

Spending a Friday slumped on the couch with the TV on, displaying the latest pre-alpha of a triple-A title while she tapped away at a controller was fairly standard for Liana. Normally she would have been quite content with such a lazy day, for they were a staple of her pleasant, if a little mundane, existence.

Today was different, however: the prototype she was playing was one she had long since reviewed and on which she'd written her report, and there were no new games coming her way to test for the foreseeable future. This in itself wasn't unusual, as she was constantly switching back and forth between having too many games to test and having none at all; what made the difference this time was that she was without any alternative entertainments that could hold her interest: it was summer which meant that, apart from being hot, sweaty, and uncomfortable, the TV line-up was uninspiring at best; she had run out of shows and movies on Netflix she wanted to watch; only this single game appealed to her in any form at all; and, worst of all, the one friend she had whose work schedule wasn't ludicrously inconvenient was Tabitha, and she was on a month-long business trip. Liana was therefore alone and bored and had been for most of the week.

Finally tiring of the combat and puzzles she could, sadly, remember far too well from the first time she'd played the game, she powered off her console and TV, tossing her controller aside with a huff. Shifting herself into a more upright, dignified position, she extracted her phone from under her right thigh, having to peel it away from her sweaty scales and wipe the screen on the cushion next to her.

Without any real conviction she began to scroll through her contacts, a concise list comprising mostly unavailable friends and work-related acquaintances. Near the bottom of the list, however, a name jumped out at her: Terin, the little dragoness on whom she'd made quite an impression – both physical and psychological.

They had only exchanged a couple of texts since Liana had given out her number:

'Hi! This is Terin from the bus'

'Hi, Terin! I'm Liana. Kinda caught up with stuff at the moment, I'll text you another time okay?'

'Ok np'

It had been months between that not-quite conversation and Liana felt sure that Terin had been waiting on her to reinitiate contact: she'd got something of a 'follower' vibe from her on the bus. She therefore felt rather awkward and guilty getting back in touch with her now, simply because she had no one and nothing else to turn to for entertainment but needs must.

'Hi! Sorry for not getting back to you, things have been a bit hectic,' a lie, but a necessary one, 'How are you doing?'

Message sent, she dropped her phone onto her tummy with a soft splat. The shark had no expectations of hearing back from Terin for several hours at least: it was a weekday after all, barely even lunchtime. To her great surprise, mere moments after coming to the conclusion that grabbing some food would be the best way of curing both her building hunger and her boredom for the time being, her phone vibrated several times, sending gentle ripples through the wide expanse of bare, supple flesh she carried around her midsection.

Scooping her phone up again, she read the reply: 'Np! Im ok, at work. You?'

Delighted to hear back from her so quickly, Liana tapped out her own response: 'I'm fine. Things are just pretty quiet here, too quiet.' She paused, wondering if she was being too forward, then decided to throw caution to the wind, 'Want to catch up some time?'

Terin's next message was almost instantaneous, 'Yes! If you're not busy could I take you out for dinner tonight?'

Interesting. Liana, from her limited romantic experience, considered herself to be a 'heterosexual ally' and the dragoness' message seemed both romantically inclined and exceptionally eager. As she had nothing else happening and would have been glad of the company, Liana saw no reason to refuse, though thought it best to be open about herself. However, she didn't want to jump to any conclusions: 'Is this you asking me on a date?'

There was a more protracted delay before Terin answered, getting Liana a touch worried she had upset her with the wording of her question, but answer she did: 'If that's ok...'

'Sure! I'm not normally into girls but you seem really sweet. Got anywhere in mind?'

This time, Liana hadn't even looked away from the screen when a fresh message arrived with a buzz, 'Anywhere you like. I want to make you happy'

Aww... Liana couldn't help but smile at that and she felt her interest in meeting up with Terin again rise.

'I'll have to think about it. I'll book us a table when I know what I want and let you know, that okay?'

'Of course <3'

Liana considered the numerous dinner options over a grilled cheese lunch in front of an episode or two of an old sci-fi show as cheesy as her sandwich; now she had something planned for the day beyond mooching around at home everything else seemed that much more entertaining. Though Terin had encouraged her to choose whatever eatery she fancied, Liana still felt it only fair to be mindful of any prospective tastes the dragoness might have. She therefore overlooked the more exotic of her own fancies and settled upon the safe bet of Italian – *everybody* likes Italian food – and called up a suitably styled restaurant she had been to a couple of times previously, reserving a table for two at seven-thirty. Terin agreed to the time and place barely a minute after Liana had sent the text; the shark suspected that she would have okayed virtually any arrangements she might have proposed.

It had been some time since she had been on a date, so it seemed fitting for the shark to really put in the effort to look at her very best, even if her partner wasn't her usual fare. Even so, however, she was never the sort to go to too much trouble with her appearance no matter the circumstances.

At half past five she kicked off her underwear – the only thing covering her spacious frame – and squeezed herself into that frustratingly small shower of hers; ordinarily she would have just given her body a vague once-over with some bodywash and some shampoo in her hair, but to mark the occasion she actually gave herself a thorough scrubbing, even bothering to delve between her fat rolls and into her cleavage. Her hair received similarly meticulous treatment: getting conditioner as well as shampoo massaged throughout, right down to the roots.

