishing against his fingers. Man, what he'd give to be the one stuck in the inner tube and have Arro and Rangavar grabbing him on both sides...

He shook his head clear of those thoughts, jiggling his chest. "Alright, on a count of three, alright? One...two..." Gritting his teeth, Denya pushed up as hard as he could, feeling those rolls bunch up heavily. Fuck, no wonder Arro was having trouble getting this thing off; there was a ton of resistance in the way! He found himself leaning softly against the larger

dragon, hoping to help push some of his chub out of the way. A good thing Arro had thick scales covering his body; having rubber rubbing that tightly against skin would hurt!

The fat dragon attempted to worm his way out, feeling the way that his belly bunched up in the hole. Vaughn, this was embarrassing. At least nobody was teasing him. Or laughing. He swished his tail a bit as he wriggled, fully aware that other things must be getting jostled as well, but he felt the plastic ring start to slowly inch its way up his blubbery body and redoubled his efforts. He could feel it digging in as the other two drakes pushed, the group of them working together against the grip of this stupid thing.

It suddenly slid off, the absence of resistance making Rangavar stagger back and fall on his butt in the sand.

Denya stumbled back, holding onto the inner tube. He panted slightly, feeling the burn in his arms. Man, they were really working up a sweat today. Out of curiosity, the draolf slid the inner tube over himself, blinking as he felt the insides brush lightly against the widest part of his belly. Phew, no wonder Arro got so stuck in it.

He shrugged, lifting off the innertube. "I could go for some sandwiches now. How about you guys?" he asked, already making way for the cooler. All that physical activity worked up an appetite.

Arro pricked his ears at the mention of food, trying not to feel disgusted with himself. "I... yeah. I could go for some sandwiches." He couldn't fit in an innertube, yet here he was on his way to stuff his fat ass with food again.

"Come on, I could go for some too." Rangavar grabbed him by the wrist and pulled, making Arro reluctantly follow. Well, he was secretly excited, but tried to look reluctant. At least a little bit. Probably. "Stop being sad about it and join us."

Arro wrinkled his snout. "I am not *sad* about it," he protested, although he trailed off as they got to their respective towels and plopped down. Arro quickly followed everyone's lead and reached for a sandwich, deciding to grab a beer with it. He narrowed his eyes suspiciously at the much thinner dragon digging into his own sandwich, wondering if he'd already had a few. It wasn't that Arro didn't agree with drinking. He didn't want a repeat of last time. The lightweight always thought he could drink more than he actually could, and having Denya here as competition certainly didn't help. And then there would be Denya's lightweight ass to deal with. Well, the drinking-kind of 'lightweight ass'.

The hefty hybrid's gut grumbled slightly when he reached for his own sandwich, the chubby white ball of lard squishing against his knees. He wasn't surprised he was so hungry, given all the exercise they did just now. Licking his chops, he pulled out a cool baggy with a delicious PB&J sealed inside: His favorite.

Over by the drinks, the draolf bent over and pulled out a beer, before pausing. He wasn't sure he should have one right now, especially with last week's 'incident' still on his mind. Folding his ears, he reluctantly pushed the bottle back into the ice, grabbing another soda instead.

With his meal and beverage in paw, Denya carefully trotted over to his towel, before plopping his large rump onto it. He smirked as he opened up the ziplock bag containing his coveted 'wich. "Heh. I just realized why there's so many seafood areas on this side of town," he chuckled, biting into the cold sandwich. "Mmmf, I wanna try 'em out sometime. I bet the seafood here tastes delicious."

"You mean you just realized we're next to the ocean?" Arro asked with raised brows. He quickly unwrapped his own sandwich and didn't waste any time stuffing a generous bite into his maw. The sub was packed with an ungodly amount of fillings, which he did his best to contain so that they didn't scatter all over his frontside. He was a bit surprised that Denya didn't know seafood came from the sea. "We could always try some later. Seafood, I mean."

Rangavar grabbed a beer out of the nearest cooler and popped it open. His own half-eaten sandwich rested on his lap as he leaned back. "That would be fun."

Arro frowned. "How many of those have you had?"

"Huh?"

Arro pointed at the beer.

"Oh, this?"

Arro rolled his eyes. "Yeah, 'that'."

Rangavar held it up. "Not a lot."

Arro was doubtful. He cast a glance at Denya, fully aware of what a bad influence the two drakes were on each other. He knew he needed to keep an eye on them.

