

The house seemed empty. The curtains were open and the interior bare of any owner at least. A perfect opportunity lay in front of him to enter, retrieve valuable items and make his escape before he was caught. This was the trade of a house-burglar, stalking and preying on the houses and homes left empty and open. He had been lying on the small bank of a hill, observing the large house below him with a pair of binoculars for several hours now, glancing through windows to see hints of someone inside; a shadow, movement of furniture or a curtain being pulled across.

Unblinkingly he stared over every inch of the exterior of the house, spotting a window that had been left foolishly open. That would be his way in. The past few hours had revealed the coast was clear inside the house, as no car had returned up the driveway and none had left, though they had driven by. He had chosen the house out of all the others due to its size; the house was practically a mansion in size, at least twice the height of a normal house, and the way it was built into the slow sloping hill made it tower above all the other houses in the cul-de-sac it occupied.

The bottom slice of the golden sun disappeared behind the rim of the horizon and soon night would fall and darkness would hide his escape. It would be foolish to go earlier when the sun paints you out as a target. He stood from his prone position where he could not be seen, and snuck his way towards the window, ready to drop down or hide if any neighbours poked their head around the curtains or a door across the street was opened.

With the binoculars safely stored in a pouch on his waist, the house-burglar approached the sheer wall of the near-mansion, and he fell into shade once its size blocked out the fading rays of the sun. The slightly ajar window was right next to him as he sidled up to the wall. There was no handle on the outside, but it seemed just a finger slid between the glass and the panel opened it just a little more for him to grasp onto it with a whole hand. It opened silently, just enough of a gap for him to fit through, and while he was not fat, due to multiple harrowing escapes, the bag on his back proved a little too wide to squeeze through with him. He debated throwing it inside first, but it might hit something, something that might crash and warn nearby neighbours if the empty house had noises emanating from it.

Reluctantly, he left it on the ground outside the window, and vowed to come back later for it, as it held some of his lock picking tools. Getting inside wasn't exactly easy; due to the size of the house, the window was above his head off the ground, and he needed to jump and hoist himself inside, which was no simple task. Perseverance and determination prevailed, and soon he vanished inside the window as the violet skies overhead masked the orange glow from the sliver of sun left.

The interior of the house was...curious at best. He had never been in a house so large, and this house had seemed a jackpot. Though it was strange inside; the chairs had their seats nearly as high as his head was tall. He could barely see over the tables, whereas they should have been at his waist. The burglar was not short either, standing at a hair's breadth under six feet. Doorways were twice as tall and twice as wide as he was. Everything was to the same scale, making him seem twice as small as he should have been.

But big furniture might have meant big rewards, and the size difference became the norm quite quickly. It made him feel like a mouse sneaking around as he stepped silently on padded shoes from the lounge where he had broken in towards another room on the ground floor. But every mouse needs a cat to balance it out, and this cat took the form of the owner, snoring silently away upstairs in a bed even too big for itself. It hadn't heard the mouse breaking in, too busy with dreaming of hunger.

The lounge led to the kitchen, past the opening to the bottom of the stairs that led up and curled around to the top floor. Each step would have required a near jump to get up them, as they were tall for even the house's scale. Carpet lined each step and the floor beneath him, meaning his already stealthy style of walking was absolutely silent, and nothing would stir. He rounded the corner to the kitchen, silently marvelling at the difference in size once he stepped onto the lino floor.

A conveniently timed rumble of the belly reminded him he had spent the last five hours scoping out this house with nary a bite of lunch to eat. Hopefully the owner of the house was considerate enough to leave food that could satisfy the cravings. The cupboard seemed a good place to start, and with just a few sneaky steps the door was opened. Being effectively half size meant the top shelves were out-of-reach, unless climbing was in order, but something might have broken. Inside were all manners of canned and packaged foods, nothing quick and easy, and most things would require cooking; sensationally dangerous when the location of the homeowner wasn't known.

Slowly the pantry door was closed with only the quietest of squeaks from the hinges as it shut. Perhaps there would be some food in a cupboard above the work-surface. But there was another problem; being small meant it would be another set of hoisting himself up and off the ground just to access anything. Luckily, the edge was thick enough to get a tight grasp, and good upper body strength meant in seconds he was crouched on the work-surface. Above him were the wooden doors of the cupboards with handles easily enough for both hands to grasp it at the same time. He grasped the nearest one and gave it a tug.

