

A pair of pretty young women trotted through a bonkers little neighborhood. Their names were Jane and Dee. They were in grad school and had spent the last few years as roommates, in part because their tastes were so similar. Indeed, their interest in unique locals was what had brought them here in the first place. It was the local city's toontown. Dee had read a writeup in the local papers recently and the pair decided it was worth spending a weekend seeing just what sort of sights there were to see within a section of town entirely populated by toons.

"Wow," Dee said, with a giddy little giggle. "They're, um... *adult toons*."

Perhaps it shouldn't have come as a surprise that the kinkier aspects of toontown didn't find their way into an article written for mass consumption. But now that they were here, they weren't quite certain how they'd found enough *non-kinky* stuff to fill the article. While the pair weren't prudes, they also weren't a couple. A place where bouncing, vividly colored creatures of all descriptions were indulging in exceptionally public displays of every conceivable debauchery would have been a fun, titillating idea for a naughty date or a bachelorette party. Just visiting with a friend was a shade embarrassing. But they were determined to make the most of the trip. They were nothing if not adventurous. Surely there was *something* here they could enjoy.

Both Jane and Dee tried to think of just what sort of place they could find something that *wasn't* hypersexualized. Not that it wasn't fun to watch this wackiness unfold, but a little bit of a palate cleanser would be nice. They both spotted the likely answer at the same moment.

"The restaurant district!" Dee said. "Let's sample some toon cuisine! Surely even *they* can't kink *that* up."

They marched down the street following signs that, perhaps predictably, suggested they "Eat At Joe's." It turned out to be a vaguely 1950's style diner. They slipped inside and took a seat. At the next booth over, a great white shark that looked like it was about 80% teeth grinned in anticipation, rubbing its fins together. The waitress, a pink cat on roller skates with a figure like a barbie doll, rolled up. She had a heap of sushi, every last piece of which had big blinking eyes and goofy smiles like they were mascots in a commercial.

"Here ya go, mistah!" she said, holding out the tray.

The shark stretched its maw wide enough for a sedan to park in it, then chomped. After the flash of teeth, the tray, half of the table, and the top half of the waitress were all missing. The now-abbreviated waitress tottered about as a pair of legs while the shark picked its teeth and paced out of the restaurant. The half-waitress skated clumsily over to the girls. With a rubbery

creak followed by a startling pop, the top half of her body sprang up as though she'd somehow ducked entirely into her apron to avoid the bite.

"Sorry about that, ma'am!" the waitress said.

She reached into her cleavage and revealed a pad and pen.

"What can I getcha?" she said.

"Oh, uh. We haven't seen a menu yet," Dee said.

"Couple'a menus. Comin' up!"

She set the pad and pen down on the table, then snagged the neck of her blouse with one finger to stretch it out a bit more. Her fingers waggled with a twinkling sound. She rammed her arm elbow deep into her own cleavage. It came out first with a pair of chattering teeth, then with a plunger, then with a doggie toon wearing a snorkel. Each was tossed aside—except for the doggie, who dove back in—before finally two menus were yanked free and set on the table.

"I'll give ya some time ta make up ya minds, ma'ams," she said.

They flipped through the pages of the still-warm menus. Every dish was helpfully paired with a picture. Each one, from the fried eggs to the chocolate cake, wasn't so much a meal as a mascot. Eyes, mouths, and in some cases arms and legs were standard.

"So? What'll it be?" the waitress said, showing up so suddenly it caused both girls to jump.

"Do you... um... have anything without a personality?" Dee asked.

"Props, ya mean? There's the milkshakes," she said, indicating the stools in front of the bar with the eraser of her pencil.

Dee looked and found a hulking cartoon bear waving a hand. A picture perfect chocolate malt, topped with whipped cream and a cherry, slid over in front of him. It would have been just the sort of thing they were interested in, except it must have been five gallons. The thing was *massive*. The bear licked his chops and tipped the thing up. With each gulp his belly bulged more and more. By the time he'd drained it, his belly was a wobbling, stretched-taut sphere larger than the rest of his body. He burped and fell woozily backward off his stool.

"Do you have any smaller sizes?" asked Jane.

“That was the smaller size. What’s a mattah? Ya watchin’ yer figures? He seems like a satisfied customah, don’t he?”

