

“...T-Too many people...t-too...too many people...” whimpered Idia Shroud as if he were in a state of shock. His lean, pale body trembled as the two of you walked back to his dorm.

You assured him that he at least looked rather sleek in the custom birthday attire the school provided him for his birthday this year. Seeing Idia dressed in a buttoned up shirt with a sports jacket and freakin’ baseball cap over his fiery blue hair was oddly attractive and downright adorable, in the cap’s case. But Idia was far too horrified at having been around all his classmates at once during the celebration. Ortho had to work overtime just coaxing his “big brother” into not spontaneously combusting with anxious terror.

So you decided to take him back to his room early while Ortho stuck around to hang out with his friends. It was better this way honestly. That way, Ortho got to have his fun and you got to give your overly anxious boyfriend some much needed private time, and something you knew he’d enjoy for the occasion.

When you returned to Idia’s dorm, he was half a step from rushing towards his bed and jumping face first into a pillow to decompress. But as soon as he entered, you told him how proud you were of him for actually sticking around as long as he did (which wasn’t long, but it was still longer than he’d normally stay).

“...ANY time longer than half a second is too long...!” Idia whined, kicking off his dress shoes and socks, and stripping off his jacket and cap and placing them with care onto his gaming desk. “My tummy feels like it’s all twisty, like I’m gonna be sick...”

Speaking of Idia’s tummy, the lean organ gave a thick grumble which made Idia’s pale cheeks blush heavily. He was so petrified by his birthday gathering that he actually forgot to even eat anything...something all the other students were MORE than happy to make up for. You smirked and gingerly rubbed Idia’s stomach, teasing that it was a good thing the two of you got back when you did. Idia whimpered to himself and looked away. He was steadily getting somewhat used to your physical affection, you two ARE a couple after all...but he still couldn’t cope with how much he LIKED your frequent tummy rubs.

Though, your birthday gift to him was bound to make it easier.

Idia didn't catch it at first, but his surprisingly sharp senses picked up a strong scent.

Something sweet...

The pale boy's eyes lit up as he looked towards the source. Straight away, his jaw parted open, revealing those perfect fangs of his.

"...O-Oh my...is that...?"

It suuuuuure was.

On the table was a proverbial dessert trolley without the trolley. All of Idia's favorite sweets; gummy worms, jelly beans, a large birthday cake, blueberry pie, some fresh cinnamon rolls and two liters of Mount Doom Soda - Cherry Blast Edition. Though, the last one may have been more for your sake than his...

Idia sputtered in awe then turned to you and asked, "...Y-You got all this...f-f-for me...?"

Hey, nothing but the sweetest FOR the sweetest, right? You swore, when you told him that, if Idia were a puppy, his tail would be wagging fast enough to make your head spin. Gods he was adorable...

For a brief moment, something flickered in Idia's golden eyes. His arm twitched, as if he wanted to reach out to you. But despite his efforts, he still struggled to convey physical affection. So, with a mildly dejected sigh of self-frustration, he instead managed an adorable smile and said, "...Th-Thank you, Prefect. Y-You're the nicest person I've ever met..."

Even with all his sputtering and struggling to convey what he was feeling, you knew Idia was trying. So, you smiled softly at the boy, then caught him off guard with a light peck to his soft, pale cheek. Idia tensed like a statue the instant you did and actually made a small little "eep" sound. As he stood there, petrified stiff and blushing brighter than the sun, you couldn't tell if his little display was adorable or hilarious...likely a bit of both.

Buuuuut when Idia's stomach gave another hungry, almost impatient-sounding rumble, you laughed, gave Idia's tummy a pat and told him he should probably eat up now before he gets flustered enough to sink into his own body like a turtle.

Idia was MORE than happy to oblige...

Almost desperately, he rushed to the table, making you laugh as you sat down directly besides him. He was just eager to distract himself from his feelings at this point, and very eagerly grabbed his jar of jelly beans. You watched in awe as Idia shoved an entire freakin' HANDFUL of jelly beans straight into his gaping maw. Idia's cheeks bulged out like a squirrel feasting on nuts for the winter as he chewed heartily. Those fangs of his weren't just for show though, they plowed through those sticky little sweets like nothing. With a few scarfing and smacking sounds within Idia's mouth, the anxious boy dipped his head back and gulped HEAVILY...

