

You amble into your apartment trying to be sneaky, though carrying a sack of greasy burgers and chicken almost the size of your torso doesn't make that easy. It seemed worth the attempt though, you can hear Barb snoring from the living room and getting up to her without waking her meant you could have some fun with this.

The smell started to wake her up the instant you were close enough. It was a sluggish process though, the vast expanse of your dragon girlfriend took up both left and center seats of the couch and had her gut dangling down between her legs, almost reaching the floor. Setting the food down in the only open spot, you smile for a moment as you watch Barb's face snort and twist her way into consciousness while slowly drifting toward the food.

It isn't until you plaster yourself bodily up against Barb's belly and nuzzle into her tits that you see her eyes open though. A quick snap, little slits there, and then they dilate as they smell the bacon and fried chicken and cheese and-

“Oh, *fuck yeah*, that's a good way to wake up. Here, little guy~”

You squeak a little as you find yourself lifted up off the ground. Barb tucks the food up against her tits first, letting it rest in her already grease stained cleavage and then planting you on the seat where it formerly rested.. and then shuffling herself over until you're watching one of her mammoth ass cheeks descend toward you. Getting your arms up in time is the best you can do before you feel all that soft weight in its scaly covering crushing you into the cushions below. It flows around your thighs and pins you down, leaving you utterly stuck underneath Barb's colossal weight. The dragoness then starts her feast..

Given where you are all you can do is reach around as best you can, but that's why you keep your arms free. Sometimes it's nice just to be completely trapped, but mostly you like digging your fingers into her sides and squeezing gently as she eats. You like rubbing at her gut, as best you can reach. For Barb's part, she was *mostly* busy eating.. Stuffing greasy, fatty food into her maw and tearing through an unreal amount of calories in just a few minutes was a little ritual you both delighted in anymore. It gets your girl excited, and when she's excited she gets *wiggly*.

The squirming leaves you gasping and tightening your grip as best you can. All that weight sloshing back and forth, pressing you to and fro, like a weighted blanket somehow crossed with a wave pool. You can't help getting rock hard against her thighs, and she can't help but notice.

“Heh.. 'Waking' you up too I see. This is the best~”

You lean in, burying your face up against Barb's back rolls and listening to the gurgling inside her as she digests. The loudest of pillows, particularly when you give her a little shake.. and realize, eventually, that it's bare scales against your body you're feeling.

“No pants today, eh? Naughty~”

There's a loud chuckle after that. You feel every inch of Barb jiggle and slosh around you while the dragoness tears into the last couple of burgers like they were little single mouthfuls. Barb just licks her maw and fingers and keeps bouncing gently on you.

“Nope! Don't fit in any of em anymore. Besides, getting new sizes every couple weeks.. Why bother, right? I'm so done with dealing with this. Why should a dragon bother anyway?”

You find yourself being leaned back into a bit more firmly. It plasters you deep into Barb's back fat and leaves you holding on tight to her sides while she keeps grinding at you. While your cock slides up along your thigh, taut and twitching gently as you squirm underneath her. Even your grip on her sides is folded into this as Barb lays her arms on yours, wrapping your hands inside her much larger ones, rolling her head back..

*Bwuoorpphhbb- HWUOURRRPHHHBB-*

The belch sets Barb's entire frame quivering gently and leaves her in a long, breathy moan at the end of it. It leaves *you* harder than you already had been, whimpering quietly as you futilely try to move *at all* underneath her.

“Heck. That was *good stuff*. That's that local place, right? The- *Bwurrphhb-* one with the rat mascot? This stuff would be great with barbecue or like.. steak sauce, or nacho cheese..”

It takes everything you have just to wrench your focus back enough to think about talking, and to keep enough breath in you to make that actually happen what with all that weight against your body. You wrap your fingers around Barb's thumbs, squeezing tight,

“Y-yeah! Th- *hwuff.* that's the one. T-they have some cheese sticks too a-and..”

Another bright laugh from your girlfriend follows that. Barb bounces harder on you and the couch creaks ominously for it. You worry for a moment that you'll be right on it when the thing shatters and *that* might get uncomfortable. Barb doesn't seem to think about it at all. The dragoness just cranes her neck around to nuzzle at your cheek, all scales and heat and love.