She arrived in her bedroom smelling pleasantly fresh and breath so minty she almost felt she could spit ice. Just as she had been in the shower, she was unusually diligent when it came to using the hairdryer and brush: for once she actually made certain that every lock was dry and untangled, though there was no help for containing their spikiness.

It crossed her mind to dig out the dress she had worn to a wedding a couple of years ago; it was a sleek black number and she remembered looking rather fine in it. Upon inspecting it, however, there was a clear case for sticking to her usual attire. Though still in fairly decent condition, the dress proved to be a testament to the effects of a sedentary job working at home can have: it had clung to her already ample curves at the reception, but now Liana wasn't sure she could even slip it on without busting a seam or two, let alone zip up the back.

The dress went back from whence it came and, after climbing into the immensely comfortable and previously unworn matching bra and underwear, it was a matter of selecting a smart top that still fit and her most presentable pair of jeans.

As she wasn't sure if she'd be enjoying a little glass of something during her date, Liana found the number of a cab company and ordered one to the door of her building for seven o'clock. She was standing on the kerb at five-to, dressed in a short-sleeved black top just about long enough to cover her belly and a pair of dark blue jeans which clung tightly to her hips, thighs and butt despite not being skinny jeans by design. The thought had crossed her mind to dig out a pair of heels for the occasion, but as she wasn't sure how into being towered over Terin was she opted for the safer choice of flats, her large feet kept in check by a criss-crossing mesh of black faux-leather.

The taxi arrived just a couple of minutes late, so the shark squeezed into the backseat without a word of complaint despite her knees pressing themselves against the front seat and her head nearly touching the roof.

"Fancy night out, is it?" the driver, a portly middle-aged kangaroo, asked.

Liana nodded, feeling in a good enough mood to engage in the offer of conversation. "Got myself a date," she replied, double checking that her phone, keys, and wallet were crammed into her pockets.

"I thought as much," he said with a small smile, breathing in deeply, "Knew there was something more than my air freshener in here."

She sniffed too, the perfume she'd stumbled upon while getting ready reaching her nose in a pleasant hit of fragrance. "Yeah. I don't normally go for much femininity, but I found a bottle and figured why not."

He laughed. "Fair play. What's he like, your date?"

"She," the shark said without fear, though still she hoped that she wouldn't have to spend the rest of the journey in awkward, frosty silence with a bigot, "I normally go for guys, but she was too sweet to say no to."

"Good on you! No sense in limiting yourself." He gave an approving nod in his mirror, their eyes meeting briefly.

Liana smiled, trying not to be too toothy about it. "Yeah. You never know, right?"

They pulled up at the less boutique but still fashionable and, dare she say it, romantic end of the waterfront six minutes before her booking. Having passed the journey in amicable conversation with

the marsupial, she tipped the kangaroo generously before shuffling her way along the backseat and out of the taxi.

"You and your lady friend have a nice night!" he said cheerily, giving a small wave before driving away. Liana raised a hand in farewell too, then headed down the quay a short distance to Marcellino's.

"Good evening," smiled the sheep at the door, his fleece cut short but for a fluffy mass atop his head, its whiteness put to shame by the snowy, crisp shirt he wore above black pants, a similarly dark bowtie around his collar.

"Hi," Liana said in return, casting an eye around the restaurant briefly in case of any blue dragons; seeing none, she turned her attention back down to the hornless ram, "I booked a table for two, Requin."

Nodding, he turned his own attention to the screen mounted on his side of the little podium that separated them, tapping and scrolling with a cloven finger.

"Ah, yes, table for two at seven-thirty," he said, his smile returning. He pulled a couple of menus and drinks lists from the holder next to him, gesturing deeper into the restaurant as he stepped out from behind his station. "If you'll come this way."

It was a moderately busy night with more than half of the tables already occupied, including all the prime seats by the windows overlooking the bay. However, Liana was hardly about to complain about the table to which she had been ushered: it had an excellent view of its own as it stood just a few metres from dessert display of which it had an unobstructed view.

"You are expecting someone?" the sheep asked, laying a menu on the table before Liana.

"A blue dragoness," she confirmed.

"I will point her here the moment she arrives," he said, setting the other menu down between the cutlery opposite, the drinks list placed between them.

Liana proceeded to fill in the time waiting by making herself even hungrier than she already was by eyeing up the various cakes and the like so tantalisingly close to her. A server arrived after a minute or two to deliver a jug of ice water and a basket of breadsticks; she nibbled on one to placate her rumbling stomach.

She was in the midst of pouring herself a glass of water when, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed movement coming in her direction. The tiny dragoness was hurrying towards her, wearing a pale dress that only enhanced her cuteness and looking flustered.

"I'm s-sorry I'm late!" Terin squeaked, Liana moving across to the other glass to pour her companion a drink of her own.

"You're not late, silly," the shark said with a small chuckle, "I arrived early for once in my life."

Terin plopped down in the seat opposite, still looking nervous as she took a gulp of water.

"How have you been, then?" Liana asked, leaning on her open menu the better to see the figure perched across from her, "I'm sorry it took so long for me to get back to you."

The dragon nodded, smiling the tiniest bit. "F-Fine, thank you. I hope you've been well. Th-Thank you for agreeing to this." She somehow managed to be incredibly hesitant while letting the words tumble from her mouth in a gabbling stream.