Your eyes widened with surprise as you saw a thick tennis ball-sized lump squeeze down the surface of Idia's pale, slender throat. The gulp that erupted from his gullet was rich and wet-sounding, as audible as it would be if your ear were pressed right up against his neck when he swallowed. You watched as the protrusion sank down Idia's gullet little by little, until squeezing past his collarbone and vanishing behind his chest.

...Suddenly, it was YOUR turn to blush intensely...

Idia panted heavily, letting his blue tongue stick out as he caught his breath for a moment. Then he just as eagerly shoved another mound of jelly beans into his mouth and scarfed it down just as fast and loose as the first giant handful. Idia was going to town on those jelly beans. He once ate an entire jar within a matter of minutes without even realizing it. And here he was, giving you a front row seat of how effortlessly he managed to pull that off.

It was a show you were quite fond of beholding, especially the sheer thick sounds of his throat loudly squelching with each hefty swallow he gave. The sheer size of those lumps traveling down his throat were enough to get you fantasizing about what it would be like, traveling down Idia's gullet. The thought of being compressed by his throat muscles as they rippled and pulsated all around your shrunken body, pulling you deeper and deeper towards the abyss of his innards was enough to make you blush anew...

...Yeah, you had issues. So did literally every single student attending this school. It was kind of 'the thing' at NRC, you were starting to realize...

Within no time at all, that large jar of jelly beans was completely emptied. Idia smacked his lips and sighed heavily. "Ahh, those were...REALLY yummy...!" he almost giggled as he spoke up. Whatever anxiety and nervousness he was feeling seemed to vanish with that rush of sugar.

Next up were the gummy worms. Idia did love his candy more than anything after all. The boy grabbed big hand fulls of the stuff and shoved them into his mouth with several 'worm tails' sticking out past his lips humorously. Idia chewed for several seconds, letting his fangs plow through the gummies, then he slurped the tails into his mouth with gusto. He all but giggled again at their sour flavor, something about sour treats always tickled him. It took a little longer to chew since the gummy worms were a bit thicker and his taste buds wanted to bask in the sourness some more. But he eventually broke them down enough to swallow thickly.

The lump that pushed down his throat was a little bigger than the jelly beans. Enough so that Idia pressed his index finger right up against the protrusion sinking down his gullet. Your heart skipped a beat when you saw Idia clench his eyes shut and push into the lump, as if guiding it down his throat manually.

Dammit, either someone's been talking or Idia just unknowingly knew how to press your buttons...

He dipped his head back a little more, letting gravity assist him as he gulped again and caused that slab of chewed up gummy worms to press through his esophagus and down into his stomach. Idia sighed heavily, his sweet breath wafting near your own nostrils and making you blush even more. He slurped his blue lips contently and said, "Ahh, soooo yummy...!" But when he reached in for more, he paused and bit his lip in thought. Then, he turned to you and offered the jar. "Oh, u-uh, d-do you want some? Th-They're really yummy...!"

You swore that your heart was gonna melt. Bless his soul, Idia truly was trying ever since the two of you hooked up. He wasn't used to having a romantic partner of any kind (not counting visual novels), so he wasn't used to things like sharing since, frankly, he never had anyone TO share anything with.

Admittedly, you wanted your boyfriend to eat every single scrap of those sweets for himself, but you also didn't want his efforts to feel wasted, so you thanked him and took your own handful of gummy worms. Though, whereas Idia swallowed entire handfuls all at once, you set yours onto a napkin and ate your gummy worms one by one at a much slower and casual pace than the display of abject gluttony Idia was putting on. You smiled and told him that they were indeed delicious...and REALLY sour.

Idia giggled hysterically and childishly when he saw your face scrunch up then said, "Well, they ARE sour gummy worms." Then he dipped his head back, opened his maw nice and wide to actually give you a peak at his almost cavernous jaws, then dumped a hearty amount of gummy worms right down his jaws all at once.

Holy crap, this boy could eat...

Idia munched and slurped away, his surprisingly strong jaws demolishing that immense load of gummy worms as he took to swallowing them down, one partial mouthful at a time. The lumps that descended down Idia's throat were smaller than before. It was less a large, visible protrusion squeezing down his throat one gulp at a time and more his throat rippling as one small mouthful after another passed through his gullet and entered his stomach.

As Idia plowed through his gummy worms, you noticed that his flat, concave stomach was starting to curve outward. His buttoned up shirt was pressing more tightly against his belly. It was subtle, but the bloat that was beginning to emerge was definitely visible...enough so that you munched on a few more gummy worms to distract yourself.

