

The jingling of keys by the door alerted Matt that Gary was home. The large guilmon stared ahead, eyes glued to the television as he continued playing his video game. Wrappers and empty bags of junk food lay scattered across couch and around him. Crumbs and stains lay upon his taut shirt, his large belly slowly rising and falling to his slow breaths. The distinct sound of plastic grocery bags almost made him pause for thought, but he shook the urge away focusing on his game with a stern scowl. He could hear the grovyle walk over to the counter behind him and set the bags down.

"Evenin' Matty," Gary said, no doubt smiling that smile he liked. He gave a moan of greeting and got back to his game, he was in too bad of a mood to feel good right now.

"How's your day been?" Gary asked, a shrug obscured from behind the couch with a moan of response. Matt could hear the different wrappers and boxes of food that Gary was putting away, no doubt gifts and snacks for him later. Matt's thick claw lingered over the pause button, his distended belly rumbling and gurgling in need. He shook his head and continued gaming.

"Work was alright..." Gary continued, his tone light and teasing "...Quiet as usual but it's getting cold. I don't have the bulk you do. Can't even wear one of your coats, just too thick for the place, they say..." Matt could only imagine the look on his boyfriend's face when he heard the sound of his tail thumping upon the couch, a low groan sounding. Finally he heard the footsteps come closer and Gary stood between him and the TV. Matt sighed and paused the game as Gary walked close and sat on his lap, belly to belly as Gary looked at him, then smirked.

"So..." Gary began "You feeling alright?"

"Yeah..." Matt said lowly, averting his gaze.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah..."

"Hmm... okay," Gary hummed "Still in your pajamas...cleared out your treat pantry again..."

"Did I?" Matt asked, his tone unconvincing.

"Yes." Gary said, matter-of-factly. He pressed his paw into Gary's belly, taut and gurgling with all the junk food he had devoured for the day. A small grin and a deep blush. He placed his paw on the top of it "So what's really the matter, hun."

"Hmmmh..." Matt was blushing too, his belly gurgling loudly at Gary's firm yet gentle touch. A stifled belch escaping his muzzle as he put the controller down "I don't wanna talk about it."

"C'mon. Matty?" Gary asked.

No response, Matt was still looking away, arms crossed in defiance.

"Matty..." Gary said teasingly, leaning in and pressing on Matty's belly.

"Mmm..." whether it was a moan of pleasure or protest, Gary wasn't sure, but he could see his mate was sweating now.

"Matt!" Gary said, short and a little loud.

A loud and long belch erupted from Matt's maw, blasting Gary for a few seconds before the two fell silent. Matt facepalmed, laughing loudly as Gary chuckled, resting his head on Matt's belly.

"Heheh, well excuse you," Gary smiled warmly at his boyfriend "So are you gonna tell me what's wrong?" Gary slid off of Matt's lap and sat beside him.

"Okay okay," Matt said in a defeated tone "So I was doing my weekly weigh in while you were at work," a nod and a moan from Gary "And I...lost 5 pounds,"

Gary did his best to suppress a snort of humor; Matt always got like this when he lost a little weight. It was cute, for sure "That must be hard on you," Gary said, his paw tracing along Matt's body, resting at the bottom of his gut. Matt nodded, rubbing his gut now "Thankfully for you, I know how we can fix that," the grovyle smiled, planting a quick kiss on the guilmon's cheek.

"Mmf, I dunno...I'm pretty full already..." Matt said, his belly rumbling in protest to prove his point.

"I got those powdered donuts you really like." was all Gary said.

"I guess I can make a little more room." Matt said, almost on instinct. He inhaled sharply and struggled to get up with that big gut in the way. He may have lost a little weight, but he was still big enough where even the simple things were getting harder.

"Hmm, how about that," Gary said with a knowing grin "How about you get in bed and get decent. I'm gonna clean up here." Gary drew Matt close, nosing him as his paw rested gently upon the guilmon's belly, slowly swirling his paw on it.

