

The scent of fresh, sizzling bacon mixed tantalizingly in the air with the aroma of lightly peppered, fluffy eggs and buttery, crisp toast. Playing like a siren song across a boxy, crimson snout, the wonderful smells stirred that vividly-hued muzzle into sleepy, yet intrigued sniffing. Behind the bridge of that snuffling snout, a pair of vibrantly warm, yellow eyes flickered open, only to be squeezed closed again by a broad yawn that flashed a row of sharp teeth, a pink tongue running lazily across scaly lips as their owner roused himself from the depths of sleep. Glancing around, the golden orbs took a moment to focus on the various medical and psychological textbooks that lined a small shelf along the far wall, before being drawn towards the door as it swung open abruptly, the motion followed closely by a bustle of bright green and red, the familiar figure beaming broadly to his resting companion.

“G’morning, Matt!” the verdant Pokémon greeted cheerfully, carrying a tray loaded with the food that the resting reptile had caught scent of, the sight and scent summoning a sincere smile that bunched his chubby cheeks into a grateful grin.

“Good morning, Gary,” Matt replied, grunting as he hefted his heavy frame up into a sitting position and feeling as his broad, soft gut pooled over his thighs clear down to his knees, pushing back the heavy blanket that warmed his well-fed figure to reveal a pristine white curve. The doughy surface was crested by a symbol composed of four dark grey triangles arranged in a radial pattern, the central triangle set within a thinly-lined circle. Stretching his arms over his head, Matt felt his red-grey shirt creep further up his paunch, cheeks warming as he saw Gary rather blatantly observing the reveal of his ample abdomen. “Heh, is that for me?” Matt inquired, though the answer was already spelled out in the Grovyle’s eager expression.

“You know it!” Gary replied as he sat himself at the edge of their shared mattress, scooting right up against his mate’s side and nuzzling at Matt’s soft cheek, setting the tray of food into what little space remained of the Guilmon’s lap, “Hope you’re hungry, big guy~”

Steadying the tray with one hand, Matt took in a long breath as he savored the meaty bacon, hearty eggs, and most importantly, that wonderful toast that got his mouth watering in anticipation. “Mmm, m’hm~” the portly Digimon hummed affirmatively, his free arm curling around Gary’s shoulders and pulling the Grovyle a bit more into his soft embrace, smiling again at the pleased murr he got from the grass-type. The Pokémon returned the embrace happily, wrapping his arms around behind Matt’s waist and atop his burgeoning belly. With how broad the Guilmon was, his hands didn’t come close to meeting around the doughy Digimon; though judging by the blissful grin on Gary’s hooked muzzle, that fact only made the embrace all the better.

The pair spent savored the moment in that shared embrace, before Gary’s arm slid gently down the curve of Matt’s midsection, the Pokémon sitting up and taking a pair of small bottles from the tray, retrieving a transparent pill from one and holding it up to the Digimon’s mouth. “Omega three for that mega-sized heart,” Gary cooed in a familiar, cheesy tone, his companion grinning at the comment, before letting the Grovyle pop the pill into his mouth, washing it down with a sip of the shake that accompanied his breakfast while the second bottle was unscrewed, a dropper brought up to the Guilmon’s muzzle next, squeezing a few drops into the reptile’s mouth, “And just to make sure that stomach in there is nice and ready for the day~” The Pokémon’s playful words summoned another warm smile to Matt’s face as he accepted the appetite stimulant, before nuzzling his mate’s snout affectionately.

After the supplements had been taken care of, Gary set the bottles back down on the tray, leaning himself against Matt’s side again and taking a slice of bread from the pile, raising it to

the crimson muzzle of his lover. “Aaaaah~?” the Pokémon chirped playfully as he rested his head on the Digimon’s pillowy shoulder, getting another hearty chuckle from his mate as Matt opened his muzzle obligingly, allowing the toast to be slid delicately through his lips and giving a low hum of appreciation while he chewed through the delicacy.

As the Guilmon savored his breakfast, Gary’s fingers brushed in slow circles around the fattened reptile’s pearlescent abdomen, the Pokémon smiling while he explored the pronounced curve that hugged around his lover’s middle, only pausing when he felt a gentle nudge to the top of his head, gaze lifting up from the entrancing dome of flab to find his companion giving a warm, though expectant smile. Tittering to himself, the Grovyle nodded and lifted his hand from that pronounced paunch to provide the next offering, nuzzling into Matt’s supple chest tenderly.

The grass-type’s hand shifted cyclically between brushing over his mate’s malleable middle and bringing the next mouthful of food to the Guilmon’s muzzle, each morsel sliding gingerly through Matt’s open lips as he was fed, Gary making sure his cushy boyfriend didn’t need to lift a claw throughout breakfast. Well, except the ones the Digimon tenderly brushed along his mate’s side, communicating his appreciation through the caring gesture, since his mouth was rather occupied with accepting everything the Grovyle offered.

Soon enough, the pile of food began to dwindle, and as the last slice of toast was gently placed into Matt’s maw, Gary once again curled his arms around his lover, hugging into the Guilmon’s soft chest with a low sigh of comfort. “That enough for ya, Matt?” the Grovyle checked, gingerly kneading a hand into the flab covering his companion’s stomach, eliciting a low chuckle and an affirmative nod.

“Heh, yeah, for now~” Matt replied with a soft smile, nuzzling against his mate’s brow as he held the Pokémon close, setting the emptied tray aside and resting his clawed hand on his middle over Gary’s.

Grinning, the wood gecko rubbed the Digimon’s white paunch in tandem with his mate, his gaze drawing from the lower curve of Matt’s gut to where the red reptile’s shirt had rolled up, rubbing his cheek against the cushy breast of his companion. “God, Matt, you’ve gotten so big~” Gary nearly purred, “We just might need to get you some new shirts again!”

The comment, though lovingly given, brought a vibrant blush to the Guilmon’s face, deepening the red hues of his scales and summoning a sheepish, yet joyful grin. “W-well, it’s thanks to your help, you know,” Matt hummed in return, leaning in and gently pecking the bridge of his lover’s snout.

Gary gave a playful scoff, tilting his head up to kiss the Guilmon’s cheek softly. “Oh, and I’m sure that appetite of yours had nothing to do with it!” the verdant Pokémon tittered affectionately, grinning again at the deepening hue of his mate’s blush, nearly cooing at the way Matt’s head ducked just slightly and formed a sequence of extra chins under his muzzle.

“I swear you get cuter every day~” Gary commented affectionately, nuzzling the multiple chins of his lover, before gently tapping the Guilmon’s paunch as he extracted himself from the plush embrace, “And on that note, I think it’s time for your weigh-in!”