Denya paused when he saw Arro glancing at him, the draolf reaching for a beer himself. He figured if Rangavar could have one, he could as well, although the glare the larger dragon gave him said otherwise. "Um, this is my first one," he muttered hesitantly. Obviously Arro knew that. The two of them were together nearly this whole time.

With beer in one paw, sandwich in the other, the draolf leaned back slightly against the towel. "So, how did you guys meet each other? Were you former coworkers or something?" he asked casually, taking a quick swig.

Arro glanced at Rangavar. Rangavar was staring back. Arro felt really warm all of the sudden. He had the urge to adjust his shirt collar, but wasn't wearing a shirt. He was just hot. Very, very hot. "Uh..."

"We sort of got the same job, back when we first met," said Rangavar carefully. It didn't really answer the question.

Arro wasn't sure how to answer the question either. He slowly finished chewing the most recent bite of sandwich in his mouth, letting it give him some extra time to think. It was pretty much the only time he'd eat anything slowly. He swallowed. "We like... We, uh, were both with the same mate, sort of." That sounded plain enough. "And then..."

"And then we just sort of, um... we started hanging out." Rangavar leaned back and took a deep swig of his own beer. Arro couldn't even be mad about that. He was starting to feel like he needed a drink, too. He and Rangavar shared another look.

"Oh, I getcha." Denya smiled and nodded, quickly scarfing down the rest of his sandwich. He washed it down with a big swig of beer before responding. "So you guys met through Jade, then. Kinda like how I met Rangavar through Arro. That's neat." He wasn't sure why they were making a big deal out of explaining how they met, unless they thought he wouldn't understand. Granted, the draolf was still new to the concept of multiple consenting partners, but he thought he was getting the hang of the idea rather quickly. He wasn't *that* dumb.

"You two really compliment each other well." Denya found his gaze lowering onto his next sandwich, his ears folding softly. He was starting to get those outcast vibes again, like he didn't belong here with them, sitting across from them, eating food with them. Them. The pudgy draolf tried cramming another large bite of sandwich into his mouth to try to ignore those horrible thoughts but alas, it was easier to swallow a sandwich than it was to swallow feelings.

"Uh...thanks. Haha," Arro chuckled somewhat nervously. Truth be told, their relationship hadn't started out very smoothly, but Denya probably wouldn't like the full story. If he even believed them.

Arro glanced back over at Rangavar, only to see the other dragon's cheeks dark with an ultra-rare Rangavar-blush. They both knew how unlikely it had been that they'd end up together at all. He took the lapse in conversation to grab a beer. By now, he felt like he could use one.

Rangavar scooted a bit closer to Denya's towel. He was watching Arro resume stuffing down his sandwich. There was another one in one of the coolers waiting for him. And then another. And another. Not that Denya's situation was any different, of course, but the slender, dark-gray dragon leaned towards the hybrid confidentially. "Hey. Do you think we could trick him into a food coma?" he suddenly whispered.

The hybrid's ears perked up as he heard Rangavar's whisper. He saw the look on the dragon's face; he was planning something. Something fun; possibly involving alcohol. Denya thought back to their last time drinking beer and how that night ended.

He grinned wide. "Absolutely."

"If we get him to lie down and nap or whatever, we can spend some time doing what we want," Rangavar grinned a bit. "Hopefully that doesn't sound mean. But, it's really his fault, for telling us not to have fun. And he likes food anyway. We're technically doing him a favor."

To prove the point, Rangavar reached into the cooler, snatched out another one of Arro's sandwiches, and tossed it to him. The large dragon automatically caught it with a confused look.

"Wouldn't want you to have to get up," the smaller dragon said loudly and grinned.

Denya grinned as well, holding up a paw. "Can I get another sandwich too, then?" Well, the draolf didn't quite have the same hand-eye as Arro, made evident as the sandwich bounced off his rippling side, but the draolf was happy to pick it up as well.

Of course, he didn't plan on eating as much as Arro would be soon. He just needed to look like he was eating a lot to make sure the large dragon didn't catch on.

He forced himself to take smaller bites while thinking of ideas for conversations to distract the fat dragon with. "Do you play sports, Arro? You'd be a hell of a quarterback, with how fast you run!"

Arro had already made it partway through his most recent sandwich. He wasn't proud of that. Even so, he finished stuffing in another bite. "I'm not exactly cut out for sports," he laughed nervously around his mouthful of food. "I don't, uh, have the right body." Shit. He was pretty sure he could feel himself blushing. He wished he would stop doing that. He was pretty sure wishing that only made it worse, of course. He pushed another large bite of sandwich into his mouth during the pause as he tried thinking of something to say. Something that didn't make him sound pathetic. "I'm pretty good at, uh, math and stuff." Shit. That was the opposite of not sounding pathetic. That was probably the most un-cool thing he could have said. "I mean, like, a little bit." Well, he realized that actually sounded even worse. Now he just sounded dumb and stupid and pathetic.