"Mmh, okay hun," Matt kissed him back and made his way to the bedroom, his slight waddle was a delight to watch, especially when it made his bubble butt wobble and bounce like it did; even Matt's thick tail wasn't going to hide that. Gary smiled, enjoying the soft, labored breaths of Matt fading away as he began cleaning up the wrappers and bags of food around the couch.

Matt knew exactly what *get decent* meant; nothing but his undershirt and boxers for now. Matt didn't mind it, especially considering Gary enjoyed it a lot, but it wasn't his first choice. The guilmon was idly rubbing his gut, the rumbling from earlier grew quiet. He was full from before, but he knew his boyfriend was going to make sure he was stuffed. He was trying his best to not look at the boxes of donuts Gary had left on the nightstand, lest he was tempted to stuff himself while he was away. He just had to wait a little while longer, Gary was taking a shower to get the grime of work off of him.

Matt's ears perked up, the shower stopped, and he could hear Gary stepping out and toweling off. He sat back up in bed, excitement making his body jiggle, just waiting for the grovyle step out.

And then there he was, Gary hung to the side of the doorframe, in a similar outfit to Matt. He looked the guilmon up and down then to the nightstand “Hey, you didn’t eat them this time. Good.” Gary grinned as he let go and walked over to the bed bound guilmon.

“Mhm,” Matt responded bashfully “They just taste better handfed... ‘specially from you.” He watched Gary sit on the side of the bed beside him, paw resting on his belly as he idly stroked it. The gentle breathing of the obese guilmon as he was tended to was a peaceful scene. Matt groaned and huffed as he adjusted himself in bed, the back of the bed frame creaking against the wall as he sat up in bed.

“Hmm...” Gary leaned in, planting his lips upon Matt’s. The guilmon puckered up just in time to meet the grovyle’s kiss, eyes closed as he felt Gary’s tongue grazing his lips for a few moments, eliciting the softest of inhales. Gary pulled away, both of them clearly blushing, and ready for more “...Think I kept you waiting long enough...scoot over.” Gary said, reaching for a box of donuts.

“Yessir.” was Matt’s simple response. The bed shaking and creaking as he moved over a few inches, giving Gary enough space to lay down beside his lover. His maw was salivating as Gary opened the box.

“Ya ready?” Gary asked, one donut in paw, and two on his fingers like rings. Matt was meaning to ask how he managed to do that, probably because they were thinner than his sausage fingers. The simple nod was enough for Gary to begin.

Gary led his paw full of donuts to Matt’s maw, which opened wide, threatening to take the whole paw. Gary knew better though and tossed the first one in. Gary delighted in watching the guilmon slowly chew the first donut; if he looked close he could see Matt’s eyes roll to the back of his head. With a resounding swallow, Matt was ready for more. Gary leaned in and carefully shoved the next one in, watching Matt chew the parts he shoved in. Half-way through chewing that one, Gary grabbed for two more and moved them towards his lover’s maw. With a wide maw, Matt took them in, moaning softly as he chewed through the three of them slowly. His cheeks puffed from the excess, and that was Gary’s cue to rub Matt’s rumbling belly.

“You’re no quitter, babe. That’s for sure.” Gary spoke softly, sensually even, as he pressed into Matt’s swollen paunch. A muffled response was his answer, and the reddening of cheeks as the guilmon blushed. He swallowed and nodded, one arm wrapping around Gary to pull him in.

“Thanks.” was Matt’s simple response. He attempted to meet Gary halfway for the next three donuts coming for him, but his paunch once again obstructed him, his belly rumbling in protest as he had to lay back down. He opted to merely open his maw for the next three and chew in peace. He delighted in the feeling of the sugary powder dissolving in his maw, savoring each chew against the soft donut. What made it feel even better was Gary light rubbing of his noisy belly. He stifled a belch as he grinned, grabbing the back of Gary’s head and pressing into his tummy, which made him chuckle and kiss his belly several times. Matt’s fat paw ran up and

down his boy friends nape and back as he savored the sensitive feelings of the grovyle touching him as he finished off his meal.