Matt’s expression lit up at the reminder, and he nodded excitedly as he turned and swung his broad legs over the edge of the bed. With a hearty grunt of effort, the Guilmon hefted himself upright, shirt rolling partially back down over his paunch, yet leaving the lower half uncovered as it swayed and wobbled with excess momentum, the feeling bringing a pleased smile to Matt’s muzzle, despite the sheer amount of effort lifting his engorged frame entailed. Even getting into

a standing position left the doughy Digi panting softly, his flabby paunch rising and falling in tune to his exerted breaths.

A similar expression of admiration graced the mildly-blushing Grovyle as he watched his mate in motion, breathing a long, infatuated sigh. "That's a lot of handsome Guil I've got~" Gary hummed with a broad grin, giggling as his companion flushed a deeper shade of crimson once more. "Come on, big guy!" the Pokémon urged, hopping sprightly up from the bed and stepping around to take his mate's hand, "I want to see if you've hit your next milestone yet!"

Smiling at the Grovyle's infectious enthusiasm, Matt couldn't help chuckling as he was gently pulled out from their bedroom and lead the few steps. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" the Guilmon tittered at being tugged along by his lean counterpart, his thick tail swaying in time with his gait, heavy ripples jiggling through his whole figure with every step, "Should be pretty close, with how well you've been feeding me."

Gary grinned as he lead the pair into their bathroom, before gently pulling his mate close, tilting his snout down a bit to nuzzle at the Guilmon's nose. The short trip through the hallway brought low pants from Matt, though this fact was far from being negative in the Digimon's mind. If anything, the quickening fatigue that simple walking brought along with it was another testimony to the progress he'd made, and he couldn't help smiling despite his mildly-winded state.

The Guilmon's lover seemed to have a similar viewpoint, judging from his caring, adoring smile as he listened to those heavy breaths, his eye caught by the heaving of Matt's voluminous midsection. "I can't help that you're just too darn adorable when you're eating~ Or after eating, or before eating, just about any time, really!" the Pokémon cooed fondly, giggling as his words brought another fetching blush to his lover's rounded cheeks.

Brushing his arms down the Digimon's sides, Gary gently slid his hands under the hem of the reptile's shirt, pecking his mate's snout gently. The tender contact split Matt's muzzle in a dopey grin, and gently nuzzled under his companion's chin as he was held close, feeling Gary's hands working slowly up along his sides, bringing his shirt up with them while the Pokémon's digits caressed his rolled flanks. The feeling made the Digimon's face light up in pink hues, though his blissful smile showed anything but objections as his shirt was lifted up from his chest, raising his arms and letting his mate pull the clothing free from his limbs.

Once the shirt was free, Gary took a small step back, humming as he looked over his lover's form. The Guilmon's paunch sagged flabbily down over his thighs, the doughy curve sinking nearly halfway down to his knees as he stood with his blubbery tail wagging, the partly-shy, partly-joyful smile on his face holding just as much allure to the grassy Pokémon as the first time he'd seen that same, silly grin. Deep folds appeared on both of the Guilmon's flanks, just under a pair of plush, fattened moobs, which sagged under their own weight atop that broad, pearly belly. The rather blatant ogling caused Matt's head to duck ever-so-slightly, accentuating the extra chins that bunched up under his muzzle, and adding to his already-adorable appearance.

"Cuter every day, confirmed~" Gary giggled affectionately, before gesturing down towards Matt's jeans, "Well, go on!"

"Heh, r-right," the Digimon replied as he gave a quick nod, jiggling the pudge on his face and neck. With a soft huff, the girthy Guilmon unbuttoned his pants and started to slide them off, ever-aware of his lover's lingering gaze admiring his plentiful curves in motion. Straining a bit from bending over, the Digimon's face reddened as he stepped out of the jeans, grunting and lifting himself back upright with several soft pants, leaving only his boxers on.

While catching his breath, Matt felt himself being embraced again, and he opened his eyes to be greeted by Gary's warm smile, pressing himself gently into the Guilmon's doughy gut and chest. "So soooft~" the Pokémon murred, giving a broad grin as he winked to Matt, "You keep growing and I just might start using you for my bed soon!"

Again the Digimon gave a soft blush, tittering and lifting himself up slightly onto his toes to kiss his lover's cheek. "You already use my belly as a pillow," Matt replied through his sheepish tone, gently pulling Gary more into his enveloping softness, "I'd consider 'bed' an upgrade~"

The words brought a delighted grin to the Grovyle's face, before the Pokémon gave a soft chuckle and patted his lover's side while withdrawing from their embrace. "Alright you, let's see just how close to bed-status you've gotten," Gary proposed while he held his mate's hands, stepping back and leading the Guilmon to their heavy-duty scale.

Once again allowing himself to be brought forward, Matt nodded as he turned to face the scale. The heavy-duty weighing station had its read-out on an elevated shaft, the better to be read by one whose middle often got in the way of viewing things near the ground. Fortunate for the Guilmon, as the area around his feet had long been hidden by his broadening physique!

Stepping up onto the scale, Matt gave a little huff as he lifted himself that minute difference in elevation, his smile turning curious while he looked at the blinking numbers on the elevated readout. Though as the numbers climbed, the Guilmon's vision was suddenly darkened by a pair of green hands, followed by a playful titter from the Pokémon behind him. "Lemme see first~" Gary insisted, his muzzle peeking over Matt's shoulder at the display.

Laughing, the Guilmon's hands rose a bit as he waited for the scale to measure his mass. "Okay, okay~" Matt chuckled, a moment of quiet passing as the numbers leveled out. That quiet seemed to linger a bit longer than expected, and the Digimon shuffled a bit as he spoke up to ask, "So? What does it say?"

The Pokémon's mouth hung agape as he looked at the numbers displayed to him, his hands sliding down from the Digimon's eyes. "F-four hundred and three... wow," Gary breathed softly, his gaping muzzle shifting slowly into a wide, proud grin while he embraced around his mate's backside, "Look! You're over the four-hundred mark!"

Blinking back the suddenly-bright light, Matt's gaze focused on the number that the display showed, his eyes wide and own jaw dropping slightly. "Woah," the reptile gasped as he settled his hands on his midsection, looking down at the dome of chub with disbelief, "Four hundred... wow."

"I know, right?" Gary chirped with a gleeful tone, wrapping his arms around the Guilmon's waist and squeezing his hands into the supple scales that yielded to his touch, "I'm so, sooo proud of my big ol' gainer Guil!"

