

“Alright, big girl, in you go.”

The command was spoken in a gentle, yet all too playful tone, the voice lifted over the sound of the drizzling shower, its source turning to give a cheeky sort of smirk to the order’s recipient. The subject of the command stood there, head bashfully low while wearing a shy sort of smile, the dimples in her sky-blue cheeks reddened by the blush the playful directive had summoned to her features, regarding the fennec before her with flustered adoration. “Y-you know I can draw my own shower, right?” the fluffy figure replied, all four paws shuffling abashedly against the ground, those movements pressing the limbs into the soft, supple flesh that pushed outward against them, even when standing as tall as she could. Even those subtle motions sent sluggish, undulating ripples through the dragoness’ body, her fat shifting with every breath, chest and paunch seated permanently upon the ground with their corpulence.

“It’s faster doing it myself, though,” the more masculine voice replied, grinning at the way the dragon’s ears splayed at that particular fact, her features reddening all the more as he purred, “We’d still be waiting for you to get onto that rump of yours to operate the knobs if you were doing it. Now get in, lizard~”

The lovingly playful tone had the wyrm’s cheeks dimpling through their blush again, giving an involuntary titter that shifted into a low puff of effort. As enormously doughy as she was, just getting the dragoness’ tonnage in motion took a frankly mind-boggling amount of work. First came the swaying back and forth, simply to overcome her own static inertia, the fox’s eyes widening at the sight of all that supple heft in motion, in spite of seeing that very spectacle so very often. One never really could get used to seeing a dragon *that fat* moving; it was a testament to just how sturdy she was under all that blubber that she even remained mobile at her size. Frankly seeing the wyrm able to waddle and haul herself forth when she was flabby enough that she had to literally push her aside just to plant her paws remained eternally awe-inspiring.

And grin-inspiring.

“Aww, look at you go~” the vulpine crooned as he stepped aside, giving the dragon as much space as he could. And she definitely needed it, thanks to how broad her rolled flanks had become; even pressing his back up against the wall, the dragoness’ side smooshed against the vulpine as she trundled forth. Rather than try to pull back, however, the fox grinned as he leaned forward, pressing his snout into the crease behind the fluffy reptile’s foreleg, sinking in deep while giving the yielding flesh a deep kiss.

“O-oh!” the wyrm gasped, before giggling brightly in bashful glee, her whole face shifting from light blue to a lavender hue that almost matched her eyes. “Y-you cheeky flirt,” she tittered, playfully, yet carefully leaning against the fennec, getting a little yip that was interrupted by a low grunt when she pinned him against the wall with her doughy flank.

“E-Eryn! You’re gonna f-flatten me!” the vulpine’s muffled voice came from his suddenly-hidden position, though the dragoness could still hear his chuckling even as he pawed meagerly at the soft chub that had suddenly enveloped him.

Another little bout of mirth had the dragoness' flank bouncing against her companion, puffing when she shifted her bulk again to waddle forward once more. Fortunately the pair had long replaced their bathtub with a walk-in shower; there was no way Eryn was going to make it over the side of a tub at her level of heftiness. "Aww, I thought you liked being covered in dragon pudge, Zach~" she purred back, though her own playfulness was tinged with a hearty amount of blush, flinching slightly when she felt the water start to cascade over her squishy scruff, soaking into her sapphire-blue mane so that it flattened against her neck, revealing normally-hidden folds and creases along her collar.

Shoving the lingering flab of her haunches out of the way, his palms sending those generous curves bouncing and jiggling even more than her steps did, Zach gave an exaggerated gasp as he emerged from the blubber that had surrounded him. "Hush you," the vulpine retorted as he recovered from his surprise burial, though he couldn't hide the pleased little grin that still remained after being embraced by so much warm, soft fur and flab.

Eryn turned her head as she slipped the rest of herself into the shower, her neck creasing into accorded folds and pressing against her cheek while she regarded her companion. "You don't look too unhappy about it," she offered another tentative, yet playful comment, her tummy-bouncing mirth hiking up into a sharp "eep!" when she felt a thump against her rump.