Two of the other waitresses, who all looked remarkably like the one serving them, were trying to get the bear on his feet. One was in front, tugging at his belly. The other was in back, hoisting at his shoulders. With their help, he heaved himself upward, but the momentum was a bit much and he continued all the way forward, splatting face first onto the hapless waitress in front. When he got to his feet again, a pair of rollerskate clad feet were wagging out of his belly button. He shrugged and wandered out of the restaurant without plucking her free.

Dee shut the menu. “Sorry, I just don’t find any of this, you know, appetizing. I’m adventurous, but I’m not really in the mood to eat something that can watch me doing it.”

“Same,” said Jane.

“Oh! No problem. Head out to the street. There’s one ‘o them roach coaches. Ya know, food trucks? They’ll fix ya up with somethin’ that’ll do the trick.”

They looked at each other.

“Seems like at the very least there’s not likely to be enough room in a food truck for too much in the way of shenanigans. Let’s give it a try,” Dee said.

They excused themselves just in time for a possum toon with an uncountable number of children to descend upon the diner and fill every available seat.

The food truck was easy enough to find. In fact, it felt like it found *them*, since it sure wasn’t outside the door when they arrived, but now it was dead center in front of the diner. Impossible to miss. The side of the truck was labeled “Hot, Wet, and Reddy: Lifechanging Lunches.” There didn’t appear to be anyone at the window of the truck, through there were odd sounds coming from within. A strange, translucent bust of a fox was mounted on the side of the truck. It was, like most toon ladies in the town, extremely busty. It was red and translucent, with what may have been what was supposed to be its own butt jutting out beneath it with tail held high and tucked under the grinning face like a hand. Through the odd see-through surface they could see a visible tube, running from the mouth out of sight through the wall she was mounted to, then out again to her “business ends.” It looked like an overgrown version of one of those weird sex toys, an onahole.

“Reddy,” Jane murmured. “Did they spell Ready wrong?”

“Hey, sweet cheeks, I know how to spell my own name,” said the bust, suddenly snapping out of its stationary pose and poking her in the chest with the tip of the tail like it was an accusing finger. “So what’ll it be? We’ve got things to suck on, things to swallow. You could just give this a lick.”

Her butt wagged invitingly as she did so.

“We were actually just in the diner there and we saw that the food was... I don’t know. Unappetizing?” Jane said. “Toon food is a little more *alive* than we’re accustomed to eating. They said you might be able to help us out with a meal.”

As she spoke, the sounds from inside the food truck were getting louder. A rhythmic, rubbery squeak was now joined by a whimpering squeal. By the time Jane had finished talking, the squeal and squeak was joined by a honk of the horn with every bounce.

“Just a second,” Reddy said. “Wet! Would you keep it down in there?”

The door popped open. A smaller, considerably more translucent toon raccoon was revealed to be the source of the noise. She was even more obviously a sex toy, little more than a few holes intended for entertainment purposes. She was rather noisily humping the gear shift, though in her defense, it was likely the only thing she *could* do. She was basically nothing but a torso, boobs jiggling as she bounced on the head of the gear shift which had been driven up her vagina and into the tube that ran through her.

“You’re the one that stuck me on here,” Wet said. “I told you to ram me onto that wolf guy who dropped his pants to give you a ride, but you said ‘no free samples.’ You can’t blame a girl for making the best of a good situation.”

“That’s it. Where’s Hot?”

A robotic arm, which looked a bit like a vacuum hose with a big white glove on the end, emerged from the ceiling and tapped the button for the glove compartment. Out sprang a similarly sex-toy-like toon cat. The robo-arm grabbed her, hoisted her up, and drove her down over the raccoon, muffling her voice as she visibly squirmed inside the see-through kitty. For her part, Hot’s eyes rolled back and she far more quietly enjoyed the sensations. The robot arm slammed the door.

“Sorry about that. You were saying you didn’t like the diner food. I got something here that’ll do the job.”

Two more robotic arms dropped down and started mixing and preparing. Cocktail shakers, blenders, and hand mixers flung assorted flecks of goop every which way. Then with a pristine **DING** a perfectly conventional strawberry milkshake was presented.

“There you go. Five bucks. Slip it in the old honeypot and we’ll call it even.”

“I’m not so sure about this...” Jane said, looking suspiciously at the drink.

“Oh, it looks fine. We can’t just be sheepish about *everything* in this place. Tell you what. You pay for it and I’ll be the guinea pig.”