The praise from his boyfriend, combined with the reality of that impressive number, stretched the Digimon's mouth into a beaming grin, and he stepped back off of the scale as he leaned back slightly into his lover's embrace, turning his head to nuzzle at Gary's slightly-rough cheek. "Heh, I had help, you know," the Guilmon hummed softly, even as he rested his claws gently over his mate's softer digits, the pair gently rubbing the sides of Matt's paunch in tandem.

The Grovyle gave an amused chuckle, kissing the Digimon's plush cheek tenderly. "I'm very well-aware, yes," Gary replied as he gave the doughy reptile's gut a playful squeeze, getting a low murr of pleasure out of the Guilmon, "But it's you and that impressive stomach of yours that are the real stars. Aaaaand, I might have planned a little something for when that three ticked up to a four~"

Perking up, Matt smiled as he glanced back to his mate. “Oh? Something to do with lots of food, no doubt~” the Guilmon guessed with a soft chuckle.

Laughing along, Gary surprised his companion when he shook his head in the negative. “Actually, something different, this time,” the Grovyle replied, pulling away from their hug and patting the Digimon’s back, “Why don’t ya go wait in our room, and I’ll bring it out~”

Brow furrowing curiously, Matt turned to face the retreating Pokémon with an inquisitive tilt of his head. “It’?” the Digimon mused, getting only a wink and a grin.

“You’ll see!” Gary tittered, leaning over and gathering up his companion’s jeans and shirt as he headed out of the bathroom, “You won’t be needing these~”

Blinking bemusedly, Matt nonetheless smiled as he did as directed, waddling his way out through the hallway and returning to their bedroom. The Digimon was once again breathing heavily by the time he’d come to a stop, sitting on the edge of the mattress with a resounding groan from the bed. As he caught his breath, the Guilmon’s attention returned to his middle, expression attaining a measure of pride while he sat and waited for his boyfriend. “Four hundred,” he breathed through his minor fatigue, a hand resting on his paunch and rubbing up and down along the soft curvature, smiling at the pleasant sensation, “We really made it to four hundred.” The smile on the Digimon’s face only grew as he let that fact set in, patting his doughy gut while he felt a sense of pride and accomplishment swelling in his chest.

The Digimon’s musings were cut short by the sound of familiar footsteps, though they were quite a bit heavier than usual. Lifting his gaze from his paunch to the door, Matt’s eyes widened a bit as he saw his lover carrying in a gift-wrapped box that looked to be nearly the same size as the Grovyle’s whole torso. “I-I got it! Don’t worry!” Gary said when he saw the Guilmon making to stand up, flashing a reassuring grin, “I managed to sneak this into the apartment without you noticing, after all!”

Curiosity piqued, Matt watched as his mate brought the box to him, reaching out to take the package with an increasing sense of excitement. “Oof, gosh, whatever it is, it’s heavy!” the Guilmon commented as he settled the box onto the space on his lap that his belly wasn’t occupying, Gary plopping himself onto the bed beside the Digimon and grinning from ear to ear.

“I’ve got a good inkling that you’re going to love it~” the Grovyle said with a wink, before nodding at the package eagerly, “Go ahead, see what’s under the paper!”

Grinning, the Guilmon nodded while he hooked his claws under the bow and wrapping paper. Carefully sliding his claws through the wrapping, in spite of his excitement, Matt enthusiastically tore away the paper. “It’s gotta be something amazing, with how excited you...” he started to say, before a part of a familiar logo flashed from under the box’s paper cover, completely derailing the Guilmon’s train of thought. Freezing a moment, Matt glanced between the box and his boyfriend’s joyfully beaming face a few times, his claws starting to move slower as they pushed back the paper.

There it was; that familiar logo that the Digimon had seen so many times in stores and online. A zero bordered on either side by a vertical bar, the symbol of the Absolute Zero company. “Oh... Oh, Gary, you didn’t,” the shocked Guilmon breathed quietly, holding that big box with a greater degree of gingeriness, almost like it had turned into some fragile kitten.

“Oh, yes I did,” Gary replied in a half-smug, half-tender tone, reaching over and curling an arm around Matt’s shoulders, “Go on, have a look inside.”

The Guilmon’s hands had started to shake slightly, yet he nodded silently as he slowly, almost hesitantly lifted the lid from the box, letting out another soft gasp as he was greeted by the sight

of its contents. A bright, vivid-orange set of ski-goggles glinted in the light, nestled neatly atop a similarly-hued, heavy-duty scarf. Folded neatly under those, a black and orange snowsuit shone with the lighting of the room, and a fancy-looking letter rested beside the goggles, its wax seal bearing the same logo as the box it came in, while a second, more plain-looking note rested beside its fancier counterpart.

Matt spent several long moments just sitting in stunned silence, his mouth working as he tried to gather his thoughts. Eventually, the Guilmon felt his mate's hand settle over his own, and his slightly-blurred gaze finally shifted over to the Pokémon beside him. "Happy four-hundred, Matt," Gary said in a tender, loving tone, leaning over to kiss the Digimon's soft cheek.

The gentle touch caused the tears that had been slowly welling up in Matt's eyes to roll down over his cheek, and he let out a soft laugh as he reached up and rubbed his eyes with one arm, the other hand, clinging to the box like it might disappear if he let go. "G-Gary... you... you didn't h-have to," the Guilmon stuttered as he tried to compose himself, "I-I mean... how much?"

The question was cut off when the Grovyle's lips met the Guilmon's own, silencing the stunned Digimon as he fluttered his eyes in surprise. "Don't worry about it, I saved up," Gary reassured his companion, hugging around the reptile's chest tightly, "All those late shifts and extra hours at the pharmacy really paid off~"

Still giving the Grovyle that stunned look of disbelief, it took a moment for Matt to return his gaze to the contents of the box, the slack-jawed expression he wore slowly lifting into a soft, hesitant smile. "Wow... i-it's really... wow," the Guilmon breathed in disbelief, getting another soft chuckle from his companion.

"Here, read the notes, first," Gary suggested, reaching into the box and lifting the plainer-looking envelope from inside and setting it caringly into his mate's hand, "This one's from me, and the company sent the other one."

Face stuck in a dreamy grin, Matt nodded as he slid a claw through the paper envelope, lifting out the note within and carefully unfolding the small card, reading the message that was revealed. "A triple XL gift for my triple XL eskimo! Love you so much!" the neat, cursive letters read, with several hand-drawn hearts decorating the card's surface. That simple, yet sincere message brought a soft laugh from the "eskimo", who turned his attention back to the Grovyle beside him with an earnest smile.

"This is... Gary, I don't know what to say," Matt chuckled, gently setting aside the card so he could pull his mate up against his side, nuzzling the brightly grinning Pokémon's muzzle gratefully, "I love you, too. And... thank you. Thank you so much!"