As it opened much easier than believed, something as wide around as a plate slipped from the top shelf of the drawer too fast for his hands to catch, but slow enough for the eyes to follow. In the fading orange light streaming through the window, the falling object glinted as it fell in slow-motion past the lip of the work-surface. A heavy pan made of steel impacted the ground, bouncing once before spinning a single revolution on its top, stopped by the handle, before settling down. Loud would be an understatement to describe how deafening a foot-wide lump of steel falling ten feet to land on a hard floor was.

It seemed as loud as lion's roar compared to the silence a second before. It clanged, jangled and gonged as it rattled and spun on the floor. The steel echoed through the dull silence of the house, reverberating around corners, upstairs, through doors and into the ears of the 'cat' sleeping so soundly in her bed. The eyes slowly open, showing off deep green eyes. A long, thick, wet tongue slips out between her lips, lubricating them wetly. She smiles as the prey downstairs awaits her.

A brief state of shock has overtaken the burglar as such a rookie mistake leads to a sensationally loud punishment that surely would have alerted the neighbours of an intrusion. In a state of panic, he slips down off the work-surface and lightly lands on the linoleum floor beneath him. Heart pounding and mind racing his gaze rips back and forth across the room, ears tuned as carefully as possible to try and hear if anything else in the house stirs from the crashing. A ringing still stays in his ears, lasting a long time after its impact, but it decays after several seconds of waiting while panicking. Once it's gone, and he listens for enough time to determine the coast is clear of owners, who surely would have been notified, he nervously resumes searching for food, as another pang of hunger hits him.

The fridge is next to be raided; surely easily consumable food would exist in there, though it could be possible that everything is twice the size. He left the pan where it was, no use in trying to move it as it looked as if it weighed close to ten kilos, and no doubt he'd drop it trying to get it back up to the shelf where it would no doubt fall off again. Silently, he stepped towards the fridge as if sound mattered anymore, and with a tug of both hands on the significantly larger handle, it opened.

A wave of cool air hit him once the door swung open. The door itself was taller than him, and food upon food was stacked on shelves above his head. He was starting to get a little tired of the fact everything was too tall, but he searched anyway on shelves at and below his eye level. Contained in the door were several multiple-litre bottles of water and several soft drinks, some of the latter open and at various stages of drainage. But, oh joy of joys, at the base of the fridge were two large plastic drawers, filled to the brim with untouched fruit of normal size.

Eagerly, he reached down to open them, pulling to slide them open. Eying a juicy apple, he grasped it from the drawer and took a bite. Sharp and sweet with a nice crunch, this apple was delicious. Using his foot to slide the drawer back in, he looked around the fridge to see if there was anything worth accompanying such an apple. A carton of juice, untouched jumped out at him. He reached out a hand to grasp it.

"My my, is someone rooting through my food?" A female voice called out, deep yet calming with a light giggle at the end that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand out, and cold sweats coat his body. Gulping audibly, he raised his head around the door of the fridge, looking at whomever the feminine voice belonged to. It didn't take long to find the source.

In the doorway to the kitchen stood the owner of the house, a figure imposing with height at a minimum of ten feet, maybe more. Her skin looked smooth in the dull light, and was coloured a light purple on her arms and legs and head, but her softer belly was dyed gold, contrasting well. Her inhuman yet beautiful features, as well as a long, soft coiling tail behind her spelled out her species: lizard. Soft red lips puckered slightly as his jaw dropped in amazement and shock at being caught. This lizard also had long hair trailing down her back, similar in shade to the colour of her skin that sat slightly on her shoulders.

Her body was voluptuous for sure, with long legs that were as tall as he was easily, accompanied by thick thighs as wide around as his torso. But her hips were the most shockingly erotic feature; swinging and so wide that his arm-span wouldn't have made it halfway around. Her hips led up to a pudgy belly, one that was insanely soft looking for the way just a little excess fat pooled around her navel. Large breasts sat above her chubby belly, each one soft and full underneath her bra and the quick t-shirt that was pulled on quickly to catch him in the act. On her substantial bottom-half were a simple pair of tight shorts. She looked down at the human raiding her fridge not in anger, but in slight amusement.