Gary pulled away for the last four donuts “Almost out already. You work fast,” Gary chuckled, smiling as louder belch greeted him.

“Thanks to you...” Matt smiled, shuffling in the bed so there was some space for Gary to squeeze in behind. The grovyle growled teasingly, placing the donuts on Matt’s shelf of a paunch as he scooted his way behind his lover. With a tap on the shoulder, Matt rested his weight into the bed frame again, and Gary.

“Mmf...it gets worse every time...” Gary managed, being caught between the bedframe wasn't ideal, but to feel Matt’s weight press upon him was a dream. Before they resumed feeding, Gary took the time to snake his paws into Matt’s shirt and feel his scaly belly. His fingers gliding through every roll, grabbing it at its sides and giving it a light shake.

Meanwhile, Matt was having a fit. As much as he loved having his belly lavishly praised by Gary, he was extremely ticklish. He squirmed, which only added to his body’s jiggling motions. He stifled small little giggles that made Gary’s heart flutter (at least according to him). His boyfriend cupped one of his meaty pecs as his other paw barely reached his navel. A deep rumble of satisfaction sounded as he continued to squirm in glee.

Matt’s stomach rumbling was their cue to get back to the feeding. Gary reached for two donuts and shoved them in, which Matt handled easily. Gary moved to massage his belly from the back, he chuckled as he noticed his boyfriends chewing was growing a little louder, sounds like someone was getting into it.

“Wait...-!” was Matt’s quick rebuttal before he saw Gary grab the next two and shove them in quickly. His maw was puffed with four barely chewed donuts in him. This time he legit struggled to chew it all, even with his appetite, it was just too much.

*‘You’re no quitter after all...’* Matt predicted Gary’s response to managing to swallow it all. He was almost done, having to take care of it small chunk by small chunk. The extra belly rubs and shakes certainly made it better. Eventually, he swallowed the last of the donuts and the box was completed.

“BUUUUARP!” Matt belched loudly from the completed meal, he was full before from his upset binge, but now he was stuffed, all thanks to Gary. He felt a few taps on his shoulder and smiled, struggling to lean forward enough for the grovyle to slip out. Only for him to fall on the floor “Ooorph...you okay?” Matt put a little more effort in getting up to help Gary.

“Never better, babe.” Gary chuckled, accepting the helping paw back up to the bed “How about you?” he asked, a paw on his belly distended.

“Uuuorp! I feel a lot better, thanks.” Matt leaned in and kissed Gary. “But I dunno, I could go for more. I still got all this...energy...”

“I can get one of the other boxes if you...”

“You wanna layer me up?” Matt asked.

“...Or I can layer you up.” Gary clapped, standing up to get clothes for Matt.

Matt's tail was audibly thumping against the bed as Gary walked in, struggling to carry the clothes. It wasn't a whole lot, but it was thick: a pair of cotton sweatpants, two pairs of wool thermal socks, a thermal shirt, a fur-lined hoodie, a pair of winter gloves, a long scarf, and a fur lined knit cap; and to top it all off, a massive red and black snowsuit that Matt knew all too well.

"Ho god..." Gary could just hear Matt mutter under his labored breaths. Gary set it beside Matt with a smile.

"Ready?" Gary asked.

"Always." Matt replied, watching the grovyle's paw move towards the pants "I got top, you work the bottom."

"Don't tempt me, hun." Gary said quickly, watching the guilmon flop onto his back, the bed creaking loudly to the sudden shift in weight. He struggled to lift his legs up to slip the sweatpants on; its elasticity made it cling to his thick, tree trunk legs, accentuating just how fat his thighs were. He reached for the socks before looking at his feet, thick and puffy with fat "You like foot play, right?"