"It's my pleasure," Liana said calmly. She twitched her long, thick, fluked tail under the table, making Terin jump at it nudged her own. "I may look big and scary, but there's no need to be worried. We're on a date and we're here to enjoy ourselves together."

Terin smiled that little bit more, curling her tail-tip around the base of the shark's main fin. "Yes, Liana. And I'm so happy to be here."

Liana smiled encouragingly back, making quite sure that her lips remained pressed together as she did so. She was, however, keen to get the ball rolling on one of the most important parts of the date (to her, at least): "Shall we think about ordering?" she asked, reaching across the table to nudge Terin's menu towards her.

"Oh, yes!" the dragoness said, far more cheerfully than she had sounded so far. They had both picked up their menus and Liana had already started re-browsing the starters when Terin piped up again, "I want you to have whatever you want, my treat."

That got Liana's attention. "Are you sure?" she asked, exceptionally tempted to take that offer but at the same time concerned for her date's finances.

Terin nodded, almost firmly. "Yes. I..." she swallowed, going a little red, "I want to make you happy."

A hint of pink even crossed Liana's normally stoic cheeks at that admission. She smiled sheepishly and nodded in return, going back to her menu.

They lapsed into silence for a few minutes, both intent on choosing the best of what Marcellino (whoever he was) had to offer. As far as Liana was concerned there was plenty to like, so much that she wasn't sure that even her admirable appetite would be able to consume all of it; and then there was the array of desserts for which she was determined to leave room.

As one might expect, it was Terin who closed her menu and set it back on the table first while the shark's nose remained buried in the extensive list of dishes. She passed the time while Liana made her selection by perusing the drinks list: it was a special occasion with who she already considered a special person, so a little extra extravagance was warranted. Though she knew little about different wines – they just came in red and white varieties as far as she was concerned – she was able to make an educated guess at what a good choice was: the third cheapest white would surely do them nicely.

When Liana had emerged from her internal debates and confirmed Terin's readiness to order, she raised a hand to attract the attention of a passing server; as she did so, the dragoness' eyes fixed briefly on her thick upper arm which wobbled for just a split-second after the rest of the limb stopped moving.

"Good evening!" chirped the mouse who answered the summons, her eyes wide and expectant behind her round glasses, "What can I get for you?"

Though Liana spoke to the mouse, whose smile was bucktoothed even for her species, she glanced towards Terin after each item she listed for any sign of discouragement. None came, so the notepad in the server's hand was already filled with a pasta dish, a pizza, and a request for garlic bread before Liana nodded to the dragon to pass her the ordering baton.

Terin, though a little stunned at how much her date intended to eat, did not discourage this desire for food in the slightest. She cleared her throat when her turn to speak came, asking merely for a small lasagne and the bottle of wine she had picked out.

"You shouldn't have let me order so much," Liana hissed across the table when the mouse had trotted off to the kitchen with her notepad, "and the wine..."

Terin shook her head, her tail seeking out the shark's long, sweeping fluke again. "I want to make you happy," she said again, squeezing her tail, "If food makes you happy, I want to buy you all the food you want."

"It does," Liana muttered, a prickle of embarrassment spreading across her face as she looked down at her lap.

A silence fell between them for several minutes, Terin too much of a shy follower to readily initiate conversation, Liana trying to regain her usual confidence through the absentminded nibbling of breadsticks.

Eventually, though, Terin plucked up the courage to ask a question: "So...what do you do for a living?"

"Hmm?" the shark asked, returning from her own contemplation, "Oh! I test video games. I spend most of my time sitting around and eating, heh..."

"Oh..." Terin's blush crept over her cheeks again as her mind immediately wrote, directed, and produced a short film of Liana sitting slumped on her couch with one hand clutching a controller and the other dipped into a bag, box, or bowl of a snack that changed every time it came into shot.

Before Terin's brain could start work on the R-rated reshoot, Liana had returned the question. "M-Me?" the dragon squeaked, dragging her thoughts out of the gutter with some difficulty, "I-I work on a fishing boat, so I smell of fish a lot of the time."

"Oh really?" Liana asked. She beckoned Terin closer to the table so she could lean across it to sniff her; the dragon's face remained more than a little pink as she found herself gazing down Liana's cleavage as her chest swayed dangerously above their glasses.

"Tastefully maritime," the shark concluded as she sat back, grinning, "Positively delectable!"

Terin turned redder still and giggled, squirming in her seat.

With the ice cracking nicely, the two embarked on an ever more amiable back and forth about their lives and interests, often finding themselves dissolving into laughter which could only have been a good sign. Their food arrived after around fifteen minutes of getting to know each other, Liana's selection intruding into Terin's side of the table by necessity.

Though she was keen to do the honours with the wine herself, Terin quickly admitted defeat and handed the mantle over to the larger shark who had that much more leverage and strength with which to manipulate the bottle. After pouring out two generous measures, they raised their glasses and brought them together with a soft clinking. They gazed across the table at each other, each pair of eyes containing a sparkle: Liana's of curious interest, intrigued by what the dragon liked about her and why she was already seeming so dedicated to pleasing her; Terin's of awe, feeling amazed and extremely lucky to have got a date with who she considered nothing less than her perfect woman.

