

THAT TIME MY BOYFRIEND ATE MY PARENTS

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My name is Amanda, and my husband is a dragon. Technically, he's a drake because he doesn't have wings, but he insists on being called a dragon, and I respect his choices. Despite all the shit he's done to me, he's all I have in this crazy, unpredictable world of craziness. And even though he did eat my parents... and some of my friends (I assume), he's just so nice, gentle, and caring. He's the perfect partner and I wouldn't be where I am today without him: courageous, independent, and in control.

I first laid eyes on him when I went to my best girlfriend's birthday celebration... or well, he laid his eyes on me. We went to a restaurant for lunch. It was a big hangout for birds, apparently, and Cassie wanted to go. It was me, Cassie, Summer, and Ava. Cassie and Ava were the only bird friends I knew—I don't quite remember what they were, but I remember Cassie having dull feathers. Ava came from a long line of wealthy ravens; she dyed her head and tail feathers pink. I think it suited her. Summer and I were the only human girls at the table, ironically, for the place being a "bird spot," Ava and Cassie were outliers. I

think one of the reasons it's considered a bird spot is because of the menu.

Cassie just turned 24 and moved into her new condo a few weeks ago. It was a mix between a birthday celebration and a housewarming party. On the floor next to her were bags full of new coat hangers, shirts, cutlery, everything. To my surprise, she liked it. While everyone was congratulating Cassie on moving out and getting older, we were all throwing shade at each other for “being stuck in the nest” in bird terms. I know it was all harmless jokes—we were all living with our parents—but I felt a bit attacked by it.

We were just about to eat when I saw him. He came in by himself, a tall, bipedal dragon on the heftier side. He wore a jacket that complimented his green scales but was too small to cover his soft, cream-colored stomach scales. Like the rest of his species, he didn't wear pants, it's not like he really needed pants; he was smooth. Though that wasn't my concern, what was concerning was the way he looked at me. He looked starved, and for some reason, it got my stomach in an unbreakable bind. He kept throwing eyes at me until he reached the bar, then he magically lost interest.

I wasn't sure how old he was, it's hard to tell with dragons. He didn't have any scars, his scales looked young, and he dressed sensibly. He looked

“young” for a dragon; that can mean anything from forty to a hundred in his years.

“Get a load of him,” Cassie chirped and giggled. She hid her beak behind her large, winged arm.

“Did you see the way he was staring at Amanda?” Summer leaned in.

“As far as I know he could’ve been staring at any of us!” Ava chimed. “Hope he doesn’t do that again,”

The general mood toward him was discomfoting. While Summer’s face was flushed and the two birds’ feathers flustered, it wasn’t out of attraction but fear. Nothing comes good with a stare like that, no matter the size, gait, or appearance of where those stares are coming from. Even though he didn’t look back, my girlfriends were on edge from his initial gawk. I wasn’t, while everyone was trying to forget I still looked at him from time to time. He sat at a booth by the bar, and all I could see was his neck and head. He had ram-like horns and a beak-like muzzle. He sat alone, that was until a guy came and sat with him. He shot him the same look he shot me.

I slumped back into our booth. I couldn’t lie; I felt something rise in me like I had lost a chance. I didn’t even know him, but I was in love; I tried not to think about it. He probably saw me as a snack—and I wasn’t looking to be someone’s plaything. My

friends were visibly relieved that he was sitting with someone.

Finally, we were leaving, but I had a few too many drinks and had to pee. As I came out, I saw yet another concerning turn of events. The guy who was seeing that dragon walked into the bathroom, and not a moment later, he rounded the corner and followed him in, a perverted look glazed onto his muzzle. I had a sneaking suspicion of what was going on, and I wasn't sure if I enjoyed it or not.

I was starting to see things in that dragon, that was until he shot me that look again, a hungry look, and that sent my stomach back into bundles! I scurried out and met with my girlfriends, they saw through the window what happened with me, that guy, and the dragon and couldn't stop chatting about it. I didn't want to hear about it, because deep down my gut was telling me that it should have been me going into that bathroom.

The rest of the day went by uneventfully. We walked around the shopping row that bird spot was on. I never saw that dragon again nor did my girlfriends, but they kept their eyes open just in case so we could all flee together. Eventually, we all got bored, went back to Cassie's place, drank and watched a sob movie, and kissed each other good night. I took a ride-share back home. It was supposed to be a night

for Cassie—a good day for all of us really—but after lunch, it felt more like a day for me: a big realization that I was 22, never found love, and was still living in my parents’ place and wasn’t in school. And I was helpless to that realization.