"One side, tubby," Zach directed as he gave his own cheeky chuckle, that grin growing more amused when the dragon that towered over him lowered her head submissively, even while wearing a flustered grin on her features. As the wyrm obliged, shifting her wobbling self over to the end of the massive shower opposite the trickling head, the fox slipped his shirt up over his head, revealing his own lithe, slim physique. There could not have been a more stark contrast between the pair's figures, Zach's thin frame only making Eryn's nearly-immobilizing heft seem all the fatter by comparison. "Good girl," the fennec chirped once he wore only his boxers, stepping into the shower and giving a soft shudder when the water had his own tan fluff flattening against him, revealing the well-toned musculature that was normally hidden by all of his fluff.

Blushing at the praise, Eryn puffed as she settled in place, still able to feel her chub in motion even after her steps had ceased. Backside pressed up against the far end of the shower like this, there was *just* enough room for Zach to slide in front of her, though he could feel her soft chest and forebelly pressing against and curving slightly around his hips and legs in that position.

Not that either of them minded.

Quite the opposite, really. Sinking into the dragoness' gratuitous amount of padding, Zach gave that fond, loving smile as he leaned forward, palms coming to rest under the sagging collar that dangled from Eryn's neck, deepening her blush even as her moistened tail started to flick side to side. "Now, let's get you clean, cutie," the fennec cooed, lifting himself up onto his tip-toes so he could nuzzle at the underside of Eryn's chin, humming beneath her head, "Pass the shampoo, dear~"

Heart fluttering in her chest, Eryn was already purring the moment she felt her lover's hands rest on her hide. With an obedient nod, the wyrm curled her wagging tail around the shampoo bottle, passing it around her bulky self to settle in into the fennec's grasp. "Good derg," Zach chirped again playfully while he squeezed a few dollops of soap into his palms, lathering them up with suds before reaching out again.

Eryn shuddered and puffed in pleasure when she felt those slim, dextrous fingers slip in under the lower handle of her flabby neck, letting out a breathy hum while the sensitive flesh was scrubbed with tender care. She could feel that fat shifting and bouncing atop the hands that washed her, biting her lip slightly as she leaned forward against the touch. "Hey now, don't you go pinning me again, missy," Zach tutted, tail flicking against the dragoness' chest playfully, a chuckle of delight rising from the fennec when the light swat had Eryn giving a squeak. The fox grunted when his partner lowered her head contritely, unintentionally pressing the impressive heft of her neck down atop his palms, pinning the limbs between the rolls of her neck and those of her upper chest.

"You goofy noodle! What did I just say?" the vulpine laughed as he gave exaggerated tugs at his trapped hands, getting another gasping "eep!" when Eryn hastily lifted her head, giggling along with her mate as she blushed deeply beneath her fur. "You big ol' dope," Zach tittered, lifting the dragon's neck fat in both palms to bounce the supple flesh teasingly, "You gotta be careful with all this. I'm just a teeny thing, you're liable to smoosh me with your bigness~"

Grinning at the deepening blush that accompanied shudders of pleasure from the dragon, the fox pressed himself closer as he kneaded his palms downward, summoning a low, breathy moan from the wyrm. "Just look at all this dragon I have to clean," Zach tutted as he shook his head, reaching outward to slide his digits under each of Eryn's fat forelimbs, working his digits into the fur beneath her arms as she shivered and cooed with helpless delight, "You really ought to be paying me, this is a looot of real estate to tend~"

Ears splayed and muzzle split into a dopey grin, Eryn trilled as she lowered her head to nuzzle gently at Zach's ears. "D-don't worry... I'll make it... mmh, worth your while~" she huffed over his head, making the fox smirk knowingly as he patted her chest.

"Oh you'd better, this is a ton of work here, in more ways than one," the fox replied with another cheeky grin.

The playful insistence had Eryn once more holding herself low, giving Zach the opportunity to reach up and start scrubbing under her chin. Eyes lighting up the moment she felt the fennec's digits against the sensitive surface, the dragon purred all the deeper as she settled her head into those hands, getting a grunt from the fennec when he found himself needing to support a noggin that was almost as big as his whole body. Fortunately the pillowy padding of the dragon's neck flab took a good deal of that weight as well, keeping the relaxing wyrm from unintentionally flattening her companion again.