Though the conversation became less frequent now that both women had begun eating, Terin's interest in her date could only have been said to increase. She picked at her lasagne, taking only a couple of bites each minute, for she was far more intent on watching Liana consuming her own, far larger meal. Watching her spiral the fettucine around her fork, gathering with it a good deal of sauce, some of which soon dripped back down to her plate as she lifted the implement to her mouth had Terin entranced, as did her large bites of pizza and garlic bread; the latter particularly as the shark had to open her mouth that much wider, revealing her notoriously sharp teeth often connected by strands of saliva, her long, powerful, agile tongue, and her deep, dark gullet.

The quantities which Liana seemed capable of consuming was no less intriguing, if not alluring, to the dragon. The helping of pasta was more than ample, piled high on its receptacle; the pizza was perhaps a little on the thin side in terms of its crust, but that was more than made up for by its considerable diameter and liberal covering of sauce, toppings, and cheese; and Terin was certain that an entire baguette's worth of garlic bread was stacked inside the basket in which it was delivered – Marcellino's, if nothing else, gave you your money's worth with its portion sizes. Liana consumed every last scrap of all her dishes and, when she spied Terin sitting there looking full and toying with her half-finished lasagne, offered to finish it off for her to avoid waste; Terin eagerly accepted and was treated to the sight of this huge woman eating as much as had taken to sate her meagre appetite as if it were just a few table scraps.

The wine too told a story of two vastly different constitutions sharing this meal. Terin, as with her food, was content to sip at her single glass throughout, not even coming close to finishing the vessel's contents. Whereas Liana took large gulps of the very palatable white every few mouthfuls, regularly refilling her glass until she the last drops were dribbling from the bottle. Again, there proved to be no waste as the shark swigged down what was left of Terin's glass at the conclusion of the meal.

Terin's ears pricked as she caught the sound of Liana suppressing a belch. "Shall I pay the cheque, then?" she asked, her tail swaying slowly behind her.

To her slight surprise, Liana looked disappointed at that suggestion. "Oh...well...no, never mind. Let's get the cheque."

"What's the matter?"

"Well..." Liana said slowly, her face becoming a little hot again, "I kinda wanted to get some dessert..."

"Oh..." Terin said, blushing a little too and her eyes going wide in astonishment: this shark had room for *more*?

More than eager for an excuse to spend still more time in Liana's presence, the dragon closed her eyes, took a breath, and steeled herself to make a suggestion: "What if...What if we got some dessert to go? M-Maybe to take back to...y-y-your place?"

Liana stared across the table for a moment, then beamed. "I like your thinking. One condition, though: I pay for dessert."

Terin nodded her ascent, then the pair stood up, Liana swallowing the last of the breadsticks as she did.

Though she had just spent the best part of an hour sitting opposite her, had even squashed her up against the window of a bus on their first meeting, Liana only now got an impression of just how tiny

Terin was: she already knew how small in build she was – that was obvious just by glancing at her – but now she could see that the dragon was barely as high as her hip, level with the lower reaches of her belly. The two stared at each other for several seconds, each astonished by the scale of the other.

The spell was broken by Liana, chuckling under her breath. “Hi,” she said, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

“H-Hi...” Terin breathed back.

The dragon took her scarlet face to the counter to pay for their meal while Liana took just a couple of steps to the display of desserts. She gazed through the glass at them all, hardly any *not* looking supremely tempting.

They departed Marcellino’s with two much lighter wallets, though Liana’s hands were weighed down with bags containing a selection of cakes and other sweet treats numbering a round dozen.

“Are you sure you want to go to my place?” Liana asked as they strolled along the quay, the moon glittering serenely on the surface of the water, “It’s...not very tidy, I guess you could say.”

Terin smiled, walking a little closer to the leg almost as long as she was tall. “I don’t mind a bit of mess and...” she blushed, giggling softly, “you’d find my place a little bit cramped.”

“My place is bad enough,” the shark said with a small chuckle of her own, “Okay, we’ll go to mine.”

They walked on for a few minutes in silence but for the sound of waves rolling soothingly to the shore a few metres from them until Liana stopped, turning towards the water.

“I’d never been on a date with another woman before,” she said, gazing towards the dark horizon, leaning on the railing that separated them from the ocean.

Terin had stopped too, though her eyes were turned upwards to peer at the shark’s moonlit face.

“I’ve enjoyed it, really enjoyed it,” Liana continued, still staring out to sea without really seeing. She was silent for another thirty seconds, then drew her eyes down to meet Terin’s. “Has it been okay?” she asked, concerned that she might not have lived up to expectations, might have been a disappointment, a bore, or simply a turn-off, “Have you enjoyed it?”

Sensing the shark’s distress, Terin shuffled nearer and rested her head on her hip, clutching lightly at that huge leg. “Every second.”

Liana felt her face grow warm again. Smiling faintly, she lowered a hand to lightly cup the back of Terin’s head, stroking slowly with her thumb.

The romantic moment was ruined by the sound of Liana’s stomach giving a loud rumble, though Terin merely giggled, glancing at the silhouette of the vast belly level with and above her head.

“I think someone wants dessert,” Liana said. Terin nodded, still giggling to herself.