After finishing his sour gummy worms, Idia licked his lips once more. His throat was feeling dry after so many sour treats passed through it all at once. So, he cracked open his Mt. Doom and, rather than pour himself a cup, did what he always did when playing with his guild online. By that, of course, Idia brought the bottle straight to his lips and chugged his gamer fuel down like a champ. Idia clenched his eyes shut and sucked his beverage down heartily. Thick, noisy and wet-sounding gulps rhythmically came from Idia's throat as it pulsed in and out with one ample glug of his fizzy drink after another. Your heart beat rapidly and anxiously at the sight and sound of your boyfriend guzzling his soda like that. Especially with just how much carbonation he was downing all at once.

After chugging a surprisingly hefty amount of his drink at once; like enough to actually near the label, Idia pulled the bottle from his lips, screwed the cap back on and panted breathlessly. Then, much to your internal glee, his face tightened with momentary discomfort. You knew it was coming, and sure enough, Idia grabbed his belly with one hand just as his jaws parted open with one impressively loud belch. It rumbled heavily from past Idia's lips for a little over two and a half seconds.

When it ended, Idia gasped breathlessly, then gave a cute little afterburp before sinking back in his seat and huffing heavily to himself. Your own face had to look as red as Ace's hair at this point...

"Haaaah... *excuse me*," Idia remarked, covering his mouth and blushing despite the sheer relief he felt after that one. Then he glanced at you and twisted his lips into a timid yet almost sly sort of smirk as he added, "...Though, you probably enjoyed seeing and hearing that, didn't you..."

...As much as monkeys enjoyed bananas and taking over the planet in cinematic fashion...

Idia giggled to himself and lightly rubbed his stomach, saying, "H-Heh, well, there's definitely more where that came from..." He gave his belly a few pats for emphasis, which made him hiccup adorably.

Bless his soul, even when he's knowingly trying to kink tease you, he can't help but go about it adorably and humorously.

Idia resumed his birthday binge, getting to work on the pie next. Like the gummy worms, he offered you a slice and, like before, you accepted. The rest? Idia didn't bother carving out a slice for himself. Instead, he stuck his fork right into the pie itself and started eating straight from the source. He eagerly wolfed down one hefty, delicious forkful after another. The fiery-haired boy would stick his forkfuls right into his maw and slurp it down with barely a moment needed to chew. It was so warm and soft that each forkful he inhaled slid down his gullet like melted butter.

Idia smacked his lips eagerly and went ham on that pie. He was on a roll. Idia was downing forkful after forkful, making that pie steadily disappear at a genuinely impressive rate. The more pie vanished down his throat, however, the more his stomach continued to expand even more behind his buttoned shirt.

Eventually, Idia polished that entire pie by himself, and was left actually licking the pan clean of residual sauce. He dropped the pan and gave his tummy a contented pat, hiccupping softly as he said, “Ahh, sooo yummy...”

You swallowed thinly when you heard everything in Idia’s belly slosh rather audibly from the pats he gave it.

By the time the pie was all crammed away within Idia’s stomach, it had gone from a subtle little press against the middle of his shirt to a very noticeably rounded bloat. Idia’s gut was beginning to push out by almost a foot from its usually lean frame. His shirt looked incredibly tight, with a visible outline of Idia’s bellybutton made apparent from how much more tightly his shirt wrapped around his belly.

It wasn’t made any less tight when Idia helped wash down his pie with more soda. As he chugged, his stomach continued to round out, pressing deeper and deeper into his birthday shirt, the buttons now appearing a little more visibly strained than usual. The bottom of Idia’s belly was beginning to constrict into the waist of his pants too, making them look awful snug the more of his fizzy beverage he downed.

Getting a good way down, Idia pulled the bottle away from his lips, mouth still full of soda as he twisted the cap shut and set it down. After swallowing the soda still in his mouth with a hearty gulp, Idia huffed, then dropped both hands onto his belly. The burp that Idia let out was so loud that it practically echoed throughout his dorm room and very likely beyond its admittedly thick, insulated walls.

...You dared not imagine how red your face was after that perfect eruption...

“*Paaah...whew...excuse me...*” Idia said moments before a long afterburp exited from the corner of his maw. For a boy so cripplingly shy and timid, the burps he could let out once he had some soda in his tummy could put even someone like Ace to shame. He sighed heavily after that then leaned back in his seat, running his hands up and down his rounded belly and said, “Urrf...my tummy is getting so full...”