Smiling at the sight of her double-chin squishing between his digits, Zach leaned up and pecked Eryn's boxy snout lovingly, her cheeks reddening again as she gave a shy, yet eager grin.

Leaning forward, she pressed her lips against the fennec's in turn, humming blissfully when she felt his hands gliding outward and upward to wrap around her tubby neck. The limbs were just barely able to meet together around the narrowest point of Eryn's scruff, pressing into the malleable hide in gentle, pleasant kneads that had her huffing against the fox through their kiss. Eyes closing, the dragon simply savored the touch of her companion, a state mirrored by the comparatively miniscule anthro that continued to slide his scritchng digits downward, until a playful grope behind her scruff had the wyrm letting out a soft, pleased gasp.

The dragon giggled as she lifted her head, breaking the kiss with a shy smile as she looked down to the smirking fennec. "Contain yourself, thirsty girl, I still gotta scrub the rest of yourself," Zach chuckled, patting the side of Eryn's neck and setting that sagging heft jiggling again.

With another blush, the dragoness's tail wagged as her head lowered, before perking up slightly the next moment. "G-gosh, but I *am* thirsty," came the breathy, eager, yet still timid reply, one that had Zach's brow quirking at the rather... *suggestive* quality to that tone.

"Oh, really?" the fox replied knowingly, palms walking down Eryn's collar and chest to press deep into the front curve of her belly, getting another shuddering moan from the excited wyrm. "Well, don't you know it, we're in the shower! Plenty here to curb a big girl's thirst," Zach pointed out, playing right along with that poorly-veiled suggestion.

Despite lingering sheepishness, Eryn's head lifted as her timid little smile grew a bit more brave from the encouraging response of her mate. "Oh, but the shower head is aaaall the way over there," the dragoness pointed out while looking over Zach's head, pointedly ignoring how, even on the far side like this, she could have used her lengthy tail to grasp that drizzling nozzle herself, "If only there was a kind, thoughtful fox who could help me~"

Rolling his eyes at the needy little request, Zach giggled as he reached up and ruffled the side of Eryn's neck, getting a giddy little giggle out of her. "I *suppose* I can indulge you, you lazy noodle," the fennec relented, before his own features perked up at an impish little urge that came to mind, "But first, you gotta close your eyes. And open up wiiide~"

Heart thudding with rising titillation, Eryn didn't even question the request, opening up her muzzle while lowering her head into easy reach, before letting her eyes flutter closed. She could feel the fox shift and turn, the drizzle of water moving as he took the shower head down from its hook. She could hear the metal squeaking when Zach unscrewed the head from the hose it was attached to, paws tapping at the floor of the shower in anticipation as she opened her muzzle even wider. Yet though she expected the fox to slip the flowing nozzle into her maw the next moment, Eryn's ears flicked as her head cocked when she felt him turn and slip out from in front of her. What was he ?

"Ah-ah! No peeking!" Zach rebuffed when he saw the dragon start to open her eyes to investigate, giggling when she squeaked and obediently closed them again, "Just stay riiigh there, lizard~"

Bemused, the dragon still did as she was told, holding her position while her tail flicked curiously. She heard Zach stepping around her, his palm resting on her flank to slide down her figure as the fox orbited her hefty frame. The first inkling of what was happening came to mind when the wyrm felt that hand slip under her tail where it met her rump, though she didn't even have time to process that thought before she let out a squeaky yip of shock, followed swiftly by a shuddering moan when she felt the warm water flowing into her from beneath that hefty tail. The warmth spread quickly, rising up inside the dragoness as she panted and huffed hard, all four paws clenching with arousal at how rapidly she was filling.

"O-oh god, th-that's... fast," Eryn gave a high-pitched blend between whimper and purr, her whole face bright crimson by the time Zach stepped back around with a cheeky smirk on his muzzle.