The cab ride to Liana’s place passed largely in silence, both women lost in their own thoughts. The shark was gazing out of the window at the dark, often empty city streets they beetled along, her mind still pondering the eye-opening experience that night had been so far in terms of her sexuality: if she was honest with herself she still found male partners more attractive physically, but there was

no denying that Terin had already taken her on one of her best ever dates simply through her adorable personality and respectful lack of lecherousness. There was, of course, also the unrelated worry of how the dragoness would react to the veritable bombsite that was her apartment. It was all fine when it was only Liana who had to endure the mess, but bringing someone else into her world of clutter, piles of laundry queueing for their chance to go in the machine, and general chaos was a different matter; at least there wasn't any mouldering food and crusty plates (that she knew of) waiting for them, Liana had the decency to do the minimum of washing the dishes and taking out the trash.

Terin's attention, both physical and mental, was directed towards something far closer to hand, something that was in the taxi with her: Liana herself. Her initial attraction to the shark had been purely physical, something she just couldn't help after being crammed up against a bus window by that expansive frame; she had always preferred women who were big in some sense of the word, and Liana was one of the few she had seen to tick every box on the list of bigness and was the only one with whom she had actually had the pleasure of contact.

On the bus that day Terin had tried not to stare at the shark or think too much about the bulk pressing against her – she was a stranger and it just wasn't right to treat someone you didn't know as eye-candy, no matter how alluring they were – but now, with familiarity building between them (and under cover of darkness) she allowed herself to really check Liana out for the first time. Of course, she could only really discern the larger woman's outline save for when they passed briefly under the beam of a streetlight but being teased like that was all part of the fun.

The dragoness' eyes started from the floor, but there was little to be seen amid that well of blackness. She therefore moved her gaze a little northward, fixing on Liana's thighs. Though she couldn't make out much of them either, enough light was being shed onto those dark jeans for Terin to be able to guesstimate that the girth of what they contained was at least equal to that of her own slender figure. *At least*. There would be ample room on the lap they created for a little dragon, even when sharing that space with something else.

Speaking of which, Terin had begun eyeing that large, curved silhouette as it pushed out against the shark's top. The softness and suppleness of her belly was paid testament to by how it shuddered and wobbled about with even the smallest bumps over which the taxi passed. Terin longed to touch it, to press her face against it, to experience first-hand just how warm, heavy, and pliant such a large spare tyre was; she wouldn't push that upon Liana, though, she would wait for permission before laying so much as a finger on it.

Terin had just let her gaze drift further still to the pair of likewise large, round, trembling objects that sat atop the shark's midriff when the cab pulled up at the foot of an apartment building. Liana paid the fare, then squeezed her way out with Terin getting a good look at a rump she could barely hug as she followed.

The shark smiled down at her tiny companion, offering her a hand. Terin took it and allowed herself to be led into the building, straight into a waiting elevator.

"Home sweet home," Liana said softly with a slightly ironic smile a minute later, unlocking her front door and holding it open for the dragoness.

Once the lights were on, Terin could see that she was in a narrow hallway with two doors leading off it on each side. She glanced behind her to see Liana kicking off her shoes, dropping her keys into a

bowl on a table by the front door, and stretching high with her toes wiggling, fingertips brushing the ceiling, and a portion of creamy belly revealed beneath her top.

Seeing that Terin's gaze had fixed upon that exposed flesh, Liana dropped her arms and tugged her top down a little, then sought to lead the way to the living room. To do so, she had to move to the front of the queue which required her to squeeze past the little reptile in the very confined space of her hallway. Feeling another blush starting to bloom she edged by, the dragoness turning even redder than the shark as she found that bountiful belly rubbing past her face as she backed against the wall.

Clearing her throat awkwardly, Liana turned into the first doorway on the left and clicked on another light, illuminating her cluttered, stuffy, but nevertheless comfortable and well-used living room.

"Make yourself at home, hun," she said, gesturing to the couch.

Terin scooted past her and plopped down, gazing briefly around the room, then up at Liana again.

The shark smiled faintly, then held one hand clutching several bags of desserts. "Want to share any?"

Terin smiled and shook her head. "I'm full, thank you."

"How about a drink? Coffee, tea, or whatever..."

"Hot cocoa?"

"I like your thinking."

The two women shared a chuckle. Liana left the desserts on the couch while she vanished through a second door to the kitchen.

The clattering of Liana making their drinks served as background noise to Terin's inspection of the shark's abode from her central base of operations (the couch). Messy though it was, Liana had painted a picture that was much worse than reality: true, there were a few wrappers strewn about in easily missed places, tangles of cables, discarded disc boxes, crumbs embedded in the carpet, and a light layer of dust on the surfaces and objects Liana rarely touched, but much the same could often have been said for Terin's home. Terin was far more interested in the positives and those things that pointed to what Liana did for a living: namely the abundance of consoles crammed into the TV cabinet that faced the couch and the computer tower – currently dark and silent – off to one side.

"You've got a really nice setup," Terin said, nodding towards the vast selection of electronics as Liana returned bearing two mugs and a teaspoon.

"Oh, thanks," the shark smiled, the second word echoed by Terin as she accepted her drink, "Kinda necessary for me."

A sip of her cocoa told Terin that it was still too hot to palate, so scooted forward to lean across the chasm to the coffee table, placing the mug down on a coaster. Liana did similarly as she sat down, starting to rummage in the first of her bags of desserts.

"Are you *sure* you don't want any?" she asked as she extracted one of the boxes; though capable of eating her way through all that she had bought and keen to do so, she still felt self-conscious about such gluttony in someone else's presence.

Terin nodded, then blushed and mumbled something incoherent.