A week later I wanted a change, and the first was getting into a relationship. I doom-scrolled dating apps: Moodle, Heartreach, Helping Hands, Yesterday, and the whole lot. Each one I reached my daily amount of watches, scrolls, flips, and interests, but nothing came back. I did go on a date with a lion, but he smelled and looked at his phone the entire time. I about had it, that was until I saw that dragon again front and center. It was a nice picture too, it lacked that “energy” he gave off back at the bird spot. He was posing on top of a cliff, his arms in a perpetual pump. His name was Wayne, and he was 19 in human years—I was right when I saw him, about 40.

I hovered over the interested button, and despite everything I saw at the bird spot, I was too curious to say no. Not even a few minutes later he started a conversation:

Hey :)

Hi! :)

I saw you at the restaurant a few days ago, I thought you

looked interesting sooo... I was wondering if u wanted 2 go out for a bite?

*Oh sure! I thought the same thing when I saw u haha ;)
I'm curious what happened 2 ur other date?*

*He wasn't fulfilling ;p
Sucks for him! Where and what time?*

Let's just say I couldn't think straight, and I stayed that way until the day after I went out for dinner. I told the girls about him, and the date plan. They told me not to go, he gave what they called "bad vibes". I wasn't thinking straight (as I said) and went anyway despite their warnings. I was curious and somewhat desperate for a partner—of course, I didn't tell the girls that.

We met at a bar Wayne frequented. I don't remember the name but it was vastly different from the restaurant I went to with the girls. It was wild, to say the least; a bar and grill. We sat in a booth, the moody lighting looked good on his green muzzle. He kept grinning at me like I was some cow or cut of meat; it made me *feel* weird. Ironically, he barely touched me, not even a hug or a handhold, but we talked and talked.

“Yeah, I moved here on my own when I was sixteen; parents kicked me out,” he said, slurping a mojito. “But I’ve been well off all thanks to my skill,”

“Skill in what? Do you have a trade,” I asked, feeling sympathetic for his sob story. “Skill in this,” he flexed his biceps, they were *HUGE*. I found out later that he had trades in automotive, and even carpentry (something that was passed down), but I couldn’t help but laugh at his brazen-yet-smooth flirting. It made me *feel* weird.

“I do interior design for fake sets for a large furniture company; I also own stocks,” I said. He nodded as if he was very impressed. Though it was hard to take him seriously with that sharp grin of his and piercing yellow eyes. Again, he stared at me as if I was food. It made me *feel* weird. Most of what I said about my job was true, the only exception being was I simply put what they called ‘natural clutter’ on furniture.

We had a lot in common. I said one thing, he’d nod and say he was into it as well. Flowers, books, lighting, nails, magazines, celebrities, and interior design—how convenient! It made me *feel* kind of weird. He built on his interests, too, especially his carpentry.

“I made a few clocks and Victorian-style beds for a niche craftsman,” he said in his thick, suave voice.

He ordered a steak and simply tilted the plate into his maw. He showed me pictures as he swallowed; they were something alright.

I didn't want to tell him, but it was only fair because he shared his living situation, "Not to be weird or anything, but I still live with my parents," I didn't realize but I turned red. He gazed at me, not with an 'ick' or dissatisfaction, but genuine curiosity.

"I feel it's natural to stay with loved ones, especially in our current condition," he said sweetheartedly. I assume he meant economy; I forgot to ask him, I was too mesmerized... especially as he slipped another steak down his wide throat. He opened up some more to me, it was more caring than what I briefly saw between him and that other dude. "Is this real?" I blurted.

"I sure hope so," his grin widened.

We ditched the bill—he made me anyway; it was exhilarating—and we made our way back to his place, a lowly apartment complex near downtown. I didn't want to move so quickly at first, nor did I think I ever wanted a hookup, but Wayne's aura spoke to me... and maybe his body. He took me to his bed, I gently rubbed his stomach, and to be frank, we fucked.

It wasn't until three months into our relationship that I found the T-shirt his first date wore when I saw

him during Cassie's birthday party. However, that wasn't the only thing I found either: shoes, socks, even underwear. They were all tucked away in a closet. I confronted him, "Care to explain these?"

"Oh," he said in a typical calm tone, "I thought I got rid of those."

"What do you mean by that, Wayne?"

