

The hisuian zoroark sitting across from you giggled at the joke you'd told, and you naturally found yourself laughing along. The date had been going incredibly well! It was your third date with her, and all of them had been nothing short of perfect. You'd felt good about things from the moment you'd met, and it seemed like that feeling was always proving itself right. You enjoyed learning about her life and she seemed to enjoy hearing about yours, you laughed at each other's jokes, you shared a lot of interests, and every conversation felt so incredible and natural. Being around her just felt... nice.

That strange feeling came over you again, like you were being looked at. You glanced around, and could have sworn you noticed the weird looks people were giving you before they quickly looked away as you turned your head. It had been happening for... most of the date, from what you could tell, and you'd felt it during your last date with her too. You didn't really know why you kept getting the feeling that you were being watched... You'd at least told yourself it was clearly because people were jealous of the amazing lady you were on a date with, or wondering how someone like you had managed to catch her eye... you were quite a bit smaller than her after all. But you tried to put it out of your mind and just enjoy the moment.

You took another bite of your food, appreciating the flavor. She'd offered to take you to a very nice restaurant, and pay for it too, and while you'd refused at first, she'd been more than insistent enough to wear you down into accepting. And with how delicious it was, you were glad she'd managed to convince you. You couldn't pronounce, let alone *read* half of the menu, but she'd been kind enough to pick out something for you and handle the ordering, and it seemed like she'd nailed your taste preferences, because it was certainly delicious!

The waiter might have been confused for a moment about why your meal was being ordered off of the kid's menu, but you were none the wiser to the simple kid's meal you were eating. To all of your perception, it was a delicious, fancy dish that you didn't recognize at all.

A strange feeling came over you, though after a short while, it started to pass, and you did your best to shake it off. That had been happening every now and then recently, and you weren't sure what it was, but you'd tried to ignore it. Maybe you hadn't been sleeping well, or something. Your date asked you what was wrong, but you just laughed it off, telling her you were fine, it was nothing to worry about.

Even if you didn't know what it was, she certainly did, and so did just about anyone who took a glance in your direction, able to see the large, wet stain on the front of your clothes and the stream leading to a puddle on the ground beneath your seat. You couldn't feel a thing, though the feeling of being watched grew as you sat there, including a few giggles you could have sworn were directed at you.

You adjusted your clothes slightly, though something subconscious kept you from touching any of the areas that were currently wet, even if you didn't realize you were doing it. To your perception, you were wearing some very nice clothes, ones you'd picked out alongside your date in order to match her chosen outfit, though to anyone else, the childish shortalls made you stick out like a sore thumb in the fancy, high-end establishment. You started to feel a little self-conscious as you thought about just how many people kept looking over at you like you didn't belong, but a few words from your date brought your attention back to her, and that all quickly faded away.

You gently sipped on champagne as you listened to her talk, laughing along with her story, asking a few questions to learn more, sharing a few of your own experiences and thoughts along the way. It was like the rest of the world melted away as the two of you were together, and you wouldn't have it any other way. You didn't particularly care if the rest of the world was going to judge you, it just felt so... perfect, being with her.

As the two of you finished your meal and conversation, you couldn't help but feel a bit tired. Sure, the juice in your sippy cup wasn't actually alcoholic, but you could feel it, even if it wasn't real. She seemed to notice, and quickly paid for the meal before offering for the two of you to head to her home... the thought making your heart flutter, even though you'd come here with her from her home... though all the details were a little too fuzzy in your mind for you to bother thinking through them all. Of course you'd be excited at the prospect of going home with such a beautiful woman!

She stepped out of her chair and took your hand as you walked together, and while to you it felt like leading a lovely lady outside, anyone else would see a mother leading their child out after an unfortunate accident. The two of you walked together out of the restaurant and to her car, where she opened the back seat, helping you up into a carseat that your mind simply blocked out for you. The kiss to your forehead was more than real, though, making you feel so very nice and fuzzy...

Your mommy walked around to the front of the car and sat in the driver's seat, starting up the car to take you home. With sleep curling around the edges of your mind, you could feel yourself starting to drift off... too tired to stay up for the requisite change of clothes, or being put to bed in your crib with your nighttime diapers on. Tomorrow, though, would be another wonderful day to spend with her. Who knows? You might just get to go on your third date with her again...