It was summertime. Flowers bloomed in full swing, birds sang among the treetops, and the sun was happy to show its brilliant light to the lands of Anthro Island. The many subspecies of anthros reacted to the sun in their ways, such as the reptilians who were quick to soak up the rays or the mammals with long coats who cursed the mustiness. But one thing was for sure, it was time to get and do something. Pate knew this and was preparing to head outside himself. He was going to one of the best beaches that the district he lived in had to offer, since his roommates heavily encouraged it . This would be the second time he would see the ocean and he hopes that being surrounded by the crowds of much friendlier people might make the experience better. The human assembled the few clothes (besides his swimming trunks), a towel, and sunscreen that he would need in his backpack and made his way out of his home. Soon after he left, he was cruising his way down the rarely used roads of the F.A.T district and down to the beach.

 The truck may not have had air conditioning, but Pate usually just rolled the windows all down and blasted the radio on high anyways. As he got closer to the place, more and more furs lined the sides of his roads. Parking and stepping out of his worn vehicle, Pate glances around all the different people enjoying themselves. Being in a district where there are tons of fat people means the beach was filled with beach bods of many severities. Many folk were either splayed about in the sand, sunbathing, or trudging in the more shallow ends of the beach, just chilling in the water like it's a hot tub. Coolers and whole fridges were common among the fatties, depending on how big they were. Speaking of big fatties, there was a ‘borderline’ macro beaver sitting in between docks along a raised boardwalk, letting people use their stomach as a diving board. Another fine detail was a volleyball court set up, teams jolsted about while using someone as a beach ball, it sounded like the inflated fellow was having fun anyways. All the people doing their things made Pate regret not asking anybody to tag along, but that wasn’t going to stop him from enjoying the water. He set his stuff down at a shaded, not-so-populated area under the boardwalk and immediately went into the ocean.

 The human swam among the tall figures of the shallow end, a few furs noticed the little guy pass through, one or two even gave him a small nudge to push him toward. It wasn’t but a minute before he was in the vaster, deeper part of the beach. People were much more spread out there. Being out in the deeper end gave Pate a much better view of the other coasts along the island, if he squinted, he could see other “beached whales” enjoying themselves on those coasts too. The man then spotted a small gathering of skinny furs who were just splashing and wrestling each other. One of the furs noticed Pate and beckoned him over before a lady among the group shouted and started to hurry away from the group, confusing everyone. The confusion was settled fast when everyone noticed a large fin poking up from out of the water before vanishing under the surface right next to a canine. A moment passed before the dog started to call out to the woman swimming away, “Macy! It was just Mako! There aren’t any ‘shark sharks’ out here, come back!” The group went to go get her back as Pate floated there, amused. That fin showed itself again and came over to pause in front of the human.

 The creature it belonged to raised itself over the surface just a little, revealing a set of curious, amber eyes that peered at the boy, it seemingly waited for the boy to start booking it the other direction but that never happened. Pate stared back with equal intrigue. Suddenly, the creature rose further, revealing itself from the breast up. The creature was a huge shark with a pretty hide. Its skin was a combination of white and two shades of blues that gave it the appearance of ocean waves, complete with little bubble dots that showed on both hues. An orange pearl necklace laid on its vague neck and bumped slightly into the plentiful moob blubber that the shark owned. It even had a little anchor tattoo on its belly button, as could be made out. The reveal didn’t scare Pate one bit, which cued the shark to flash its many teeth in a friendly beam, almost like a final test of trust. “Hi little one, you new here?” the finned fellow asked. “Yeah actually! Did…you mean to scare her off like that?” Pate piped up with a neutral tone. “Ehhh, yes and no”, the shark answered, “can’t help that the lady didn't know that actual sharks don’t come over here! Probably cause we’re all bigger than them, hehe.”

 “I would assume so too! Name’s Pate, whoever that dog was already spoiled your name though” the human exclaimed. “Oh yea, I recognise that guy, he’s a regular to this beach like I am.” Mako clarified, “I’m out here pretty much everyday that I can be, given the weather.” Pate eyed up the shark for a moment, “So what do you do out here everyday then?” “I hunt”, Mako said bluntly, before immediately breaking the seriousness, “...for goodies, I like picking off ships, cruise liners especially. The ice cream they serve on those things is no joke.” Speaking of the devil, Pate actually spots a cruise ship in the distance and taps Mako on the moob and points towards it. “Lemme do ya a favor, I’ll help you ‘hunt'' Pate told his aquatic acquaintance. Mako smiled in a mischievous way and nodded, “Climb in'', he reached his arm out. The boy swam close, then was grabbed and placed between Mako’s breasts. The shark kept a hand on Pate as he began moving rapidly towards the liner, slightly under the water. Getting close to the ship, Mako noticed there was an opening under the ship, presumably for scuba diving. The two entered and were now in a vacant room filled with pipes and machinery, still in the pool. Pate climbed out and scanned the area, finally spotting a sign painted on the wall for a storage area. The man motioned to the sign and Mako heaved himself up. The huge fellow had to tiptoe as best he could lest his normal stomps alert the staff.