"I forgot to throw them out after I ate him,"

"You ate him?" I wasn't sure if he was joking or not.

"Yeah... we all get hungry don't we?" He was changing when I found out, to be honest, he *did* look a little fuller. It made me *feel* weird.

"Why haven't you eaten me yet?"

He came in and embraced me; he was *just* so soft and warm, "because I love you."

I told the girls about it and they freaked. They told me to leave him, to run, to get away. I told him he loved me and wouldn't eat me (he'd eat me in other ways... TMI). They told me I was crazy and that they'd kick me out of the group if I didn't leave. Some friends they were. I told Wayne about the whole situation.

"You don't need friends like that, babe," he comforted me on the bed. "If they're not willing to accept you for your choices, then why should you accept them?" "You're right... I only need someone

who understands me,” I buried my face into his soft chest.

“Good, good,” he growled. We frequently had sex; it felt good. By now I practically moved in with him; he usually stayed home, sleeping. He’d tell me he was going out for ‘dinner’ every once in a while. He only worked twice a week, and somehow it covered the expenses.

My parents were not ones to judge. So when I told them I was dating Wayne, they were ecstatic. They never met in person, I only showed photos of him (nice, clothed ones at that). My mother thought he was cute-looking, but my father was a bit hesitant. Eventually, they had to meet, and while I was putting it off for as long as I could, it was inevitable. We have been dating for five months now; I’m not sure how many ‘dinner dates’ he had during those five months. He liked to hoard clothes of his dates, and I found at least 15 different shirts in the back of the closet. I let his feastings slide—he was just so...

“Promise not to say anything weird in front of my parents?” We were outside their home. It’s been a month since I moved out, and coming back felt uncanny. At least Wayne was here. “No mentioning your hoarding, no mentioning that you go on ‘dinner dates,’ nothing. Promise?”

“Promise, babe,” he said, coming in for a long

kiss. His breath was hot; I passed him a mint. He didn't even chew like I told him to.

The initial meeting went well. The three of them exchanged handshakes and hugs; it felt like a movie. No one felt like cooking, so they ordered from a burger joint that did family meal catering. I forgot to tell them that he had a big appetite... though he could stand to lose a few pounds. Since we started dating, he went up a shirt size, any more, and he'll need to order custom fits. Wayne was able to get a button-up for this little meet-up; it took us a while to find one that fitted, it was still snug, and bits of green scaly belly poked through. My parents didn't seem to mind at first. They dressed rather casually.

"Well, he sure is a keeper," my mother joked. I felt like she was getting too frisky with her touches. My dad was still hesitant, however.

"Nice to meet you, Wayne. I'm Herbert," he gave him a tough handshake. "Pleased," Wayne said, somewhat snarkily.

The chair Wayne sat down in sounded distressed. I wasn't sure how much he weighed (or the weight of a typical adult dragon); my dad looked concerned for his furniture. It was just me, Wayne, my mom, and dad. There was enough food for me and my family, but not enough for Wayne.

"So Wayne, what do you do for a living?" My

dad said while preparing his plate. “Carpentry, I make artisan clocks and other crafts.” Wayne was about to swallow a burger whole, but I poked him before he could. I don’t think he knows how to chew properly; I should’ve talked to him about it before he met my parents. He was a noisy chewer. “How charming! I like to paint in my spare time,” my mother chimed in.

“Maybe you can paint my craftwork,” Wayne said, licking his lips. Things kicked off better than I expected; they all shared a lot in common... *a lot*, and they were all cracking jokes at each other. However, I continued to poke and pester Wayne to eat properly—he almost picked up his plate so he could drop everything into his maw—and also to slow down. He grumbled and even resorted to stepping on my feet with his tremendous-sized paws. I felt like yelping, but I kept my voice down.

“Excuse me, do you know where the bathroom is?” He asked.

“Oh, down the hallway, Wayne,” my mother said, pointing toward the kitchen. “I’ll be right back,” the chair he sat on breathed a sigh of relief. However, that didn’t stop his tail from knocking it over noisily. He picked it up and left.

That’s when my dad decided to comment, “A dragon, hm?”

“Yes, Dad, Wayne is a dragon,” I said defensively.

“Don’t dragons typically have wings?” My mother chimed in, though she didn’t mean to be interrogative.

“Doesn’t matter if he had wings or not, why are you not dating a human?” “I love who I love, dad,” I said fists on the table.