"Gary..." Matt moaned longingly, the faintest of panting noises could be heard from above.

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding..." Gary muttered, undoing the socks and slowly slipping them on to his feet. He could see Matt's toes wiggling as he prepared the second pair of socks and slipped them on; his feet looked twice as big from both of the socks on him.

Gary pulled away and tapped Matt on the belly, signaling him to get up. Matt grabbed for the blue thermal shirt as he did, or at least tried to. Three groans and waving paws showed that his gut was in the way of getting up. Gary held back a chuckle as he held out his paw and helped his boyfriend up. Matt chuckled, blushing bright as he lifted up his thick, meaty arms, wriggling them around to slip them into the sleeves of the shirt. It slipped on over his head, and he pulled down the rest of it, struggling and huffing and to tuck it into his sweatpants. The guilmon's ears perked up as he heard the zip of his favorite blue hoodie, the beige fur visible as his boyfriend flipped it around to put it on him. Matt guided his hands through the sleeves and let it rest on his back, kissing Gary's close nose as he watched the grovyle bring the two ends close and connect the zipper. Matt bit his lower lip as he saw Gary look up knowingly, grinning as he slowly brought the zipper up over his belly and the stopped.

"Uh oh..." Gary said unconvincingly "I think its stuck, Matty..." faking to attempts to pull it up over him.

"C'mon Garyyy..." Matt whined, red in the cheeks as sweat began to collect on his forehead, radiating heat as he watched Gary finally get the zipper up, resuming his slow zipping as it finally reached the top.

"There we go..." Gary smiled, nose to nose with Matt as he grabbed the head, delicately placing it on the guilmon's head. Finally, he grabbed the hood and flipped it over. Gary could hear Matt's labored breaths and moans as he grabbed the scarf, Matt was grabbing for the gloves

and slipping them on, the sound of cloth on cloth could be heard as the guilmon began rubbing his bloated, padded belly, inhaling slow and deep as he relished the feeling. Gary skillfully wrapped the scarf around his head, covering his muzzle a few times over and letting the ends drape over his large form.

“Ready for the finale, hun?” Gary asked, kissing Matt on the forehead, feeling the collecting sweat drip down as he saw the eyes of his lover, lulling and half open in pure delight as he nodded faintly. He struggled to stand up, watching the snowsuit in Matt’s paws longingly. Gary tried to get a leg up in order to get his first foot into the snow suit. He had to place his gloved paw upon Gary’s shoulder for support as they slipped each leg in. A wave of warmth washed over Matt as he felt Gary slowly zip up the torso and he slipped into the sleeves. It was getting so hard to move, he was helpless to resist as Gary paused for a moment to look over the thick form. His arms and legs were always a few inches extended, unable to rest normally because of all the padding that’s been put on. Gary flipped the hood up and tugged on the strings, closing the hole as Matt’s breathing grew harder and harder, moaning as his paws were feeling up his body up and down, cloth on cloth sounded as he sat back down on the bed, too padded to move too much otherwise.

“I’m not done with you yet, hun.” Gary moved behind Matt, too padded to turn and meet the grovyle “I think I wanna see you sweat. A lot more.”

Matt’s ears flattened as Gary said that, it took a lot to get Gary worked up like this, he was enjoying it just as much as he was. Matt feigned a moan of disapproval as his tail wagged “I don’t know Gary... it’s already getting kinda hard to move. You padded me so well...-!”

A quick paw to his rump and the weight of Gary leaning into this his thick form was his response “And that sounds like its not my problem.” Gary took a step back, a low growl audible “100 jumping jacks. I’ll know when you stop too. You’re so fat you shake the house,” Gary waited in the doorframe for Matt to start before he left.