 Mako had to crawl through three or so doors before Pate found the storage room, along with a room-sized freezer. They knew what that meant, high-quality ice cream for the shark. The human proceeded to roll out two barrels of said ice cream for the finned fellow to carry. It was then time to sneak back to the pool, however, a crew member spotted them as they just made it back to the pool room. The fishman, out of a panicked decision, scooped Pate back up and dove into the pool. He swam away from the vessel as fast as his fins and legs could push him through the sea, keeping at it until he was a safe distance away to rest. Mako allowed himself to float, exposing his gargantuan gut to the afternoon sun. Pate climbed up to the peak, the doughy middle was drum-like and quite stable. He looked down at Mako, who was catching his breath. “I’d say that was a successful score, how bout you?” Pate asked. The shark simmered down, “Oh yes! Imma love these things when I get home”, Mako said while motioning to the barrels in each of his arms. “Speaking of home, lemme take us there, unless you gotta be back at your place”, Mako stated. “Naahhh, I do this sort of thing all the time, crashing at new friends’ houses”, Pate returned. Mako had a small blush, since he was kind of surprised Pate was so attuned to the idea. The blue fishy simply floated and drifted his way back to his abode while the little man enjoyed the sunset and chatted with him about random stuff.

 They approached their stop at half-an-hour or so, a rather run-down looking shack with some very sturdy supports underneath. Pate sarcastically wondered why, much to Mako’s bashfulness. The behemoth of a buddy carried Pate up the flight of stairs, which winded Mako good. “\*hoof\* I’m made for the water, not stairs, little man, don’t look at me like that”, Mako cheekily snapped, making Pate snicker. Make then lifted up one of his man tiddies and poked around under it until he pulled out a small ring of keys; he unlocked the door. The cabin was quite roomy, definitely equipped enough to house a huge fellow like Mako. It was primarily made up of a living room/kitchen space until towards the back where there were three rooms along the back wall. Stepping inside and putting the barrels next to a sofa, Mako fishes through his moobs again, pulling out a waterproof phone, a wallet, and several empty bags and wrappers from various snacks. “Who needs shirts when you’re that resourceful huh”, Pate commented. The whale shark winked and finger gunned at the human, “Got that right! Hold on a sec, gotta go get something out of my office”, he continued as he went into one of the back rooms. Following him, Pate stumbled into a rather clean and well-kept room. Nearly every surface of the wooden room was covered with newer material, like soft rubber mats on the floor and pegboards and posters along the walls. Situated in there was a desk and PC, a small workbench, and a couple contraptions which included a 3-D printer. “Wow! You…made all this?” Pate asked. “Hey. Don’t let the thick fingies deceive you” Mako replied with an air of pep, “I’ve practiced with these hands A LOT.” “And it’s impressive, bro!”, the human hollered back. “Dawww, little fella”, Mako cued and picked Pate back up as he came out of his office with “tablet”, which looked more like a sixty inch television. Every step the shark made was greeted by the sounds of aching wood and the floor bending ever slightly.

 The fatty flops down on the sofa before lying sideways, allowing Pate to chill on his lovehandle. Mako placed the tablet into a stand, making the actual television come on, defaulting on a streaming service of sorts. He flicked over to a particular anime show and said, “You wanna watch some of my stuff? I promise it's good.” “Ight!” Pate said with enthusiasm. The two spent hours just talking and watching the anime the shark wanted to show the human. “Okay!” Mako suddenly got up, “that ice cream should be well melted by now…Pate?” “Oughh”, a small moan sounded out from right behind the whale shark. “Oh! Patey, my bad!” Mako said whilst scooping up Pate in his arms. The shark began making his way to the room in the middle of the two, using his tail to roll the barrels behind him. Opening up this room, it was almost entirely four things: a vanity, blankets, pillows, and mattresses stacked and covering the floor. Mako flopped into the hodgepodge of comfy things. “You never did say exactly why that ice cream was so good,” Pate prodded. “Ohoho, it’s cause the ice cream they keep for gainers is EXTRA potent”, Mako explained, “this fishy is getting huge tonight!”

Mako tucked Pate between his moobs once more and lifted one of the barrels up to his snout. He chugged and chugged, and with each chug, his voluptuous body spread out just a bit more. Pate could feel the moobs encroaching upon him, growing softer and more pliable with each passing second. The sturdy, circular form that Mako would sport was now becoming more wobbly and curvy. The various chins and his cheeks were bearing down on his pearl necklace. The speedo that hung above Mako’s thighs flung off as a massive wave of pudge consumed even more space. His stomach toiled endlessly, both in smooth expansion and processing the extremely fattening cream, making all sorts of \*gurgles\* and \*glorps\*. The whale shark, to put it simply, was making an ocean of himself with only one canister. The plentiful pudge moved outwards, covering the top of Mako’s legs and then some. Mako finally finished the first barrel then paused to look at his marvelous mass, picking up his huge belly and dropping it to test how good the wobbles were. Mako sat there for a minute and admired the gains before he lurched his head forward to rest on the human’s, who was firmly planted in moob flab. “Yeah…that stuff really is no joke”, Pate said as he chuckled.

Mako sighed happily and leaned back with the boy. Pate readjusted himself to reach up to Mako and rub the shark’s head. Prying real deep, the massages made Mako blep in tongue a bit and shake. “How are you jiggling like that?”, Pate questioned. “Hehe, that’s my tail under me”, Mako responded. Pate imagined he could spot just a bit of the fluke from Mako’s tail if he went looking for it. “Alright, I think you earned yourself a nice nap, little fella” Mako cooed to Pate as he cradled him close. Pate bundled up in fish blubber as he saw Mako picking up the other barrel. “You ain’t sleeping?”, Pate said, bewildered. “Maybe in a little bit, but I’m making sure your nice and comfy.” The human just smiled at the shark and leaned back into Mako, “thank, big guy.” That response got him a gentle noogie. Pate began to fall out of consciousness as he could hear the rumbles of the giant shark’s belly begin to flare up again and feel the warmth enveloping him farther.