“Mmm.. Cheese stick burgers. Now *that's* an idea I can get behind.. Get *into* my behind. Oh, ah.. speaking of, I may have gouged a couple of door frames wider.”

You let out a squeak again at that.. but you can't hardly do much about it. Barb was *enormous* anymore and getting bigger by the week. Fitting through the door frames had been an issue for a little while now.

“B-but the l- *huff.* landl- *hwurf.*”

Another barked laugh rose up from Barb. You even see a little jet of flame accompany it.

“The land-lard? Yeah I know he's bitchy about this stuff. But if he gets snippy just let *me* talk to him. He won't get pushy with a *dragon* ya know? B- *BHWURRRPHHHBB*- ig jerk with a little penis and no balls.”

A little squeeze from Barb's hands on yours leaves your anxieties quieter. Mostly. There's still a bit of worry about the whole thing, about just how a dragoness would go about the business of 'convincing' a landlord of things. Then again, you only know so much about her means. Whether there's a hoard or not. Barb just never seemed worried about much of anything.. which was part of the charm.

For a couple minutes that's where the two of you leave it. You smothered, Barb nuzzling at you fondly and grinding her ass against your lap. It's a lovely, relaxing feeling. There's few things you can think of that you would enjoy more. Though, one of them.. Well, one of them comes around as Barb's stomach starts to rumble and twist again.

“Mmmn.. I might w- *Hwurphhb*- want some 'dessert' I think.. Yeah~”

It's a sudden thing, the gasp you let out when Barb starts to lift herself up off of you. There's just so damn much of Barb that it takes a while, you feel the weight shift and ebb first but she doesn't actually stop *touching* you at that point. Not until she's had another five or six seconds of groaning and lurching upward. You'd help, but the sheer weight of your girl and the fact that your arms are numb and tingly make the notion ridiculous. Barb manages anyway. She isn't beached *yet*.

“I do – and we dragons like to get what we want~”

There's a single fluid motion that follows that where Barb twists, actually a bit of a pirouette despite her immense bulk, and whips off her shirt leaving her wholly nude. The vaguely spicy smelling sweaty thing is flung directly at your head, after which it slides off slowly while you watch Barb lick her lips and give you a little sashay before she leans over top of you, breasts dangling down across your chest and almost in your lap, her tongue sliding across her jaw.

“And lucky me, I have you to pr- *BWURRRRRPHHHBB*- provide it!”

You're still quite numb *most* places when Barb peels your pants open and sets her tits down on your lap. Just how thoroughly you're feeling helpless is enough to make you think it was part of the point, your cock is standing *straight* up between those soft breasts and with Barb squeezing them together it's all you can manage to squirm a bit in her grasp. The dragoness coaxes the tip of you up out from between them and nuzzles at it.

“H-oh.. ohgod.. Oh t-this szzisgud~”

Barb bursts into laughter again, tickling the head of you with her tongue before the long serpentine thing slipped out of her throat – two *feet* of tongue, wrapped tight around you and squeezing greedily while she works you with her tits.

With your body tingling while your nerves flare up into bursts of pleasure all you can really manage is a squirm or two while Barb handles you. She kneads at her own tits, using the pressure from it to set you to dribbling a steady stream of precum. Then, once she has you primed, the dragoness leans in. Hungry, demanding, powerful – everything you love her for. All of it wrapped snugly around your cock while she starts to suck.

All you can manage through that is a shaky 'hhhwrnngle..' while Barb takes you in entirely. You feel her lips dig into you up to the hilt and the fat collection of rolls around her neck start to slosh and bounce subtly as she slides up and down. That's almost enough by itself, that and the masterful slithering of her tongue up and down your shaft. She pauses, edging you a bit, so she can speak once more.

“I swear, honeysuckle-”

Barb leans back in and takes you to the hilt again, dragging her tongue back over you, purring so loud you feel it through your skin. That, everything but specifically that, sets you off at last. A throbbing, bucking eruption right into Barb's waiting throat as you paw weakly at her cheeks and breathe like you've been running a marathon. Your dragoness keeps guzzling away at you, sucking everything she can out of your aching dick.

Sinking into deeper and deeper layers of bliss as Barb tends to your needs with her tongue, you find yourself with Barb holding your hand once more as she chugs cum until your body limply runs out of stamina for this particular seduction.. At least until later tonight.

“You are my *favorite* part of my hoard~”