You were almost keen to remind Idia that there was still plenty left for him to eat, but also didn’t want him overdoing it and giving himself a tummyache. So, you decided to take a middle approach. And that approach was to take a cinnamon roll and hold it towards Idia’s mouth.

Nothing like a little cinnamon bun to feed your little cinnamon bun, right?

Idia looked at the pastry and frowned a little to himself. He was definitely feeling full, but when you gently rubbed Idia's belly, he shuddered and instinctively parted his jaws open. You grinned and gently pushed the pastry into Idia's mouth, which he promptly bit down on. Those rather sharp fangs of his tore into that pastry as he chewed, and basked in how deliciously sweet it no doubt tasted. Then he gulped it down and a little more eagerly opened his mouth for more, which you happily gave him.

As you stood there, feeding Idia one bun after another with one hand, and rubbing his expanding tummy with the other, you were in awe. This was like a dream. You'd always imagined hand-feeding Idia like this, but with how shy and anxious he was, you'd always held back from asking. And now, here you were, eagerly stuffing the infamously timid Idia Shroud while his belly ballooned out more and more with each pastry that traveled down his gullet.

Halfway through the cinnamon buns, you unscrewed the cap to Idia's liter of soda and held it up to his lips to help wash more of it down. Idia glanced at the bottle and cocked a brow. Then he shot you one of his cheekier glances as he cocked a brow and said, "You're just trying to make me burpier, aren't you..."

Even if you tried to deny your intentions, the burning blush across your cheeks betrayed you. Damn blood circulation...

Idia giggled to himself but nonetheless opened his mouth enough for you to insert the bottle into his maw. He wrapped his delectable, blue lips around the top of the bottle and leaned his head back, letting you tilt the bottle so gravity could pour the fizzy drink down his gullet. The gulps emitting from his throat were so rich and wet-sounding, filling your ears with the alluring sound of those fleshy throat muscles squelching in and out to work the drink down his gullet as his throat throbbed in and out with his guzzling.

As the soda swilled down his throat, you saw Idia's stomach continued to stretch out his shirt, straining his buttons and giving you a peak at his pale flesh between his buttons. You could even get a peak at his bellybutton between the lower buttons. Even though it was tucked in, Idia was getting so bloated that it began to ride up enough to untuck from his tighter-fitting pants.

But of course, the best part came when Idia eventually signaled to you that he'd downed enough soda; most of it at this point.

He closed his eyes and swallowed the last swig still occupying the inside of his mouth as you pulled the bottle away, some soda lightly dribbling down his chin in the process. A tiny huff exited his mouth as his carbonation-filled tummy gave a turbulent groan.

Then, Idia's maw lurched open as a MASSIVE belch blasted out past Idia's lips. All that carbonation fueled an intense gas bubble that practically exploded within Idia's belly, sending a torrent of pressure rushing out of Idia's mouth in one especially forceful eructation. Idia panted, then gave his bloated belly a hard thump, dislodging another big, throaty belch in the process, followed by a lower, longer one after that.

When they ended, Idia's eyes rolled to the back of his head as he slumped back in a dazed relief. "Hhhhaaaaahhh...heh, those were REALLY big, huh..."

...He COULD see how blazing hot your cheeks were blushing, right...?

Nevertheless, with enough pressure eased out, you steadily resumed feeding him more buns. But now, with how bloated Idia's tummy had grown with soda, whenever he leaned in or leaned back into his seat, you could hear everything in his belly sloshing so much more audibly. In fact, you could even see his tummy warbling visibly behind his now far more ill-fitting shirt.

This birthday treat was going to give you a heart attack at this rate, and you'd probably be okay with it...

By the time the buns were finished, Idia looked as if he was about to burst. You could see how intensely strained the buttons of his shirt were becoming, constraining the sheer weight of his much heftier tummy. More flesh was exposed, some buttons even quivering under the sheer added girth of Idia's tummy pressing into it so intensely. Those buttons were on the verge of giving the ghost if this kept up.

On top of that, you could see the strain on Idia's face, who was no doubt feeling the constrain his belt brought him. Granted, watching Idia eat so much that he busts his clothes would've been, well, freakin' hot beyond words, buuuuuut you knew it would turn the poor boy into a whimpering mess knowing he busted his new birthday attire. And he DID look really cute in it...

...Though, fair's fair, Idia's cute in anything he wears...