For a moment, he was silent, looking fearfully at her with a look of fear and bewilderment on his face. His eyes flicked all over her body as he took in her features and body, ready to step back if she should attack; he'd had that happen once or twice already. But she seemed a little too happy to go about beating his head in with whatever she could find. Instead she was content to simply stand there for the moment, with a smile on her face that seemed slightly unnerving, as if she had something planned.

"I asked, are you just going to raid my fridge or are you going say hello?"

"I...uh..." He hadn't found his voice yet from the surprise, and it had taken a few seconds for him to reply. "Food?"

"I can see that you're elbow deep in my fridge, trying to steal some of my food." It was lucky that she didn't know he was actually after her valuables, but had diverted to quell his hunger.

"A-actually..."

"No, it's ok, don't worry." She smiled, placing two hands on her wide hips that looked as if they were wider than his shoulders, and thighs beneath that could crush his head. "The only thing I'll ask is how you got in. I remember locking the door and I didn't hear a smash."

"Window. I slid in through a window." He spoke through the piece of apple in his mouth, embarrassingly swallowing it. "And I'm sorry for breaking in, I just was hungry." 'Play along with it' he thought to himself.

"Ah that window, I've never been able to lock that one." She shifted on one foot, shrugging her large shoulders. Underneath the shirt she wore, her large breasts shifted inside the bra, and her chubby belly jiggled similarly.

"You should get a locksmith, they'd fix that window up neatly." He nodded. So far she hadn't made any moves or spoke of any threats towards him, and the shock of being caught was fading slowly, and it felt as if he had been caught with his hand in a jar instead of breaking into someone's house.

"But then how else would food get in?" She teased out, long golden tongue flicking out to lick across her lips, allowing a very brief sight of the inside of her mouth.

"Through the front door?" He questioned, not understanding what she was hinting at.

"Don't worry." She chuckled a little to herself,

"So introductions are in order." She places a hand on her chest, just above her large breasts. "Arianna." She smiled again, gesturing towards him for him to reply. "And you are?"

"I'm not telling my name to someone who might report me. What's to say you haven't already?"

"Aww, so resistant. Don't worry, the police won't be coming, they won't need to." Her smirk seemed devilish now, but in a curious, innocent way. "Now what's your name?"

"It's...Vassel." A faux-name he had used several times before as an excuse. She smiled and nodded slightly, falling for the fake name.

"Well Vassel..." She licked her lips again. "...I'd just like to know what brought you here."

"You caught me in the fridge, I must have been hungry. I saw your house and I thought you must have had a lot of food."

"Are you calling me fat?" She joked, goading him.

"N-no, of course no-"

"Oh no, I like being fat. Makes me very soft to touch. Very cuddly too." She winked at him as she cut him off. "At this size, you need a lot of food to keep yourself going. I heard you crash..." Vassel cringed slightly at his clumsiness that alerted her, "...so I'd thought I'd come down and have a little snack."

He began wondering how he'd slip past her. Because of that size, it was almost a guarantee that she couldn't move quickly enough if he made it beyond her grasp. It'd confuse her even more if he went one way, then darted behind her to the window. He mulled over this badly thought-out plan for a second, luckily not enough to trigger her suspicious, or at least she didn't show it.

"I'm sorry about the pan. I didn't know it would fall and wake you." Internally, he cursed himself for not looking at the upstairs closer. Though the curtains had been drawn, he could have chucked a small stone to alert the inside, then hide if someone responded.

"Had you rang the doorbell, I'd have been more than welcome to accommodate you."

"I never would have known." He shrugged, reaching for another apple for the road. "Thanks again, I've been starving all day."

"Same here. This large belly needs feeding." She winked again.

"But, as much as I enjoy your hospitality, I must be off. Believe it or not I have a home to go to." Without another word, he closed the fridge slowly, figuring out how he'd make it past her. All to avoid was the arms really, and she'd have to bend down to grasp him. Once he was out of her grasp, it was twenty-seven quiet steps to the window, but he'd be running away from this fat lizard-girl who was giving him nothing but doe eyes.

