

COMMENTER ENABLED!!!

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Uhhh hnbinfoan

[Obsidian](#) is made by... [Gren](#), Monogira (Monochrome + Giratina) is made by. Me. the author

There was a weight in his chest, it was the first thing that registered to his senses. In his subconscious mind, he found that the feeling was a familiar one, one of someone straddling his chest. As he slowly came to, the feeling became more prominent, his dull senses getting stronger as he slowly crawled out of slumber.

His eyes would slowly open, meeting the gaze of glowing gray ones, and a face with a wide, friendly smile.

Monogira gasped as soon as Obsidian's eyes opened up, shifting on his spot on the Golurk's chest, "Oh, oh, good morning!" He greeted with a whisper-shout, careful as to not be too loud. He leaned down to nuzzle his head into the now-awake Pokemon's neck.

Obsidian made a drowsy hum in reply, raising a hand to softly scratch the back of the Giratina's head. He spotted rapid movement behind Gigi, he quickly recognized that it was his tail wagging at a brisk pace.

Nearly anything could get his little devil's tail going, but he wanted to know what specifically it was this time, "**May I ask what has you all excited right now?**" He murmured.

Calling out his excitement only seemed to make his tail go faster, the ends of his wings moved restlessly. Monogira pulled back with an even wider toothy smile, he opened his mouth, about to tell him but paused.

He thought for a moment, then his expression changed to a playful one for just a moment before thinking again, or at least, acting like he was thinking. "Hmm, whyyy don't you guess? I'll give you..." He paused for a beat to decide, holding up the amount of fingers of his chosen number, "Three!"

The light-hearted challenge in the devil's eyes was not lost on Obsidian. Why not play along? It's early, and it's not like he has anything to do today to his knowledge. "Hmm... is it a new plan to prank someone?"

"Oh psh, I constantly have those."

“Of course.” Obsidian chuckled. “Then, is it because I’m awake?”

“Partly!” Monogira giggled. “Hmm, I’ll give you a hint... it’s an annual tradition!”

That... narrows it down a little, but still, so many things could be annual, and... why is he thinking about this so hard? He focuses back onto Gigi, the anticipation on the verge of exploding, and he’s reminded why he must take this a little seriously.

“A... festival?” Obsidian guessed with a tilt to his head.

“No... but! Now that I think about it, it could be worth one.” Gigi considered for a moment longer before moving on. “The answer is that it’s our anniversary!” He pulled out the ring Obsidian had made for his proposal.

Obsidian blinked dumbly a couple of times, the words processing in his head. He shot up with wide eyes when it properly registered (he had caught Monogira before he fell backwards), **“It is?!”** He took a moment to recount the days, took a glance at the calendar hanging up on his wall. **“... Holy shit, it is... pardon my language.”**

Monogira giggled at his surprise, wrapping all four arms tight around his torso. “It is! It’s our anniversary! The day we got married a year ago!”

Obsidian hugged back much more softly, distracted by his running thoughts. **“It’s been that long already...”** He thought aloud in disbelief.

“Right?! Like, even when I didn’t let myself slip, it still felt like everything went too fast! Like, usually when you’re focused on time, everything feels slow.”

Obsidian nodded, knowing the feeling. Then he raised an eyebrow, **““Let myself slip?”**” He parroted quietly.

Monogira pulled back again, nodding his head rapidly, “Mhm! You know why I have my watch on practically all the time right?”

“To help you keep track of time when you zone out?”

“Right, and did you notice anythiiiiing?” He wiggled his eyebrows.

“Yes.” Obsidian noticed right away when he first started doing it, **“You haven’t been wearing your watch for a while.”**

“That’s not all~” Monogira sung, he continued when Obsidian didn’t provide a response, “I didn’t space out a single time! That’s what I meant by not letting myself slip– even while I slept, I counted every single second until today!”

...That, Obsidian had missed. He had always seen Monogira lose track of time here and there, and he had always brought himself back to the present quickly, no doubt a built-up habit that allowed the timeless Pokemon to do it with hardly a thought.

As if reading his mind, Monogira answered his next thoughts, "I wanted to never let myself lose focus for a single moment until our first year of being married arrived." The Giratina's expression changed to a more serious one, "I... I didn't want to accidentally let it go by, o— or forget it only to remember and find out it's already passed."

Obsidian listened with wide eyes. His eyes felt... hot as he let His little devil continue on.