Tittering in joy, Gary returned the embrace as he nuzzled the Guilmon's round cheek lovingly. "You're welcome! Anything to see my eskimo smile," the Pokémon hummed, pecking his lover's muzzle gently, "You haven't even seen the whole gift yet, though!"

The Digimon laughed as he gave a shallow nod, though he still held Gary close as his other hand gingerly peeled back the wax seal on the company's letter, bringing their own, more-formal note up to eye-level. "To Matt, the recipient of this custom suit," the letter began, with a fanciful drop cap that initialized the main body, "It has been a great pleasure to work on your gear. Through working with the commissioner, Gary, the unique nature of your relationship became clear to us, and we have made provisions in the design of your suit to better accommodate your 'growing' bond. In support of your shared interests, we have crafted your suit with a great deal of elasticity, so that you may continue to enjoy this set for years to come. Should the day come that this elasticity is no longer sufficient to accommodate your 'full' lifestyle, we would be

honored to work with you again. The commissioner has also informed us of your particular fondness for plush, furred hoods; in light of this, we have taken the liberty of adding a secondary hood to your suit, for your pleasure. Wishing the best of luck and the happiest of times, With utmost sincerity, Absolute Zero Manufacturing.”

Matt blinked as he finished reading the letter, looking to his mate with pleasant surprise. “I know! I was pretty surprised when they figured out you were a gainer, and even more surprised when they just kind of accepted that!” he chuckled lightly, before patting the Digimon’s plush middle fondly, “They were really helpful after they got it figured, too, and they made all sorts of suggestions for the materials and stuff, so this should keep fitting ya for a couple hundred more pounds~”

The Guilmon was simply beaming by the time Gary had finished his statement, and he couldn’t decide where he should be looking; at the wonderful gift he’d received, or the even more wonderful Pokémon that had gotten him the gift. The sheer joy he felt made Matt’s eyes start to well up again, and he carefully lifted the box from his lap to set it aside on the bed, before turning abruptly and wrapping both arms around his lover, burying his face against Gary’s shoulder as he laughed in pure joy.

“Thank you! Oh my gosh, thank you so much!” the Guilmon repeated earnestly, his companion joining in the laughter as he returned the embrace.

“Aww, don’t mention it~” Gary tittered as he gently brushed the reptile’s doughy flanks, placing a tender kiss on the top of Matt’s head, “Seeing you smile like this is way more than enough to make it all worth it~”

Giggling lightly, the Guilmon nodded as he lifted his head, kissing Gary’s nose lightly. “You’re the best~” Matt said with honest conviction, rubbing his cheek against the Grovyle’s own.

Murring quietly from the pleasant feeling, the Pokémon gave his lover’s rotund tummy another tender pat, grinning wide in anticipation. “Well? Aren’t ya gonna try it on?” Gary prompted, smooching the Digimon’s cheek affectionately.

“Oh, yeah!” Matt chuckled, giving his mate one more gentle squeeze, before releasing the embrace and turning to the box, pausing to admire the contents for another moment. “Heh... it’s really here,” he breathed softly, his hands reaching in and gingerly curling around the goggles set atop the suit, lifting the eyewear out and turning it over in his claws. The high-quality lenses shone in the light, practically sparkling in the Guilmon’s hands. Excited to see the rest of the outfit, Matt carefully set the goggles aside and gently pulled the scarf up, running his digits over the soft, insulating fabric with that same broad grin dimpling his plush cheeks.

As the Guilmon looked over each piece in the box, Gary gently leaned himself against his lover’s side, watching Matt’s expression go through all stages of joy over and over. The suit itself was brought up next, the Guilmon pausing as he saw the patch sewn into its shoulder; the addition was modeled after the pattern on his own abdomen, bringing another jovial giggle from the delighted Digimon, positioned over the word “Glacier” stitched in black thread. “It’s... it’s perfect!” Matt declared, before giving a low grunt as he got himself up onto his feet, pudgy figure rippling while he pulled the hefty snowsuit the rest of the way out of the box, his excitement overwhelming the effort it took to lift so much weight at once; though that didn’t stop his breathing from once again quickening. The puffy, vivid-orange suit had a dark-grey pattern that crossed over the chest and shoulders, with similar dark patches on the forearms and shins.

As the note had said, two heavy-duty, and very fluffy hoods were set one inside the other, bouncing against one another as the suit was manipulated.

“Wow, you say that even before you put in on~” Gary commented playfully as he sat on the bed, grinning at his companion’s infectious glee.

“Because it is! Look, they even got the patch perfect!” Matt declared through his subtle panting, turning to face the Pokémon and holding the shoulder of the snowsuit against his middle, juxtaposing the decorative patch to his ventral pattern, “Just like the real thing!”

“Hmmm, I dunno,” the Grovyle hummed, before giving a playful wink, “The real one’s much cuter, if you ask me~”

Blushing at the words, Matt giggled and shook his head amusedly, before he turned the suit to face himself again. Pulling down the zipper, the Guilmon smiled at the satisfying sound, lowering the one-piece suit down and bending over to slip his bare feet into the lower half, his face reddening a bit from straining to keep from being pulled off his feet by his front-heavy figure. The bent pose caused the rotund reptile’s middle to sag down against his thighs even more, and Gary couldn’t help giving a low hum of appreciation at the alluring sight.

“Eeyup, definitely cuter~” the Pokémon commented with a soft titter, his mate huffing with a deep blush while he pulled the suit up to his waist. As the suit made it to his tail, however, Matt’s expression pinched into an unsure look, trying to twist his torso around to get the thick limb to slide into the sleeve sewn into the rear of the snowsuit, though try as he might, his girth made it all but impossible to reach back enough to guide the sleeve up over his tail.

Luckily for the winded Guilmon, his companion was quick to get to their feet, a hand settling on the base of his tail and getting a soft gasp from the surprised Digimon. “Hehe, having a bit of trouble there, big guy~?” Gary cooed as his hand brushed down the side of Matt’s doughy tail, the reptile blushing deeply as he gave a sheepish little nod.

“Don’t worry, I got ya,” the Grovyle assured his lover, the reptile’s crimson face going several shades redder as he felt his mate’s hand sliding to the end of his tail. Gripping the sleeve, Gary guided the Guilmon’s tail into the opening, before pulling the sleeve up over the limb with deliberate slowness, smiling as he saw a pleased shudder rippling up through Matt’s spine and jiggling out into his plentiful padding.

Grinning at the Guilmon’s evident approval, Gary carried on with his assistance, his arms wrapping around Matt’s waist as far as they were able and gingerly sliding the snowsuit further up the blushing reptile’s torso, getting a soft, bashful “O-oh~!” for his tender efforts. With deliberate slowness, the Grovyle lifted upwards on the edges of the suit, his arms brushing gently up along the obese Digimon’s doughy flanks.