Matt could barely move his arms and legs from how thick he was; it looked more like he weakly flailing as he jumped up and down. But as Matt barely kept count of his jumping jacks, he could feel it, getting hotter and hotter and hotter. His thick fat coupled with the layers he and Gary put on quickly made him slick with sweat and overheating. He blinked slowly, feeling lightheaded as he continued to work himself into a sweat. The pits of his snowsuit growing damp with sweat.

Matt had hit 20 jumping jacks when he heard Gary walk back in. He knew better than to stop and see, but Gary quickly grabbed something that made Matt’s heart flutter; a wide, full body mirror. Pulled out only when a good teasing was coming.

Gary was holding up the mirror as Matt continued his exercise “God, look at you. Can you imagine how much your sweaty flab is jiggling beneath all those layers? You’re so big the house is shaking, you can feel it can’t you?” Gary asked, letting Matt’s moans and pants be his response “You’re probably working off all those donuts I stuffed you full of. I got the next two days off, Matty. That’s two days feeding you back double what you lost today. Maybe quadruple

it.” A loud groan, both of them had lost track of how many jumping jacks the eskimo had done; they didn’t care “Gonna be a cold spell those two days too. Gonna have to crank up the heat. I want you sweating before we even put your suit on. Can you imagine how hot you’ll be?”

A deep, low, rumbling murr erupted from Matt’s concealed maw “God...huff...babe I’m so big and fat. I’m sweating so *fucking* much right now! Can we go clothes shopping next week? I...I want...need another suit. I wanna wear two snowsuits and do...two hundred jumping jacks. Gimme...two boxes of those donuts...uuugh babe, please. I gotta be the biggest eskimo I can be.

“Only if you’re a good eski boy, Matty. Keep working till I say so.” Gary watched Matt continue jumping up and down, arms weakly moving to his sides as his legs barely gave him enough lift. Gary grinned as he saw his boyfriend weaken, the jumping grew slower and weaker, his panting and groaning grew louder and louder. Gary finally nodded “That’s enough” and with a happy and content sigh Matt flopped back down onto the bed, panting and sweating through the clothes that had been layered up.

“Huff...puff...Ho god, babe. This feels sooo good! I feel sooo much better...” Matt began, sighing and laughing to himself, a huge smile concealed behind the scarf. But when no answer came, the smile faded. He tried to stand up to find Gary, but he was too padded and full, he couldn’t get up on his own “Uhh, Gary?”

Suddenly, the click and flash of a camera phone caught his attention. He couldn’t see exactly who it was, but judging by the snickering, he knew exactly who it was.

“Look at you, Matty. Looking stylish, hun.” Gary began, knowing his boyfriend wasn’t looking, he couldn’t even look, he was pinned by the clothes “Now who should I send this too? Luke? Amy? Oh, is the cubchoo new? Kuma, huh?” Gary didn’t bother looking for a reaction, he could hear the labored and excited breaths of Matt as he lay there, huffing and puffing “Or maybe I should just send it to all of them. What would they think to see you so dressed up and bed ridden like you are?” Gary chuckled as he sat beside Matt, growling teasingly as his paw brushed up and down Matt’s front, feeling the heat and sweat radiating from his large body. Gary was compelled to scoot in closer and give his boyfriend a squeeze.

“You know it’d just encourage ‘em, hun.” Matt spoke softly, wrapping a paw around Gary and keeping him close.

“Hmm, I know,” Gary said, kissing Matt on the slick forehead “Think they’re jealous?”

“Probably.” Matt chuckled “Phone’s gonna go crazy, probably looking to top that. Amy and Luke like working together on that.”

“Are they a thing?” Gary asked, to which Matt shrugged. Gary nodded, going back to cuddling.

“I’m gonna finish cleaning up, I’d say get out when ya feel like it...but I don’t think you can,” Gary chuckled, standing up and hanging by the doorframe.

“Not gonna happen!” Matt responded proudly.

“Of course, hun.” Gary nodded “Love you.”

“Love you too.”