“No one ever said anything about being a guinea pig. You wanted a guinea pig, you should’ve ordered one,” Reddy said.

“No, I just meant... nevermind, I’ll pay, too.”

She took out a five dollar bill, positioned it over the presented slit, and poked it isn’t. Reddy purred appreciatively.

“Enjoy your shake,” she said, firing off a salute with her tail rather than a hand. “Wet! Let’s get out of here! Time to find our next customer.”

A squeaky yelp accompanied the shift of the gearbox and then the food truck spun its tires and sped off.

Jane looked at Dee, who was holding the milkshake with a bemused look on her face.

“Are you *sure* you want to drink that?” Jane asked.

Dee tipped the cup, swirled it, and gave it a sniff.

“It’s... sort of a strawberry cotton candy sort of smell. Seems completely mundane,” Dee said.

“I’m pretty sure I just saw a cat and negotiating with a mouse hooker using a mallet in the alley across the street. This place is fun, but I get the feeling we’re not going to find anything truly mundane here.”

“What’s the worst that can happen?” she asked.

She took a sip. Jane watched her nervously while she considered the flavor.

“Anything?”

“I was right. It’s strawberry cotton candy. It’s *really* good. You sure you don’t want some?”

“I’ll wait until we get back to the hotel room and order something. What do you want to see next? Oh... it must *really* be good.”

Dee had popped the top off the shake and taken a big swig straight from the cup. She grinned, with a big strawberry shake-mustache.

“You are *absolutely* sure you don’t want any,” she said.

“All yours,” Jane said.

Dee tipped back the shake again, a bit overzealously. A splash of the stuff overflowed onto her face and ran down her chin, but the sloppiness didn’t even give her pause. She kept chugging, making a mess of her face and shirt until she had more shake on her outfit than should have been in the cup to begin with. And she just kept drinking. She tipped her head back, splooshing enough of the sweet pink stuff to completely cover her face and hair. It dripped steadily down, coating her body with a thoroughness and efficiency that couldn’t be natural. She tapped the bottom of the cup with a gooey pink hand until the last drop trickled into her open mouth, then tossed the cup aside. She blinked her big blue eyes and shook her head like a wet dog. Pink drops flew everywhere. Her blonde hair rustled free of the stuff, but it seemed to cling to her face. She wiped it from her chest and belly, but what it revealed wasn’t her outfit. Sweeping away the remnants of the ice cream revealed a peach colored belly, nicely round and ribbed with wide, glossy scales. She rubbed her face again, brushing the remaining shake from a bulbous, round muzzle with grinning lips.

By the time she was free of the last bit of shake, it wasn’t her friend Dee standing before her. At least, not as she *should* have been. In her place was a cartoon dragoness. She still had her blonde hair, gorgeous and full, but it continued down her back in a sort of mane/frill that reached all the way to the tip of her tail. She was pear shaped, with an adorable belly and stubby legs ending in big clawed feet. Her hands were danty, with what looked like a cross between painted fingernails and naturally pink claws at the tips of her four fingers. Aside from her peach underbelly and a few magenta spots here and there, she was the same bright pink as the milkshake. Somehow, she’d picked up a few feet of height in the change, such that Jane now only came up to her chest.

“Dee, what the hell...” Jane said.

“What?” Dee said. “Do I still have something on my face?”

The voice was still her own, though with a downright manic level of bubbly enthusiasm.

“You’re a dragon. You’re a toon dragon or something,” Jane said.

“Uh-huh!” she said brightly. “So what do you want to do now? We’ve got the whole day ahead of us, still. I’m kind of hungry. We should grab another bite. And you ought to get something too, sweetie.”

“... You’re sure you feel alright?”

“I feel *great!*” Dee said. “Come on! Let’s keep having this adventure!”

She grabbed Jane by the hand and practically pranced off to explore more of toontown together.



After a few more hours of exploration, Dee finally agreed to head back to the hotel. Jane had hoped whatever change had happened to her friend would wear off, but the sun had set and she was just as shiny, colorful, upbeat, and dragon-y as she was right after the ill-advised milkshake.

“I’m not tired yet. And I’m still kind of hungry,” Dee said.

“You’ve been nothing *but* hungry since you changed,” Jane said. “You ate like your whole body weight in toon food. We’re lucky they stopped charging you once you looked like a toon.”