As he steadily leaned back against his mate, Matt’s entire countenance exuded pure bliss, his expression shifting into one of dopey joy while his broad tail swayed side to side. He couldn’t help giving the occasional giggle when his sensitive pudge was stimulated by the smooth material of his new suit, those mirthful little outbursts joined by the soft laugh of his verdant companion.

Resting his chin on the Guilmon’s shoulder, Gary nosed softly at the Digimon’s arm until Matt obligingly lifted the limb a bit, the pair working together to slip the hefty sleeve over the Guilmon’s even heftier arm. Once more with deliberately slow movements, the clothing was drifted up Matt’s arm, the gradual caress of the smooth fibers against the reptile’s scales sending another thrilled shiver through his whole being, the Digimon and Pokémon grinning in unison as

Gary felt his lover's rippling flesh against him, rubbing his own slightly-rough cheek against his companion's neck tenderly.

Once the sleeve was brought up to the Guilmon's shoulder, Gary playfully nuzzled around the back of Matt's neck to rest his head on the opposite shoulder, his mate giving an audible "Eep!" and laughing at the ticklish sensation, though he was quick to recover as he felt the gentle nudging of the Grovyle's snout against his uncovered arm. Again the Digimon's arm was slowly slid into the sleeve, a low murr building up in Matt's chest as he savored the way the nylon nestled around his meaty arms, bending his elbow experimentally once the sleeve was in place and grinning even wider.

As he made to turn towards the mirrored closet doors, Matt found himself suddenly embraced and gently held in place. "Ah-ah, let's get the whole ensemble together, then you can have a look~" Gary playfully chided, getting a slightly sheepish giggle from the Guilmon as he gave an affirmative nod.

"Yeah, that's probably best," Matt agreed, smiling while his lover walked around in front of him, the Pokémon's hand settling on the exposed white of the Guilmon's chest and sliding delicately down between the open teeth of the zipper. Leaning forward as he gripped the slider, Gary gently pulled upwards to close that zipper, his snout lightly brushing up along the Digimon's chest before the fly and planting a soft kiss on the reptile's rolled collar just as the suit was fully zipped.

The blushing Guil couldn't keep the goofy grin off his face all the while, dutifully staying put while Gary stepped around him to fetch the suit's accessories. While he stood in place, Matt turned his head a bit to glance at his double-hoods, reaching up a hand and running his claws through the luxuriously-thick coyote fur, his eyes sparkling as he felt the pair of hoods rebounding off of each other from the motions of his hands.

"It's already looking really good on ya~" the Grovyle commented as he came back around into the Digimon's field of view, carrying an armful of gloves and mittens and regaining his lover's attention, "Hehe, makes ya look even more filled-out!"

Matt's face lit up at the approval of his boyfriend, and he eagerly held out his hands for the gloves. "Y-you really think so?" the Guilmon excitedly asked, tail nearly threatening to throw off his balance with its delighted wagging.

"Oh, definitely!" Gary affirmed with a playful grin, before depositing the mittens and one of the gloves into Matt's arm, taking the first of the dark-olive gloves and gingerly sliding it up over the reptile's tough claws, "Though you know me; I happen to think you make anything look good~"

Matt's face flushed pink again as he tittered in mixed joy and bashfulness, wiggling his claws a bit to help the polyester gloves slide on easier. "Oh, wow, even these fit perfect!" the Guilmon commented once the handwear was on, flexing his digits and smiling pleasedly at the way the internal layers of fleece caressed his claws, before his expression turned slightly bewildered as he looked to Gary, "How... did you get my hand measurements without me noticing?"

The Grovyle laughed heartily, flashing another cheeky grin. "Hey, I've held your hands enough to know them by memory!" he answered earnestly, the words bringing a warm flutter to Matt's chest as he giggled along. After the glove, Gary retrieved the first of the heavy mittens, gently slipping the second layer of handwear over his mate's outstretched hand, giving the limb a soft squeeze after the mittens were in place, commenting teasingly, "I think you know I enjoy sizing ya up, big guy~"

Giving his own abashed laugh, Matt nodded affirmatively as he returned the soft grip. “Yeah, I’m very aware~” the Guilmon replied, before gently retracting his hand from his lover’s grasp, flexing his claws under the mittens and turning the limb over a few times, simply admiring the way the article fit over his hand and enjoying the way the outer polyester of the gloves slid under the inner nylon of the mittens, the black polyester on the outside of the larger handwear matching the black patches on his sleeves.

While the Digimon appraised his new handgear’s fit, Gary retrieved the other glove and mitten, giving a prompting nudge to Matt’s uncovered hand and grinning eagerly. Tittering, the Guilmon nodded and took the mitten in his covered claws, holding out the bare limb and allowing Gary to slip on the remaining pair of handgear. “Now you’re really starting to get that adorable eskimo look!” the Pokémon said affectionately, grinning again and patting the Digimon’s mittened hands, “No peeking now! Just a few more pieces~”

Nuzzling Matt’s nose, the Grovyle hurriedly retreated once more, before reappearing with thick white socks and heavy-duty boots in his arms. “Time for those Guil-feet~” Gary practically chirped, kneeling down and setting the boots aside as he tapped the Digimon’s foot, “Wanna sit down for this?”

Matt nodded as he stepped back, setting himself down onto the edge of the bed, his expression once again splitting into a grin as he felt the pair of hoods on his shoulders bouncing softly against one another. The crimson reptile leaned his head back a bit, turning his neck this way and that to feel the fur on his hoods brushing his scalp while they continually bounced against one another.

Tittering adoringly at the display, Gary gently tapped his companion’s foot again, getting a surprised “meep!” from the Guilmon as he seemed to remember what he was supposed to be doing, grinning abashedly while his head ducked and his leg raised up. Still chuckling softly, the Grovyle slid the first of the heavy socks over Matt’s two-toed foot, sliding the pant-leg of the suit up and tucking the sock under the sleeve. Once the sock was in place and the snowsuit’s leg back in position, Gary took up the first of the rubber boots, sliding it over the Guilmon’s foot and taking a moment to adjust the velcro straps into a snug, comfortable fit, the wool interior of the boots doubling the insulation from the already-thick socks.

Setting his right foot down and lifting the left, Matt leaned forward a bit to see his lover around his padded paunch, smiling down to the Grovyle warmly as his other foot was nestled into the warm sock. “Thanks for helping, Gary,” the Guilmon said while the left boot was brought up to his foot, the Pokémon pausing and glancing up with a grin.