You dug your fork into the last sweet dish left for Idia; his birthday cake. When you held the fork up to his lips, Idia massaged his large, churning belly with a frown. “I-I dunno, I’m feeling really...REALLY- ***HHHRRRMPH!!!*** oof...f-full...” Idia remarked, muffling another large burp in his mouth mid-sentence and blushing as a result.

On the one hand, you didn’t want him to overdo it. But on the other hand, what’s a birthday feast without some birthday cake, right? And given that eruption Idia just muffled, complemented by the thick groaning still bellowing from his oversized, overworked middle, it was clear that there was still ‘plenty of gas in the tank’, so to speak. As such, to help coax Idia ease some pressure out and make room to eat more, you leaned into his belly, applying some extra weight to it without pushing down too hard and upsetting the organ. And with that pressure, poor Idia couldn’t hold back the HUGE burp that erupted forcefully out of him. He went wide-eyed then threw his head back as the gas rushed up his throat like a rocket shooting into orbit. Your hands squished into his belly mid-burp, causing his remarkable eructation to roll out of him for a staggering six seconds.

Idia gasped and groaned, catching his breath and glancing back at the forkful of cake still staring him in the face. He licked his blue lips for a moment, and eventually caved, wrapping them around the soft, fluffy chocolate cake piece. He groaned around the forkful, relishing the way the extra light cake just melted in his mouth before swallowing it down. Then you fed him another forkful. All told, the cake was probably the lightest dessert of the entire bunch, making it easier for Idia to wolf down one forkful after another. Though, it was still heavy enough to increase the sheer girth of his already engorged belly.

It was a little sensual the way Idia’s lips grew stained with frosting, and how he constantly licked his lips clean. You were half-tempted to lean in and kiss him on the lips instead, then maybe tease him about how sweet his lips tasted. Though, you were fairly certain that doing so would fluster the poor boy to the point where it actually gave him indigestion.

So, instead, you continued feeding him forkful after forkful, reveling in the way his belly grew rounder and heavier while the cake decreased in size with every few bites. Your free hand gingerly roams across that vast mound of smooth, pale flesh growing from Idia’s torso. Idia groans both from fullness and pleasure as he continues to allow you to feed him more and more cake. You rub circles all across that vast, gurgling tummy, feeling it vibrate from the sheer force of the grumblings erupting from within. His stomach feels so comfortably smooth and warm with it being so filled to the brim.

By the time he finally finishes, Idia punctuates the completion of his ample, sweet-filled meal with a GIANT burp that rattles out of him for several seconds straight and actually causes his belly to ripple in its wake. When it ends, Idia utters a smaller afterburp and groans in abject fullness as he slumps lifelessly back into his seat, too stuffed to even excuse himself anymore.

Idia's belly was absolutely *enormous*...

He'd eaten so much in one sitting that hadn't fully digested that his stomach had ballooned out by nearly three feet! It was this big ball of pale flesh that sat heavily on his lap and forced him to spread his thighs apart. And the impossibly bloated organ churned so noisily that it sounded like one of your elixir practical exam kits gone awry.

It was such a beautiful belly to behold...

"...Urrrrgh...ohhhh my tummy..." whined Idia as he ran his hands up and down his globular gut and gave another belch, long and loud before huffing and adding, "...sooooo full..." Idia's breathing was labored due to just how weighty his gut was. His belly rose and fell heavily with each slow breath he gave.

Your hands dropped down atop Idia's monumental mound of flesh, savoring the softness of his flesh; the way your palms sank into his almost lightly doughy tummy, and the ripple that wobbled beneath your fingertips from the impact of the drop. For a moment, you just marveled at that lovely girth. How a young man so lean, so timid and meek-seeming could have such a monstrous appetite was beyond you. But dear sweet madness, did you love it...

You lovingly ran your hands up and down that deeply curved out flesh, kneading into Idia's sides and basking in how hefty his stomach felt in your hands. When you heaved it up a little, there was some actual elbow grease required due to just how HEAVY Idia's belly had grown. And the sloshing that erupted was so rich and thick, it sounded (and even felt) like Idia's belly was filled to the brim with an especially chunky gelatin.

When you released Idia's belly, it slapped down heavily against his thighs, glorping deeply and working out another deep and brassy belch, followed by a moan of relief and exhaustion after the fact. By dear sweet Chernabog, you could listen to those rich, wonderful burps all evening...