Explosive starts were his strong point, and Vassel utilised this as best he could. He took off like a sprinter off the blocks, his rubber shoes giving him the traction needed to accelerate quickly as possible towards her. Hopefully she wouldn't have been expecting it and he'd slip right on by. Arianna still had a smile on her face as Vassel attempted to duck underneath one of her swinging grasps that had a wider berth than he was expecting, though still too short to hold onto him as he crouched in his run to fit under her hand. It was lucky then, that he didn't bring the backpack, as that would have been a handle for her to grab onto easily, and then he'd have to lose it to escape.

Something huge and thick impacted against his side as he passed her, with the force that would have knocked him over. For all of a second, he thought what it possibly was that could have knocked him so heavily. Her other hand would have been too far away to stretch, and her leg was still fixed to the floor. Could it have been another lizard-girl hiding behind the corner waiting for this very trick? Possibly, as Arianna had snuck up on him.

Whatever it was began to wrap around him quickly, catching its prey tightly in its soft, slightly squishy grasp. Thick coils tightened around his chest, pinning his arms to the side of his body with a squeeze that brought him to a dead stop. It was insanely strong, and a second wrap took the rest of his torso into its grip, covering him from the shoulders to the hips. Vassel's eyes refocused from the shock, and he saw what had grabbed him.

Her tail. Arianna's tail had moved in as he ran past, and he chided himself as he saw its size. It must have been as long as she was tall, and thicker around than his shoulders were wide. Like her body, it was a deep purple on top and on the outside of the coils, but the inner scales were gold, like her belly and tongue. Soft was definitely right to describe the texture of her golden scales, flexing against his body. Any struggles he made were absorbed by the squishy scales that surrounded him by more than a foot on every side. The sheer size began to tighten and squeeze him like a toy in her grasp, driving a little air from him to force him to calm down.

"Oh Vassel, that was the funniest thing I've ever seen. You just ran into my tail without looking." She giggled loudly to herself, wrapping more and more of her tail around him until his legs surrendered to her tail and were tightened around. She still had several feet left, and they were the thickest.

"Let me go, right now!" He shouted, struggling inside her grasp which held him tightly.

"I don't think so." Her smile was still present, but it had gained a sinister, erotic edge, aided by the tongue that refused to leave her lips alone. "Do you think I'm just going to let you go after you broke into my house? After you lied about going just for food? I know that you're a house burglar, I saw your little backpack outside once I noticed the window was open." The tail tightened again, dampening his struggles. "I must say you're brave to rob a lizard-girl's house."

"I didn't know!" He shouted as the coils held him still. "I'm sorry! Let me go and I'll never come back!"

"Oh no. You're not getting out of this one. I've got several...plans for such an eager, wriggly person like you." Arianna leaned down to his eye level, fixing his brown eyes with her sharp emerald ones. "There's no way I'd let a tasty one like you out of my grasp." She licked her lips again, barely a foot from his head.

"Tasty? What do you-?" He began, before the pieces of the puzzle and her hints fell together into a picture. Once it hit him how she had been winking, how she'd been licking her lips and referring to her belly, his struggles doubled.

She giggled as he pieced it together, and a wave of realisation hit him, urging on a whole new wave of panicked struggles that she had no problem with keeping down with her heavy tail.

"Oh I love it when they figure it out in the end." She moved in nearer, close enough that the exhale of her breath was in his nose. The tails brought him closer, and pressed her lips against his, engaging him in a warm, wet, one-sided kiss. Arianna's lips took up most of his features, coating them in a thin film of warm saliva, lovingly applied by her wet tongue that licked messily over his mouth and nose. She moaned slightly into the kiss, tightening her squeeze to force his mouth open in a gasp.