"Good thing I know you can take quite a lot," the fox crooned, sliding back into his previous position while patting Eryn's gut, "Now sit up, chonk, let me at that tum~"

Too worked up to even get embarrassed at that moniker, the dragon groaned as she shifted herself, forepaws pushing off to shove her heft backward while her hind paws shuffled forward. It was only by how practiced that motion was that Eryn managed to get all that fat moving enough to roll back onto her rump in one attempt, letting out another flustered moan when she felt the shower hose get pinned under her haunches. "Nng, I h-hope you're... a-ah, keeping track of those... knobs," Eryn cooed with rising pleasure as her forepaws rested atop her girthy paunch, ears splaying even more when she found that she could feel her fat resonating with the water that flowed into her from beneath.

"Don't worry, my big ol' noodle, I got it," Zach answered as he lowered himself, pressing deep into the dragon's paunch while he slipped his hands under that hefty orb to work the soap up into its lower reaches. Already he could feel the wyrm's belly pressing out just perceptibly more, an impressively quick pace given how her blubber usually hid the start of such bloats. "Besides... I know how much you love being a water balloon~"

The dragon gave involuntary gasps and huffs when Zach's fingers pressed up into her underbelly, squirming on her rump while a paw curved over her muzzle, muffling more excited moans and grunts summoned by the pleasure of her swelling girth. "G-god, ah, Z-Zach..." Eryn whimpered in overwhelming ecstasy, head tipping back while the water pressed her gut steadily more firmly against her lover, much to their shared approval. With deliberate slowness, the fennec worked the shampoo into Eryn's stretching hide, humming softly to her while he scrubbed the flustered dragoness's body. Each knead into her gut was met with just a bit more resistance, the wyrm cooing and thrumming as her tightening gut was assuaged so blissfully. Every movement of those palms had her relaxing more, easing her so that her paunch had more room inside, allowing the water more room within. Room that it seemed eager to fill.

Caught up as they were in the pleasure of the moment, the fox and dragon felt time melt away, each savoring the sensation of groping heft and squeezing rolls that grew ever more rounded by the moment. When the space between himself and the shower wall started to get tight, Zach simply pulled himself upward, mounting that swelling gut before it could squish the fennec

against the knobs behind him. The weight of the vulpine against her tightening gut had Eryn gasping and cooing again, almost involuntarily reaching out to pull the fennec closer, his slim frame sinking into her pillowy chest as she curled her head over his own.

Giggling within the embrace, Zach pulled back a bit as he reached up, cupping the wyrm's cheeks with a fond grin, tail swishing as he slowly rose up to eye-level with the dragoness, simply from her growing girth pushing up against the shower wall in front of her and starting to rise instead when it ran out of room to pool outward. "Such a pretty lizard," the fox hummed, soon sitting taller than his lover atop her billowing belly, much to her abashed delight, though she gave a soft huff as she squirmed on her haunches the next moment.

"U-um, Zach? Ngf, c-could you... turn off the water?" she asked, blushing as her ears splayed, panting hard in her hot and bothered, waterlogged state, "I, uh... I-I can feel the knobs starting to... g-get covered."

The fox blinked, before widening his eyes. "O-oh shoot!" Zach gasped, turning and hastily reaching back and downward. He actually had to squeeze his hand in between that growing paunch and the shower wall by the time he acted, hastily fumbling with the knobs that had become covered by that fluffy grey belly, until he managed to squeak them back into their off position.

"Whew, that was close!" the fox laughed, turning back around to see the dragon with her head low again, wearing that familiar, timid little grin between her blushing cheeks. "Any longer of that and we'd have needed to renovate the walls~" Zach tittered playfully, scooting back up that mountain of belly, draping himself over the dragon's chest so their snouts were touching, "Again~"

Blushing hard at the memory, Eryn tittered with a mix of regret and nostalgia, purring deep as she curled her doughy forelimbs over the fennec's figure. "Why are you so... wonderfully perfect?" she hummed through the haze of being blissfully bloated, brushing over Zach's moist ears lovingly.

"Cuz just look at me, duh," Zach giggled back, claws gliding up and down Eryn's neck as he leaned in, brushing his lips against her own, "Now, what do we do with a helplessly-beached landwhale~?"

The dragoness grinned through her fluster once more, returning the tender touch against Zach's on lips. "I can... th-think of a few things~"

Smirking atop that audibly-sloshing dome, the fox pulled the wyrm's head closer. "I bet you can," he hummed back, before their lips met once more.