You continued to rub Idia's bulbous belly all over, kneading your fingers into his smooth, almost doughy tummy flesh, and gingerly patting his belly to savor the delightful ripples against his flesh and the lovely thumping sound it made. Idia hiccuped loudly from the pats, making his belly jostle heavily from the spasm.

Idia groaned and looked down at his immense bloat, biting his lower lip with his fangs as a light blush formed on his face. "...I look ridiculous..."

But you were keen to remind him that he looked beautiful, and followed that up with a kiss just above his bellybutton. Idia 'meeped' comically and went wide-eyed at that display, which made you laugh to yourself. But then you asked him how he liked his tummy feeling so full as you continued lovingly caressing every inch of that domed out flesh.

"...Urf...well, I feel heavy...*mrrrrrrrrph*...ugh, really, really heavy...but...feeling your hands all over my tummy, especially when it's so full...? That...doesn't feel too bad..." Idia admitted, face growing even more heated as he spoke.

That heat turned into a groan of euphoria when the very tip of your index finger oh-so-delicately traced around his bellybutton. Idia groaned with undeniable pleasure as you gingerly stroked that sensitive portion of skin, before kneading your finger into his navel, and making him groan a little more overtly.

"...OoooOooooohhhh...or that...that doesn't feel bad at all..." he moaned out.

You just smiled, lovingly caressed his hefty underbelly with one hand while kneading into his bellybutton with your other hand. Before eventually, you resumed stroking the sides of Idia's gluttoned gut, cupping his lower stomach with both hands and giving it a light jostle.

Idia hiccuped again, as that hiccup morphed into a thick burp that left Idia huffing and hitting his chest a few times until a smaller burp erupted out of him. "Guh, heh...and the fact that you enjoy playing with my tummy so much is fun too...I, umm...enjoy you so, er..."

...Riled up?

“Y-Yeah...” Idia admitted, before managing a smirk and adding, “...heh, especially when I... **BUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRP!!!!!!**” Idia finished his sentence by pushing down on his belly and intentionally belching the word ‘burp’ right in your direction.

Your face, for the billionth time that evening, turned red as a tomato, making Idia giggle to himself, and causing his belly to jiggle around like jello. So you grinned and kneaded into his belly more firmly, pressing into it with both hands so hard that your hands sank into his temporary pudge.

Idia’s giggling was interrupted when his gut groaned heavily from the push, making his eyes widen and his cheeks balloon out before his lips parted ways in time for an absolutely gargantuan belch to thunder out of Idia’s maw so loudly and mightily that you’d swear the ground itself shook a little. And you kneaded down so hard that his burp extended for a whopping eight straight seconds!

When it rattled to a finish, Idia was left panting while you, blushing, naturally, grinned and gave his tummy a light pat and reminded him that if he kink teased you too much, you’d squeeze his belly for every last burp it was worth. And with how gassy Idia likely was from all those sweets bubbling away with all that soda he chugged...he wasn’t keen to take you up on that challenge.

But of course, you just laughed and assured him you were joking...unless he WANTED you to keep pressing down on his belly like that because, by Chernabog, you were more than okay to do so...

...Sadly, he passed. But you didn’t mind continuing to caress his tummy and show it all the love and affection you had to offer.

As time passed, Idia relaxed, as did you. You casually laid your head against his belly, listening to it gurgle immensely as you stroked it up and down, feeling Idia rumble with relaxation. But as he did, he glanced aside for a moment.

“...Prefect?” Idia asked softly in between the delightful tummy rubs. When you looked up, Idia shifted but managed to say, “...I don’t usually like spending my birthday with anyone except Ortho or NoobSlayer69...but...thanks for spending my birthday with me...I really enjoyed it...and, umm...y-y’know...l-l-luhhh...l-love...y-y-y-you...?”

Aww, good gracious, despite his struggle, Idia's admission was just downright adorable. (Like many things he did, of course...) His deeply nervous and uneasy sputtering only made your heart from melt for him that much more as you reached over Idia's balloon belly and kissed him square on the lips.

Idia's hair immediately ignited into a warmer, traditional fire-look as you pulled away and told him you loved him right back.

...Aaaaaand because you're you, you couldn't pass up your earlier quip and finally told Idia that he tasted as sweet as he looked.

.....Yyyyyyyep. Poor Idia's birthday blush wasn't going away anytime soon. But hey, with how big his belly was? Neither was yours...

All you knew is that this was a very happy birthday for a very special birthday boy. And with any luck, that birthday boy would have room for even more next year...