"But you're not food just yet." Arianna whispered. "I've got a few more plans for you, some you might enjoy even." She drew back a bit, leaving his features wet and him spluttering slightly for air. "But disappoint me in one of them, and you're a delicious snack." As encouragement to do a good job, she opened her mouth wide just inches from his face. Easily her mouth would have fit him inside, with minor squeezing of his shoulders to manage. The inside of her mouth was golden like her tongue, and the entire thing was visible, down to the entrance of her no doubt tight tunnel down to darkness. Faced with her golden maw, Vassel panicked and struggled even more, trying with all his strength to push at least one of the coils off of his body, but moving any of them even an inch took power he did not possess. Her warm breath rolled out and over his face, which was a mask of fear until the mouth snapped shut.

"Motivating enough?" She smiled, puckering her lips at him. He still struggled inside her tail's grasp, which didn't seem to be in the mood to let him go just yet, at least not by the way it squeezed him heavily. Vassel didn't respond, instead glared at her, unable to move a single inch, save for his head. "Excellent. You know I love it when a little human submits so quickly. They become so malleable, you can make them do anything.

"Get on with it then." He grumpily replied.

"As you wish...my little slave." She grins.

She stands back up to her full height, towering twice as tall as Vassel with her long legs being nearly six feet by themselves. She steps away towards the lounge where he had broken in through the window, dragging her thick tail along behind her as if it and its prey weighed nothing. First, she stepped to the window, and visibly locked it, trapping Vassel inside the house with no escape. He kept fruitlessly struggling, just so her coils didn't congeal and squeeze too tightly.

"I'm not having you run anywhere." Arianna smiles, stepping towards the couches that were the size of large cars, "And I know this house better than you if you do run. I'll smell you out easily, fear's potent enough." Vassel only growled back in response, angry enough that he'd been caught.

He neglected to mention to her that her soft, squeezing coils that tightened around him were sensual in the way they swirled around him, and the attention to his groin from one particularly thick coil was quite nice after a dry streak. It didn't help with her wide hips and long golden tongue that had slathered itself across his features, especially with the way she acted and how easy she'd caught him. Still, he couldn't let her know. She'd probably tease and taunt him some more, even as she had him in her grasp.

Arianna lay back on a large single seat couch that could have taken two people comfortably. Her pudgy belly jiggled as her substantial weight pressed down into the soft material of the seat. She shifted, getting comfortable and settling in with arms on the armrests. As she settled in, the thick tail began to slowly loosen, rotating back the opposite way in which it was coiled tightly. The wraps around his legs retreated up first, freeing them from their soft prison. Slowly, his legs regained feeling through his trousers that wasn't soft, squishy scales tightly pressing up against them. Then the two covering his chest fell away, allowing him to take an unrestrained breath for the first time in a while.

"Your first task is to tend to me on hand and..." One of her legs kicked up and pressed a large foot against his chest. Instinctively, he caught it, holding the heel in both hands. It was heavy to hold, and much larger than Vassel thought it was. "...foot." She smiled at her own joke, letting her leg be heavy in his arms.

"What? You're joking right?" He said, hefting the heavy foot in his hands. "You want me to...what?"

"Lick it, stroke it, and hold it close." Arianna shrugged, as if it was the obvious thing to do.

"No. I'm not licking your foot."

"No?" She raised an eyebrow, shaking her foot slightly from side to side in his grasp.

"Absolutely not." Vassel said defiantly.

"Can't I convince you?" She asked innocently.

"Never." He shook his head.

Before he could react, her soft, thick tail found itself wrapping tight around his legs, squeezing and grasping on its way up and up around his body. It took no time at all for Arianna to recapture him in her tail, and she was particularly tight this time around. His arms were pinned to his sides, and the foot dropped to the floor softly, and she could squeeze him between her thick coils once more.

"Then I might just have to taste you sooner than I thought." Her mouth opened wide again, displaying the golden interior that darkened inside, dripping with hot saliva from the long tongue. Arianna leaned forward right over the top of Vassel, who was forced to gaze upwards by the tip of the tail licking under his chin and pushing up. Of course, he began to struggle and squirm once the tail captured his ankles, but her grip was so unbreakable, it did nothing. Drops of hot saliva dripped onto his face as her lips touched the curve of his head. Vassel made a split-second decision; either submit or be eaten.

"Ok ok ok! I'll do it!" He shouted, closing his eyes in case she consumed him then and there. Luckily for him, she stopped, retreating back and holding her face close to his.