"I'm sorry?" Liana asked, one hand clutching her spoon and the other ready to pry open the box.

"I uh..." the little dragon said in barely more than a whisper as she fidgeted, staring down at her hands in her lap. Liana leant in to hear better. "I...I like watching you eat..." Her cheeks were scarlet, she dared not look up at the woman beside her.

Liana stared, caught totally off-guard by this admission. "You like watching me eat?"

Terin nodded, the movement jerky and tremulous, worried that she might have scared the shark off with her weird interest.

There was silence between them once again for a few moments, a silence eventually broken by the sound of a cardboard box being pulled open.

"Eyes up here, sweetie."

Terin blinked, having expected to be banished from the apartment as soon as she'd arrived. She raised her head from her contemplation of her knees to watch as Liana, grinning, scooped a large portion of cheesecake onto her spoon and transferred it to her mouth. The lemony top melted into her saliva, leaving only the biscuit base to be crunched up before the whole lot was swallowed.

The dragoness glanced to Liana's throat as it contracted, dragging the rich mixture down to her capacious stomach, then returned to the shark's eyes.

"Delicious," Liana commented, then leaned down again to murmur into Terin's ear, "Just like you."

Terin giggled giddily, beaming up at her huge date and eager to see more of that cake consumed.

Before long Liana had polished off the slice of lemon cheesecake and had moved on to a chocolate mousse so light it was a surprise it didn't come floating out of its box when she'd opened it. She had switched the TV on at this point and was watching idly while she ate.

Terin, however, had eyes only for the shark and how she sated her extraordinary appetite. Her gaze followed Liana's spoon to and from her dessert receptacles, occasionally flitting away to marvel at some other part of her body, but always peering keenly into her wide maw as she gobbled up spoonful after spoonful of rich sweets.

They remained lost in their own forms of entertainment for a while, Liana slowly picking her way through the first half of her dozen desserts. It seemed, however, that she had been doing some thinking during that time: she slowly turned her head to look down at the dragon and said, a little uncertainly, "I've got an idea..."

The dragoness, who had been watching Liana's belly pushing out against the fabric of her top, looked up quickly, her expression and demeanour attentive.

"Would you..." Liana continued, feeling incredibly weird about suggesting what was on her mind, "Would you like...to feed me?"

Both women went red again, Terin more so as she, nervously but nevertheless eagerly, nodded.

Liana extracted another box and handed it to Terin along with the spoon as the latter knelt up on the couch, the better to reach the mouth of the far, far larger shark.

Still feeling tremendously awkward but far too curious about the idea not to follow through with it, Liana opened up her mouth to accept the first spoonful of rich, gooey chocolate brownie Terin was

offering her. She chewed slowly, savouring the taste which seemed to be all the sweeter with it being delivered by a hand other than her own.

Terin had watched the silvery implement with its decadent load disappear into the shark's deep, dark cavern, engulfed by her lips. When she pulled it back, there wasn't a trace of cake left upon it, though this was soon remedied by her plunging the spoon back into the box for a fresh dollop.

Up came the spoon with its latest helping of brownie, into Liana's mouth it swooped, out it drew to fetch the next while the shark chewed with a blissful expression upon her sharp features: this was the pattern the pair followed. Terin was soon leaning up against her larger companion, eager to watch spoonful after spoonful disappear into her mouth up close, to see her jaw working to turn the already soft dessert into nothing more than a paste, then to glimpse her throat dragging the helpless ex-brownie down to her waiting, insatiable stomach. Liana had curled an arm around the dragoness' waist to support her, to half-cuddle her to her side, while she fed her like a dedicated servant tending to her mistress. She imagined them both as ancient Romans, she reclining on a far more opulent couch in the blazing Mediterranean sun wearing a royal purple toga to signify her wealth and power, while Terin, dressed in plain white, fed her grapes and other fruits to her heart's (and stomach's) content; sadly, the chocolate brownie was not in keeping with the Roman theme.

Through one, two, three desserts they burned, Terin ever more in awe of the shark's capacity for food of all persuasions. Liana's size had certainly been explained now, in fact Terin wondered why she wasn't bigger still with all that she was eating; she was, as yet, unfamiliar with Liana's frequent attendances at the gym.

After Terin had finished feeding her third box's contents – the ninth all told – Liana shifted, preparing to heave herself to her feet. "Bathroom," she explained simply.

The dragoness nodded. Then, to her immense surprise and delight, she found Liana's lips pressing gently against hers, capturing her mind, body, and soul for a fleeting kiss she had never expected to receive from such a woman, let alone on their first date.

Laughing softly at the stunned expression on Terin's face, Liana rose and sauntered from the room.

Terin knelt there, simply staring at the doorway through which the shark had disappeared for several long moments. She raised trembling fingers to touch her lips, still able to feel Liana's kiss upon them.

That day had started just like any other. Terin had risen early to be on the boat shortly after dawn and had passed the morning in typical fashion: sorting what they were able to catch by species and size into buckets using her well-practised and trained eye. Liana's text had come as a delightful surprise when they returned to shore to unload and rest, and excitement had steadily mounted as the date that evening was agreed upon. Now she was on the couch of the apartment that house the woman she had so longed to meet again and to acquaint herself. Surreptitiously, she lowered one hand to pinch the opposite upper arm; no, she wasn't dreaming.