“Oh, don’t mention it! I know you’ve been having trouble bending over as this gets bigger~” the Grovyle reached up and gave his lover’s tummy an affectionate pat, getting another delightful blush from his companion and giggling adoringly, before returning his attention to getting the boot onto the Guilmon’s foot.

Adjusting the straps again, the Pokémon gave the Digimon’s covered foot a soft tap, before standing himself back upright and leaning around Matt to fetch the ski goggles, the Guilmon giggling at the sudden closeness and gently nuzzling his mate’s cheek. The Grovyle tittered along as he returned the soft nuzzle, bringing up the goggles and gently slipping them around the back of Matt’s head, sliding them into place atop the Guilmon’s snout.

“And ooone more thing~” Gary hummed, once again leaning softly into the Digimon as he fetched the scarf from the box, Matt chuckling as he was used rather like a bean bag by his lover. The Grovyle continued to hum cheerfully as he gently draped the bright-orange scarf behind the

Guilmon's neck, flashing a cheeky grin for just a brief moment and gently tugging on each end, getting a surprised gasp from Matt in the instant before their lips met. The hefty reptile practically melted from the spontaneous kiss, his muzzle spreading into a blissful grin while he felt the scarf being wrapped around his neck during the prolonged smooch, Gary only drawing back once the neckwear was neatly in place.

"Theeere we go! Now that's a perfectly-dressed eskimo!" the Grovyle hummed approvingly, before once more straightening himself and holding his hands out to Matt, "Come on, you need to see yourself!"

Still bearing that silly grin, Matt nodded as he took his boyfriend's hands, the pair both giving synchronized grunts as they lifted the doughy Digi to his feet. Guiding the Guilmon back, Gary brought the reptile over to their closet, before letting go of his hands and nodding to the full-body mirror, "Go on~"

The Digimon felt himself hesitate a moment, almost feeling like he might wake up from a wonderful dream if he were to look at himself. Pushing back that strange feeling, Matt took a deep breath to settle his nerves, before turning and facing the mirror, taking in a sharp breath through his nose as he saw himself, all kitten up and looking ready to weather any blizzard.

The Guilmon's mittened hand hesitantly lifted up and touched the black rim of his vivid-orange ski goggles, expression one of slack-jawed disbelief while he took in the sight of himself. The fur of his hoods outlined his head even without being drawn up to cover his scalp, his already-broad physique looking even wider with the depth of the suit's padding. The Digimon's gaze slowly traveled downward, taking in the way his scarf framed his chubby jawline, eyes lingering on the patch over his shoulder, before returning to look himself in the face, the view he had of himself starting to become ever-so-slightly blurry as he felt his cheek wetting, the tear catching in the edge of the goggles.

When the Digimon remained quiet for an unusual amount of time, Gary's smile began to falter a bit, stepping up to Matt's side and regarding the Guilmon curiously, heart sinking a bit when he heard a quiet snuffle. "D-do you like it?" he asked with a hint of concern, a hand lowering to take his mate's, only for the orange suit to suddenly blur as its wearer whirled in place, arms wrapping around the Grovyle and pulling the gasping Pokémon in against the puffy suit.

"Oh my god, Gary! It's perfect! It's absolutely perfect!" Matt proclaimed in honest joy, his voice shaking slightly with emotion while he squeezed his companion ever tighter into his padded figure, "I love it! Everything about it's just... perfect!"

The Grovyle grunted and laughed at the same time while he was nearly overwhelmed by the sudden bear hug, feet dangling as he reclined against the upper slope of Matt's midsection, returning the hug as he grinned jovially. "W-wow, I haven't s-seen you this happy in a while!" Gary commented through the squeezing embrace, grinning as he found himself wrapped on all sides by a pleasantly-warm softness, "Hehe, you look great, Matt~"

The Guilmon held tight to his lover for long moments, rubbing his doughy cheek against the Pokémon's own lean muzzle while he sniffled back tears of joy, alternating between sudden chuckles and periods of tender quiet. "Thank you... thank you so, so much," Matt finally said after a while, gingerly setting his boyfriend down, though hesitant to let go of their mutual embrace, "This... Gosh, Gary, this means so much to me!"

Grinning wide, Gary happily leaned in and pecked his mate's lips tenderly. "Well, you mean everything to me~" he replied in his cheesy way, before his tone turned more sincere as he gave

an honest smile, “Really. And seeing you so happy like this, I’m glad I put in the extra effort for ya.”

Feeling his emotions rising again, Matt gently pecked the Pokémon’s cheek in return. “I love you so much,” the Guilmon hummed, his hands lowering and taking his lover’s own, squeezing them in his mittened claws.

Heart fluttering and face alight with a joyful smile, Gary gripped the Digimon’s hands as he nuzzled his companion. “Love you, too~” he answered with pure sincerity, brushing his muzzle along the side of his lover’s own, “My handsome, triple-extra-large eskimo~”

Long moments were spent with the pair in one another’s arms, though as those moments lingered, Gary started to hear his companion breathing a bit more heavily, pulling back a bit and looking to the Guilmon’s face, suddenly giving a soft chuckle as he saw the red scales glistening with moisture. “Looks like the suit’s plenty warm!” the Pokémon tittered, nuzzling Matt’s snout lightly, “You alright in there?”

Joining the soft laughter through his subtle panting, the Digimon nodded as he started fanning his face with a mittened hand. “Y-yeah, I’m good,” he assured the Pokémon, “Just really hot in here!”

Giggling as he shook his head, Gary gently patted his mate’s chest. “You could take it~”

“Oh no, gonna wear this the rest of the day!” Matt insisted as he wrapped his arms around his chest, grinning in spite of the sweat that was starting to bead along his forehead, “I don’t care that it’s July, this is the best gift ever!”

The infectious enthusiasm of his lover brought another broad smile to Gary’s muzzle, giggling along while he gave his mate’s padded belly a gentle pat through the heavy snowsuit. “Thought ya might say that,” the Grovyle stated, flashing a playful wink, “I know what might help ya cool off, big guy~”

Stepping around the Guilmon, Gary’s leafy tail flicked against his companion’s own meaty tail lightly, getting another surprised “meep!” from the Digimon as he turned in place with cumbersome motions, having to broaden his already-wide stance to accommodate the girth that the suit he wore added to his frame. “I hope you have room in that tummy of yours!” the Pokémon chirped in a suggestive manner from the doorway, beckoning his roommate with a jovial expression.