"Really?" Denya asked, folding his ears. He chuckled, belly wobbling on his lap. "Man, some guys have all the luck. I'd give anything to be good at math." Maybe he wouldn't have had to stay in highschool until he legally wasn't allowed back anymore. Math was one of his worst subjects, after all. "Sports was probably the only thing I was good at when I was a kid. And I wasn't even good enough to get a scholarship or anything, hah."

He sighed, looking towards Rangavar. "What about you? Did you do any sports back in the day?"

The gray dragon leaned back, his arms behind him, planting his palms in the sand at the side of his towel. "I, uh. No," he stammered uncertainly. "Um. I actually went to a more... military-based school. Heh." He flattened his ears a bit as he cast a glance towards Arro. The much fatter dragon already knew. Rangavar looked away. "Pretty embarrassing, I know." It hadn't been the most pleasant experience. He thought maybe it would be best to spare Denya the details, unless he specifically asked. "Sorry. I guess the short answer is no, I didn't play sports."

"Oh, I see." Denya nodded, taking another sip of his beer. Rangavar definitely looked and acted like someone with a military background. Calm and cool, a bit intimidating. He wished he had that kind of personality. Or that he was as smart as Arro. Wow, his insecurities were really flaring up today. He didn't know what else to say regarding Rangavar's military background, given how most people tend to not enjoy talking about that stuff, so he intentionally left the conversation hanging a bit as he finished cramming the sandwich into his gullet. At least his sandwiches weren't as filling as Arro's, right?

Rangavar reached over and suddenly nudged Denya with his foot. "So you played football, right? Was it so that you could attract all of the cute boys?"

"Rangavar," Arro hissed. He didn't want his boyfriend to embarrass the poor fat draolf.

Rangavar shot Arro a look. "What?"

"That's rude." Arro wasn't sure why he was half-whispering. Denya was right there.

"You mean because it implies that Denya can't get cute boys just by being cute?" Rangavar retorted. He turned back to Denya. He smirked. "I was just wondering if football helped."

Arro angrily stuffed the rest of the sandwich in his mouth as he watched the interaction. Yup, Rangavar had definitely had a few. He would have sighed if not for the massive wad of bread in his mouth.

Denya laughed loudly, his belly quivering in his lap. "Hah, I wouldn't say that. I liked football because it's fun. It's not just about groping guys out there," he snickered, raising his paws for Rangavar to toss him a sandwich. Rangavar obliged.

He took a quick bite, a larger one than he meant to, before swallowing. "I wish playing football attracted cute boys. I mean, I've never been in a *real* relationship. I dated a girl in my freshman year, but, uh..." he blushed, scratching behind his ears. "That was sorta when I realized I preferred guys."

“Ohh.” Arro tilted his head. Not without taking another generous bite of sandwich, of course. “So like, you’ve only ever... uh, gotten with girls? A girl, I mean.”

Rangavar finished downing another beer. Arro was frustrated about that. Then Rangavar noticed and quickly passed him another sandwich, which Arro was sure was meant to placate him. He was annoyed at how easily it worked. Well, almost annoyed. He really liked the sandwich.

The gray dragon crossed his legs and turned back to Denya. “So you’ve like, never fucked a guy?”

“Rangavar!!” Arro gave him an exasperated stare. He’d been pretending not to notice the increasingly tipsy dragon burying beer cans in the sand as he finished them, but it was getting harder to ignore.

Denya laughed. Vaugh, Rangavar was blunt. “Not yet. Definitely on the to do list, though! I mean, the closest I’ve fucked anyone was with...uh...” He quickly drank more beer, looking at the two of them awkwardly over the can. Yeah, they knew how the rest of that sentence was supposed to end.

The draolf reached for his sandwich, only to find a pile of crumbs on his belly/lap. Shit, he was eating the sandwiches way too quickly. He had actually lost track of how many he had polished off by now, but judging by the fullness in his gut, he knew he had already cleared out a significant portion of his own cooler.

“Hey, Arro. You want a PB&J?” Denya offered. The more food Arro ate, the less the draolf would accidentally consume. “I make mine with a little bit of honey. Makes ‘em taste waaaay better. You should try one.”