"Sure?" She smiled; licking her lips audibly an inch from his face.

"Y-yes." He gulped nervously.

"Just remember, I can make you a squirming lump in my belly in twenty seconds if you resist again." It wasn't a threat as much as it was a promise instead, and both of them knew it. With that tail, she was a near unstoppable dominating force with a belly that could take him at any time if she wished. Slowly, she leant back on the chair, getting comfortable once again.

Slowly the tail retreated down his body, releasing it from the tight bonds that compressed his whole body. Vassel took a large gulp of air, as the tightness had pushed it out of him, and the coils prevented anything coming back in. He gasped a few more times, to which Arianna patiently waited until he was back to normal. Her leg kicked up again, but instead of going for his hands, she opened the lip of his shirt with the delicate tip of her tail, holding it for her large foot to slide underneath his shirt, pressing itself directly against his skin. It was large enough that the heel rested against his navel, while the toes poked up through the collar of his shirt.

The toes atop the foot were larger than normal too, and two of them burst through the tight collar, fixing themselves around his neck to anchor the whole foot on without needing her leg to keep itself up. Vassel's hands went to it, dipping underneath his shirt to lightly press against the top ridge of her foot.

"Go ahead, give it a nice little rub." She giggles lightly, shifting her foot from side to side on his chest. Vassel groaned out slightly as the large foot was sensationally soft against his chest; the

smooth sole was lightly grinding against his skin. The two toes lightly gripped his neck, holding it tightly against his chest for his hands to stroke up and down the arches of her sole.

As he stroked the edges of her foot, she moaned out lightly, wiggling her toes on his neck.

“Start lower, work upwards.” Arianna instructed, pushing her foot up a little higher so the tips of her toes brushed against the base of his chin, pushing it slightly this way and that. A strong, musky, but not unpleasant scent drifted into his nose. It was the scent of arousal, mixed in with a mild sweat; animalistic and a little wild.

Obediently, Vassel lightly grasped the heel of her foot and began to slowly stroke it, rubbing his fingers all over the soft scaled surface. It was odd to think she was scaled all over, but each one was incredibly smooth against his hands as he stroked them. Arianna relaxed visibly in the chair, enjoying the massage her new little pet was giving her. It hadn’t taken much to convince him to stroke her feet. She smiled visibly; he was going to be a bit of fun.

“Be a good little boy and kiss one, won’t you?” She said a question, but it was more an order instead. Vassel paused, looking down at the large, green foot on his chest, with the wiggling toes constantly tapping a beat on his chin. Arianna licked her lips eagerly as the human slowly tilted his head down towards them, and opened his mouth. “Make sure to go between them too. You’re lucky they’re not as dirty as they could be.”

Unwillingly, Vassel extended a tongue and dragged it across the roundness of one toe, letting the taste of her animalistic sweat dip on his tongue. It wasn’t bad actually. Definitely not bitter like he was expecting, in fact there was an unexplainable sweetness balancing the sweat. His lips pressed into the soft scales of her toe and kissed it lightly. The scent of her warm scales next to his nose was unavoidable and slightly addictive. Arianna moaned out loudly, her tail jerking slightly on the floor around Vassel, thumping noisily. Taking this as a sign of approval, he licked further down, sliding his wet tongue between her toes, earning a moan and a giggle from her as he tickled her slightly.

Perhaps it was an aphrodisiac in the sweat, perhaps it was something he didn’t know he liked, or perhaps it was the way her heel would grind lightly into his navel, but Vassel was becoming aroused more and more. It was a slow grower, but soon the very tip was pushing at Arianna’s heel, which was something she couldn’t miss. Her sense of smell picked it out a while ago, while she was squeezing him.

“Oh my, is the pet finding this enjoyable?” She smirked, verbal teasing him. Vassel could not talk of course, not with a sweet toe occupying most of his lips, and his tongue now eagerly engaged in lapping up the mix of sweat and scent. In fact, he had become slightly entranced by it, and her words hadn’t completely registered.