As the Pokémon ducked out of the door, Matt started to waddle his way toward the door, his attention immediately caught by the soft bounce of his hoods against the back of his head, cheeks squishing up into a dimpled grin while he tilted his head back just a bit, tail swaying gleefully with his broad strides. The fur tickled pleasantly against his scales as he moved, each hood cascading against the other and rebounding off of his back with every heavy footstep. The Digimon was so absorbed in the sensation that he nearly ran into the doorway, his coated paunch announcing the presence of the frame when it squished out against the wooden panels, a low grunt escaping Matt’s throat as he was brought to a sudden halt.

Quickly glancing down the hall, the Digimon blushed as he saw Gary tittering in amusement, smiling sheepishly while he waddled through the hallway more carefully. “Good to see you’re enjoying the hoods~” the Pokémon teased affectionately once his boyfriend had successfully navigated his way into the living room, stepping close and giving Matt’s cheek a fond peck, “Go ahead and get comfy, I’ll get ya a little something to cool you off~”

The Guilmon nodded as he shuffled his way over to the couch, huffing and puffing by the time he managed to settle himself into the seat, beads of sweat starting to trail down his face while he

fanned himself with his mittens. Fortunately Matt didn't have to wait long, hearing the freezer door open as Gary hummed softly, stepping around and taking a seat beside the weighty reptile with a half gallon carton of chocolate ice cream in his hands, along with a large spoon, the sight causing the Digimon's face to light up eagerly.

"Ooh, that'll work~" Matt hummed as he leaned back into the couch, the springs creaking rather loudly under his bulk.

Grinning, the Pokémon leaned gently into his mate's side while he peeled back the lid, getting himself nice and comfortable against the pillowy flank of his lover as he dug the spoon into the frozen confection. Resting his cheek against the Guilmon's chest, Gary lifted the spoonful of cream up to Matt's muzzle, which opened obligingly as the scoop neared, murring low while he wrapped his lips around the spoon and savored the relieving cool of the treat. The reptile's flabby tail curled gently around his lover's waist, an arm draping over Gary's shoulders and holding the Pokémon close as another spoonful was brought up to Matt's mouth.

"Mmm... oh yeah, that's helping already~" the Guilmon sighed in relief, taking the next mouthful gratefully while his hand rested atop his gut, the coated dome rising and falling more evenly as the ice cream cooled him down.

Gary smiled as he fed his mate spoon after spoon of the rich sweet, his gaze sliding down to the heaving belly of his weighty lover. Already, he imagined the calories in the ice cream adding to the natural padding his mate had acquired over their time together, resting the carton of cream in his lap and gently settling his hand atop the Digimon's doughy paunch, pressing through the snowsuit's insulating layers and rubbing in sensual circles over the supple curvature.

The wonderful sensations brought out another low, euphoric murr from the overly-insulated reptile, his eyes lidding while he lazily gulped down the icy treat he was offered, feeling the pleasant chill spreading outwards from his stomach into the deep pudge that surrounded his middle. His own mittened hand brushed softly around his middle alongside the Grovyle's, the quiet rustle of his mittens sliding against his snowsuit broadening his blissful grin as he was spoiled so delightfully by his boyfriend. Even the way that the fibers of his suit caressed his moving arm sent ecstatic shudders up and down his spine, jiggling out through his abundant figure.

Feeling the flabby undulations through the Guilmon's coat brought up a proud, warm glow in Gary's heart, and as he felt the spoon starting to scrape the bottom on the carton, similar pride in his companion's progress through the months tugged his smile further upwards. The last few bites of the bucket of ice cream disappeared into the Digimon's stomach effortlessly, that impressive hill of orange and black rising just a tad higher after emptying the entire container, his companion loosing a low whistle through his hooked muzzle.

"You make a half gallon look so easy, now~" Gary praised in a soft, approving manner, setting aside the emptied container and wrapping his arms around Matt's midsection, humming low in comfort.

Cracking open his eyes, the Guilmon seemed surprised when the ice cream stopped coming, glancing down to his mate and smiling in a mix of joy and just a hint of bashfulness. "That was half a gallon already?" Matt asked incredulously, feeling around his paunch with one hand while the other gently pressed his mate closer into his side, cheeks lighting up in a soft blush when he saw the emptied carton, "Wow... heh, doesn't feel like much anymore~"

The Pokémon tittered while he nuzzled into Matt's chest. "That's cuz you're a big ol' glutton, you know!" Gary teased with a jovial smirk, giggling adoringly when his words turned his

lover's crimson cheeks a fetching pink, the Grovyle's arms squeezing gingerly around the Guilmon's girth, "But you're my big ol' glutton~"

Still blushing, the Digimon felt his face warming steadily, though soon realized it wasn't just from his bashfulness. "H-hey, do we have more ice cream?" Matt checked, feeling the coolness of the confection in his stomach fading rapidly, "Still feeling pretty hot in all this!"

"Oh? Still got room in there?" Gary asked in pleasant surprise, not even trying to hide the eager tone in his voice as he grinned to the Guilmon.

Matt tittered abashedly as he nodded. "Yeah, if we have any left," he affirmed, mittened hand patting his slightly-bloated midsection while he gave a warm smile.

That was all the Grovyle needed to hear, quickly hopping up and hustling into the kitchen with an excited sway of his leafy tail. The freezer was once again raided of its contents, before the Pokémon returned with another carton of chocolate ice cream, humming happily to himself while nestling down onto the couch once more. "Open wiiiide~" Gary chirped cheerfully as he popped the lid from the second container, dishing out a spoonful and serving it right into Matt's muzzle.

As the ice cream began to disappear again, the Grovyle noted just how eager his mate was for the cooling sweet, humming to himself as he committed that fact to memory, ever on the lookout for ways to stimulate the gainer Guil's appetite. And as Matt gulped down the delicious treat, he himself noticed just how much better the ice cream was when he was so warm in his suit, that pleasantly-cooling sensation adding to the already-delightful taste of the cream. Feeling his curiosity rise, the Digimon huffed as he leaned to the side to draw his legs up onto the couch, curling into a tighter position that would conserve the heat in his body even better.

As he felt Matt moving, Gary paused to give the girthy Guilmon room to reposition, his head tilting curiously while he leaned into the doughy Digi once more. "Getting cold, there?" he asked uncertainly, finding it hard to believe that the incredibly-well-padded reptile could possibly find a chill in his new outfit.

The question made Matt chuckle as he shook his head. "Nope, still feeling pretty hot, actually," the Digimon replied, the glistening sweat on his forehead confirming his words as he accepted his next mouthful of frosty cream.

Brow furrowing briefly, it only took a moment for the Pokémon to catch onto his lover's motivations, giggling as he leaned a bit more into the Digimon to lend his own warmth. "Oh no, we can't have that~" Gary tittered playfully while he spooned the ice cream a bit more quickly into Matt's waiting maw, the Guilmon's golden eyes sparkling as he was fed the treat so diligently.