“I don’t mean it like that,” he stammered. “I just don’t see the connection... he seems off,”

“Oh, you think that about everyone, Herbert,” my mother touched his arm. “But Amanda, baby, maybe you should listen to your father and take things slow. You met him four months ago, and you’ve already moved in with him!”

“Didn’t you want me to ‘leave the nest?’” I added.

“Well yes, but it doesn’t mean you should room with someone you hardly know.”

“Ava rooms with strangers, most people do, mother,” my mother was starting to get instigative as well.

“Well—” my mother stopped when she heard the loud thumps of Wayne’s footsteps. He found his seat back down in the chair.

“Sorry about that,” Wayne said with a huff. The conversation dropped thereafter, and the conversations between Wayne and my parents started to fall through as well. What didn’t help was he was

still eating... he was on his third burger.

“Maybe you should slow down, Wayne,” my dad said, arms on the table.

I touched his large thigh, “yeah you should slow down, babe,”

“I’m fine,” he said, grabbing a third helping. The chair, however, was not fine, as it finally broke under the weight of his scaly body. My mother jumped, and my father stood up, both worried and displeased. “My bad,” Wayne mustered from the floor.

My parents took me to the other room and left Wayne to his own devices. They told me he had to go. I couldn’t believe what they were saying, and all for a chair? “It’s not because he broke a chair, Amanda,” my father started; they had me sit down on the couch. “He just seems off.”

“Your father is right... he gives off predator vibes,”

“We’re just concerned for your safety,” my father finished. He seemed apologetic. He just wasn’t happy that I found love!

I asked for a moment. They said sure, as long as Wayne stayed outside. I agreed and ran upstairs. I stayed in my room for a moment, lamenting over my life on the bed. It felt so stiff compared to Wayne’s mattress. My room felt foreign, too. I thought it would help being in my own space, but it didn’t.

Babe, are you OK?

Yeah hun I'm fine. Are u outside?

Yes ur parents told me to go outside for now.

Sorry about the chair didn't know it would break. LOL

They don't know anything about me.

They told me I need to leave u :(

Are you going to?

NO! They're wrong.

I know they r just like ur friends.

Can we go back to your place?

Yes. Let me pee first.

I cried in my room for a moment before finally going down. My parents were wrong about Wayne... and right too. He *IS* nice and comforting; that's how he is. I don't find his habits or mannerisms weird. He *DOES* have a predatory appetite, though. But, I could live with that. I wiped the tears from my eyes, though it was hard to stop tearing up when the thought of confronting my parents came to mind. I called for my

dad. No answer. I called for my mom. No answer. I even called for Wayne. No answer. I walked around the house for a moment, calling their names, but it was as if everyone had up and left. Finally, I found Wayne in the living room, sleeping on the couch, his back toward me.

“Wayne, get up. Aren’t we leaving—” my voice broke when I noticed his midriff. It was distended beyond belief. “W- Wayne?” I said with a tremor.

His snore broke, “Oh, hey babe... Ready to go?”

“Wayne.” I took a deep breath. “Where are my parents?”

He dragged his claws across his painfully large stomach, “In here, babe,”

I started to cry, “Y- you’re joking, right?”

“They hurt you, hun,” he stood up and groaned. I collapsed to my knees, my face red with a river of tears.

“Don’t tell me, please don’t tell me Wayne... Did you do what I think you did?” It was getting hard to breathe.

“They didn’t believe in you... just like your friends.”

“Let them out... can you let them out?”

He belched, and out came my dad’s shirt like a wet towel, “They were going to ruin your life, babe!” I was silent. He had my hands on his stomach, and

that's all I could see: his stomach, his appetite, his strength.

"D—do you mean it?" I looked up at him. He nodded and stood. "I'm better off without them?"

He picked me up off the floor and kissed me. His breath was overtly meaty and smelled like my mom's perfume. "You're your worst critic, hun. Don't let others put you down. I love you, Amanda. I want what's best for you."

I was silent when he carried me out of the house. In my thoughts, I watched as it got smaller and smaller. It felt wrong—what he did—eat my parents, but like he said, they were going to ruin my life. Once they kicked Wayne out, what would happen next? My dad said he wanted me to have a human husband... my mother suggested that I don't need to leave the house. They were looking to control me; all it took was Wayne to prove that to me. He freed me from the danger I was bound to walk in; why didn't I see the flags earlier? I smiled as the house shrunk, and finally, everything *felt right*.