"I'll be with you in a minute," she heard Liana calling to her, "Why don't you get yourself comfortable? I'll pick us a movie to cuddle to."

A little disappointed that the feeding escapade seemed to be at an end, Terin was nevertheless excited by the prospect of cuddling with such a beautiful specimen. She found a couple of cushions on the floor, plumped them up, then lay down on the couch to await her date's return.

When Liana finally emerged from her lengthy absence, Terin let out a gasp. The shark had 'made herself more comfortable': gone were the jeans and black top, leaving her in nothing but her

matching underwear. The dragoness eyed those massive thighs pressed firmly together by Liana's casual stance; the vast, creamy belly that tumbled over her waistband, obscuring her panties from view; the two veritable boulders that strained and spilled over the top of her bra, each one without doubt bigger than her own head; and finally the grinning face up near the top of the doorframe, a sly wink fired in her direction.

And then she was moving, so too her belly; it was jostled up and down by those thick, powerful legs as they struck it from below, swaying from side to side with the swing of her mighty hips. Terin was so intent on watching this incredible show that she had no time to notice what the shark had in store for her.

"Look out below!" Liana cried with a laugh, lowering herself as gently as she could onto Terin, the dragoness disappearing completely beneath her expansive behind from the chest down.

Subjected to several hundred pounds of, to her mind, beautiful shark lady, Terin squeaked as she felt the two surfaces between which she was sandwich moulding to far firmer body. She peered upwards, past the smooth curve of Liana's bare hip, over the two or three rolls that adorned her side, across her beefy upper arm which, though it didn't look it, was as much muscle as it was fat, and finally to her face as it smiled down at her.

"Comfy?" Liana asked, still chuckling at how little she could see of the dragoness now.

Terin nodded, placing the one hand that wasn't trapped beneath the shark on her immense thigh, rubbing back and forth lightly.

Liana's own hand swooped down towards Terin's head, but only to stroke gently and affectionately over her head. "You make for a good cushion," she said with a broad grin, "Maybe I should keep you as a pet or something."

The dragoness blushed furiously at that suggestion, her face already quite red from having most of the rest of her squashed flat.

"Give me a tap when you need air," the shark said, then turned her attention back to the TV and her tenth box of dessert.

Feeling that incredible weight bearing down on her frame which was, by comparison, exceedingly frail was a physically highly uncomfortable experience for Terin, but overriding that was the thrill of it and the awe it inspired in her: Liana had her completely immobilised and helpless without the slightest effort on her part, even able to dig into a chocolate lava cake while her sheer mass did the work for her. There was also the simultaneously terrifying and exciting thought that, if she was so inclined, Liana could bring about her end simply through the power of their differences in size: too long as they were at that moment would starve the little dragoness of oxygen; dropping her full weight onto her would almost certainly cause something in Terin's body to break; and a stray fat roll could quite easily smother her. Yet she trusted Liana to do none of those things, to remain vigilant throughout their fun; indeed, the instant she felt something rapping on her thigh, sending ripples through its abundant surface area, she relieved Terin of her weight to give her the best part of a minute to recover before easing back onto her.

As she rolled herself forward and off Terin to give her another break, Liana picked up the remaining two boxes and considered her final options: tiramisu or raspberry crumble? She let her deliberation drag on for a minute or two before resuming her draconic seat, only this time she decided to change

things up a little: she scooted sideways a foot or so that, rather than being visible from the chest up, it was the lower portion of Terin's legs that were free.

Terin had let out a slightly frightened but mostly eager squeak as she saw what was to happen and watched a single, partially covered cheek rushing down to smother at least a third of her entire being on its own. Her world had become nothing but heavy blackness pressing on her from every direction. Its warmth enveloped her, cradling her in its blissfully close embrace; she wanted to stay as she was forever: utterly safe, wrapped in her impenetrable cocoon. Yet it could not be so, for the one thing her safe place lacked was the one thing that was imperative for her survival.

It was only at the point when her lungs began to cry out for a fresh batch of oxygen did Terin realise that both her arms were now trapped beneath Liana's bulk, rendering them incapable of 'tapping out' or doing anything more than a feeble wiggle of the fingers. Too much of her legs was also entombed and she could only kick her feet which was unlikely to get the shark's attention on its own. She called out, but the malleable flesh was covering her nose and mouth, severely muffling any noise that escaped them.

Just as she was starting to truly fear that there was no means of communicating her distress to Liana open to her, the weight lifted and she was able to draw in a deep, grateful lungful of the living room's stuffy air.

"Are you okay?" came Liana's voice, sounding genuinely concerned.

Terin nodded again, taking a few more deep breaths as she looked up at the shark, now kneeling on the floor between the couch and the coffee table.

"I should have let you keep an arm free, I'm sorry."

The dragoness smiled her forgiveness as Liana leaned down to press an apologetic kiss to her cheek.

"Can...Can I just...admire you now?" Terin panted, embarrassment at the admission of her desire adding a flustered edge to her continuing need for air.

Liana raised her eyebrows, her face still close to the dragoness'. "Admire me?"

Squirming and feeling tremendously awkward, Terin nodded. "I want to worship you. I...You deserve it..." she finished on a mumble, gazing adoringly up at the shark who so filled her vision metaphorically as well as physically.

Liana blushed a little herself, though smiled as she gave her answer, "Actually, I think I'd like that." She shared another brief, soft kiss with the dragoness before she resumed her seat, this time leaving Terin free to explore her bulk rather than being pinned beneath it.