Arro put a paw on his chin. He was mostly relieved that Denya didn’t seem offended by Rangavar’s increasingly forward questions. He’d have to hide the rest of the beer while the smaller drake wasn’t looking. “I’ll, uh, try a sandwich,” Arro agreed. He had to admit he was a bit curious as to Denya’s special PB&J recipe. He tried to brush some crumbs off his belly, causing them to tumble down his pudgy sides onto his towel. He was actually starting to feel full. As he took a moment to digest, he realized he was actually really, really full. He cracked open another cold one with the boys to wash down the rest of his current sub before reaching for Denya’s proffered sandwich. “Thanks.”

He cautiously bit into it. The flavor Denya described was subtle at first, but pleasant. “Hey, this is pretty good.” He took another sip of beer, enjoying how relaxed he felt. Something about the heat, alcohol, and the dense, heavy food packing his belly all combined to make him a bit drowsy as his feeding frenzy slowed.

Denya exchanged a quick glance at Rangavar, smirking. Arro was definitely slowing down. He could see that heavy sloping belly on that dragon looking slightly more bloated and rounded. Just the thought of seeing how much food Arro could cram into that tank... the draolf was so grateful his belly covered as much of his lap as it did.

The hybrid wiggled himself closer to the coolers, grunting slightly. Phew, he was getting full, too. Not quite enough to get him sleepy like Arro, but he definitely felt the extra weight in his stomach. Slowing down felt like a good idea. Especially because he felt his sides bounce and jiggle as he made his way to the cooler. He needed to diet. Tomorrow.

Peering in, Denya was delighted to see only one of Arro's subs remained. He retrieved the sandwich and held it out to the fatter dragon. "Hey, there's only one of these left. If we knock it out now, that'd be less we have to carry back to the car, right?" Ooh, by that logic, maybe he could snag himself another sandwich. Just one more.

It was an excellent point, and Arro took the sandwich. "You have a few more left, too?" It would be nice if neither of them had to carry anything extra. Well, besides all of the wrappers and empty beer cans, of course.

Nearer to Denya, Rangavar had finished his own sandwich and tossed his aforementioned wrapper into the nearest cooler. His singular sandwich wrapper. "Well I'm done. It's on you two now." He reached over and popped another beer.

Arro gestured in the hybrid's direction. "Denya, can you get that away from him?" He was half-joking, but also half not joking, because it had to be his what, sixth? Millionth? Did it matter? Arro was mostly worried about him asking Denya more uncomfortable questions about fucking, but also knew at the back of his mind that too much would also mean he had to spend the rest of the night making sure Rangavar didn't do anything dumb.

He then squinted at Denya. He shouldn't be drinking either, although fortunately, he didn't seem to have had as much. The other night proved they were bad influences on each other. They'd be dumb together.

Even Denya couldn't help but laugh at the dragon's request. "Are you sure about that?" he teased, sticking his tongue out. He winked, hoping it would show Arro that he would behave a bit better if he ended up tipsy. Hopefully he would. He and Rangavar were already planning something scandalous without the influence of alcohol, considering they were trying to get Arro unconscious.

He reached in for another sandwich and took a bite, followed by opening up another beer can. How the hell did Rangavar sneak so many in without Arro noticing? Or, did Arro notice and not want to make a big deal out of it? Either way, he was grateful the slender dragon went through the trouble of bringing so many; a little buzz would make this trip a whole lot more fun! The draolf completely drained the next beercan and was about to reach for the next before

seeing the look on Arro's face. "Oh...oooooh, you meant take, uh...take his beer...my bad." His ears wilted back. Oops.

Before either of the other drakes could do anything, Rangavar just passed Denya the beer.

Now he had one in each paw. Not an improvement. Arro slapped his forehead.

"What? This is what you wanted," Rangavar supplied.

"That is absolutely not what I wanted." Arro glared at the gray dragon.

Rangavar gave him a smug smile.

Despite his annoyance, Arro began to feel sleepy as he finished up his last sandwich. The warmth of the beach, the brisk breeze of the sea, the darkened shade of the umbrella, the fantastic food... not to mention the several drinks... were relaxing enough to make him want to lie down. He decided to do so, stretching partially over the sand to feel the soft texture against his outstretched wings when he lay on his back. He rubbed his bloated belly, finally aware of how dense and full it felt. Damn, he really had eaten all those sandwiches. He was feeling a bit like a beached whale. Literally, on a beach.

He sighed. Maybe they could all relax for a bit and enjoy the pleasant atmosphere. As Arro started to doze off, he couldn't think of anywhere else he'd rather be. Or anyone else he'd rather be with.