“Yeah,” she snorted, wrinkling her imminently boopable snout. “*Look* like a toon. So what do you want to do before bed?”

“I don’t know. Watch some TV? I’m probably going to hop on the internet and see what we’re supposed to do about your little makeover.”

“Oh, do you like my hair?” Dee said, running her stubby fingers through her flowing locks. “So nice of you to notice. Okay, then. TV it is.”

Dee clicked to the TV on and surfed to a brain dead action movie. Before Jane could even pull out her phone to investigate if toon-tf was something they missed on the “things to watch out for” section of the tourism guide for toontown, Dee grabbed the comparatively smaller woman and easily hefted her off the ground. The dragon hopped up and bounced onto the bed, then cuddled Jane in front of her like a stuffed animal, each facing the TV while Jane sunk a bit into the plush belly of her friend.

“Uh... Dee?”

“Mm-hmm?” Dee said, not even looking away from the TV.

“What’s this all about?” Jane asked, struggling to free herself only to be hugged a little closer.

“Just watching TV with my bestie.”

“I’ve got my own bed over there,” Jane said.

“Mm-hmm!” Dee murmured pleasantly, as though the statement hadn’t had any bearing on their present situation.

Jane struggled one more time, got squeezed still tighter for her trouble, and decided it wasn’t worth the effort. She stayed wrapped in the short but powerful arms of her friend and thumbed at her phone.

Over the course of an hour or so, Jane discovered there was no reliable information about anything like this happening anywhere on the internet. Either it was rare to the point of being unheard of or it was being covered up, and she felt certain something this bizarre wouldn’t stay out of the news or off social media. No prior examples meant no easy solutions. It didn’t help that Dee was getting progressively more distracting in her snuggling.

At first it was just a hug. If she took the mental effort to ignore how weirdly intimate it was, it was actually kind of nice. Jane and Dee had never been anything but friends. Certainly not the hugging each other in the same bed sort of friends, either. But she was warm, she was smooth, she was soft, and she was a good hugger. As the evening rolled on, now and again she would feel the snoot of her friend bury itself in her hair and take a long whiff followed by a contented sigh. Weird. Before long, Dee was resting her chin on top of Jane’s head as she watched TV, periodically tipping her cheek down to snuggle it against Jane’s cheek cutely until she was pushed away. That was the most annoying part... Until a few minutes later.

As Jane found a dubiously reliable source online of a man dating a dominatrix toon who he claims was once his human girlfriend, she felt a weird sensation on the top of her head. It started like one of the sniffs, but there was a lot more motion and sensation, like things were questing and moving around up there.

“Seriously, Dee, are you kissing my head or something? What’s going on with--”

SNARF

Her vision vanished as she felt a warm, moist pressure slurp down over her head. The sweeping, squirming motion of a tongue tickled down the back of her neck and lips fluttered and nibbled at

her collar bones. Dee had slurped her entire head into her mouth. The maw yawned wide again and started to slide lower, pivoting side to side in attempts to hook the stretchy lips over her shoulders.

“No, no, no! Absolutely *not!*” Jane raved, grabbing the nibbling lips and stretching them up and away from her.

She fought herself free of Dee’s grip and scrambled to her feet. The dragon grinned at her curiously, big blue eyes a bit confused as her tail flopped cutely to and fro on the foot of the bed.

“Something wrong?” Dee said innocently.

“You were just sucking on my head!” Jane said.

“Oh, that?” Dee said, dismissing it with a wave of her hand. “That was just because I was eating you.”

“What?”

She slapped her belly, producing an odd, hollow, “bouncing basketball” kind of sound. “I wanted you in my tummy. Come on over. You were yummy and I only got a taste.”

“Dee, listen to yourself.”

She raised her eyebrows. “What? Is my tummy rumbling?”

She turned her head and curled her long neck to listen to her belly.

“You just said you wanted to eat me.”

“Mm-hmm!” She clapped eagerly. “Can I? I guess I should have asked how you wanted it, but better late than never. Feet first or head first.”

“I don’t want to be eaten at *all.*”

“Come on! I could do it slow? Would you like that better?” she said hopefully.

“No!”

“Fast then? I could fold you in half and slurp you in butt first.” She said, a bit of stress in her voice. “Lots of licking? Everyone loves licking right? I’ve got other holes. You could slide up the back side?”