"I... wanted to show that I'm dedicated and take our relationship seriously, I could've taken the easy way by letting the filler moments pass, letting the boring moments go by as I let myself space out, and... I dunno, I—"

Obsidian, before his little devil— his... his *Husband* could notice the amber running down his face, pulled him into a very very tight embrace, cutting him off. **"You big, gray idiot."** He muttered under his breath, lacking any sort of bite to his insult, not caring if Gigi could hear it anyway. **"You didn't have to do all that..."** He raised the hand that had his own ring, a gray one to match his lover. **"I would've remembered for you,"** he said softly.

"I know you would, I don't think you'd be the type to forget something like this, I know I didn't *have* to do this but... I *wanted* to, because I love you... and you're precious to me, like the most beautiful gemstone."

...

"It took you a whole year to come up with a pet name for me???" He bawked out his realization.

"ShhhhhhHHHuT uP!"

The Golurk belly laughed, accidentally easing up his hold on the legendary. Monogira was going to say something when he backed up, but the words died on his mouth, noticing this, his laughter quickly died down.

"Were you...?"

Oh, Obsidian tried to wipe his amber tears away, but Monogira grabbed his wrist and held his hand to the side. He barely had time to react to the other leaning in, and feeling something wet glide up his stony cheek. He was too caught off-guard that he didn't notice Monogira switching sides, and feeling the same thing on his other cheek.

...

Obsidian got a million degrees hotter, while it was Monogira's turn to laugh.

"YOU—"

The grayscale Pokemon leaned in again to plant his lips on the bottom of the golem's face. Unfortunately, the obsidian-colored (HA!) Pokemon had no lips to speak of.

"DID YOU LICK MY TEARS!?" He was bewildered by what Monogira did just a moment ago. Despite his shouting and surprise, he never pulled away from the kiss.

Gigi's boldness seemed to know no bounds as Obsidian felt something slither into his chest cavity, feeling something grasp his core with such tenderness that it might slip from his hold.

Monogira slowly pulled away, a tendril that snuck its way into Obsidian's cavity followed with him, wrapped around something jagged, an amber color that's shiny and reflective... like *obsidian*.

Their eyes met for a long moment, he felt tense all over as he saw, and *felt* his little devil holding his core, not out of distrust, but out of... anticipation? Is that the right one? He usually never lets people casually touch his core, much less pull it out of his body.

No... it wasn't casual, with how the little devil held it, with such care, like he was handling something fragile... that's one of the bigger reasons why he didn't stop him.

Even though he didn't need to breathe, he watched with bated breath as Monogira inched his face closer and closer, closing his eyes. He couldn't help but squeeze a fistful of the bedsheets, he needed to direct his tension elsewhere.

He jolted with a gasp as Monogira's lips met the surface of his core, tensing up even harder than before, and the next moment, he sighed, feeling like he could melt into the bed at any moment. He closed his eyes to savor the feeling of being kissed on his very being.

The moment the kiss was broken, there was a fleeting feeling in the back of his mind that he already missed the contact.

Monogira opened his eyes, seeing a disheveled pile of rocks is a sight not many get to see in their life.

"...What?"

“Nothing, you look cute like this,” he said so casually, and with such a pure smile, it came easily to the monochrome Pokemon.

Obsidian had half the urge to snatch his core back, but he didn't. He sat there, flustered, nervous, relaxed, warm, hot... many things, some conflicting with each other.

“Y'know, I'm finally satisfied, that was probably the closest we'll get to an actual kiss... n— not that I minded you not having any lips to kiss back with! I like kissing you regardless, I really do, but... I think I want *you* to feel, to experience a real kiss... you know?”

The warmth got hotter, he smiled softly with his eyes. **“I understand, I appreciate you for being so thoughtful. For our anniversary, for that... for everything.”**

...

“Can you... kiss it again?”

Monogira's eyes went wide, Obsidian was being really open to him, letting himself literally be vulnerable in his hands. Monogira looked like he was about to cry from the display of sheer trust. He huffed a light-hearted chuckle, wiping away the building tears, “Yeah, yeah I will.”

You can imagine whatever else they did to celebrate their first year of being together.

I'm going to kill myself I love these two

AOAOAUHGAUAHAUHGOU EAGABGOKJAEF:NWFBKJW G I was smiling like a big dumb idiot the whole time writing this (not externally, but internally, I had the biggest smile you could possibly imagine). Like the title of this doc says, happy birthday Gren, take my work of Faggotry immediately, you WILL like it.

Btw commenter's enabled.

Not going to lie it sucks that comments are seen as “suggestions” why can’t they just be comments !!!!!