As the shark finished off the last few morsels of the suitably crumbly crumble and then started on the tiramisu, Terin knelt beside her on the couch to begin, for the first time, showing Liana just how enamoured she was with her body.

Though the temptation of other, larger parts of the shark's anatomy lapped at her insides, Terin preferred to save the best for last, and so began her admiration with her arm. The upper half of it was almost as thick as the dragon's own torso with subtle ripples flowing through the outer, pliable layer of fat whenever the limb moved. Terin reached out with both hands, finding to her amazement that she could not encompass its diameter in their grasp. Still more incredible to her, however, was what she could feel beneath that fat: there was a core of steel deep within that arm, muscles that bulged with coiled power of which many professional athletes would surely have been proud, yet

which remained stealthily concealed, ready to be called upon when unsuspecting observers least expected. Up and down her tiny hands travelled along that beastly limb, able to feel the yin and the yang beneath her trailing fingers, enthralling her, reinforcing the sense of being around the most able of protectors, a veritable goddess in terms of power.

Her hands gradually tricked off Liana's arm as her attention turned southward, to the shark's even more impressive lower limbs. She sank down to sit alongside Liana as she began to rub along the length of one of her thighs which was, now she was able to get a close look, without question thicker than her whole body. Like her arm, a substantial layer of blubber sat at the surface and contoured to the touch of the dragoness' hands with a set of imposing quadriceps hidden beneath. Terin lowered herself to almost lay along the length of the thigh, hugging it as she continued to trace her hands back and forth; there was no question that the shark's legs were stronger and weightier than she was, and that could only excite her further.

She had been able to feel it being nudged by her own leg during her admiration of Liana's, but now Terin found herself compelled to worship that part of the shark's body that intrigued her more than any other. Sitting up again, she placed a tentative hand on the vast belly that sat in Liana's lap, taking up a good half of the available space. She pushed lightly and felt her fingers instantly starting to sink into the wobbling mass which was even softer than she had anticipated. Pressing a little more firmly, she began to move her hand through the seemingly endless sea of fat, carving a path through it like a boat through water. Her mouth was hanging slightly ajar and her eyes were wide as let her hand skim away from the surface of Liana's belly, leaving it shuddering and quaking magnificently.

Then she gasped: two hands, so much larger than her own, had swooped down from nowhere and had lifted her clean off the cushion on which she had been sitting before setting her in Liana's lap. Those hands then lifted the very spare tyre she had been playing with and let it drop again, sloshing over Terin's own lap.

Feeling giddy at the privileged access she was being granted to such an incredible woman, Terin stretched her arms wide to give that immense gut as good as hug as she could manage. She allowed her face to rest against it, nuzzling into its forgiving surface while her hands rubbed back and forth over the sides of her new favourite thing in the whole world. Her fingers traced over the shark's love-handles and side rolls, dipping into the uncharted valleys between them before re-emerging, gradually mapping out every inch she could reach.

"Having fun down there?" asked a low voice from high above.

Terin turned her head to look up at Liana, her chin resting upon the upper slopes of her belly as she nodded.

Liana smiled, finishing the last bite of tiramisu and placing the box and spoon aside. "Me too."

"You are a goddess, Mistress," Terin whispered, unable to help herself.

The shark felt a little redness return to her cheeks, but she didn't contradict the tiny woman who seemed so enamoured with her and her body.

The pair settled into a comfortable rhythm: Liana idly watching the TV while Terin continued to hug and caress the expanse of shark tummy to which she had full, unrestricted access. Every so often Liana would stroke a hand from Terin's head, down her back to her tail, glancing down at her now and then as well.

It wasn't until the gentle swishing of tiny hands on giant paunch stopped that Liana truly turned her attention away from the screen: she peered down at the dragoness still sat in her lap to see that her eyes were closed, her breathing slow and deep, an expression of deepest contentment upon her face. Liana smiled, finding the adorable sight to give a sense of great happiness of her own.

Doing her best not to wake her sleeping partner, she reached back to unclasp her bra, letting the large garment drop to the floor to join the rest of their evening's debris. Then, holding Terin gently to her body, she rolled sideways to lay upon the couch with the dragon still atop her belly; Terin's eyes fluttered open briefly at the movement, but closed again almost instantly.

"Good night, pet," Liana whispered down to the tiny figure clinging affectionately to her; the dragoness didn't answer, though Liana was sure she saw a little smile form on her sleeping features.

When she had been getting ready, Liana had considered that night to be nothing more than a source of entertainment, a humouring of a suitor she had thought of as sweet but ineligible, and a minor experiment which took her away from her usual kinds of socialising. But the evening had progressed far beyond any of that; it had become something so much more, so much better, something truly wonderful. Terin had proven herself to be more than just a sweet little dragoness: she made for great company, was easy to talk to, and, most importantly and incredibly as far as Liana was concerned, somehow managed to express her deep attraction to the shark and her considerable physical attributes without once coming across as creepy nor as ever wanting to do anything more than worship and admire her.

For the first time in her life, Liana had been on a date that hadn't left her with even the slightest regret; with that thought came the same feeling of contentedness Terin's peaceful expression displayed. Smiling to herself, she let her head rest back against the cushion and drifted off to join Terin in her slumber.