“What are you *talking* about?”

“Little nibbles maybe?” she offered with the tiniest dash of desperation. “Starting at the tips of your feet?”

She clasped her hands together, pleading now.

“I could drizzle you with honey? Or barbecue sauce maybe? Dunk you in syrup? Jane, please! However you want it, I promise I’ll eat you up just how you like. I need it though.”

“Stop it.”

“But I *really* want to eat you,” Dee whined. “Pretty please? I’ve been thinking of it all day but I wanted to save it. You know. For when we were alone. But I don’t think I can wait anymore.”

She hopped off the bed. Jane backed away.

“Seriously. I’m not letting you eat me.”

“Awwww... It’ll be fun, though.”

She took a step forward. Those bright, friendly eyes were starting to look different. They were still bright, and maybe a little *too* friendly. The pupils seemed smaller, the iris more vivid and piercing. She looked hungry. And not just for a meal. It was some sort of all-purpose look of desire.

“I’ve been thinking about it. You sliding down my throat. Popping into my belly. You’d fill me up *so* nice. Tucked away tight in there. Curled up inside my tummy.” She rubbed her belly, grin fading a bit. “A yummy meal and then a full feeling.”

“That’s crazy talk.”

Dee stepped closer. A visible ripple rolled across the surface of her tummy as a rumbling growl vibrated from within.

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m *sure* you’ll be nice and filling,” Dee said reassuringly, licking her lips. “A real treat. Just what the doctor ordered.”

Jane slipped further back. She’d made the mistake of choosing the wrong direction. The exit was *behind* Dee now.

“I’ll *die* if you eat me,” Jane said.

“Oh!” Dee said, as if in a moment of realization. “Sure, I suppose so, if that’s the way you want it.”

She inched closer, rubbing her hands together eagerly.

“I wasn’t really thinking of hard vore or digestion...”

Another step, drool glistening at the corner of her mouth.

“...but if that’s what you’re into.”

She huffed a breath and slurped the drool up with another hungry lick.

“Should I chew?”

Jane ran out of room, now backed against the wall. Dee placed a hand on either side of her, looking down from above.

“Is that it?” she breathed. “Do you want me to chew?”

“I don’t want you to eat me at all!”

Dee frowned like a toddler who didn’t get the cookie she asked for.

“Ple-e-e-ase,” Dee said, straightening up and clutching her fingers. “I *need* it.”

“You ate plenty already. You aren’t going to starve.”

“I don’t need the *food*. I need *you*.”

She inched forward. Her hands drummed lightly on her round belly as it started to nudge against Jane. The human could feel their drumming as a vibration of the skin pressing against her.

“It’s why I exist. It’s what toon dragons are *for*.” Dee said.

“You’re a human who *looks* like a toon dragon right now.”

“I am what I am,” Dee nudged her belly a little closer, dimpling it against Jane as she was more and more pinned to the wall. “And I am *why* I am. Toons have a why. Mine? Mine is because eating people is fun and cozy and kinky and I *need to do it*.”

“You’re not a toon! And you don’t need to eat people,” Jane insisted, trying to slip aside but finding herself properly wedged between tummy and wall.

Dee loomed over her in an adorable but ominous way. She took Jane's hands by the wrists and pressed them down on the bulging upper curve of her belly.

"What does that feel like?" Dee asked, eyes wide and intense as she looked down at her.

"Come on, Dee..."

"What does it feel like, Jane?"

"It feels smooth and warm."

"Does that feel like a human belly or a toon belly?" Dee asked.

"Toon, but--"

The belly rumbled under her fingertips, Jane looked at the trembling belly anxiously.

"It's... just a costume... A covering or something. You're not a toon," Jane insisted.

She looked up at Dee. The bright blue eyes had shifted a bit. Now they looked like concentric rings of alternating blue and white, radiating outward like ripples on a pond. It was the exact look a cartoon character would have if it was being hypnotized. The look a toon would have if it wasn't in its right mind.

Dee leaned forward, putting still more pressure on the belly against Jane's body.

"Lemme eat you a little? Just a little nibble," she murmured, her voice almost sultry. "I can make sure it feels good for both of us. Nibble all your favorite parts. Taste you. Suckle you. Lick and slurp you. I can make you squirm if you'll just let me gobble you up."