“Would the pet enjoy being rewarded back for such a lovely job?” She asked as her other foot that wasn’t being stroked lifted off the ground. Gracefully, she began to slowly stroke the bulge forming in the pants of her pet, sliding it between two toes and squeezing on the upstroke. Vassel let out a groan as his bulge was lightly given attention by her foot. Pressure would increase for a stroke, then back away so the touch was faint enough to barely be felt. “Grind it.” Ariana smiled, pushing down to pin it against his navel, then grinding from side to side with the ball of her foot back and forth.

Moans exited Vassel’s mouth as his erection became more and more erect inside his pants, already cramped. Nothing but his own frustration was being helped by the way Arianna’s foot ground from side to side, rolling his cock back and forth. At her words, which he heard, he

obediently started to push his hips forward, just enough to gain an extra iota of pleasure with each light thrust. With the foot against his chest, he couldn't go far enough to properly get enough to push him over the edge, no matter how he tried. If he went to push his hips back far to get a big thrust, Arienne would push with her foot on his chest to stop him from gaining too much ground.

Aggravating and delaying was her plan, and his thoughts slowly became obsessed with getting that release, grinding up against her enough that he'd be able to feel relaxed again, but with the feet effectively playing with him, there's nothing he could do to fight back against her. There was also something in the scent and sweat on his tongue and in his mind that dampened down all other thoughts. Thoughts of escaping became over-run with ones of release, and not from her grasp.

"Aah!" He moaned out once after a particularly close encounter had left a little dampness in his pants. But again she had masterfully controlled him, and soon he was back down safely to a safe level.

"Pet. Would it be much of a hassle for you to remove your shirt?" She asked nicely, though there was nothing stopping her doing it herself except the idea that she was in control of this little man now. She smiled as his hands trembled their way down her feet towards the ankle, where the lip of his shirt was resting on. He gripped the rim of the shirt and began to pull upwards. As it passed over his head, he heard a long moan from Arianna, while the toes of her large foot were still pressed against the edges of his lips.

"Like..this?" He mumbled, dropping the shirt on the floor next to him. Vassel looked down at the warm, soft foot pressed against his chest and chin. He went back to kissing one of the toes, but Arianna had other plans.

As his tongue licked out again, her foot pulled away and dropped down to the floor. Arianna panted slightly, legs spread open wide and hand resting on both her thighs.

"You've done well, pet." She smiled again, and to his dismay, the foot stroking ever so slightly against his groin tip-toed down his leg back to the floor. Without toes to lick on, he looked a little lost, until she gestured him to walk a little closer. Of course he was slightly suspicious, and he had every right to be. Arianna saw this in his eyes, "I'm not going to eat you now. I just want to show you something."

Vassel gulped, but couldn't disobey her, or else his next half-minute would be a whirlwind of tight coils and tighter throats. Arianna had shuffled to sit on the edge of the chair and she 'oohed' softly as he stepped to within half-a-foot of her body.

"What would you want me to-" Vassel began to ask, but got cut off by a pushing from behind. It must have been her tail pressing him forward, and with no way to stop, he fell directly against her soft belly.

His head sank against the soft scales of her warm, pudgy belly as she pushed him into her grasp. Like a big pillow, the scales of her belly morphed themselves around the person intruding on their space. Before he could try and push back and away from her soft, warm belly, her legs crossed behind him, and those thick thighs squeezed his waist between them, holding him tightly and pulling him even tighter against the large, soft chub she had. Arianna grasped his wrists and opened his arms, giving him no leverage to fight back against the tight grasp of her thighs that held him there, though he thrashed helplessly and weakly.

"Can you hear me grumble inside? Can you hear me making room if you should displease me?" As she spoke, her belly growled with hunger loudly. Vibrations shook through her belly, directly against his head as she pinned him there. Her golden belly was as soft as the underside of her tail, and it had the same scent pouring off it that her toes had. The reasons for her moaning

became obvious as her thighs pulled him closer to her, and a patch of dampness pressed against his groin, bringing him back to full erection under her control. "Would you displease me?"

"No." He answered, not wanting to fill that soft, scaly belly.

"Well then, here's part two of your task to avoid a little dispute." Her thighs released him, alleviating pressure from his waist while she let go of his wrists, allowing him to step back from the grumbling belly that threatened to engulf him.

"Get on your knees..."