Mouthful after mouthful of chilly confection was tenderly slid into the overheated Digimon's eager muzzle, each one gulped down eagerly to make room for the next. Matt's curled position worked just the way he intended, and he felt himself getting hotter and hotter in his suit, every spoonful of ice cream tasting just that much better as his temperature climbed. The beads of sweat on the Guilmon's brow slid down his scales and wetted the fur that tickled his cheeks from his hoods, low murr of pleasure sifting between each mouthful.

Gary gave an amused smile at his companion's rather unique strategy of attaining more sweets, though he didn't complain; getting to keep feeding the Guilmon like this only brought more joy to the Pokémon, and he was happy to oblige the gluttonous reptile, once again setting his free hand to gingerly massaging the filling gut of his coated lover. Time seemed to blur for the pair in their mutual pleasure, until at last Gary's spoon once again found the bottom of the carton, serving the last of the chocolate cream within to his panting lover.

“Sheesh, you’d think your gut was bottomless or something!” the Grovyle laughed happily, setting the emptied container with the previous carton while looking over his mate’s distended middle.

Matt’s stomach had gained noticeable width from his gorging, his snowsuit stretching over his engorged figure with its advertised elasticity, the tightened nature of the suit only accentuating just how much the Guilmon had consumed. Puffing from both how warm he was getting and how much he’d eaten, the Digimon regarded his belly with a hint of pride to his smile, glancing over to his mate and blushing slightly when he noticed the evident approval on Gary’s expression while the Pokémon took in the sight of his paunchy frame.

It only took a brief moment for Matt to conclude that he had room left in his stomach for more, and after his mate’s wonderful gift to him, he wanted to go the extra mile for the verdant Pokémon. “W-whew, it’s really getting hot in here, huh?” the Digimon commented as he gently pulled back from his mate, grunting and rocking back a bit, before rolling forward and getting to his feet, much to the curiosity of his lover. The effort of just standing up normally was enough to get Matt panting; now, the flabby reptile was absolutely gasping, the heat and strain of holding his weighty frame upright clearly exhausting him.

Despite this, the determined Guilmon started to jog in place like he would at the gym, flashing a flushed grin to his companion. “I-I just might... hoof... pass out... if I keep... w-whew... getting hotter~” Matt panted heavily, every heavy fall of his feet causing his padded paunch to bounce and bob against his thighs, the flab jiggling visibly even through his heavy clothing.

Gary’s eyes widened at the display he was treated to, letting out a bright laugh as he nodded and got to his own feet. “I’d better hurry and help you cool off, then!” the Pokémon said as he took up the pair of emptied containers, disappearing from Matt’s view quickly.

Left on his own a moment, the Guilmon kept himself jogging, his heavy breathing only adding to the significant undulations that rippled and sloshed through his figure. His stomach gurgled as the ice cream within was churned by his heavy footfalls, wheezing from the heat that built up inside his insulated clothing. Yet despite the discomfort brought from just how hot it was becoming under all that downy padding, Matt couldn’t keep the grin off his face; his jogging made the hoods on his suit once again bounce and rebound off of each other, lightly tapping against the back of his head with their springy motions. His scales, despite moistening with the effort he put into heating himself, were practically tingling with pleasure as the jostling of his jogging steps rustled the polyester fibers against his hide, loving every way the suit hugged, slid, and brushed against his whole body.

The Digimon was so absorbed in his activity he almost didn’t notice when Gary returned with his ice cream, the Pokémon smiling when he saw just how happy his mate looked. Though he didn’t pause; Matt was waiting for his sweets, after all! “Alright hotty, got your ice cream~” the Grovyle announced, his companion blinking and seeming to refocus for a moment.

“Oh... oof... g-good!” the Guilmon huffed and puffed, before simply opening up his mouth as his tail swayed eagerly.

Gary giggled as he dutifully stepped up to the heated reptile, scooping out some ice cream and holding it over his mate’s bouncing muzzle. Once Matt tilted his head back a bit, the confection was dropped right into the Guilmon’s mouth, the serving of cream swiftly swallowed down to make room for the next spoonful, the Digimon maintaining his jog as he was fed. The contrast between the icy cold of the sweet and his overheated body caused Matt to shudder with pleasure,

his panting breaths getting more labored as his efforts made his cheeks flush and sweat pour down his face.

Finally, after several minutes of that forced march, the reptile's gait slowed to a stop, bending over and resting his hands on his knees as he wheezed heavily, his bloated gut still gurgling loudly from being jostled so much. Gary felt concern rise in his heart as he saw his mate doubled over, before giving a gentle smile as he set his spoon into the carton of ice cream and rested his hand on Matt's shoulder. "Why don't ya sit down, big guy?" he suggested, nodding towards the couch, "You're looking a bit winded, there."

Nodding breathlessly, Matt staggered back a bit, before falling onto the couch heavily, the furniture giving out an alarmingly-loud groan under the sudden burden, yet miraculously it didn't collapse under the avalanche of Guilmon it was forced to bear. The Digimon fanned himself with his mittened hands as his tongue lolled out of his panting muzzle, his companion taking a seat on the neighboring cushion.

Without needing any prompt, the next spoonful was brought into Matt's field of view, the Guilmon glancing to his lover to see Gary bearing a warm, caring smile. That simple expression brought a different sort of warmth into the Digimon's chest, and his own expression lifted into a silly, tired little grin in spite of his fatigued state, silently accepting the offer of that sugary, cold relief to his overheated state.

Once again the Pokémon gently leaned into Matt's side, humming softly while he spooned each bite of ice cream into the reptile's mouth. The chocolate confection steadily disappeared down the Guilmon's greedy gullet, each mouthful eliciting soft, quiet creaks from the Digimon's suit as it stretched to accommodate its wearer's distending middle, until at last that final mouthful was tenderly slipped between Matt's lips. Giving a hearty gulp, the reptile loosed a long, sated sigh as he rubbed his middle through his snowsuit, the crooked little smile on his face showing equal parts pride and joy as he finished off the third carton.

Feeling arms gently curl around his chest, Matt looked to his companion as he was embraced, the Grovyle's blue eyes sparkling with affection. "Happy four hundred, Matt," Gary cooed lovingly, leaning against the Guilmon to gently kiss his scaly cheek.

The reptile grinned a bit wider, his arm curling around the Pokémon's shoulders and once more pulling Gary close. "Happy four hundred," the exhausted, yet overjoyed Digimon answered, resting his head against his lover's as their eyes closed in unison, simply enjoying the wonderful closeness and warmth that they shared.