"Humans don't eat other humans."

"Toon dragons eat whoever they like."

"That's *not what you are!*"

Her plump tummy pressed so hard against Jane it bulged out and touched the wall on either side of her. If she hadn't raised her hands to feel the belly they would have been pinned at her sides.

"Feel my snout," Dee said.

"What?"

“Feel my snout. If I’m not a toon, it’ll feel like a mask, right?”

Dee huffed a breath and curled her neck down, closer to Jane. Little wisps of smoke curled from her nostrils as she gazed deeply into Jane’s eyes. Jane raised a hand and touched it to her snout. It was round, smooth, just like the rest of Dee. Yielding, but not hollow. It was solid. Warm in a fleshy way, springy and real like she imagined a dolphin must feel. Dee sure did feel like a real toon and not a--

SHLUP

Dee’s tongue snaked out and curled around the wrist, slurping it neatly into her maw. The lips curled into a grin around the wrist, the pulsing eyes filled with a combination of hunger, desire, and relief as springy teeth and a slippery tongue nibbled and suckled down Jane’s arm. The human reached up to try to brace herself against the nose and yank her arm free, but a neat little curl of her lips and slurp of her tongue pulled the second hand in as well. She could feel her fingers starting to curl down a tight, slippery throat as the pink snoot nibbled its way closer and closer.

“C-come on, Dee. This is crazy. You can’t--”

SLURMPH

For the second time, the shiny pink maw pushed down over her head, but this time her arms were already helplessly packed into a tight tube ahead of her. Her face was treated to a savory slurp, then the tongue curled beneath her chin and the pressure on her arms tightened. A squelching gulp tugged her deeper. Now her face was mashed into the back of the throat, her chest slithering along the tongue.

Swallow after hungry swallow yanked her deeper and deeper. Her feet left the ground, her legs dragging up between the belly and the wall as she doubled over and slipped down the throat. Undulating, rubbery rings of cartoony muscle mashed and kneaded her deeper. She felt her feet wrangled by stubby hands and forced inside until the jaws could close over them. For a few moments, Jane existed as a long, feminine bulge running down Dee’s neck. Then a final monumental gulp drove her fully into a snug, bouncy chamber. The toon’s tummy.

“Mmm...” Dee murmured, her voice a basy thrum all around Jane. “You were *so* yummy and squirmy and good. You were a tasty meal, sweetie. So tasty. So good.”

Jane shoved and kicked at the walls of the belly. It wasn’t as awful inside as Jane would have thought. No stink of digestion or sting of acid. It felt like she’d been stuffed into a rubber sack, or

some sort of inflatable ball. There was plenty of room to slip and slide and struggle, and there wasn't even any evidence of the many prior meals Jane knew she must have had. After a few more kicks and punches, Dee giggled and nudged at the hands and feet and elbows, wherever they bulged out.

“Oh! Lovely!” Dee said. “Do that some more. It feels *wonderful*. A proper wriggly meal.”

“Let me out!” Jane demanded.

“You feel so *good* in there.” Dee hugged her from the outside, mashing her to stillness for a moment. “Isn't it comfy? Doesn't it feel sort of sexy?”

“Sexy!?! You ate me!”

“Mmm... I ate you...” Dee said dreamily. “Gulped you right down. Head first. Curled up good and tight inside your predator...”

She sighed.

“I feel better now,” Dee said.

“Then let me out!” Jane said.

“So you don't want me to digest you then?”

“*Of course I don't want you to digest me, you crazy dragon!*”

“Should I spit you out? Should I push you through? I want this to be fun for you.”

“*JUST LET ME OUT!*”

The walls of the rubbery sack of a tummy squeezed tight around her. She felt her body pinched by the slippery flesh and mashed upward, sliding up the throat again like toothpaste from a tube. She felt the tongue against her face for the second time, but the lips didn't part. As the throat neatly disgorged her, she was packed tighter and tighter into the bulging cheeks until her whole body must have been in an insanely stretched mouth.

P'TOO

Jane went flying through the air and bounced to a stop on her bed, having been unceremoniously spat out by her friend turned predator. She scrambled back as Dee took a seat on the bed beside

her. The madness was gone from her eyes. He looked satisfied and content, like an addict who had just got her fix.

“So,” Dee said happily. “Wanna finish watching the movie? ... Before dessert?”